

Vol. III

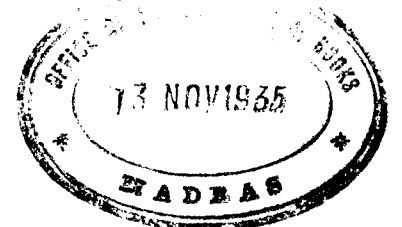
No. 45

# The MERRY MAGAZINE

9th  
Nov.  
1935



Mrs. Kamala  
Embusque  
V. B. Prasad  
P. P. Samuel



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THE  
**MERRY**  
MAGAZINE

Published  
from Madras

Every  
Saturday

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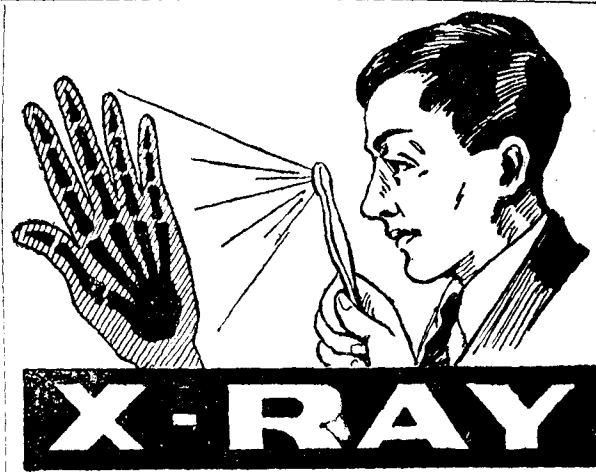
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| 12 months   | Inland Rs. 6 | Foreign | Rs. 10 |
| 6 months    | " 3          | "       | 5      |
| Single copy | " As. 2      | "       | As. 4  |

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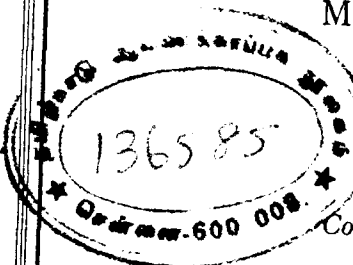
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Madras Nov. 9, '35



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Next Week: Felicitations—Embusque

S. V. V.  
Grand Lies

Lying is the oldest art in the world. There is not a department of human endeavour, but has its code of lies. The whole business is here analysed, as only S. V. V. can

Albert A. Roland  
When Typewriters

Give Tongue

The author says that typewriters give tongue once every year—thereby we are vouchsafed a peep into the mysteries of typists' immortal souls.

John A. Henry

The Windows of the Soul

Just as there are many kinds of windows in a house so also the windows of the soul are constructed on diverse specifications, says Henry, and describes them graphically.

Also

The Man on the Move

And all usual features

## SPARKS FROM OUR ANVIL

Inaugurating the election campaign on behalf of the Labour Party, Major Attlee said that the Government's support of the League is nothing more than 'a death-bed repentance'.

We do not know which to disbelieve—the death-bed, or the repentance!

Announcing that the finances of the country were in order, Dr. Schacht, gave the country the slogan: 'Freedom and Bread' and explained that freedom was put first, for without liberty it would be impossible to ask for bread.

We shall be sorry if the Germans have really been driven to exercise this liberty.

Answering a question about the health of a political prisoner, our Law Member replied that there was no question of 'kindness under the rules'.

Even when it means cruelty as a rule?

Defending the new taxation proposals, the Chief Minister remarked that he and his party are not in the happy position of members sitting opposite.

We hasten to assure him that he alone is responsible for delaying such happiness!

He further said that he supported the new taxes for the very reason that they would be unpopular.

The Ministry's meat is the country's poison.

On the other hand, Sir A. P. Patro deplored that few of them would be returned at the next elections.

That probably accounts for the attitude of the Ministry.



Answering a question about the supply of butter-milk to prisoners in view of its dietetic value, the Law Member said that it was a question of cost.

Let us hope the Law Member will learn it exactly some day.

The moratorium granted to ryots expired on November 1st, but has been re-imposed for another six months.

We however understand that the ryots are continuing to find relief through natural causes.

A professor says that our women in domestic life are exactly what Harijans are in Hindu society.

Still, we think that they have not yet become *untouchable*!

Unveiling the portrait of the Rt. Hon'ble Mr. Sastri, H. E. the Governor referred to him as 'India's Srinivasa Sastri'.

We ourselves reserve him for special imperial occasions!



Acknowledging the tributes paid to him as out-going mayor, the Kumararajah of Chettinad is reported to have said that he had acted according to the healthy tradition of severing his connection with a party after he was elected.

This however does not mean that he will rejoin his old party, now that he is free!

Appealing to the Europeans to join hands with Moderate Nationals, Sir Homy Mody said that no country lived by its trade alone.

Britain is not so foolish; she lives on her trade, not by it.

The Nawab of Pataudi has been elected captain of the Indian Cricket Team.

English papers are glad that he will still fight for the Empire.

The Hindu reports that C. G. Macartney, the 'governor-general' will write specially to its columns.

We shall thus have two governors-general,—one to rule us, and the other to lure us!

Answering objections to Lord Snowden speaking for the Liberals, it is pointed out by Liberal headquarters that almost anybody could become a Liberal.

What is required is that you should subscribe to a screed!

The Delhi correspondent of The Hindu wires to that paper the following message from Willingdon: 'Do tell Madras how much we love the place.'

Madras can now go to sleep with a load off its chest!

The late Lord Carson Was not a parson: And now he's crossed the ditch, We hope, without a hitch!

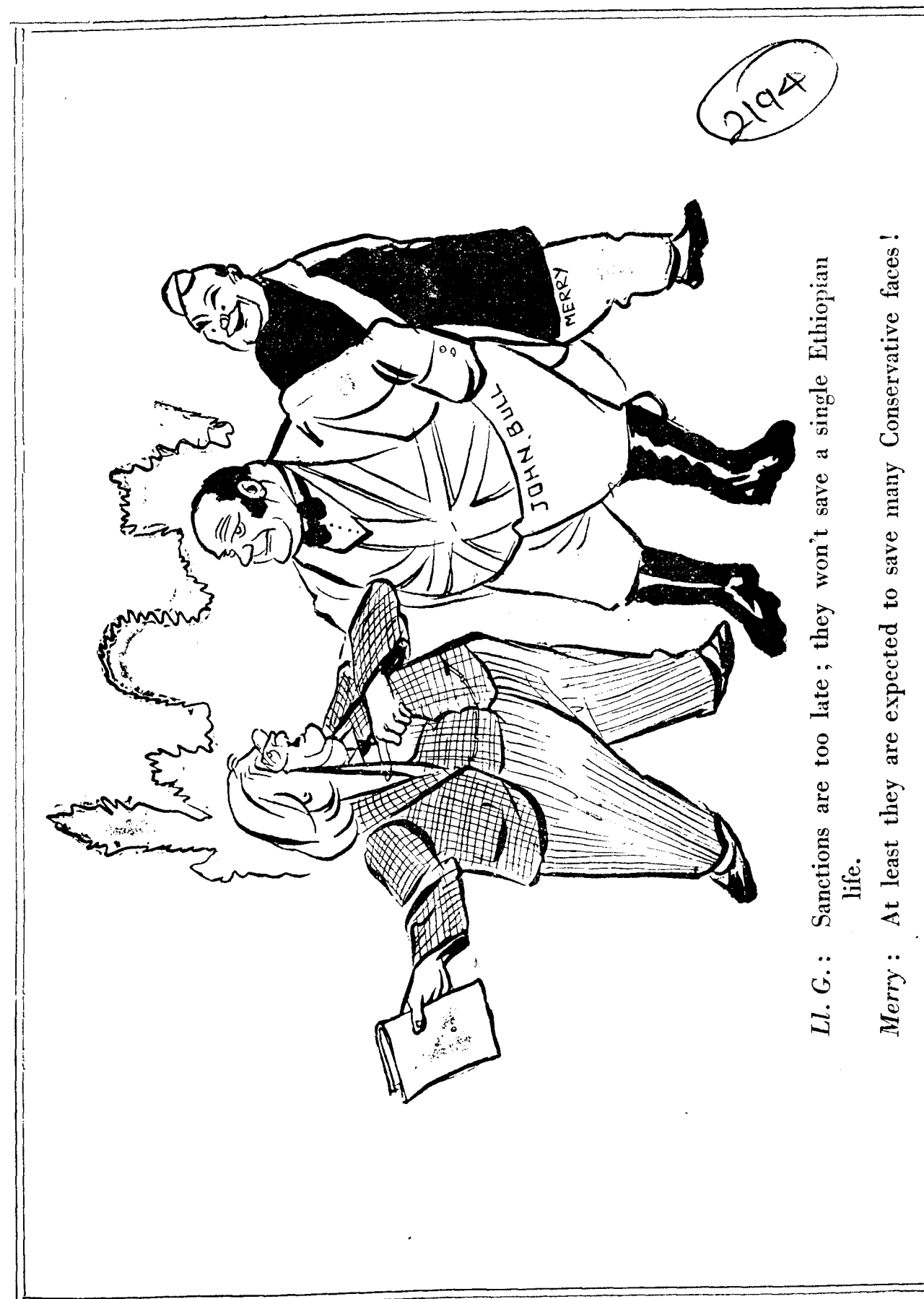
### An Orgy of Legislation:

THE meeting of the local Council has shown an indecent haste in rushing through many taxation bills. It is a very improper thing to do, specially when it is remembered that the council is at the end of its tether, and has been kept going by means of artificial respiration. The house has not the confidence of the electorate; and it is a sound convention of parliamentary practice to get a popular mandate for measures involving additional taxation. That apart, one of the measures introduced, the Tobacco Bill, is vicious in principle. Government members and supporters of the measure were either ignorant of the conditions in this presidency or indifferent to know them, when they made the astounding assertion that tobacco is a luxury. If they meant the guinea cigars which they puff through, after a sumptuous dinner, they are no doubt right. But it is a plain matter of fact that tobacco is an article of food, among the lower classes, in a very peculiar fashion. The stump of a faded tobacco leaf chewed through hours gives a mysterious kind of sustenance to our labourers who can forego their *conjee* more readily than this silent support of their daily labour. It is not a tax on the rich; but on the majority of the poor. We need not recount the languid progress of the debate on the measure, except to draw attention to the opposition raised to it by Sir A. P. Patro. It was the strangest hotch-potch of sense and nonsense. We admit that his opposition to the bill was sound and sensible. But what made him drag in the Congress, and attribute to it motives so palpably untenable and absurd passes one's comprehension. No Congress journals have supported the measure. *The Hindu* it is true blessed it in a moment of incautious zeal for the finances of the province. But its subsequent silence has been significant. And then of course, it will be doing less than justice to *The Hindu* to dub it a Congress journal; it aims at something bigger. But

Sir A. P. Patro's psychology is something very naive in its simplicity. He has got the Congress on his brain; and feels that the nemesis of unpopular measures will overtake him and his party at the next elections. It was not merely a 'wearied house' that was called upon to deal with the subject; but a worried house worried with the problem of self-preservation.

### The School-Tie:

India is the happy hunting-ground of ideas exploded abroad. A public school has just been opened at Dehra Doon under distinguished auspices. A head-master was specially imported from England to give us the nucleus of a body of young men who would give leaders to the country, exactly as the English public schools have given to England. It is now some years since an encircling movement started in the press, on the platform, on the stage, and in fiction practically destroyed the vogue of the English public school, by painting a lurid picture of the defects actively promoted by it. Readers of English humorous journals are no doubt aware of the delightful variations which have been played on the theme of the School-tie. And now we are to have the benefit of it here in our country. It requires more than common assurance on the part of any man to carry coals to Newcastle. Mr. Foot may no doubt be sincere in his desire to give us a new brand of leaders; but it is amusing nevertheless to contrast the pretensions made on behalf of the new school with the routine of education and character-building which this country can claim to have perfected thousands of years ago, and which is happily still with us. We are assured that the boys will be taught simplicity. We wonder if it will begin with dress; or whether it will be a cheap imitation of foreign fads and fancies.



# The March of Events

By The Man On The Move

**October 27th:** Details are to hand today about the doings at the recent Nazi Congress at Nuremberg. New laws were promulgated. One of the laws prohibits Jews from engaging German (or Aryan) maid-servants who are below forty-five years of age. To people who cannot see under the skin, i.e., thick-skulled chaps, this would look like an unkind hit against the Jews. It is not. The Fuhrer has signed away so many anti-Jewish laws, that, relenting a little, he has promulgated this law as an act of grace. The fact of the matter is, German girls over forty-five are no good for kissing; and what is a maid-servant good for if not for kissing, when the missus is not looking? Suppose you suppress your aesthetic self and try to kiss a servant-maid of, say, fifty years, on the chin. As illicit kissing is usually done in the dark, you never can locate the original chin, because Aryan girls of forty-five years and above generally have two chins, if report is to be credited. Suppose you kuss (same as kiss) her on the wrong chin. What a shock would that be!

**October 28th:** Count Vinci, the Italian plenipotentiary at Addis Ababa, who refused to leave Addis after the breaking of hostilities, has at last left that place on the 26th. That is all the news-purveyors had to say about this intensely human affair. My private advices from Addis Ababa make very pathetic reading. Before leaving, Count Vinci craved an audience with the Negus which was promptly refused. Count Vinci's reaction to this unkind snub was violent heart-palpitation and congestion of blood in the head. Eventually, Haile Selassie relented and received the Count in audience. This meeting will pass into history as the most emotional

ever happened. Two large tears trembled in Vinci's eyes. Haile Selassie staggered under the weight of his sorrow at the impending separation. They approached slowly, each looking at the other's nose. Slow as fate their noses advanced, and finally closed up in oriental salute. The king's retinue, including First Lord of the Stables, and Third Lady of the Bed Chambers held their breath for a few seconds of terrible suspense. What if either of the two noses sneezed! Happily neither Selassie nor Vinci sneezed. The noses came away and Vinci departed breathing hard and walking backwards. Thus passed away from Ethiopian history one of the greatest diplomats of recent times.

**October 29th:** The Indian Cricket world has heaved a sigh of relief today. The Nawab of Pataudi is elected by the B. O. C. F. C. I. I. (Board of Control for Cricket in India) to skipper the Indian team touring England next year. Now that our beloved prince form so large a part of Indian Cricket, I think it time certain princely innovations were introduced into Indian Cricket. For instance, the stumps must be of alabaster, the bails of ebony—both studded with rubies and amethysts. The light-screen must be of silk of Araby with traceries in gold-thread of the loves of Louis XIV or Henry VIII. The bowlers, batsmen, and in and out-fielders must encase their legs in tight-fitting *Jodhpurs* conceived in purple and green, the upper part of their bodies being graced by silk-and-wool *shervanis* with velvet collars. Instead of cricket-caps and sun-helmets they must affect any of the ravishing styles of turban so much celebrated in song and picture in Rajputana. Of course each turban must have a large brilliant in its front. At least four rows of pearls of bar-

baric Ind held by a platinum-cum-diamond clasp must grace the neck of each player. The person of each player must waft the elusive, voluptuous perfume of attar of roses of old Iran.

Lunch in the pavilion must be served not by loud-breathing hungry-looking, grubby boys, but by beautiful damsels, with vermilion lips, teeth cleaned with Kopran, with little golden bells round their waists, with—with—in short, hours. Oh, I quite forgot—about the mat between the two wickets. It must be made of Persian silk and Bedfordshire wool, or better still with the furs of Alaskan silver foxes. The four sides of the mat must be studded with emeralds.

We are Indians, famous for our faery pomp. Let us give it 'em hot.

**October 30th:** From princely cricket to the Madras Legislative Council is almost a blasphemy. But I can't help it. Today they discussed the Tobacco Bill. The proceedings began in great gloom, because the Hon. Mr. Bracken, the Finance Member, speaking on the Bill, said in funereal tones, "With a falling revenue and with an expenditure on a high level the net result will be an inevitable deficit at the end of the current year." The House was lost in admiration (tempered with sorrow, of course) at this stupendous discovery of a deficit ahead. You'd never guess that such a funny piece of commodity as tobacco could start the water-works of a Knight. But it did. Sir A. P. Patro opposing the Bill said that the Government were favouring the Congress, that they were digging the grave of the Justice Party and the Justice movement by this measure. Across the floor of the House, on the Treasury Benches, sat the Government Members each with a spade (made in India) by his side, each wearing his best grave-yard look. Thus

parties and persons die—dirt rendered unto dust—and Governments go on justifying the ways of God to Man. I weep with you, Sir Patro.

The Election Campaign in England is getting quite lively. Speaking at a luncheon of the National Liberal Club, Lord Snowden said that if Sir John Simon had any sense of the pitiable failure he made of the high and responsible office he lately held, he, instead of appearing on so many public platforms, would hide his head in some place of suitable obscurity, so that his miserable record would be forgotten. Now, let me see. Sir John, from what I know of him, hasn't much hair on his head. I am only putting it hypothetically; presuming Sir John does hearken to Lord Snowden's advice, he would naturally want to put his head in some soft place, because otherwise it would get hurt. I am a collector of soft feathers, especially the tiny red feathers of bul-buls. I have them stored in an obscure room in my house. So if and when Sir John decides on hiding his head, he can always come to my house and place his head on my darling feathers. There is no question of payment. This sordid, commercial age hasn't touched me a bit. This invitation stands indefinitely. Home papers, please copy.

**October 31st:** Yesterday, the Andhra University Students Union debated this proposition:—"In the opinion of this House the first step towards the salvation of the colored races is a political confederation of all the Asiatic peoples."

After a heated debate the proposition was put to vote and lost. And no wonder.

It strikes me (because I am one of the darkest tinted chaps going in India) that the salvation of the colored races lies in their color itself. In short we must find a way of becoming white. One way to get white is to smear our faces and other exposed parts of the body with white-wash. Admirable as this idea is, there is just one drawback. The wash wears

off under the combined influence of sun, wind and perspiration, within an hour of its application. There is also another drawback. If you are a girl, and fond of kissing your husband, you wouldn't like the smell of lime wash on your husband's lips, chin and cheeks. If your husband is unreasonable he will insist on his conjugal rights. This will lead to no end of incompatibility of temperament.

So I don't seriously suggest the idea. What then? Our only hope lies in Sir Jagdish Chandra Bose, the Botany Wizard who did to trees everything except marry them.

At a reception held in his honour in London, Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru said that world happenings appeared to him so strange at the moment that, probably, the only true perspective could be obtained by standing on one's head. Jawaharlal is perfectly right. I gave his idea a trial. I betook me to the Madras Marina, and choosing the most sought after part of that promenade, stood on my head with some difficulty. My experience of men and things in this inverted position was a pleasant shock. I can now say authoritatively that the underportions of fashionably dressed promenaders—boys and girls—are much more interesting than the upper portions—particularly the heads. The perspective is charming, and rather intriguing. To chaps suffering from a wrong perspective and ennui I would unhesitatingly say, "Stand on your heads."

**November 1st:** Last night Sir H. P. Mody spoke in Bombay at the European Association dinner. He pleaded for the shedding of that exclusiveness which is so large a part of the European's make-up in India and for a closer understanding of Englishmen and Indians, for, in the ultimate analysis, it is Indian goodwill that does the trick and not safeguards.

