

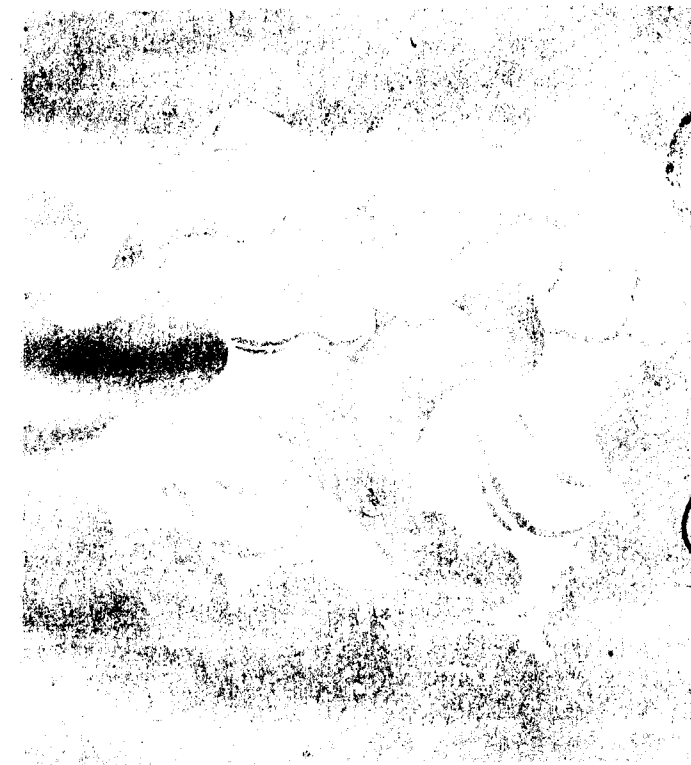
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# MERRY

## MAGAZINE



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THE  
**MERRY**  
MAGAZINE

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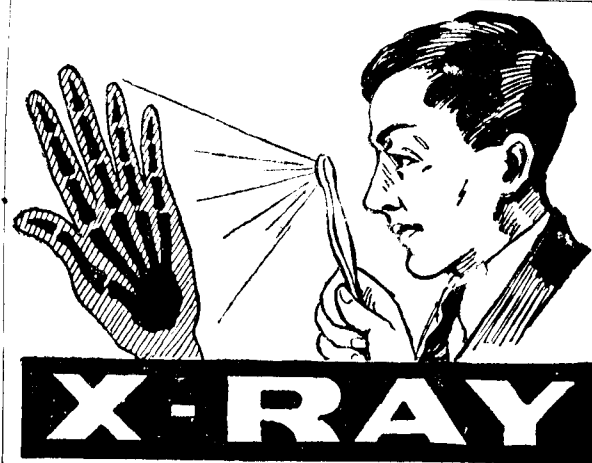
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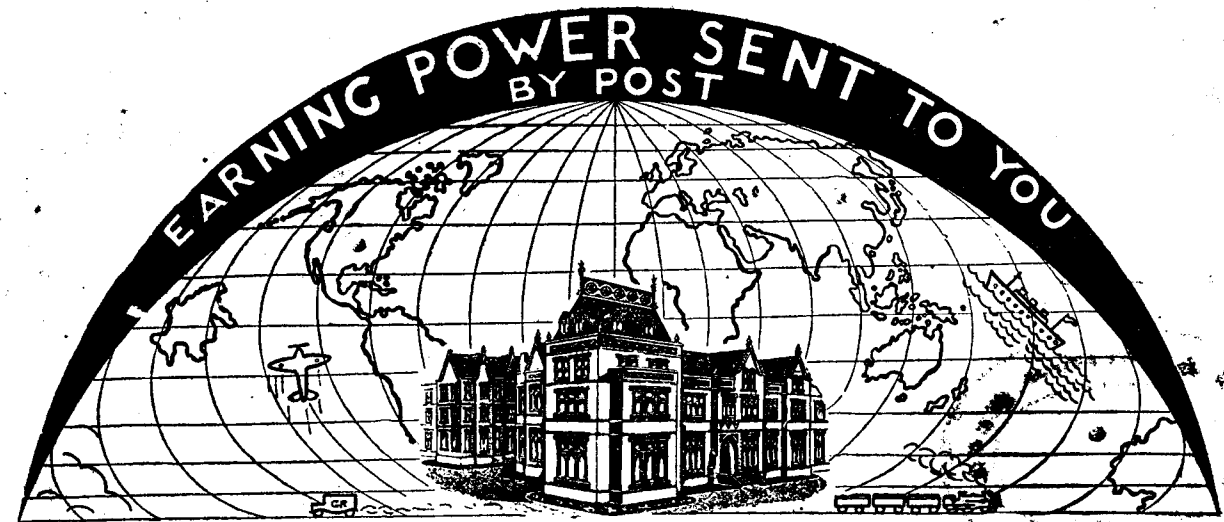
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## OPEN LETTER TO PARENTS

Dear Sir or Madam,—When your children first arrived they brought with them a wonderful lot of sunshine. Later, you became proud of the intelligence they displayed, but, still later, you became anxious as to what would become of them in the future. Perhaps you were anxious when you visualised them as grown men and women. Even with plenty of money it is not always easy to select the right career, and a parent is sometimes inclined to ask advice of some relative, and in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred that relative knows nothing at all about the possibilities of employment. Why not let me relieve you of some of your anxieties? In fact, why not let me be their Father? We do not profess to act as an employment agency, but the nature of our business compels us to keep an eye upon the class of men and women that are wanted and who wants them. There are some people who manufacture an article, and put it on the market to sell. We do not do that, we work in exactly the opposite direction. We find out what employers want and we train our students to fill those jobs. We have to be experts in the matter of employment, progress and prosperity. If you have any anxieties at all as to what your sons or daughters should be, write to me, or better still, let them write to me personally—Fatherly Advice Department—and tell me their likes and dislikes, and I will give sound practical advice as to the possibilities of a vocation and how to succeed in it.

Yours sincerely,

*J. Bennett*

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Madras Nov. 30, '35

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### Tachat Ganes

#### Coming Events

Coming events do cast their shadows before. This event almost cast a permanent shadow.

### Embusque

#### The Afridi's Alibi

A blood-thirsty Afridi's clever dodge foiled by the cleverer Frontier Police.

### S. I. Rasool

#### An Urgent Call

Which made a doctor of medicine look extremely foolish.

### J. J. S.

#### The Prize

Great things have ridiculously small beginnings. The trouble started with a cock crowing rather early. And it paid the penalty by becoming his master's dinner.

## SPARKS FROM OUR ANVIL

Political circles continue to be exercised over the future of Mr. Ramsay Macdonald.



But future historians will have a much harder task—of accounting for his past.

Now that the British elections are over, Reuter reports that the Thames is rising rapidly.

