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The **MERRY** MAGAZINE

No. 47



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1935**



OLD SOLDIER JIM
Mrs. KAMALA



DEWAN BAHADUR K. S. RAMASWAMI SASTRI

THE
MERRY
MAGAZINE

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Embusque

The Marriage of Miss Mouse

A story with a tail to it. Don't kick high for a son-in-law, because there is always one available round the corner.

Dorothy A. Scott

Suggestion Vs. Suggestion
The sub-conscious mind brooding over a fast approaching fate, a simple lie, a grand cure.

Old Soldier Jim

Language

The difficulty of the whole business solved by an old soldier.

Shepherd of the Pot

Music Unheard

A strong plea for the re-editing of all the cheeky English poets.

SPARKS FROM OUR ANVIL

As a result of the British general elections, the Stock Exchange reports that the base metals are firm.

So is the Conservative Party.

Referring to his defeat, Mr. Ramsay Macdonald is reported to have said that he was not at all surprised.

For once, the ex-premier has reflected public opinion faithfully!

It is stated that the question of the inclusion of Mr. Churchill in the new Cabinet depends upon other questions.

Whatever they are, Mr. Churchill is prepared to ask them!

Lord Zetland says that he is still the Secretary of State for India, but that it would be rash for him to assume that the Premier would still desire him to occupy the post.

At any rate, it would be correct to assume that Lord Zetland does.

An Italian communique states: 'An Italian column toiling up the mountains was stoned by monkeys.'

Guerilla warfare has apparently begun!

A correspondent says that the Italians are asking themselves when the Ethiopian forces will make a halt.

Not until the enemy is afraid of the halter!

The Bengal Government administration report for the year 1934 says that its prestige was higher during the year than for many years past.

In previous years, of course, it was higher than during the years previous to them!

It further states that the Congress has become sick of Bengal.

Unfortunately, the report throws no light on what Bengal is sick of.

Speaking at a social function at Calcutta, Dewan Bahadur Ramaswamy Mudaliar said that he would not speak on politics as he was muzzled by his appointment to the special Tariff Board.

It is some consolation, though no compensation to us.

He concluded by saying that he would discharge his duties on the Tariff Board conscientiously.

We doubt however if such an undertaking was demanded of him previous to his appointment.

One of the new German decrees lays down that a Jew cannot be a Reich citizen.

But no law can prevent a Jew from becoming rich!

A speaker says that music is born of suffering.

At the same time, some suffering that we have endured was 'born of music'!

The Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs says that there is no use of prohibiting the export of petrol to Italy, since it can be got by Italy, from somewhere else.

We here see Sanctions properly understood and applied!

A member of the Karachi Corporation proposes a tax on bachelors on the ground that they are a curse to the community.

The act would change them to a purse.

Speaking at Coimbatore, Mr. Satyamurthi confessed that he had a preference for the soft cheek.

His own or others'? Anyhow it would certainly turn away froth!

Next Week: Saving Money—by Anon



The British Election Results

THESE have exceeded the sanguine expectations of the party in power. Labour by the same token has done much worse. Apart from election expenses, a fair amount of 'business' was done on the size of the government majority, by book-makers. The British have a queer faculty for making capital even out of their embarrassments! Betting on the election results began unpromisingly enough for the government. There were no buyers above 170; and now the actual figures are nearer 250. The results might have been more favourable to the Labour Party, if the intrusion of the Liberals, as futile as it has been pathetic, could have been avoided. The persistence of this party, which has no more than a historical interest serves the Conservative books down to the ground. Its members are guilty of fighting a rear-guard action against Labour, and are content to be wiped out, only to avert a similar calamity overtaking the Conservatives. Triangular contests have been many and disastrous. Mr. Lloyd George does not seem to have cut much ice with the electorate with his new deal plans. Mr. Baldwin is assured of a quinquennium in which to reach the winning post in the armament race. But it is not unlikely that others too will be there with him. Vast programmes of naval and other expenditure are threatened. Is the stage being set for another conflagration?

But it is too early to say what the effect of the elections will be on the course of British policy in regard to Abyssinia. Add to the inherent difficulties of it, the sudden restiveness of Egypt, we must admit that there is quite a handful here to engage the wits of British statesmen. The riots in Cairo were a rude reminder of Britain's vulnerability in that quarter. We shall watch with interest her attempts to be friendly at once with Italy, Egypt and Abyssinia, or rather with world-opinion.

The Congress Muddle in U. P.

At long last, the unseemly exhibition of petty personalities from which U. P. has been suffering seems to have found a happy termination. We are not proud of the combatants—whatever their erstwhile services to the country. It is tragic that the province of Jawaharlal should have exposed itself to this gratuitous humiliation. The Government deposed Allahabad, and established their capital at Lucknow, for, among other reasons, the fact that Allahabad was a citadel of Congress, particularly as long as Motilal Nehru lived. These internicine quarrels have very nearly eclipsed the city from the Congress map. Pray God, we have seen and heard the last of these quarrels, so scandalising to the faithful commonalty.

A Re-Union

Provincial politics have been livened up by two items of news. The pseudo-socialistic programme of E. V. R. Naicker has been swallowed by the Justice Party at a solemn meeting solemnly convened. None who was called upon to assist in the function turned so much as a hair, nor was a single word said in support or elucidation of the various pretentious-sounding clauses. It is clear that the digestive capacity, politically speaking, of the Justice leaders is more extensive than credible. Whom they hope to impose upon by this jugglery is a very large question. Not the electorate in this province, for a certainty.

There is promised another re-union which is more in accord with the underground character and achievements of the party. The Rajah of Bobbili and the Kumararajah of Chettinad have agreed to join forces again. It is a good thing for the province that like is joined to like. It would have been so embarrassing for the public, if it had been otherwise. We wish the renewed collaboration all the success that it deserves, and that it has not yet obtained at the hands of the people. Whom greed and fear have joined, let no man part asunder!

The March of Events

By The Man On The Move

November 8th: "If you give me this confidence now, I will give you all that is in me during the few years that now can only remain to me at my present age....." So said Mr. Baldwin speaking at Chequers this evening, pleading for the return of the 'National Government'.

Outside of the sob-stuff where he simpers about his old age, Baldwin's bargaining is unfair to the British voter. "I will give you all that is in me..." forsooth! What is there in him, anyway? Let's look into it. Cutting out the legs, whose utility is rendered nugatory, partly at least, by the advent of mechanical means of locomotion, Baldwin has, from bottom upwards, a stomach, a pancreas which helps his stomach in assimilating the food he eats, a liver which secretes a conservative brand of bile, a heart,—just an ordinary one which is not even on the right side of his thorax—a set of smoke-charred teeth which can never hope to stand beside the teeth of Mae West or any girl of the Middle West, and a nose which caricaturists the world over delight in reviling. The sum total of all these things in terms of commerce comes to two shillings tuppence ha'penny. That is the value Science sets on a human body. If he had said, "all that is outside me", it would have been something, because we could have thrown in his briar which would fetch at least seven bob. British voters, don't vote for old Baldwin. He isn't giving you a square deal.

November 9th: Speaking at the Bangalore Rotary Club, Mr. Narayan Rao, Zoology Professor, University of Mysore, said that Dr. Raman called God a Physicist and Chemist, that Sir James Jeans called Him a Mathematician and that Sir Alfred Ewing called Him an Engineer. It would be interesting to know, said Professor

Narayan Rao, how Hitler, Mussolini and Stalin would visualise God. During my last European Tour I had the honour of dining with these three worthies, and being a hot student of comparative theology I ascertained their views on God.

Mussolini sees God as a clean-shaven middle-aged man with a heavy jowl and a wide tummy which he clutches delightfully making funny noises in his throat. He is decidedly a Roman.

Hitler visualises God as an Aryan flattened into a Swastika. The face is in the centre of the Swastika, nose a bit pinkish with cold and looking like Charlie in his lucid moments. In one hand He holds a wriggling Jew; in the other, He holds a bayonet, and hitting the two as cymbals, He dances on the remaining two hands like a Cosmic Crab.

When I said, "What do you think of God?" to Stalin, he said, "Not much. He is somewhere in Siberia, selling opium."

November 10th: Met Satyamurti today opposite the War Memorial. I congratulated him on the Congress success at the recent district board elections. "Thank you, old man," said Satyamurti. "Our next job is to purify the local board administration. Can you suggest a way?"

"You mean how to get rid of the bugs and mosquitoes?"

"Exactly."

"Well, you can pour boiling water over them. It is the most democratic form of insecticide I know. And then it costs almost nothing."

"Hang the cost," said Satyamurti. "I want a method which would fire the imagination of the populace and make the Justice Party sag in its seat."

"In that case burn sulphur in the district boards and charge them with tear-gas bombs. Not a worm will be left alive."

"You are a fellow of ideas! I will speak to Bhulabai Desai and Rajen Babu about it." Satyamurti gave a tilt to his turban, winked and walked away gracefully.

November 11th: This day is consecrated to the unknown Warrior and the glorious dead in the Great War. They died gloriously for—what? Answer it yourself and keep mum the whole day. I am doing it myself, anyway.

November 12th: I read in today's paper in two places that there is a Plethora of Funds in Banks. What in the name of the House of Rothschild is a plethora? I asked a doctor fellow what he meant by a plethora. He said it was a fulness of blood, overfulness of anything, a swelling.

"What is the treatment for it?"

"The cheapest one is applying a leach to it."

"You mean to the plethora?"

"Yes."

I phoned up all the banks and requested them to register my application as a leach to relieve their plethora. The mean fellows said some unprintable things into the 'phone. I am now all for the nationalisation of banking.

The Anglo-Iranian Oil Company in which the British Government has a controlling interest is supplying petrol to Italy while a number of private British Companies refused to accept Italian contracts. And what is all this moonshine about sanctions? asks Lloyd George.

Where is the sense, says Lord Stanhope, Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs, in reply, of refusing supplies to Italy, if other countries are ready to grab the contracts? Yes, where is the sense? I am surprised at the Welsh Wizard. The idea of life is to find a unity in diversity. England and Italy have followed diverse roads over the Abyssinian question. But they are achieving a synthesis over

petrol. If any shortsighted persons call this a sample of British hypocrisy, I silence them by saying, "All right, you blokes, give me sanctions; but what about my seventeen per cent?"

The Mysore State Women's Conference deliberated the other day, in strict purdha, the Yuvarani of Mysore presiding. *The Madras Mail* deploring this state of affairs says, "This won't do." *The Mail's* trouble appears to be the irreconcilability of purdha and progress. I maintain that even cast-iron purdha is not an impediment to progress. Women want seats in the legislatures. They want to police our affairs. They want a few positions in the judiciary. They want many more things besides. Is the abolition of the purdha a condition precedent to achieve these? Not at all. Women legislators completely covered from head to foot in an air-tight burqa sitting in our Legislative Chambers will be a terror to the Treasury Benches. They can make horrible faces at the Speaker or the Ministers to their hearts' content without anybody being the wiser. They can always catch the Speaker's eye. Policewomen in purdha will exert a salutary influence over habitual rascals. They can stick out a finger from inside their burqas gun-like and say to suspicious fellows, "None of your monkey tricks, old top, or you'll get this. Move along." A purdha woman presiding over a court of justice means less lies on the part of counsel representing the litigants, because since you cannot see the judge's face you will be kept guessing as to what she is thinking of you. I hear there is a dearth of ghosts in old English country homes. Purdha ladies look remarkably like ghosts of a bye-gone age. Some of them can hire themselves out as ghosts in English country seats for the edification of Yankee tourists. And finally you need not be ashamed of your wife's ugliness, because you can always throw a purdha over her and pass her off as a hot beauty.

November 13th:—*The Madras Mail* says that good news comes from Delhi. It seems things must get a move on, because the India

Office has taken its coat off. In short it is working on the Indian constitutional questions. It would further appear that the India Office has been working on them, more or less hard, for the past nine years.

And we never knew about it! Bless their imperial hearts. To work on the sly for India's good for years on end, oh, it's too much! *The Mail* says, "What it (The India Office) will do when India's new constitution is working, and Federation is an accomplished fact we cannot imagine." Tut, tut, my dear *Mail*, you are too modest. When everything Indian begins to hum harmoniously, why the India Office will put on its coat and go to the pub round the corner on a long stay, for there won't be any India Office.

Close on the heels of *The Mail* comes *The Hindu* with another heartening piece of news. A conference of representatives of the central and provincial governments will meet at New Delhi to discuss plans for the introduction of Reforms.

I confess to a weakness for symbolism. I love to think of the coming Reforms as coy maidens whom our future Ministers will try desperately to kiss, and they, maiden-like, will try to kick in their pants. But I don't mind, for there is not a rose but has its thorn. So I request the Wheeler Committee to dress the Reforms in all the provincial feminine fashions and release them on a grateful India.

November 14th: Well, there is precious little going in the world today to wax funny about. I am very depressed and feel a peculiar depression developing in the bottom of my intestinal column. I am hoping it is appendicitis. I am going to the doctor to verify my hope. If it turns out to be just ordinary, vulgar colic, I should be terribly disappointed. I never had a fashionable or distinguished distemper.

November 15th: Over a century ago voicing a nobler sentiment Shelley said:

The dearest interests of humanity demand that fashionable

etiquette should not divide man from man.

Addressing a European audience three weeks ago at Bombay Sir H. P. Mody uttered Shelley's impassioned plea in another form. To-day Sir Chimanlal Setalvad addressed an open letter to Lord Willingdon moderately protesting against the practice of the Byculla Club, and other European Clubs in India of not only excluding Indians from their precincts but prohibiting their members from inviting their Indian friends to these clubs as their guests. Sir Chimanlal wants the Viceroy to put an end to this pernicious practice by declining the invitation of the Byculla Club where he will eat one of the last of his social dinners in India and review his administration.

Representing a school of warmer political thought, I join issue with Sir Chimanlal and beg His Excellency to ask the Byculla Club to go to Byculla and accept our swadeshi hospitality. Summer will have veered round by the time Lord Willingdon lays down reigns of office. We will erect a gigantic pandal on the Chowpatty sea-front. All of us will squat on the floor and partake of the rotis; currys and chutney out of plantain leaves, with our bare hands. We will have iced sherbet any old amount. They will sprinkle rose water on our heads. We will chew *pan*. We will cut swadeshi jokes. I will start singing the immortal Bengali song. We will give His Excellency a swell time. This is the real India that Viceroys and Governors miss and are so much the poorer for that.

November 16th: Amidst the intoxicating music of Conservative success at the General Election, a discordant note was struck by Ramsay Macdonald. To vary the metaphor, dear old Macdonald collapsed at the tapes. What is he to do? For old memories' sake I invite him to India. I know the rope trick inside out. Macdonald will disguise himself as a half-naked fakir and I will disguise myself as his dutiful wife. We will go about the land exhibiting our skill at jugglery and live a jolly life till the final roll-call.

The Students' Corner

Words' Worth—VI

THE word BLACKGUARD recently leapt into newspaper prominence, as having been used by an official against non-official fellow-members of a club. The unfortunate man subsequently explained that he meant it in fun, and that it was the result of an attempt on his part to be humorous. What aggravates the original offence against taste is the miserable explanation. Humour is not humour when it is capable of giving offence. The 'incident' drove me to the dictionary, and I found a prodigious number of words, depending upon BLACK and having the most variegated tints of meaning. Here is the whole lot of my loot.

Black, is primarily the absence of colour, as a statement of fact; and is the antithesis of light. By extension, it is the opposite of all life's desiderata. Evil is black, while good is white; the devil is black, pitch is black, and we know it defiles. Let us next consider its compounds.

Black-acre, is a legal term or postulate, a sort of point of reference.

Black Agnes, was the name of the Countess of Dunbar who in 1337 defended her castle against the Earl of Salisbury. She was so called on account of her swarthy complexion. The Highland Scotch are generally dark, and lend support to the theory of some South Indian scholars that they are the descendants of ancient Tamil colonists in Scotland.

Black and Blue, is a state of being when the blood is subjected to a severe strain as the result of blows. The phenomenon is generally seen in boxing encounters.

Black and Tan, is a mixture of colours or rather a blend of colour very popular in a particular brand of shoes and boots. It is also the name of a famous regiment which made itself infamous in Ireland in the days before the grant of Home Rule.

Then there is **Black art**, which is the popular name for witchcraft. How it came to be called black art is rather interesting. The ancient Greek word for witchcraft was *necromantia*, because it was supposed to have something to do with the dead. When the Latins took over the word, they made a mistake and called it *nigromantia*, which made it mean something to do with black. Hence we have the black art which is a faithful translation of the incorrect Latin word!

Black ball is a kind of paste for cleaning shoes. But **Black-ball**, is a device employed in clubs to vote down unwelcome people anxious to become members of the club. The convention is that one black-ball neutralises two white ones. **Black-belt** is the name to indicate the Southern States of the U. S. A. in which slavery flourished.

A **Black-birder**, is the cant name for a slave-ship, and black-birding was a profitable occupation in ancient days when slaves would be kidnapped for export to America from Africa.

Black-book, was the name given to the government books, one of which was compiled by direction of Henry VIII, recording the scandals of the English monasteries and nunneries of those days. Henry wanted to suppress them because they were immensely wealthy, and he cast his covetous eyes on their revenues. He therefore hit upon the idea of setting up a commission which was asked to report on their working. The commissioners duly obliged, and he abolished them in 1536.

Black-cake, is very good in substance or ingredients and taste; so also **Black-cap** which means an apple roasted black and served in a dish of boiled custard.

Black-dog, is the cant name for a counterfeit coin.

Black-flag, is the pirate's flag, distinguished by skulls and cross-bones. Indian nationalists were sadly at fault in choosing this symbol for their disapprobation, since it has nothing in common with their ideas or philosophy. It is one of the few survivals of our slavish imitation of Western symbolism.

Black-foot is the nick-name for the American Indian; it also means in Scotch a match-maker.

Blackguard, originally meant the scullion or other low menial employed in the kitchens of great houses. It was also the name given to a picked body of soldiers, acting as a body-guard to the king; and were so called from their black uniforms. Thirdly it came to be a term to signify criminals and vagabonds. A particular kind of snuff was also called Blackguard!

