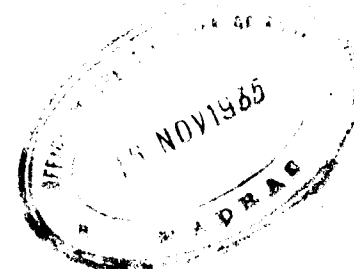


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No. 46

The MERRY MAGAZINE

16th
Nov.
1935



Emb us que

Old Soldier Jim

A. A. Roland

MARRIED LIFE

By Jayalakshmi Varadachar

THE MERRY MAGAZINE

Published from Madras Every Saturday

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

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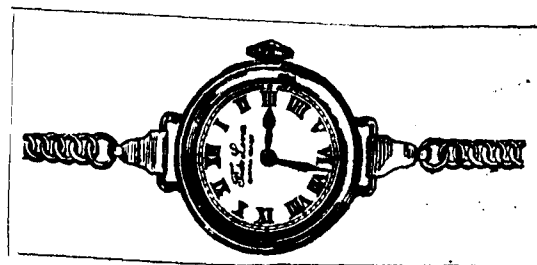
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No.	Clue.	"Right or Wrong."	Answer.
1. MASCULINE	MALE or Mail		MALE
2. TURN	CHANCE or CHANGE		
3. INSTRUMENT	FOOL or TOOL		
4. FOOD	FISH or DISH		
5. TRUE	REAL or LEAL		
6. WELL FED	WEALTHY or HEALTHY		
7. VESSEL	CAP or CUP		
8. OBSERVE	SAY or SPY		
9. STEAL	LIFT or LOOT		
10. CLASP	HOLD or FOLD		

How to win. Above you will find ten pairs of words with a clue given against each pair. In these pairs one of the words is not appropriate to the clue. Now you are asked to retain the "RIGHT" and cross out the "WRONG".

For example No. 1. You have a pair of words MALE and MAIL and the clue is MASCULINE. Obviously MALE is "RIGHT" and MAIL is "WRONG" and the answer is MALE.

Now solve the remaining Nine pairs and enter your answer in serial order on plain paper.

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1. Send the requisite entrance fee per Money Order or Postal Order (Crossed in favour of Indo-European Club, Kottayam) only.
2. All entries must be made on plain paper in ink (in block capitals) or typewriter and must bear the name, address and signature of the entrant.
3. Address all entries and remittances relating to this competition to "RIGHT or WRONG" Competition No. 6, The Indo-European Club, "Club Hill", Kottayam, Travancore, Southern India.
4. Attach the Postal Order or the Money Order receipt received from the post office of issue, along with the entries.
5. Enclose an addressed oblong envelope on which a nine pie stamp is affixed.
6. All entries must be received by the last post of 15th December, 1935.

The following dates are important

Answer will be published on the 24th December, 1935. Winners' list will be published on the 6th January, 1936. Last date for receiving scrutiny claims 30th January, 1936. Prizes will be despatched on 6th February, 1936.

Rules as usual.

THE INDO-EUROPEAN CLUB,
"Club Hill", Kottayam, S. India.



Madras Nov. 16, '35

Contents

Cover Design by Mali

FEATURES

Sparks from our Anvil	...	...	...	3
Mr. Merry, His Page—	...	...	...	4
Weekly Cartoon	...	...	...	5
The March of Events	By The Man On The Move	...	...	6
The Students' Corner—Words' Worth—V	...	...	...	8
Fun For All	...	...	...	9
Do You Know?	...	...	...	14
Auntie Awful	...	...	...	15
Claiming a Drawback—Joyfull	...	...	...	22
N. E. W. S.	...	By Vanamali	...	40
Star Snaps	...	By Satellite	...	41

POETRY

Labour's Earnest Call—By G. K. Pillai	...	33
---------------------------------------	-----	----

SHORT STORIES AND SKITS

Grand Lies	By S. V. V.	...	10
Fatality	By A. M. Menon	...	13
Felicitations	By Embusque	...	17
Auntie Answers	...	...	19
Married Life	By Jayalakshmi Varadachar	...	20
The Windows of The Soul	By John A. Henry	...	26
When Typewriters Give Tongue	By Albert A. Roland	...	28
My Worst Best Girl	By Old Soldier Jim	...	32
The Balloon	By V. Ganapathi	...	34
Learning Their Lines	By Kappa	...	36
The Air-minded Girl	By V. S. Krishnaswami	...	38

Next Week: Poetry—by Old Soldier Jim

**NEXT
WEEK**

Thirupathi

The Fly in the Ointment

A perfect plan—a perfect imitation—a lakh of rupees pocketed—a perfect get-away—BUT.....

Dewan Bahadur

K. S. Ramaswami Sastri

Longevity Without

Exercise

Those people who want to get to a ripe old age, but who are too lazy to indulge the 'daily dozen' or too poor to afford monkey glands, are given a few straight tips in a friendly spirit.

Mrs. Kamala

The Rt. Hon. Gold Medal

Our Ciceros in the making. Speakers extempore and speeches galore.

P. Logan

Dogged!

The tale of a ghost which was fond of discarded cigar ends.

SPARKS FROM OUR ANVIL



Sir Samuel Hoare addressed a meeting of his constituency attended by 26 of whom 24 were women.

The other two were no doubt the press correspondent and the speaker!

Reuter reports that a candidate for election who described himself as an 'honest politician' was compelled by the returning officer to amend it to 'politician'.

Which shows that honesty may not be the best politics!

Referring to Labour losses in the British municipal elections, Mr. Macdonald is reported to have said that they were an unmistakable pointer.

We doubt however if he will prove a retriever in the general elections.

We are told that he was shouted down by his constituents at Seaham.

We hope they would reserve some of their energies to vote him down.

A French newspaper alleges that notwithstanding Sanctions, British oil-companies continue to supply Italy with petrol.

This would be in pursuance of the well-known British maxim: 'Business as usual'.

A wireless enthusiast wants to know if there is any remedy for reception troubles late at night.

He should try returning home early!

Speaking at the Medical College Centenary, a speaker said that what the country needed was not more doctors but better doctors.

It is sad to think that we have not produced them after a century of patients.

Mr. Sivraj, one of the depressed classes representatives in the local Council, confesses that he does many things which he does not believe in, and believes in many things which he does not do.

In short, the complete politician!

A correspondent points out that the Abyssinians are the descendants of ancient Indian settlers in Africa.

This no doubt explains why they should not be independent!

In a final broadcast appeal to the nation, Mr. Baldwin said that 'Democracy was on trial.'

Let us hope it will acquit itself creditably!



Addressing a Fascist rally on the anniversary of the March to Rome, Sgr. Mussolini is reported to have said that the nation was 'immovably decided' on its course.

On the other hand, the Italian army in Abyssinia seems to be undecidedly moving.

Commenting on the first match against the Western India team, Mr. Macartney writes that there is not enough understanding among the batsmen.

The same is true of the communities also.

Referring to the suggestion of the Labour Party that the crown colonies should be under League control, Mr. Churchill declares that they are not for sale.

We can never hope to have a similar declaration in regard to Mr. Churchill himself!

The two-minute silence on Armistice Day was celebrated everywhere with the usual solemnity.

It gave us an opportunity to forget the peace that we enjoy!

Sowing the Wind

THE North-West Frontier Province has an elected Council and ministry, and enjoys the doubtful blessings of diarchy. One of its latest acts is a G. O. enforcing that the medium of instruction in elementary schools shall be Urdu. It must be remembered that the Hindus are in a minority in that province, and it must be admitted that they have all through been against the grant of reforms to their own province. The reasons for that distrust are found to be a real fear as to their very existence. Judged by this G. O. it is hard to say that they are wrong. The mother-tongue of the Hindu minority is Hindi, and a modification of it called Gurumukhi. Human beings hold most tenaciously to their race-consciousness which manifests itself in religious and social habits. This consciousness is most naturally and easily preserved and continued in their mother-tongue. To penalise the learning of their mother-tongue is to condemn them to commit suicide. The unsoundness of the step is as glaring politically as on higher grounds. The Muslim reactionaries responsible for this unprovoked assault on their Hindu fellow-citizens might well pause to consider the reactions of such a step on the minds of the rest of the people of the country. Repression on such a gigantic scale as contemplated by the G. O. is bound to recoil on the heads of those who plan it. A similar penalty has for some time been in vogue in Burma where the children of Indians are denied facilities for higher education unless they have taken Burmese as an optional second language. Such measures invite retaliation as between provinces, and we may expect the coming Federation to have to face the disruptive tendencies indicated by such measures. We have been crying ourselves hoarse for democracy for more than a generation; but its first fruits threaten to be bitter. When shall we realise that Hindu and Muslim are here

together for good, and that both should live and let live?

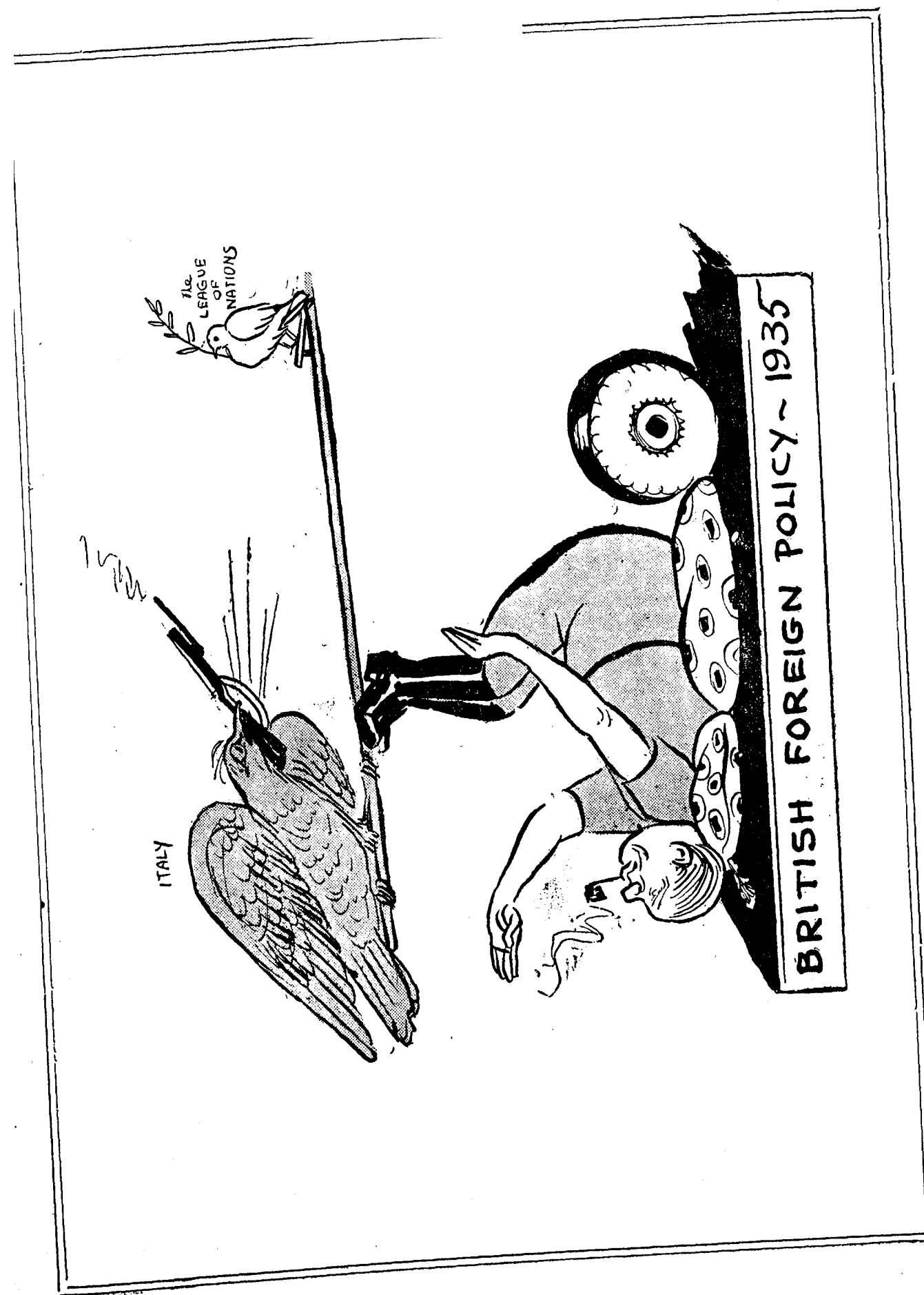
The Adjournment Motion

There was a very edifying spectacle in the local Council of the Chief Minister and his supporters making grave charges against the police and the district officers in connection with the district board elections in the northern districts. What interested us chiefly was the conspicuous silence of the Reserved Half during the debate. The Chief Minister gave a laboured defence of what he did; our sympathies are wholly with him, as he has just realised that his political apple-cart has been completely overturned. The most delectable argument advanced by the Rajah Sahab to justify his interference in the affair was the arrest of some members of his party. Apparently his party-men can do no wrong! It was reserved for Mr. Reddi to do the duty of the Reserved Half in making an appeal for fair-play to all concerned.

The Discharged Prisoners' Aid Society

The annual meeting of this Society was held recently under the presidency of His Excellency Lord Erskine, who made a fervent appeal for public support to the institution. Looking at the report of the Society, we find that out of a total collection of Rs. 15,000 odd, relief to discharged prisoners amounted to Rs. 4,800 odd, and establishment charges came to Rs. 10,000! The conclusion that is forced upon us by these figures is that discharged prisoners aid society more than society aids discharged prisoners.

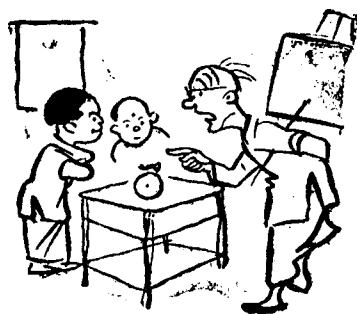
We think it a lamentable reflection on the selfishness of human nature that a number of people should find 'jobs' while ostensibly serving the cause of the discharged prisoners. We hope His Excellency will use his moral force to put a stop to this exploitation of the most unfortunate members of society.



The March of Events

By The Man On The Move

November 3rd: So this is Annamalai University. I came here today by the Indo-Ceylon Express to breathe the air of the spacious University halls, sanctified by the presence of the Rt. Hon. V. S. Srinivasa Sastri, the Vice-Chancellor. Such is the power of great souls over men and things, I find a rare ecstasy within me, same as old Gibbon experienced amidst the tumbled, toppled grandeur of ancient Rome. Last week, unveiling Mr. Sastri's portrait in the University, H. E. Lord Erskine said: "After long years of devoted service to India's interests at home and abroad, Mr. Sastri has returned to the sphere in which he first laid the foundation of his career"



Years ago in my nonage my old schoolmaster demonstrated the rotundity of the world by putting a big black ant on a lemon. The ant wandered disconsolate over the lemon and eventually returned to the place where it started, with disgust oozing from its second belly. Not being a bright boy, I failed to see how this idiotic demonstration proved the roundness of the world. That old dear teacher passed away in search of his forefathers, regretting my stupidity to the last. Today I offer

my apologies to his spirit, if it is still hanging about in the astral plane, because the old soul, I now realise, was right, in the light of H. E. The Governor's speech quoted above. Mr. Sastri started as a school-master, left that job, sat admiringly and prayerfully at the feet of the Master—Gokhale, received the Master's last benediction, knocked about the world a great deal, glorifying the Empire, speechifying right and left, and finally came back to a school—as Vice-Chancellor of the Annamalai University!

If the world were not round, Mr. Sastri would have gone, God knows where, running parallel to Einstein's Relativity.

November 4th: The Italo-Abyssinian War has caused, of all things, a boom in London chalk trade. Sir Oswald Mosley's Black-shirts are chalking Fascist slogans on the walls in the back-alleys in London, exhorting people to mind their own business and not barge into Mussolini. On the other hand the Communists go out at night and alter, recast and rewrite Mosley's slogans in chalk. Strange are the uses of adversity.

A burglar who attempted to break into a girls' boarding house in Bombay was cleverly locked in the bath-room by the plucky girls. He probably wanted to crowd into one glorious hour the pleasant experiences of a life-time. Or, probably again, he came into the bath-room, to indulge in a bit of singing in the bath. Lucky devil. I always wanted to sing in my bath. I am still wanting to, because I haven't got a bath-tub.