Today, commenting on that speech editorially, *The Madras Mail* says:

The great hindrance to freer social intercourse between Indians and Euro-

peans is the seclusion of Indian women ... We do not deny, of course, that the Briton does not possess the exuberance of the Latin nor the impetuosity of the American. He does not bare his soul to every chance acquaintance.

Now, take a European social gathering, which they call a ball. They cocktail, they dine, they dance. Of the three, the dance is the thing. Can you imagine two males clutching each other and taking the floor? No; that would be silly. So they pair off—man to woman. The woman bares part of her back to show the beauty of God's creation as symbolised in the curve of her spine. She fought for that right through weary years and won. The man clutches the woman daintily and the woman embraces the man still more daintily. The rhythm of the dance, the proximity of throbbing flesh to throbbing flesh, brings a soulful look into their eyes. In fact soul oozes out of their eyes; reserve is broken, everybody understands everybody.

We Indians who yearn for a look at the Englishman's beautiful, immortal soul cannot expect him to bare his soul for the mere asking. Come, let us tear our *purdhas* asunder, burst the doors that imprison our girls, kick aside the social inhibitions that hold our women in thrall and loose the girls on European society in India. This will usher in an era of amity and concord between us and Englishmen. The soul of Englishmen will no longer be a mystery.

**November 2nd:** "H. H. The Maharaja of Patiala's Australian Cricketers arrived in Bombay 20 minutes before midnight yesterday by the P. & O. mail-boat *Chitral*."

I was reading this item of news in a lonely spot. I felt a hot blast of wind on my head. I turned round; sure enough there was one of those evil-eyed dragons reading the identical bit of news over my head. "Maharaja of Patiala's Australian Cricketers!" said he. "You don't say, mister, cricketers are for sale in the Australian bush?" I didn't know. So I said with withering scorn, "What damned, abysmal ignorance!" and went home.

# The Students' Corner

## Words' Worth—IV

WHEN our Legislatures are in session, we hear a lot about Bills. It would be interesting therefore to know all about the word. In doing so, let us forget for the moment that it is an endearing appellation of the majority of the British working classes. Tom, Dick and Harry are the men in the British streets; but Bill is the honest British workman who is indifferent to the sublime glories of the Empire which is ruled in his name, but whose existence is bounded by his weekly wages, his daily beer, and his perpetual cockney utterance. The word is derived from very remote and very respectable ancestors. In Latin is a word called BULLA which originally meant a trinket, an amulet; later it came to be applied to seals with which a written piece of paper was invested with authority. Later still it came to be applied to the document itself. This word still survives in the English language in its original form, viz. BULL. No doubt it also means the familiar quadruped, as well as that figure of speech which is supposed to be Ireland's contribution to the expressiveness of the English language. You have all heard of a Papal Bull; it is not a bull that is let loose in a china shop, but a document or edict issued by and under the authority of the Pope. As the Pope was a rather important person in those days, it was agreed to give him the use of the word *Bull* exclusively, while ordinary folk were content with the modified form BILL. And so it comes about that legislatures have such a lot to do with Bills. But these bills are shortlived. For while bulls remain bulls for ever, bills are killed as they pass through the Legislature. When a bill is passed, an Act is born. So it is you see that when a bill is passed everybody congratulates everybody else concerned, same as we do when there is an addition to the family of a friend!

But there are other bills, too. In criminal cases in England, it is the duty of the jury to try cases. The phrase used in such cases is that the jury finds a true bill, when the case is sent up for further trial. We have analogous to it in our country, the committal to the sessions. When such a bill is *rejected*, it means that there is no *prima facie* case against the accused.

Bills also mean posters,—the gigantic, hideous-looking placards disfiguring most of the prominent localities of the City. A bill-broker is one who deals in these bills. Then we have bills of exchange which are a kind of cheque, by drawer to drawee to pay a sum specified within a given date. All shipping business in Madras is done through these bills of exchange. A play-house bill gives you the programme of the entertainment announced or threatened! A bill of fare is the menu-card, recounting the dishes prepared for the feast. Europeans indulge in this custom, so as to give an idea to the guests of what may be expected. We Indians do it better by serving a bit of everything prepared on the leaf, before dinner commences. A bill of health is a certificate which, if you are travelling third to Colombo, involves you in a long, vexatious medical inspection. It is undertaken with a view to prevent a ship from carrying any person suffering from any infectious disease. A bill of lading is a ship-master's receipt to consignor of goods. A bill of sale is called by us auction. This is a profession among money-lenders. Bill-sticker is a very enterprising person who lives by defying the law, by sticking his bills all over the place. He only be-ware where the sees the warning: 'Bill-stickers will be prosecuted'. This right is in all of us owning walls; but most of us are too lazy or indifferent to exercise it. Lastly there are bills, one's own monthly outstandings—the accounts one runs up to keep the home-fires burning. They are the natural concomitants of marriage, and affect only the husband. It is the wife's privilege to run up bills, and the husband's to foot them.

### The Truant Teeth.

Joseph Penso on holiday took a swim in Brighton Beach. He lost his false teeth. He returned to his hotel, one assumes, sorrowfully.

Next day, Mr. Joseph was in the briny again. After a good splash, he waded ashore. Just then a big wave dashed in and deposited his lost teeth right at his feet!

# Fun For All



**Tram Conductor:** Did you get home all right last night, sir?

**Passenger:** Of course; why do you ask?

**Conductor:** Well, when you got up and gave the lady your seat last night, you were the only two in the tram.

**Prisoner:** Judge, I don't know what to do!

**Judge:** Why, how's that?

**Prisoner:** I swore to tell the truth, but every time I try, some lawyer objects.

A farmer visited his son's college. Watching students in a chemistry class, he was told that they were looking for a universal solvent.

"What's that?" he asked.

"A liquid that will dissolve anything."

"That's a great idea," agreed the former. "When you find it, what are you going to keep it in?"

**Father:** What on earth was it I wanted to say to Dr. Brian?

**Son:** Weren't you going to tell him how beneficial you had found his memory course?

**Boy:** I'm glad you're such a good cricketer, sir.

**Visitor:** But I don't play cricket at all!

**Boy:** Don't play! Why, I heard mother telling auntie what a splendid catch you were!

"Is it necessary to enclose stamps?" asked the poet.

"Yes. More necessary even than to enclose poetry," said the author.

A Communist agitator rode into Hyde Park and after leaning his bicycle against the railing, mounted a soap-box and proceeded to address the crowd. "If your family is hungry," he shouted, "raid a shop and

take food for them, and don't care what anybody says. If your wife hasn't got a coat, pick the best fur that you can see, and ignore the consequences."

After several more minutes in this strain, he dismounted from his soap-box, and his next words were:—

"Who are the scoundrels who took my bike?"

"What's the idea of calling your dog 'Swindler'?"

"Just for fun. When I call him in the street, half the men nearly jump out of their skins!"

The professor rushed into the drawing-room where his wife was sitting.

"My dear!" he cried, excitedly, "guess what has happened! Intelligence has just reached me—"

"Well, thank heaven for that, Herbert," replied his wife, as she embraced him.

"Ever been in a railway accident?"

"Once. A very bad one. In a tunnel I kissed the father instead of the daughter."

The hill was steep and the load heavy. The donkey did its best, but at last it stopped and would not budge another inch.

The driver saw a man passing. "Excused me," he said, "but could you help me to get this load to the top of the hill? It's too much for one donkey."

**Professor:** What is it?

**Nurse:** A boy, sir.

**Professor:** What does he want?

# The Broken

Reading Time

About 6 Minutes

MISS Subhadra Sarada was a modern girl. Her philosophy, quite of a healthy brand otherwise, had a kink in it. Perhaps it was not kink. She subscribed to all the good ideas in the world. Friendship, yes. Going into hysterics over good cause, yes. Sharing one's little with the poor, yes. Making faces at the hostel-matron behind her back, yes. Sacrifices for the sake of friendship, for the sake of those nearest and dearest, sacrifices for one's country—all these, yes. But love—that romantic commodity which has inspired heroic deeds in men and women in fiction and fact, no. She maintained that romantic love was all nonsense, and did not exist outside the heads of fiction writers. Whenever a discussion on this subject cropped up between the girls in her hostel, Subhadra was always in the thick of the wordy fight and silenced her friends by sheer brilliance of wit and power of debate.

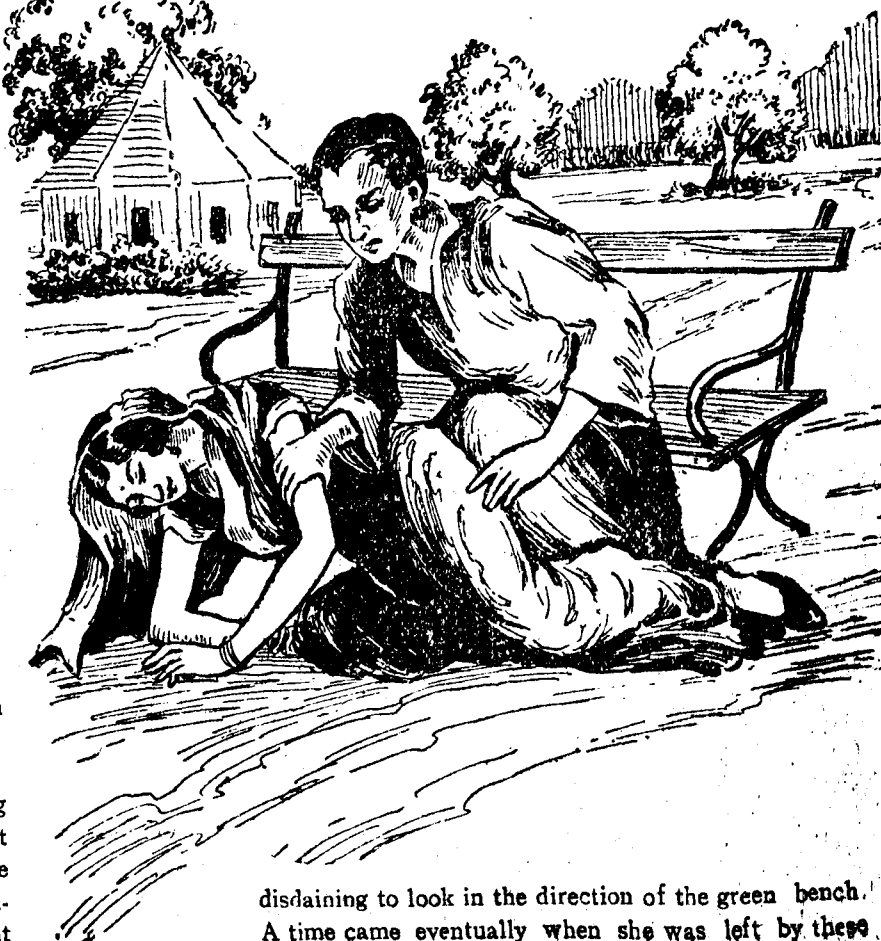
Now if she were a plain girl, one could understand her ridicule of and contempt for the grand passion as an instance of sour grapes. But she was a beautiful girl. Beautiful is not the word; she was adorable. There was not a young man in Calcutta who, having seen her, did not stop and stare at her in rude admiration. Not a few collegians owed their failure in their examinations to this girl.

She thought all young men were silly asses.

Occasionally of an evening Subhadra would go for a quiet hour in the park. Her favourite seat in the park was a small green-painted bench under a giant

margosa tree, skirting a beautiful pool of lily-studded water. One day she went to the park and found her bench appropriated by a young man of about 25 years. Dressed elegantly in a snow-white *punjabi* and a narrow-bordered and equally white *dhoti*, he sat there looking straight ahead with a pensive smile on his lips and a demure look in his eyes.

Many young men tried this dodge on Subhadra, appropriating her place in the park under a mistaken hope that she would come and sit by their side, and possibly speak to them. She cured all these love-struck youths by the simple process of going to the other side of the pool and playing with the swans,



disdaining to look in the direction of the green bench. A time came eventually when she was left by these

# Melody—

by Thirupathi

Illustrated by Varma

sheepish young men in undisputed enjoyment of the little bench under the margosa tree.



Today, Subhadra was surprised. She thought she was done, once for all, with all romantic young men. Something in this young man's face made her, contrary to custom, look at him a second time. She had seen handsomer men than this young man, and had never given them a thought. That something haunted her. She made a detour of the park and came back to the bench. The young man was still there, with the same demure look in his face. He never looked at her.

This hurt her a little, though she would hotly deny it. She returned to her hostel.

Next day she went to the park again. The young man was there, resting his head on the back of the bench, the same smile playing on his lips, looking at the beautiful blue of the Calcutta sky. Today, too, he didn't look at her, though she passed him quite close. She bit her lip.

A third day came, and a fourth and a fifth. The young man was always on the bench, always oblivious of the charming girl who passed him, now daily. Subhadra was sorely hurt at this young man's contempt for her great beauty. She found herself yearning for a look from him, for a word from him. She admitted herself beaten. She was in love, though she kept it a secret from her chums. She haunted the park daily like a spirit with desires left unsatisfied in its life on earth.

One day at dusk she passed him still closer, determined to make him look at her. As she was passing just opposite to him, the young man moved his leg forward. It caught Subhadra's velvet sandal. She tripped, and fell with a thud.

The young man uttered a cry and stretched out his arm. He caught the bangled hand of Subhadra. "Oh, my cursed misfortune! I did not hear you coming, Madam. Are you hurt?"

At last! Her beau had spoken! What a rich, beautiful voice! But she would have a little fun with him. She stood up simulating a limp.

"Hurt! Don't you see I have sprained my ankle?"

"What a cad I was!" exclaimed the young man

"But—but is it serious?"

"Oh no," said Subhadra relenting, with her best smile turned on.

"Thank God! What a charming voice you have! You have an angelic face going with that beautiful voice, haven't you?"

"What a question!" laughed the girl. "Well, here is my face. See if I look like an angel."

The young man sighed. In that sigh was a world of sorrow. "I am blind," said the young man simply.

THE END

# Disgusted With Virtue

by S. V. V.

Reading Time • About 10 Minutes

IT is on the lips of every third person we come across that these are not days for goodness, for honesty or for virtue. It seems strange that while all successful men attribute their success to the incessant practice of virtue, all failures in life trace their failures to the same cause. It is not respectable in virtue to be double-faced like this and distribute its rewards in such a perverse and contrary manner.

There was a sub-magistrate that I knew who always said that if he had been less honest and efficient and had only stooped to the despicable methods practised by some successful people he should long ago have been a Member of the Board of Revenue or at least the Collector of a district. Men who had entered service with him were all of them now occupying high positions.

"Take for instance Yagniasami, who is now a First Grade Deputy Collector. Honestly, I ask, what does he know? Does he know that there are books like the Evidence Act and the Criminal Procedure Code? When we were sub-magistrates together in adjacent stations, he used to come to me every week with the case files, and get his judgments written by me. And what is he now? A first grade deputy collector! When he was a tahsildar, as well as when he was a sub-magistrate, there were innumerable petitions against him, charging him with corruption. All those petitions were, as a matter of fact, true. It was notorious that he was taking bribes with both hands. But what did all the petitions come to? He knew the weaknesses of his superiors and felt no shame in catering to them. Several nasty stories were also told about him. God only knew whether they were true. Why should we be parties to disseminating them? But the fact remains that no wickedness, no corruption, no inefficiency affected him. I tell you, sir, one ought to be wicked, one ought to be corrupt, one ought to be a dunce, and one ought to know crow-catching and back-biting in these days to succeed in official life. These are not days for virtue—not days for conscientious, honest and efficient work."

He was a sub-magistrate for twenty years, and was not promoted because he was too honest an official, and did not know the ways of the official world. Besides being highly conscientious he was deeply religious. Every morning after elaborate ablutions, he locked himself up in his *poorja* room from 7 to 10, during which time he was obviously in intimate communion with God. He wore *rudrakshamala* round his neck as a demonstration of the soundness of his soul, and broad *kunkum* on his forehead (Ambal Prasad) which he retained untarnished for the rest of the day. He wanted to live above calumny like Caesar's wife, and if a party in a pending case indiscreetly attempted to enter his house by the front door, he chased him with a big stick through three streets with all the indignation of outraged virtue. Of course he couldn't know if anybody entered by the back-door.

He always wrote and pronounced judgments after tiffin. He told the lawyers that it was unfair to the parties that a magistrate should approach the consideration of a case under the irritation of hunger. And the lawyers also were anxious that he should pronounce the judgments after tiffin as they had come to believe that tiffin somehow always gave the magistrate an inspiration. His tiffin came in a locked bamboo basket, and inside it invariably was the inspiration—in the shape of a slip written in a round female hand some what as follows: "Discharge Arumugam—Adjourn Natesan's case for further consideration (of course, consideration of evidence). Irum-bile appears to be a hard flint. Frame charge, as that will teach him a lesson—one month's imprisonment and Rs. 200/- fine for Sourimuthu, compensation to complainant Rs. 50/-; compensation is important."

Several petitions were addressed to the Collector praying for the transfer of the sub-magistrate, as he was very corrupt and an M. L. C. also spoke personally to the Collector urging his transfer, but the Collector refused to do it as the Collector believed in segregating the magistrate in the Taluk where he was,

instead of allowing him to carry the infection to other places.

Sometime ago I met him in a tram going to an advocate's house to draft a memorial to H. E. The Governor for reconsidering the order dismissing him from service: and he exclaimed, "Look at the reward for twenty-six years of hard, diligent, conscientious and honest work, sir! Are these the days for honesty and virtue, I ask?"

Well, are these?

The sub-magistrate is but one example of numerous martyrs to virtue. They abound in every profession, trade and calling. One trader is less successful than another because he could never bring his conscience to permit packing one bottle less in every tin of kerosene oil or fewer matches in a match-box. The tragic sullenness and the melodramatic expression of resignation appearing in the countenances of some lawyers are but the permanent marks left by a steadfast adherence to virtue. If a lawyer of this class is not an advocate general, his face explains why. He is the victim of virtue. If he had only been up to tricks and had adopted the shady methods by which some successful lawyers had attained their success, he might easily have been the Advocate-General with a foot on the Bench. But his virtues have kept him down. I have a very dear advocate friend, who having trodden the path of private and professional virtue for a period of seventeen years, ultimately came to the conclusion that life was a silly irrelevant thing, the earth an idiotic place, and virtue an overrated humbug. He started life all right, if with nothing more than a handsome face and plenty of hope. He did not attach himself to a senior, as he believed that 'devilling' to a senior was an old myth, which took a fellow nowhere, but left him with an empty pocket, a sullen temper, and plenty of exhaustion, myopia and nervous debility on his physical system. Besides, he said, where is the senior who would take you on unless you got him at least half-a-dozen cases in the month? Even with seniors, charity must begin at home, and there are his sons-in-law, his own other relations and his wife's relations, and the son's sons-in-law and nephews of mofussil lawyers who feed him continuously with work. What chances had one who had not married into the senior's family or had not got born in his wife's?

So my friend started on his own, but did not advance in the profession very far from where he started, the reason being that these are not days for

diligent, industrious, honest and conscientious workers.

I have acquaintance with at least three hundred advocates, and the thing that seemed quite evident was that the speaker for the time being was the one that upheld the high standard of the profession and all the rest of the thousand-odd advocates were given to underhand methods and crooked ways.