Black-hole, is a famous item in the history of India as written till 20 years ago. A room measuring 14 x 10 x 18 was supposed to have been used by Siraj-ud-Daulah to pack 146 Englishmen in. This is now known to be without foundation, not the room, but the story!

Black-leg, was originally a swindler or dishonest gambler, and later a strike breaker.

Black-mail, was originally a tribute paid to robber-chieftains for immunity from attacks by him! It was a respectable form of living in olden days. Now-a-days, on account of civilisation, we pay it all to the policeman, the Magistrate and the Judge.

Black-Maria, is the nick-name for a prison-van.

And of course you must have heard of the **Black Prince**, a terrible chap who killed half the Frenchmen of his time, and died before he could finish his job.

Black Rod, is one of the ornamental appendages of the mother of parliaments. The man who carries it is called the Gentleman Usher of the Black Rod.

N. E. W. S.

by Vanamali

ISVESTIA, the official organ of the Soviet Government, gives the text of an unpublished letter by Leo Tolstoy, consecrated to the Italo-Abyssinian war of 1894-1896. This letter will be read with interest in the light of contemporary events:—

"A terrible event has appeared on the scene. It has produced emotion not only in Italy, but throughout the whole of Europe. Many thousands of young men have been wounded and killed in Abyssinia and millions extorted from the hungry and poor people have been unnecessarily spent.

"Is it possible that we are now waiting for a Crispi or a Barattieri to wrest the wealth once more from the poor people and assembling the flower of youth in the barracks to corrupt them and to send them for objects unknown, to perish in some parts of Abyssinia—or what is worse still—to engage in a fratricide war with the French, the English, the Germans and the Russians?

"Time will come and that time is not far off—when after the effusion of odious blood, the people tired, wounded and exhausted will tell their respective governments,—'Go to the Devil; return from where you have come. Wrap yourselves in your imbecile uniforms, beat and kill one another if you please and divide Europe, Asia, Africa and America on the map but leave us to till the earth on which we live and through which we nourish ourselves.'"

What is the world coming to? The other day I said something about an African cow which is going about eating hens and their eggs. Here is another of a different genus which has forsworn vegetarianism. A giant tortoise arrived at the London Zoo recently, from the Galapagos Islands. During the voyage to London this tortoise—christened Moses—caught and ate a macaw and a south American rodent which passed by him. This story was treated as a seaman's tale. Safely installed at the Zoo, Moses caught a rat and ate it. The Zoo people placed meat before Moses and he ate it up with great relish. Land tortoises of Galapagos Islands are strictly vegetarian. Why Moses is so hot on meat is an enigma.

There is a yacht hanging about in the Gulf of California, which does not touch land except when provisions have run short. The yacht is manned by three beefy Mexicans and there is only one passenger on it who has no destination to make. That man is Tony 'Gentleman' Lybosko, who was a gay boy when Al Capone was ruling the roost in Chicago. After Al was put in the cooler to recoup his failing health by the Federal Incometax guys, Tony lost nerve and wandered sadly over the States, always expecting a shower of lead from rival gangsters. This scare got poor Tony so much that he dashed to Mexico and bought a yacht. That was four years ago. Ever since he is living in that yacht. He never goes ashore and does not even talk to his crew. He sulks in his state room reading detective yarns by the score. He applied the Indian Arms Act on his crew and himself carries a sub-machine gun always, sleeping or waking.

Sometime ago a boy with 'radio' eyes came into the news. Now, it is a girl—with a 'radio' brain. She is Ilga, ten years, daughter of a poor farmer in Latvia. She knows only the language of her land. But she can repeat French, German and English texts. Put a person beside her and let that person read anything in any language. Ilgo repeats the text.

There is a Negro gentleman in Texas who has twenty-four Christian names. His name is:

Daniel's Wisdom May I know Stephen's
Faith And Spirit Choose John's Divine
Communion Seal Moses's Weakness
Joshua's Zeal Win The Day And Conquer
All.

His surname is Murphy. His friends call him Dan.

To a land of chronic litigation as India, here is a refreshing bit of news. Two miners working in one of the largest mines in Mount Isa, Australia, fell out over the ownership of a small hut 20 ft. by 10 ft. which they were occupying. They hit upon a brilliant idea to settle their dispute. They sawed the hut right in the middle and each contestant took a bit. They are quite happy over it.

Fun For All



The doctor, awakened at 3 a.m., lifted the receiver, and asked: "What is it?"

The voice at the other end replied:

"Well, you see, doctor, we've been having a big party and I'm terribly worried about my brother."

"Well, why bother me?" asked he, thoroughly annoyed, "is he seeing elephants or something?"

"No, that's just the trouble. The room's full of them and he can't see any!"

Business Man (to applicant for post): I want a man like myself who will put his heart and soul in the business. I think nothing of starting work at six in the morning.

Applicant: I don't think much of it, either.

Contralto: Did you notice how my voice filled the hall last night?

Soprano: Yes, dear. In fact, I noticed several people leaving to make room for it.

Parent: My son has so many original ideas.

Teacher: Especially in spelling and arithmetic.

Mrs. Murphy (concluding an argument): Every time I look at you, Mrs. Smith, I feel I'm doing the Government out of the entertainment tax.

"Why don't you like dancing with George?"

"Oh, George is all right; but he won't let his right foot know what his left one is doing!"

"Hey, what are you doing?" yelled the foreman.

"Sharpening my pencil," answered the brick-layer.

"Well, be quick about it and don't let anyone see you. It's a carpenter's job, you know."

A young woman, wanting a pet dog, went to a dealer and said: "I want one of these dogs about so high and about so long. A sort of grey-hound, but it isn't quite, because its tail's shorter and its head's bigger. Also, you see, the legs aren't so long and the body's thinner. Do you keep that sort of dog?"

Dealer: "No, madam, I don't. I drowns them!"

Father (to small son): How did you fare in your examination? Passed?

Son: I don't know, father.

Father: How's that?

Son:—Well, father, the teacher told all those who had passed to-day, and to-morrow he's going to tell those who have failed.

He had just finished an economic speech at an open-air meeting, and upon leaving the platform he was seized by some navvies and hoisted shoulder high.

"Thank you, gentlemen," he said, "but I prefer to walk to my car."

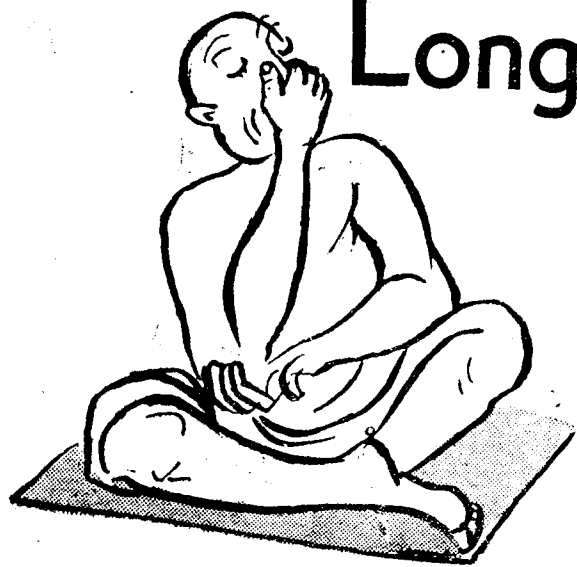
"Car be blowed!" replied one of the navvies, "you're going into the river!"

The meeting had been rather stormy.

"Oh, do try to talk a little common sense," shouted one of the opposition.

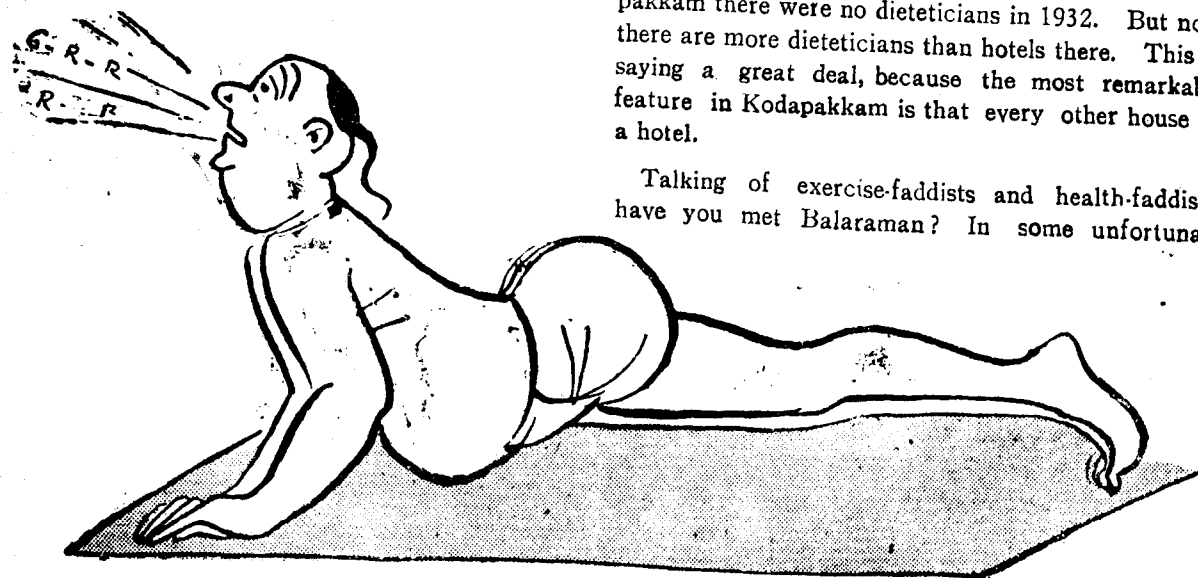
"That would be taking unfair advantage of you," replied the speaker quickly.

Longevity Without



...and make pranayam

I am not talking about longevity without diet but about longevity without dietetics. I can digest diet but am unable to digest dietetics, or dieteticians. I am fond of dieteticians just as I am fond of statisticians. Please do not infer that I am a cannibal. If I were one I would dine off dieteticians and statisticians just as the monster in the Greek story preferred a lady till Perseus brought up Medusa's head. My preference is due to solid reasons. Of course dieteticians and statisticians are solid enough. They are in fact too solid. They are hard to mouth and even harder to digest. In regard to them I feel almost as despondent as Hamlet and am tempted to cry out:



.....dandas.....accompanied with curious guttural noises,

Reading Time
About 5 Minutes

"O that this too solid flesh melt,
Thaw and resolve itself into a dew,
Or that the Everlasting has not fixed
His canons against murder."

I feel tempted to murder and eat and digest them so that they might not mislead the world. I am an irrepressible philanthropist. I feel that killing dieteticians and statisticians is no murder. There is an old saying about there being three kinds of lies, viz., lies, damned lies, and statistics. To adapt it to something nearer to us, one may say that there are three kinds of lies, viz., lies, damned lies, and dietetics.

The fact is that there are too many health-faddists and food-faddists about. Malthus says that food increases in arithmetical progression whereas population increases in geometrical progression.

He may be right or he may be wrong. I have got definite views on Malthus and birth-control. I shall tell them to you another day. I wish that Malthus's father had practised birth-control. But it is a too late and useless wish. I know that dieteticians are now increasing by magical progression. In the town of Kodapakkam there were no dieteticians in 1932. But now there are more dieteticians than hotels there. This is saying a great deal, because the most remarkable feature in Kodapakkam is that every other house is a hotel.

Talking of exercise-faddists and health-faddists, have you met Balaraman? In some unfortunate

Exercise and Dietetics

by Dewan Bahadur K. S. Ramaswami Sastri

Sketches by Mali

moment his father gave him that name. He resolved to live up to it. He got up at 4.30 A.M. everyday and roused the entire household. His dandas were many. But that did not matter. But they were accompanied with various curious guttural noises in his throat and various noisy thumpings on the ground. One need not mind them either. But he generally managed to rouse the baby in its cradle. His antics and gyrations and gesticulations used to frighten it and send it into hysterics, and its screams used to rouse the neighbourhood. I generally sleep as well as all the seven sleepers combined. So Balaraman's health jumps could never wake me. But children's screams go through me like a lancet.

Balaraman then patronised Sandow and the way in which he heaved and clanged the grip dumb-bells was a sight to see. He then went for his cold water bath and made such a noise in the bath-room when every sensible man should be in bed. He then used to sit in the nipping and eager air and make pranayam. I should not mind it but he used to shout for holy ashes. My wife is a bad sleeper and generally gets a few winks early in the morning when Balaraman's shouts for holy ashes puts to flight the late arriver sleep. We all look daggers at him and produce the holy ashes which like all holy things become the more unattainable the more they are sought. He is my wife's cousin and so I am in awe of him. As for my wife, he had been shouting for holy ashes at 4 A.M. everyday ever since her girlhood and so she stands in awe of him.

All the same he died of influenza just like my next door neighbour who woke up at 9 A.M. every day and used to catch cold if he looked at cold water and whose only exercises were indoor games, viz., drinking

coffee and eating jilebis. He had a brother who also stayed with us. His name was—I forget his name. Nobody knew it. Perhaps he had none. He was known as Vaidyar. The beauty about his ways was that he knew Ayurveda and Allopathy. He knew enough Ayurveda to spoil his Allopathy and knew enough Allopathy to spoil his Ayurveda. But both combined to swell his knowledge of dietetics. He knew everything about protein and albumen and starch and what not. He could measure calories, whatever these might be. He knew everything about vitamins. He was a vitamin specialist. He knew the entire tribe from A to Z. In addition to all this he knew everything about vatham and pitham. The trouble commenced when he had to decide what to eat.

Take lady's fingers. Have you ever seen a gentleman who has dislike therefor? I am very fond of them. Chivalry demands that we should love and obey them. He used to say that we must cherish them as they have vitamins A to D and reject them as they cause pitham. How can we take them and throw them away at one and the same time? He was fond of them as a man but was divided in mind as a dietetician. The result was that he used to look at them with tearful eyes and watering mouth while we were all enjoying them. He was so busy studying the vitamins that he had little vitality. We acted on the principle implied in the motto: 'Take care to eat well and the vitamins will take care of themselves.' But he acted on the principle embodied in the new rule, viz., 'Take care of the vitamins and the food will take care of itself.' The food took care of itself and kept out of his mouth. Do you know what happened to him after all? He died of anaemia.



...look at them with tearful eyes...

A Chronicle History of the Congress

IT should be a matter of pride to us, Madrasis, that our 'benighted' province should have witnessed the birth-pangs of the great National Organisation, the golden jubilee of which we are shortly to celebrate. An 'official' history of the last fifty years of its 'glorious life', which, by the way, is worth any previous age, will soon be available. My account of it aims at nothing more than a synoptic survey; and if it whets my readers' curiosity to buy the commemoration volume, we shall consider ourselves more than amply repaid for our labour—of love.

The originators of the idea were a number of good people gathered at Adyar for the annual session of the Theosophical Convention of 1884. All of them are now gathered to their ancestors. Celebrate them, my Pedestrian Muse! in a prosaic enumeration of their names. 'Mani Iyer' was one of the moving spirits,—he who became a Judge afterwards, received a knighthood, flung it back at the donor, and wrote a historic letter to President Wilson which was described by Samuel Montagu as an 'Infamous Letter'. It was written without the approval of Pandit Jawaharlal, as it was against his well-known view that the job in India is for Indians. Then there were Rangiah Naidu, and Ananda Charlu to represent Madras, communally, territorially and linguistically! Bombay was represented by Telang, a scholar and judge, and Dadhaboy Naoroji, who was always known as the 'grand old man of India', though young then! He subsequently wrote a book called 'Poverty and Un-British Rule in India' and was actually praised for it. Calcutta sent Surendra Nath Bannerjea, the 'uncrowned king' of Bengal. No province was unrepresented at that preliminary meeting.



Gokhale

The aims of these people were, to start with, very modest. They were anxious to bring about social contact between the 'educated natives, conversant with the English language', so that they might understand one another better, and decide on a programme of common good for the country.

They therefore decided to call for a convention of such people at Bombay during the Xmas of 1885.

At this point, a natural question might rise to the lips of my readers. Why did not the Government prevent the meeting? For one thing, all the troubles of the last fifty years might easily have been avoided. After very elaborate and painstaking researches, I have discovered the real motive of the Government's apparent indifference. The railways had but recently been established. As railways must justify themselves by good dividends, it was thought politic to encourage the 'natives' to travel more widely, even when their purpose was not quite laudable. We must thank the railways for thus helping the national movement from its inception. It is pleasing to acknowledge that these cordial relations still subsist, as witness the special *bundobust* the railway authorities are always eager to make during the progress of national leaders through the country!

This first meeting, which was at first called the Convention, and only later, the Congress, was held at Bombay. Among those who attended it were an Englishman, A. O. Hume, whose memory is still cherished by a grateful Andhra family, the members of which have acclimatised it as a surname, and two others who are still happily with us. They are Prof. Sundararaman of Kumbakonam, and Salem Vijayaraghavachariar. There was another peculiarity about the first Congress: Government officials took part in it, and attended the session. It is said that the Maharashtra stalwart, Justice Ranade, was the brain behind the movement in the first few years. The first president was a Bengalee, Womesh Chandra Bannerjea, a venerable looking person in flowing robes and with a flowing beard. In those days, all-India leadership came naturally to the Bengalees. They were better educated than other provincialites, and could boast of having the capital of the Indian Empire in their province. The usual speeches were made, and a number of resolutions passed, before the session came to a close. We may refer in passing to one of these resolutions, just to show that the 'Whirligig of time brings in its



Bannerjea

strange revenge.' Burma had recently been 'annexed' to the Indian Empire. The Congress protested against the war in Burma, and resolved that Burma should not be joined to India, but ruled separately as a Crown Colony. The new reforms that are impending will bring about one half of this resolution; which shows that the Briton is a very reasonable ruler, and will grant your request the moment he is convinced that it is worth while!

The Second Congress was held at Calcutta under the Presidency of Dadhaboy Naoroji. It was the year of the Diamond Jubilee of Queen Victoria's reign. A resolution of profound loyalty to the throne, and gratification at the benefits of British rule was passed with acclamation, and forwarded through appropriate channels. A delegate from the North-West-Frontier province created a sensation by making a speech in Urdu, in support of reforms for the country. In fact, reading a majority of the presidential addresses and other speeches made in Congress, one is struck by the monotony of the reference to Reforms, and the repetition of the same arguments. But they were not noticed as such, for a very good reason. In those days, the Congress lived during Xmas time only. All through the rest of the year, there was a pathetic silence throughout the country, which enjoyed its age-long, uneasy slumber. People did not remember either what had once been said, or what had formerly been said by the same person. So Congress Week provided an excellent opportunity for letting off the accumulated steam of a year.