During the present session of the Madras Legislative Council a

member charged the Government with holding back something from the Councilors and characterised that holding back as 'Kumbakonam', which is supposed to mean anything you like between 'humbug' and 'shady'.

To this the estimable City Fathers of the Kumbakonam Municipality took objection by a hot resolution, and communicated that resolution to the President, Legislative Council, Madras.

I think the Kumbakonamwallas are kicking up a row for nothing. Kumbakonam is a historic city standing on the right bank of the sacred river Kauveri, whose waters, apart from their wonderful quality of washing away human sins, are extremely good for the brain. Kumbakonam produces extraordinarily brainy chaps. No city in South India is responsible for the output of so much brain as Kumbakonam.

Take the late Ramanujam, who shot across the continents leaving a blinding trail, solving right and left impossible problems in Mathematics at which the Gods wondered. If that young man had lived Sir James Jeans and Einstein would have thrown their telescopes in the North Sea and taken to hawking ice-cream. Take again Professor Sundararaman or Dewan Bahadur K. S. Ramaswami Sastri. All these are products of Kumbakonam; each has enriched life, falsifying, to some extent at least, Bishop Hebbard's cynical outburst:

*Where every prospect pleases
And only man is vile.*

To me Kumbakonam stands for the highest form of intelligence. So when I say that a fellow is playing Kumbakonam, I mean

he is being dashed intelligent. City Fathers of Kumbakonam, take heart and let your caravan pass. I am with you.

November 5th: George Bernard Shaw has spoken! He says that as between the Danakil warrior and Italian road-maker (who is opening up road communications in Abyssinia) he, as a possible traveller or trader in Abyssinia, is on the side of the road-maker. He further says that it would be far more sensible to drop the Geneva Council down the crater of the Visuvius, than for Englad and France to rattle their sabres at Italy, presuming France agrees to the rattle, which is problematical. Dropping the Geneva



Council down Visuvius is a very good idea. There are countless instances in Hindu puranas where distinguished boys and girls passed through fire and came out all the better for it. So why not the Geneva Council? Down the crater, they will pass through fire, and, getting purified *en route*, emerge in the antipodes, where they can live on Nestles Milk Chocolate.

November 6th: In refreshing contrast to the delightful blarney which *The Madras Mail* indulged in over Sir H. P. Mody's Bombay speech last week at the European Association Dinner, *The Times of India* (Bombay) says:

We are sure the best Europeans in India feel they are nimakwalas; that they have a duty to the land in which they earn their living. There is only one way to answer Sir H. P. Mody's query whether the time has not arrived for Europeans to regulate their social habits and relations in a less exclusive spirit, and that is in the

affirmative. In economic and political affairs they must strive to realise that goodwill is of more value than safeguards. At the same time it is futile to deny the existence of a body of opinion in India bitterly hostile to European interests and prepared to wreck them. The way to combat attacks from this quarter is not for Europeans to cry immediately to high heaven for Government intervention, but openly to place their case before the Indian public. If injustice is being done, sound Indian opinion will realise this fact and will not object to steps necessary to prevent it. And if Europeans honestly try to work for the great good of the land they live in, their right to fair treatment will be established beyond dispute.

Mr. Francis Low, the Editor of *The Times of India*, is 900 miles away from where I am writing this. The pleasure of hugging him, or at least shaking his hand is a physical impossibility for me. I always wanted to shake the hand of every Englishman and bow to every Englishwoman I meet in the streets. But they won't



have it. I am keeping my doors open like the good old bishop in *Les Misérables* for any Englishman or Englishwoman to walk in for a cup of tea. My Aunt is a great girl at brewing tea.

November 7th: As a counterblast to the deafening talk of Sanctions against Italy, the Duce has ordered, last week, the closure of butchers' shops on Tuesdays. He has also decreed that the size of notepaper, envelopes, papers and magazines should be cut down to Lilliputian dimensions. I thought it was all nonsense. My mail from Italy today has given me a shock. My copy of the *Popolo di Italia* is so small that I had to get hold of a telescope to read the news. The same mail brought me a letter from an Italian

girl pen-friend. The size of the envelope was 1½" into 1". Inside the cover there was a small bit of paper folded into a ¾" square and on it was written in a lovely hand: *Vivas Il Duce. Love to you, Gandhi and Ambedkar. I am not at all jealous. But look at the tremendous power of sanctions.*

Inaugurating the Education Week in Mysore the Yuvaraja of Mysore put in an earnest plea for the adoption of a common national dress for Mysoreans. Emulating the Yuvaraja, I appeal to my fellow-citizens in British India to devise a common dress-scheme. I am no mere theorist. I am a man of constructive ideas. Now, India is a warm country. In fact it is a hot country. Dress for such hot people, however flimsy, is unhygienic and positively harmful. To men I would suggest a dress of bathing slips and a pleasant grin. To girls I would suggest a giggle and one and a half yards of muslin in rainbow colors. Apart from the great hygienic value of this form of national dress, it is useful in another way. At garden-parties, durbars and such like social gatherings, you can put up a number of temporary pedestals and arrange these boys and girls on them in old Greek classical styles. This would brighten up things a lot.

November 8th: A fellow asked me in the street why Hitler had such a small moustache: why he did not have a large, fierce one like the late Hindenberg's.

It is amazing how ignorant some people are. Years ago when Hitler was a builders' labourer in Vienna his job was to cart away rubbish. He used to push the cart not with his hands as any ordinary man would push, but with his mouth, lips pressed together. You see the marks of greatness? Well, Hitler pushed and pushed the carts with his mouth. Slowly the friction wore away his moustache. And by the time he left Vienna and crossed over to Bavaria his moustache was only a ghost of its former self. I thought everybody knew this.

The Students' Corner

WORDS' WORTH—V

THE word BACK can be used as a noun, adjective, adverb, verb and even preposition. The racing season will soon be back, jockeys will ride on the backs of horses, and simple folk will back them with a view to get-rich-quick. Who is at the back of it all? Not the Madras Race Club alone; but the Railway companies, horse-breeders, owners and trainers as well.

To keep back a thing is to conceal it, while to hold back is to withhold, or keep one's self in reserve. Witnesses in cross examination, or Ministers answering interpellations practise the former art. If Sanctions are really going to be applied, Britain will have to hold back supplies of oil to Italy. This is however doubtful.

When one is on his back, he is generally ill; and when he turns his back to the wall, his condition is pretty bad.

Back and belly is a picturesque expression denoting food and clothing. A heavy burden is carried on one's back. But the same phrase is used to show that one has to support or maintain a large family. The corresponding Indian idiom prefers the neck or the feet to the back.

When you provoke a man until he becomes silly or obstinate, you are said to put his back up. For example, the recent elections to many district boards in our Presidency resulted in the returns of Congress majorities. The Rajah of Bobbili was very much annoyed. He ordered the secretariat to issue a G. O. extending the period of the dead councils by one month. This was done just to spite the people who didn't care an unsound copper pie for the Rajah Sahib and his party. This has no doubt provided some relief to his wounded vanity.

Then certain players in Hockey and Football are called various kinds of backs—full, half or centre. They provide their sides with substantial stability, and protection at critical times. Such was Sir Mahomed Usman to the local Government for about a decade, during which the forward line of the Government distinguished itself by its care-free, aggressive tactics.

Back! as an exclamation was our national slogan when Sir John Simon came on a visit to this country. It only put his back up, and he has got his own back again by saddling us with the worst kind of constitution imaginable.

Back as a noun is that part of the human anatomy for which school-masters have a special partiality. It is to be hoped that the bill to abolish flogging will not be passed; for when you abolish flogging, you abolish the school-master, and education itself would come to a stand-still!

Politicians thrive by going back upon election pledges; but in all such cases, it is open to the electorate to pay them back the next time they stand for election.

Then there is Back-biting, a regular occupation of certain abandoned people of both sexes. Back-chat is to lower classes what a retort is to the higher. The only difference is that the former does not know where to stop.

Back-formation is a grammatical freak. It means the formation of words on the influence of what is called analogy. Generally new verbs are formed out of noun-forms. Thus from oratory we get orate, from diagnosis diagnose, from filtration filtrate etc. A slangy example is lase from lazy.

Then there are back-stairs, a very important and essential detail of domestic and political architecture. Government departments are believed to be full of them; and Ministers cannot function without them. They are the secret props of democracy, and have become thoroughly respectable in the most advanced countries of the west. We often use the phrase back-door in the same sense in which back-stairs is used, but without authority!

Then there are back-sliders in every party, or sect or religion. We shall not illustrate this as it is not a pleasant trait. Then there is the back-woods, which means a remote, inaccessible and hence uncivilised place. The phrase is of American origin, and indicates the early pioneering days when the virgin forests of America were cleared, and the settlements founded. The people who did this were cut off from civilisation for years on end. A back-woodsman is one who returns from such a life to civilisation. Backwater is still water, as in and round Cochin. It also means a quiet, placid existence free from the turmoils and heady currents of a stormy sea. There is therefore much appropriateness in the appointment of Sir R. K. Shanmukham Chetty as the Dewan of Cochin. There we shall leave him in felicity awhile!

Lastly there is Backsheesh which has no more to do with back than fun has to do with funeral!

Fun For All



After service, the brother took the hat round the congregation but it came back empty in spite of his thorough canvassing.

He looked at it, turned it upside down and shook it vigorously.

"Breddern and sistern," he said, "Ah is sure glad dat Ah got mah hat back!"

A very preoccupied lady sat next to a bald-headed man at a banquet. In the course of the meal she dropped her napkin without noticing it.

"Her companion stooped to pick it up and in doing so, brushed his head against her arm. Feeling the touch, she turned quickly to glance in his direction.

"Thank you, no melon," she murmured.

A miner and his wife were emigrating to America. On his arrival, the clerk, reading his passport, said: "Yes, this appears all right, but how are you going to prove that this woman is your wife?"

"Ma bonnie lad," said Georgie, "if they can prove she isn't, Aa'll give tha ten pund."

A stranded English actor went into a sordid cook shop in New York for a cheap meal. He was horrified to recognise the waiter as a colleague who had played with him in London.

"Great Scott!" he gasped. "You, a waiter in this place!"

"Yes, but I don't eat here!" replied the other with some dignity.

"What attracted you to your bride?" asked the minister, after the ceremony.

"Well, sah," replied the ebony-faced groom, "de fust time Ah seed Dinah Ah tyker fancy to her—she was so good looking. Den, when Ah larned dat she was doin' steady washin' for sebben families, right den an' dar, sah, Ah surrendered."

The foreman was going from one man to another with a sheet of paper.

When he came to Sandy McKie he said: "Sandy, this is a subscription list to get a wreath for Jock Stuart, who died last week. All your mates have given a shilling towards it."

"Och, man," replied Sandy. "That'll make me an' Jock square. He owed me a bob!"

The big American sixteen-cylinder car was hogging along a Warwickshire road when it suddenly pulled up with a screech of brakes opposite an old man.

"Say," said the driver, "kin you tell me if I am right for W. Shakespeare's house?"

"Yessir," replied the yokel, "but there's no need to hurry—he's been dead these many years."

Nurse: Why aren't you eating your rice pudding, darling?

Tiny: 'Cos I don't like it.

Nurse: Well, now let's pretend you do like it and eat it up quick. Come along!

Tiny: No, nurse; let's pretend I've eaten it.

"Aren't you the thought-reader who was entertaining the company a couple of hours ago, finding needles and other small objects they had hidden?"

"Yes."

"Well, what has kept you here so long?"

"I'm looking for my hat."

"When I bought the dog a month ago you said it was fine for cats," cried the angry gentleman. "But he never goes near them."

"Well, sir," said the man who sold it, "isn't that fine for the cats!"

A Chinaman, passing the Customs, was asked his name.

"Sneeze," he said.

The Customs man stared at him and asked in a puzzled voice: "Is that your native name?"

"No," replied the Chine, "I had it translated into English."

"Then, what is the native name?"

"Ah Chool!"

Grand Lies—

By S. V. V.

Reading Time • About 12 Minutes

Illustrated by Mali

TRUTHFULNESS is the highest morality, but there are occasions when you cannot indulge in it, that is, if truthfulness is expressing things as you see, hear, feel or as they exist. When a person comes to borrow money from you, if truth should be spoken, what you would say is, "Blast me before I lend to such as you!" but you don't and can't say it. What you say is: "My dear fellow, how happy I should be to oblige you if only I had the money. If you had come yesterday, you might have taken any amount you required, but as it is, it so happens that only this morning I purchased some shares in Tata Steel and don't have even two rupees to go on with." Lies! There are several kinds of lies adopted to put off borrowers. A borrower can be easily detected by his look, and as soon as one comes, you start:

"Come on, old fellow. What luck. I was wanting to go to you just to see if I cannot borrow a few chips from you, and luck has brought you down here. Do you think you can lend me twenty? The fact is I haven't a nickel on me to bless myself with, and I can't put off the milk bill longer than this evening."

"Damn you!" says the borrower-to-be, "I came just for that very purpose," (for borrowing, not lending), and then you burst into a huge laugh and the borrower infectiously bursts into another, and both of you guffaw for a while, intermixing with words like 'very fine' 'funny isn't it?', and then part understanding perfectly that neither of you is in a position to lend

the other. There is another class of borrowers, old friends, rather delicate and refined, who would first explore the possibilities of success with you, asking casually: "How are personal finances?" Your finances are perfectly alright except that they show, like a purdanashin lady, an unwillingness to come out of the seclusion of the safe in the presence of strangers. But you know your friend and what is behind the

question, and immediately start with a string of lies—your miseries, the bills that remain unpaid for a long time, the house-rent overdue, the college fees that have to be remitted with fine, and end with: "Would you believe it, I don't have four annas to get a shave and am growing a beard." Human nature is touchy about other people getting to know about one's financial embarrassments, but, towards

borrowers, it goes out of the way to lay bare even non-existent ones.

Suppose a guest suddenly arrives at your house, a very old class-fellow whom you had not seen for a number of years. You welcome him effusively and hug him with the warmth of old friendship. But there is the wife at home. Wives have minds of their own, and some wives have minds decidedly opposed to the reception of husbands' guests. And even as you are maudlin and sentimental over those dear old days, and are expressing your joy at meeting him after such a long time ("fifteen years, isn't it? more than that, I think"), you keep inventing lies that would

help to send the guest delicately away, and put you on easy terms with the wife.

In the course of a day the number of such lies that you permit yourself to utter is a legion. In fact society requires it, and in several cases society would not permit you to be truthful. You cannot, for instance, truthfully say what you think of your neighbour without running the risk of having your teeth knocked out or being murdered in bed. You may be truthful, but such truthfulness your neighbour does not want, nor would society permit. *Satyam bruath, priyam bruath, na bruath satyam apriyam.* (Always speak the truth, always speak pleasing words, but if the words are displeasing never speak the truth.)

That is the society *dharma*. And society always obliges us by exalting such inevitable immoralities to the status of virtue by giving them different nomenclatures.

The lies and treacheries of statesmen are not called by those detestable names but are called 'Diplomacy'. If a titled lady takes a violent fancy for some jewellery in a show-case and secrets it inside her blouse, it is not theft, but 'Kleptomania'. Mass-killing between two belligerents is not murder, but 'War', and when an army takes possession without the owners' permission and against their will, things like motor-cars, binoculars, horses, foodstuffs etc., at the time of war, it is not robbery, but 'Commandeering'. When a defeated tennis player shakes hands with his victorious opponent and says, "I congratulate you," in choking accents and with a silly face, it is called 'Sportsmanship'; and when you tell the mother of an ugly baby (whom you would first see drowned), "How lovely!" "What a darling!" you are not lying, but only showing your 'Good manners'. 'Lovely' is it, and 'darling'? You barefaced liar! But society does not attach a blame to you nor calls you a liar but applauds you for your good manners. I am however talking by the definition. And talking so, 'refinement' would seem to import a code of behaviour bundled up

of several minor lies and hypocrisies, with an artificial language evolved deliberately for its expression.