Mr. Baldwin is however expected to prevent a deluge!

The news of the recall of General De Bono has been coupled with the announcement that he has been promoted a Field-Marshal.

The present campaign apparently offers every Italian general the chance of carrying the Field-Marshal's baton in his sack!

With a view to fight the Sanctions, 1,00,000 Italian women are said to be ready to give away their wedding-rings.

It would be terrible if all of them really had no hopes of their husbands' return safe from the battle-fields.

In the course of his Andhra tour, Mr. Rajendra Prasad is reported to have said: 'We have sometimes felt that a too early attainment of Swaraj may mean disaster to us.'

Our benign rulers have felt the same, but always!

Mr. A. P. Herbert, the writer, has been returned to Parliament.

We may now look to further instalments of the 'Word-War' in the *Hansard*.

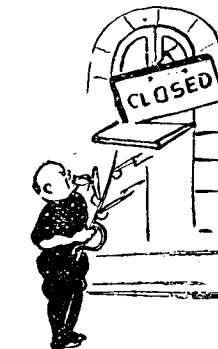
Though returned as an Independent, he has, it is reported, decided to take the Government whip.

Not lying, we hope!

The Sanctioning nations have announced the application of Sanctions with effect from the 18th November.

We believe however that Sgr. Mussolini is free to export the olive branch any time!

The Nobel Committee announces that there is to be no award of the Peace Prize this year.



This is all the consideration that Sgr. Mussolini gets for localising the war in Africa!

Sir T. B. Sapru recommends foreign travel as a means of broadening the mind.



In a majority of cases, unfortunately, it also burdens the back!

A speaker in the U. P. Council declared that the province could not bear any further taxation.



The statement is bound to be put to the test soon.

Referring to the craze for Government jobs among the educated unemployed, Dewan Bahadur Ramaswami Mudaliar is reported to have said that Fort St. George was the mortuary of all intellect and intelligence.

It is therefore some consolation that the communal G. O. sends our promising youth there by rotation, and not all at once!

It has been suggested that, along with other jubilees, that of H. H. the Aga Khan should also be celebrated this year.

We hope there will be no turf opposition to this proposal.

Proposing the toast of H. E. the Viceroy at a farewell dinner, Sir C. P. Ramaswamy Aiyar recalled that he first met Lord Willingdon as Secretary of the Indian National Congress of earlier days.

It was of course an earlier C. P.!

Nahas Pasha the leader of the Wafdist Party in Egypt says that he wants more independence for his country.

This might lead many to think that it has much independence now.

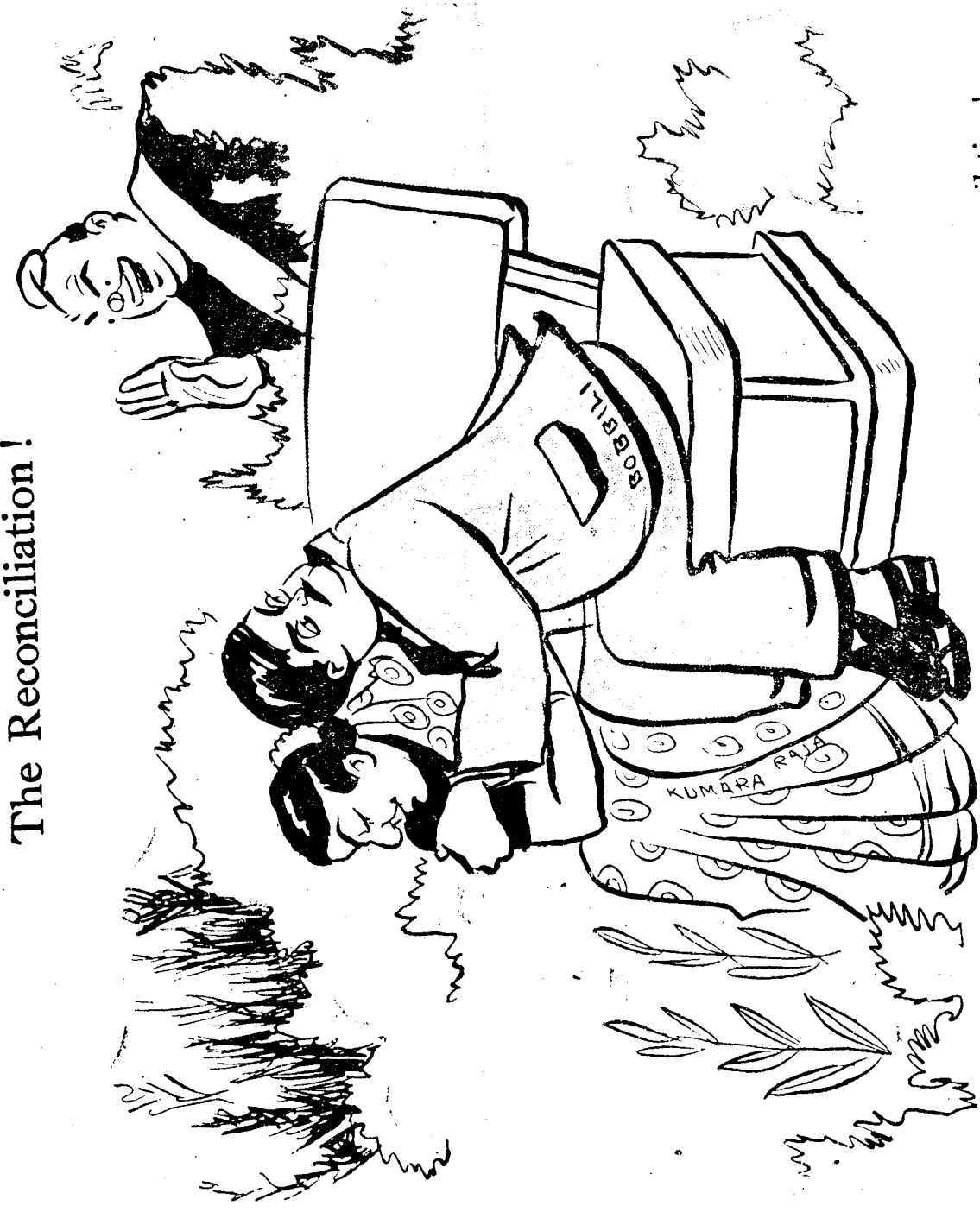
## Curiosities of the British Election

INQUESTS are rather morbid things, but they have nevertheless an educative value. Many conclusions may be drawn from the results of the recent British elections. But some striking features disclose an anomalous state of things which, if not rectified, may be a source of future trouble. England enjoys parliamentary government based on adult suffrage. We cannot conceive of a more liberal and secure foundation for ordered progress. And yet, broadly speaking, the party that has been returned with a 2 to 1 majority is essentially the party of a minority! A minority has gone through the hustings and has emerged a majority. The difference between the votes polled by Conservatives and those by Labour is only 20 lakhs. If the percentage that did not vote at all, be taken into consideration, even this negligible difference would appear in favour of Labour. Compare this with 423 government supporters as against 181 opposite to it. There is something wrong with the principles of delimitation now in force in England. The continuance of such a disparity is a potential danger to democracy itself. It rules out the majority from reaping its reward. The lesson indicated by this is of immediate concern to us in this country. The Delimitation Committee now peregrinating has a heavy responsibility cast on its shoulders. All that democracy wants is a clear field and no favour. Hence our distrust of all proposals recommending special constituencies under some pretext or other, which would in practice amount to pocket and rotten-boroughs. There was a movement some years ago in favour of proportional representation. It is employed in Ireland. It is both fool-proof and knave-proof, although it requires intelligent understanding by the voters. It is doubtful however if it will be adopted in this country for many, many years to come.