The Second Congress was marked by another unusual phenomenon. The then Viceroy, Lord Dufferin was so impressed by the assemblage of all the prominent 'natives' of the country in his capital that he condescended to invite them to tea at the Viceregal house. Fancy Rajendra Babu or Jawaharlal being similarly invited now! What a fall since then!



Tyabji

Lastly, the Second Congress drew the wrath of *The Times*, the London newspaper. It described the dele-

gates as a pack of discontented place-hunters, and called upon the government to put them down with a firm hand to nip future dangers in the bud. Unfortunately, or fortunately for us, most of the men so described were hunted down by the Government, and gagged by jobs thrown at them with seasonable precision!

The Third Congress was held at Madras, and was presided over by a Muslim named Tyabji, who later became a Judge. The Chairman of the Reception Committee was Rajah Sir T. Madhava Rao. Two other Englishmen joined the Congress here,—Eardley Norton of the commanding presence, with a hooked nose, an eagle eye, and a style of oratory based on nineteenth century models, and John Adam, principal of the Pachaiyappas College. The silver-tongued Malaviya first enters the Congress arena in Madras. Lord Connemara, our then governor also gave tea to the delegates, and thus showed the benevolent interest the Government were taking in the Congress.

Allahabad claimed the venue of the Fourth Congress. But before it was actually held, officialdom wanted to make itself felt. It put a spoke in the wheel of the Congress chariot, by refusing accommodation for the session. But the organisers were more resourceful; a zamindar's palatial house and compound were secretly rented, and while the Government were bursting with secret satisfaction, the scoop was announced and the session was held with great enthusiasm. Contemporary accounts are unanimous in giving the entire credit for that success to the ineffectual interference of the Government. The president of the year was an Englishman, Yule, and Lajpat Rai, the Lion of the Punjab, attended the Congress for the first time. It is also said that the venerable Gladstone sent his good wishes for the success of the Congress. But perhaps he was in opposition then!

Among the delegates was a Mr. Ramaswami Mudaliar, not the Dewan Bahadur who is making or marring contemporary history: and a humorous diversion was caused by a man called Raja Shiva Prasad who attacked the Congress in open



Naoroji



Malaviya

session. He was said to be egged on to it by official pressure. In fact, the Allahabad session saw the first of those abortive attempts of the Government to carry on counter-propaganda against the national institution.

The Fifth Congress was held in Bombay under the presidency of Sir William Wedderburn, M.P. Tilak came on the scene, as also did the communal spirit. One of the resolutions on the 'reformed councils' was made the subject of a demand for equal representation for Muslims along with Hindus. Gokhale also made his first appearance and one of his great speeches, attacking the failure of the government to fulfil the pledges of the Queen in her famous proclamation. An attempt was made by distinguished people then, as now, to explain away the proclamation, and later pledges.

An interesting feature of the Fifth Congress was the presentation of an address of welcome to Charles Bradlaugh, another M. P., who had espoused the cause of India, and who had been nick-named the 'member for India'. He was as proud of it as some other weak-minded people are of a Rao Sahib or a Rao Bahadur. We are told that the addresses, caskets and souvenirs presented to him on the occasion were so many and great that they very nearly filled one goods waggon! Bradlaugh was overwhelmed; but refused most of the presents, as he didn't want to add to the drain imposed already on the country! It also shows that when we are grateful, we lose our heads more than when we are angered or disappointed.

The Sixth Congress was held at Calcutta, and was chiefly remarkable for the issue of a government notification prohibiting 'native officials' from taking part in the Congress, or even attending the sessions as visitors.

The Seventh Congress was held at Nagpur under the presidency of Anandacharlu, a Madras. It was the first Congress at which there was a discussion as to the feasibility of a special session of the Congress to be held in London. This Congress was also marked by another important event. General Booth of the Salvation Army wrote to it, advising that the question of rural reconstruction should be taken up by the national body with a view to raise the lot of the millions

of the villagers. But the Congress was more enamoured of other subjects and drew the attention of the Government to the ruinous burden of military expenditure, lack of military training for Indians, and the usual demand for 'reforms'.

The Eighth Congress was held at Allahabad with the first president of the first Congress again in the chair.

Dadhaboy Naoroji was the president of the ninth Congress held at Lahore. This session resolved to start a weekly from London to do propaganda work for India. Thus *India* was started out of funds voted by Congress.

The Tenth Congress met in Madras under the presidency of A. Webb, an Irishman. Rangiah Naidu was the Chairman of the Reception Committee. One of the resolutions dealt with the imposition of an excise duty on cotton goods manufactured in the country. Another member of parliament Mr. Keay, who attended and spoke, made the revolutionary observation that the whole trouble of the Government in India was due to the costliness of the administration, and that it must be brought down by Indianisation and economies. He said that the alien government must go, and appealed to the Englishmen to help the country towards that end.

The most extraordinary aspect of this Congress session was the donation by the then Rajah of Ramnad of Rs. 10,000 to Congress funds. In those days, the Congress found many patrons among Rajahs, Maharajahs and Zamindars. But no one in the Government had a good word to say of the Congress itself. We often hear people now saying that the Congress is not what it was in the olden days. They said the same thing in those days also. Which only shows how every age has its own insincere Jeremiahs or self-seeking Sauls kicking vainly against the pricks!

As Sir Samuel Hoare put it, the dogs may bark, but the Congress caravan passes on!

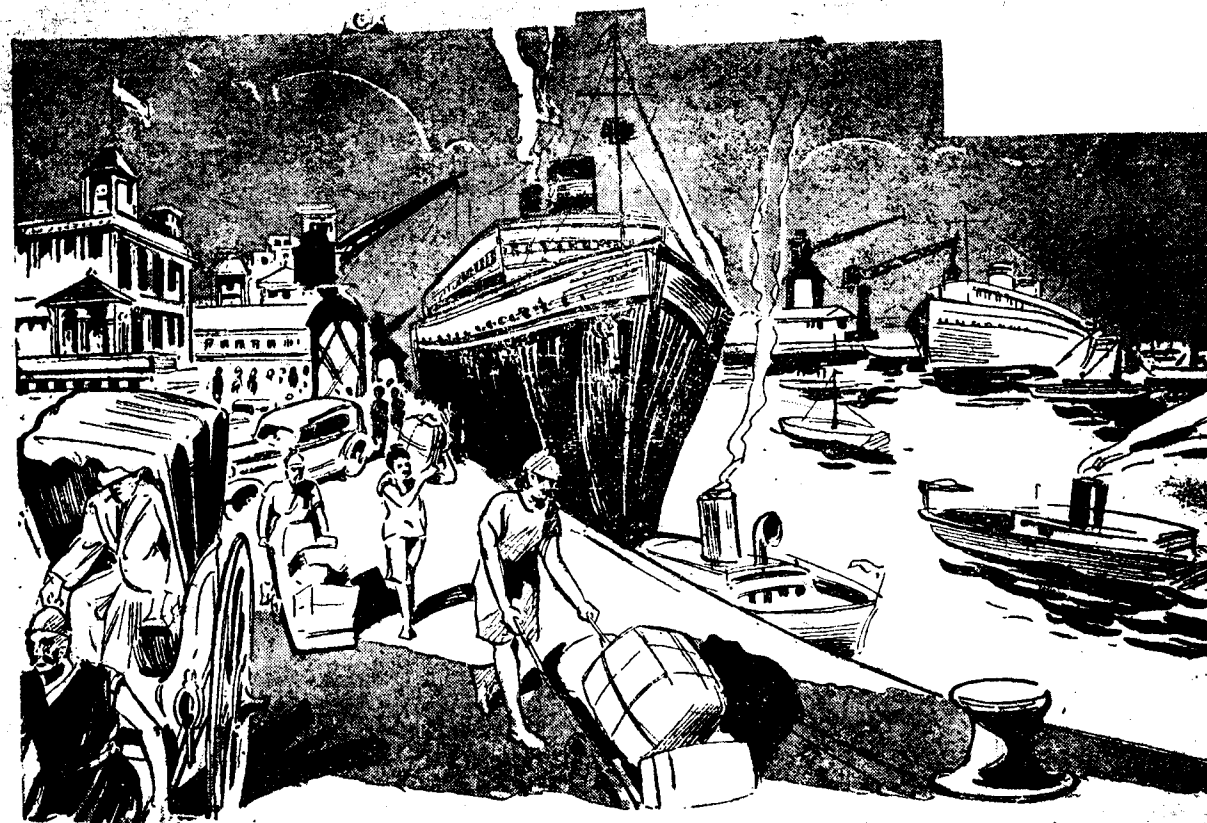
(To be continued)



Anandacharlu



Webb



The Fly In The Ointment

by Thirupathi

Reading Time • About 6 Minutes

IN a tastefully appointed room in East Calcutta two men sat to breakfast, served in European style. One was large and tall. He was gobbling up tremendous mouthfuls of toast and butter. The other was lean and small. He ate his food as if it were a foul medical decoction. Now and again the lean one looked at the large one furtively, with no great love. The large man was Mr. Sisir Kumar, as rich as he was large. How and where he got his riches nobody could say. Some people said that he was a shady scoundrel. But we have nothing to do with that. The only thing known about him was that he was going all over India at a moment's notice. He was a bachelor, i.e., he did not marry. His *brahmacharya* ended there.

The other man was Mr. Bipin Bihari, secretary to Mr. Sisir Kumar. But the word 'secretary' was prostituted here. Mr. Bipin Behari never did any secretarying for the large one. Mr. Sisir Kumar took

care not to allow the other near his correspondence. He was an extremely secretive man. Still Mr. Bipin Bihari knew a thing or two about his employer.

The fact was Mr. Bipin Behari was Mr. Sisir Kumar's cousin. Mr. Bipin was born with a silver spoon in his mouth. One might even call it a gold spoon. He ate up the spoon. He was fond of horses. But the horses were not fond of him. He lost his fortune on the Calcutta turf. A day came when he did not know where to eat and what to eat.

Blood is thicker than water. Mr. Sisir Kumar gave his cousin an asylum, and called him his secretary. Thereby he took away the edge off the latter's humiliation.

As they were about to leave the breakfast table, Mr. Sisir Kumar's manservant brought in a telegram. Mr. Sisir read the message and frowned.

"Bipin, when does the Delhi Express leave?" he asked.

Mr. Bipin consulted his wrist watch. "In about thirty minutes. Why?"

"Leaving for Delhi. Rather important. Won't be back for a week."

Mr. Bipin saw his cousin off at the station and returned home. He sat in the hall and stared hard at a small lizard on the ceiling for half an hour. He was in deep thought. Slowly a smile came to his face. He came to a decision.

He called the manservant and sent him on an errand to the other end of Calcutta. Mr. Sisir Kumar's chauffeur was engaged in the garage. Mr. Bipin retired to his room and shut himself in. He stood before his mirror and spoke to his image—not in his own voice, but in another's. In Mr. Sisir Kumar's voice. He made nasty faces at himself. The voice imitation was not good. He made another attempt, still another and yet another. And so for one hour. He mastered his cousin's accent, and he smiled kindly at himself.

He descended to the hall and approached the 'phone. He dialled a number. "Hello! Is that RAY & CHOWDHURY?" Mr. Bipin's imitation of Mr. Sisir Kumar's voice was perfect. "I wish to speak to Mr. Ray. Babu Sisir Kumar speaking."

He was connected to Mr. Ray.

"Hello, Sisir!" said Mr. Ray. "What is your pleasure?"

"Ray, that scrip of Assam Valley shares you bought for me last week—"

"Yes?"

"Sell them. Seen in the morning papers they are up by five points."

"Why not wait a few days more?" advised Mr. Ray. "They are sure to appreciate further."

"Can't really. Want some spot cash urgently. How much would the sale fetch, roughly?"

"About a lakh."

"Sell them. And Ray, I am very busy. I will send round my cousin Bepin Babu about 1 P.M. Hand him over the money in one hundred rupee notes, will you?"

"Very well. Send up Bepin Babu."

Mr. Bipin rang off and left the house. He took his bus rides all over the city till 1 P.M. Exactly at 1.10 he presented himself at the offices of the stock

brokers. Mr. Ray handed him a bundle of notes with a rare smile. Mr. Bepin gave a receipt for the amount, put the money in a wallet and took his departure. He hailed a taxi and went straight to the New Market and made a number of purchases—cabin trunks, ready-made clothing, bedding, etc. He then motored to the steamship offices and booked a first class passage to Rangoon and left his luggage with the steamer agents to be carried to his steamer which was waiting in Outram Ghat.

The boat would sail at 4 P.M. It was only 2.50 yet. He would have lunch at Birpos. To Birpos he proceeded and ordered a light lunch. Sipping his tea he looked into the future. One lakh and odd. A tidy pile. Rangoon, the Straits, Japan, America. He would start life afresh. Foundation of crime? Pooh! Society lived on crimes blacker than this.

It was 3.30. He paid his bill and taxied to Outram Ghat, clutching the precious wallet. He stood on the wharf breathing in the cool air of the Hoogly.

Ten minutes to 4. The ship's siren screamed a deafening note. A babel of voices bidding adieus burst out. Mr. Bipin put his foot on the gangway. That was the first step to a new world and a new life.

Somebody tugged at his shirt sleeve. He turned round. He looked into a pair of pleasant blue eyes. The eyes belonged to an Anglo-Indian police inspector.

"Got a match, Babu?" asked the blue-eyed officer.

"No," said Mr. Bipin curtly.

"No? Let us go and buy a box of matches then."

"What do you mean?" said Mr. Bipin. His inside was a volcano; his outside a sheet of ice. He had nerve.

"Oh, nothing," the policeman smiled. "I thought—but read this first." He gave Mr. Bipin a telegram.

Bulani Railway Station,
12—18 Hrs. 4-11-1935.

Superintendent of Railway Police,
Howrah,

Man found dead first class compartment Delhi Express this station. Doctor certifies heart failure. Papers on person show he was one Sisir Kumar of Barton Place, East Calcutta. Notify his home. Body being sent to Howrah 15.50 down with police escort.

Station Master

THE END



Not Hen-Pecked!

by M. N. S.

Illustrated by Varma

Reading Time • About 5 Minutes

MRS. Pichu Iyer saw, from the kitchen, the arrival and the departure of the postman. Armed with the morning cup of coffee, she entered the drawing room.

No sign of any letter. Pichu Iyer was carelessly skipping the pages of a novel.

"Any letter? I saw the postman," Mrs. Pichu Iyer ventured as she placed the cup of coffee on the table.

Now, Mr. Pichu Iyer, ever since he married his dear wife was careful, careful to see that he was not hen-pecked.

"No letter!" he said curtly.

3-23-11-55

17

"No letter! But why did the postman come in?"
 "You can go and ask him!"

Satisfied with this preliminary bout, Pichu Iyer sipped his coffee. He slyly glanced at his gaping wife. She was in a rage.

"No letter?"

"I said no. I suppose it is clear enough," Pichu Iyer said indifferently. "Are you expecting any letter?"

"Yes, from your sister."

"From my sister!" Pichu Iyer laughed loudly but good-humouredly. "Ha, ha, when have you changed towards my relatives? I thought you hated her..."

"It is one of my misfortunes. I am always misunderstood. I thought she would invite us for her son's marriage. Ungrateful! And you have sent Rs. 500 for the expenses..."

"There, there, don't shout." Pichu Iyer produced the invitation from somewhere.

"Oh! And why should you lie for such a simple thing?"

"Because, my dear, I have not yet learnt to do that for greater things. I will learn it from you, don't worry."

"Always joking—and at my expense. Well, when shall we start?"

"Start where?" Pichu Iyer asked innocently.

"For the marriage, of course. What else? You should be present at your nephew's marriage. You are his *mama*."

"I am not attending the marriage."

"Not attending?" A cloud passed over Mr. Pichu Iyer's face. "Surely that cannot be."

"Cannot be! Why not? You, women! how can you know the value of money? You sit at home wasting your time in idle talk, while we sweat at our desks and convert the dripping sweat into money. I have already sent Rs. 500. Enough of it. If I were to attend the marriage, I will be poorer by at least another Rs. 100 at the end of it."

Mrs. Pichu Iyer pursed her lips and eyed him triumphantly.

"That was why I asked you to send only Rs. 400 and spend Rs. 100 for travelling expenses. If you do not attend the marriage, they will surely say—that is in their blood—that I persuaded you to stay away. You always bring me into trouble....."

One or two tears made their appearance in her eyes.

Pichu Iyer was moody. Why should they—his sister and others—consider the matter that way? His sister should certainly know that he cannot undertake

a major item of the marriage expenses and at the same time incur further expenditure for the to and fro journey.

"I won't do it. I cannot. Wife or no wife, I have no money. What fools they are! Why should they think that I follow my wife's advice, that I am under her thumb? I am not under her thumb. I won't attend the marriage, though my wife advises me to. I am not hen-pecked.....I am not under her thumb. I am not! No doubt about it."

* * * * *

The dinner was dull. If he hated anything in this world, or at least in his own home, it was dullness during dinner.

Once or twice he ventured. It was galling to his self-respect. All the courses were gone through; they were prolonged considerably in the hope that his wife would take the cue and set the ball rolling.

But Mrs. Pichu Iyer knew her husband, in and out. She chuckled inwardly as she surveyed her husband's gloomy face, indicative of an internal turmoil. She knew he would come round. And, Pichu Iyer did!

"Kamala, why don't you go alone and represent me?"

She was silent

"What, why not you go?" Pichu Iyer repeated, or rather pleaded.

"I would rather not. Expense, whether it is one or both..."

Pichu Iyer could not follow this logic. "Moreover," his wife continued, "what explanation can I offer for your absence?"

"Tell them I am ill," he said. "You know how to manage big lies!"

"That is just like you," his wife was undaunted. "That they may shower their insults liberally on me for not attending on an ailing husband. You can't see beyond your nose, that is my fate."