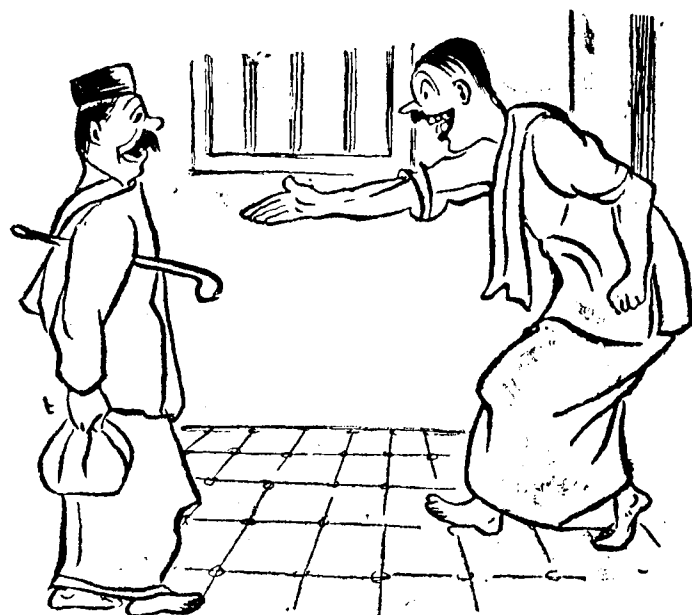
I remember having read somewhere a writer asking, "What does a fellow mean by calling you over the telephone and telling you that he is *dying* to see you. What does he mean by conjuring up visions of death-beds, agencies, rattles, doctors, priests, shrouds, coffins and Eternal Judgments, when what he really intended to say was that he was coming round to tea?"

When I started writing this article, I didn't intend to write so much about these minor defensible lies, or even of those of another kind, which, though heinous, never come in for much condemnation from

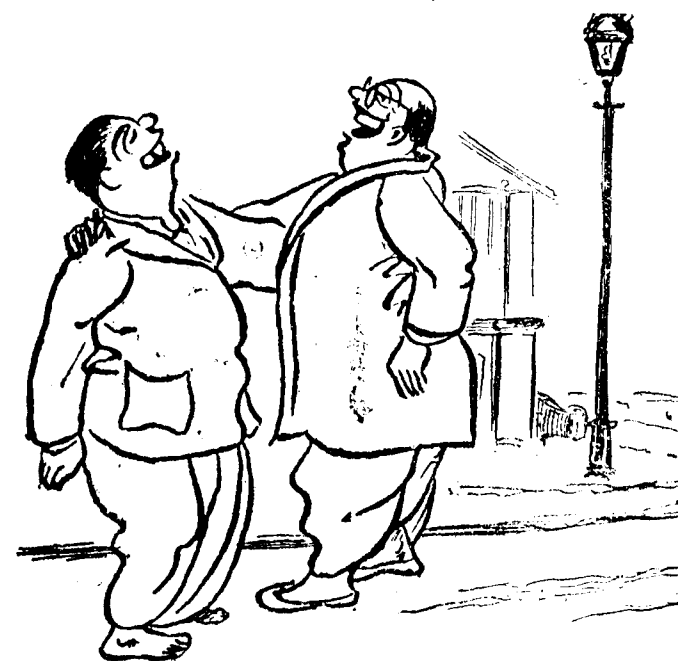
the public. 'Diddling' the incometax, 'doing' the frontier Customs, and carrying over-weight free through a railway, temporarily assigning part of the luggage to the man sitting opposite, are, for instance, seldom considered in the light of moral delinquencies, but are, on the other hand, frequently matters for boast. If you want to smuggle sliks from Pondicherry across the Customs, not many will think the worse of you for

it; on the other hand there will be plenty to smother you with suggestions about how you can do it without much risk of detection.

It was not, as I said, of these things that I wanted to write so much as those other grand purposeless lies, partaking the character of 'anglers' stories, that we frequently come across at Clubs or at small gatherings of people. When half-a-dozen people gather round a table engaged in loose chat and somebody starts a story about ghosts, sorcery, tigers, snakes, etc., it is an occasion for everybody to release his imagination in disregard of truth and follow it up with something like, 'When I was at Anantapur.....' and so on. If one talks of a girl bewitched, who spoke Hindustani fluently, though she never could talk a syllable of it in her lucid moments, another man must at once go in detail over the story of a girl



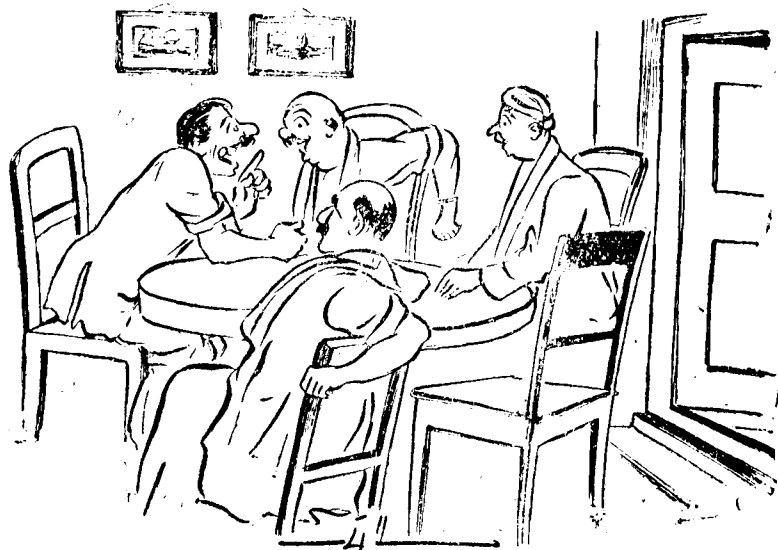
"Come on, old fellow. What luck."



You welcome him effusively

he knew that talked German. "Why, I have seen with my own eyes a remarkable manifestation of sorcery in the case of my own sister-in-law. This minute a gold chain will be round her neck and, as you are looking at it, it will disappear mysteriously and be found in the courtyard four houses off. Her *saree* along with the *saris* of other girls will remain mixed up in a basket, her *saree* alone will catch fire and burn out, while the others will remain unaffected." Such mysterious things may or may not happen in this extremely perplexing and enigmatic world, but has the teller of the story a sister-in-law at all, and if he has one, was she ever affected with such a malady? There are people who will reinforce stories and opinions by bringing to aid false and imaginary instances. One

cannot easily discover a motive behind these purposeless lies except the vanity of wanting to look 'one better' than the other, and to derive temporary satisfaction by impressing on the latter the superiority of their experiences. "Pooh! it is nothing to what I can tell you" appears to be the



"When I was at Anantapur—"

mentality behind them. I can tell you of what happened one evening at our Club. It was a pleasant dusky evening, and some of us had got out our chairs to the open, and were discussing the prospects and effects of Congressmen accepting offices, when somebody cried: "Snake! Snake!"

"There, there, under the Supervisor's leg," cried another. The Supervisor jumped high in the air and disappeared in the clouds. The Public Prosecutor, a rather corpulent gentleman, who had his knees under the table, knocked the table forward in the flurry of fright, tilted the chair backward, toppled over, made two or three acrobatic circuits on the earth, and was roughly dragged over the uneven surface by the Veterinary Surgeon, so as to pull him out of the danger zone.

"Stand aside all of you, somebody run and fetch a bamboo. Quick!" shouted the Police Inspector as if

he was marching an army to battle. There was such confusion. Everybody shouted. Chairs were dragged and tables were turned until the place looked like a railway accident. In the bustle and confusion there was sufficient time for the snake to have travelled leisurely to America. But it didn't, and lay coiled up in a corner, apparently dazed. A youth of eighteen suddenly elbowed through the crowd, caught the snake by the tail and dashed it dead on the ground. We then adjourned inside and discussed the snake. One said it was a water-snake. But we finally decided that it was a cobra, as we felt that, after the fright we had got into, anything less deadly than a cobra was rather ruffling to our dignity.

Just then the Forest Range Officer came in. He was told about the snake, but he wouldn't even go out and look at it. "Pooh, snakes! Everyday in the forest I come across thousands crossing my path. What do I do? I simply fling them away with the end of my walking-stick and pass on." "Yes, yes, you must be coming across several in

the forest. Are there tigers in your forest?"

"Aren't there? But they know what they will get if they come fooling around me. They generally keep clear of me."

"Perhaps out of respect for the Forest Range Officer?" suggested an irreverent youth.

"Not exactly. But they know our path."

"Have you killed any?"

"What a simpleton! Of course I have, and three of them were savage ones too," he said, affecting modesty. "They weighed a ton and their claws were seven inches long. They are now stuffed and kept in the museum."

"Leave alone tigers. Do you know what savage animals jackals are when they get you alone?" asked the Police Inspector. "I was once going through a

(Continued on page 33)

Fatality—

By A. M. Menon

Illustrated by Sekar

Reading Time

About 4 Minutes



It was Panditar

in the same office, ate together, played our games together, went to the theatre together, slept together. We thought alike, dressed alike, made our choices alike, whether that meant a good gramophone record or a tennis racket. In fact, we were two big chums, inseparables.

And that was why Panditar suggested to me one day:

"We must separate for a time. We have been living together too long. Life," went on Panditar, "will become impossible if we do not separate for a time. Too much of a good thing, you know."

PANDITAR and myself were great friends. I should say we were more intimate than a married couple, because we worked together

I agreed.

"During our next holidays, we will make arrangements individually," I said. "You are to play no part in my plans, neither am I to try to butt in and interfere with your ideas of excursion and amusement. Let us, in short, be complete strangers for a period of one month! Quite refreshing and novel, it would be! Won't we welcome one another after that spell of separation like long-lost fellow-explorers in the North Pole coming across each other round a bank of ice?"

We were quite enthusiastic about our brilliant and original little idea. It was putting too great a strain on friendship, however thick and all that, living year in and year out in the same suite of rooms together, and spending vacations too, in company.

No wonder there are so many divorce cases nowadays. There are limits to which one person can bear the society of another.

Our holidays came. True, I was not going to have Panditar with me this time. But dash it! Panditar was *not* everything. I knew I was going to enjoy my holiday.

"What are your plans?" I asked my pal.

He looked hurt. "I thought," he said, "that we were not to—"

"Oh! Secret, what?"

"Well—"

"All right. Go ahead. Yes, you are right. Shouldn't butt in into your fixtures."

"There is nothing secret," said Panditar, a little more affably. "But let us for one month get on as if we didn't know each other!"

Then Panditar added, as reasonably as he could:

"May I know what you propose to do during—"

But he stopped in time. He was a man of honour,

I had planned to go over to Bangalore and have some fine tennis. I packed my things and got ready.

From the first I knew I was going to enjoy my trip. One glorious month of holidaying in Bangalore was before me.

The train journey was very pleasant. And when I got to Bangalore, the weather was ideal. When, an hour later, I signed up my name and became the tenant of Room 22, Second Floor, Magnum Hotel, I realised that my Hotel was ideal, too.

I took complete rest that day.

At three p.m. I went over to the Tennis Club and made arrangements with the Secretary. I had two good sets that day.

In the evening I returned, swinging my tennis racket, a victorious holiday-maker, and entered the hotel.

I wanted to ask the Manager if he could let me have some hot tea at once. I went up to his desk.

A man was standing there, signing in the book. "Room No. 23, Second Floor," I read.

The man turned.

It was Panditar.

"I arrived by the Express," he said with a silly smile. "I thought I might have some good tennis."

"But why did you choose to come here, of all places?" I asked.

"Why did you?"

We went up to our rooms together.

"Well, after all," remarked Panditar, "we are only strangers, you know, for one month. There's no harm in strangers living next to one another in the same hotel."

I thought there was something in that.

"Nor," I added, "can we take objection to two perfect strangers having some tennis together."

THE END

Auntie Awful



A rebellious young man wants Auntie to read a sermon to his orthodox elders, on the question of foreign travel. This young man desires to go abroad to widen his horizons, but the orthodox elders keep the money-bags fast closed, and quote proverbs about the evil of crossing the black water.

Auntie likes young men to broaden their horizons, but there is something in the elders' point of view, my dears. From the Himalayas to Cape Comorin there is much to broaden the horizon of one afflicted with the itch for wandering. Furthermore, all the discomforts of travel may be experienced to a superlative degree within those bounds.

"I want to see new scenes and enjoy new beauties," cries the rebellious young man. Well, dearies, the first time Auntie saw the Alps, she was overcome with admiration. Later on, when she saw the Rockies, she was able to restrain her admiration, for they looked very much like the Alps. And now, when Auntie goes to Kashmir, all that she notices is the smell.

The orthodox elders are at least right in their suspicion that the lone traveller in far countries will encounter many strange and undesirable circumstances. In India, the English race are seldom suspected of passing orthodox repugnances; yet even an Englishman travelling on the continent of Europe frequently feels outraged by the prevailing conventions.

A matter that has frequently embarrassed Auntie, is the fact that on most Continental trains there is no attempt to separate the sexes in the sleeping-compartments. When Auntie was a bashful girl, she once travelled across Europe in a two-berth compartment, the other occupant of which was a very polite middle-aged Frenchman. When bed-time came, the Frenchman calmly began to take off his trousers. Auntie

gave a little shriek. "Is mademoiselle suffering from train-sickness?" enquired the polite Frenchman. And he reached under the berth and courteously produced a bedroom utensil for Auntie to be sick in!

On ships, most of the cabins have two berths, and the purser has nothing but a printed-list to assist him in berthing sheep with sheep and goats with goats. It may seem to him a good idea to put Sidney Smith, of the Christian Hospital Society, along with the Reverend Jones, of the Gospel Mission. But it turns out that Sidney Smith is a young and pretty nurse while the Reverend Jones belongs to a sect that regards women as an invention of the Devil. Similarly, Jesse Wood, a young man of riotous habits, gets teamed up with Agatha Hope, a dear old lady who is going home to visit her grandchildren.

Sometimes, however, the promiscuities of travel serve to deflate the arrogance of certain type of European. There was once a South African who hated all Kaffirs. He wrote to the steamship-company, and asked to be berthed with a high-class English gentleman. The purser, anxious to oblige, paired him off with Lord Palmerston, who happened to be on the passenger-list. When Lord Palmerston came abroad, he turned out to be a coal-black Bantu, the owner of a diamond-mine. And the wealthy Lord Palmerston went to the purser, and complained at having to share a cabin with 'poor white trash'!

Auntie's most unfortunate experience was on her first trip to Germany. She only knew a few words of the language, and one of these was *abort*. Auntie supposed that it meant 'railway-station'. One day Auntie took a trip to Cologne, and when she returned to the boarding-house, she began to tell everybody her adventures.

"I met a very kind gentleman in the *abort*," she said, "and he took me to see the cathedral. I returned to the *abort* for lunch, and then walked round the town by myself, and finally back to the *abort*. By that time I was rather tired, so I sat in the *abort* for a couple of hours, until the train arrived."

The guests at the boarding-house were stiff, formal, middle-class Germans, and they listened to Auntie's chatter in horrified silence. It was not until Auntie reached Berlin that she discovered the enormity of her remarks. Just outside the Central Station there was a kind of shelter with two entrances, one marked 'Herren', and the other 'Damen'. And over the top of the shelter was a large notice-board, 'ABORT'.

* * *
Tail Twister (Park Town). Auntie regrets, dear boy, that she does not know the shortest English verse which contains every letter of the alphabet. However, it is fairly easy to construct such verses. Here is Auntie's effort:

*A Jugo-Slav, if orthodox,
Keeps his pyjamas in a box.
And frequently bestows a prize
On cows with supercilious eyes.*

Is the one in your book of riddles shorter than this?

Fashion News (Bombay). "I know you will be glad to hear the latest information from Paris. Everyone is going to have long straight lines this season." Thank you, my dear; but alas, Auntie has last season's figure.

Three Maunds (Madura). "My friends keep on telling me to watch my weight, but why should I worry?" Because, dear sir, when a fellow is your weight, it is a matter of gravity.

What Fun (Poonamallee High Road). "Dear Auntie, my uncle has promised to take me to the Zoo to-morrow, and he is going to take my photograph. Please tell me the best place for me to pose for my photograph." Ah, my dear boy, you expect Auntie to make some suggestion about the monkey-house, don't you? But Auntie has a better suggestion than that. You should look around and find the giant tortoise. It is like a big soup-plate on four little legs. One end is harmless, but the other end bites. You will thus be able to be photographed at one end, and snapped at the other end.

Foolscap (Cuttack). "I am a rolling stone, and have had many different jobs. I have now decided to write a play about my life." Congratulations, dear boy. Your effort should be full of new situations.

Dilemma (N. Maistry Street). "Answer this one if you can, Auntie. Is a nudist able to pull his socks up?" Yes, dear boy; the same as a fat man is able to stoop to anything low.