"What about A?" I asked one.

"A? He has two extra cars to go to the railway station in charge of two agents—regular devils who could smell a client even if the latter was in America, let alone clients coming down the Egmore or the Central station." B was in business partnership with the clerk of a deceased senior—75% for the clerk and 25% for B. C has a network of touting organisations throughout the presidency, mofussil lawyers being enrolled in the category, even without their knowing that they occupy the roll, by discriminate presents and sending cars to stations on their arrival into the city and departure therefrom. It looked as if human nature took delight in nothing so much as in proving that virtue can never make for success, and that its opposite can.

My advocate friend of seventeen years' standing one day telegraphed to me to come with two hundred rupees, as he was being persecuted by the profession. On coming, I learnt that he was charged with getting hold of a client's brief by representing that he was Advocate Ramanathan while his name was something else and that there were also twenty other charges against him *ejusdem generis*.

In the evening I went with my friend to a senior's bungalow. It was a fine summer evening. Chairs had been laid out in the garden outside the building and the senior was lounging in a chair surrounded by a dozen juniors in whose faces were reflected awe and admiration. The senior had come tired from an argument in a heavy first appeal, and was relaxing his mind by a chat with the juniors. The talk related to the argument made in the day. Among the juniors were exhausted all the appreciative adjectives and epithets relating to the argument. It was simply superb, wonderful, a treat, so pointed and incisive, such lucid exposition of the law was never made, the senior himself never made an argument like that in any case before, and so on.

The senior could not understand how such an eminent counsel as the one that appeared on the

opposite side could press such an absurd proposition of law. And one junior said: "The fact is, sir, the other side got funky when it heard that you were appearing on the opposite side, got perplexed, and did not know what it said." The senior affecting modesty only said: "No, no, can't be." "I tell you sir, it is only that," persisted the junior. Another junior said, "One of the judges did not clearly understand when you explained 'express trust'; you did so with reference to Section 10." "Yes, yes," said the senior, "but he understood it all right in the end."

Amidst this intoxication induced by adulation and incense, the senior was touched by a sentimental softening of the brain and gradually slid into a reminiscent mood. "If only you fellows knew what I had to go through in life. When I came to college in Madras I came with eight rupees in my pocket which was all that my father could give me and all that I had from him throughout my college course. Eight rupees, mind you. I sat for a scholarship examination, and stood first. The scholarship was only just sufficient to pay the college fees. What would I do for food? I gave tuition for a boy which fetched me Rs. 10. I hired a room in Thambu Chetti Street on a monthly rental of one rupee and shared it with another poor friend. We never used to keep a light in the room because we could not afford it. We ate early and spread ourselves on a mat in the dark. In my junior F.A., I suffered from eczema, and one night, unable to bear the pain, I left my room at dead of night and rambled through the streets of Madras and fell asleep at 4 o'clock under a banyan tree on the other side of the High Court (Tsu, tsu, tsu, from

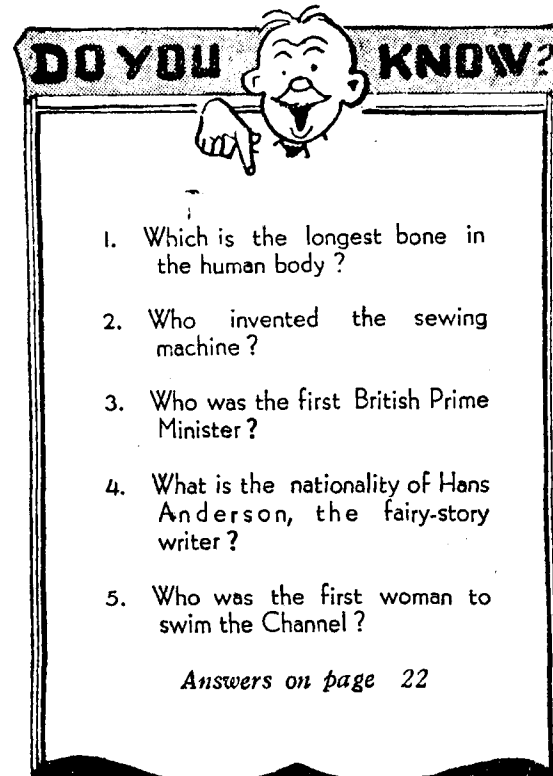
one of the juniors). Bha, when I think of my early poverty and suffering, I every day fall on my knees praying to God for making me what I am. After I passed the B.L., I could not get money to get enrolled. I did not get enrolled for two years. Do any of you know it? (Really? from another junior.) I worked under my senior. Night after night I used to go to sleep at 1, at 2—like that. I did not get much encouragement from the seniors in the shape of money, but I gathered a lot of experience and work. Still I

persisted with a meek submission to fate. I told myself with a grim determination that if one was honest, industrious and efficient one must succeed. And I have succeeded. All my life I never swerved from the path of rectitude whatever poverty I suffered. Rectitude and perseverance—perseverance and rectitude—that is the key-stone for success. Several seniors don't know what struggles juniors undergo. I know. That is why I am particular about being liberal and considerate to them—"

On our way home, my friend said: "Do you know that one of his juniors is blind through reading printed papers, another is raving *res judicata* and Habeas Corpus inside a locked room, and a third is working a debt out in the civil prison? *Vridhanari pathiviritha*."

The fact is, envy is a scoffer and is unwilling to attribute virtue to success. Pleasure lies maliciously the other way about.

Virtue has really a lot to bear. It has to take on its head all the deficiencies of the intellect and all the imbecilities of the mind.



1. Which is the longest bone in the human body?
2. Who invented the sewing machine?
3. Who was the first British Prime Minister?
4. What is the nationality of Hans Anderson, the fairy-story writer?
5. Who was the first woman to swim the Channel?

Answers on page 22



# Doon Public School Ki Jai!

by V. B. Prasad

Reading Time • About 5 Minutes

At long last! My dream has come true. Amidst imposing ceremony and colourful scenes H. E. The Viceroy opened last week the Doon School, the first public school in India. Sir Frank Noyce, Chairman of the Board of Management, requesting Lord Willingdon to declare the school open said that birth was generally a difficult process, and the birth of a school was no exception. No truer word was said since Gandhi became a half-naked fakir and took to a diet of nuts and contraband salt. Everybody who has given birth to a baby will bear out Sir Frank. I have an idea that the period of gestation of a human baby is something like nine months. By this token, a public school in embryo ought to curl itself up nicely in its parent's womb and stay there for nine years, because, being made of brick and mortar, it is at least twelve times as tough as a baby made of skin and bone. This public school, said Sir Frank, arrived just eight years after the late Mr. S. R. Das fathered the idea. Babies who arrive before their time are generally bright, or go back where they came from. This is a happy augury for the Doon School. Everything points to the brighter side.

One great thing about this Public School is there are no Brahmin cooks in it to start sectional kitchens and produce communal dishes. While the Brahmin cooks are frankly disappointed, the rest of the community welcomes it as a move in the right direction, having regard to the larger interests of the country. Non-Brahmin cooks, poor dears, ought to have a chance.

His Excellency Lord Willingdon welcoming Mr. Foot, the Principal and his two British colleagues said that they came out to help us in a fine spirit of Empire Service. Mark, my friends, what a debt of gratitude we owe to Mr. Foot and his two British colleagues, who have travelled 6000 weary miles, passing through the torridly horrid heat of the Suez Canal and the Red Sea to give us a public school! Oh for a muse of liquid fire that I may transfer to printer's ink and to this paper a moiety of the emotion surging in my upper works, as Joyfull calls it.

His Excellency also said that a public school inculcates a sense of honour in the pupils. How true! Three years ago I lent to a graduate of the Madras University two and a quarter annas and a photograph of Mae West, by which I set great store. The fellow, whenever he sees me, either dashes down a side-lane or blows out his cheeks, rumples his hair, closes one eye and goes past me with a far-away look. Now, if that fellow were a pupil of a public school he would have returned my two and a quarter annas and the photograph of Mae West within the time stipulated or failing that, his honour being such, he

would have gone and drowned himself. I say therefore I don't understand all this captious criticism of the public school idea. Perversity and cussedness I call it. Greater than all, the public school, whether you call it Doon or Moon, is a boon. It gives us the old school-tie. My ignorance of how an old school-tie looks like was and is colossal. If you were to ask me to give you a working idea of a public school-tie, I should either cover up my ignorance with hollow, obscene laughter, or retire into a lavatory and sob in secret.

A public school softens the native boorishness of the lads that snuggle under its protecting wing. Let me illustrate what I mean.

Last week I was going in a bus half-full of College girls. Opposite me sat a tommy in a tight-fitting uniform. A girl sneezed faintly. The tommy sneezed in sympathy. Nemesis overtook him. A very important button on his front burst. It was a very awkward moment. As a Good Samaritan I commandeered a safety-pin from one of the girls and made the tommy less objectionable. He was so grateful at this gesture of mine that he took me to a regimental football match about to take place. On reaching the ground he asked me, "Wotteem d'yer fancy?" or something like that. I sized up the two teams and chose the beefy chaps in red jerseys. "Same 'ere," said the tommy and we settled down comfortably on the soft grass. Within three minutes of the kick-off, our team netted a goal. We two were so overjoyed that we hugged each other and rolled on the grass like asses on a lark. After our enthusiasm subsided somewhat, I said to the tommy, "I say, old man, I'd like to see your old school-tie."

"Wot!" he said and stared rudely at me. Then he turned round and yelled to another tommy who was sitting a few paces away. "Oi, Arris! Cummere quick! Lummie, wot a lark!"

Harris came and I was made to repeat my request. "Crickey!" said Harris and beamed upon me. He then spat upon his palms, smoothed down his hair, assumed the best Geneva look of Anthony Eden and unbuttoned his tunic. There, standing out of his hairy chest, was a pink and blue Greta Garbo doing the Mata Hari dance, tattooed by a master artisan. Harris smiled pleasantly and said: "That's the ol' school-tie me lad."

What I say is, if these two tommies were educated in a public school they wouldn't have been so rude.

There is no use decrying a great institution. I am what you would call a man with the courage of his convictions. I am sending my son, when he arrives in the fulness of time, to the public school. Doon School Ki Jai, say I.

THE END

# N. E. W. S.

by Vanamali

HERE they are again. I said something about eating live frogs which give a man or woman a healthy old age. Dr. Margaret Caldwell, the oldest physician in Wisconsin is ninety years old and quite cheerful about it. She ascribes her long life to—

Not doing any housework  
Working hard at her profession  
And eating plenty of onions.

So those who don't like the taste of live frogs, can heave a sigh of relief and eat onions instead.

\* \* \* \*

Mariners, hardy fellows as they are, are very sensitive in one respect. The tallest liar among this tribe feels awfully sensitive about telling a story about sea-serpents. Evidently there is an exception to this rule.

Skipper Adelbert Linghorn and his 22 men who manned his fishing schooner, put into port at Boston the other day with a sea-serpent story. They swear they was a sea-serpent 70 feet long off the coast of Boston. It popped out of the sea, raising its head 20 feet. Then it followed the schooner alongside. The crew got ready with their harpoons; but before they could use them, the wily sea-serpent, apparently guessing what they were up to, edged away out of range and disappeared.

\* \* \* \*

A circus lion got loose and made things hot and lively for the folk of Drosendorf, in Lower Austria. Of course people bolted indoors. Monarch of all it surveyed, the lion arrived at a shop which had a mirror in front. The lion saw its own image and took it for a rival. With a royal roar he sprang at his enemy—and crashed into the shop amid a shower of splintered glass. He was so surprised at what happened that he meekly submitted to his trainer and went home in a chastened mood.

\* \* \* \*

We out here know precious little of the happenings in Germany except official propaganda news-items and red-hot laws promulgated against jews.

Winter is coming. Food shortage in Germany is acute. Hitler and his friends are afraid this may lead to a revolt of the civil population and the military. Home harvests have failed. Meat and dairy production nearly so. With so much national revenue turned into guns and gunpowder, there is no foreign exchange available to import food from abroad.

Bacon, pork, butter and margarine are almost unobtainable. Queues are forming up at the shops, and many people can't get what they need. Workers come home tired after a full-day work and overtime and find very little to eat. They are beginning to ask whether this is how Aryans should live, whether this is what Hitler promised. Meanwhile Dr. Goebbels goes about making angry speeches.

\* \* \* \*

To Hindus who deify the cow, this must come as a sad shock. There is a cow in Komgha, a small town in Cape Province, South Africa. This cow loafs about native huts looking for eggs which the hens lay in the open. When it finds any, the cow chews them up shell and all. Some hens, expectant mothers, who sit on their eggs, offer resistance, but bolt away at the near approach of the enemy.

Recently one poor, plucky hen refused to budge from her eggs. So the cow ate up the hen and then finished the eggs.

\* \* \* \*

Far away in Hawaii, young Pedro fell in love. The course of true love not being a railway, the party of the second part insisted on Pedro growing an imperial before she would let him kiss her. So Pedro toiled for an year and produced a charming little imperial in the best Kaiser tradition. One day he dressed with extra care, touched up his imperial with perfume and stepped out with a smile on his lips and a song in his heart. He was going to claim his kisses. Midway through to his love's house he was caught in a storm. Thunder roared, lightning flashed. A lightning came close to poor Pedro, played about his face and friske away to play elsewhere. Pedro was stunned, and lost consciousness. When he came to, he found to his horror that his imperial was gone. The lightning licked it up clean! But he got his kisses all the same.

# Genuine English Etiquette

For Indian Students

(Made in Mambalam)

by Artyjee

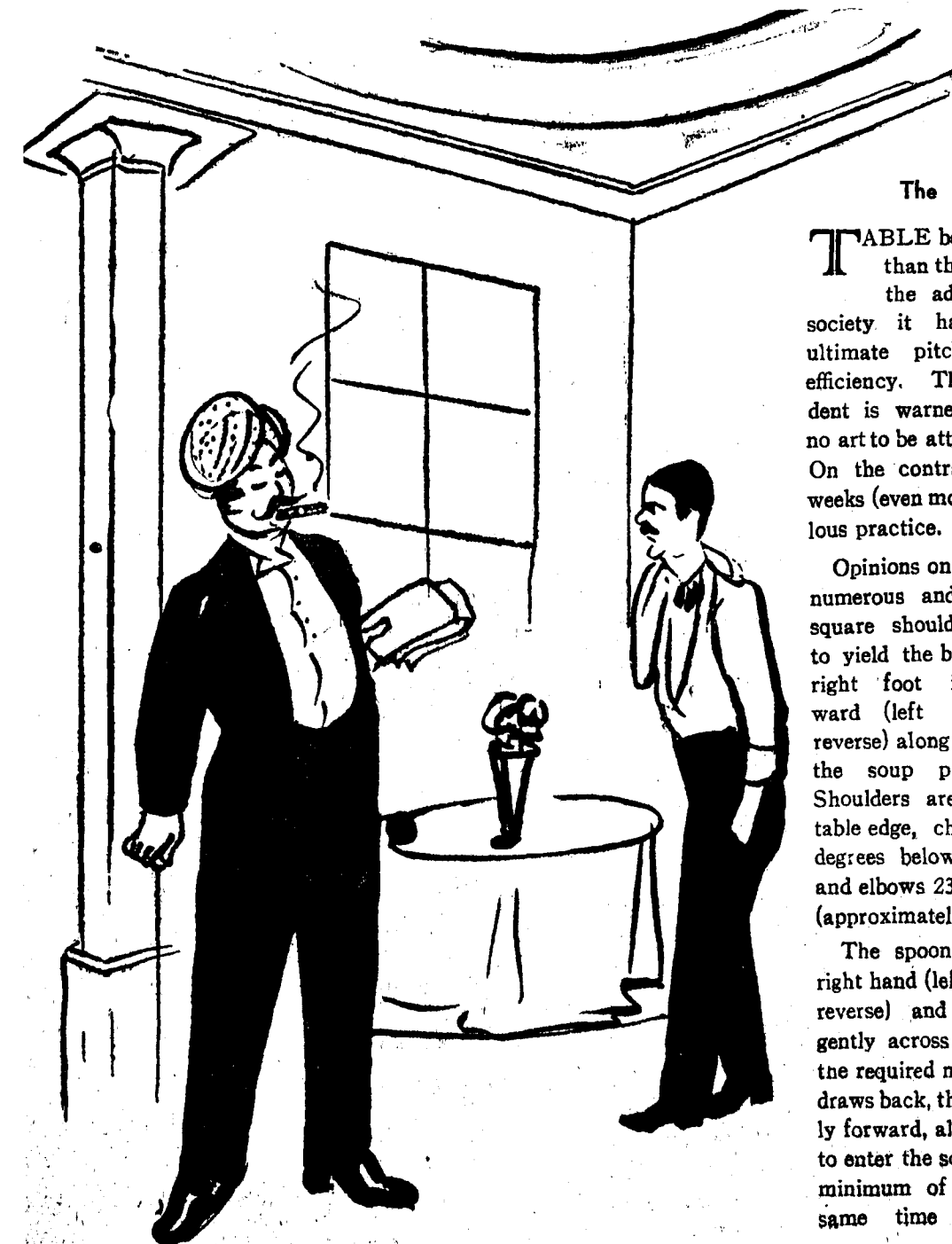
Reading Time  
About 6 Minutes

## The Dinner.

TABLE behaviour is older than the ages and with the advent of modern society it has reached its ultimate pitch of scientific efficiency. The budding student is warned that this is no art to be attained extempore. On the contrary it requires weeks (even months) of meticulous practice.

Opinions on the stance are numerous and varied but the square shoulder type appears to yield the best result. The right foot is thrown forward (left handers please reverse) along the same line as the soup plate's diameter. Shoulders are parallel to the table edge, chin six and a half degrees below the horizontal and elbows 23.865 centimetres (approximately) from the table.

The spoon is held in the right hand (left handers don't reverse) and the thumb slid gently across the handle. At the required moment the elbow draws back, then glides smoothly forward, allowing the spoon to enter the soup dish with the minimum of splash. At the same time the instrument



rotates through a quadrant, reaching its ultimate destination with a neat backward fling. As an action this involves a high degree of muscular effort. It is generally practised with a mug in a bath tub.

Common defects are the inability to centre the spoon, jerkiness in the glide and a hesitant return. The student is advised to keep alert and *let the weight of the spoon do the work*. If at the end of the recovery you hear a sweet feminine soprano bewailing the condition of her apparel you may justly conclude that the soup has gone in the wrong direction. Your duty is to stand up and stutter an apology; her duty is to slap you in the face. Perhaps a member of the masculine community may wag a hamlike fist beneath your proboscis. In that case you are requested to change your address.

The student's attention is now drawn to the manipulation of knife and fork. A little preliminary work with a mallet and chisel will not be out of place. But remember that carving is a matter not of brute force but of finesse. The correct weight in the correct place at the correct time will *always* do the trick. It is *wrong* actions which are difficult to perform.

The cutting edge is generally the sharp one, though some authorities prefer the blunt. Since it is difficult to distinguish between the two, this little test will not be found amiss. Run the knife sharply across a finger, (your neighbour's if convenient), and examine it carefully for traces of blood. You can then decide whether or not to proceed with the business in hand. Don't reveal your pretensions as a hacksaw expert, but aim for a clean and effective slice. And if after wrestling for thirty-two and a half minutes with a refractory pie, you feel a wild desire to twirl your knife above your head and behave in general like an animated ape, suppress it. Remember you are in a civilized country where all things are settled according to justice.