Pichu Iyer was convinced of the reasonableness of her words.

"Then what can we do—" He paused for advice from the other quarter, of course just a suggestion!

The other quarter was coolly indifferent. Mr. Pichu Iyer could brook it no longer.

"Kamala, why should they blame you if I don't go? Why should they exaggerate your influence upon me?"

"That is my fate, I cannot command a single pie in this house. I am treated like a suspect. And yet they are cruel enough to attribute..."

(Continued on page 21)

The Rt. Hon'ble Gold Medal

by Mrs. Kamala

Illustrated by Sekar

Reading Time

About 6 Minutes



"That factor is service."

SOMETIME back we had the rare opportunity of hearing some fine speeches made by the student representatives of the various colleges of Madras. As is only to be expected in these hard times, the colleges more distant were not represented as well as we desired. But so far as things went, the occasion was quite a success.

The competitors were given just ten minutes to think over the subjects. One by one they came forward and treated the judges and audience with their well-cultivated powers. A few of the speeches are reproduced below and they are quite typical. [The note-takers felt some difficulty in correctly taking

down and reproducing the mouthful L's and twisted O's of Kerala, the emphatic N's and L's of the Tamilised English, the O'ed A's and strained idioms of North India, the propped up 'pronunciation made easy' (like ischool for school) of the U. P., and the long-drawn, V-terminated English of the Andhras. Kosapet too sent her best man in the form of a student studying in the Presidency College.]

SOCIAL SERVICE.

BRETHREN AND MASTERS,

A moment's thought, would convince you that the factor which binds man to man, that keeps one from getting more and more selfish and hence oblivious of



"This is the proudest moment...."

the existence of other beings like him, that makes life tolerable and that takes us nearer to the Creator though by ever so little an extent, that that factor is service. You would agree with me that some of the greatest events in the history of the world, are the direct outcome of the deep sense of service of some noble soul. The birth of Christianity and Buddhism come most readily to the mind. Peace or war, human happiness is marred by so many opposing influences, that were it not for the fact that we see heroic men and women come out ready to help the suffering humanity, not so much as thinking of their own...(Time).

EDUCATION.

GENTLEMEN, FRIENDS,

It is hard for you to imagine the great pleasure I feel at this moment that I should have the good fortune to be so cordially welcomed by fellow-students of another college and that I should be accorded the proud privilege of talking about my views for full five minutes to such an august assembly, believe me, gentlemen, this is the proudest moment of my life. I should not make the period allowed me an excuse for not thanking you in all sincerity for your great kindness. I should also not forget to congratulate you on your attempt to bring together students of various colleges. It is a timely step; and the seed sown today will, it is hoped, grow into a huge tree

with ever spreading branches, so that the future generations might be more firmly bound, and better capable of understanding and respecting one another.

Coming to the subject, gentlemen, it is to be deeply regretted that few of our so-called educationists seem to have properly.....(Time).

THE PRESENT POLITICAL SITUATION.

GENTLEMEN,

The present state of affairs tend to make the most sweet-natured man a caustic cynic, if he begins to stop and think. Howsoever opinion might be divided on other matters, gentlemen, we are all agreed that our country's dependence on other nations for her most vital needs is what is sucking her life-blood today.

Whichever side you might turn, what do you see? Poverty in bold, capital letters, and side by side, disgraceful indulgence in costly foreign stuffs. The item of clothes particularly, gentlemen, is responsible for 90 per cent of our misery, gentlemen, my blood boils when, looking below, I find a sea of heads adorned either by high-count-yarn from Lancashire, or sickly uncomfortable felt caps of foreign make. It is a sad day..... (Time).

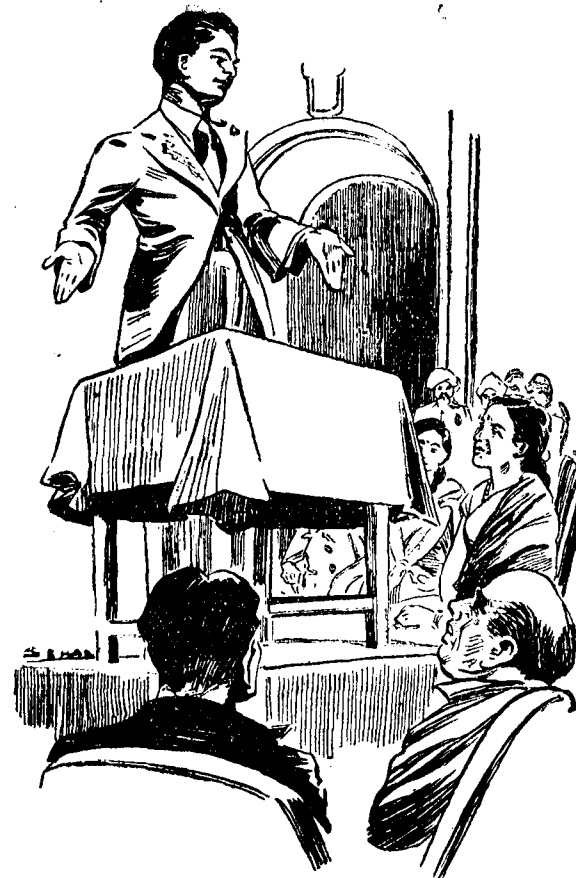
ON NOTHING.

FRIENDS,

I have chosen Nothing in particular to talk about. Nothing is very important, in fact, nothing in



"What do you see? Poverty....."



"I have chosen Nothing in particular to talk about....."

the world is more important, considering, that the world itself came out of nothing. Some do maintain that the world came out of chaos. And we are definitely agreed that nothing is better than nonsense could not be hoped to be in anyway superior to nothing. The red splashes over a sixth part of the globe as we see it on the map, tell us that it is something to have a part of the world all to oneself. How much more so, one to have the wholeworld! And *a fortiori* raised to the power of two, is it to have nothing which we have agreed is superior to the whole world! Many of us intuitively have recognised the greatness of nothing. So we have tried to possess it and honour it by respectfully carrying it on our heads, well protected by a thick, hard cover made of calcium phosphate—you all know, at least such of those that were living exponents of nothing in their schooldays, that nothing is symbolised by 0, correctly speaking, a perfect circle. A perfect circle you will agree, is the perfection in figures. All the other geometrical figures could be got out of a circle or part of it. An infinite circle gives for us our straight lines, and in its limiting case, we have a point. When it is hurled over a

student in large numbers, his foundation becomes stronger. Philosophers tell us.....(Time).

And many more such speeches were made. In the end the judges summarised and said: "Mr—, who spoke on 'Education' seems to be a perfect speaker in the making; he seems to have the right elements in him; we daresay, he has tried to learn from our greatest speakers of to-day, especially those to whom 'Presidentship' is the hobby. From the skilful manner in which he tackled the subject and engaged the audience, we make bold to hope that he will be one of our best speakers in the near future (on the Justice or Liberal Party side). We are glad to announce him 'Winner' of the Medal. We are asked to announce that the local Chatterbox Committee awards special prizes to Mr—, for his Political Situation, and felt caps and to M—, of Nothing fame.

With the usual empty thanks the function came to a close to the greatest relief of all.

THE END

NOT HEN-PECKED!—(Continued from page 18)

"Yes, that is what I don't understand, the mad people..."

"I, too, cannot understand. They are very nasty....."

"Yes, yes. They ravage my purse, and then—blame you for it, silly fools."

Though Mrs. Pichu Iyer heard the words, she walked out of the kitchen. She was a strategist.

Pichu Iyer was squirming. Resting on his easy chair he thought and thought—revolved the whole matter from all points of view—financial, psychological, etc., etc.

Poor Pichu Iyer! After much consideration, and consultation with his inner spirit as he called it, he arrived at the conclusion that he should attend the marriage. He would be considered hen-pecked if he did not! It hurt his self-respect. "But—I am going because I want to go, not because of her compelling influence upon me," he consolingly patted his belly.

His wife was dining in the kitchen.

"Kamala," Pichu Iyer said, "we are starting by the afternoon train. Be quick with the dinner, and pack up the things..."

Mrs. Pichu Iyer could not suppress her laughter.

"What do you mean, laughing while I am serious?"

"I have already packed up the things and am ready." She giggled again another outburst, "I knew—"

"What!"

"That you will come round."

THE END



"What ho! My honeyhunch."

Actinic Rays—

by A. T. M. Thomas

Illustrated by Mall

Reading Time • About 8 Minutes

KARAKA was a firm believer in actinic rays. It was a rooted conviction with him that actinic rays contributed more to the sum-total of human happiness than sewing-machines, Hollywood, Amrutanjani, cod-liver oil, Benares sarees, press-reporters and insurance-agents. Daily, with a towel slung across his torso, he would lie sprawling on the terrace upstairs, allowing his system to absorb its morning dose of actinic rays. When Sol had turned him red enough to be mistaken for a pillar-box, he would get up with the feeling that he had deservedly earned his morning bracer. He spent every morn-

ing like this, poring owlishly over books, which mainly dealt with actinic rays, cosmic rays, X-rays, Y-rays, Z-rays and similar bunk.

It was on a morning, when he was pretty deep in a book, having struck a juicy part therein, where the author was saying something about ultra-green rays, which, when diffused through a vita-glass, were capable of transmuting a frog into a brinjal that the telephone-bell rang. He wilfully ignored it for some time; but the 'phone kept on ringing as though the person at the other end of the wire was paid by The Bombay Telephone Company to do it. Karaka got

up with a round oath (not triangular, mind you) and unhooked the ear-piece.

"Hullo!" came the voice, seeping through the medium.

"Who the—" snarled out Karaka, who, truth to tell, was then intent on thinking whether ultra-green rays could transform a cat into a cycle.

"Is that Bomanji?"

On a sudden, his face underwent a change, for he recognized in that question the voice of his beloved.

"Yes. Is it Ratanbai?"

"Sure."

"What ho! My honeybunch. How are your white corpuscles? Are your varicose veins getting any actinic rays?"

"Listen, fathead. To-morrow I am buzzing off to Secbad."

"Secbad?"

"Secunderabad, jolthead."

"Say so. You girls have got a confounded habit of syncopating the words. Booking-clerks will curse you and yours to the seventh generation, downward scale. Well?"

"You know my myna?"

"China?"

"M-Y-N-A. Myna, chucklehead."

"Oh, yes, to be sure. I think, you refer to Joko—the one with the orange bill?"

"Yes, bullhead. And my two bulbuls?"

"Ping-Pong and Pong-Ping?"

"Correct, dunderhead. I can't think of taking them along with me. The railways will clean out of me a lot. For that sum I can buy six georgette sarees and build a house at Dadar. And then, there is mother. She would much rather see me enter her house with a grasshopper than with a myna. Would you be able to take them as your boarders until I come back? Don't you know, that Y. M. C. A. touch."

"You bet. Absolutely. I shall fix them up. I shall treat them as State Guests."

"Thanks. Joko is a bit of a gourmand in the food-line. Will eat anything from a cork to a screw-driver. Keep an eye on him. Ping-Pong can whistle beautifully. Whenever you are bored with your wireless, you can switch Ping-Pong on."

"Very thoughtful of you, darling."

"As for Pong-Ping, he ought to have been born a lawyer."

"Why?"

"He has got a nasty habit of coughing drily. Some bronchial complications, I believe. Give him pepper mixed with bird-seed. Allow them to flutter about the room for three hours. That would strengthen their ganglia and reduce their waist-lines. You get me, blockhead?"

"Like actinic rays."

"That's all, jolthead."

"When you go to Secunderabad, take daily a spot of actinic. It would give your glands a Turkish bath, so to speak, and would do your medulla oblongata a world of good."

"Say, beetlehead, do you think I am made of asbestos? Adjust that impression. I'll not allow myself to be grilled in the sun."

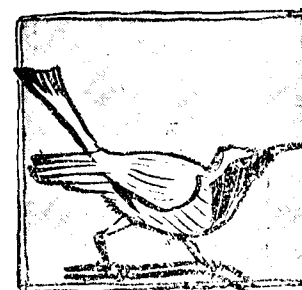
"At least, your legs will get the rays."

"Why do you want my legs to turn magenta, grass-head? Even my shoes won't get your actinic. Thanks frightfully."

"As you like, my Dadar bulbul," he said resignedly.

Joko, Ping-Pong and Pong-Ping proved themselves very companionable. Joko the myna, when he perceived that there was no longer his mistress's eye to check him, took liberties with Karaka, who now began to hate the bird intensely. He polished off everything he could lay his beak on and came gradually to be firmly persuaded that anything that did not go *via* him, was utterly wasted. Born with six times more original sin than the ordinary species, he kicked at the rules that Karaka framed for his observance. Whenever he was caged, he shrieked as the Punjab Mail does when Jhansi station rolls into view, with the result, he had to be let out, for Karaka feared that the police, instructed by the Anti-Noise Society, would confiscate the bird and fine him into the bargain, for being the Public Nuisance No 1 of Bombay. However, very shortly, Joko set at rest Karaka's mind by hopping out of the room on a voyage of discovery and later on, it was found he had hopped the twig by hopping into the mouth of an alley-cat.

Karaka felt relieved in more senses than one. But, at the same time he was greatly distressed in mind, because he knew he was in a deuce of a mess, for, no man would like to explain to his girl that her pet myna got itself indissolubly mixed up with the gastric juices

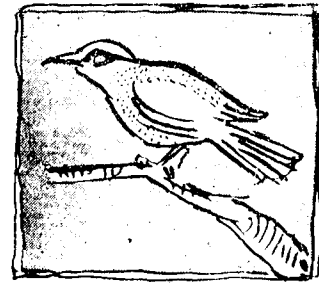


of a cat. He decided he must play for time and that would give him a chance to manufacture a suitable lie. Meanwhile, he should not breathe a word about it to Ratanbai; otherwise, she would hop to Bombay by Tata's next aeroplane and say some pretty hot things about him as to give a competent biographer in three minutes enough material to last for 850 pages, excluding introduction, preface and index.

Before the bulbuls could become an integral part of some other cat, Karaka thought he must keep them by his side, whenever they wanted to enjoy their constitutionals. It struck him as a fruity thought that whenever he lay sun-bathing, the birds also would enjoy immensely if they got a spot of actinic rays into their system. He would be then able to say, when Ratanbai had turned square on him the full stream of molten lava, "Yes, darling, in the matter of Joko, I've been bit of a chump. My guardianship has been seven sizes too incompetent for Joko. But take an eyeful of your bulbuls. Where is that seedy anaemic look? Gone. They are fit as a fiddle. Sound as a bell. Merry as a grig. To what do you attribute these miracles? Actinic rays, my honey bunch, actinic rays."

The bulbuls found to their misfortune that their flow spirits was dried up by the actinic rays. Instead of making them fit as a fiddle and all that sort of thing, the actinic rays threw out of gear their internal works. "Why is this fiend torturing us like this? Can't he be a shade more considerate?" thought they. The third day, Pong-Ping was gathered unto his forefathers.

Karaka, needless to say, went in mourning. He was under the impression that the bally bird had eaten something and had paid for it. But he knew in the hinterland of his heart that the coming encounter with Ratanbai would be of such a nature and consequence that The Great War was nothing before it. Whenever he thought of his explanatoria, he perspired eight gallons of sweat, with the result, he speedily lost weight, drooped and pined away. His two club-friends, Engineer and Nadirshaw, told him one day there was no need for him to behave like a jack-in-the-box, as he was starting at sudden noises and what not. They thought the poor fellow had become absolutely lovelorn and had got it up the nose and needed the vitalizing presence of his girl to rally him up. They again found him, the next day, in the same lifeless state and were on the point of ringing up the undertaker



when the door opened and Ratanbai stood framed in the doorway. Karaka, made a sitting high-jump.

"Hullo!" she said, distributing a nod to everyone, "how are our dumb chums?"

"Oh, yeah," bleated Karaka.

"Was Joko troublesome, rattleheads? How is darling Pong-Ping's bronchitis?"

There was a lull. Karaka was clicking his tongue.

"Kindly refrain from making that disgusting noise," said Ratanbai.

Another lull. As Ratanbai's eyes roved about the room, she suddenly made a noise like the deflation of an angry cat. She saw Ping-Pong, the full force of actinic rays withering her to immobility. She looked to all appearances 3405 degree short of death. Ratanbai sailed through the air en route to Ping-Pong, snatched her up and strained her to her bosom. The looks he gave Karaka was so piping-hot that he found his heart turning to ashes within him. "Where are Joko and Pong-Ping?"

Karaka goggled at her. She guessed the truth. "That's how you treat my pets? Actinic rays, eh? I'll jolly well show you what actinic rays can do. Mr. Engineer, I thank you for sending me the telegram. A minute late, and I would have missed my poor Pong-Ping's parting words."

"Don't mention it. Dear old Karaka became a shadow, absolutely love-sick. Nadirshaw and I felt, your presence alone could give him life and a chance to tread this planet once more."

"What! I thought something had gone wonky with the birds. And when I entered the room, he hit the ceiling as if he was released from a catapult. That shows, if anything, that he is bursting with health and energy. You are vastly mistaken, Mr. Engineer. If I have to choose between Karaka and a cobra for my mate, the latter will romp home by thirteen lengths. Now, gentlemen, help me bind the monster to a chair, for his actinic rays all through the day. I'll mount guard over him."

At this juncture, air entered the room to fill up the gap of five cb. feet, created by Karaka, who, when he knew what was in store for him, shot through the open door like greased lightning.

Nadirshaw tells me that he will be the brightest star in the Indian Olympic Team if he gives up fooling with actinic rays.

THE END

Poetry

Soldier Jim

Reading Time • About 4 Minutes

ALL soldiers are poets. It's the fast life they lead that does it; twisting and turning and physical training makes their brains swirl to tunes and poetry. They are all trained to make love. Love leads to poetry.

As examples of soldiers' poetry I quote you those beautiful love lyrics: *Mademoiselle from Armetieres* and *She was only a Farmer's Daughter*.

One or two historical poems are to the credit of soldiers:—

Old soldiers never die
So long as they draw their pay
Old soldiers never sigh
When their best girl runs away.

And that stirring verse:—

When you grow old
Your feet grow cold
And the devil, he welcomes you back to the fold
Yo ho ho and a bottle of Wincarnis.