Mr. Shaw's gibes at parliament are too well-known to be repeated here. But it is a curious fact that the 'brilliant' men—the thinkers, the artists, the poets—have never succeeded against stodgy, complacent mediocrity. Sir Norman Angell is one of the most distinguished British publicists with an international mind and reputation. He was beaten by a nobody in a university constituency! This perhaps illustrates the British distrust of 'mind' claimed as a national virtue! Thackeray once stood for parliament; during the canvass he met his opponent, and after a friendly chat took leave of him saying: 'Good luck; may the better man win!' His opponent gave a classic reply, for he said: 'I hope not!' It was an exquisite compliment from him to a man of genius, and a hope that the electorate would be on his side. And the electorate was! Mr. Herbert, the A. P. H. of all who delight in *Punch* has got in for a wonder. He is perhaps the exception which proves the general rule. The bulk of the Conservatives returned are unknown to us; but they are no doubt the important people in their own counties, even as our zamindars are practically impregnable in their own native fortresses. The great stream of the nation's will has to get round all these creeks and backwaters, dragging them against their native tendencies into the general current, before the country can benefit from its course.

Finally we have the phenomenon of two 'safe seats' in Ulster being captured by Irish Nationalists, who are not going to take their seats in the House of Commons. Their action will in no way affect the course of events; but their emergence in Northern Ireland is a portent. Let us hope it will be for the good of both the distracted parts of the Emerald Isle.

### The Reconciliation!



Mr. Merry: Wish you many happy returns of this—er—reconciliation!

# The March of Events

By The Man On The Move

**November 17th:** *The United Press* reports the case of an eight-year old girl of New Delhi who remembers the incidents of her former existence. It appears, in her previous birth she was the wife of a man in Muttra. The parents of the girl communicated with the husband who is still living. He came down to see her. The little girl recognised him at once and recalled old intimate incidents which were known only to them. She also told him that she had buried, when she was his wife, one hundred rupees at a certain place in their house. The husband has gone back to dig out that hundred rupees.

You are probably thinking that this is all very strange. Not at all. Why, I perfectly remember my last two births, though I didn't tell anybody of it. I was a soldier who fought under Robert Clive defending Arcot. We were just a handful, we poor natives, pitted against thousands of barbarians who were besieging the Fort. Our rations gave out. Poor Clive became leaner and leaner, because he missed his *chota hazri*. I used to boil my little daily ration of rice and, retaining the kanji, give the cooked rice to Clive. He used to say, "Poor Munusamy!" and eat the rice with tears streaming down his cheeks. And I used to feed the kanji to the regimental cat. Then, what was I living upon? Absolutely nothing. Whenever hunger overcame me, I used to stagger to Clive and have a long look at him. Yes, one look and I used to feel my stomach full. One day a stray bullet caught me in the neck. I expired in Clive's arms. The last I remember of that existence was Clive kissing

me on the cheek and forcing a little kanji down my throat.

After that I was born a lovely woman in Venice. My name was Leonore Guecceillo. When Lord Byron left England and came to live in Venice, he fell for me. Followed two years of——oh! how shall I describe it! The things that man did to me! I never can hope to have such a lover.

**November 18th:** A Gazette Extraordinary issued by the Government of India this morning contains an Ordinance prohibiting, among other things, the export from British India to Italy or any Italian possession, of rifles, carbines, machine guns, howitzers, ammunition, filled and unfilled projectiles, grenades, torpedoes, mines filled or unfilled, tanks, vessels of war of all kinds, including air-craft carriers and submarines, ethyl-dichlorarsin, di-phe-nyl-amine-chloro-arsine etc.

Sanctions are all right. I am quite enthusiastic about them. But what about the great arms and munitions manufacturers in India who are captaining a great industry, feeding thousands of poor artisans? And what about that class of Indians which makes a living by building sub-marines and air-craft carriers? Now that we cannot ship these rifles, howitzers, sub-marines and explosives to Italy, it would aggravate the already aggravated state of poor India's maritime trade. So many thousands will be out of their jobs. The ranks of the unemployed will be swelled. Oh, poor workers in Indian munitions and arms factories! Oh, you

poor native sub-marine builders! Why should Mussolini defy the League and why should you poor fellows suffer! It is all a mad mess.

**November 19th:** Grave things are happening in Egypt. A few people went to their graves in the shooting during the Independence Day riots. The Council of Cairo Students and the Wafdist Party telegraphed to the League Secretariat protesting against the British attitude in regard to the Egyptian constitution. According to an *Indian Express* cable, Nahas Pasha, the leader of the Wafdist Party says: "We want to be Britain's ally, not her vassal—We object to the presence of the British fleet at Alexandria without consultation, as though we were a colony—"

I am afraid Nahas Pasha is a very unimaginative gentleman. With all those British ironclads riding in Alexandrian waters, what a lovely sight it would be! My eye, won't the girls ashore clap their hands in glee? At night when the warships' searchlights throw shafts of glorious light over the City and the Mediterranean, won't it be a corker of a picture?

And why should they object to Britons and their attitude? What is wrong with the attitude anyway? Look at this country. They gave us Oxford shoes and electric lights, railways and telegraph poles. They took away our arms lest we hurt one another. They send us experts at a moment's notice to straighten out the mess we make of our railways, tariffs, incometax etc. They planted the Doon School which will give us a

lot of bright chaps to lead us in all walks of life wearing the old school-tie. Above all they afford a pleasing relief to the arid colour scheme of the country. Amidst so many black natives in India a few white Britons dotted here and there soften the drab monotony of the prospect. Yes, but for the Britons we would be a hopeless lot. And so would be the Egyptians.

Speaking this evening at the Madras Congress House, Satyamurthi said that the Justice Party stole the clothes of the Congress-wallas while the latter were bathing. I was wondering all these days why Satyamurthi and other Congress people were in such blooming, radiant health. I thought, and nobody would blame me for it, that they were eating monkey hormones. Now, of course, the reason is clear. Their clothes being stolen, Congressmen had perforce to go about as God made them. This spot of nudism has put the roses into their cheeks.