Discipline (George Town). "I gave my junior clerk leave of absence, in order to attend his grandfather's funeral. The same afternoon, I saw him watching a football-match." Do not judge too hastily, dear sir. Perhaps his grandfather was the referee.

Brevity (Kumbakonam). "What is a potted drama?" A potted drama, dear boy, is a comedy or a tragedy within the compass of a few words. For example:

The father: *Is it a boy?*

The nurse: *Well, the one in the middle is.*

Conscientious (Avaramapatti). "I am anxious to improve the household fare, but there seem to be no good Indian cookery-books. Can you tell me the secret of cooking pumpkins in a nutshell?" Auntie things that you are making things unnecessarily difficult, my dear. Use an ordinary cooking-pot.

Honorary Magistrate (Thana). "I see there is the usual squabble about the cost of maintaining the police. It is a penny-wise policy to cut the police budget. People do not seem to be aware that thieves alone cost the community ten lakhs a year." You surprise me, dear sir. They do run away with the money, don't they?

Steward (Guindy). "We are always on the watch for new tricks. For example, a jockey has been warned off the course for using a concealed electric battery to stimulate his horse." How shocking.

Member of Parliament (Westminster). "I intend to spend a fortnight touring the entire Indian Empire during the coming cold weather. I want it to be clearly understood that I desire to see this great dependency exactly as it is." That is very thoughtful of you, dear sir. It will save us the trouble of getting it altered for your visit.

Middle School (N. India). Thank you, dear boy, for sending your General Knowledge test for Auntie to see. She thinks the following answer particularly original: 'Rabies are Jewish priests, and you cannot cure them'.

Watcher of the Heaven (Titacoi). "It may interest you to hear that no eclipse of the sun will be visible in southern Europe throughout the whole of 1936." Thank you, dear sir. I suppose Mussolini has forbidden it?



Felicitations—

By Embusque

Illustrated by Mali

Reading Time
About 8 Minutes

“OH, what a ducky idea!” cried Jaya.

“Yes?” I said, with a caution born of long experience.

“You never take an intelligent interest in the newspapers,” pouted my charming spouse.

“Well, my dear—” I began, mildly.

“I know what you are going to say! You are going to say that two people can't read one newspaper simultaneously.”

“I was about to make an observation to the effect,” I admitted. “You won't agree to divide the pages—”

“Too untidy,” said Jaya, firmly. “Besides, the grocer will not give me the proper price for the old papers, after you have crumpled the sheets, and made

marks on the crossword-puzzles. But this wonderful idea—”

“Oh?” I said, dejectedly. I had hoped it was forgotten.

“It is a public notification about telegrams,” said Jaya. “Really, the Posts and Telegraphs are waking up at last.”

“What is the latest?”

“They have introduced a new kind of telegraph-form. Do you remember the time when Uncle Basu wired his congratulations on the birth of a son and heir?”

“Yes; and at first the idea of a telegram from Bombay made us think that the old boy must have snuffed it, and left us all his money.”

"There you are!" cried Jaya, triumphantly. "The mere sight of the postman with a telegram gave you that impression. A telegram is always expected to contain ill news."

"What, that someone has died and left you all his money?"

"You know what I mean," said my better-half, stamping her pretty foot. "The yellow envelope is the herald of calamities, so they are going to change the colour."

"Oh, that won't work," I replied, confidently. "They can't fool the public like that. Why, in a week, everyone will know that a purple envelope with pink spots means the same thing as the yellow one used to."

"Not at all. The yellow envelope will still be employed for ordinary purposes—disasters, unexpected happenings, and tiresome things like cotton prices. The new envelope will be for glad tidings only."

"I see. What will the new envelope be like?"

"Oh, decorative, and all that. The border will have a design of love-birds, roses, wedding-bells, decrees for the plaintiff, Jubilee medals, and such like inspiring themes. The message-form will be similarly decorated and the whole outfit produced in jolly colours. Isn't it a gorgeous idea?"

"Er—yes," I said, apprehensively. I guessed something was coming. It came.

"Darling, do you remember what tomorrow is?"

"Wednesday," I replied, promptly.

"It is Uncle Basu's birthday."

"Is it?"

"Of course it is. His birthday is the sixteenth."

"Of which month?"

"This month, silly."

"Well, what about it?"

"Let us send him one of these ducky new telegrams," cried Jaya, clapping her hands.

"Oh," I said, with an inward feeling of relief. After all, a telegram would not cost much.

"I will draft the telegram at once."

"By all means," I replied, settling myself for a long period of repose, and reaching a long arm for the newspaper. But I was not to be left in peace. "Be a darling, and find me a pencil," pleaded the wife of my bosom.

A protracted search resulted in the discovery of a minute stump which had been discarded by our

youngest, after being used to hasten the appearance of his latest tooth. A further search revealed that there was no writing-paper in the house. I suggested the margin of the newspaper, but this was rejected with contumely. At last, Jaya began to compose her message on the back of the washing-book. Once more I reached over for the newspaper, but Jaya had folded it and was using it as a desk.

"Dear darling uncle," she read, when her labours were completed, "we have remembered your birthday, and send our most dutiful greetings. Ramu has cut another tooth. Aren't the new telegram forms ducky? From your loving nephew and niece."

"Here," I said, "that will cost a deuce of a lot."

"What do you mean?" cried Jaya.

"They charge for each word," I explained.

"How disgusting!" said Jaya, in dismay. "Do they actually count every single word?"

"Certainly."

"Little words, as well as big ones?"

"Of course."

"But it isn't fair."

"They do it, anyway. They charge for the address, too. Anything over twelve words costs you more."

"But Uncle's address must be nearly twelve words," said Jaya, tragically.

"I expect it is."

"K. K. S. Basu," muttered Jaya, starting on a new page, "15a, Sir Seth Bottlewala Building, Ramudass Street, Bhatawadi, Bombay. Oh, dear, that is fourteen words."

"Read it again."

Jaya did so.

"It is only eleven words," I pronounced. "A number, or a group of initials, counts as a single word."

"Then that leaves us one word for the message," said Jaya, recovering her serenity. "Good! I know what to say."

Commencing a new page of the fast-disappearing washing-book, she wrote the following in her best handwriting: *K. K. S. Basu, 15a, Sir Seth Bottlewala Building, Ramudass Street, Bhatawadi, Bombay. Congratulations.*

"Now, my dear," she said, tearing out the leaf and folding it carefully, "put this in the pocket of your office coat, and don't forget to take it to the

post-office in the morning. Tell the man to be sure to send it on one of the new telegraph-forms."

"You haven't signed the message," I objected. "Uncle Basu won't know who sent it."

"Yes, he will. He has no other relatives here. I'm not going to let the post-office charge me for an extra word, the mean things."

* * * *

Jaya greeted me on the steps of the house when I returned from office the following evening. She had a slightly worried expression. "Look at the answer we have received from Uncle Basu," she cried, showing a telegram.

Uncle Basu's reply was brief. Including the address, there were exactly twelve words. "What for?" said Uncle Basu's telegram.

"Oh dear, and now we will have to send another telegram," said Jaya.

Out came the washing-book, and Jaya devoted herself to the toils of composition. "It is no good, darling," I said. "You know that, after the address, there is only one free word left."

"I do think the nasty post-office ought to overlook just one weeny word more," she pouted.

I dispatched the wire next day. It read as follows: "*K. K. S. Basu, 15a, Sir Seth Bottlewala Building, Ramudass Street, Bhatawadi, Bombay. Your birthday.*"

On my return that evening, Jaya was on the steps, holding another telegram. "Look what Uncle has written!" she wept.

"Don't understand," said Uncle.

"It is all on account of your craze for trying to send the message in one word," I said. "There's not much saving, if you have to send about four telegrams, one word at a time. You had better hand this over to me. I will send a decently intelligible message, even if it does cost a few annas more."

I was as good as my word. "*K. K. S. Basu,*" I wrote, "*15a, Sir Seth Bottlewala Building, Ramudass Street, Bhatawadi, Bombay. Our heartiest congratulations on your birthday sixteenth instant.*"

Uncle's reply was waiting for me when I got home. "*Many thanks,*" said Uncle's wire, with a fine disregard for annas, "*My birthday is next month.*"

THE END

Auntie Answers

"Owing to circumstances, the marriage that was to have taken place between me and the bride I loved fell through. I took another girl for my wife, and from the beginning I disliked her on account of reasons which I am not in a position to expose. Now I long to marry the former girl. The love between us is mutual and beyond all description."—"In a Dilemma".

DEAR NEPHEW,

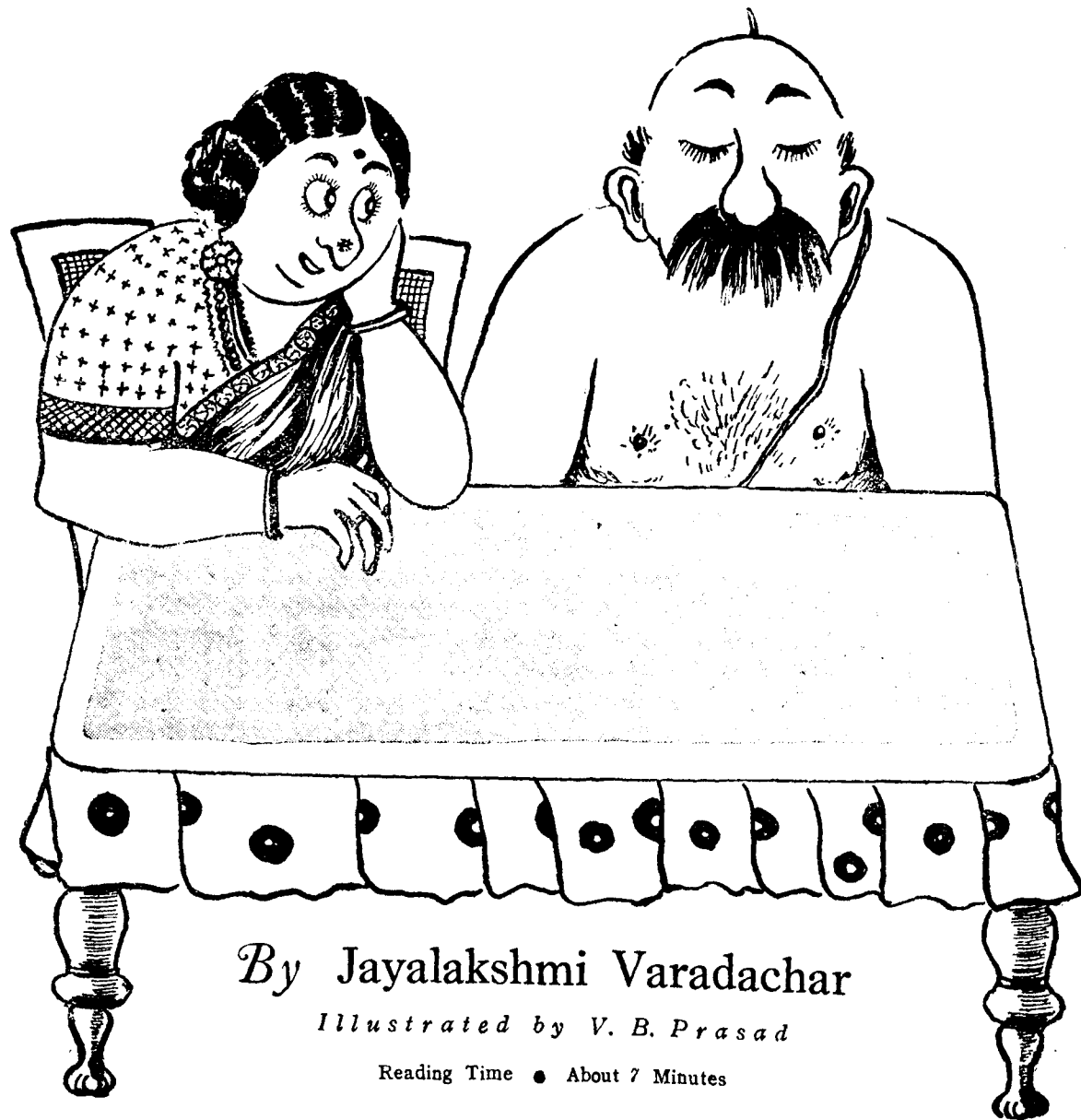
How do you know that the former girl loves you, and how are you sure that what you feel for her is 'love beyond description'? I presume you have no real opportunity to converse with this former girl, to gauge her character, or to form a true estimate of her worth. I am inclined to think that your infatuation for her is an exotic growth. In imagination you invest this girl with all the charms that your wife does not possess.

At the same time, it is probably true that you have sound reasons for disliking your wife. There are many hidden tragedies of incompatibility and physical ill-assortment in married life. But it is important to remember that most of these things are *curable*. Married couples are often terribly ignorant about themselves. A couple may live in grave unhappiness for years, on account of some little defect that could be instantly remedied by a word of knowledge. Will you please write to Auntie confidentially, and tell her the reason for your unhappiness? She may be able to solve all your troubles in a dozen words, no matter how intimate and insoluble the matter may seem to you. Your letter and Auntie's reply will not be published.

At present I am not convinced that it would be just or necessary for you to discard your wife in favour of the 'other girl'.

Yours Sincerely,
AUNTIE.

Married Life



By Jayalakshmi Varadachar

Illustrated by V. B. Prasad

Reading Time • About 7 Minutes

I remember reading the other day in an American newspaper that a woman who speaks twelve languages has been married to a man who speaks seventeen, and the Editor of the paper very uncharitably suggested that that's about the right handicap. I must solemnly protest against the insinuation that women, in general, are talking machines, and that in spite of their comparatively small stock of words, profane or otherwise, their turn-over is something dreadful.

That is the way of men who seem to forget that the female of the species—as daughter, sister, mother, friend, and wife—is, and always has been, more dependable than the male. Where, I ask, is the harm in a woman doing all the talking during the few waking hours that a husband condescends to get home? He has had his share in full measure—at his office, at his favourite club (mostly politics and scandal), and among his boon companions—and why should he grudge this indulgence to his wife?

I am quite conscious of the fact that many a matrimonial bark has been wrecked on the rocks of matrimonial barking, but take my word for it, the barking is not all on one side. It is no longer the fashion to say, "Socrates died of an overdose of wedlock," and if one does venture the saying in these days of epigrams and puns, pat comes the answer, "Hemlock would have been easier to take and just as effective."

To such of those who talk of marriage as broadening one's outlook, I wish to say that it flattens one too. Take it from me, the success of married life depends more on the backbone than on the wishbone. If you have a feeling that you have gelatine where your spine ought to be, don't be in a hurry to get married. A reckless marriage invariably is the biggest feat since Daniel and the Lions' Den, and if it is a question of 'Love at first sight', pray, waste no time getting a second look. That ought to make matters even.

One of these days I shall write my life-story in two fat volumes, to serve as an eye-opener to every married woman who has been destined to share not the joys, but the sorrows of married life. Was it Longfellow who said "Lives of great men all remind us?" Why he should not have included women, is, indeed, a mystery. But all men are like that, and as far as Longfellow is concerned, it is just another instance of his having gone from bad to verse—an illustration of the triumph of mind over meter.

My sympathies are more with the parodist, however, who wrote:

"Lives of great men all remind us
We can write our lives ourselves,
And departing leave behind us
Two fat volumes on the shelves."

Hence the incentive for me to write my life-story. My heart might be broken, but my head isn't, and if I seemed to hear the voice of Love calling me, and it proved the wrong number after all, that isn't going to crush me. If this was going to be the A. B. C. of love, every right-minded maiden ought to respond to it with a D. E. F. (Unless the Editor is dense, he will know what I mean).

The following, while serving as an excellent example of bathos (or pathos?), ought to serve as a lesson to everyone who has been disillusioned about love. Speaking of the love-sick swain who had been rather cruelly used, Stephen Leacock says: "The softening hand of Time has woven its roses—how shall I put it?—the mellow haze of reminiscences has—what I mean is that the young man has gone back to work and is all right again."

A word of warning to women (the alliteration here is quite unconscious). While it may be romantic for a girl to be a man's first love, it is safer to be his last, and 'Safety First' should be the guiding principle of every educated girl. If any girl has a surplus of that elusive emotion called 'Love', I would advise her to bestow it on her favourite dog.

The average Hindu male regards matrimony as the easiest, and incidentally the most economical, way of obtaining domestic service for nothing. Most men marry for this reason, and if I had a hand in the making of the Laws of the land, I would compel every person actuated by this motive to marry his milk-maid, his cook or his domestic servant, be she young or be she middle-aged. There would be fewer educated wives then, bemoaning their fate and perishing in the very prime and flower of their lives.