Yet these are only the efforts of young soldiers. Real, thrilling, pathetic and romantic stuff is written by real old soldiers.

Here's romance with a capital 'R':—

I met her on a monsoon morning
There was music in the breeze
I said, "Good morning, darling."
She shivered and pretended to sneeze.
A great red dawn was shining
And my poor heart was pining
So I sold my beautiful darling
For a pint and some bread and cheese.

And thrills:—

The sun went down
Another day was done
And when it came up
Another one begun.

And *Ode to the Recruit*:—

There's a home for dear old soldiers, sonny boy.
Where they serve and wait for pensions, sonny boy.
And when they get that pension,
they'll do things you mustn't mention, sonny boy.

Tho' it's far across the sea
You'll pay four pence for your tea;
when you do
remember me, sonny boy.

Pathos:—

Take back the heart you gave me
Take back your liver as well

For you know where I'm going, sweetheart
It's a little place called HELL.

Or a sympathetic symphony:—

Poor little weary soldiers
Waiting for their sweeties
To take them out to lunch
To sing and dance like heroes
And go home in a bunch.
Back to the dear old barracks
For bully and a cup of tea
To the dear old beautiful guard-room
Where even a bed is free.

Also a funny pun, or punny pun:—

[In case the semi-ignorant don't know what a pun is]

A pun is fun
Use two words as one
And when you've done
Start to run.]

Nobody knows
Where symphony goes
It starts in a show
Where dancers grow
Where you pay your dues
Like darned Old Jews
And wear out your shoes
While the bandmaster chews.
Those you amuse
Sit in the pews
Hoping for views
Of beautiful ewes,
But the tune still grows
Until you oppose

An elegant man with a 'nobody' nose.

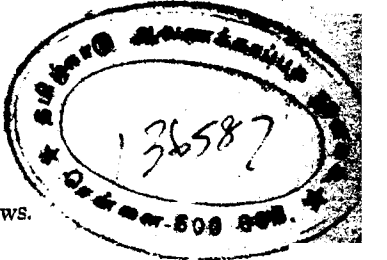
[And in case you do not know what a 'nobody' nose is, it's proboscis in the middle of a facial expression of a bloke who does not know it's his.]

(Now, dear Editor, can your artist draw that one?)
(No, dear old heart—Ed.)

You'd probably like another one, all about me:—

I am the great I AM I AM
I do not live on bread and jam
I do not eat, I do not chew
I am not half so common as you.
I am the great I AM I AM
It's me you see
Out on the spree
With a pretty girl sitting
Upon my knee
I know my Missus
Won't miss me
She's taking her sweetie out to tea.
I am the great I AM I AM
You think I'm clever,
I know I am
I'm quite as good as 'Uncle Sam'.
When I'm old
About ninety-three
There'll be another Jubilee
I'll be strung up upon a tree
Out of pure jealousy.

THE END



Long Live Alcohol

by John A. Henry

Reading Time • About 5 Minutes

“BANISH Drink! Take to eating cream caramels instead!” Thus runs the gist of many advertisements which push the



advantages of temperance. The I. O. G. T's of this world are behind these adverts—or most of them, anyway. But, Good Templars or Good Teetotallers, what *would* happen if we really banished Drink? (Note capital 'D'.)

Chaos would result—undoubtedly. The world is all right with a small percentage of non-drinkers populating isolated spots on its vast surface. But, drain all the wine and beer and whiskey away—and where are we? Here, there, or where? That, friends, Indians, and countrymen—and others is the burning question of the day. Where are we? No, we're not in the local 'Pub'. We're here—sitting at our desk and writing this article. You may be in a local 'Pub' and you may be having only a small nip before dinner. But, to get back to the question in debate, what would happen? Yes—what? I don't think any of you can answer that question. It is a difficult one to answer. But we—or rather I—will try.

Firstly, the world would be entirely devoid of red noses and blue noses—except perhaps, in the Polar Regions, where it doesn't seem to matter what colour your nose is as long as it can smell. But, in the business world, your nose is the hall-mark or otherwise of your being a good businessman. If your nose is normal in colour, you may as well go and sell Babies' Feeding Bottles or Busticoot's Brassieres.

Physicians, doctors, quacks and quack-quacks would lose a great deal of their practice. They would not be able to prescribe medicines for 'spongy stomachs' and 'tattered livers' caused by the consumption of alcohol. The quack remedy merchants would be lost. They would not be able to have their little jokes. The following is a good example of some of the fine humour we would miss:—A man once saw an advertisement in an English paper. It ran thus:—"Do you Drink?



Have you a Red Nose? Write to me, send me a shilling, and I'll show you a sure method of banishing that Red Nose!" The man, a moderate drinker, with a Red Nose that troubled him in no small way, paid his shilling and wrote his letter.

By return mail, prompt and early, he received thanks for his shilling, and the Remedy for the Red Nose. "Drink," said the Remedy, "till your Nose is Blue!"

That's an old one and I make no claim to originality. But it just shows you what we should miss.

Wives would be at a loss for some reason to scold their husbands, when the latter refused to buy them new hats and things; and husbands would have no excuse for 'seeing Brown on an urgent business transaction'. As a matter of fact, business would be at a standstill. Houses of commerce would collapse. Nobody would be able to do any business with anyone else—unless it were in the milk line.

Soda Siphon merchants would be ruined. Alcohol merchants would only be able to sell Methylated Spirits and Axle Oil. And the world would most probably poison itself on these two products.

We'd never be able to have the glorious sensation of going to the Talkies thoroughly 'soused' and seeing a lovely blur on the screen and hearing a cackle of sounds like the hum of a farmyard.

Policemen would be practically out of work, as there would be no intoxicated ladies and gentlemen leaning against or hanging on to public lamp-posts and singing 'We won't be home till morning!'

There would be, strangely enough, fewer marriages in the world, for it is an undoubted fact that the

nervous suitor always picks up his Dutch courage in a glass of ale or a tot of whiskey or rum before he starts licking the rouge off his 'Proposed-To's' lips.

That grand old song 'Another l'il drink wudden do's any harm' would die a natural death and its composer would lose a tremendous amount of money in Royalties and things or would most probably die a pauper or a General Manager of a Public Water-works.

Prohibition Societies would have to be abolished as there wouldn't be anything to prohibit, except, perhaps, the sale of lolly-pops to pop-eyed females.

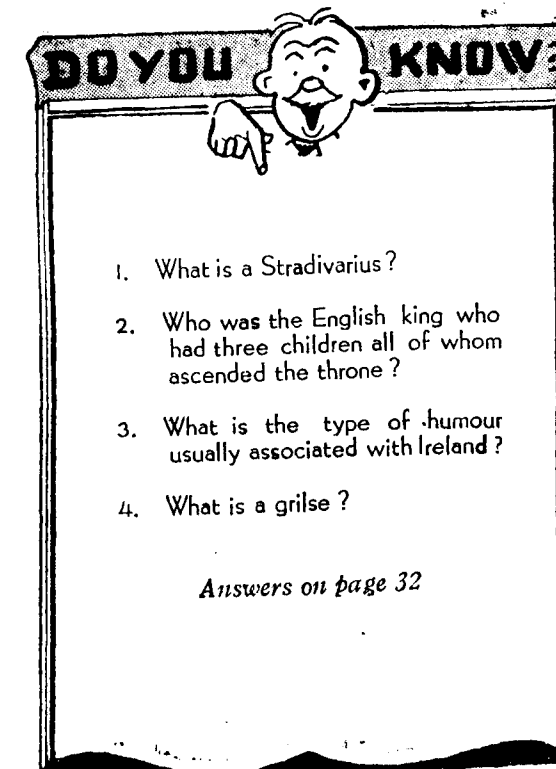
'Fill the Bowl with blood red wine!' would be a saying that would fade into something like this:—"Fill the thimble with sparkling H.O.'

We men wouldn't be able to stagger home at night and tell our wives that we are 'Sober' sanow! m'dear! So-hic-ber's anowlerajudge. See me-hic-walk straighter'n you any-hic day!'

Yes, it would be a sad, sad world, sad and dull. One would have to fall

ill if, by any chance, one felt like a drink. Alcohol's medicinal qualities are well-known. They would then become famous. Such things as Methylated Spirits Stoves would sell like wild-fire, and some of us would most probably be caught by our wives while we were sucking our fill through the jets of these valuable household utensils.

And yet, strange as it may seem, Alcoholism is definitely on the wane! Statistics have it that, compared to the 9,000,000 people who were addicted to drink last year, this year's total is only 8,999,999. Just think of that! And when you've thought of it, go and get drunk on honey, or eat monkey nuts, whichever you like.



1. What is a Stradivarius?
2. Who was the English king who had three children all of whom ascended the throne?
3. What is the type of humour usually associated with Ireland?
4. What is a grilse?

Answers on page 32

THE END

The Letters of

76. Encounter With a B.A.

Reading Time • About 8 Minutes

Illustrated by Mali

Madras, 23rd November, 1935.

DEAR MOTHER,

THE other day, a young man came round the barracks with a bundle of hand-bills. Boggins said he looked like a failed B.A.

"How do you know a failed B.A. when you see one?" I asked.

"A failed B.A. has an air of genteel poverty, and follows an occupation with a faintly literary flavour," replied my redoubtable friend. "For example, the distribution of hand-bills is an appropriate job for a failed B.A."

Boggins said he was not poking fun at the poor chap. "He is the victim of a system," he added.

I enquired about this system. It appears that it was introduced a hundred years ago, in exact imitation of the system in vogue among the idle English aristocrats of those days. These idle aristocrats used to go to the University, and get the smattering of a classical education. They were given a rubber-stamp degree, after which they automatically stepped into government positions. Government positions went by birth, favour, and the rubber-stamp label of a classical education. The uselessness of the education did not matter, because the work was easy, and the prestige of an aristocrat was enormous.

In those days, officers in the Army were also drawn from this class. Any 'gentleman' could get a commission. The drills were so simple, and the men so ignorant, that the most brainless university-product could hold the position of an officer.

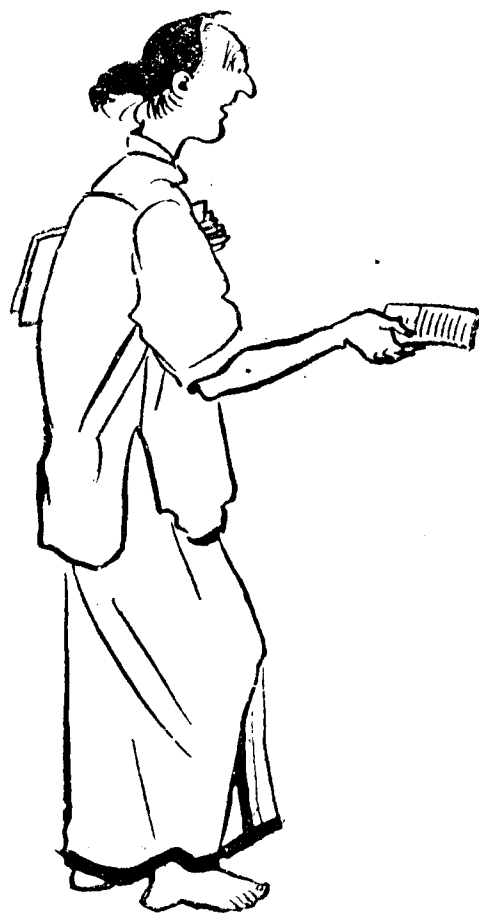
Nowadays, a prospective officer is a middle-class lad who started preparing for his profession at eleven years of age, in open competition with the cleverest of his contemporaries. By the time he joins us, he knows more about soldiering than we do, and has passed severer practical tests. He can quell us with knowledge, and blind us with science.

He couldn't blind us nowadays by being a B.A., or the son of a Lord. An inexperienced ninny from a university would be an instant and awful failure nowadays. He simply would not be able to command us.

It is the same with business and civil service posts. Anyone who wants to be an executive in these times,

must know more about the job than the clerks in the office, must work harder than they do, and prove himself amidst competition of the severest kind. Rubber-stamp degrees and aristocratic pretensions are useless.

To some extent, universities in India are still training their scholars to meet bygone conditions. One of the reasons (though perhaps not the chief one) is that the Indians are a nation of aristocrats, with a strong feeling for the privileges of birth and the importance of labels. Every poor middle-class boy thinks it is his destiny to be a rubber-stamped B.A. When he has achieved this ambition, often a great sacrifice, he considers he is entitled to a job. But the days of job for people with the correct labels are



"I am a passed B.A."

Private Joyfull

one for ever. Jobs are open only to young men with practical training and specialised knowledge.

"Why doesn't the government do something?"

"No government in the world undertakes the higher education of its citizens," replied Boggins. "The duty of a government is only to make the masses sufficiently literate to carry out the requirements of a citizen, and the ordinary occupations of the community. Those people who want their sons to be officers and executives, must pay for the extra training. This extra training is supplied according to the demand, and in a style according to what parents are willing to pay. If there is something wrong with higher education

in India, it is up to the parents to demand something different, and to pay accordingly."

"But it seems that Indian parents are demanding the wrong kind of education," protested Tiny Hopkins. "Isn't it up to the government to put them on the right lines?"

"That isn't the whole of it," persisted Boggins. "The parents are unwilling to pay adequate fees. They want a cheap rubber-stamp education on aristocratic lines, and useless degrees. It costs a lot of money to run a school which organises the whole life of the pupils, and develops their judgment, self-control, and the ability to command others. A mere classical education can be imparted by courses of lectures

attended by a mob of undisciplined boys in a classroom lacking practically every decent facility. Classical scholars are cheap, too. But cultivated house-masters are expensive; so are scientifically-planned study-rooms, and all the non-scholastic activities which are so important in training young men for positions of responsibility."

"Bah, you are talking like a damned Tory M. P. on a world-tour," grumbled the socialistic Fred Stokes.

Meanwhile, the genteel young man was distributing his hand-bills. "Hullo!" said Boggins cheerfully, "what university did you fail at?"

"I did not fail," replied the young man. "I am a passed B.A."

"Shahbashi!" cried Boggins. "Why are you distributing hand-bills?"

"To get a little food in my belly," replied the young man, bitterly.

"Well, you can have a good feed here, if you like," said Boggins, "but I suppose it is not allowed?"

"I am a Brahmin."

"Oh, don't apologise," said Boggins, generously. "Perhaps you would do us a favour by enlightening us. We were arguing just now why chaps like you cannot get work."



"I have petitioned the Government five times, and also my uncle knows a gentleman on the Services Commission; but there is too much favouritism."

"Hard luck. What job did you apply for?"

"A Government post."

"What sort of post?"

"Some employment under the Government."

"Yes; but what particular job? Did you want to be a Government brick-layer, or a sailor on a Government ship, or what?"

"Oh, no," said the young man, scandalised, "I wanted a clerical post."

"Good heavens! You wanted to be a clerk?"

"Certainly."

"Not any special kind of clerk? Just a clerk?"

This seemed to puzzle the young man. Evidently his idea of Heaven was a job where he sat at desk and did things with a pen. Exactly what he wrote did not seem to matter.

"Excuse me," said Boggins. "Can't you do anything else but read and write?"

"Certainly. After I got my degree, I took a course of typewriting and shorthand."

"Strike me pink!" said Boggins. "That's the kind of work for school-girls. Can't you really do anything except read and write?"

The young man flushed. "Steady, Boggins," I said. "He's not used to our way of talking. You are insulting him."

"I am past all insults," said the young man. He looked as if he hated the whole world.

"I call it hard cheese," said the religious Tiny Hopkins, and quoted from the Bible, 'He cannot work, and to beg he is ashamed'.

"You are wrong there," retorted Boggins. "A Brahmin can always beg, can't he, mister?"

I could see that the young man had been resenting Boggins' questions, yet, with the great politeness of an Indian, he would not take his leave while anyone was talking to him. Now he began to realise that Boggins was really kind-hearted and friendly. He smiled slightly at Boggins' joke about Brahmins being able to beg.

"I nearly got a job, canvassing books from door to door up-country," said the young man, "but they wanted a fellow with no ties."

"Well, you fulfilled the condition," said Fred Stokes, glancing at our visitor's open-necked shirt.

"I mean, a man with no family ties."

"Ah, I see," said Fred, sympathetically, "you have an old father to support, and you cannot leave him."

"No; my father supports me," said this astonishing chap. "I was referring to my wife and children."

We looked at him with awe. He was not more than twenty years of age. "Well, blessed is he that giveth hostages to fortune," quoted Tiny Hopkins philosophically, "for he shall live again."

"And blessed is he that sitteth on a pin," retorted the sarcastic Boggins, "for he shall rise again."

I thought what a wonderful race the Indians are. They get bees in their bonnets, and worry the life out of the Government, agitating persistently over some hysterical little matter. Yet they bear, in silence and in patience, burdens of life that no other nation would tolerate for a moment.

"Excuse me," said the young man, "may I leave? I still have five hundred bills to distribute."

"Chuck them into the moat," suggested Boggins.

"I cannot do that," said the young man, shyly.

"I am not expected to distribute them like that."

"There you are, Boggins," I cried, "Indian schools do train the character of the young men."

Boggins shook his head. All the same, I have noticed that the young men from the colleges do not play the tricks that are fairly common among other classes.

"What are these bills, anyway?" enquired Tommy Mann; but nobody knew. Suffering the usual fate of hand-bills, they had been strewn all over the verandah, unperused.

Tommy retrieved a copy. "Grand Sale!" he read. "At the residence of J. Jones Esq., on Thursday 14th instant at 10 a.m., all the valuable furniture and household effects will be sold without reserve. K. K. Bikriwala, Licensed Auctioneer."

Underneath, in small print, was the announcement, "Friends are requested to send their articles for auction at the sale before 10 a.m."

"Well, that's quite a matey sort of arrangement," said Boggins. "This auction is like an Irishman's funeral: anybody can join in. Come on, Joyfull, have you got anything for sale by auction?"

I hadn't, but I thought it would be a good idea if some of us went to the sale, to show how faithfully our Brahmin friend had distributed his hand-bills.

I will tell you all about the sale next week.

Your Loving Son,
OBEAH JOYFULL.

Auntie Awful



"DEAR friend," says a lady from Meerut, "this letter will bring you money and happiness."