**November 20th:** The Nobel Prize Committee announce that they are not awarding the peace prize this year to anybody. This is very unfortunate. I must confess to a sense of keen disappointment. In this ancient land there are ten Legislative Councils, one Legislative Assembly and one Council of State. In these august bodies there are a great number of members who are so peace-loving that they hold their peace as if they were fulfilling a religious vow. They never open their mouths during the debates. They open their mouths just for a brief spell during the lunch hour, because you cannot expect such peace-loving men to outrage Nature by starving their tummies. Surely such peaceful gentlemen should not be so easily brushed aside by the Prize Committee. The prize ought to be divided amongst these gentlemen. I have cabled an unofficial protest to the Committee. Interesting developments are expected.

**November 21st:** Col. Berkley Hill, the noted psycho-analyst, thinks that eventually Indian women would accept and adopt European dress. Commenting on that prophesy in a charming article in a Madras paper a woman writer (or is it only a man?) says that the indications point in the opposite direction. Western women are taking kindly to the sari as witness some of the latest modes of evening gowns of fashionable western women.

I too don't think that our women would give the sari the go by. I am not seeing a prophetic vision, like Col. Berkley Hill. I say it because I know what a sari is. Have you, men readers, ever been inside a sari? I mean have you ever worn a sari? If not, take it from me, you have missed a rare pleasure.

Last week a cold wave passed over our village. I couldn't sleep. My limbs felt so numb. What was I to do? An idea struck me. I woke up my aunt and asked her to give me a sari, quick!

"Whatever for? Are you mad?" "Cut the cackle, auntie. Gimme a sari quick!"

She gave me one of her saris. I retired to my room and wore that sari as any of our Maharanis wear it. I got so tickled up and warm all over that I would have made love to the Archbishop of Canterbury and Gandhi if either of them happened to be near me.

No, our girls will never give up the sari. Anyway spinsters won't. If they do they will feel miserable in winter.

**November 22:** In the Mysore Representative Assembly a member moved that a balanced diet be provided for students in University hostels. Another member asked the mover what he meant by a balanced diet. The mover replied that by balanced diet he meant just balanced diet. The current method of eating food, he said, was all wrong, because the food

was going down and not up to the head. He said that if students balanced themselves on their hands with legs sticking in the air and ate their food in that position, part at least of the food would go to the head and enrich their brains. The Vice-Chancellor said the idea was certainly worth considering. (Applause).

**November 23rd:** Mr. Hilton Brown begins some of his stories like this:—Henry VIII was fond of girls, Al Capone tried to dodge his incometax obligations, the Grand Trunk Express arrived one and a half minutes late at Peshawar, Gandhi eats soya beans; and so Head Constable Munuswamy of the Calcutta Police bit his wife's nose and got six months for it.

There are other people besides Hilton Brown who can pull that stuff. Me, for instance. Here goes.

England shipped off a few bad boys to Australia nearly a century and half ago. His Highness the Maharajah of Patiala happens to be a red hot cricket enthusiast. As a result two European Clubs in India got socked on the jaw. Sounds mighty intriguing, doesn't it? But it is very simple.

To return to the matter on hand, see how destiny fulfils herself. The bad boys aforesaid produced after a century of labour some first class cricketers. His Highness of Patiala invited an Australian Cricket team to play in India. The team came, and they are playing. Two exclusive European Clubs of Karachi who don't admit Indians either as members or as guests, made the members of the visiting team honorary members. The Australians were so scandalised that they refused the membership, and went about the streets of Karachi kissing the Indians and yelling Australian war whoops.

As the Australians have shown such execrable bad taste in fraternising with the natives, the next move would probably be the abrogation of the Statute of Westminster.

# The Students' Corner

## Words' Worth—VII

**T**HIS word, *Sanctions*, is just now very much on the lips of statesmen, and is a god-send to news-paper paragraphists. Its history is as ancient as its ramifications are wide-spread. The word is directly descended from Latin *Sancio* which means to consecrate or make a thing holy. There is a noun form, *Sanctus*, *sanctionem*, which means anything holy, as in the phrase *Sanctum Sanctorum*, which is the *Garbhagriha* of our temples or the holy of holies. As in the olden days the Church ruled Europe, its orders, decrees and rules were called Sanctions so that people might obey them without making any fuss. Hence it was used to describe any ecclesiastical law or decree. Later still, natural laws were also called sanctions. Thus the brotherhood of man may be called a law of Nature; and a poet puts it this way:

"To the first sanction Nature gave to man,  
Each other to assist in what they can."

In Law, sanctions meant the enforcement of specific penalties in order to enforce obedience to law. The Indian Penal Code is full of such sanctions. 'The fear of death' says Macaulay, 'is the most formidable sanction which legislators have been able to devise.'

In the next stage, the term was extended so as to provide for rewards for obedience along with punishments for disobedience. There are numerous examples of both in our own midst. A punitive police is stationed in a town or district. That is to 'learn' the citizens to behave. Durbars are held at which titles are given, and rewards distributed to gallant officers and loyal citizens. Consequently sanctions have come to have a two-fold significance. Legal pundits call them *remuneratory* and *vindictory* sanctions. Blackstone, the famous English jurist, says that human laws are more vindictory than remuneratory. The Chinese were supposed to have a juster sense of sanctions; for we are told that among them doctors are rewarded only so long as their patients are in excellent health, the fee paid to them being in direct proportion to the health of the people. In this sense, Jehovah of the Israelites was also a just god, because he dispensed divine sanctions according as his chosen ones were obedient or otherwise. He sent down plague and pestilence when they worshipped false gods, but blessed them with plenty when they were faithful to him.

The term came to be applied in Ethics also, where it refers to a consideration which operates to enforce obedience to any law or conduct. Fear of evil and love of good are two universal motives. Thus we have moral sanctions as opposed to legal sanctions. Bentham, the founder of the Utilitarian system analyses moral sanctions with beautiful simplicity. According to him, there are four kinds of sanctions:

**Physical**—Pleasure and pain as a result of the operation of the laws of health. When we dine not wisely but too well, we pay the penalty through a sleepless, oppressive night!  
**Social**—Praise and blame of our fellows are motives that condition our conduct in society.  
**Moral**—The approval of our conscience, or its stings when we transgress.

**Religious**—The hope of salvation or the fear of perdition. In some cases, the love of God, and the fear of displeasing Him.

The term came to be used in inter-national politics when the edicts of the Eastern emperors were called sanctions. Later on, another word was added to it to make it more formidable, and we have the *Pragmatic Sanction*. The word pragmatic means pertaining to civil affairs; it also means meddlesome, self-opinionative, conceited. All these adjectives are a true description of the rulers of Europe, and they were literally correct in calling their decisions pragmatic sanctions. One of these led to a rather famous or infamous war in Eighteenth century Europe, while another conferred the crown of the two Sicilies on the third son of Charles III, King of Spain. In the former, England did not join at first, but did so later just to spite France!