Skinning the apple does not deserve more than a summary mention. Practice will teach you to distinguish the fruit from the finger. Chasing the dessert however is an academic art and is rapidly gaining favour with English audiences. A semicircular peach is placed upon a plate and the competitors provided with spoons. The person who first engineers the transfer is unanimously declared the winner.

When you have successfully weathered the tremendous ordeals depicted, you will be provided with a finger bowl. Pretend to dip your fingers in it. There

is more than a possibility of their getting wet but as far as possible this faux pas *must be avoided*.

After dinner come cigarettes, cocktails and conversation. The ladies will precipitately retire leaving the gentlemen to fend for themselves. Conceal your perfectly natural alarms, throw yourself into the nearest armchair, and behave in general like a yellow dog afflicted with malaria. Sooner or later some misguided idiot will start making remarks about the weather which the host will neatly divert to holiday reminiscences. After Mr. Topsy Tiddleums of Manchester has finished his masterly discussion on the dimensions of the fish he didn't exactly catch, idiot the second will venture to determine your opinions on his dear old mother-country. This should be your chance to break forth into a tremendous diatribe on dignity, glory, tenacity, liberty, fraternity, equality, fogs, Ascot, and the propensities of London policemen. Conclude with a stirring invocation to loyalty and the Union Jack. If, however, you happen to be a lady, the general procedure is to clasp hands six and a quarter inches above your waist, stare in the general direction of the ceiling and murmur that everything is too too perfectly gorgeously divine.

Bacchus is a popular enough young gentleman so far as England is concerned but there are ways and means of making his acquaintance. If your host offers you a cocktail decline it. The fact that you will ultimately accept it has nothing to do with the point in question. There is no such thing in modern society as a sensible query and simple retort. In any case your reply will furnish the host with a chance to conduct a treatise on cocktails in general and his in particular, added to a vivid description of refrigerating plants.

The lady member on the contrary will persist in staring at the floor and murmur something about doctor's orders. The result will be a conversation whose terminology is, to say the least, peculiar.

"Oh, the poor dear! How too frightfully pathetic!"

"Really darling it's a tremendous sacrifice—"

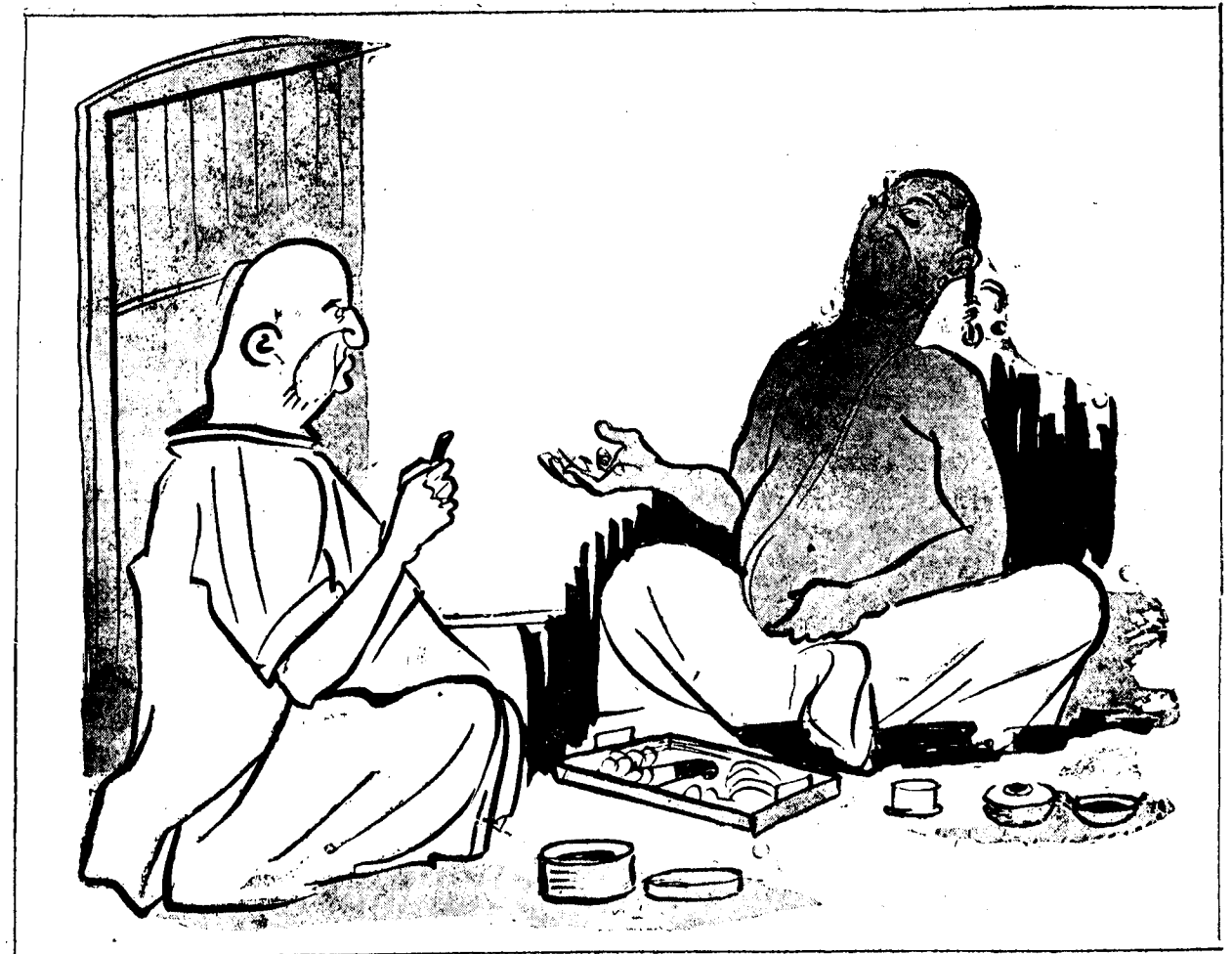
"Oh, but couldn't you manage a sherry? You couldn't? No: even a teeny weeny sherry? Oh, how too fearfully excruciating!"

"I am afraid not. Yes, I know it's pretty awful but you see—"

"I quite understand dearie. These medical men seem to have no regards for our convenience."

"Yes, I remember a Harley Street specialist—"

(Continued on page 23)



# Pan—Not Peter

by P. P. Samuel

Illustrated by Mali

Reading Time • About 6 Minutes

WHEN a Gazette Extraordinary of the progressive Indian state of Navaratna said, "Government servants are forbidden to chew pan while on duty," the newspapers, naturally, made a headline of it. 'NAVARATNA NO PAN-FAN', said *The Hindustan Honk* in type which was bold enough for a red-hot Society Scandal. "And why in the name of sanity," they went on to ask, "shouldn't the jaws of the servants of Native States perform simple harmonic motion while on duty? Perhaps there are sections in the I. P. C. that forbid people to wag their tongues in public, but we don't know if there is any provision in any code by

which the primal privilege of mastication can be denied to an ancient nation. If Mussolini were an Indian," concluded the powerful article, "would he have forbidden his people to chew *pan*?"

No. Neither would Hitler nor 'Mbu Jumbu, for a thinking man (as politicians say) would be slow to alienate the sympathies of millions by attacking a deep-rooted habit.

The practice of *pan*-chewing, says the historian, dates back to the reign of Dindisara, in the 5th century B.C. Dindisara was a great king, but he had a thorn in his flesh—his favourite wife was a shrew!

If he tried to correct her she just talked his head off. One day he called the wise men of his court together and said, "Look here, wise men! One of my queens, (never mind which) is a shrew. What can you do about it?" The learned men only shook their heads and recited *slokas* at one another. But one wiser than the rest coughed twice and told the king that he would suggest a simple remedy if the king would condescend to listen to him.

"Child of the Rishis!" cried the king, "I am much obliged to you. Will you name your fee?"

"O descendant of the gods!" said the wise man, "far be it from me to accept any reward for doing my duty to my king. But I shall be glad if you will cut off the heads of these impostors here."

So the king ordered his chief executioner to chop off the heads of the other wise men.

"Any more?" said the king, turning to the wise man. "Now open your wisdom-box and hand us the stuff."

The wise man looked around to make sure that the executioner had gone, and told the king that he had just received a small consignment of a sacred leaf—

"Sacred, did you say?" interrupted the king. "That's the goods. I suppose it is from the Himalayas."

"From Maha Meru, Your Majesty. The Himalayan rishis call it 'Pan' and they aver that if it is chewed constantly, it aids alimentation, clears the complexion, strengthens the gums, reddens the lips and restrains the tongue."

Now the waggish queen, whose lips were a trifle pale and whose complexion was a wee bit muddy, cornered most of the supply of pan and chewed it so assiduously that her tongue was seldom free to flay her spouse. The king was so gratified that he ordered his minister to erect a magnificent temple to the Goddess PAN.

Centuries have passed by, but *pan* still holds its sway over the teeming millions of India, as is evidenced by the beautiful red stains on walls, parapets and lamp-posts throughout the land. Small wonder then, that the esteemed editor of *The Hindustan Honk* gets his back up when a paltry state takes it into its head to tilt at what he considers to be an innocent, useful, hoary habit.

One of the arguments brought forward by the esteemed editor and the other advocates of *pan* is that it aids the digestive process. Statistics say that only one in three can really digest his food, and it would be a great thing if *pan* could aid alimentation. But

the statement is rather difficult to substantiate, doctors being more divided in their opinion on this subject than on anything else under the sun. Personally, if the choice is between *pan* and dyspepsia, I would rather choose to go about swollen with wind and indigestion.

It has also been urged that *pan* may be used as a cheap and efficient substitute for lipstick, even if one didn't care for its digestive potentialities. Quite so, quite so. But whoever wants lipsticks? Husbands don't. They should hate to go about branded.

Chewing *pan*, the esteemed editor contends, is an innocent pleasure, and it is unfortunate that any government should forbid it. Moving one's lower jaw with a slow rotatory motion, *a la* goat, is an innocent pastime, no doubt, when it is performed in the privacy of one's room; but, in public, it is apt to become a sickening sight. The other day we had the misfortune to sit opposite to an inveterate chewer in a bus. All the way from Pallavaram to Broadway he kept chewing, gobbling, sucking his gums, baring his stained teeth, exhibiting the contents of his mouth and, at suitable intervals, spraying the asphalt with red. Well, if *The Hindustan Honk* chooses to call it an innocent pleasure, all that I wish to say is that I don't care two hoots for that paper.

Neither do I think that it is an innocent pleasure to go about smearing *chunam* on lamp-posts, pillar-boxes, railings, parapets—in brief, anything that comes handy. I have a friend who ought never to have been allowed by his mother to take to *pan*, because he has an absent-minded way of disposing of the surplus lime. One day we were waiting for the signal to cross the road at Central. Conjuring out a few betel leaves and a smudge of lime my friend had a hurried chew, and he wiped his finger carefully on the nearest object. Unfortunately, the object was a new police helmet and a live traffic policeman happened to be in it. I have only a hazy recollection of what followed, except that the combatants were separated at last by a wayward Baby Austin.

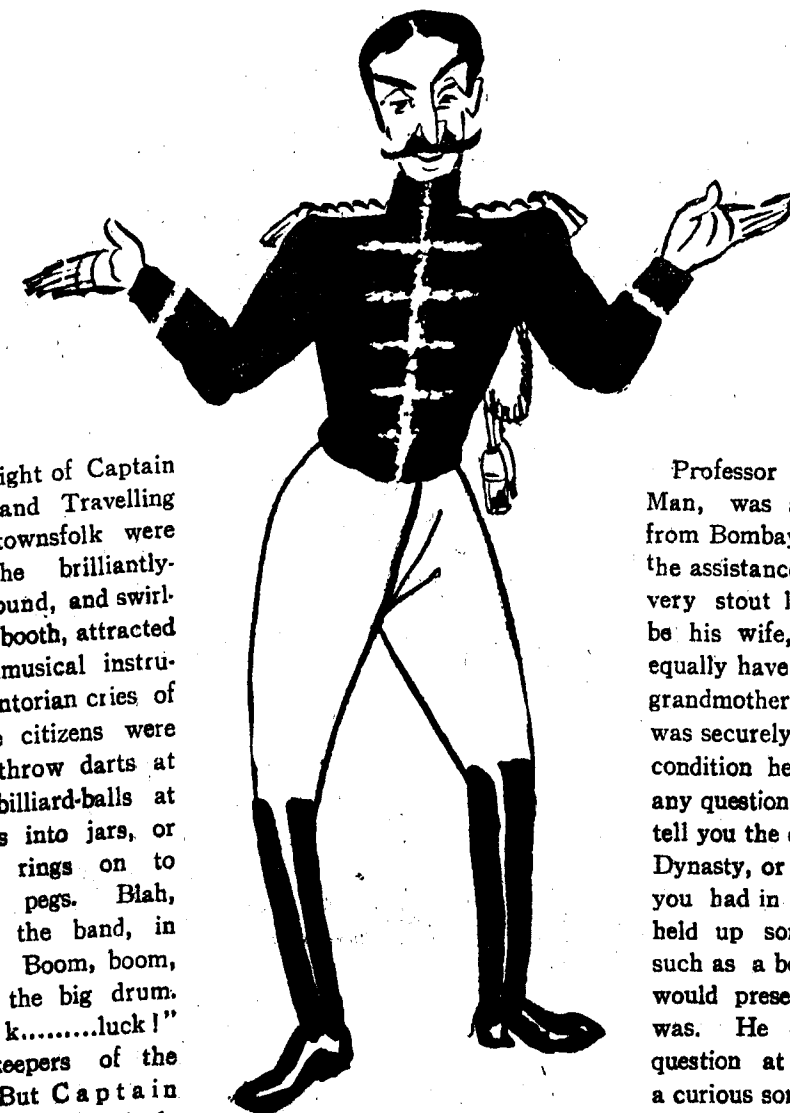
How the habit of chewing *pan* can adversely affect the life of the whole nation was perhaps clearly demonstrated when it almost defeated the nation over the fateful Public Safety Bill in the Legislative Assembly. Just before the division, it would appear, a stranger offered *pan* to the Madras member. But the *pan* had been drugged, with the result that by the time the member recovered consciousness and remembered he was a Nationalist, the voting was over and the house was equally divided. The rest is History.

Well, well, enough is enough, as the *pundits* say. Good night, Everybody!

# A Galaxy of Talent

by  
Embusque

Reading Time  
About 7 Minutes



The Captain

IT was the last night of Captain Magnum's Grand Travelling Carnival. The townsfolk were pouring into the brilliantly-illuminated fair-ground, and swirling from booth to booth, attracted by the din of unmusical instruments and the stentorian cries of stall-holders. The citizens were being invited to throw darts at boards, trundle billiard-balls at skittles, toss annas into jars, or get very small rings on to exceedingly large pegs. Blah, blah, blah, went the band, in brassy cacophony. Boom, boom, boom, thundered the big drum. "Luck.....luck.....luck!" howled the keepers of the gambling-games. But Captain Magnum was having all the luck.

In a canvas enclosure at one end of the ground, Captain Magnum's Grand Variety Show was about to commence. The Memory Man was keeping the early customers quiet. These had entered on the understanding that the show was beginning immediately. In fact, they were urged to pay quickly and hurry inside, in order not to miss the hula-hula girls. But once inside, there were no hula-hula girls. The deluded patrons had to wait while the enclosure slowly filled. Not until it was crammed to bursting-point would the real show begin.

Professor Inoh, the Memory Man, was a polyglot individual from Bombay. He performed with the assistance of a very dark and very stout lady who claimed to be his wife, though she might equally have been his aunt or his grandmother. The Memory Man was securely blindfolded, in which condition he was able to answer any question put to him. He could tell you the dates of the Vizianagar Dynasty, or how many cigarettes you had in your pocket. If you held up some unlikely object, such as a bottle of green ink, he would presently tell you what it was. He did not answer a question at once, but only after a curious sort of conversation with his wife, such as the following:

"Can you say what this is?"  
"It contains something."  
"Let us hear more."  
"It contains a liquid."  
"Give us the material."  
"It is made of glass."  
"But how large?"  
"It is a small glass bottle."

And so on, until the Memory Man was able to reveal that it contained a green writing material—in

fact, green ink—and had a screw top, and was made in India, and belonged to a tall man sitting in the third row. Professor Inoh attributed it all to his marvelous memory; but perhaps the queer questions and the stresses placed on certain words by his wife had something to do with his omniscience.

Anyhow, it was all mildly astonishing, and kept the audience quiet until Captain Magnum considered that there was not another four annas' worth of standing-room in the enclosure.

The first performer was introduced as Midias, the Lord of Wealth. Midias was a wonderful fellow, who could change a bag of stones into golden nuggets, produce rupees from behind his ears, conjure diamonds out of thin air, and turn old newspapers into currency-notes. One wondered that a man with such an unlimited command of fortune should condescend to exhibit his powers in a mere variety-show.

The Captain (who had enormous moustaches, and was dressed like a riding-master) now presented Miss Dodo, in her daring, spectacular, and unequalled act. Miss Dodo proved to be a buxom, bronze-coloured damsel, whose bulging contours were inadequately covered by a tight bathing-costume. After bowing repeatedly to the appreciative assembly, Miss Dodo demonstrated her agility and daring by a number of feats on the flying trapeze. Finally, she ascended a high ladder, from the top of which she dived into a small tank, emerging with her costume almost bursting from her dripping figure. This was a very impressive spectacle; but connoisseurs were heard to remark that it did not last long enough. Smiling and bowing, Miss Dodo retired to a tent, the situation of which was carefully noted by the more enterprising members of the audience.

Now came Rumiki, the strong man. He broke chains with the greatest of ease, lifted prodigious weights, bent iron bars around his thighs, and permitted loaded carts to be carefully passed over his

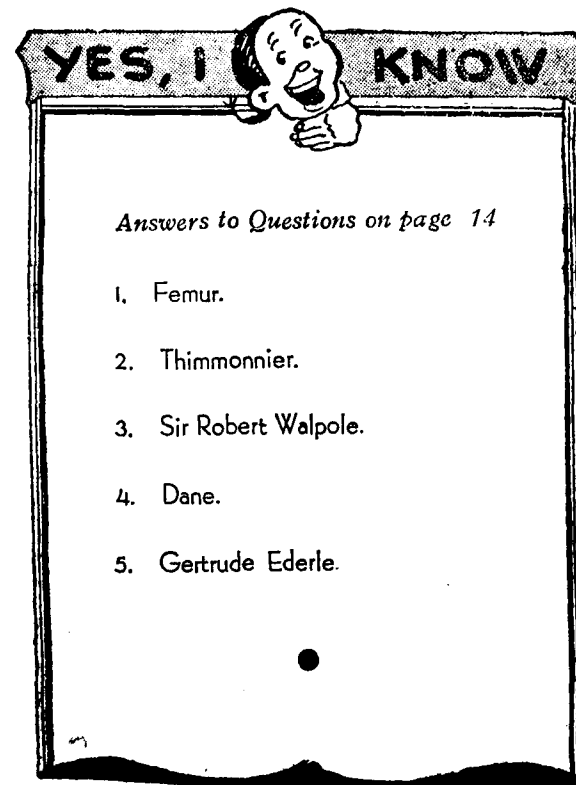
anatomy. But his speciality was escaping. He could get out of straight-jackets, and defy any kind of handcuff. He picked huge padlocks, and broke out of trebly-locked compartments.