Isn't that a nice way to begin, my pets? And Auntie was fearing it was a bill from the rent-collector. Let us see what Auntie has to do to get money and happiness.

"Copy this letter five times, and send it within three days to five of your friends in India whom you wish to benefit. Add your name to the bottom of the list, leaving out the name at the top." Then there is a list of five names and addresses.

Why must Auntie leave out the person at the top of the list? Because he is going to get money and happiness. "Send to the person at the top of the list a postal-order for eight annas. Please do not break the chain, because when your name appears at the top of the list, 15,625 people will be sending you eight annas. It is worth eight annas to get a sum of Rs. 7,806 sent to you!"

Isn't it a splendid idea? The only thing that worries Auntie, is the suspense and anxiety of waiting while 15,625 people are sending letters to each other; so Auntie has made a slight improvement on the original scheme. Borrowing Uncle Ghastly's cyclo-style, she has made 15,625 copies of the letter.

Auntie copied the letter very carefully, with one small amendment. She put her own name second on the list, 15,625 times.

The 15,625 recipients (if they play the game, the cads), will put Auntie's name at the top of 78,125 lists, and in a few days Auntie will receive Rs. 39,000 in eight-anna postal orders.

Auntie has already arranged with the Postmaster-General for the creation of a special post-office to deal with the expected rush of business. There will be five hundred peons to carry the sacks of mail, and a hundred clerks to cash the postal-orders. Remember,

my dears, the address is Auntie Awful's Post-Office, Broadway, Madras.

There is one slight hitch at the moment. Will somebody lend Auntie 15,625 one-anna stamps?

Match-Maker (Mount Road). "Who is this Merry-Magus? He vies with you in giving wholesome advice to all and sundry. I should like to see you going through life with him hand in hand, bluffing people in a Broad Way." Alas, dear boy, Merry-Magus already has a wife, and if he added Auntie to his household, he would be like a bull in a China Bazaar.

Express Growth (Madras). "I am twenty years of age, and the growth of hair on my face is very rapid. I shave every morning, and before the evening my face is like a file. If it goes on at this rate I shall have to shave myself twice a day. I have tried all the available remedies, but to no purpose. I hope, dear Auntie, that you can suggest a method that will help me out of my present predicament." It is very interesting, dear boy, to note that you have tried 'all the available remedies', as Auntie was not aware that any existed. Evidently it is no use suggesting any ordinary medicaments. Stern measures are indicated. Get the address of a plastic surgeon, and have him remove all the flesh from your face and chin. Let him carve a similar area of flesh from some soft and hairless portion of your anatomy, and transpose the two pieces. Your cheeks will then be perpetually smooth and hairless. Of course, your beard will continue to grow in its new position; but if you choose a place that is usually out of sight, this will cause no inconvenience.

Umbrella (Madras). "I am employed in a well-known Indian concern, and the manager resides next

to my house. Every week, as soon as I buy the *Merry Magazine*, he asks me to lend it to him for just a day. I cannot refuse him, lest I incur his displeasure. He does not return the magazine to me, even after a fortnight. I cannot afford to buy another copy every week. Please suggest a remedy." You should work on the principle known as 'passing the buck', my dear boy. Make a list of all the employees of the firm, and tell them that the manager has to be supplied with a copy of the magazine weekly, under pain of his displeasure; and let them each buy a copy in turn. If you work the roster properly, you may even be able to wangle a free copy for yourself.

Miss Fi Fo Fum. "At last I have managed to pull your legs." What a very wholesale young lady you are, my dear! Most jokers are content to pull only one leg. Thank you for the intelligence tests; Auntie managed to pass nine out of ten. The question that floored her was, 'Have you ever tasted the Passion Fruit?' Auntie is still wondering in what way this is a test of intelligence.

Son-in-Law (Hyderabad). "My father-in-law possesses a car which he is careful not to allow me to use, though he knows I badly need it sometimes. I do not, however, like to ask him for this favour. What shall I do, dear Auntie, to make him offer the car to me, without my asking?" Go to the dealer who supplies your father-in-law with petrol, and make a plot with him. Let him tell your father-in-law that you have a wonderful influence over cars, and when you are driving, the petrol-consumption falls by half. Your father-in-law will then eagerly ask you to drive, and surely will let you have the car for your own use sometimes. The petrol-bill will be only half the usual amount, because you are secretly paying the other half to the dealer.

Number Ninety-Five. "As an admirer of Britain, I would like you to tell England a thing or two." By all means, my dear. Auntie will repeat every word to the Prime Minister, the next time she goes to tea

at Buckingham Palace. This will pass away the time quite nicely, as the things you want Auntie to tell occupy no less than twenty pages!

Jane (Straits Settlements). "I told my friend that if a girl has no money like myself, she must be prepared to marry anyone, even a rickshaw-puller. Keng replied, 'A girl like you need not marry a rickshaw-puller. If you dare to marry a rickshaw-puller, I will give you ten thousand dollars.'" Well that solves the problem, my dear. Announce a dowry of ten thousand dollars for a suitable bridegroom, with the stipulation that, instead of taking you away on a horse, he must pull you in a rickshaw.

Miss Hard Up (Penang). "Please tell me an easy way of getting ten rupees." It is very simple, my dear. Take six dollars and fifty cents to the nearest post-office, and they will give you a ten-rupee note without a murmur.

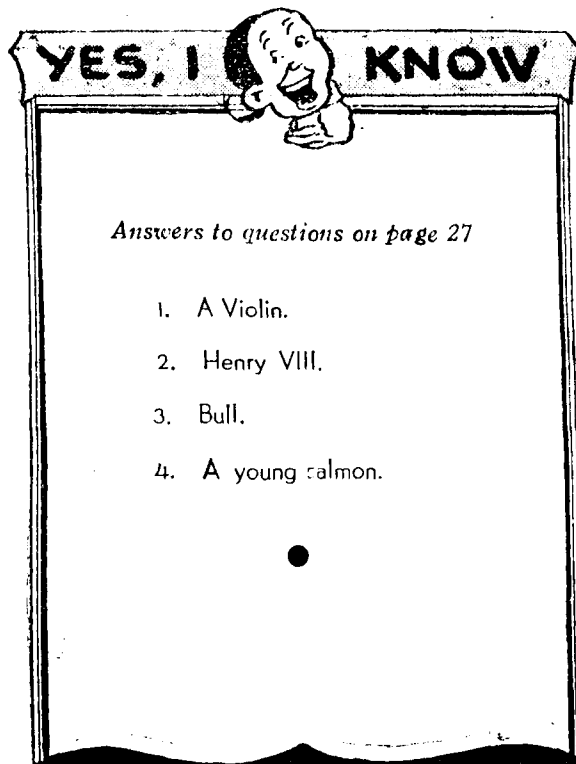
Good Idea. "I wish I had entered the competition for the best criticism of Deisvi's serial. All you have to say is this: 'Deisvi is a genius and the Editor is an angel', and you get the ten rupees without a

doubt." Indeed, my dear? I think there were two hundred and seventy-three readers with the same idea, and the Editor decided it was hardly worth while splitting up ten rupees among so many.

Teacher (A. C. Girls' School). "There are nine Chinese girls in my class, and they are all sisters, yet none of them look alike. How do you account for this?" Why, my dear, have you never heard of that well-known Chinese proverb:

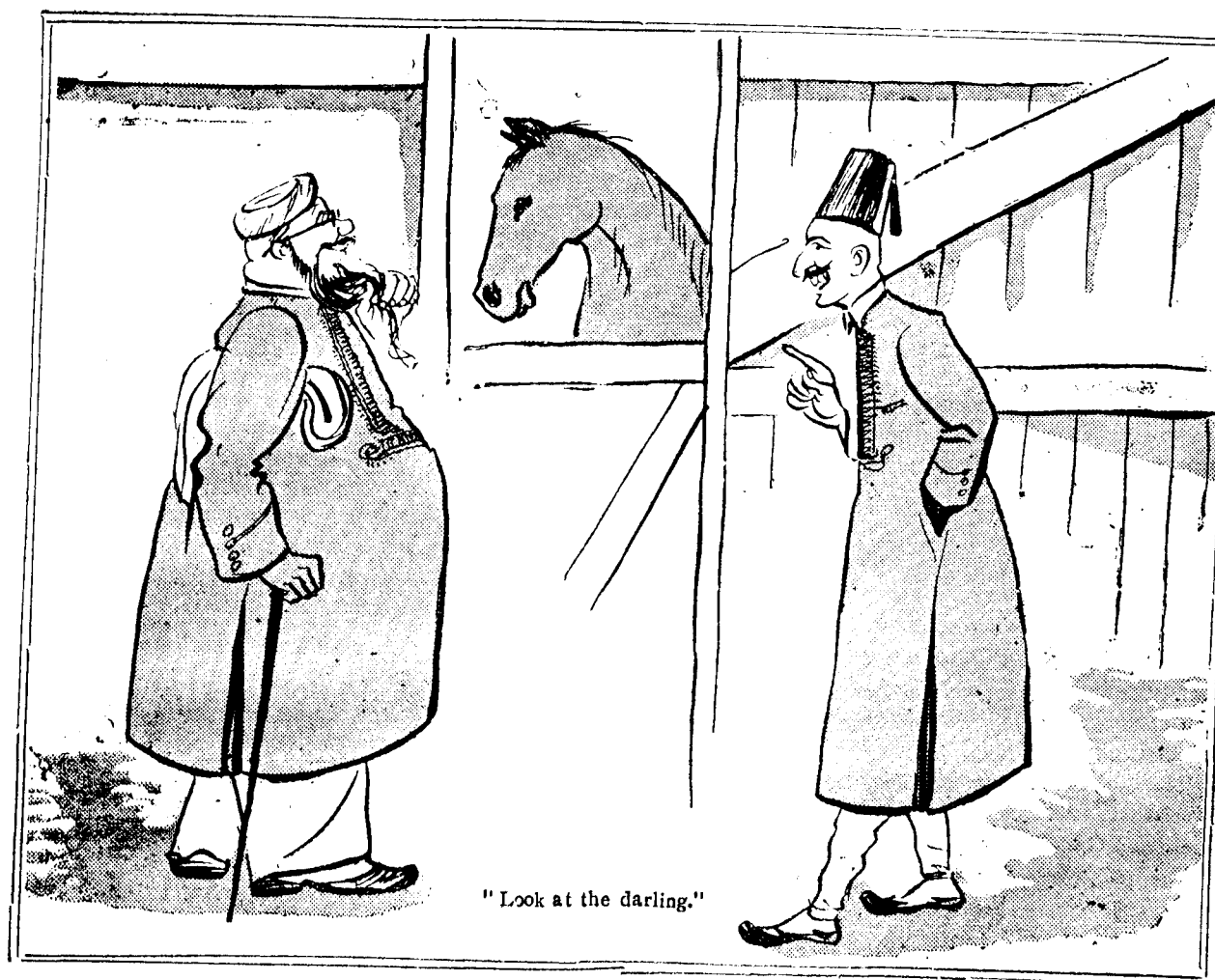
*Plenty money, plenty wives;
Plenty wives, plenty children;
Plenty children, plenty trouble.*

Enquirer (Perak Road). "Please ask Private Joyfull if it is a fact that the soldiers fight with their wives." Joyfull says, my dear, that he has heard of cases; but they only do it for practice,



Answers to questions on page 27

1. A Violin.
2. Henry VIII.
3. Bull.
4. A young salmon.



Passing The Buck

by Embusque

Illustrated by Mali

Reading Time • About 8 Minutes

SYED Abdullah stood on the quay at Bombay, watching the landing of a string of Arab race-horses. Broad bands of webbing were placed under the belly of each horse, and the ship's cargo-winch began to clank. Without warning, the nervous animal found itself hoisted high in the air, kicking at nothing. A few seconds later, its feet dropped lightly on the quay, and it scrambled away in charge of its own groom.

One animal, a beautiful grey, particularly claimed the attention of the horse-dealer. "There she is, O brother," he cried, as the sporting animal swung

overhead, "Begum, the best mare that ever ran at Baghdad races."

The companion of Syed Abdullah looked at the mare with covetous eyes. "How much did you pay for her, O father of lies?" he asked.

"As God is my judge, she cost me eight hundred rupees," replied the dealer. "But why should a spoiler of horse-flesh believe me?"

Mohammed Latif, the 'spoiler of horse-flesh', was a racing trainer, with a dozen mediocre Arabs in his stable. "I spoil no horses," he growled. "Sell me

this Begum, and you will see whether Mohammed Latif can win at the races."

"Nay, brother, I will not sell," replied Syed Abdullah; and strode to the shed where his newest importations were being quietened after their disturbing aerial journey.

"Shall I see you at the coffee-shop of the pious Hussain?" cried Mohammed Latif.

"Within the hour," promised the horse-dealer. "Peace be unto you."

"And to you peace."

No sooner had Mohammed Latif passed out of sight, than one of the grooms came anxiously to Syed Abdullah. "O master," he chattered, "I fear that all is not well with the mare Begum."

"What!"

"She does not hold up her head, and her eyes are inflamed, and there is a moisture coming from her nose."

Syed Abdullah swiftly examined the animal. "My God!" he cried, "it is the influenza! Ho, you scum, take those other animals away. Let none of them come near the mare Begum. Alas, that I paid eight hundred rupees for her!"

The dealer stood pondering for a while. At last, the groom ventured to speak. "What shall I do with the mare, O master?"

Syed Abdullah came to a decision. "Listen, numskull," he said. "Will you follow my orders to the letters?"

"Perfectly, master."

"Take the mare to the stables, and put her in the separate loose-box at the end of the yard. Seek out the head groom, and tell him to give her a dose of the special mixture."

"The dope for making horses lively, master?"

"Silence, fool! Do this, and await my coming."

The groom led the sick animal away, and the crafty dealer directed his steps to the coffee-shop of the pious Hussain.

* * * *

Half-an-hour later, Syed Abdullah was reluctantly admitting that he might be persuaded to sell that peerless mare, Begum.

"Ho!" said Mohammed Latif, suspiciously. "Has the animal developed an incurable disease, that you are wishful to part with her?"

"Nay, brother," replied the dealer, in reproachful tones. "How could I practise such deceit? No: since I left you, I have been casting up my accounts, and I owe so much money that I must have ready cash. The rest of the horses are untrained, but Begum is fit for racing. I can get a good price for her at once."

"What is your idea of a good price, my prince of extortioners?"

"Eleven hundred rupees; not an anna less," said Syed Abdullah, firmly.

"Ridiculous!" replied the trainer, secretly surprised at the moderation of his friend. At last, the deal was concluded for a thousand rupees.

"But I must see the mare before purchasing her," stipulated Mohammed Latif.

"And I must be paid in spot cash," retorted Syed Abdullah.

"What, my friend, do you not trust me?" asked the trainer, in a pathetic voice.

"Of course I trust you, dear brother," replied the dealer, embracing him. "But this is business."

* * * *

Mohammed Latif stepped up to the door of the loose-box, and an iron-shod hoof flashed within an inch of his head. The mare was energetically demolishing the wooden partition of the compartment. "She is lively, brother," remarked the trainer, retreating hastily.

"She is glad to be free after the confinement of the journey," replied Syed Abdullah. "Is she not beautiful? See how her neck arches!"

"I wanted to examine her for defects," grumbled the trainer.

"Look at the darling; she is full of life and energy. Never have I landed so lively a mare. Ah, she is a true princess of the blood. It tears my heart to part with her. Who could think that she was ailing or defective?"

"She seems well enough; I will pay you," said Mohammed Latif, who was secretly anxious to close such a good bargain. "Can you send her to my stables in Poona? I myself will meet her at the station there tomorrow."

"Peace be upon you, brother; I will put the mare on the train this very night."

* * * *

At six o'clock in the evening, the groom came trembling to the door of Syed Abdullah. "Master!" he cried, in a doleful voice.

"What is it, fool?" demanded the dealer, irritably.

"O master, I—I cannot put the mare Begum on the night train," moaned the groom.

"Why not, idiot?"

"Master, the mare is dead! The special medicine caused her to break a blood vessel."

Syed Abdullah took the news with greatest calmness. After pondering awhile, he said, "The mare

(Continued on page 37)

Dogged—

Reading Time • About 8 Minutes

THE night was dark. Mahadev's heart was bold as a rabbit's, and his head as full of superstitions. Hence the scared look and the scurrying foot-work that he put forth.

He cursed in no uncertain terms the foolish impulse that had carried him into the Carnival. Here he was now all alone in this deserted, gloomy stretch of silent road, plodding along with weary and hurried feet, all because he had been so thoroughly cleaned out at the gaming tables of the carnival booths. He hadn't even bus-fare on him, and it was threatening to rain. His umbrella—the one he had borrowed from Ratnam—was resting idly in a corner of his room.

Down came a preliminary drizzle. Mahadev dodged hastily into the shelter of a tree. The rain increased into a steady, hissing downpour, and the silence of the solitary, dark road grew sinister.

What had gone suddenly wrong with the Corporation lights?

An owl hooted.

Mahadev almost jumped out of his skin. And suddenly Mahadev remembered. Somewhere in the vicinity of where he stood, had been found some days back, the body of a man hanging from the branch of a tree. Whether it was a case of suicide or murder, still remained a mystery. And such foul fellows, Mahadev recalled, came back as gh-gh-gh-ghosts. He shuddered and his teeth clattered. Lord God, but was he standing under the very tree? He shot a frightened glance up at the branches that did their best to keep him dry. It was too dark for him to see anything; but for all that, he thought he saw something swinging from a branch. A sudden gust of howling wind moaned through the branches of the tree. A shower of rain-drops descended upon him. Sweat—in spite of the chill—clammy sweat lined Mahadev's brow. Wild panic seized his heart. He shot out of his shelter into the open road.

Flash! A blinding, vivid glare of lightning lit up that lonely place for a moment. In that brief flash, he saw various things and had impressions of several more. And he halted abruptly in the middle of the road.

by P. Logan

Illustrated by Verma

He was now at the bend of the Body Guard's Road, where one road branches off North to the Fort, another West to the Central. The road branching off North was out of the question—it was not at all his route. His route lay along the Western one, and if only he could cover the two furlongs that separated him from the Central Station, he would be in a reassuring atmosphere. But he had to pass by a wayside grave-yard to reach it. The very idea made his flesh creep with terror.