So now you know what the powers mean by applying sanctions against Italy. It is no more than the flourishing of the big stick against the aggressor. Its success depends upon the completeness with which they are applied. While Italy suffers from the punitive effects of it, it is not yet quite clear how the 'sanctioning' nations hope to be rewarded for their actions. We will perhaps be told that their reward will be in the consciousness of having stood for righteousness. But the trouble is that nations have not so far shown even a single instance of fighting for such unsubstantial gains. If on the other hand, there is a breach in the solidarity of the powers applying the sanctions, or even if the sanctions applied are not thorough, it will only prove that the whole is an elaborate make-believe. In which case we may well conclude that the motive behind the application of sanctions is no more than sanctimonious humbug. Like the cat on the wall which might jump either side, the nations are applying sanctions in a gingerly fashion. If Italy should get the upper hand, they can make peace with her by pointing out that they did not prevent a number of vital requirements going through to Italy. If Italy should fail, they can bamboozle the public by saying that it was due to the sanctions, and thus show how they have always been on the side of the angels!

# Fun For All



The auctioneer was holding up a pair of silver candlesticks.

"Give me a start!" he cried.

"Four pence!" cried a bidder.

"What!" exclaimed the auctioneer.

"Ah!" said the bidder, "I thought that would give you a start!"

\* \* \*  
**Teacher:** Tommy, come here and give me what you've got in your mouth.

**Tommy:** I wish I could, sir—it's a gumboil.

\* \* \*  
"What's the matter with her?"

"I think her dinner disagreed with her."

"Well, I admire its courage."

\* \* \*  
**Office Boy:** Please, sir, the 'phone is out of order.

**Boss:** Well, get through to the exchange and tell them.

\* \* \*  
"Where did the car hit him?" asked the coroner.

"At the junction of the dorsal and cervical vertebrae," replied the medical witness.

The burly foreman rose from his seat.

"Man and boy I've lived in these parts for fifty years," he protested ponderously, "and I have never heard of the place."

\* \* \*  
**Boss:** What fool told you to put those papers on that file?

**Clerk:** You did, sir.

**Boss:** Well, leave them, and take a week's notice for calling me a fool.

\* \* \*  
**Fisherman:** Is it an offence to catch fish here?

**Farmer:** Offence? By gosh, it's a miracle!

\* \* \*  
**Captain:** You are charged with habitual drunkenness. What excuse have you to offer?

**Offender (brightly):** Habitual thirst, Captain.

\* \* \*  
Feet, we are told, reveal character.  
Especially when trodden on.

\* \* \*  
A doctor was examining a number of soldiers who claimed that they were ill. One Private complained that he was deaf in one ear. The doctor told him to cover the deaf ear, and then asked him if he could hear.

"Yes," replied the lead-swing.

"Now, cover the good ear," the doctor instructed.

The man did so.

"Can you hear me now?" inquired the doctor.

"No," replied the soldier, and wondered why his claim was thrown out.

\* \* \*  
**Small Boy (On way to dentist's):** Oh, mummy, why wasn't I born with a beak?

\* \* \*  
**Mother:** What! You've been fighting with Billy Biggs? I thought he was a peaceable child. He had such a nice face, too.

**Freddie:** Well, ma, he hasn't now.

\* \* \*  
"Children in arms not admitted," said the notice outside the cinema. However, after some argument, Jock McTavish, his wife and their baby were admitted, but they were warned that if the baby cried they would be asked to leave the hall and their money refunded. Half-way through the entertainment Jock asked his wife what she thought of it.

"Pretty poor," was the reply.

"Same here," said Jock. "Pinch the baby."



# A Debt Discharged

Reading Time  
About 7 Minutes

Thirupathi

Illustrated by Varma

**B**ABU Nirmal Chandra Bhattacharya was getting old. He developed a disease of the lungs. The costliest medical aid failed to produce any appreciable relief. Reasonable fatalist that he was he reconciled himself to his impending end.

He had nothing to complain against the world. He made good at the bar. He made a fortune. His cold pursuit of money never gave him any satisfaction. It was only to give that he took, and took liberally. Not a few homes owed their existence to

his ever-free purse. Not a few indigent youths owed their later success in life to his almost fierce munificence.

He was unhappy. With advancing years all his thoughts were centred on a desire—on a son. Not that he expected his son to feed him and clothe him in his old age. He had enough and to spare. He wanted a son firstly because he believed with most Hindus that without a son to perform his funereal obsequies his soul would never reach heaven. He wanted a son secondly because it was pathetic to see his wife praying to every known god and goddess to give her a baby. The eternal mother in her yearned passionately for expression. Daily, like a Catholic Sister of Charity, she would visit all her neighbours and kiss and cuddle their children.

At last the gods, or perhaps it was the devil, granted their prayer. A son was born. They called him Kali Prasad. His mother believed that he was the work of the Mother. He was clothed, fed and educated royally. He was spoiled. Eventually he adopted his father's profession at which he was to make a great name for himself. He developed an abominable trait; abominable because he had no excuse for it. He was already rich; but he worshipped gold with the fierce fanaticism of the early Christians for the Church.

His dying father found him a bride from a respected family. Hemnalini, the bride-to-be's, father sealed the contract with a promise of a dowry of Rs. 15,000.

Hemnalini and Kali were made man and wife, before Kali knew what a wife meant for him. He was still at college. Hemnalini was a little chit, barely twelve years.

A couple of years after the wedding Kali's father and mother died, almost simultaneously. Hemnalini came of age. Meanwhile her father became a beggar over a costly law-suit which dragged on for years. The final decision went against him. That broke his spirit. He was sick of life. Now his only wish was to see his daughter installed in her home. He scraped together a little money. An auspicious day was fixed for Hemnalini's nuptials and the bridegroom was waited upon obsequiously and brought to his father-in-law's home. The bride was decked in what remained of her dead mother's finery and placed struggling in the decorated room in which she would see her husband for the first time. Pundits kept an incessant drone of incantation. Hemnalini's friends joked and giggled and peeped slyly at the bridegroom from the

other side of the purdha. The auspicious hour arrived. Kali was invited to go to his wife.

"What about the dowry you promised?" asked Kali of his father-in-law.

"That is a debt which I will discharge in my next birth, babu," said the old, broken man. "You know I am beggared by that law-suit."

But Kali was adamant. Expostulations of friends and relatives were of no avail. The heartless scoundrel created a scene and returned to Calcutta. This unhappy affair killed Hemnalini's father. An uncle took charge of the girl and took her to Benares where he lived. She faded out of her husband's life.

Five years passed.

Here in Calcutta, Kali Prasad outstripped his seniors and became the leader of the bar. His maniacal love of wealth obsessed him. It clouded all his finer sensibilities except, happily, his brilliant intellect.