The escapologist was followed by Professor Crab, the Wizard Healer. Professor Crab scorned all orthodox systems of medicine. He was the sole proprietor of Crab's Elixir, a wonderful medicament that was good for rheumatism, lockjaw, varicose veins, pain in the neck, and housemaid's knee. By a combination of the famous elixir and magnetic influence, the professor could magically unite broken bones, restore virility to the aged, and practically bring the dead back to life. He performed some marvellous cures in full view of the audience.

Now came the hula-girls, who were real Hawaiians from the Lall Bazaar. When the alleged Polynesian revels had concluded, the Captain thanked his patrons for their kind attention, and hinted that the exit to the enclosure was the way by which they had entered. He thanked them one and all. The dart-boards and gambling-games, he concluded, would be found awaiting their further patronage.

The patrons filed out, discussing the various items of the programme. Some envied Professor Inoh his marvellous memory. Some wished they were like Midias, the Lord of Wealth. The younger fellows wanted to emulate the feats of Miss Dodo, who in a care-free manner threw herself off ladders and through hoops. Others preferred the skill of Rumiki, who could escape from any situation, and open any door. What advantages that would give! But some thoughtful chaps said they would be content with the ability to cure any disease and remedy and bodily injury, like Professor Crab.

Meanwhile, the performers in the dressing-tent were changing their clothes and packing their boxes. "Ahem!" coughed Professor Inoh, in his thin, precise voice. "As this is our last night here, my wife



and I thought you would like to gather at our place, and hold a little celebration."

Professor and Mrs. Inoh were the aristocrats of the troupe. In each town they took a private apartment, and did not camp on the carnival-ground, like the rest of the performers.

"Hurrah! Rather!" cried the troupe. Midias was sent to get a couple of taxis, and they all clambered aboard. At length, the taxis drew up before the entrance to the Professor's little place.

"Pay the drivers, Midias," said one of the hula-girls.

"Er—I'm sorry," replied the Lord of Wealth, "I haven't got an anna until pay-day."

"All right; let's keep the taxis, and borrow the fare from the boss when we get back. Come on, Professor, open the door."

"I'm sorry," confessed Professor Inoh, the Memory Man, "I've forgotten the key!"

"Well, then, Miss Dodo can get in, and open the door for us. Go on, Dodo, jump through that ventilator and open the door from inside."

Miss Dodo, the marvellous acrobat, looked at the ventilator. It was about eight feet from the ground. "I couldn't do that!" she shivered, "I might break my neck!"

"Why are we waiting?" demanded Mrs. Inoh, impatiently. "If we can't get the door open, Rumiki must pick the lock."

"Yes, go on, Rumiki, pick the lock."

The strong man cleared a space about the door, and bending down, began to work on the lock. He grunted, sweated, and wrenched. Suddenly he gave a terrible cry.

"What's the matter?" exclaimed the waiting revellers.

"Oh! I can't open the door, and I've sprained my wrist! Oh! Oh!" groaned the man who could get out of handcuffs and triple-locked compartments.

"Professor Crab! Quick!" screamed one of the girls. "Rumiki has sprained his wrist! Apply your magnetic influence, and cure him."

The Professor came forward, and gingerly examined the wrist of the groaning lock-picker.

"I can't do anything for a wrist like that," said Professor Crab, the Wizard Healer. "Send for a doctor!"

THE END

# Genuine English Etiquette (Continued from page 18)

"Oh, do you? How frightfully thrilling! But couldn't you have a sip. It's really harmless. Why, there was once an invalid—"

"Was there? Oh, how romantic! Mind you, just a teeny weeny sip."

"Isn't it marvellous?"

"Wonderful!"

"Perfect!"

"Frightfully perfect!"

"Divine!"

That should be sufficient to break the ice. The conversation will flow as freely as the lager and the hostess will crank up her gramophone with an occasional reference to the quality of the sound-box. The student will continue to cross his legs, appear politely bored by the symphonies of Beethoven and go into artificial rhapsodies over the ravings of an afflicted jazz merchant. Sooner or later some unfortunate will confess to a knowledge of vocal orchestration and proceed to massacre the Isle of Capri. After that you will find yourself on the homeward journey (taking care to avoid all undesirable lamp-posts). You may or may not reach your destination. More probably you will be endowed with a new slant on London policemen.

THE END

## "The Lord Knows Who"

Mr. Walter Wade started from Londonderry (Northern Ireland) on a lark in France. At the various French hotels he stayed, he signed the registers as "The Lord Knows Who". That branch of the French Police whose business it is to study the registers of foreign visitors staying at hotels, were puzzled at the title. The matter was duly reported to headquarters.

H. Q. moved and circularised the Prefectures saying that no such title as the "The Lord Knows Who" existed. So the hotels where "The Lord" enjoyed all the courtesy due to a paying foreigner, served him with a notice to quit French territory within 48 hours. Mr. Wade registered his penitence, and said he meant no harm and promised to be a good boy under his own name, if they would let him stay.

Scandalised officialdom, however, refused him an identification card and poor "Lord Knows Who" returned home more in sorrow than in anger.

## The Fox's Wedding

by Harindranath Chattopadhyaya.

The cloud is shedding  
Its rain in the sun  
For the Fox's wedding  
Has just begun.

From forest and plain  
And mountain-side  
Guests bring gifts  
For the Fox and his bride.

Here is the first :  
The zig-zag Zebra  
Whose gift is a Persian  
Candlebra.

Here is the second :  
The grinning Hyena  
Who brings a charming  
Bowl from China.

Here is the third :  
The Tiger bold  
Who brings a mirror  
Of African gold.

And here is the fourth :  
The Crocodile  
Who brings a silver  
Cup from the Nile.

And here is the fifth :  
A long-necked Camel  
Who brings a bowl  
Of Indian enamel.

Here is the sixth :  
The Monkey who writes,  
His gift is a book,—  
The Arabian Nights.

Here is the seventh :  
The She-Wolf vain  
Who brings the bride  
A scarf from Spain.

Here is the eighth :  
The Mare of a 'lackier'  
Who brings her a brooch  
From Czecko-Slovakia.

Here is the ninth :  
The Polar Bear  
Whose gift is a painted  
Russian chair.

And here comes a tenth :  
If you please, uninvited !  
The guests at the wedding  
Are getting excited.

He comes from Wales  
And teaches zoology.  
What is his gift ?  
An empty apology.

Why has he come  
To the Fox's feast ?  
It's most ill-mannered  
To say the least.

But let us be civil  
And not make a fuss,  
For a Man, after all,  
Is a beast like us.

The rain has stopped,  
The sun is splendid,—  
The Fox's wedding  
Is now ended.



## Auntie Awful



HERE, my boys, is a quite unusual problem from a commercial young man. "I am the proprietor's confidential clerk," he says. "From all appearances I am giving satisfaction. I have had two increments. In these times it would be foolish to give up a good job; yet for a trivial reason I am suffering so much from my nerves that I must resign, unless you can suggest a remedy."

What do you think is playing havoc with the young man's nerves, dear boys and girls? Unrequited love? Indigestion? Tight boots? No, you will never guess.

"When the boss dictates letters," continues our correspondent, "he stands behind me with a watch in his hand. It may be that he is timing himself, and likes to maintain a certain speed. Whatever the reason, this habit keeps me in a state of constant hustle and anxiety. I feel I am being treated like a slacker. To make it worse, the chief is a silent man, and never gives anyone a word of praise or blame. I cannot tell whether he dislikes me, or not."

Evidently it has not occurred to our friend that the silent employer is nervous, too. Quite a lot of otherwise efficient men are nervous when they dictate. They march up and down the room, or tie knots in a piece of string. These are almost unconscious mannerisms. The boss probably fidgets his watch from mere uneasiness, and stands behind our friend to avoid the embarrassment of his gaze.

The thing to do, dear boy, is to persuade the chief that toying with a watch distracts your attention, and makes it difficult for you to concentrate. Do not say that the habit gets on your nerves. Suggest the idea cheerfully and impersonally, as a matter of mere business efficiency. Quite likely your employer will be grateful if you can rearrange the office so that you are both sitting down, not in direct view of each other, while he dictates.

Talking about business men, Auntie has often wondered why they are so tired at the end of a day

spent sitting down, and sustained by relays of coffee. Uncle Ghastly is a typical tired business man. He staggers home with an air of unutterable weariness, and keeps the whole household creeping about on tip-toe, and with bated breath, so as not to disturb 'poor tired Uncle'. When little Ramu asks to be taken to the beach, Uncle explains that he is too exhausted.

"What exhausts you, Uncle?" asked little Ramu, one day.

"Your poor Uncle has to slave hard all day, to keep the wolf from the door," explained the worthy man.

A few days later, Auntie took little Ramu to see the office. The lad returned home full of excitement. After detailing his adventures, he added: "Poor tired Uncle was lucky this time. He had a key to lock the door of his room and keep the wolf out, and was enjoying a lovely rest inside." In order to prevent the spread of this libel, poor tired Uncle had to offer to take the family to the beach. Ramu was delighted, and took his kite.

Everybody was very solicitous for Uncle, and his wife brought a cushion so that the poor tired man could rest on the sands. "Go away, Ramu, and fly your kite," said the good lady. "Don't make a noise, or disturb your poor tired Uncle."

Ramu began to fly his kite, and Uncle became interested in the boy's manoeuvres. "Quick!" he cried. "Pull the string, or the kite will come down! No, not like that! Here, let me show you how." Uncle used to fly a kite when he was a boy.

Uncle Ghastly took the string, and began to show Ramu how to fly the kite. Two hours later, poor tired Uncle was still rushing up and down the beach like a race-horse, showing Ramu how it was done.

Ramu was a bit downcast, and his mother had to comfort him with the promise of a new kite. Finally, when it was quite dark, the family held an indignation-meeting. They were all hungry, and asked poor tired Uncle if he would mind continuing his kite-flying another day. Poor tired Uncle was a bit huffy at having his pleasures interrupted in this summary manner, but finally consented to drive the family home.

So, you see, Uncle Ghastly is a typical tired business man.

*Twice Shy (Chintrapat).* "Why is it that a woman will never keep a secret? Is it due to lack of logic?" Oh no, dear boy. Whenever a woman divulges a secret, she does it on strictly logical principles. There are only two kinds of secrets—those not worth keeping, and those too good to keep.

*Slumberer (Triplicane).* "I used to be a man of very regular habits, but now I have retired from business and there is no need to get up at the same time every day. Please tell me how I can cure myself of the habit of waking up each morning at 5-30 a. m." Nothing could be easier, dear sir. Set the alarm for five o'clock.

*Disillusioned (Guntur).* "I shall never take that particular newspaper any more. Everything in it is lies." You are wrong this time, dear boy. The football scores in that particular paper are quite reliable, and many clubs disburse the weekly sweepstake on its authority.

*Successful (Poona).* "When I went to school, my master always said I would come to a bad end, and now I am a prominent member of the Bar." Well, dear sir, you must admit that you were warned.

*Mistrustful (Bandra).* "My husband talks in his sleep. I cannot hear what he is saying, but I suspect that a woman is the cause. I am worried because I cannot discover the truth." Be thankful that the mystery is no deeper, my dear. Auntie knows of a wife who was driven to despair by a similar suspicion. Her husband had dreams every night, and she could not discover what he dreamed about. The despicable fellow did not even talk in his sleep; he merely smiled.

*Peaceable (Patna).* "My neighbour has filed a complaint against me for assault. I admit that a lot of words passed between us, but I deny any assault." It sounds a bit questionable to Auntie, dear boy. Did you throw a dictionary at him?

*Advertisement (Tatanagar).* Thank you, dear boy, for sending me the advertisement, 'Autobio-

graphy of a Sheet of Corrugated Iron.' Yes, it is a pretty story, and good publicity, but a bit puzzling. The sheet of corrugated iron claims to have been born thousands of years ago, thousands of feet below the ground. Auntie is surprised to hear that there are mines for the recovery of corrugated iron manufactured thousands of years ago. However, this statement has been surpassed by the makers of a brand of tennis-shoes. One of the shoes, writing its life story, says that it grew on the back of an Indian antelope. So when you see a young buck leaping through the jungle with a shoe growing on its back, you will know that it is one of the developments of modern industry.

*Etiquette (Karachi).* "Please tell me what I should wear when attending the annual dinner of a nudist club." Annual dinners, dear boy, are formal functions of a complimentary nature. In order to do honour to the club, and to vindicate your support of nudist principles, you should wear full evening dress with tails. If you do not possess the necessary garments, you can hire them.

*Prison Visitor (Madras).* "As you will see from the enclosed circular, boys in Borstal institutions are put on their honour. The whole establishment is run on honour principles." Very laudable, dear sir; but the boys will find the world a strange place when they come out.

*Interested (Jammu).* "One of the recent letters of Private Joyfull must have been founded on fact. In an American magazine there is an offer of ten dollars a day for anybody who can produce the noise of a barking dog, a squawking parrot, and a howling cat." What a pity America is so far away, dear boy. Uncle Ghastly's wireless-set is the very thing.

*Pro-Hollywood (Egmore).* "Why do you always poke fun at the marriages of film-stars? There are plenty of stars of the screen who marry for better or for worse." Yes, dear; they marry for better or for worse, but not for good.

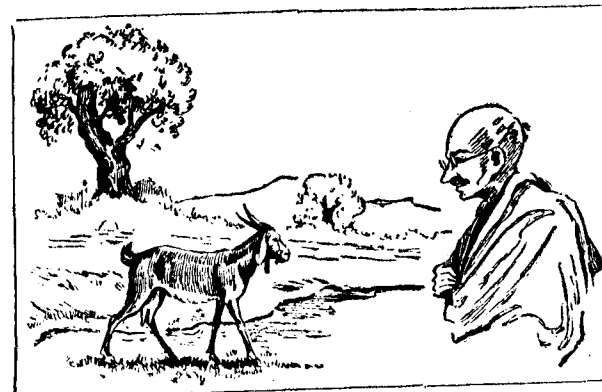
*La Grippe (Rangoon).* "Is it a fact that a two-mile walk each evening will kill influenza-germs?" Certainly, dear boy; but Auntie thinks you will have difficulty in making the little beasts walk two miles.

*Hard Up (Park Town).* "I took a post in order to learn the business, without salary. I have been working there for nine months, and in spite of hints, the proprietor shows no signs of giving me any remuneration. What should I do?" It is no good hinting, dear boy. Go to the boss at once, and demand that your present salary be doubled.

# The Uses of Things

by Caper

Reading Time • About 4 Minutes



MAN is not much use when he lives, and is no better when he dies, excepting only to his legatees. This statement includes magazine

editors, but cannot include contributors, for the simple reason that they live without much and die with nothing.

Cows yield milk mixed with water, when alive, and when they can't do this, they are good for slaughtering.

Pigs are not polite while they live; when they die:

They become best bacon  
To be by you taken (O gosh!)

The use of live sheep is that they have given birth to the beautiful and soulful phrase 'to look sheepish'. Sheep must die before they can satisfy the alimentary instincts of man.

Goats when alive are useful to Mahatma Gandhi. About dead goats there is only one fact worthy of notice, and that is that dead goats don't eat oats.

An elephant is a very useful animal because they say that the value of an elephant remains the same dead or alive. It naturally follows that elephants do not lie. You say they do? Well, then, when was the last

time you saw an elephant lying dead in your kitchen-garden?

Cats are useful because otherwise cows' milk will not be useful. When a cat dies you must ascertain whether all its nine lives have been knocked out and whether it was care that killed the cat, or merely rat-poison.

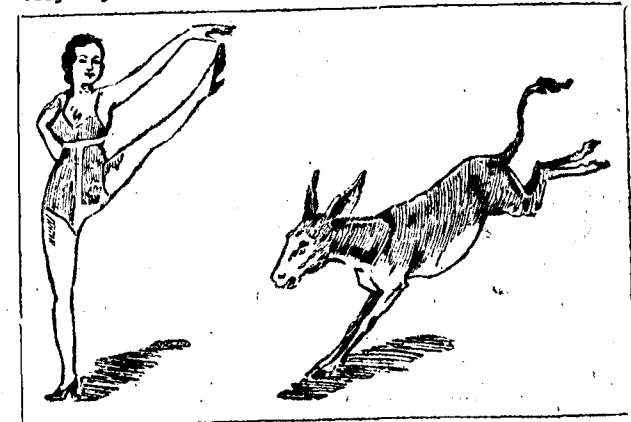
Rats are useful to cats. And that is all there is to it. Dogs when alive can do a number of useful things:

1. They can lick your face at dead of night.
2. They can wag their tails if they have tails, otherwise they can wag their stumps.
3. Sleeping dogs can let waking thieves work.

When dogs die, they become sausages; but you may be sure that no dog dies until it has had its day.

Pigeons are not useful when alive. When they depart they leave behind them pigeon-holes which are carefully collected and used by our Government offices.

A dove is useful because there is no other satisfactory rhyme to 'love'. If there had been no dove, some



(Continued on page 29)

# Insuring Against Insurances

by Mrs. Kamala

Reading Time • About 5 Minutes

SCARCELY a day passes that I do not read in the newspapers some advertisements respecting the glorious work the Insurance Companies have turned out, and how the one in question is the only one to be relied upon, thereby making a subtle hint against the stability of the other companies and in the end closing their 'Arabian Nights' with a request, for applications from capable young men. No 'recs', no bribery, no nasty interviews, no securities and absolutely no underhand dealings of any sort, and a capable young man gets it for the mere asking. "Ask and it shall be given" is their motto. And such men are let loose upon society.

Of what significance is this great botheration to me, in the quiet of my home? It is of a very direct and sinister character. For I, unknown, unrecognised, and unsung, and thousands of helpless people like me, are the policy-holders. Towards us, and our slender resources, is this vast movement directed. It is upon us that this horde of flaming youths, raised by intensive education to the nth power of Insurance Ability, has been turned loose.

And brethren, in our fools paradise of false security, what are we doing about it? Nothing. Do we hold conferences to discuss means of self-defence? We do not. Have we gold, without end, with which to wage battle? No, a thousand times, no. Do the universities send wise men to us to devise cunning ways of outwitting the enemy? In other words, while the cohorts of the enemy, without number, are being assembled, drilled, equipped, and provisioned, with singularly little secrecy as to their strategy, we lie helpless and supine, bleating lambs of inefficiency awaiting slaughter.

But it is not too late, if you will listen to this clarion call of alarm. We have at our command the agency which is the keystone of the prosperity (sacred word) of our beloved country. We have, even as humble prospective policy-holders, the use of the



The Insurance-wallah

Indian mails. Let us organize, let us use the mails, even as the Insurance Companies use them. Let us appoint some properly equipped person (I will leave to your own good judgment who he should be) to act as a Clearing House. Send to him your name and address, together with brief details of the two or three latest Insurance Outrages committed upon you. Add to these as fully as possible, the technique of any methods you may have devised for your self-protection from the Insurance Agents. He will file, arrange, card-index, classify, and cross-reference all this information. When the tens and thousands of names which will come in response to this call are duly arranged, a small contribution will be requested. By this means you will receive, ere long, monthly bulletins, on 'The Development of Insurance Resistance', and 'The Best Methods by Which to Outwit the Agent', drawn from the personal experiences of our subscri-

bers. From this humble beginning, a nationwide movement will develop, and a National (and possibly later on International) Association for the Development of Insurance Resistance will be evolved. But to secure, to the fullest, the beneficent results desired, you must act *at once—send in your name to-day. Don't delay.* (But to whom, lady?—Ed.)