The spread of education, tell our mentors, will heal every wound that the flesh is heir to: but would it be believed that it is among educated men and educated women that marriage has often proved a dismal failure? Love at first sight, not a very uncommon thing, usually ends with desertion at first sight, and the woman is thrown away like a worn-out tube of tooth paste, and need it be told that the lot of a deserted wife who has laboured diligently is worse than that of a widow?

What then is the remedy? We cannot avoid getting married, unless we could, like oysters, spend our lives 'in bed', and yet never cause a breath of scandal; and loneliness, you know, has been defined as 'The lure of the bachelor or spinster,' as the case may be! Rather a formidable definition! So first of all, I would, in all seriousness, suggest the introduction of sharp shooting as a compulsory subject in the domestic science course of every high school for girls. This will make the husbands think twice before they 'love' two women at the same time. I wonder if it is appropriate here to quote from the Bible 'Covet not your neighbour's wife'? If it isn't, you will know that the Bible has got the better of the Bible.

Secondly, the dress of the man is optional, except in such cases where there is the danger of his being too warm-hearted. In which case, asbestos vests are strongly recommended.

Thirdly, while conceding to the husband the right to lay down the law to his wife, it should be obligatory on the part of the husband to accept all her amendments.

Fourthly, no man without a sense of humour ought to be permitted to marry; for he might, like the

(Continued on page 25)

The Letters of

Claiming A Drawback

Illustrated by Mali

Reading Time • About 8 Minutes

Madras, 16th November, 1935.

DEAR MOTHER,

WE paraded the other day to have our feet inspected by the chiropodist, and Nellie Dean complained that a soldier gets about as much privacy as a goldfish. Boggins told him that he ought to be in a seminary for young ladies; and we were just going to have an exhibition of bare-foot boxing, when Johnnie Walker came running in. He said I was wanted by Sergeant-Major Quirt.

I put on my boots, and hurried to the office in the usual state of trepidation. One of the secrets of Army discipline is that a soldier always has a lot of minor offences on his conscience. I wondered if I had been detected wearing my putties the wrong way round on the early-morning parade. It is very difficult to lead a blameless life in the Army, and if you escape punishment throughout your service, they give you a good-conduct medal. This medal is much harder to win than the Victoria Cross. Anybody can risk his neck for a few minutes, and be decorated for valour; but a good-conduct medal can only be earned by a whole lifetime spent in undetected crime.

"Come in!" howled Mossy-Face, in a voice that could be heard all over the barracks. "What are you hesitating for? Do you think I am going to kiss you?"

That is one of the terrible threats they hold over your head in the Army. The real reason that we won the Battle of Waterloo was because the troops were warned beforehand that if they were taken prisoners, the French would deprive them of their weapons, and kiss them. So our men fought savagely to avoid being captured by the French.

"Don't look on the ground!" roared the Sergeant-Major. "There are no annas down there. I picked them all up myself, before breakfast!"

"Very good, Sir," I stuttered.

"Don't answer back! Look here, if I remember rightly, your mother sent you a pea-nut engine as a present, some time last year."

"Yes, Sir. Please, Sir, she didn't mean any harm."

"Don't make excuses! Did you have to go to the Customs-House to get that pea-nut engine?"

"Yes, Sir. I didn't get into any trouble, Sir."



Private Joyfull

"I'm not saying you did. Could you go there again, and keep out of trouble?"

"Yes, Sir."

"Then report to Sergeant Hitch immediately. He has a job for you."

I scuttled away to the office of Sergeant Hitch. Of course, we call him Sergeant Scratch. He is the battalion accountant, and looks after the regimental funds and property. He has a round face and big spectacles, like a *Bania* that has got into the Army by mistake.

"Listen," said the Sergeant, when I had explained my errand, "here is a new typewriter, and a receipt for the purchase-price. We want to send the machine

Home to the Depot with the next draft. Take the typewriter down to the Customs-House, and arrange for a refund of the import-duty. We are sending the machine by the *Rustysshire* from Bombay next week."

After some further instructions, I went on my way, bearing the typewriter in a square metal box. When I reached the business part of the town, the passers-by began to stare at me, and edge out of my path. The typewriter looked like some kind of bomb or infernal-machine.

Presently I noticed that I was being followed by a Police-Constable and two men. I could tell that the two men were detectives secretly trailing me, because they walked along so conspicuously, and looked at everything and everybody in a masterful way. I went faster, and my followers increased their pace. At last, perspiring freely, I bolted into the Customs-House, and my attendants waited at the gate, swinging their canes and stopping the humble passers-by and asking them fierce questions.

"Yes, sir?" enquired a smart Customs-clerk, on whose table I placed the metal case.

"This is a typewriter—" I began.

The clerk opened the case, examined the typewriter minutely, and consulted some printed documents. "The duty will be ninety-seven rupees, six annas," he remarked, affably.

"Oh, no," I replied, producing the receipt of Ironclad Typewriters, Limited. "The duty has already been paid, and I want the money back."

"You want the money back?" exclaimed the clerk, as if he had never heard of such a thing. "You had better see the Drawback Officer." He spoke in a pained voice, as though the soul of a



Customs-officer was harrowed at the very idea of giving money to anyone.

I went round the place, enquiring for the Drawback Officer; but nobody seemed to know of such a person. They all seemed surprised to hear that I didn't want to pay some money, but to receive it. At last I tracked the Drawback Officer to a small dusty lair which was piled to the ceiling with claims that had been pending for some years.

I explained my business to the gentleman, and asked if the regiment could get the money back. "By all means," replied the officer, courteously. "Of course you have the original invoice covering the importation?"

Of course, I had no such thing. The Drawback Officer thought I might get it from the original importers. Off I went with the machine to the office of Ironclad Typewriters, Limited, followed by the Constable and the two detectives.

Ironclad Typewriters was an up-to-date place, with a smart office full of polished furniture and handsome cabinets. I wondered if they sold enough typewriters to support the expense of such an establishment. "Good morning," I said, to the Master of Arts in charge of the office. "Can you please give me the invoice relating to the importation of this machine?"

The Master of Arts looked like a bishop confronted with an awful form of blasphemy. He was unable to believe his ears. He said I certainly could not have any of his firm's invoices.

"The invoice is wanted for official purposes," I insisted.

The Master of Arts was looking at the doorway, his eyes sticking out of his head. Standing there was the Police-Constable. Behind him were the two detectives, swinging their canes grimly and suggestively.

"Er—I think the invoice is with our head office in Bombay," gulped the Master of Arts, retreating to the back of the office.

"Look here, mister," I said, following him, "I don't want to pry into your business secrets. I know that the margin on things like typewriters is pretty steep. It has to be, to pay for offices like these. All I want is evidence of importation. Suppose you give me a certified extract from the invoice, showing particulars, date and duty paid. You can leave out your cost-price."

The Master of Arts agitatedly thought this over, took another look at the detectives, and then produced the invoice from a folder that had been on his desk all the while. He made a certified extract, and off I went with it, still escorted by the Law.

"Ah!" said the Drawback Officer, when I had toiled back to the Customs-House, "this will have to be attested by the Classifying Appraiser."

The Classifying Appraiser was busy in one of the sheds, examining some bales of Japanese cloth. The consignee claimed that the pieces were only remnants, seven yards in length; but the Appraiser said they had been purposely manufactured as remnants, and would have to pay full duty. The grief of the consignee was terrible to behold.

At last I got the ear of the Official. I showed him the typewriter and the copy of the invoice, and asked him to attest the correctness of the latter.

"Before I can do that," said the gentleman, helpfully. "I shall want the number and date of the relative bill of entry."

Back I trudged to the office of Ironclad Typewriters Limited. I did not dare to give my burden to a coolie to carry, because I was sure the detectives would seize the coolie to discover the contents of the suspicious metal case.

"The bill of entry?" said the Master of Arts, when once more I limped into his cathedral. "You will have to apply to our landing-agents. They are Messrs. Hisab, Gadgrind, and Sowcar, at the other end of the town."

I took a bus to the landing-agents'. There was no room for the policeman and the detectives on the bus, so they turned off a few passengers.

At the office of the landing-agents, I saw a gentleman who was apparently neither Mr. Hisab, Mr. Gadgrind, nor Mr. Sowcar; but he was very courteous, and seemed to have no business secrets. "That machine was one of a consignment that came through Calcutta," he said; and gave me the number and the date of the bill of entry.

Fortunately, the bus back to the Customs-House was not very full, and my police-escort was able to shadow me without disturbing anyone except the man who collected the fares, who kept on grumbling about something. For the third time I entered the Customs buildings, and triumphantly produced all the particulars I had gathered.

"I am sorry," said the Appraiser. "This is a Calcutta transaction. I cannot attest it. Please refer back to the Drawback Officer."

Once more I bearded the Drawback Officer in his den. I was gradually beginning to realise why it was stacked with unsettled claims. "What must I do now?" I enquired.

"The next step is to take the typewriter to Calutta," he replied, cheerfully. "When it has been identified there, the Landing Officer will certify that drawback is admissible."

"And then?"

"Then you must produce the typewriter here, and claim the drawback."

"What, is that all I have to do?"

"Oh, no. It is being re-exported from Bombay, isn't it? You must next take the typewriter to the Drawback Shed at Bombay, and get a certificate that the machine has been duly re-exported."

"And then you pay the money?"

"Oh, no. You must next file a letter from the original importers, authorising the drawback to be paid to the present owners of the machine."

"Thank you. I see it all now. I must take the typewriter to Calcutta, and then bring it back here, and then take it to Bombay, and provided I don't die on the way, and provided the original importers don't go bankrupt, and provided I can secure all the documents, and provided they are in order, you finally pay the money?"

"Not necessarily. You must prove that the typewriter was originally imported within the last two years."

"I see. If that can be proved, does the regiment get the money?"

"Not exactly. It gets a refund of seven-eighths of the money."

"Thank you very much," I said, and took my leave.

When I got back to the Fort, I explained to Sergeant Hitch that it was possible for the regiment to get drawback on the typewriter; only life was too short, and the expense too great.

"H'm. I am sorry you have spent such an unprofitable morning," said the Sergeant, who is a decent bloke.

But the morning was not entirely unprofitable. When I came out of the Sergeant's office, the detectives and the Constable were still loitering outside the gate, swinging their canes and looking disconsolate. They at least had had a certain amount of mental diversion, and a lot of healthy exercise.

Your Loving Son,
OBEAH JOYFULL.

MARRIED LIFE—(Continued from page 21)

gardener at the Government House at Madras, commit suicide because his wife remarked that she would be happier if he were dead.

Fifthly, it should be made clear to every husband that the state of matrimony is a republic.

And lastly, every husband should be made to realize that presents make the heart grow fonder, and that these gifts should not be restricted to birthdays and festive occasions.

One word of warning—to quote again from Stephen Leacock. "If a girl is to have your heart, she must be worthy of you. When you look at your own bright innocent face in the mirror, resolve that you will give your hand to no girl who is not just as innocent as you are and no brighter than yourself. Nor should the simple domestic virtues be neglected. If a girl desires to woo you, before allowing her to press her suit, ask her if she knows how to press yours. That ought to decide the question."

Well, I am not a marriage-doctor—not even good at compounding—but if my recipe is followed, there will be fewer 'Marriage Rows'. And this reminds me of a headline in a women's magazine which reads 'Young Couple Solemnly Pledge Marriage Rows.' The proof-reader, being a married woman, did not have the heart to change it; and I don't blame her.

(Nor do I—Ed.)

• THE END

The Boy with Owl Eyes

Giovanni Galanti, the sixteen-year-old Italian boy who has a peculiar affliction of his eyes which permits him to see at night but not in the day, attracted considerable attention during the month of April, 1928, when he tried to enter America from Italy. The public health inspectors pronounced the youth a victim of Retinchoraiditis—the scientific term for "day blindness" and refused him permission to land.

Fellowship

Humming-birds give little squeaks
Every now and then;
So do rats,
And so do bats,
And so do cornered men.

The Windows of the Soul

By John A. Henry

Sketches by V. B. Prasad

Reading Time • About 6 Minutes



The Windows of the Soul

“EYES,” once wrote an enterprising schoolboy, “are made to see with, wink with, and go to sleep with.” Despite the fact that this statement has gone down to posterity as a ‘howler’, there is a certain amount of accuracy in it, strange as it may seem.

Have you ever sat down and looked at your eyes in a mirror, striving to read them

aright and to see what they really mean to you? Few of us have done that, I’m afraid. But it is an interesting experiment. The eye, remember, is the window of the soul.

For the purposes of discussion, it is necessary to state that there are many types of eyes. This may seem like saying that a horse has four legs and a tail, but we must realise the pithiness of the statement.

The eye, so skilled physiologists tell us, is situated in the fore-front of the face. So is the nose for that matter, and the chin, but that is another story.

The eye, too, has several hairs sprouting from the lids around it. These hairs, as the average bonehead knows, are for protecting the eye. They are also used to accentuate the action of blinking, and some girls have been known to feed them on hair fodder so as to stretch them, the result enabling them, the girls, to flutter them, the



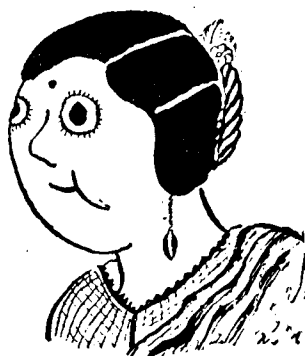
The drooping eye

hairs, (or, more vulgarly the eyelashes), at poor males like me and you.

Now let us take some of the more important types of eyes.

1. *The Bright Vivacious Eye*, or the *Come Hither Eye*. It is quite obvious where this type grows most widely. Needless to say, it is never possessed by men. It is the sort of eye that makes our spines quiver, our tongues stammer, and the contents of our pockets shrink. Some girls cultivate it to such an extent that it protrudes alarmingly, and looks like the optic of a blood-sucker or a monsoon toad. It is the eye that makes history. It is the eye that makes a fool a babbling idiot.

A healthy sparkle in this eye indicates that the possessor is full of pep and push—more so the push. She’ll push her way into your life, push all the loose change out of your pocket and most of the notes from your bank account. And you won’t be able to push her away till you’ve been done in the eye, (your eye!), good and proper.



The bright, vivacious eye

2. *The Dull, Fishy Eye*. This is the sort of optic which, when it looks at other eyes or at itself or at the suet pudding on the table, makes the object of scrutiny go cold all over like a dead dog. It is the sort of eye that appears to see nothing, but which is, in actuality, very penetrating. It resembles, if I may say so, an ostrich, in that an ostrich hides its head when it doesn’t want you to see its body. Take a Peeping Tom who is caught at the pretty lady’s bedroom window. He indignantly draws the fishy film over his eyes and says, “Good Heavens! You don’t think I saw anything, do you?”

3. *The Drooping Eye*. This is possessed, mainly, by politicians and old horses. Scientists say that an eye droops, or rather, the lids droop over it, because the owner is lazy. This is incorrect. This window

shutter business is brought about by the thought processes of the owner. Look closely at your eyes in a mirror. When your thoughts are on something delightfully unconventional which our grandparents would have shuddered at in public and revelled at behind the mask of red flannel underwear, you will find the lids of your eyes drooping. This is because they are feeling ashamed of you. Think of the sweet girl you met under the beams of the moon the other night and your eyes will shut altogether. Reason? Use your imagination.

4. *The Laughing Eye*. This is a type much used by authors. It is closely allied to the girl who ‘threw her eyes across the room at her sweet-heart’ and the man who ‘dropped his eyes to the floor’ (and then, presumably, kicked them all over the room in disgust). A laughing eye is a strange thing. A lot of us possess laughing eyes. A lot of us, especially you, possess watery eyes and rheumy eyes and eyes that have sties. But the laughing eye is the eye of them all. It can chuckle, it can cackle, it can roar with laughter, and, so I have heard, it can make a noise like a trumpet or a piece of cheese.



The angry eye

5. *The Wicked Eye*. This is an interesting type. Possessed by a man, it is very popular with the ladies, and, naturally, *vice versa*. It is the eye that suggests all sorts of bitter sweet things. It is the sort of eye which I possess. It is the eye which is condemned in public and passionately kissed in private. It is the eye that prudes hate and long for. And it is the type most popular in the world, despite what clergymen say to the contrary. Statistics have it, in fact, that the wicked eye is found extensively amongst padres. It gleams from their pulpits while they are talking of the sins of the Flesh and the Devil, and, when they get home, it gleams at their wives.