His biological instincts thus far dormant, began to simmer and sizzle, and finally exploded with a bang. Beautiful as Adonis, women came to his arms willingly. He swam across Hellesponts of briefs and spent his leisure hours in warm naked arms.

His secretary, who was also his father's before him, died. An idea occurred to him. Why not have a girl secretary? All modern offices had girls doing secretarial work. So he advertised for a girl secretary and desired that applicants should send their photographs. Applications poured in, in hundreds. He rejected all except two and asked them to come up for an interview. One of the girls cheated him. She sent a photograph which was ten years old. She was turned down. The other girl, Ganga Kumari, was ushered into his presence. He felt he was face to face with his fate.

A pensive beauty in her early twenties stood before him. She was a widow, for her forehead was innocent of *kunkum*. Her pale ivory skin matched strangely with the almost blinding whiteness of the *saree* she affected. Her pensive face, eyes dark as a stormy night, the wave of her glorious hair—all these stirred the brute Kali as no courtesan ever did.

"You are a widow?" he asked.

"Yes, babuji,"—a silvery voice worthy of that statuesque body.

He consulted her application. She was a graduate of the Allahabad University.

"Where do you hail from?"

"Bilaspur, babuji."  
 "Any relatives in Calcutta?"  
 "No. I came down yesterday. I am staying with an old college friend."  
 "You are engaged. Report yourself for duty as soon as convenient. Your salary will be one hundred rupees in the first instance."  
 "Thank you, babuji; may I join immediately?"  
 "Why, of course, if it suits you."

And so she became his secretary. Her employer never regretted his choice. The months rolled by. Kali found himself wanting her as he wanted no other woman. His passion grew and fattened. It reached the point of saturation. One day he called her to his room. That was usual enough. She sat opposite him, note-book open before her, pencil poised, ready to take his dictation. He gazed at her with fierce desire.

"Yes, babuji?" she urged.  
 He got up. He came round his table and stood at her back. His hands itched.  
 "Yes, babuji?" she urged again without turning her head.

"Damn the dictation!" he exploded. "I want you Ganga. I want you, I say! I.....I....."

He clutched her shoulders savagely, kicked the chair from under her and crushed her to his chest.

She was passive. She didn't make any effort to get away out of his arms. Neither did she respond to his burning kisses. Tears welled up in her large, sad eyes.

"Does a Hindu widow, who sanctifies the memory of her husband, mean to you nothing more than a prostitute?" she sobbed.

Kali expected her to flare up. The uncompassed power of this passive resistance cut through him like a sword of ice.

"Pardon me, Ganga...I...I was mad. I want you. I cannot live without you. I tried to suppress this passion. I am beaten. Life, my success, my position which all these dogs envy, mean nothing to me without you sharing them. Won't you be my wife?"

They were married a week later unostentatiously.

Ganga Kumari lifted him from hell to heaven. From the ashes of his filthy life he emerged a chastened man.

He told Ganga of his first wife, Hemnalini. She insisted on his restoring her to her rightful place in the household. Ganga would welcome her as a sister. He set out to Benares where he knew Hemnalini lived with her uncle. The uncle received him coldly. He told Kali that Hemnalini ended her unhappy life in the Ganges.

Kali came back. Repentance. Too late.

An year after marriage, Ganga bore him a child—a daughter. It appeared the conjunction of the stars when the baby came was not all right. The father could not see his child till the twentyfirst day. He fretted and fumed. The day of days came round at last. His wife conducted him to the cradle in which a pink lump of flesh was snoring mildly and peacefully. Kali gazed at his handiwork with an undefined joy. He noticed a ribbon of silk around the baby's neck to which was attached a small gold locket. He looked at his wife with an unspoken enquiry.

"Open it," she said smiling.

Kali opened the locket and took out a tough bit of paper folded to its smallest capacity. He unfolded the paper. It was a cheque for Rs. 15000, made out in favour of Babu Kali Prasad and signed by 'Hemnalini'.

He sank down on a chair staring helplessly at his wife with a strange light in his eyes.

Ganga Kumari laid a kind hand on his shoulder and looked him squarely in the eyes with a smile at once a triumph and a supplication.

"You deserted Hemnalini for that amount. She has come back to pay that debt. Take it."

"You...you....."

Ganga Kumari kissed him. "Yes, I am Hemnalini."

THE END



# The Italo-Abyssinian Contract Act

By K. R. Daver

**Preamble.** WHEREAS it is expedient to consolidate, define and amend the Italo-Abyssinian Contract Act, and WHEREAS the NEGUS TAFARI, by trying to defend his country against Italian civilisation, is committing an act of aggression against Mussolini's benign Dictatorship, IT IS HEREBY enacted as follows:—

**Short Title and Extent.** This Act may be called the Italo-Abyssinian Contract, or Mussolinio-Bombasto Bullyingo Act.

It extends to the whole of that land inhabited by Abyssinians, otherwise known as Blacks, who are such primitive savages that they don't even wage war by the civilised methods of machine guns and aerial bombing but still adhere to spears and daggers.

This Act shall also cover all those provinces which are rich in mineral wealth and which, though now in the possession of the aforesaid Blacks, should, by the right of might, belong to Italy.

This Act shall come into force as the cement of the Act.

Mussolini has sufficient stocks of macaroni and spaghetti to defy the Sanctions.

**Repeal of This Mussolinio-Bombasto Bullyingo Act.**

**DO TH HEREBY REPEAL,** absolutely and in their entirety, the following (P)ACTS:—

- (1) The Kellogg Pact, by which even America bound herself to protect any fellow-member of the League from the aggression of another, but has found it convenient to propitiate its conscience and the oil kings by applying the Munroe Doctrine.
- (2) The Treaty of Versailles, which, among others, condemned War in the most vehement terms, and said that the nations of the earth had

fought the last war simply to end War, and that they would never, never, NEVER, let one nation raise its hand against another, howsoever mighty the aggressor might be, and howsoever weak its victim might be.

This act ALSO REVOKES all those promises and pledges given by Mussolini (who is almost a Napoleon, but lacks a few inches of tummy).

**Note.**

This Act, having been passed into Law with the greatest rapidity, owing to the impudence of the Blacks who, instead of dying in peace, have the temerity to oppose Mussolini, leaves so many gaps that it requires a very great amount of elucidation and amplification, and numerous points by way of

**Comment**

Nothing herein contained shall repeal or render nugatory any Act or Law or international obligation, if it goes against the Imperialist ambitions of Italy. The provisions of this Act shall have one interpretation in Italy, and another interpretation in Abyssinia. Thus, if the Italians invade Abyssinia, such invasion, although preceded by massacre of the Blacks, shall be termed a War of defence on the part of Italy. If the Blacks resist the Italian invasion, then, accord-

ing to the interpretation of the Act, it will be a War of Aggression on the part of Abyssinia.