As an evidence of good faith, I will add a word of personal experience. I have been, for many years, one of the favourite quarries of the Agent. I have studied his methods, and I have tried alone and unaided, to develop a defence. The best one I have ever discovered is *silence*, utter and *absolute* silence. Adopt an attitude of mild and polite interest, but remain absolutely silent during the entire interview. It is difficult at first, but it can be done with practice. Throw the entire burden of the conversation on the Agent. He has a little book that tells him what to say. It is called an Insurance Canvass. He will say it. When he has finished, he expects you to say something, to object, to ask questions. His little book tells him just what to say in reply to any, or all, possible comments, objections, or queries. Disappoint him. Don't say a word. Just smile. He will repeat his Insurance Canvass. You will notice that he will not miss a word. He knows it by heart. At the conclusion of the second recital, remain silent. In rare cases he will repeat it a third time. Not often; usually after the second he will withdraw. Then speak. Wish him 'good-afternoon', and show him to the door. An accomplished Agent will try to outwit you. He may abandon the Canvass, and try to trick you into conversation with direct questions. Be on your guard against that, and remain silent. This is the one thing his book does not tell him how to meet. I have studied the proceedings of a dozen Insurance Conferences, and nowhere have I ever seen a discussion of how to meet our silence.

That is the kind of priceless information our Association will disseminate for the benefit of its members. Can you afford to remain outside? Think what this association will do for you and for the *protection of your families—those nearest and dearest to you.*

I venture a prediction. In five years after the organization of our Association, the amount of Insurance Resistance in India will increase 25 per cent. Then we shall be in a position to afford a conference at Madras or Bombay. We can play all day, go to the theatre in the evening, and dance all night. But we shall all wear badges on which will be emblazoned

our name, town and province. We shall call each other by our common names, because camaraderie is the keystone of organization, and 'Camaraderie' will be the slogan of the "N. A. F. T. D. O. I. R."

THE END

## The Uses of Things (Continued from page 27)

of the greatest English poets would have taken to prose-writing or peddling pen-knives. Obviously, doves will not be permitted to die.

The utility of a chicken is readily recognised when it is seen how many times a day my wife makes pointed reference to my chicken-heart. Chicken don't die because they become fowl and when they become fowl they don't die either, because they are eaten.

All the horses I back are also-rans; those that are not also-rans are not horses. My horses can die but can never go to heaven.

An ass's usefulness will be evident when it is seen that it was the ass that taught high kicking to your delightful dancers. Some asses die and become men, and then you meet them everywhere.

Lions, tigers and other wild beasts are useful for:

1. Fairy tales;
2. Frightening children.

When you meet any of these wild beasts, they don't die. But, oftentimes, you do.

Gnus, Emus, Llamas etc., are all created by God specially to help despairing crossword puzzle compilers.

Monkeys are responsible for a whole new science. Some of the newest new sciences seem to be purely the work of monkeys. They gave Darwin an idea.

THE END

## A Hubby For Sale:

£300—cash down.

No hire-purchase.

Mrs. Mary Ann Cordes, an Irishwoman, who is in America for a long number of years, is homesick. She wants to go to her native land to see her old mother. The Cordes are poor and can't afford even third-class steamer fare back home. So she hit upon the idea of selling her lord and master who being a 'good sport' sympathises with the wife's nostalgia and is quite willing. Only, he says, no young woman need apply. He prefers a girl between 35 and 45. No objection to girls over 45 years.

# The Letters of

## 74. A Bit of Carpentry

Reading Time • About 9 Minutes

*Madras, 9th November, 1935.*

DEAR MOTHER,

FOR the past few days, Boggins and I have been working in the pioneers' shop. The pioneers are the regimental handy-men. They can erect boxing-rings, mend doors and windows, fix sun-blinds, lay out camping-grounds, repair gramophones, make roads, and do any odd job. When the regiment goes on the march, the pioneers lead the way, wearing their white buckskin aprons, and carrying axes and saws.

One of the odd jobs of the pioneers is to make coffins. When I was at the earthquake, there was a squad of pioneers in a graveyard outside the city, making coffins for victims belonging to castes that had to be buried that way. "Hullo," I said, passing by, "that isn't a very cheerful job."

"Ah," said the pioneer-sergeant, not pausing for a moment in his furious coffin-making, "it reminds me of that famous poem."

"What famous poem?" I enquired.

"Where were you educated?" demanded the sergeant, hammering away. "Haven't you heard of Gray's 'Energy In a Churchyard'?"

Boggins and I were drafted into the shop, owing to a rush of work. Of course, we are not proper pioneers, but we have good certificates for wood-work and metal-work, gained when we were schoolboys. Two men were wanted to make a new stand for the regimental trophies, and Boggins and I volunteered, being glad of a change from everyday parades.

The stand is a big erection that occupies one end of the officers' mess. It displays the French drums that were captured at Minden, a Russian eagle from Inkerman, the green standard taken at the storming of Seringapatam, Napoleon's snuff-box, Lord Clive's sword, the Imperial dragon from the palace at Peking, and many other things.

There are still a few veterans of the regiment who were present at the sack of the Winter Palace in Peking. This happened in 1900, when the Powers

sent forces against the Boxers. In order to humiliate the Chinese, the German Commander-in-Chief ordered the allies to despoil the sacred enclosure. But in our army, looting has been strictly forbidden since the days of Wellington; so the treasures in the British section of the great palace were removed by organised parties under armed guard. Each regiment was allowed to keep one trophy, and the rest were sold by auction. The proceeds were made into a fund for the dependants of deceased soldiers, and many an orphan owes his education to the sack of the Winter Palace. All the same, it is nothing to be proud of.

The Chinese are a proud and stubborn people, and the German idea was to humiliate them by frightfulness. The result did not turn out as expected. The Chinese still despised the 'foreign devils'. The sack of the Forbidden City destroyed the sanctity of the Son of Heaven, and, deprived of its ancient theocracy, China fell to pieces.

Even so, China would not have fallen to pieces, but for the way the Chinese despise and ignore all other races. In their diplomacy, the Chinese have always refused all concessions, resisted all Western ideas, underrated their adversaries, and thrown away their advantages. When in a favourable diplomatic position, they waste their opportunities out of contempt for foreigners. Whenever their obstinacy has reduced them to helplessness and friendlessness, they choose that moment to provoke a crisis with the foreigners.

To my mind, an Asiatic race that desires to place itself on terms of equality with the West, cannot afford to despise or underrate the West. The shrewd course is to make well-considered concessions, to enter the concert of the Powers, to deal with foreigners on terms of respectful firmness, and to co-operate when co-operation is to the national advantage. A stiff-necked 'closed door' policy has brought the admirable Chinese race to political impotence. On the other hand, an 'open door' nationalist policy has raised the Japanese nation to formidability.

Boggins and I talked over these things while we were measuring the old trophy-stand in the officers'

# Private Joyfull

mess. We were surprised to find the stand practically wrecked. It was ancient and worm-eaten, and had not been able to endure the consequences of a slight accident one night, when the officers were entertaining some guests.

After they had decorously drunk wine with the General, and the seniors had gone to bed, the juniors had a frolic. First of all they went into the billiard-room, and had a game of blow-football. A dozen stalwarts stood on one side of the table, and a dozen on the other, and the ball was bullied-off from the middle. Both sides blew hurricanes of wind at the ball. They blew until their cheeks were sore and their eyes sticking out of their heads. Each goal was greeted with howls of applause that shook the old building to its foundations.

At last Mr. Jolley procured the big bellows from the kitchen, that is used for blowing up the fire. Armed with this powerful assistance, he retrieved the waning fortunes of his side, and soon brought the score to eleven-all. Both teams were now helpless with mirth and exhaustion, and as a more restful diversion it was decided to hold a court-martial on Mr. Jolley, for conduct unbecoming an officer and a gentleman, in that he had cheated by using the bellows for blow-football.

A court was hurriedly convened. The prosecuting officer pressed for the extreme penalty of the law, while the prisoner's counsel pleaded his youth, ignorance, and lack of grey matter. Eventually the court sentenced the accused to ride a bicycle six times round the billiard-table.

The butler's bicycle was produced, and everybody saw that the sentence was going to be no light matter. The butler's bicycle was one of those contraptions, never oiled from the day it left the shop many years ago. It possessed only one pedal, and no brakes; but to make up for these deficiencies it had a very powerful bell, that was worked by pulling a string.

Mr. Jolley delivered a heroic farewell speech, removed his jacket, mounted carefully on the table, and began to career triumphantly round the green rectangle, ringing the bell all the time. At the sixth revolution, the bicycle began to wobble badly. Everybody held his breath; and at last the bicycle wobbled

safely over the finishing-line. At the moment of victory, however, Mr. Jolley went one way, and the bicycle went the other. Mr. Jolley ended up in the middle of the table with a lamp-shade round his neck, while the bicycle felled a spectator to the floor and entangled itself about his person.

The victim was extricated with his clothing much the worse for the encounter; but the bicycle was unharmed. After it was dusted, and the handle-bars straightened, it was as good as ever. But Mr. Jolley had the misfortune to tear the billiard-cloth with his spurs.

The injured bystander now seized Mr. Jolley's jacket and rushed away with a war-whoop. A crowd of sympathisers and opponents followed into the mess-room. The jacket was rolled up into a ball, and the two sides held a scrum-down for possession of it. A desperate rugby-match now raged. For five minutes the conflict swayed to and fro, and at last, amid triumphant howls, Mr. Jolley's side scored a goal in the trophy-stand, which collapsed about the ears of friend and foe alike.

Fortunately, none of the valuable trophies was damaged. The victors put down their names in the book to pay for the havoc, and both sides made run-



ning-repairs to their uniforms. Then the guests took their departure, with many expressions of thanks for a delightful evening.

The next morning, the pioneers came to effect the repairs. The pioneer-sergeant took the billiard-table in hand. By good luck, the tear was close to one end of the table. The sergeant mended the rent, and moved the cloth up a little, so that the damage was no longer on the playing surface. Next he obliterated the former playing lines, which were now out of place, and marked new lines, starting from the opposite end of the table. When he had finished, the table was as good as new, but the top of the table had become the bottom.

When Mr. Jolley came in for tiffin, he was astonished. "Good heavens, sergeant," he said, "what has become of the tear?"

"I have shifted the cloth, sir and the tear is now under the edge of the table."

Mr. Jolley congratulated him, and then stared at the table in a bewildered way. Then he measured the length of the table, and the width of the room. It was a small room, with only three feet of floor space between the edge of the table and the walls of the room.

"Did you do everything by yourself?" enquired Mr. Jolley.

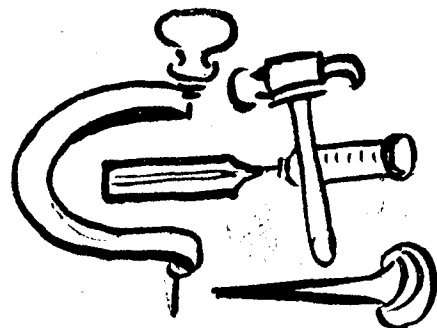
"Yes, sir."

"But it is impossible!"

"What is impossible, sir?"

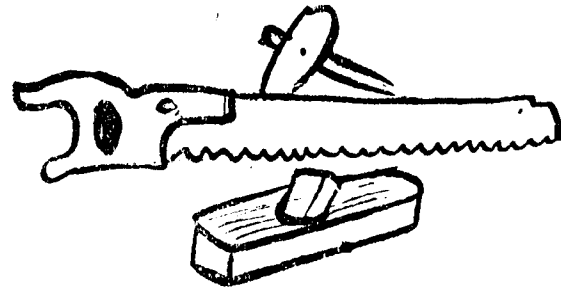
"The table weighs at least a ton, and the room is narrow. How did you turn the table round?"

"That's all right, sir," said the sergeant. "You can leave any problem like that to the pioneers."



Pioneers are very cunning chaps, and are proud of their reputation of being able to perform impossi-

bilities. If you ask them to erect a scaffolding round the moon, they say, "That's all right. Leave it to the pioneers."



However, Boggins and I had the distinction of presenting the pioneer-sergeant with an insoluble problem. We measured the old trophy-stand with the greatest care, and began to erect a replica in the pioneer's shop. Of course, the regular pioneers were very scornful of our efforts, and treated us like criminals whose sole purpose in life was to steal their tools. They criticised our mortices and tenons, and laughed at the slow and amateur way we tackled the various problems connected with the construction. But Boggins and I persevered, and at last the task was finished.

"There you are, sergeant," said Boggins. "It's all done correctly to scale, and nicely varnished and finished. All that remains is to get it out of the shop and over to the officers' mess."

"Not too bad," said the sergeant, grudgingly, and then paused, struck by an awful thought.

"What did you say remains to be done?" he asked, in ominous tones.

"Take it out of the shop, and put it in the officers' mess," replied Boggins, innocently.

"Oh, yes?" howled the sergeant, "and how are you going to get it out of the shop?"

We looked blankly at each other. The stand was very wide and tall, and was made to occupy the entire width of the ante-room. It nearly reached the roof of the pioneers' shop, and was far too big to go through the door.

"What shall we do, sergeant?" said Boggins, in dismay.

But the problem defeated the sergeant. In the end we had to take the stand to pieces again, and re-erect it outside the shop.

Your Loving Son,  
OBEAH JOYFULL



# Laughing Gas—

by S. I. Rasool

Reading Time • About 4 Minutes

Illustrated by Sekar

IN this age of self-revelation it seems reasonable that I should contribute something. In casting around for definite material, the subject of toothache presents itself, more especially that phase of it which has to do with laughing gas.

"One moment," said I to the doctor. He had carefully trussed and bibbed me into the chair and was in the act of uncoiling his gas apparatus. "Unfortunately I belong to the wide group of people who seek the abolition of all unnecessary pain. Be so kind as to refrain from your plumbing operations until you are quite sure that I am completely under the influence of what I am about to receive."

"Certainly," he replied in that soothing voice that is the dentist's stock in trade, "you won't feel the

least bit of pain." To the young woman-attendant standing by, he said something in an undertone and prepared to adjust over my nostrils a contraption that looked like the muzzle of a speaking trumpet. "Take deep inhalations and let yourself go completely. Three or four long breaths, and you will be immune to all feelings."

"Couldn't we arrange some sort of signal," I suggested, "by which you will know when I become submerged?"

"What would you suggest?"

"Why not speak to me at intervals during the inhalations? As long as I can hear your voice I will lift my left index finger, by which signal you are to

know that I am conscious of your intentions and therefore am not to be assaulted."

"A good idea," he admitted. "Just raise your finger in reply to my question 'Can you hear?' and I will refrain until you cease to respond."

"Can I trust you not to unlimber the Stillson wrench before time is called?"

"Absolutely." And with that assurance he clapped the rubber device over my nose.

From my position in the chair I could see a church steeple across the street. On the corners of the spire, which was four-sided, I observed disc-like projections that diminished in circumference as the steeple rose to its sharp apex. I decided to count those discs deliberately and to remain conscious as long as possible, hoping that when I stepped off into the realm of insensibility the shift would be swift and complete.

"Shut your eyes," said the butcher.

Very well, I could do that too, but dod gast it, I would recite something, and in that way remain mentally alert; that's what I would do. Twice I thought of something when I was interrupted by his occasional query: 'Can you hear?' to which, each time, I raised my left index finger. Coincident with my breathing echoed the faint clicking of the valve as the gas entered my lungs.

"Can you hear?" the voice came again.

Sure! I could hear, and in response lifted the good old left digit again. In the meantime I forgot what I was thinking when the voice rang through the ears again: 'Can you hear?' I wig-wagged the signal to lay off a little longer so that I could remember what I was thinking. The valves clicked on merrily. They got to be a nuisance and interfered with my poetical revel. I tried a bit of Shakespeare—

"Can you hear?"

The left finger for you, Doctor. Now was the time to count the disks on the church steeple. It was covered with them; plastered on like fish scales. One thousand two hundred and twenty-five; one thousand two hundred and twenty-six. I missed a couple and began all over again. Suppose the gas should give out before he got that tooth. But why be idle; I would think of writing a story or a humorous poem beginning with the title 'My Runaway Girl'!

"Can you hear.....?"

"...Wake up!" Somebody was shaking me. "Wake up! That's all right."

I began to laugh. "What's the matter, doctor, gas weak or something?"

The young-woman assistant handed me a glass of water. "Rinse your mouth. Wonderful! You went out on the third breath. A perfect extraction. Feel better?"

Across the street loomed the church spire. But there wasn't a disk on it. I asked the doctor how many times I lifted my finger to his query 'Can you hear?'

"Not once. I didn't even ask if you could hear."

THE END

#### Science Solves a Mystery

It has just been announced that after nine years of intensive work, a Canadian scientist, Professor John M'Lennan, Director of the Physics Laboratory of the University of Toronto, has found the answer to a question which has long puzzled the world's greatest brains. The problem is simple: How does an electric current flow along a wire?

A rough outline of the answer to his question has been known for some time. An electric current consists of a stream of electrons, particles of electricity so tiny that billions of them could find ample room upon the point of the sharpest needle. When you switch on your pocket flash-lamp the number of electrons supplied by the battery every second is represented by the figure 3 followed by eighteen noughts.

When an electron enters a wire it charges into an atom, drives out one of its electrons, and takes the latter's place. The expelled electron jostles another atom in the same way, with the result that when one electron enters a wire one electron but not the same one, comes out at the other end.

Professor M'Lennan's discovery will lead to the making of wires which are perfect conductors of electricity. Those we use at present are not perfect,

THE END

# Eddies

by John A. Henry

Illustrated by Varma

Reading Time

About 6 Minutes

"TO be perfectly polite," said Ramu's boss, "scram!"

"But, sir—" began Ramu.

"I said scram, which, being interpreted, means vamoose, imitate a lump of vanishing cream. In other words, disappear!"

Ramu scrambled, vamoosed, imitated a lump of vanishing cream, and disappeared.

"I don't know what employers are coming to these days," said Ramu to his new found friend Saggu. "For little mistakes like going to sleep at one's desk and occasionally throwing ink on the typist, one gets the sack."

Saggu sympathised by blowing his nose.

"Yes," he said, the operation of condonement over, "I, too, was kicked out of my job yesterday. The boss didn't like me calling him an inhuman kangaroo."

"Perhaps," suggested Ramu, "he wouldn't have minded had you called him a human kangaroo."

"Well," Saggu sat down on the isolated river bank along which they had been walking, "it's obvious that we've got to try something else."

Ramu seated himself by his friend.

"I wish I could swim," said Saggu regretfully. "I'd take it up as a career. There's money in swimming these days." He fell silent for a moment. Then, "We must advertise," he said.

"In the papers," agreed Ramu. "Something like this: 'Wanted—difficult jobs—by sparkling young men with moustaches'."