Of a sudden the rain stopped. And what Mahadev regarded an inspiration came to his aid. He recollected there was a tiny road-side temple just some distance off. Ghosts and other low-down nuisances, he felt sure, would not dare harm a person who was near a temple. With the rallying thought, he once more resumed walking.

Pit-a-pat! Pit-a-pat!

Foot-steps.

Mahadev looked over his shoulder. He could make out a dim figure walking. Ghost? or man? He would take no chances. Even a man was to be feared now and here. True, there was no money on him, but there was a wrist-watch. The chain was made of gold.

He hurried his pace and soon reached the little temple. To go farther, he had the mind but not the heart. His hairs stood on end at the thought of the grave-yards. He would sooner be robbed. He would risk it. Let the fellow come up. He would have him for a companion.

He felt in his pockets and fished out a cigar and a match-box. He lit and puffed soothingly at it.

Pit-a-pat. Pit-a-pat. Pit-a-pat.

On came the foot-steps.

Mahadev's heart leapt up to his throat. For, the person proceeded straight towards him. What was his intention? Rob?

The figure halted near him, peering into his face.

"Got a match, sir?" a harsh voice croaked in accents that distinctly belonged to a low-class man.



"Got a match, sir?"

Mahadev's hands shook as he struck a match and held it out. By the flickering light he saw an unpleasant, uncouth face, a dirty rag-clad figure, a tramp who wore someone's abandoned banyan. A nasty customer to meet with on such a night, thought Mahadev.

The tough-looking tramp fumbled in his pockets. Then he shook his head vigorously.

"Haven't got a *beedi*!" he said. "Have you got a *beedi*, sir? or a cigarette? or a cigar?"

Mahadev really didn't have any. He told the tramp so, in an almost apologetic tone. The tramp shuffled off with a wistful glance at Mahadev's cigar.

Pit-a-pat. Pit-a-pat. Pit-a-pat. Pit-a—

Suddenly the foot-steps ceased. The tramp was no more in sight. Mahadev's heart-beats grew louder. He had watched the tramp step off the road and merge into the shadow of the trees. What was the big idea? Had he any sinister designs?

Mahadev decided to stay where he was till he sighted some passing traffic. Surely there must come along a chance bus, car, cycle or a vehicle of some sort.

A drop of rain fell from somewhere on the lighted end of his cigar. Another drop followed. The cigar went out; he struck a match. But the wind was strong and blew it out. Mahadev turned, and facing the temple, struck another match and lit his cigar. His glance strayed into the temple. And he almost dropped the cigar—

It was the temple of *Kali*!

Kali, remembered Mahadev, was known to prowl at nights for human flesh! The thought was enough.

A thousand tramps, two thousand grave-yards would not deter him from keeping a safe distance between himself and a temple of *Kali* on such a night as this.

With the courage born of despair, Mahadev began to walk briskly towards the Central. He passed the spot where the tramp had retreated into the shadow of the trees. He could see no one there. Still Mahadev put a little more speed into his feet, just for safety's sake.

Pit-a-pat. Pit-a-pat. Pit-a-pat. Pit-a-pat—
It was the tramp following!

Mahadev stopped abruptly. So did the foot-steps. With a feeling akin to panic, Mahadev walked as fast as he could. Pit-a-pat, pit-a-pat, pit-a-pat came on the foot-steps, with obviously increased speed.

Cursing and swearing, all thoughts of ghosts, grave-yards and spooks clean forgotten in his panic, Mahadev broke into a run.

Pit-pit-pit-a-pat. Pit-pit-pit-a-pat—the dogging foot-steps followed fast.

Past the dreaded grave-yards, up and down the Stanley Viaduct, and into the General Hospital Road raced Mahadev. And pit-a-pat came after him the chasing foot-steps.

Panting, Mahadev stopped, courage in his heart. A number of people, seated huddled in a corner, were chatting. All on a sudden the Corporation lights came to life again. Mahadev caught sight of the tramp halting in a slinking fashion near the traffic signal.

With unwonted boldness, Mahadev marched up to him with determined steps.

"What is the big idea, running after me?"

"Me, sir? Running after you?" he echoed lamely.

"Yes, you rogue. Why did you do it?"

The tramp fidgeted. "Well, sir," he said, "to tell you the truth, I ran because you started running. I was following you and when I saw you suddenly begin to sprint, I felt sort of scared that something was wrong. I thought something must have frightened you, so not liking to be left alone there, I also ran. That's the truth, sir."

Mahadev spat sceptically and flung aside his cigar.

"Then why did you conceal yourself in the shadows?"

The tramp made no immediate reply. He stooped, retrieved the discarded cigar, and stuck it between his lips. Then he spat out with disgust.

"Tut!" he exclaimed, "the thing has gone out because of the wet earth. I'm mighty fond of cigars, sir, and I thought I could pick up yours as soon as you cast it off. I thought if I waited a bit you'd throw the cigar away."

The Central Station tower-clock pealed out midnight in a sardonic way.

THE END

PASSING THE BUCK—(Continued from page 34)

belongs to Mohammed Latif. I have promised to deliver her at Poona. Take the horse-float, and put the carcass on the night train."

"What, master, send the dead body to Poona?"

"You heard me!"

"Yes, master," said the groom, glad to have escaped so lightly.

Two months later, Syed Abdullah entered the coffee-shop of the pious Hussain, and drew back hastily. Mohammed Latif was seated within. But it was too late; the trainer had seen him.

"Ho! Thou brigand!" howled Mohammed Latif.

"Excuse me, brother, I have important business—" stuttered the dealer, edging towards the street.

Mohammed Latif's powerful hand descended upon Syed Abdullah. "Come within, thou devil of iniquity; come and drink with me."

"D—drink with you?"

"Certainly. Have we not had many a sharp deal together?"

"If—if you are referring to Begum—"

"That mare I bought from you?" Mohammed Latif burst into roars of laughter. "Did you not hear what happened? I should have remembered that these blood-mares are nervous. The train-journey, on top of the voyage, was too much for her. She burst a blood-vessel in the train, and was dead when she arrived."

"And—and you suffered the loss without complaint?" cried the astonished horse-dealer.

"Loss? I suffered no loss. In fact, I made a profit of four hundred rupees."

"A profit of four hundred rupees?"

"Yes. When I found the mare dead, I remembered that there were a dozen trainers in Poona who knew the animal by reputation, and would be glad to buy her, if she was alive. So I raffled her."

"R—raffled her?"

"Certainly. I said she had just arrived, and I got eight trainers to take a ticket, two hundred rupees each, and draw lots for the mare."

"Sixteen hundred rupees for a dead horse?"

"I only got fourteen hundred of it. They did not know that the mare was already dead. I told the winner that she was kicking out the side of a truck on the railway-station. After a while the winner came back, and said that the mare had broken a blood-vessel, and killed herself."

"Well?"

"I consoled with him on his bad luck—and gave him his money back!"

THE END

The Man With The Big Scar

by A. M. Menon

Illustrated by Balajee

Reading Time • About 7 Minutes

"S. L. Kamath, Public Detective"

SO said the polished board on the door.

The first passer-by who noticed it was a young, cheeky under-graduate. The time was half-past-nine. The under-graduate went up and knocked. He had a quarter of an hour or so to spare.

The door was opened by a smart boy who offered a slip-pad and pencil. The visitor scribbled his name and handed it over.

The boy returned very soon and said:

"Mr. Kamath begs to be excused, sir, but will you please mention the nature of your business on the slip?"

"Private and Confidential," wrote the under-graduate.

Mr. Kamath received him.

"Pray—tell me all the facts in full—" began the sleuth, a dapper man with a purposeful expression, seated on a revolving chair.

"In the first place," began the under-graduate, "what do you mean by 'Public' Detective?"

The detective was hurt. He did not like his clients to demand a prosaic explanation of a rather subtle and arresting master-stroke in the art of advertisement. If advertisers dictate to their buyers not to be 'vague but ask for Haig', why not an enterprising young detective try to bait attention by calling himself a 'Public' Detective? There are so many Private Detectives!

"A Public Detective," temporised Mr. Kamath, with icy courtesy, "is a man who has no time to waste. Your business, please?"

The under-graduate was chilled. He rose.

"I require the services," he said, evasively, "of a private, and not public, detective."

The innovation on the sign-board, thought Mr. Kamath ruefully, was not proving a success. People are so stupid.

"Good morning," said Mr. Kamath politely, and pretended to turn over some papers briskly.

"Good morning," said the under-graduate and departed.

But Mr. Kamath was not going to let it go at that. He put on his coat, filled his cigarette-case, and promptly stepped out.

He noted that his recent visitor—a client who was probably about to seek out and consult another detective—was waiting at the bus stand round the corner.

Mr. Kamath made for the bus stand.

In a few minutes he had the satisfaction of seeing his quarry alight at Pachaiyappa's and enter the College buildings.

"So, after all," he mused as he got into a returning bus, "it was only one of those prying, inquisitive youngsters! I must put a stop to it."

He went to two leading newspaper offices, and gave the following advertisement for insertion in the front page.

"Mr. S. L. Kamath, Public Detective, requests that members of the Public will not try in future to worry him on unimportant details. If the phrase 'Public' Detective intrigues them, they are requested to refer the Dictionary. Under-graduates are especially warned."

On his way back to his office a large poster claimed his attention. A typical Police Poster, it was.

"WANTED"

"Man, height about 5 ft. 8 ins., discoloured, dusky complexion, pock-marked, bushy eyebrows, of violent speech, with a big scar across his face."

A postscript added: "Handsome remuneration if the man is found."

As Mr. Kamath imagined, a typical rowdy.

He lost no time.

He hurried back to his office, equipped himself with a pair of handcuffs and a revolver, and set out on his quest for the Man With the Big Scar.

Under-graduates may make light of him, but he was yet going to show 'em! If he helps the City Police once or twice—why, his reputation is made. Even Sherlock Holmes—

His cogitations were rudely disturbed by a sight that sent a tremendous thrill down his spine. Mr. Kamath's eyes were bulging out.

He was in a bus going at an easy pace towards Central Station, when a man sitting in the front seat of another bus coming from the opposite direction caught his attention.

The man had a big scar across his face.

He was dressed in Western Style, and looked somewhere about 5 ft. 8 ins. in height.

What luck!

The Public Detective did just what any Public Detective would have done. He didn't spare expense.

The bus might drop its passenger, and then where will he be!

Mr. Kamath got down the bus, hailed a taxi and, to make matters more realistic, thrust a five-rupee note into the driver's hand and said:

"Drive like blazes and overtake that bus—quick!"

The taxi-driver had not read Edgar Wallace or 'Sapper', but he did not question the behaviour of his queer 'fare'.

He drove on as directed and overtook the bus just as it had drawn up in front of the Silvan Theatre. A taxi-driver stepping out of an Oppenheim couldn't have done better.

Mr. Kamath was sure of his man. The man with the big scar across his face was going up a lane.

Mr. Kamath walked up briskly and put his hand on the stranger's shoulder.

"You are under arrest," said the Public Detective, his voice trembling, for this was his first case.

The man looked around and gasped.

Why, how clear was that scar on his face! Mr. Kamath was thrilled at that relic of an old wound as if it were the autograph of Sherlock Holmes himself across a human face.

"Arrest? My name is Janardanam Pillay, 17, this lane."

"All right, come along," said Mr. Kamath in his most business-like tone. "Don't offer any resistance, or—"

Here he took out the handcuff and the revolver.

A police constable ran up at sight of these astounding developments in a side-street.

Mr. Janardanam Pillay appealed to the constable.

"This man," said Mr. Kamath, "is wanted by the Police—probably you are aware—"

"No," said the Constable, for he knew Mr. Janardanam very well and was in fact a personal friend of his.



"You are under arrest," said the Public Detective.

"Then you don't know your business, which is to know all the K. D.'s who are wanted by the Police and whose descriptions are widely advertised." Mr. Kamath was very severe. He took out his card and gave it to the constable.

The policeman looked at it and saluted respectfully. He was suffering much mental pain, but duty is duty.

"I am afraid, Mr. Pillay," he said to Mr. Janardanam, "that you will have to accompany this gentleman. He is a—" here the constable looked at the card doubtfully—"a—er—Public Detective."

All three of them reached the Police Station. Mr. Janardanam Pillay was in a highly tense state of nerves.

The Inspector could in no way help Mr. Kamath. No such advertisement as he alluded to had been broadcast by the Police Department.

"We will 'phone the Commissioner's Office, anyhow," said the Inspector.

It drew blank.

Mr. Kamath was seriously perturbed now. He looked nervously at Mr. Janardanam Pillay, whose

tense attitude was relaxing. But the gleam in his eyes boded Mr. Kamath no good.

"Get a taxi!" ordered Mr. Kamath.

The Inspector, Mr. Janardanam Pillay, the constable, and Mr. Kamath drove over to the street where the Detective had read the advertisement. And there, sure enough, was the big poster.

Mr. Janardanam Pillay was the first to break the silence.

"Why, that's the advertisement I went and answered this morning! They want a man at the Bunkum Talkies for a minor part—some sort of villain, you know! I got it."

The Inspector couldn't help a chuckle. As for the constable, he guffawed irreverently.

Mr. Janardanam Pillay alone sympathised with his captor. He patted Mr. Kamath encouragingly on the shoulder.

"Better luck next time! Anyway, I am not suing you for damages. Have a cigarette!"

Mr. Kamath accepted the proffered cigarette ruefully.

THE END

Always Late!



BOSS (to clerk coming late): When were you born?
CLERK: 2nd April.
BOSS: Late again!

Auntie Replies

"Shakespeare in his play 'Richard II' has said, 'Tis not the trial of a woman's war, the bitter clamour of two eager tongues, can arbitrate this course betwixt us twain,' meaning thereby that only women fight with words, and men with arms. Applying this to the present Italo-Abyssinian conflict, I think they are absolutely justified in engaging in a war to settle their differences, for they are men. Why should other nations try to bring about a reconciliation between them merely by words?"—*Shakespeare Researcher, Madras.*

It is quite true, dear boy, that all human disputes are decided ultimately by force. Civilisation, however, is a means by which the force is relegated to the background. In a civilised community, life is made the subject of amicable mutual understandings. It is no longer necessary for men to maintain a body of armed peons to clear the road for them by beating the populace; everybody agrees to keep to the left of the road, and to use the road with due consideration for others. Yet there still has to be a policeman to force recalcitrants to keep to the agreement.

This is the principle subscribed to, however imperfectly, by members of the League of Nations. At present, the international policeman is issuing summonses to Italy, rather than delivering lathi-charges. Your argument is that policemen should always summarily club or shoot uncivilised offenders, in the American manner.

Your reading of the Italo-Abyssinian situation depends on your interpretation of the facts. Some people say that the conflict has arisen because the policeman (chiefly the British navy) is too weak. Others complain that the policeman is too strong and too officious. But the role of policeman is never a popular one.

Italy says that Abyssinia has never kept to the left of the road, and is incapable of adhering to civilised agreements. Italy claims that the international policeman has ignored the traffic-offences of Abyssinia, and therefore Mussolini has taken force into his own hand.

Abyssinia admits that her old-fashioned apple-cart has sometimes been a bit of a nuisance on the international highway, but she has done her best to obey the policeman. While willing to give way to the Duce's million-horse-power band-waggon, she does not see that Mussolini should steal all the apples. Hence the scandalous outbreak of fisticuffs on the Grand Trunk Road to universal peace.

Anyhow, it is certain that, in the present imperfect state of the world, it is unsafe to rely wholly on the policeman of civilisation. We must be prepared for reversions to savagery, and the decision of disputes by appeals to naked force.

Yours Sincerely,

AUNTIE.

★

"I hold a respectable position, and if I may say so, I am well-regarded by those with whom I come in contact. My family is an honoured one. Please excuse me for saying these things, as they are necessary for stating the problem.

"I am fifty years of age, and was left a widower eight months ago. I have several young children, and the care of them is a problem. I have no relations to whom I may turn. I am compelled to leave my young children in the house by day, and servants are not satisfactory for overlooking the children or conducting the house.

"I have not the opportunity or the moral strength to supervise my family; yet I do not want to take a wife for the third time at my age.

"Is it possible to secure a trustworthy woman who would be willing to seek reputable livelihood by taking care of my children and household? She must be of the Hindu community. One in misfortune owing to widowhood or other cause would be welcome, and would be treated kindly and honourably. The recent story 'Misfortunes of Meena' may be taken as an example."—*'Wifeless' (S. India).*

DEAR FRIEND,

I regret you did not enclose your address in confidence; as there will be delay in this answer reaching you.

Your difficulty, and mine, is that the solution you propose is uncommon among your people, and the arrangement may be regarded with some suspicion. I thoroughly agree that your solution is the only one that fits all your requirements, and I will gladly do what I can to help you.

For obvious reasons, I cannot broadcast names and addresses on this page, so you must write to me again privately, when I will endeavour to put you in touch with a suitable organisation.

With all good wishes,

AUNTIE.

★

Star Snaps—

by Satellite

Why?

Boosting beyond believable limits is the habit of hectic Hoolywood. This happens once a year. It may be a new 'leg' or a 'sensational' million-dollar insurance for an 'unparalleled' finger-nail. Such stunts take the unsuspecting public by storm and surprise. They look for something above their wildest imagination. What they actually see in the end is the foisting on them of a tantalizing Tommy. One year, it is a German Elizabeth Bergner, a slip of a girl with nothing more than a look of doom pursuing her—in *Catherine the Great*. Another year it is the Russian Anna Sten—her Russian name always in parenthesis—all consonants and no vowels. Nana was a three million dollar flop. The public fails to appreciate where the originality really lies. Not finding how these are greater than the others, they are content to consign the stars to oblivion, condemned to it. No amount of coaxing can draw these disillusioned film-goers to see these stars again. But Garbo has outlived the boosting period and given satisfaction. Garbo may not be the part she assumes but she certainly is a virile living thing and the fans are happy to see Garbo do 'her' best. She is different. But this year, we have Luise Rainer, a Viennese actress. She is 22, and beautiful both in personality as well as in acting. Then why is Hollywood platonic about her?