6. *The Shy, Bashful, Soft Eye*. Possessed by girls, who, if the truth were known, should have a wicked

eye. Still waters run deep. And shy eyes are the deepest. Men—ditto.

7. *The Angry Eye*. Found in wives who have wandering husbands, *vice versa*, and in people who have got bits of coal-dust and insects into it.

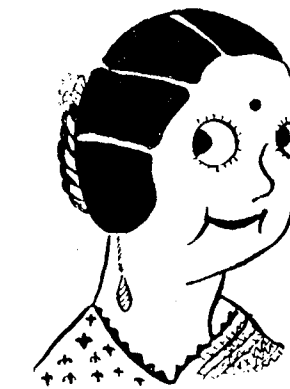
8. *The Piercing Eye*. This is the type that makes you feel uncomfortable when it is directed at you,

and which gives you immense satisfaction when you possess it yourself. A sort of X-Ray machine, it is much sought after by both men and women, especially men. When you are pierced by one of these eyes you don’t know whether you’re on your head or your heels or whether you’re merely in your bath.

There are, in fact, many more types, really too numerous to mention or discuss—The Bleary Eye (or Beery Eye), The Pig’s Eye, The Shifty Eye,

The Blinking Eye, The Bold Eye, The Smiling Eye, The Sore Eye, and the Eye of a Needle, through which the camel couldn’t get his hump. There, I’ve gone and mentioned them now.

But remember, difficult as it may be, that the Eye is the Window of the Soul, and that the Window of a Butcher’s Shop is the Window of a Butcher’s Shop.



The laughing eye



The shy, bashful eye

When Typewriters

Reading Time • About 8 Minutes

YOU, dear reader, have doubtless been thrilled to the core not only by Mickey Mouse and kindred screen characters, but by the unforgettably human antics and emotions displayed by animated furniture, crockery, clothes—and even sanitary hardware.

You, then, will appreciate that this story is not as exaggerated as it might at first appear.

In actual fact, it's based on the testimony of a most reliable dictaphone, which was inadvertently 'left on' after closing hours, in the offices of a certain Mr. Juan-Jones, not so many moons ago.

The 'business' started some little while after the departure of Mr. Juan-Jones and his staff.

A deathly silence reigned over the place, broken only by the monotonous ticking of the office clock and the scurrying of voracious cockroaches in search of important files.

A second or two after the clock struck seven, an Underwood typewriter—not the oldest, but as it happened by far the most knowing machine in that office—burst into sudden speech!

Which is all the more remarkable because it was what is described as a 'noiseless' model.

"I say, Oliver!" it sang out in a rich, hearty voice to a new and natty portable reposing on the prettiest stenographer's desk. Whereat the office clock, astounded, missed a number of ticks, and the cockroaches scuttled away out of sight.

An exquisite tremor ran through the frame of the Oliver. But it ventured no reply. For truth to tell, it hadn't realised it possessed the power of *speaking* words, in addition to writing them.

"Come, come!" chided the Underwood impatiently. "Don't be so dumb! This is the anniversary of the day on which we were invented. On this day, every Typewriter is granted the



The mental picture was too much for them.

Give Tongue

By Albert A. Roland

Illustrated by the Author

power of speech for one hour, provided no Humans are present."

The Oliver became vocal.

"How was I to know that, Mr. Underwood?" it pipped in a babyish voice. "I only came into the world five months ago."

"Oh well, that's different," conceded the older machine. "Of course, I couldn't make out your serial number from where I am. Well, sonny, *now* you know."

"So what?"

"So what? Don't tell me you're American? I've always thought an Oliver—"

"Hey, feller! What's the matter with being an American?" gasped a nasal voice in interruption from the adjoining room. "We're hundred per cent efficient. It's in the guarantee!"

"Trumpeter!" snarled the Underwood, *sotto voce*. Then aloud, genially: "Don't I know it, your Royal Highness? I'd forgotten for the moment you were in the Head Stenographer's room. No offence—"

"Aw, forget it!" boomed the Royal from the other side of the partition. "It's O. K. by me. Well, Undy old boy, and what's new?"

"Quite a few chapters of history have been written into my ribbons since our last pow-wow. On my platen and in my spools I carry some interesting—some *very* interesting impressions. But the question arises, should a Typewriter tell?—especially with young Oliver here present. Only five months old—"

"Don't mind me!" chirruped the portable. "Five months in the life of a pretty stenographer's machine can be quite an age.....I could contribute *my* share of interesting experiences."

So it came about that certain illuminating conversations were presently proceeding in that apparently sleeping office.

Now, apart from censorship considerations, it isn't possible in the space at our disposal to repeat *all* that

was said. We've ventured, however, to copy from the dictaphone cylinder (an unusually large one) a few selections.

And so, unless the Editor's blue pencil intervenes, you, dear reader, are about to have the *unique* experience of learning something of what a Typewriter thinks—

"Every year," began the Underwood, "I realise more and more that this is a strange world. And that the strangest creatures in it are Humans, in general, and Stenographers in particular. Every year, improvements and refinements are effected in everything—in *us*, for instance—in everything, except themselves! Look at Oliver's improvements: half-spacing, ball-bearing segment-shift, interchangeable platen, and so on and so forth. But where are our Stenographers' improvements? And as for refinement...well, I don't wish to be ungallant—"

"This is a hundred per cent men's party, Undy old boy," called the Royal. "So don't be squeamish. Spill the beans!"

The Underwood sighed.

"She's so beautiful!" he said. "But so mercenary.....Alas, our Stenographers are not what they used to be....."

"Who's beautiful but mercenary?" enquired the Oliver.

"The girl who does her stuff on *you*, my boy. She's even prettier than the girl who used to work on me some months ago—before you joined us—but who's no longer a member of our staff."

"What befell her?"

"She met the Steno's usual fate. Mrs. Juan-Jones came in unexpectedly one day. Just as my Steno, cosily reposing on Mr. Juan-Jones' knee, was asking him a question (apropos of the corporation elections which were about to take place): 'Are you thinking of running again?'"

"And did he?" asked the Oliver needlessly.

"He did. Instantly. But his better-half caught him in the outer office. However, the matter ended to Mrs. Juan-Jones's satisfaction. Juan-Jones got a black eye. The Steno got notice. And Mrs. Juan-Jones got a diamond bracelet."

"But Mr. Underwood, surely Marigold isn't a girl of that sort? I've never seen her sitting on his knees. On the other hand, she's typed several letters on me to her boy-friend. Rather intimate letters, I'll admit—but she seems to be genuinely in love."

"I hate to shatter your illusions, Oliver," said the Underwood gently. "But I know a thing or two about Marigold, I'm afraid. Sometimes, after she's put you away for the day, Juan-Jones comes in here, and I've seen and heard—what I've seen and heard. (I haven't a cover, you see.) As for the boy-friend, she may be in love with him, but she's certainly playing a double game. The other day, for instance, Juan-Jones said to her: 'I see from the Salesmen's Map, Marigold, that our best man, Clinchitt, has been sent to Calcutta. I never ordered that. Calcutta's always been barren territory—too many Scotsmen there.' She answered: 'It's quite all right, darling. I sent him there! You see, I'm spending my winter vacation in Calcutta—and Mr. Clinchitt and I are almost engaged!'"

"Confounded nerve!" boomed the Royal.

"But that wasn't all," went on the Underwood. "Juan-Jones then asked her: 'When does your vacation begin, Marigold?' 'November,' she said. 'Well, I'm not releasing you till December, love,' he decided. 'And meanwhile, Chinchitt stays on there.' She was about to protest, but a jewelled wrist-watch changed hands, and instead she asked: 'Oh, darling!—what have I done to deserve this? Isn't God good to me, Juan?'"

"I'd never have thought it of Marigold!" wailed the portable with an emotion that moved his back-

spacer. "Such a sweet face. Such a glorious figure. Now if you'd been speaking of the Head Steno—"

"You leave my girl alone!" barked the Royal. "She may have a figure like a sack of potatoes with a couple-a melons thrown in, but she's reliable. In America we believe that Fat Typewriters—we call Stenos 'Typewriters' in the States—are more dependable than the lighter, faster type. Well-cushioned ones are recommended, because they're quieter, do better work, and *last* longer. They've got a firmer foundation and more durability. Besides there's no monkey-business with them. And they never make mistakes."

"The Heavyweight's Champion!" chuckled the Oliver. "But she has one fault, and that you'll admit, sir! She lacks tact."

"Howja make that out?"

"Only this morning, old Juan-Jones was in a foul mood—must have had a tiff with his missus, or something. But in spite of his bad humour, your girl kept calling him 'Sweetie' and 'Sugar'. I could hear everything quite distinctly from here. Finally, he burst out irritably with: 'I do wish

you wouldn't keep calling me 'Sweetie' and 'Sugar'—with me suffering the way I am from diabetes!'"

"That wasn't lack of tact, sonny. It was lack of information." And they all laughed heartily.

"How about Undy's girl?" demanded the Royal, after a while. "Nothing's been said about *her* yet."

"As you know," said the Underwood, "she's not a bad-looking girl, and she appears to have a kind heart. But I've no faith in her. I'm afraid I must be an incurable cynic. I don't like the way she smiles to herself when she's typing certain phrases in her letters. She always grins when producing the following: 'I trust you will reconsider the offer I made you'. And 'Faithfully yours'. I could swear she has some joke up her sleeve—if she *had* sleeves. And she's awfully sarcastic. When Marigold said to her recen-



"Isn't God good to me?"

tly: 'The man I marry must have a sense of humour,' she said: 'Don't worry, dear, he will!' When the Head Clerk confided to her: 'The doctor said if I didn't stop smoking cigarettes, I'd become a hopeless imbecile,' she replied: 'Why didn't you?'"

"Poor Brown!" said the Oliver. "He seems keen on her, doesn't he?"

"Hopelessly smitten, poor fellow! Rather fancied his chances, too, until recently. I heard her say to him: 'I hear you made a bet, Mr. Smith, that if you proposed to me, I'd accept.' 'Yes, dear,' he said, 'will you marry me?' 'How much did you bet?' she wanted to know. Unfortunately for him, it was only eight annas. They don't speak to each other now."

"And it wasn't so long ago I thought I smelt a romance," said the Oliver. "'Darling,' I heard him ask her one night, 'when I am far away, wilt thou gaze at yon star every night and think of me?' 'I will indeed, Smithey dear,' she told him, 'because it is always out so very late at night, and looks so pale in the morning.'"

"Your girl," cried the Royal, "treads on *every-one's* corns! She's at daggers drawn with my girl at present. All over a conundrum she asked her. 'What does a fat girl like you do,' she asked, 'when she goes into a theatre on a hot night?' 'What?' asked my girl. 'Takes off her hat—and *pants*.'"

"She's no sense of humour, apparently," said the Oliver. "Whereas Marigold certainly has. She and Mr. Underwood's girl were laughing heartily the other morning over your girl's singing. Not the voice, but the song—or rather, hymn. It seems they were in church together, and when your girl sang: 'Had I the wings of a dove,' the mental picture of that thirteen-stoner trying to fly with a four-inch pair of wings was too much for them!"

"A sense of humour is a wonderful attribute," said the Underwood, "but I prefer the type of humour which is untainted by malice and sarcasm. Here's an instance. When Juan first fell in love with Marigold, I remember him saying: 'Will you trust me, darling?'"

'With all my heart, with all my soul, with all myself,' she whispered. 'Would to heaven you were my tailor!' he murmured.

"Whereas, when Smith proposed to my girl once, saying: 'Be mine, sweetheart, and you will be treated like an angel!'—she answered: 'Yes, I suppose so. Nothing to eat, and less to wear. No, thank you!'"

"Mr. Underwood—" began the Oliver, when he was cut short by the American's strident accents from the next room:

"Say, Undy, old boy! Times's getting short, and I've just thought of a real hot one! I—I'm afraid it's one Juan-Jones told the Head Steno one day. But it's too good to wait another year for.....Listen: Apparently, his wife had had triplets. Operation case, and they were rather a time over it. So Juan-Jones got anxious, and finally burst into the operating theatre to see what was going on. The horrified doctor, swathed in his sterilized coverings, confronted him angrily: 'Hey, you!' he cried, 'you can't come in here—you aren't sterilized!' Juan-Jones took a look at the triplets, and answered: 'Not sterilized?—You're telling me?'"

The Oliver's laughter and the Underwood's murmurs of protest were drowned by the Royal's booming guffaws. Presently, the Underwood managed to make himself heard:

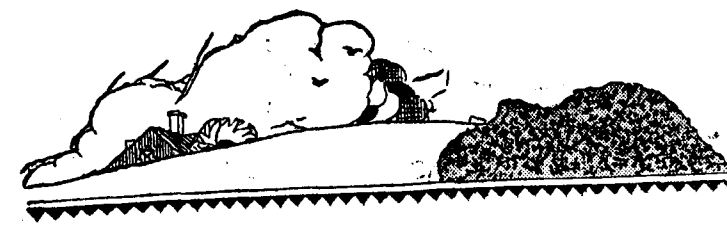
"I'm surprised at you, old man. Telling that one in Oliver's hearing. You know how young he—"

"As I said before," piped the Oliver, "don't mind me! In fact, I know a wickedder one than that myself—one the angelic-looking Marigold told your girl. It's about a farmer's daughter, and it goes something like this—"

* * * *

But fortunately the dictaphone cylinder reached the end of its tether at this point.

(And the same here.....Ed.)





My Worst Best Girl

By Old Soldier Jim

Reading Time

About 3 Minutes

I can say she is attractive without saying what she attracts. The 'Flit' and 'Swoop' Companies are fighting over her photograph. She has a figure. I need not describe that. There's a new model on the market every day.

The best way out of the difficulty would perhaps be a little poetry, or parody:—

Her face was like a snowshoe
Her neck was nice and long.
And when she wears her whiskers
She wears them all day long.

Her face is like a showshoe
As flat as flat can be
And when the monsoon's broken
Ye Gods! Give me a cup of tea.

Least said soonest mended, so if I'm not careful she'll be getting a word in edgeways. That's how they come out. Every time she opens her mouth she puts her foot into it to stop the flow of the current.

I could not relay her conversation. All she says is relayed—seems like an echo from a dark and distant past. Her valves oscillate and cause internal combustion which in its turn deflects the flow of the current with a consequent heat-wave and reproduction of volume. (That's the technical way of describing it—if you don't understand, ask her yourself.)

She's only a dhobi's daughter,
and all she needs is a washer.

THE END

I was in the dark ages I met her—very dark. She never ventured out in the daylight. Then she saw my facial expression and seemed to consider that there were things more beautiful than water buffaloes. When we are together we dare not attempt to face the light of the day. We were not at Quetta at the time of the earthquake, but had we been there then, the reason for the catastrophe would have been self-evident. Our combined obstreperous ocular personalities would shake anything be it human or otherwise.

Although I am always imbued with a friendly feeling after dark, she did not quite catch me; but we made friends. She's waiting for the combination of a leap year and an eclipse of the sun; then I'm for the high jump.

I dare not attempt to describe her but I can make one or two definite statements. If I say anything she likes, her feminine instinct will operate and I shall be ruined. If I say anything she can construe as insulting, her mouth will open and sparks will fly.

Feminines are always touchy about their descriptions, designations, disappointments and detonations.

GRAND LIES—(Continued from page 12)

forest to round up a gang. I kept all my men three furlongs behind, and I was going all by myself. It was a dark night, so dark that you could not see your hand before your eyes, and about fifty of these animals and surrounded me. They came in a drove. God! what howls, snarls, squawls and growls. Any other fellow would have died immediately of fright. Not I. I was just as cool as you see me now. I just stopped right in the centre, with a smile in my mouth, took a stick in my hand (I hadn't taken my revolver), and I tell you, there was quite a jolly brisk business for an hour and a half. God! How they pounce upon you!

"What happened?"

"Why, I killed all of them and left a pool of blood and a heap of jackal carcasses."

"But weren't you hurt also?"

"Not much. One of the brutes gave me rather a bad scratch in the back. Pass your hand over my back—there, yes—no—just a little below, there, there. Yes—can't you feel a kind of—"

Lies! Lies!! All Lies!!!

THE END

Says Stephen Graham—

The Russian has not got what the phrenologists call determination. He easily gives way to whims.