The Act authorises—vide the Act of Self Interest and Hypocrisy—the supply of petrol to Italy by the sanctionist contries. Such supply shall not constitute a contravention of the League Covenant.

In anticipation of Italian success in this adventure, this Act confers on the Duce the title of Neguso Sellaso Caesar Napoleon. For the growth of the tummy this Act advises Mussolini to eat Irish potatoes and Danish butter in large quantities.



# A Chronicle History

**THE 11th Congress: 1895—Poona: President—Surendra Nath Bannjerjee.**

This year's Congress faced and solved a minor crisis. Ever since the inception of the national movement, there were a number of well-meaning people who wanted the Congress to take up the question of social reform side by side with political reform. This controversy came to a head during this year; and but for the good offices of that stalwart of both kinds of reform, Justice Ranade, the Congress would have been split into two camps. The storm blew over, and has since been heard faintly in school-clubs and debating societies. The president of the year pointed out: "This is the Congress of United India, of Hindus and Mohammedans, of those who would reform their social customs and those who would not." When the enemies of the country and the Congress ask the rhetorical question, "What has the Congress done?" the answer is the history of the grudging progress of reforms during the last half a century—the councils, the Indianisation and the increased opportunities for making increased demands in our own right.

Another subject discussed at this Congress was the framing of a constitution for the Congress. With the gradual growth of the Indian constitution, the Congress too has been slowly changing its character. The first of these changes was brought in at the Poona session.

Another resolution protested against the use of Indian troops in imperial adventures, and demanded that such charges should be borne by the Imperial Government. This was one of the means by which India's national debt was swelled. A later Congress was to ask for an enquiry into these and allied questions. This subject still awaits solution, and a solution is bound to come some day or other.

This Congress was marked by the introduction on the Congress platform of the South African question. A Madras, Mr. Parameswaran Pillai moved the resolution protesting against the disabilities of Indians in South Africa—the iniquities of the indentured system, the denial of civic rights, the encouragement of immorality, and other horrors, most of which have since been eliminated.

Another resolution is of topical interest in view of the threatened incubation of the Special Tariff Board. D. E. Wacha, later a knight, and popularly known as the fire-brand of Bombay, (he's still happily alive) demanded the levy of import duties on cotton goods from abroad. The resolution was supported among others by a native of Madura, also still with us, Mr. Tulasi Ram.

**12th Congress: 1896—Calcutta: President—The Hon'ble Mr. Mohamed Rahmetulla Sayani.**

One of the first resolutions passed was that felicitating Queen Victoria on completing the Diamond Jubilee of her reign. Thus the Congress cheerfully and loyally celebrated the two great jubilees of Queen Victoria's reign. The British Committee of the Congress sent one Mr. Caine as its delegate to the year's session.

Tilak moved a resolution on a new subject. In those days, the Central Government took away for its own use, provincial balances more or less arbitrarily. The demand was made that this should be made definite, and that provinces must be given freedom to develop their own resources. Another resolution protested against the so-called reform of the educational service by which all higher posts were reserved for Europeans, while a provincial service was thrown to the Indians. According to the new scheme, certain Government colleges were exclusively reserved for Europeans. It is amusing to note the present state of things. There are not many Europeans in the educational service now. This progress was due to the strenuous fight first started by the Congress. So all our educational big-wigs must thank the Congress for the eminence and emoluments which they now enjoy!

An equally important resolution from another point of view was first moved in this year's Congress. The executive councils of those days had only two members, drawn from the permanent service. The resolution demanded that an Indian, preferably a non-official Indian should be added, so that the Governor might hear both sides of the question, and be in a better position to exercise the casting vote! When this change was brought in, officials were preferred to non-officials, but it is the considered opinion of many thoughtful observers that they were more efficient and conscientious than any ministry has so far been.

The Government practice of periodical settlements, with a view to periodical enhancement of land-revenue came in for severe criticism. The problem is as acute and pressing to-day as it was in the past.

S. P. Sinha, later Sir Satyendra Prasannah, and last but by no means least, H. E. the Rt. Hon'ble Lord Sinha makes his debut on the Congress platform this year. He moved a resolution that no native Chief should be deposed without trial before a public tribunal. The occasion for this resolution was the recent deposition of the Maharajah Rana of Jhallawar. Mr. Caine who spoke on the resolution said that it was due to 'a petty dispute between a proud and sensitive prince, and an exceedingly foolish Resident.' Since then, things have gone on pretty much the same, for other princes and chiefs have paid a similar penalty enforced with the same secrecy and suddenness.

**13th Congress: 1897—Amraoti: President—Sankaran Nair.**

# of the Congress - 2

13 is an ominous number; the Congress held in that year met under a double shadow. The country was in the grip of plague which had come along with the great famine. Plague measures were carried out with more zeal than sympathy. The masses were perplexed and outraged by some of the steps taken by the Government. Social and religious susceptibilities were wounded; and a spirit of sullenness was added to the misery caused by the famine and plague. Two Europeans Rand and Ayerst were murdered; and the whole of the peninsula was thrown into a state of panic. Anglo-Indian papers made capital of these events, and blamed the Congress for all that had happened. It was thought likely that the meeting of the Congress would be banned. But wiser counsels prevailed. The Congress however met under the shadow of repression. Mr. Tilak was sent to prison for sedition, and a Poona Sirdar named Natu who had protested against the official methods of combating the plague was given the benefit of the 1818 regulation. Thus Tilak started the pilgrimage to jail as an important stage in the evolution of the perfect patriot.

One of the resolutions protested against the curtailment of the freedom of the press. The Anglo-Indian press was then, as now, immune from the operations of all repressive measures. A certificate as to their moderation and high ethical standards was given by Sir James Fitzjames Stephens, law member for a time. Some 'native' associations had asked him how they could tell whether they were infringing the new laws. His answer was: "Go to the English news-papers; whatever they say, you may say: that anybody should want to be more offensive than they is inconceivable!"

**14th Congress: 1898—Madras: President—Ananda Mohan Bose.**

The presidential address contained a curiosity. The suggestion was made that India should have direct representation in the British Parliament. Another suggestion far more revolutionary was that the Congress should work throughout the year.

One of the new resolutions protested against the Secret Press Committees established by Government to control—that is—punish the 'extremist native' press! An Englishman spoke on that resolution.

**15th Congress: 1899—Lucknow: President—Ramesh Chunder Dutt.**

The country looked forward with great hope to the viceroyalty of Lord Curzon.

Dr. Sir Nilratan Sircar from Bengal spoke in favour of the separation of the civil from the military branch of the medical profession. This is as flourishing today as thirty-five years ago. We cannot therefore say when they will disappear!

Another resolution protested against the prohibition laid on teachers and managers of schools from taking part in politics. Dr. T. M. Nair was one of the supporters of this resolution. In those days Dr. Nair was a man of all-India reputation. It was only towards the end of his life that he lost his earlier vigour and vision.