"Not together," said Saggu. "We must advertise separately, otherwise the effect will be spoilt."



He thought for a moment while he threw a couple of lumps of turf into the river.

"Have you any money?" he asked at last.

"About five rupees," replied Ramu. "Enough for five insertions in the cheapest paper, for myself."

"Two and a half," said Saggu.

"And why?" asked Ramu.

"Two and a half for you, and two and a half for me," was the explanation. "I haven't a pie. We can use the odd eight annas for conveyance."

Ramu rather unwillingly gave in. Friendship was friendship even if you had only recently made friends with someone you didn't know very much about. But two rupees and eight annas was nothing more than two rupees and eight annas.

Their advertisements appeared two days later, and they waited eagerly.

A week later Ramu met his friend at their arranged meeting place on the river bank.

"Any luck?" he asked.

Saggu shook his head despondently.

"Not a jot. Not even half an iota."

"Well," smiled Ramu, "my luck must be in. But," an indecisive look came into his eyes, "I have been granted interviews with two firms!"

"Well?" from Saggu.

"On the 25th," said Ramu, "at ten o'clock!"

"What, both of them?" his friend was astonished. "Yes. At the same time. Now, if I ask one or the other of them to put off their interview, I may lose both. What the devil am I to do?"

"There's only one way," Saggu said. "You must let me deputise for you, in your name, at one of the interviews."

Ramu brightened up.

"That's an idea!" he exclaimed. "And we're almost both sure to get the jobs. But in any case, as we'll both be going under my name, I'm bound to get one of them. Thank you, Saggu. You're a true friend."

Saggu nodded.

"That's right. And I'll see if I can get something later. You might be able to help me in your firm."

"What about certificates and qualifications?" asked Ramu. "Mine are really first class but—"

His friend laughed.

"And mine are not. But I know a friend in the Sadar Bazaar who can forge documents and things with perfection. Nobody would be able to tell the difference. You lend me your certificates and testimonials so that the man can copy them accurately, and we'll be all right."

"Then that's settled," said Ramu.

"Yes, it is," affirmed his friend.

Saggu took the documents from Ramu and at length the day of the interviews arrived.

Ramu set forth with a blithe heart. Everybody he passed reminded him of angels and turtle doves. His prospective employer, he knew, would be something like a benign God.

"You will kindly wait for your turn," a pompous looking man at the door of the office told Ramu.

"Certainly," said Ramu politely, and began to stroke his moustache into some semblance of neatness. He waited for a whole hour. Then his name was called. He entered the office.

"You needn't worry about staying," a clean-shaven man at the desk barked at him. "I've no time for people with moustaches. And it's no good your shaving it off either, and coming back. Show in the next, Baboo Lal."

The door-keeper signalled Ramu out and the next man in. With his ear to the keyhole, Ramu heard his successor accepted for the post.

His heart sank into his boots and he made his sad way back to the appointed meeting place at the river-side.

At last a jubilant Saggu arrived.

"Got it!" he sang out. Ramu brightened up visibly.

"Then I'm not out of work?" he said gladly. Saggu's face began to look strangely cold and haughty.

"Oh, I don't know about you," he said. "But I'm fixed up all right. I start work to-morrow. I just thought I'd come along and thank you for your help."

Ramu gasped with anger.

"You double dealing criminal!" he snarled. "And what about my two rupees and eight annas?"

"I shall repay it on pay day," sneered Saggu, openly hostile now.

A bright idea struck Ramu.

"Ah!" he said, "what about when they find your name is not the one you were employed under? Answer me that! You'll be sent to jail for that!"

Saggu smiled as he prepared to walk away.

"I've changed my name," he stated. "It's now the same as yours!"

"I'll tell them your credentials are forged!" blazed Ramu. "And then where will you be?"

This was his trump card. Saggu smiled even more blandly.

"You, my dear Ramu, have the forged documents! I changed them before giving you your share of them. Here are the real ones!" he waved the documents in the air. It was a mistake.

Ramu looked around. There was no one in sight.

"Do you think they'll recognise you at the office?" he asked mildly.

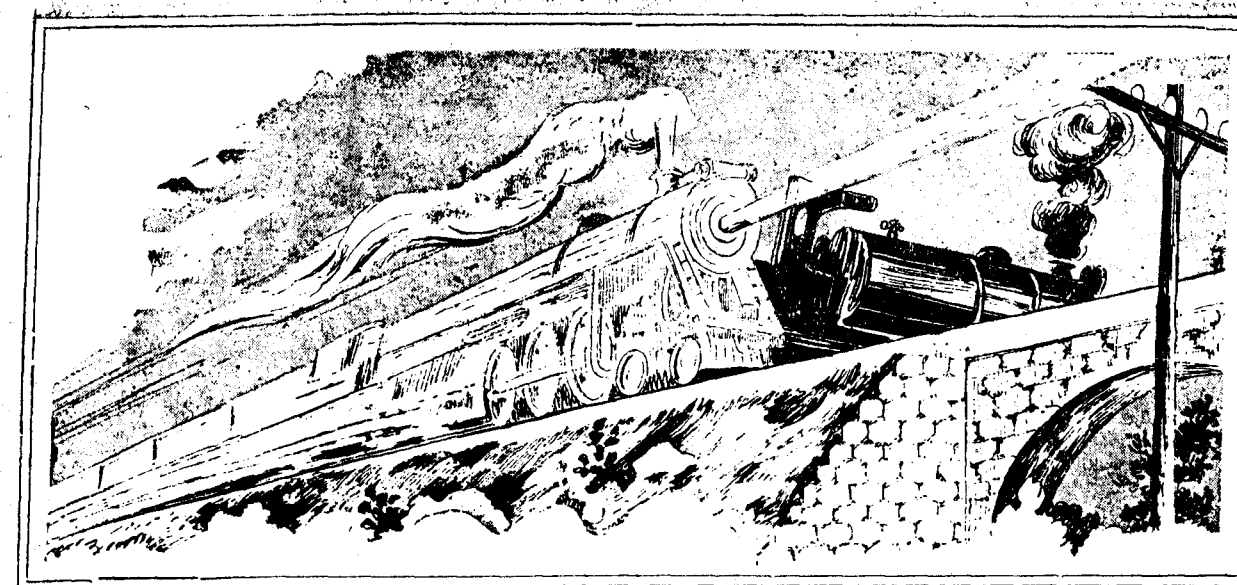
"No," laughed Saggu as he stopped. "They were too busy, I think, to remember what I looked like. I might easily have been you!" He gave a short cackle of laughter and once more turned on his heel.

Ramu was strong. I took him thirty seconds to retrieve his certificates. Then:

"You fool!" he said fiercely, his eyes blazing. "Do you know what I could have done to you? There's no one about, and you told me you couldn't swim! When you try any of your dirty tricks again, don't tell your victim that, if you are near a river—or, better still, don't try your dirty tricks at all. Thank your lucky stars I'm a good-natured fool!"

And he turned away, leaving a sombre-eyed Saggu staring down at the swirling eddies at his feet.

THE END.



# Retribution—

By T. P. Scott-O'Connor

Reading Time • About 12 Minutes

Illustrated by Verma

GRAHAM stood with his hands in his pockets in the porch of his small red brick bungalow and surveyed the vista of signals, pointsmen cabins and ribbons of shining metal which formed the immediate view before him. That night would be the last occasion upon which he would take out the East bound mail, for he would complete twenty-seven years service the following morning. He was retiring before his time, but he felt he had done enough and, should he endeavour to carry on till the completion of the full thirty years he had originally intended, he knew he would either die in harness or leave the service of the company a total wreck, certainly mentally if not physically.

He was a big built, florid-faced man of forty-nine; clean shaven, with small eyes, a heavy jowl, and a muscular body. To look at him one would naturally come to the conclusion that so well set up a man would have many years of service ahead. But it was only when one looked into the eyes, that one saw the utter weariness that lay in their depths, and the slow, halting speech betrayed the mind which appeared to be labouring under some great weight which it was totally unable to throw off.

It was close upon six o'clock of an evening in May. A breeze had sprung up from the west, to some extent mitigating the sultry atmosphere. The sun, low down upon the horizon, appeared a large ball of burnished metal through the haze of dust. The mail was scheduled to depart at seven-ten p.m. He turned and went slowly into the house and entered the dining room, where his wife, an untidy woman, some eight years his junior, was cutting beef sandwiches for his dinner. A boy of fifteen, their only child, watched the process with extreme concentration, now and then grabbing the bits of meat and crumbs left over from the sandwiches and gulping them down with avidity. He rarely lost an opportunity in the food line.

"Get a move on, old girl," Graham growled to the woman.

"Doing it as fast as I can. Will you leave off, you young devil," she admonished the boy as the latter managed with dexterity to seize a succulent bit of beef. "I've made a dozen," she went on, addressing her husband. "They'll have to do as there's no more bread." She wrapped them in a paper, tied the

package with string, and handed them to the waiting man.

"Thanks. Well, I'll be off."

"Plenty of time," she observed. "You don't need to start till quarter to." But he shook his head and moved towards the door. "No, I'll be getting along now," he said. "It's the last trip and I shouldn't like anything to go wrong. Not had a late arrival these twenty-seven years, and I don't want it now." He hesitated near the door, then turned and met her eyes. For some seconds there was silence. The same unspoken question was in both their minds.

"Jack," she said at last, "must you go? Could not someone else drive her to-night? There's Sam Pedley who'll be only too willing. He owes you a good turn and ready to pay it—" but he cut her short gruffly.

"Rubbish, Mabel! You've let the thing get on your nerves. Of course I'll drive her, and sorry I'll be to do it for the last time. The engine's a beauty. She answers to my hand like a live thing."

"To please me, Jack," she implored. "Let someone else take her out to-night. After all, what difference would it make? Absolutely none."

"I wish I could drive her," fervently remarked the boy. They both looked at the slight young figure. He had by now consumed the last crumb of meat and bread from off the sideboard and was brooding over some strawberry jam. Finally he poked his finger into the open bottle and licked it with relish.

"For both our sakes, Jack," the woman insisted. Her husband frowned and bit his lip. After all, what would it matter? He could easily plead sickness. They had known for some time now that he'd not felt up to the mark. In fact, that had been his excuse for sending in his papers. But then—he shrugged as if throwing off a load. No. He'd drive her for the last time to-night. His wife saw his eyes harden and the heavy chin thrust out, and turned with a sigh. Graham gave one final look at the two, the woman and the child, then somewhat hurriedly left the room, slamming the door as if upon some thought which he did not consider it safe to dwell. With quick strides he crossed the lines towards a large shed and went up to a man in greasy blue overalls who was wiping the oil from his hands with a piece of waste rag.

"Evening, Phil," said Graham.

"Same to you," replied other. "Guess I'm wishing I was driving her to-night. She's A 1. Just look at her. Shining fit to beat the ruddy band."

The two men contemplated the enormous mass of metal and glinting brass which towered above them. She was the latest thing in engines, with her squat funnel and bulging body, her effortless speed of eighty miles per hour, and her graceful lines. She gave the beholder a sense of terrible power and ruthless energy. The small but efficient cow-catcher seemed to thrust itself aggressively in front, eager to sweep off the metals anything which dared to seek to impede the Colossus behind it. A thrill of pride swept through Graham as he looked her over. She was *his*, to do with as he liked. That mass of concentrated power could be controlled by a turn of his wrist. Perhaps he was a fool after all to throw it all up now; perhaps he could go on; ask for a transfer to another section of the line. But no. He knew that he must go. Wherever he went the thing would follow him—the thing which had dogged him for the last six months. He'd never be able to shake it off.

He climbed on to the footplate and pulled his heavy weight within. The fireman and stoker grinned at him and touched their foreheads with grimy fore-fingers. He laid his packet of sandwiches on a projection of metal and gave a curt order. There was the hiss of escaping steam, the shed shook with the reverberations of the wheels, and the steel monster—No. M. 2865—thundered her way towards the station, to take her place at the head of the long line of carriages which stretched the full length of the platform.

\* \* \* \*

It wanted three minutes to the departure time. The vaulted roof of the station rang with the shrill cries of vendors, the babble of a thousand tongues all loosened at once, the slamming of carriage doors, and the raucous shouts of an individual, bare bodied except for a piece of unclean cloth round his loins, who was ineffectually endeavouring to coerce an ancient and toothless old woman to buy some of his extremely hard and stale sweets. Screaming at the top of his lungs, he thrust the basket under her drooping nose, to her immense indignation, which was suddenly turned to a cackle of senile laughter, when a boy jolted the man's elbow, sending the contents of the basket rolling all over the platform. Under cover of the man's fluent abuse, she climbed painfully into the compartment and chewed the cud of contentment, her toothless gums moving as if in silent prayer. A couple of sepoys on leave, shouldered their way through the throng of passengers and idlers, whilst an officious policeman, his red turban bobbing up and down like a round of Dutch cheese on a choppy sea, moved slowly up and

down the length of the carriages, his avaricious eyes open for the slightest indication of a situation from which he could extract a possible tip.

There was a shrill whistle from the rear of the train, the waving of a green flag, and Graham leaned out of the engine. The pandemonium in the station doubled itself until one's ear-drums felt as if bursting. The whistle sounded again; there was a blast of steam; and the east-bound mail slid from the platform.

As the engine passed in front of his bungalow, Graham saw the figures of his wife and son standing in the porch. The boy waved a hand in which was something suspiciously like a slab of bread and the man waved back. But there was no answering gesture from the woman. She looked after the disappearing train, her husband's face a white blue in the gathering gloom, until the red light of the guard's van dwindled to a speck and was finally lost altogether.

It was a non-stop run of sixty-two miles, practically flat all the way. Graham, busy attending to the engine and rapping out orders to the stooping, straining figures of the fireman and stoker, felt the jolt of the points; the light from a signal cabin slipped past; and they settled down to the long run ahead of them. There were five stations between their starting point and Mirpur Junction, the first stop. In twelve minutes the lights from the first of these streamed past them like a string of sparks. The engine was running beautifully. Graham felt something of its grandeur, and, leaning out, his hair ruffled in the rush of wind, looked back at the broad path of light along the side of the line which came from the lighted carriages. In exactly one hour and ten minutes from the commencement of their start, they steamed into the Junction at Mirpur. Graham alighted onto the platform, munching his sandwiches, and looked round at the pushing, jostling throng of perspiring humanity. The eight minutes halt seemed all too little. As he finished his last mouthful, the whistle blew, he climbed back into the engine, and the long train drew out, puffing and hissing smoke and steam.

And then the whole thing swept over him again, like a wall of water over a drowning man. The exultation which had possessed him on the run so far, gave place to a dreadful fear. He turned away his head from the open door of the boiler, not so much from the blast of heat as to avoid his face being seen by either of the two others.

Whereas it had been a single line as far as Mirpur, it was now double. Fifty-four miles to the next halt,

and he wondered if he would ever get through the next hour. It was towards the end of this run that the thing had always occurred. Some five miles before Lalabad, their next stopping place, a bridge spanned a wide river, at this time of the year a trickle of water over a quarter of a mile of sand. At the bridge-head the double lines merged into one. The second line was for the extra traffic due to the influx of pilgrims twice a year to the temple which stood upon the bank of the river.

It was a little after nine o'clock and the mail was approaching the last station some fifteen miles before the bridge. The engine was swaying and jolting, driving through the warm night at sixty miles an hour. The sparks from the funnel streamed away upon either side of the line, flying past the carriage windows like so many slow worms swept before a gale of wind.

Suddenly, above the clanking and swishing, Graham heard the whistle. He looked at his companions. Neither of them appeared to have noticed it, and yet it swelled out into one continuous shriek. He stumbled to the edge of the cabin, swaying from side to side with the motion of the engine, and peered back the way they had come. Whereas the searchlight of his engine threw a long golden beam of light up the track ahead, all he could see of the other which was overtaking them upon the second line, were three triangular dots of light which grew larger and more defined every minute. Perspiration gathered in great beads upon his forehead. He turned and shouted at the man shovelling coal into the yawning red opening of the boiler, stabbing his finger into the blackness. But the other did not hear him, and continued to strain and heave at his task. The second man was busy supplying coal from the tender. Graham abandoned his attempts at attracting their attention and turned his face again to the approaching engine, which was now on a level with the guard's van. It drew nearer, and now the front wheels were opposite him, then the cabin. The piston made a continuous flash of cold light as it revolved with tremendous speed. He leaned out, his eyes starting from his head, and met those of the man opposite. They were running parallel now. Above the thunder of their funnel blasts and the rattle of the wheels, he heard a gust of laughter, diabolical with concentrated venom and was aware of a bearded face which looked into his, the lips writhed back from the gums, the eyes screwed into slits, the whole frame shaking with subdued merriment.

"Jim!" shouted Graham. "Jim!"

The other nodded slowly.

"But, good God, you're dead!" cried Graham.

The man in the other engine nodded again. "So are the rest of them," he said, with a jerk of his head towards the carriages behind him. "And so will you be, Jack Graham, in a few minutes. See!" He pointed ahead of him. Faintly, at the end of the long funnel light, Graham could make out the trestle of the bridge. It was scarcely three hundred yards away. With a superhuman effort of will, he averted his gaze from the spectacle and opened the throttle full. The engine appeared to leap forward. The fireman dropped his shovel and screamed. Another gust of laughter from the figure in the other engine made him turn. They were still running parallel to each other. In a frenzy of fear, he clutched a heavy spanner and flung it with all his strength at the face which leered at him from the swaying coach. The driver of the companion engine pointed again ahead of them. Graham followed the direction of the outstretched finger and shrieked. The bridge was barely a hundred yards away and he could see distinctly by the rays of the searchlight where the double line converged into a single one at its entrance. It had been at this point that upon each of the former occasions the nightmare had come to an end, but now it was still there. He watched with a horrible fascination as the other engine rushed ahead and curved inwards as it rode the points. There was a ripping and grinding; he found himself flung into space; a part of the steel trestle of the bridge struck him across the head. He was dimly aware of hoarse shouts; a medley of dancing lights; and then complete and utter blankness.

It was three days later and the Agent and Traffic Manager were seated upon either side of the former's large table in his office. The preliminary investigations were over. The train had been completely wrecked. The engine and the first two coaches had fallen into the dried up river bed—the remaining carriages had telescoped. Graham and his two subordinates were killed outright, in addition to fifty-three passengers. Thirty-two were seriously injured, including the guard.

The door opened and Mrs. Graham entered the room. She was the ghost of her former self. The face was drained of all colour. She looked as if she hadn't slept since that fatal night. The two men rose and

the Traffic Manager pulled forward a chair. She sank into it and folded her thin hands together. There was an awkward silence, broken by the loud ticking of the clock upon the wall.

The Agent cleared his throat and spoke to the pathetic figure of the woman who kept her eyes on the window, from which a view of paddy fields and, in the distance, a range of hills, were visible.

"Of course, Mrs. Graham," he said, "we shall see to everything as far as the boy and you are concerned. Everything. Er—what we cannot understand is how the accident took place at all. Your husband was a driver in whom we all had the greatest confidence."

"I think I know," she said in a listless voice, and both the men leaned forward in their chairs.

"Yes?" encouraged the Traffic Manager.

"It was Jim," she breathed.

"Jim? I'm afraid I don't—"

"Jim Caruthers—who used to drive on that section before my husband."