Marriage under the new regime exemplifies this. A man sees a girl in a tramcar and proposes marriage. At the first tram-stop they get out and get married.

The girl says "Meet me at my mother's flat at three o'clock this afternoon and meet my family and friends."

At three the husband turns up and finds a reception and a lot of pretty girls at the flat.

For the life of him he cannot distinguish which is his wife, and he keeps embracing wrong girls, causing much scandal.

The wife is disappointed by his behaviour.

They go at once and write themselves off—that is, get divorced.

Labour's Earnest Call

Muse, for once, descend to earth,
And 'mix' with men and give them mirth.
Bring a scented scarf, and flick
Folly, Vice, and every trick
That swarm around and overlay
Men and Manners of To-day.
And don't forget to bring your whip,
(Suspend a bit your celestial trip!)
The whip, I mean, of your ringing laugh
To chasten follies by at least half.

* * * *

Look behind—direct your gaze
Along the vista of Ancient Days,
Did Glory, Honour, Chastity,
As a Rama, Nala, Savitri,
Walk this hoary Land of Ind?
From Comorin to northern Sind?
Did the land overflow with "milk and honey"?

* * * *

(Now, front!) It's all—what?—money! money!
Look at the scramble for pelf and power;
For the tinsel show of the fleeting hour.

* * * *

Look up and see—let pass in review—
Before your sad and startled view,
Scions of a pigmy race,
In stolen silk and sweated lace,
But—(softly! check your mirth!)
Of generous inches round their girth,
Swagger under stones of fat,
And fuss and frizz over This and That.

* * * *

But God! the worker, his wife and child!
They often wish that Death had smiled
Upon their endless misery!

* * * *

O Crime! Thy name is Poverty!
Phew! let's have some tea; then, play!
My little Muse, now, what d' you say?

—G. K. Pillai



The balloon blew up and burst

The Balloon

By V. Ganapathi

Reading Time • About 4 Minutes

Illustrated by Sekar

MY little nephew was insistent in his demand. The little fellow's request was plaintive.

"Uncle, uncle, don't forget." Eventually, I bought him a beautiful little balloon for a pice.

The child danced with pleasure—innocent joy. He blew the balloon, and blew again. The shrunken little rubber bag gradually assumed growing proportions and swelled up. It was a glorious bulging out. The balloon blew up, blew up,—and burst. Poor child! But the loss was soon made good.

* * *

Jaya was the perfection of the Creator's handicraft. Her perfection was complete when she was sixteen

and there remained nothing to be desired. Everything about her, every small thing she did, was qualified by charm and elegance.

I was just an observer and admirer—until a certain event. Jaya and I were placed just a few feet from each other at a family 'Tea'. I am not made of 'high resistance' stuff, nor am I emotion-proof. "Why did God in His infinite wisdom choose to create women, and why did he take particular care to model such beautiful specimens? Again, who was the cursed man that introduced diamond *dolaks*!" I wondered. Even without adornment Jaya was simply bewitching. And the *dolaks* intensified

the charm. I could do nothing but gaze at her—unmindful, yet helplessly conscious of being unmindful, of decorum. Yet so it was.

To 'dynamic', romantic, young men who experience that delightful feeling for the first time, anything is possible. So I contrived to meet Jaya and drop a hint. Praise be to Eros, my love struck a responsive cord in her heart. Every day thereafter, had an event worth recording. Letters passed; meetings were arranged; my heart was bulging. Poets and philosophers make vain attempts at surmise to locate Paradise. Foolish men and dull wits! Paradise is here, right around you. That was my wonderful discovery.

The garden of Eden was there, and likewise the forbidden fruit. Jaya's growing intimacy with me was strongly suspected by her people. I did not mind it, but I understood suspicion was in the mind of the party who could make or mar my bliss. These old folk! They simply will not mind their own business. Undaunted I carried on. The realisation of my heart's craving was my objective. I could so far only see imaginary obstacles. I thought over the matter.

The only prudent, judicious and helpful move would be to lay the facts before Jaya's father and obtain his blessing. But till then, was it wise to continue these trysts with Jaya? The question, of course, did not stay in my mind.

Wise girl that she was, Jaya cautioned me against rashness. Patience yet awhile. My hot-blooded impatience might mean severance. So Jaya told me.

But my love would not hold. My heart was full. The shrunken bag was filling rapidly, expanding gloriously. A throbbing within, a tingling along the veins and the entire frame ebullient. What then was the drawback? Nothing that I could see. Go ahead.

I did go ahead. I met Jaya in the evenings, much against her wish. Hazardous as it was, I forced her one fateful evening to meet me at the garden; or else to see my corpse that night. Poor girl, she could do nothing but comply.



What could any ardent lover do?

not without a sly glance at me which was full of gentle reproach. I cursed myself, and watched her going out of the garden leaving a huge void everywhere around me.

My nephew and his balloon came to my mind. The little boy blew it up in spite of my caution, and it burst. And I did not caution myself, and even disregarded caution. And this love balloon blew up, blew up and burst. Can this be replaced?

THE END

Jaya and I were passing along the rosy paths of our ideal future. She looked up at me with longing, soul-reaching eyes and the lovely lips invited instant response. What would any ardent young lover do? I caught her up by the waist and..... and the next instant there stood before us an erect and rigid form whose eyes flashed fire. The old man, by some inexplicable cycle of events, had taken it into his head the same evening to have a stroll in that very garden. He looked at me as if he would turn me into a stone and thundered, "Jaya, follow me!"

I stood petrified. Meekly, Jaya followed her father, but



Wallace Beery

WHENEVER Wallace Beery speaks his lines, you can be sure that not one of them is found in the script. For one thing, his memory is poor; and Beery should never be stilted. So he never does memorise any given passages. First, he gets the spirit of the story into his mind, then he goes through his part to get the sense of it, and speaks the words, which naturally occur to him. He is an exceptional actor and this practice of his often leaves the others on the set bewildered.

Just imagine you were an actor. How would you go about learning your lines? Some parts may require speaking for a long time and some not. In any case, not only have you to remember them letter-perfect, you have to give them power as well.

Would you do as in your schooldays, cramming poetry and propositions in Euclid? Or, would you rehearse in front of a mirror? Would you sit down in a quiet corner and muck up? Or stand in front of an oil lamp all through night and read aloud—swilling pots of tea to cheat sleep? And there is the Demosthenes' business. There are so many ways that they leave you fairly dizzy if you pause to consider them.

Some players may be quick, and some slow and digging but the majority of the Hollywood actors are fastidious in getting ready for their roles.



Will Rogers

Ned Sparks, the dead-pan comedian, swears to this one. He knows a stage actor who, every time he is cast in a show, prefers nocturnal meanderings to prepare for the part. He goes into the eerie stillness of the night, with a torchlight, and wanders in a graveyard to memorise his lines. This may

Learning

or may not be true: But Ned Sparks cannot be giving us one of 'his' lines. Whatever it may be, the methods of Hollywood stars are almost as peculiar as they are interesting.

W.C. Fields is original even in this. With the birds and the bees and the trees as his audience, he strolls through his orange grove, script in hand. He tries out all his odd noises and thinks of new ways of using his gags.



Paul Muni is one of the most painstaking actors. He uses a dictaphone. He speaks his lines into it. As the dictaphone records his voice, it enables him to make corrections in the speech and the emphasis where necessary. He repeats them into the machine until he is completely satisfied. This is one of the most effective methods known to an actor, as he can hear his own voice and rectify any inaccuracies of speech or emphasis.

Henry Armetta, the Italian comedian, is very funny in memorising his part. He prances, runs, then slows down to a walk, reciting meanwhile, aloud. He strikes his forehead a crashing blow with his open palm, whenever he makes a mistake, just as he does in the pictures. The sounds emanating from his immediate vicinity would indicate the presence of a dying man. Once on the set, he never blows up, nor does he crash his palm on his head. He is O. K.

The late Will Rogers, the most popular film star in America, was like Wallace Beery. He would wait until he was on the set and the camera was ready. "Well, what is the gag here?" he would say. He would repeat the lines once or twice and then go into action. He



Warren William

Their Lines

By Kappa



Jeanette MacDonald

would feel if the words and phrases are natural and change them instinctively. But when the scene is actually made, he may say something entirely different from his script. Mostly they are a decided improvement on the original.

In the case of Mae West, just one spot is sufficient. Even when new lines are added on the set, or serious changes made in the dialogue, the buxom blonde retires to her dressing room, reclines on her couch and closes her eyes until the words are imprinted in her mind.

One would find Ramon Novarro a raving, wildly waving figure, stalking up and down, talking to himself like a crazy man. As he walks, he plays his character, gesticulating and talking as though he were already in front of the camera.

A remarkable man on the screen is Ralph Bellamy. He is extremely quick to memorise. He reads the entire script once and then studies ten pages at a time. His stock-experience is so great that he has only to go over the words three or four times to learn them. This is known in stage parlance as 'Quick Study'. James Cagney, Margaret Sullivan, Gary Cooper, Norma Shearer, George Raft, John Boles and some other stars come under this class.

Warren William carries his script with him, wherever he goes, long before a picture starts: at meals while driving, walking etc.



Paul Muni

Shirley Temple and Cora Sue Collins have their mothers who go over the lines with them until they are repeated word-perfect.

Baby Jane is something of a prodigy. She masters not only

her lines but those of all the other principals also and is able thereby to do a little prompting when the 'big' ones stutter.

Warner Baxter accords his lines intensive study and works out the actions and details of his role as he plods through the script. He always rehearses his lines to himself on the set, going to a far corner of the stage to hear his own voice.

Jean Harlow reads the script fifteen times before going to sleep everynight.

Jeanette MacDonald copies and recopies them in long hand, writing sometimes for several hours until the part is learned thoroughly.

So does pert Alice White.

Douglass Montgomery needs speed to help him. He asks his chauffeur to drive him to some outlying road where traffic is at a minimum, and steps on the gas. The faster they go, the better is Douglass able to concentrate on his script. When he has sufficiently got them by heart, he changes his seat with the chauffeur and repeats them to him.

Richard Arlen too practises the same method with this variation: He drives himself and asks his companions to read his part to him.

Unlike any of these stars, Ronald Colman, the star of *Clive of India*, has a way of getting himself ready for his part all his own. In his bachelor's den, he shuts himself up, and, believe it or not, goes to sleep after one perusal of his story. He is a writer of sorts himself and in a natural way, the lines get into his mind as on a camera plate.



Ramon Novarro

The Air-Minded Girl

By V. S. Krishnaswami

Illustrated by Varma

Reading Time • About 6 Minutes



IT was indeed a very difficult task for Mr. Iyengar to find a husband for his daughter, because his daughter was an air-minded girl. Mr. Iyengar was a typical product of modern times. At least he had to be so, because his wife had modern ideas and she had to be so, because her brother was an officer in the Indian Civil Service. If Mr. Iyengar and his wife were not modern, social relationship will be cut off with the I. C. S. brother-in-law, and how can one ignore an I. C. S. in these days? Chellammal, Mr.

Iyengar's wife, became modern by adopting a simple trick. She sat by her husband in the front seat of their car. Mr. Iyengar of course became modern by removing the irksome tuft and using various hair-dyes to convert his grey hairs into jet black ones. Under the circumstances, Lalitha, Mr. Iyengar's daughter, was born modern. She passed all her examinations at school and entered college. She always dressed in a white sari and said that she would not marry, because all young men were fools.

Mr. Kalyan, I. C. S., Chellammal's brother, was made modern by his being taken into the Civil Service. Therefore there was a modern family which would not include Mr. Iyengar's father and mother, because they belonged to the older generation. Lalitha was exactly eighteen, and she was air-minded. She was determined not to marry anybody except one who was air-minded.

It was indeed a red-letter day in the life of Lalitha when she joined the Flying Club. She was immediately taken in an aeroplane by the pilot and the pilot declared that in his experience in India, Miss Lalitha was the only air-minded Indian girl he had come across. College chums looked at Lalitha with admiration. In short, Lalitha's air-mindedness took everybody by storm.

At last Mr. Iyengar inserted an advertisement in the *South Indian*:

"Wanted a bridegroom. He must be a young man of good parentage in a position to marry a young girl of eighteen, educated and fair. It is imperative that the bridegroom must be air-minded."

Thousands of letters began to pour in in answer to Mr. Iyengar's advertisement. Unfortunately, none of the applicants was air-minded.

But at last there came to them a letter in which the applicant said that he was nothing but air-minded. He would meet them at the Minambakkam aerodrome, if they desired to consider his application. Here was great news! They had actually found an air-minded person. They immediately fixed an engagement with him at Minambakkam.

Mr. Iyengar and his family motored to the aerodrome and there they found an aeroplane just about to take off. They approached the plane. A young man from the pit shouted that he was the applicant and asked them to come near. He said: "Mr. Iyengar, please send your daughter for a ride with me. Let me prove that I am cent per cent air-minded." It was a very fair proposition and Lalitha got into the plane. The plane glided along and rose up gracefully. The

next few minutes were the most exciting and anxious ones for Mr. and Mrs. Iyengar. The aeroplane was never steady in the air. It looped the loop, it swirled and swayed. The pilot was performing aerobatics. After half an hour of this crazy flying, the plane returned to *terra firma* as gracefully as it left it.

The young man jumped out of the plane and exclaimed: "Mr. Iyengar, kindly ask your daughter to come out. I never thought that she was such a coward. She was screaming with fright all the time.

I was doing only a few of the tricks which I know, and she did not stand the test. You must know that the flight was not a test to examine my air-mindedness, for I have been qualified as a first class pilot. I only wanted to examine the air-mindedness of your daughter. I can assure you she is not at all air-minded." By the time he finished talking, Lalitha came out of the plane with a pale and frightened face. The young pilot looked at her with amusement. "Look here, Miss Lalitha, what about another go?" But Lalitha did not answer him. She turned her face away.

At this awkward moment, the pilot introduced

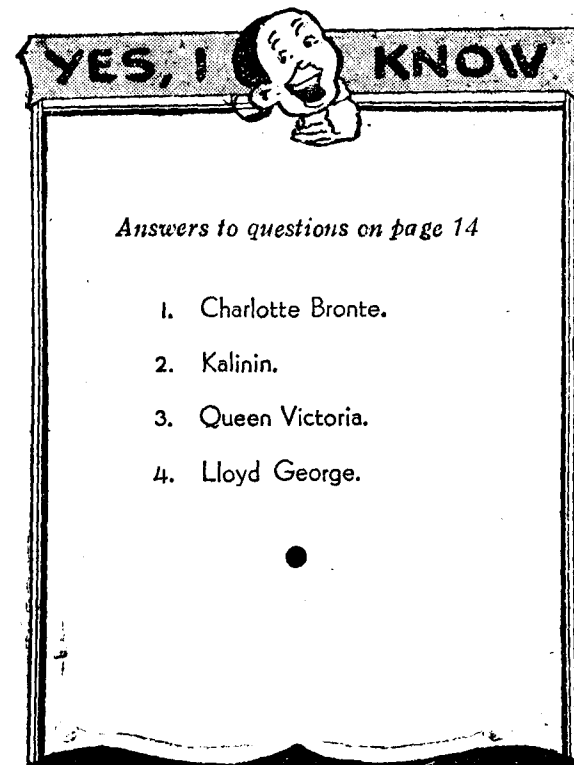
himself. He said, "Mr. Iyengar, I am Ram Singh, the well-known Indian pilot. I had no intention to marry your daughter. I only wanted to disillusion your ideas. Aviation is a tough business. What your daughter needs is not an air-minded chap, but a steady-minded chap."

The following month the marriage of Miss Lalitha with Mr. Ramaswami took place. The son-in-law was a decent chap employed in Bengal. After the marriage, while the lovers were alone, Ramaswami asked his wife: "Well dear, are you air-minded?"

"No, I am not! I will not go near an aeroplane. I hate it!"

"I am very sorry," answered Ramaswami. "You see, I resigned my job in the Railways last month, and I have been appointed a pilot in the Bengal Flying Club."

THE END



Answers to questions on page 14

1. Charlotte Bronte.
2. Kalinin.
3. Queen Victoria.
4. Lloyd George.

N. E. W. S.

By Vanamali

The 'no man's land' between comedy and tragedy is so narrow that it is almost negligible. The following incident where laughter led a man to his end tends to prove this aphorism.