Film Scholars

Captain A. C. N. Dixey, M. P. stated recently that almost all film technicians had to be imported from America and consequently he is submitting to the Board of Education a plan for film scholarships, tenable for three years in a film studio, at a salary of £150 a year, and rising each successive year. He holds that if film-minded boys are specially trained, they will be fitted to take up executive and technical positions and be automatically absorbed by the growing film industry of England, to its great and lasting benefit. What is good for the film industry in England is necessary for the same in India which is yet in the infant stage.

The Pukka Saheb

Clive of India, but for the great characterisation of Ronald Colman, can be passed on as just a

variation of *The Lives of a Bengal Lancer*. With him in it, it is a glorious study of the first *Pukka Saheb*. To complete the impression of the glamorous Orient, there is an army of battle elephants, giving battle with spear-heads. Loretta Young beautifully plays the part of the happy, simple and domesticated wife of the empire-builder. She is at her best in this. In spite of all these, one feels something wanting which one generally finds in any film story. It is the unreality that is absent the glitter that fills any picture. It is a truthful portrayal. It was a glorious tribute to the faithfulness of the producers to see Robert Clive actually forging the signature of Watson on the contract countersigned by Mir Jaffer. Most of the history text-books cast a film on this incident. The Pukka Saheb lives again.

A classic Film-year

This is a classic film year. Classic in all its senses. Many of the pictures produced have been classic but many of the world's classics have been brought to the screen. We have had *Resurrection*, *David Copperfield*, *Great Expectations*, *Les Miserables*, *Anna Karenina*, and *Oliver Twist*. *Old Curiosity Shop* and *A Tale of Two Cities* are in the making. *A Midsummer Night's Dream* is coming to us. The most fastidious critics and lovers of Shakespeare have not been able to denounce it. Somehow Dickens seems to have caught the imagination of the film-magnates. The real reason is that Dickens is not so much a humourist as a humanist.

Victor McLaglen, has received a tangible reward for his work in *The Informer*. Twentieth Century—Fox have given him a three-year contract, which ensures him three pictures a year, at a salary of 100,000 dollars for each picture.

Busby on Trial.

Busby Berkeley, the famous dance director, is to stand trial in Los Angeles on two charges of murder in the second degree, following a motor car crash, in which he was involved. He has been released on a 10,000 dollars bail.



Bhagat (Benares). You are very mutable and lack determination. This tendency eclipses all the brilliance of your intellect. It is very bad to take advantage of other's weaknesses. Are you not good at mimicry? You are generous, but only in odd instances. Do one thing at a time and finish it before you take up another. This is absolutely wanting in you. Your lungs are weak.

M. R. Thaker (Ahmedabad). You are always anxious about money matters and are trying to save as much as you can, denying even the absolute necessities of life. Of course it is good you are in business, but for God's sake don't go near or think of speculation or gambling. There may be ups and downs in your life, but don't get disheartened; meet everything squarely. Don't be vacillating and retreat in your efforts half way. Be firm and work through the enterprise to the finish. You can plan well but to be successful, you should stick to one thing at a time, and carry on heedless of opposition. Rheumatism may worry you.

T. R. Raja (Thiruvannamalai). It is utter foolishness to get yourself inflated when others cajole and coax you. These ticklings may be actuated by selfish motives. Always see straight at things and keep a cool head. Tactlessness lands you in serious difficulties with your foes. To strike at extremes in everything is no help at all. Stand to reason always. It is certainly bad to be dominating

Merry-Magus Replies

for ever. Others may not tolerate it often. Let your policy be give and take. Don't be so swayed by your emotions and try to meet your right affinity. Impulsiveness makes you lose caution. Don't subject yourself to overwork.

Mrs. Baratai (Perambur). Yes, you are subtle and endowed with great intelligence but lack of constancy as well as consistency is your set-back. Is not your temperament peculiar? You love with one side of your nature while you criticise or dislike the same person with the other. It is a pity you are not able to overcome this tendency. Though you engage yourself in some work or other, you always feel restless. Why? You always crave for things you have not got and sometimes for things you cannot get. It is really too bad to take advantage of other's weaknesses. Take care of your digestive organs.

V. Srinivasan (Mylapore). Do you know that Mr. Cheiro the famous Palmist was born on a 1st November? Don't be so assertive and try to always rule over others. However much they may forgive you and yield to your wishes, you should think for a moment how their inner feelings will be affected. You may be loved and even adored; but see that the love and adoration are not prompted merely by selfishness. There are many around you who are likely to land you in a serious scandal. Moreover you have to keep under check your strong sex-nature. Have you not got a taste for Occult studies? Your heart

will become your weakest organ later on, if you are not careful about it now.

N. S. Taurus (Alandoor). Will I receive an invitation for the next garden party you may hold, as I would like to see how happy you are while acting as a host. It is fine to have so much of physical and mental force to endure any amount of strain. You are either a dear friend or a deadly enemy. My friend, don't be so morose; if you feel that this is due to the surroundings, clear out, and seek good environments. Surely, one should be of a forgiving nature, but it should not be overdone; if you do, you will be dubbed stupid. Reason out and answer for yourself all important questions. If you consult others you will only get confused. Be warned against fainting fits.

Prabu (Dharmapuri). My Boy It is really good you want to know yourself at such an early age. Take my advice, work hard and never depend on luck. Luck is a most elusive thing. Whether good or bad, never worry yourself. Don't you think that it is very bad to leave things half-done? Practise from to-day to finish one thing first before thinking of another. Is it not your ambition to become suddenly rich? Get-rich-quick schemes are only fallacious: decry such schemes. Don't dream of plans beyond your capacity. Lastly, don't marry young—a most unwelcome suggestion, is it not? Beware of gastric troubles.

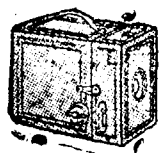


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Raghavan. Are you not a lover of music? Yes, one should be ambitious, but ambition should not make you selfish. How do you like a Rao Bahadur prefixed to your name? Don't be at extremes in everything. It is really bad to change one's mind and decisions too often. I don't think there is anything demeaning in admitting your errors. Are you not extremely conventional?

Rajivi. You admire nature. You can be a good peace-maker. Be ambitious always; even sacrifice your pleasures to accomplish your aim. Don't place too much credence in the opinions of others. There are blackmailers always on the alert to take advantage of this weakness. Though you are thought to be most responsible and conventional, tell me frankly, don't you want to be free from all restraints and be in a Bohemian retreat? Don't postpone things. You are liable to suffer from bladder and kidney troubles.

Kittu (Thiruvannamalai). My child friend! Spare your father! I know that you cannot understand the value of money; but it is not so with your father. He may be hard up, or may not like to spend anything on the particular thing you want, just to satisfy your fancy. Reserve your speculation for your grown-up period. You will then be successful. Ask your father to ear-mark you either for medicine or for law. How is it that you are barely three years old and yet you want to scrutinise everything so severely! Don't try to develop too much of this quality; you may overdo things in the later stages of your life. See, how many friends there are around you. Are you not proud of them? Develop your intuitive faculties. Ask your mamma to take good care of your skin!

Pollachi. Speculation may be most alluring in theory but in

practice it may just land us in difficulties. It is only very few gamblers who do not meet with disaster at one time or another. Hence be prudent and don't dream of succeeding in life by speculation. Love of travel and love of home cannot go hand in hand. Your wanderlust makes for a troubled home-life. Are you not full of romantic ideas? Though you hate to be dictated to, you never shirk work. It is a good quality. Don't wait to be appreciated and applauded by others, but proceed in your own way; if any applause meets you in the way, receive it. Your intestines are not in order.

Name illegible (12, Balagopalapuram, Pollachi). Have you a fixed aim in your life? Probably not. It is not yet too late. Fix your ambition, work at it heart and soul. Can you stand before the mirror of Alasnam and swear that you are constant? I wonder. You are not yet caught because of your tact and diplomacy. This may be the case throughout your life or you may not be able to play the game for long. You should acquire habits compatible with your station in life. You are so undecided that your promises are not reliable. Your digestive organs need attention often.

Suppandu (Tebpakulam). You think and act quickly, but you do so just on the impulse. Don't swell when flattered. That way, you lose your head and will have to face ruin. Are you successful in your dealings with the opposite sex? It requires proper understanding to be successful there. You are extremely ambitious, but your frankness spoils your chances. You are liable to have accidents.

N. S. Narasimham (Tebpakulam). It is bad to wait for an opportunity and worse still to lose one when one presents itself. You have imagination; follow in its

wake. Of course, you argue well, but you should be open-minded. Don't be so sensitive; push yourself forward. You carry your likes and dislikes to extremes. This is bad. Are you not easily wounded in your feelings on account of over-sensitiveness? Jaundice may affect you.

Gururajah. In principle, fighting in the open is good, but in practical life, it is not so. Your enemies are forewarned and your plans are frustrated even at the commencement. As you are so susceptible to others' thoughts and ideas, it is better you decide everything for yourself. Jealousy is never a virtue; it makes you do foolish things. One should be of a forgiving nature, but it should not be overdone. You may have troubles with the nose.

Kavla (Dungri). Don't mimic others' weaknesses. Surely you have no determination and therefore are not reliable. You have your own peculiar sense of humour. Don't strain your mind and annoy yourself; you will break down too early. "Out of sight, out of mind" is how you behave. How do you like piloting an aeroplane? I think it is your ambition. Your digestive organs are delicate.

Dorai (Secunderabad, Dn.). Had you the good fortune to meet your right affinity? Else, you are not destined to be happy in your family life. One should have a purpose in life, but obstinacy

should not be combined with it. There may be mistakes in the purpose. Be tactful; impulsive words and acts create opposition. One cannot rule always. You commit such grave mistakes in your ordinary daily relations with women that you are misunderstood. Have you eruptions on the face and head?

D. V. S. (Thakurdwar, Bombay). Don't be so proud; it makes you easily wounded in your feelings. If you are inactive, despondency will overtake you. It is only the tenacity of purpose and determination that help you in life. Can't you keep your temper under control? You are feeling isolated and leading a lonely life. You are carrying generosity too far. You will have troubles in your feet.

M. Nomit (South Hill). Your arguments and wit may be dazzling but I wonder whether your audience thinks so? If you are to be tired of everything too soon I don't know what can satisfy you in life. Even in high social status you will become weary after some time. Then what is the earthly use of your ambition? It is bad manners to degrade others' weaknesses by sarcasm. Are you not feeling unsettled? Your lungs are weak.

F. Nomit (South Hill). Don't give room to effrontery in your home affairs. May be you are excused now and then, but remember there is a limit to human endurance. Create proper under-

standing and try to live in harmony. Be ambitious and work hard to achieve your aim. Postponement is very dangerous. Do something and do it at once. Sex predominates your life. You should have some control over that instinct. You are chiefly governed by your emotions. You may have trouble with your heart.

Wavering (Shimoga). It is extremely fortunate that you were born on the same day as Merry Magus, but for the year. Your nature is so double-sided that one is perpetually pulling the other in opposite directions. Of course, I should credit you with a quick and keen mentality. The main fault is you don't know what you really want. Though you are actively employed always, you feel restless; the reason for this is your

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over-ambition. Your bronchial tubes give you trouble.

★
M. Kameswari (*Manchala*). It is a pity your life is not smooth-running. You can improve this with a little tact in your movements. Again, you have the tendency to sacrifice yourself to the interest of others and the home. I wonder if it is worth it. And then you imagine too much of responsibility. Your intuition becomes useless on account of your timidity. Are you able to adjust yourself with your neighbours? Your ideas of life are rather odd. It is not your mistake if others misunderstand you. Your teeth need care.

★
Guhadasa. Do you know that Mark Twain, the famous humorist and author, was born on a 30th November? Are you good at music? Don't be so hasty in your decisions. Consider well before you change your mind; or else, you may have to regret afterwards. May be your criticisms are good, but others misjudge you. I don't think there is anything wrong in admitting one's fault. You are eaten up with conservative spirit.

★
N. Dandayudapani Pillai (*Kuala Lumpur*). You should not be so obstinate and stiff-necked. Certainly, you are not so with everybody; I know you are the abject slave of your love. It is a pity you are so artless and speak out your mind too openly. Avoid all uncongenial conditions as surroundings affect you much. Don't be envious. Be kind, but don't overdo it; if you do, you will rue it. Are you having fainting fits?

★
Kannan. You have your own tastes about your house and dress, and like harmony in your surroundings. Don't enfold yourself with your own thoughts; on the other hand, unfold your ideas to others and take also their counsel. It is fine for you to be able to adapt yourself to any circumstances. May be you are virtuous now, but I am not sure you will not go the other way in course of time, unless you radically change yourself. Don't have anything to do with

drugs or drinks. Let your associates be decent ones. Derangement of the intestines will upset you.

★
Kishna (*Salem*). It is really very bad to thrust yourself when others are conversing; more so when you try to assert your views. Even if it is to your detriment you do not hesitate to unmask others' deceptive moves. Don't give room for selfishness. You have a weakness for titles. Never be inactive if you want to avoid early decay. You want to be a perfect disciplinarian, is it not? Your power of concentration is good. Are not your throat and lungs delicate?

★
Oarrs. If others do not understand you, there must be some reason for it. Either they are not intelligent enough to understand you or there is something in your statement which is not clear. That is no reason why you should be dejected and give up your plan. It is not nice that you should always depend on others' encouragement. You should try to stand on your own even if there be opposition. It is grand to develop great schemes for public good but there will certainly be criticisms which should be faced squarely without turning to be cynical. You are a bit partial to 'your own people'. Guard yourself against diarrhoea and gastric troubles.

★
Chakra (*Cal*). Your criticisms may be unbiased, but it is unfortunate others always misjudge you. It is therefore better to check this tendency to avoid unpleasantness. It is fine of you to be so honourable and treat the confidence placed in you with respect. Don't do things on the impulse and change your views rather too suddenly. There may be occasions when you may have to repent afterwards for things done on the impulse. Are you not eaten up with conventionalism? I always admit my mistake and it has saved me many a time from awkward situations. Why can't you also do likewise? Never be inactive. Your nervous system may need toning often.

WIN Rs. 25,000

"Right or Wrong" Competition No. 6.

(CLOSING DATE 15th DECEMBER, 1935)

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A Beautiful Fountain Pen with the winner's Name engraved in gilt.

(To each all correct and one error winner)

Two error winners may also get this at the discretion of the Secretary. The approximate value of the pen is Rs. 7-8 and it has won the hearty approval of our winners in "Simple Commonsense Crosswords."

ENTRANCE FEE RUPEE ONE PER EACH ENTRY

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.

SEND YOUR ENTRIES ON PLAIN PAPER ONLY

How to send in entries

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

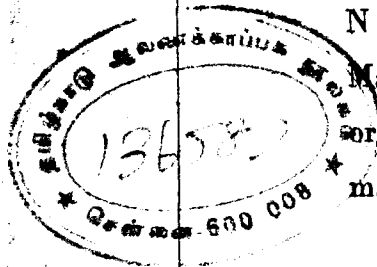
Answer will be published on the 24th December, 1935. Winners' list will be published on the 6th January, 1936. Last date for receiving scrutiny claims 30th January, 1936. Prizes will be despatched on 6th February, 1936.

Rules as usual.

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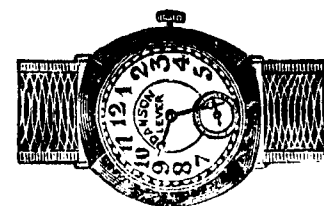
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Substitute one letter for each dash to get the
given meaning.

No.	Words	Meaning
1	B O U — —	Limit
2	D A — —	Small river fish
3	N A —	Size
4	M — A N	Lament
5	M E — —	Boundary
6	R I —	Tear.

Rules:—Entrance fee 8 As. per entry by M. O. or
Postal order. Ref. Chambers XX century dictionary.
A, To, etc. have been omitted in the beginning of the clues.
Entries on plain paper accepted. M. O. receipts or Postal
orders must accompany the entries. Prizes will vary as
per entries Permit. In case of ties Prizes will be divided.
Results only to those enclosing 2 half anna stamps.
Manager's decision is final and legally binding on all
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The Manager,

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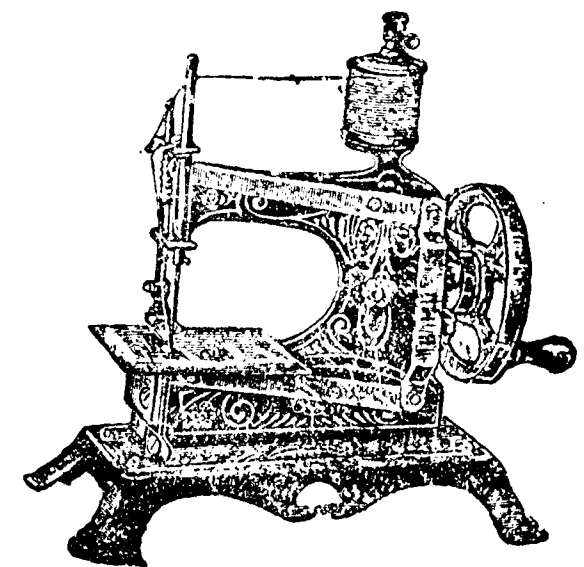
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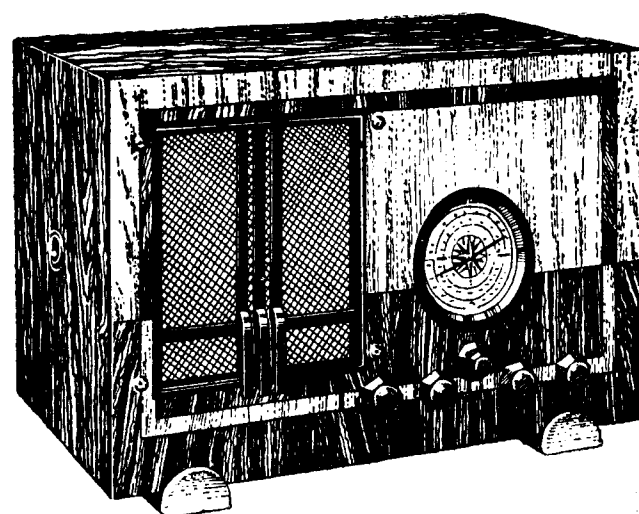
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