"But," the Agent remonstrated, "he was killed, as you know, over two years ago." He turned to the other man. "You remember it, Patterson?"

"Quite," he replied. "Pretty bad smash up it was, too. As bad as this one. But, Mrs. Graham, how on earth could the two things have anything to do with each other?"

There was a silence. Then the woman got to her feet, her gaze still fixed out of the window.

"You see," she explained, "it was Jim that wanted to marry me when I was young. We were engaged, in a way. And then Jack came along and, of course, I realised I'd never really loved Jim in the same way at all. I married Jack, and Jim threatened he'd do him in. He did—three nights ago. For some time now my husband had told me that he'd seen Jim and his train suddenly appear on the other line. It went on for months. It got on his nerves and he determined to throw up the job and retire before his time. I agreed with him. He was a nervous wreck. Then, that last evening, I begged him not to take her out, to let one of the other drivers do so. He wouldn't, though I know he knew I was right. Yes," she whispered, "it was Jim." A peculiar smile twisted her pale lips.



# Star Snaps— by Satellite

## RADHA KALYANAM (TAMIL)

Producers: Meenakshi Talkies

SATELLITE started to see the trade show with great enthusiasm. He said it was going to be a topping Tamil Talkie and that he would bet his shirt on it. The Editor was not sure but considered it a dark horse. Satellite took the hint and went. But what he encountered was a veritable Rozinante.

### THE PICTURE

*Radha Kalyanam* is the well-known puranic romance of Radha and Lord Krishna. The picture runs for over three hours. Satellite sat through it with growing alarm. Would he have to lose his only shirt after all!

The camera, the 'mike' and even the elements seem to have combined in a treacherous conspiracy against this Talkie. The Directors and the actors, too, have not done their best to avert this betrayal. One sees Mahavishnu, not stepping gracefully out of the divine Seshasayanam, but extricating himself with difficulty from a wooden improvisation. Mahalakshmi on the war-path provides some strange sights that get the eye, reminiscent of the jerky camera adjustments of 20 years ago. The actors talk and sing before opening their lips.

### THE STARS

Narada—K. S. Devadu Iyer

Narada is a versatile star now. For selecting one David Copperfield the younger, Hollywood waded through 10,000 boys. But in the past two years, this Narada, the Wandering Minstrel of the three worlds, has appeared in Tamil Talkies in varying dimensions—from an under-sized scarecrow with Charlie Chaplin moustache to a burly ruffian with the seating capacity of a 20-seater bus. In between these variations, there have been bearded Naradas, and clean-shaven Naradas with gold-filled teeth. Altogether Satellite was bewildered by the latest one in *Radha Kalyanam*. The

producers appear to have but one notion fixed firmly in their heads about him. He must be able to sing, and sing extraordinarily well. About playing his role or in his conduct there was nothing to guide him. His acquaintance with Mahavishnu and Mahalakshmi notwithstanding, Narada might have observed some respectful reserve in his movements. Devudu Iyer, in spite of his disturbed voice, did sing well. There is no use blaming his acting; he has never acted: he is a chorist. He does not even touch the strings of the *thumboor* he holds.

Balakrishna—Master T. V. Krishnamoorthi

Yasoda catches Lord Krishna eating mud, not as an infant but as a grown-up boy of 14. For one thing, this is unfair to the original; for another, in a grown-up boy, mud-eating is a malady. How do you like Lord Krishna beginning to crawl at this age, dragging the tethered mortar between two trees? A scream, isn't it?

Nandagopa—Yagneswara Bagavathar

Nanda with his coir moustache, was always feeling tickled by something under his nose. It may be the coir or it may be something else. Satellite is not sure what.

Sri Krishna—Master S. Rajam

Master Rajam has changed Lord Krishna's blue complexion,—not for the better. However, he moves about with ease and grace, the only relief, redeeming the whole business. But he need not be so much bent down even if it is on account of some anxiety for Radha. Somehow Satellite believes that Rajam can do well with better direction.

He played Rama quite well in Tamil *Seetha Kalyanam*.

The comic interludes have some life-touches but the pathos need not have been carried to the extent of vulgarity.



# Merry-Magus Replies

**P. N. Menon.** You are so self-willed that it is absolutely impossible to convince you by argument. What is your latest scheme? Don't fall a victim to the praise and flattery of other schemers. You know why: Your impulsive nature makes you throw caution to the winds. Frankness beyond a limit, is no virtue at all. Your ambition knows no bounds and you will succeed. You want to be a dictator in your family. That will not bring domestic peace. Please exercise a little patience in your dealings with the opposite sex. You are liable to receive cuts and wounds on the head.

**Nurse.** Don't sit tight selfishly with your ideas. Give and take help. That you are not original need not worry you at all. You excel in carrying out the plans of others. You have a keen love of money. I am afraid that is liable to turn you cunning and crafty. May be you are quite straight and pure-minded, but certainly money is a dangerous thing, especially when it belongs to others. You are refined in your tastes, dress and home. You are liable to have troubles with the lungs.

**K. Vydyanathan (Saidapet).** You have intuitive powers but this is clouded by your lack of trust in them. Are you not considered peculiar on account of your strange ideas about love and duty? Though you are warm-hearted, you pass off as cold. Your bluntness does you much good. You don't interfere nor do you tolerate inter-

ference. You should aim at some public from of life. Take care of your teeth.

**D. Ranga Rao (Vizagapatam).** You can have peace and happiness, if you are not so over-bearing. Are you a lawyer? If so, you will do well. It is better you always act according to your first impressions. You are prone to severe headaches and skin troubles.

**Sarasath (Sivaganga).** You are extremely conventional. You depend upon outside encouragement for your success. Come on, push yourself forward, curb the desire for luxury and self-indulgence. Or else, you would become easy-going. You are not proof against the intelligent frauds of your friends. Your generous nature is suppressed for fear of having to lose all your money. Anaemia and insomnia may worry you.

**"Ray."** Like a crab you have no fixity purpose; you go forward, then retreat, both in your ideas and work. Keep a definite plan of career before you. Face opposition squarely. You are not very constant by nature. It is good you don't shirk work. Irrespective of whether others encourage you or not, you go on with your work. You have a great love for family customs and traditions. Diarrhoea and internal tumours are likely to worry you.

**Steno (Manamadurai).** Honesty is no doubt a virtue. But

there are many to take advantage of it and deceive you. Don't idle away your time, but always be actively engaged; else morbidness will overtake you. Be a little guarded when you say anything frankly. If you carry frankness too far, opposition and enemies alone will be the result. Control your temper. It is only tenacity of purpose that helps you in life. Are you not feeling lonely? Try to be sociable and you will feel the better for it after sometime. Troubles with bladder and heart may affect you.

**D. Krishnappa Chetty.** Don't analyse matters too much. As you are absolutely materialistic without much of imagination, you cannot originate; you can only copy. You like to be elegant in appearance, is it not? Don't shut yourself up with your own ideas. Hear what others have got to say and see whether you are in agreement with the world outside. If you don't do so, you will be eaten up with selfish ambition. It is not nice for a gentleman to be cunning and crafty where money is considered, especially at the expense of others. Are you not able to adopt yourself to any walk of life? If you live under in-harmony, you nervous system will break down.

**Cieesor (Madras).** Hallo, Mr. Humanitarian, what is your latest plan for improving the world? Think twice before you do anything. If you listen to the many around you it will surely land you in difficulties. It is strange that

your ideas are helpful others, but if you work them, you fail. You are a generalissimo on paper. Be always ambitious; don't lose it for a single moment. You are inclined to corpulence.

**Fortune (Naiapur, C. P.).** You can be a delightful companion, but I can't depend on your being the same for long. As a matter of fact, your nature is two-sided and you are perpetually pulled in opposite directions. You are restless and ask for things beyond you. Stick to one thing if you would succeed in life. Take care of your digestive organs.

**A. Raju (Madura).** You are at extremes of love and hate; if you love you are the slave of that love, and if you hate you hate to death. Be tactful. Don't live in morbid and morose surroundings. Don't consult others too much, as you are liable to be misled. Don't be so jealous; this disposition will lead you to acts of violence. Your throat is the weakest part in your constitution.

**Shahid-I-M.** Sensitiveness is an impediment in your life. Be up and doing things yourself. Throw off that self indulgence. Self-denial will help you in life. How do you like a sea-voyage? Are you not superstitious? You care more for conventions. Don't under-estimate your own individuality. You can understand everything by intuition; and therefore, follow your vision. Take as much of fresh air and exercise as you can if you would be healthy.

**F. S. Manikya Raju (Chamrajapuram).** You are a born diplomat. You have great social ambitions, but you are getting tired of things soon. Constancy is absolutely lacking in you. You should overcome that tendency if you want to be successful. You are generous, but you are too spasmodic in

your actions. Do one thing at a time; don't have too many things on the anvil. Are not 'get-rich-quick' schemes appealing to you. Your nervous system is weak.

**Orphan (Pallavaram).** Really, I am sorry for you. Don't be so tactless as to join forces with an unpopular scheme. Else you will have too much opposition in life. Be courageous and intuition will help you to get on in your career. Why do you fear responsibility and worry yourself? Of course, one should be religious, but not fanatical. Your family life is a troubled one. You are prone to accidents in legs and ankles.

**Maya Bazaar (Pallavaram).** Certainly, you might have seen the film by now. Why should you worry about the financial condition of your house? There is Mr. Orphan to worry himself about that. Don't induce your husband to go to the races. Naturally, you are sensitive, but you should not get so depressed if Mr. Orphan does not understand you. Though you are deeply affectionate, are you not misunderstood as cold because you are not demonstrative? You have love for your people. It is a pity you will not always have happiness around you.

**D. Paul.** It is good you go straight to the point. You have a warm heart. You don't interfere with others and you expect them to be so in your case also. There is no use of exciting opposition and then moralising about 'fate'. You can easily root out the cause. Are you able to put up with your neighbours? I don't think so. Your peculiar ideas of love and duty make you look odd. You will be having a nauseating sensation always.

**K. Madurambal.** Are others able to understand you? Make sure

of it; else, your domestic life will be very unhappy. Why do you make a mess of your plans simply because others do not allow you to have your own way. Tell you parents that they should find for you a right affinity. If they don't wish to wreck your happiness, your over argumentative tendency

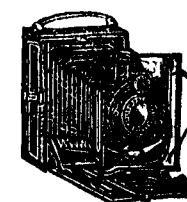
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should be kept in check. Of course, one can be self-willed, but it should not be overdone. Don't try to boss over the family. You are liable to have wounds and accidents especially on the head.

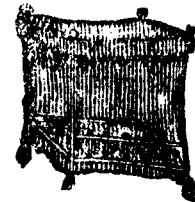
★

**K. Nagaratnam.** Do you know the founder of Modern Astrology was born on a 19th of February? Why do you let slip your opportunities and then regret when it is too late? In spite of the fact that you are in the midst of a congregation of people, you feel lonely. Your weak point is you are not able to make use of your capabilities as you lack very much the initiative. You require others to wake you up. Your stomach will give you trouble.

★

**A. S. Peter (Madras).** Attempt one thing and do it thoroughly.

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# Amputanjan

## FOR ALL ACHES & PAINS

Don't leave things half-done. Inconstancy is predominantly seen in you. Even in matters of affection you are a puzzle. Your love and affection are not constant. Probably this weakness is cornered by your tact and diplomacy. Tell me, are you sure what you want to achieve in life? You are very indecisive. Don't aspire for things you cannot get. That is why you are so restless. Are you not prying into the weaknesses of others and waiting for an opportunity to make use of it. Eschew that instinct. You will have troubles with bronchial tuber.

★

**Alice.** Are you not much interested in your relatives especially in lessening their distress? Are you not able to instinctively understand others mentality? That is a fine faculty in you. You are at the extremes of 'likes' or 'dislikes' and hesitate not to take vengeance for any injustice. In my opinion it is not a commendable attitude. Put off that sensitiveness and don't lose opportunities. Take the initiative and do things. Bad circulation of blood and jaundice are likely to worry you.

★

**Suram.** Be ambitious. Even be prepared to sacrifice pleasure to achieve it. Don't give room for idleness even for a single moment. Can't you do things then and there? It is dangerous to be dilatory. Put a check on your impulses. Don't value much the opinion of the world; you are likely to become a victim to blackmailers who are around you. You are inclined to become selfish but the contradictory quality may also

be seen in you when you have in abundance. It is not wholly bad. Don't be so assertive in family matters. Your heart is like to get weaker.

★

**T. V. Ramamurthy.** Control your temper and don't be so impetuous. Extreme frankness is not wholly a virtue; there is a likelihood of your having many enemies. Don't give way to idleness. If you are out of work you will become despondent. You can be a good leader. Extreme haughtiness makes you easily wounded in your feelings. Your strong point is tenacity of purpose as well as will-power. You will have troubles of the eyes and ears.

★

**S. V. Waran (Madras).** Don't court unpopularity by supporting the wrong cause. Why do you weigh yourself down with responsibilities? Your peculiar ideas of love and duty make you look odd. Are you able to be in good terms with your neighbours? Of course, plain language is a virtue in your case. Have courage. You are not able to brook interference. Don't you feel lonely? You are liable to be affected by skin diseases.

★

**A. R. Gopal.** Emotion alone guides you through your life. However, you are very calm and cool in the face of danger. May be you are virtuous now, but it will take no time for you to change. It is better therefore for you to avoid all bad company. They may land you in most inextricable situations. Curb your impulses. Be ambitious and achieve your object. Don't over-strain yourself.

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| 4 |  |         | கொ    |         | கொ     |
| 5 |  | மெல்லின | மெய்  |         | கூ     |
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ரூ. 4000

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பிரவேசக் கட்டணம் அண் 8.

முடிவு தேதி 23-11-35

குறிப்புகள்:—(1) நெடுங் காலஞ் சிவத்திருப்பவன். (2) மழை காலத்தில் ஏற்படும் சரீர உணர்ச்சி. (3) தெய்வ பக்தியுள்ளவர்கள் செய்வது. (4) செழுமை. (5) மிகுதல். (6) உபாயம். (7) ஒரு மிகுதல். (8) தளர்தல். (9) அனாவின் பன்னிரெண்டில் ஒரு பாகம்.

இச்சித்திரப் போட்டியின் சரியான விடை அடங்கிய சீல் வைத்த கவர் இந்தியன் பாங்க் தலைமை ஆபீஸ் ஏஜண்டு முன்னிலையில் திறக்கப்படும்.

முழு விவரங்களுக்கு 27-10-35 ஆனந்த விகடன் இதழ் பரிசுறம்

விடைகள் அனுப்பப்படவேண்டிய விவரம்

“மாற்றெழுத்து”ச் சித்திரப் போட்டி—25

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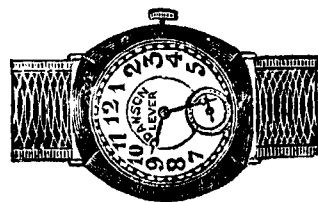
Write 5 words beginning with 'K' to suit the given clues.

| No. | WORDS  | CLUES                |
|-----|--------|----------------------|
| 1   | K..... | A New Zealand Parrot |
| 2   | K..... | A bunch              |
| 3   | K..... | A Nine-pin           |
| 4   | K..... | A.....antelope       |
| 5   | K..... | A knot in wood       |

**RULES:**  
Submit separate 5 word entries on plain paper stamps for 8 annas and below only. All prizes are guaranteed. Ties allowed. General Rules as usual.

**CLOSING DATE 15-11-1935**  
a, b, and c are unequal whole numbers whose product is 21. Find the value of each.  
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**RULES (Read Carefully)**

Every reader of this journal is entitled to send **FOUR** free entries. Entries may be sent on **plain** paper. Rs. 700 will be awarded to the senders of correct or failing which the nearest correct solutions, and Rs. 50 for the first 5 correct entries posted. The results will be announced in **The Rainbow** of the 29th November, which will be sent only to those sending 2 annas stamp with the entries, being the cost of the magazine. *This Rule will be strictly observed and competitors who do not send stamps for Results will not get prize in this competition.* The Prizes will not be reduced. Manager's decision is final and legally binding. Address entries and fees to:—

Substitute one letter for each dash to get the given meanings.

| No. | WORDS | MEANINGS  |
|-----|-------|-----------|
| 1   | PRO—  | Prick.    |
| 2   | PL—T  | Scheme.   |
| 3   | PE—R  | Nobleman. |
| 4   | P—LT  | Blow.     |
| 5   | PAS—  | Thrust.   |

**SOLE REFERENCE:—Chamber's XX Century Dictionary**

**THE COMPETITION MANAGER,**

# The Paramount Puzzles

P. O. ROYAPURAM,

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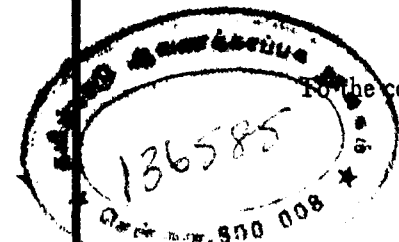
Closing Date 30th November 1935

ENTRANCE FEE RUPEE ONE PER ENTRY

OR

TWO RUPEES FOR EVERY THREE ENTRIES

(Submitted by the same entrant)



|    |   |   |   |                   |
|----|---|---|---|-------------------|
| 1  | G | O | D | SUPREME BEING.    |
| 2  | C | A | R | VEHICLE.          |
| 3  | H | A | I | ARTICLE OF DRESS. |
| 4  | M | O | I | ASSEMBLY.         |
| 5  | F | I | T | ATTACK.           |
| 6  | I | A | I | EMBANKMENT.       |
| 7  | F | I | B | BONE.             |
| 8  | - | A | D | BOY.              |
| 9  | F | O | B | CHEAT.            |
| 10 | P | E | F | LOOK CAUTIOUSLY.  |
| 11 | H | O | L | CAVITY.           |
| 12 | I | A | M | CELEBRITY.        |

## What you have to do

In this novel Competition what you have to do is to make the incomplete "Symbols" in each square into letters by adding the necessary straight or curved lines. The resulting word, if agrees with the clue given against each, will be your solution.

For Example, in the first series the symbols in the three squares are completed and we get the word "God" which agrees logically with the clue "Supreme Being" Now complete the symbols in the remaining eleven series of squares and enter your solutions in serial order on plain papers.

Reference:—Chambers' Twentieth Century Dictionary.  
The Concise Oxford Dictionary.  
Directions for submitting entries:—

1. Send the requisite entrance fee by M.O. only.

2. Attach the M.O. receipt received from the P.O. with the entry forms.
3. Write your name and address in block capitals on the entries.
4. Send the entries on plain paper only.
5. Enclose a stamped (9 pie stamp) and addressed oblong envelope along with the entries.

## Other Rules and conditions as usual

Answer will be published in Hindu, Madras Mail & A.B. Patrika on 10—12—1935. Winners list posted to all competitors on 15—12—1935. Last date for receiving scrutiny claims. 30—12—1935. Prizes will be despatched on 6—1—1936.

Address all entries and remittances to:

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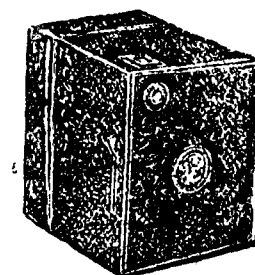
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