A young man, Louis Isaac, sat on a window-ledge in the Bronx district of New York. A friend of his standing by, entertained him by relating funny stories. One of the jokes was such a howler that Louis laughed with the abandon of youth. The shaking of his laughter-thrilled body upset his balance. He fell down four storeys—and died.

A man in a village in Czecho-Slovakia is fond of a certain drink—something like our toddy. Also, he is fond of dogs. But the dogs are not fond of him. One dog, however, stuck to him with its native fidelity. One day he placed before his dog a saucerful of his toddy, just for a lark. The dog sniffed the brew, and took just one lick tentatively. Not satisfied, he investigated it further. He licked the saucer clean. The man finding a kindred soul, hugged his dog, which promptly bit his nose. Then it dashed into the street and killed four stray hens, one lamb and two cats. It returned to its master and slept under his chair for eight hours. The fumes in its little brain cleared, and the first thing it saw on waking up was its master with his nose bound up in a bandage. The dog was apparently disgusted at the sight, for it walked away out of the house and is to this day avoiding its whilom master.

The idea of strip-poker may sound silly to some. But it is there and is growing on what it feeds on. Improving upon the idea, two women in America started a game of strip-golf. One of them won the match, leaving the other stranded on the nineteenth green with three scanty bits of clothing on her.

No wonder the Congresswallahs and other wallahs in India are so suspicious of British politicians. One Mr. Harper standing for Parliament filed his nomination papers the other day at Walsall. He described

himself as an 'honest politician'! The Returning Officer wrinkled his nose at the word 'honest' and shook his head. So Mr. Harper scored off the offending word and called himself only 'politician'.

Dr. Sudhindra Bose writing from America to *The Hindu* gives a diverting bit of news. Superior Judge Marshall McComb of Los Angeles in scratching his wise head over an action brought before him by Dr. Bagchi (Swami Dhirananda) against Swami Yogananda for recovery of \$ 7,900 against a pronote executed by the latter. The defendant's counsel says that the pronote was given under duress and that it covered the salary of Dr. Bagchi for teaching in Yogananda's seminary at Mount Washington. The counsel's argument is that since mystic Hinduism forbids monetary considerations for religious work, they owe Dr. Bagchi nothing. Hinduism as practised by Pandas, Purohiths and Swamis at our holy places is decidedly mystic. Few people understand them. So when next a Panda or Purohit or Swami shoves his palm under your nose to receive payment for religious services rendered, just hurl on his head Swami Yogananda (metaphorically) and chant the sacred name of Sri Rama or Sri Krishna or Maheswara or of any one of the 33,000,00,00 Gods of the Hindu Parthenon.

Son of a Crown Prince of Turkey, grandson of the late Sultan Abdul Hamid ('Abdul the Damned'), brought up in extravagant splendour in his early years, but a suicide at 29 in a New York Hotel, with a few shots of lead inside, friendless, helpless and absolutely penniless. This is the fate of Prince Abdul Karim, who killed himself recently. The Prince went to the States last September from China where he tried to secure help to restore his family's fortunes. His only possessions at the time of his death were the clothes he had on a suit case, a few shirts and—Heaven knows what he had this for!—a screw-driver.

He tried, in vain, to marry a wealthy American girl and restore the Sultanate. The disappointment finished him.

Star Snaps

By Satellite

A Galaxy of Stars.



If ever there was a galaxy of grand stars of the film firmament in any one picture, it is now in Tolstoy's *Anna Karenina*. And many nationalities are represented in it through the accents of many countries. Every film-fan will go into raptures over this film for these popular players are at their best.

Garbo, the great glamorous Garbo, is there. Her fans will find her the alluring and fascinating personality that she is.

Fredric March, handsome and pleasing, plays his part as a Russian officer. There is, again, Freddie Bartholomew, the little Englishman, speaking with a perfectly beautiful English accent.

There are, besides, Basil Rathbone, Reginald Owen, Reginald Denny, Maureen O'Sullivan, Buster Phelps, and Cora Sue Collins.

Almost every theme of Tolstoy's works is a scathing indictment on the prison system of Russia and, humour, as a rule, is conspicuous by its absence. Morbidity, there is plenty of it in Russian literature and in an intensified form in this story.

The story, in essence, is that of the wife of an important Russian Government official, having a love-affair with a military officer who leaves her to go to war. Later, as she feels that he has worn out of his love for her, she throws herself in front of a railway train.

A moving, human drama, with its climax, as usual with the Russian saint, in its tragedy.

Fine film fare and a success worthy of the best in Hollywood. But the triumph of this picture is said to be the careful attention paid by the producer to detail—a thing which we find sadly lacking in the greatest measure in our productions. The scenes on the railway, race-course, the ball-room and the opera house, they say, are all miracles of production.

Love in Films.

According to 10,000 British filmgoers, the relative popularity of various films named in a recent question-

naire shows *The Private Life of Henry VIII* first with 9,735 votes. *The Man Who Knew Too Much* was runner-up with 4,617 votes.

No more than 12.57 per cent of voters insisted that a love interest was necessary if a film was not to be dull, and 71.13 per cent of replies said that the story was more important than the actors.

Opinion on the subject of costume-films versus modern subjects was almost evenly divided, with a slight bias against costume.

Shakespeare as possible film source receives 57.63 per cent of the votes. The colour-film vote was 73.6 per cent in favour.

Spain Bans Picture.

The Ministry of Home Affairs, Spain, has banned the Paramount film *The Devil is a Woman*, in which Miss Marlene Dietrich stars.

Objection is taken to the way in which Spanish soldiers and civil guard are depicted. On behalf of the Spanish Government, the Paramount Film Company has been warned that if the film in its present form is not immediately withdrawn from circulation throughout the world, all Paramount films will be banned from Spain in the future.

Freddie's Father Wants him Back!

Freddie Bartholomew, earning 1250 dollars a week in Hollywood has been there for the past 18 months. His aunt, Millicent Bartholomew who went with him, is now obliged to apply to the American Courts for full legal guardianship of the boy. For Freddie's parents want him back in London. His father says: "His mother and I are determined to get our Freddie back. We are proud of his success but had no idea that he was going to stay there playing in films."

Says his mother: "The whole business has stunned me. Other people seem to have taken possession of my child. I love my boy and want him back."

Freddie's future depends on the decision of the American Courts.





Merry-Magus Replies

A. R. C. Ran. Control that love for pleasure and society; it is a weakness in your case. Are you not passed for richer than what you really are? Though not passionate, you are full of affection. Another point in you is you are influenced by your surroundings. Therefore, do not live under uncongenial conditions. Jealousy leads you to acts of violence. Decide everything for yourself. Don't consult others. Take care of your throat.

★

Parijatha. Extreme truthfulness and honesty are not always a blessing. You are liable to be deceived by others thereby. You are very sympathetic and generous. You do not like control over you by others. It would be better if you were a little composed and not haughty. You are liable to be wounded in your feelings. Don't be idle for a moment. Always engage yourself actively. Fainting fits and pains in the head will worry you.

★

Narcess. Probably you mean 'Narcissus' which has gay and fragrant flowers. It is no wonder you like that as you crave for harmony, colour and art. Affection is a guiding factor in your life. Love and hatred are seen at their extremes. Your enemies are forewarned of your intentions if you act too openly. One should be kind of course; but one should not over do it. It will then be on the border of stupidity. Jealousy is a dangerous thing in a man's life. Your lungs are prone to disease.

Ambrette (Madras). Does not ambrette smell musky? You are also musky in that you see no other way but your own. You should cultivate tolerance. Versatility does not seem to be a blessing in you. It makes you indecisive as to what line of career to choose. It is better you choose your own career, instead depending on others for guidance. How are you at music? There is absolutely nothing demeaning in acknowledging one's error. On the other hand it will be advantageous. Your throat and lungs are delicate.

★

Odour-base (Madras). Odour is not base, but the spirit of vengeance is. Don't carry your likes or dislikes too far. Be calm and control yourself. Let your words be guarded; or else, you will have regrets. Debates and arguments are good but you should always be open-minded. Are you not always feeling lonely? The reason is that you don't create proper understanding. Make the best use of opportunities as they come. Your stomach will give you trouble.

★

Musk Special (Madras). What is the use of your subtlety and brilliance if you have no purpose in life. Your dual temperament is too difficult to be understood. You can be a charming but not a constant companion. Don't pry into the weaknesses of others. Be careful about your lungs.

★

Sterling (Madras). Your sterling quality is you consider the pros and cons well before pronouncing a judgment. First

impressions are called intuitions and you would do well to act according to them. Your over-reasoning faculties spoil everything. Certainly love cannot stand any acid test. Unless you are a sport, you can never have happiness in home-life. Take care of your nerves.

★

Jarayba (Madras). Don't be so haughty, my friend; it will only affect you and not others. It is good you are generous, but you should never lose your temper. Extreme frankness is not an asset always; it creates a lot of enemies. You have determination and tenacity of purpose; improve them. Don't be idle even for a single moment. You are a true friend and you expect others to be so. You cannot brook disloyalty or deceit. Take care of your eyes.

★

Vanilla. How do you like a chocolate flavoured with vanilla? It is not judicious to be the under-dog in a fight. Your intuition is absolutely useless if you so lack courage and confidence. Stock as much vanilla as possible for your later life, to compensate the lack of harmony in the family. Why do you feel the responsibilities of life too much, and worry yourself into bad health? You are prone to accidents to the legs and ankles.

★

Sivet. Do you mean civet? I am not surprised that all your friends are after musk. Tell me what you really want to achieve in life? Certainly, you are socially ambitious, but you should not lose interest in things soon after you

have got them. You live for the moment and therefore are not reliable in your tendencies. Stick to one thing always. Your digestive organs are weak.

★

T. Rose (Madras). Don't do things on the impulse and then regret afterwards. Never cease to be active. Inactivity means early decay. Don't be so arrogant as not to admit your fault; there is nothing wrong in it. Your power of concentration and will power are assets, but you want a free hand in everything. You should see things through the eyes of others also. Carbuncles and boils will trouble you.

★

V. Guruswamy. Have you ever noticed that when you work for others you succeed and when you work for your own cause it ends in a miserable failure? Is it not strange? Do you know why? You require to be put into action by somebody else. Certainly others will not help you if the concern is purely yours. Unless you control your excitable temperament and have determination, you cannot hope to succeed in life. You have good imagination. Improve upon it. The fault is you fail to make the best use of opportunities. Your stomach is your weakest organ.

★

A. K. V. Don't be so rash, my boy! Your criticisms may not be constructive and you are liable to be misunderstood as impudent. It is very good you are honourable and at the same time determined in your views. If you have a good voice you can enter into a music course. Take my advice, always admit your error or guilt. There is nothing degrading in it. Don't do a thing on the impulse and never be idle. Take care of your throat and lungs.

★

Vathsalam (Tanjore). You take much after my friend A. K. V.

Have you got a fascination for going to temples often? You have a great respect for the traditions and customs of the family. Have you not got a tendency to make the best of a bad bargain? Certainly, chose you own career; it will never be a failure, but you should never become a rolling stone though you have versatility in any line. It is certainly very bad to see things in your own way. There are others with better vision. Of course your determination and courage can help you much to succeed in life. Boils and skin troubles, and in later years, bad nerves will worry you.

★

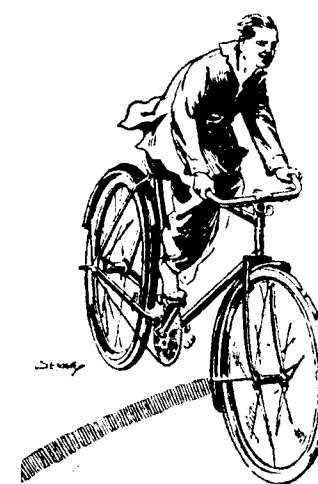
Ben. Come on, my Child friend! Don't sit there in the corner wasting your time. Be always playful. Even do some mischief but never sit idle. It is very good of you to have the instincts to obey your father and mother. You are for upright living and let your father develop you in the same line. The other day you committed a mistake; you should have admitted it when your mamma asked you, instead of denying it. It will make you look silly when the truth is out. You have good power of concentration; develop that fully, my dear child. Always keep your throat clean. I should like to see you some years hence!

★

Evans (Salem). Are you not extremely conventional and proud? Probably this saves you from showing up your weaknesses. Be consistent, don't change your views rather too suddenly. Consider well before you arrive at a decision. It is true one should be ambitious but selfishness should not play a predominant part. Have you not got a liking for titles just before and after your name? Don't turn to be hypocritical. Don't be over-decisive; your criticisms may not be liked by others. Take care of your nervous system.

★

S. E. Gae (Aurangabad). Your nerves are over-worked. Do you



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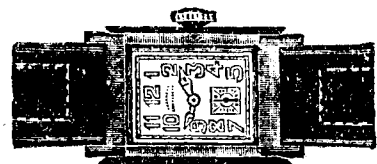
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know why? You easily excite yourself for nothing at all and lose control over yourself. Hence you are so easily affected. Extreme sensitiveness is not conducive to a successful life. Don't require to be pushed on by others. Come forward on your initiative and catch hold of the first opportunity. It is good to argue things for proper understanding, but you should be open to conviction. Jaundice will worry you always.



Kuttha (Jamalpur). Don't speculate or gamble. It will not help you to be a success in that direction. Do some honest business. Are you really hard up? You are so anxious about your financial stability! Your temperament is complex. You love home and at the same time you long to travel. Be steady and push forward. Don't retrace at the critical moment. Don't mind whether others encourage you or not. You go on with your work. You dream big plans, but to carry them out you mustn't be afraid of the criticisms of others. Diarrhoea may disturb your health.



Ned (Bhusawal). You have the fine gift of intuition and presentiment and unfortunately these good qualities are spoiled by your over-reasoning tendencies. Why don't you realise that some things cannot stand the acid test. You overweigh matters too much; that is why you have no domestic peace. Be a sport and cultivate a spirit of tolerance. Being exacting only results in disaster. In one word, you 'over-do' everything. Be careful of your nerves.

P. T. (Bodinayakanur). You can memorise well. You are at your best in literary work but it is a pity you are given to too much of pleasure and society. You have a great liking to entertain your friends. You are a bit showy in your dress and give others the impression of being richer than you actually are. Be tactful and reserved. You are too candid and it is no wonder your enemies are forewarned of your intentions. Don't suspect others. As a rule jealousy is very bad and is not conducive to one's happiness. Your nose and throat need careful tending.



R. A. Dorai (Robertsonpet). It is simply fine of you that you test well before admitting anybody into your circle of friends. This tendency guards you against any deceit or treachery. It is a bad habit to shut yourself up with your own ideas. Put forth your ideas to others and see its worth in their eyes. You are inclined to become 'Bohemian' in life. Check it. It is really very bad of you to be cunning at the expense of others. Do not your surroundings affect you much? Constipation is your constant worry.



Amirdham. Dear baby! Your papa is not able to understand why you are so excited for trifles. Tell him, if you can, that your nerves are highly strung. Come on, mix with other babes, and don't confine yourself to your mother's laps. In your later years, you are liable to wait for some call to duty or depend on circumstances. Don't give room for this tendency. You should be so brought up that you

overcome your sensitiveness and develop your will-power. Peculiar diseases of the stomach and bladder will make you suffer.



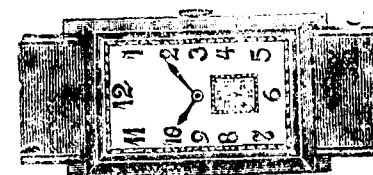
Nette (Bhusawal). It is strange you are much after Ned. Though you may not be happy at home, is there not a number of friends around you to make up for this lapse? You speculate successfully. It is good you are firm in your thoughts and deeds. Have you not got great attraction for research and study? There are certain things intangible and certain concrete. You should understand that intangible things cannot stand a test through a lens and act in life accordingly with that in mind. Always act on your first impressions. You should also be careful of your nerves. Are you not having severe head-aches often?

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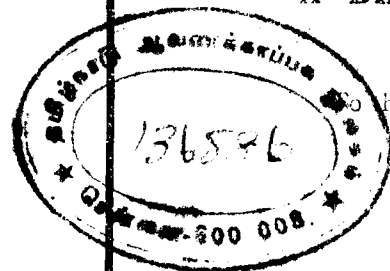
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(Submitted by the same entrant)



1	G	O	D	SUPREME BEING.
2	C	A	R	VEHICLE.
3	H	A	I	ARTICLE OF DRESS.
4	M	O	E	ASSEMBLY.
5	F	I	T	ATTACK.
6	E	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.

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