**16th Congress: 1900—Lahore: President—Justice Chandravarkar.**

Punjab problems monopolised the attention of this Congress.

**17th Congress: 1901—Calcutta: President—Sir D. E. Wacha.**

The year marked the close of Queen Victoria's reign and the passing away of Justice Ranade.

A Mr. Gandhi enters the Congress in this session very unobtrusively and moves a resolution on behalf of 1,00,000 British-Indians in South Africa. Also an Irishman named Smedley attended the session and gave a bit of his mind. He said he was shocked by the absurd moderation of the demands made by the Congress. He said: "This won't do. Ireland is not going to keep quiet until she gets Home Rule. You must also demand nothing less than Home Rule." Congressmen were amazed at the audacity of the suggestion. Some even thought that the speaker was probably trying to be humorous. Anyhow the advice was not followed.

**18th Congress: 1902—Ahmedabad: President—Surendranath Bannerjee, who gets a second innings!**

Among those who attended the session we notice one called the Hon'ble Mr. Krishna Nair. We wonder if it was our late Law Member. If so it would give him as great distinction as did—butter milk!

**19th Congress: 1903—Madras: President—Lal Mohan.**

The President's speech is interesting for the references to the Durbar held in 1903 at which it appears, many invidious distinctions were made between Europeans and 'natives'. Burma sent its first delegate to the Congress.

**20th Congress: 1904—Bombay: President—Sir Henry Cotton.**

His presidential address was remarkable for a prophetic utterance. He said that his vision of the future was a 'Federation of free and separate states, the United States of India'.

We may also learn from this Congress that Dr. Moonje is a doctor and had seen medical service in the South African War!

(To be continued)

# N. E. W. S.

WHO is the oldest man (or woman, to give the ladies their due) in the world to-day? Every country has claimed the credit of having within its frontiers the world's senior in age. The latest claim comes from Istanbul.

Two men are living in that city whose ages total 438 years. One was born in 1665, which makes him exactly 270 years old.

The other was born in 1767 and that, of course, makes him 168 years old.

While the former is not very communicative about his exploits, the latter claims to have fought 65 pitched battles under the Turkish flag and to have been wounded 23 times. Though so old, he has his wits about him, is quite strong and healthy, and what is more to the point, has a wonderful appetite.

Charity is not its own reward. At any rate not when the object of your charity happens to be a dog. A woman in Essex found a starving dog in the street. She took pity on the poor dog and brought it home and gave it food and shelter. The police smelt a rat, or rather a dog, and hauled up the good woman before the police court. She was fined five shillings for keeping a dog without licence.

A husband in California honestly believed that his wife was mad, so he petitioned the court to get an order committing her to an asylum.

Unknown to him, the wife honestly believed her husband was loony, and she too petitioned the court for an identical purpose.

The Judge considered the two petitions. He decided the wife was as sane as ice and the husband—well, he is in the asylum now.

Six months ago or thereabouts America gave a story to the world. Somebody over there stole a

railway engine! This time it is a mile of railway track. Unknown thieves near Cambria, Illinois, stole a mile of railway line. And not content with that they tore up the sleepers that held the rails and took them away, too. Some thieves!

An invoice for a subscription renewal to an English illustrated journal sent to a subscriber in Italy was returned to its origin with the message written across it:

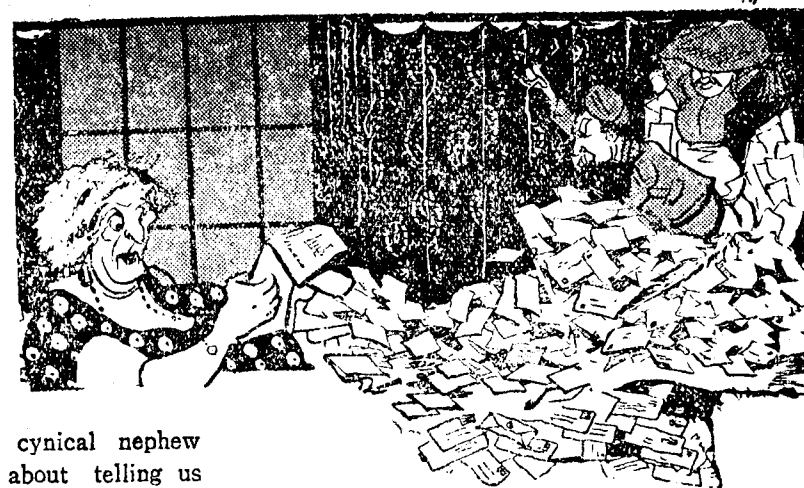
"Book for Mr. Negus, Ethiopia."

It was enclosed in another envelope with a note, "We don't want English merchandise, darlings!"

There is in Bulgaria a Robin Hood, whom the police don't love and whom the countryfolk adore. He is Docho Uzunoff, a young man of thirty-eight, who distinguished himself in the War. His political activities brought him into clash with the Government. He fled to the mountains in 1924 and started the merry business of robbing the rich. The other day he held up an omnibus. In that vehicle a young woman was going to the a neighbouring village to be married. The bandit's men stole, among other things, her trousseau. Docho saw the girl weeping and learning that she was going to be married, restored her trousseau, gave a sum of money as a wedding present and kissed her good bye and good luck.

An old lady in Russell Square, London, owns a parrot, Cocky by name, 102 years old. Cocky has travelled round the world and is very fond of whisky. Everybody thought he was a male. The other day, the old fellow was having supper on the kitchen table. Midway through the meal Cocky laid an egg with the greatest indifference. The old lady was so surprised that she cabled to her son in India. And the son cabled back—"Always suspected it."

## Auntie Awful



"DEAR Auntie," says a cynical nephew from Waltair, "what about telling us some more stories about your encounters with the great ones of the earth? Don't you blush for the fairy-tales in your column, when you sign for your salary on the dotted lion?"

Auntie passed this letter to the office accountant, who is always grumbling about the cost of the staff. In future, the accountant is going to keep a dotted lion, generally known as a leopard; and anyone who wants money will have to sign on the dotted lion. This should reduce expenses considerably.

To oblige our nephew, Auntie will tell a tale about the great ones of the earth. The last and greatest gathering of emperors took place for the Diamond Jubilee of Queen Victoria. There will never be such a gathering again. Though these potentates did not know it, they were celebrating the end of an age. In a few years, they were all destined to lose their empires. Victorian Imperialism was crumbling even then. However, for the moment, Buckingham Palace was crammed with the crowned heads of Europe in all their glory.

The Green Park adjoins Buckingham Palace. It is a public garden, and at certain seasons of the year it is famed for its flower-beds, especially its beds of crocuses. Well, one fine morning four gentlemen were strolling through the park, arm-in-arm.

"What is the name of these lovely flowers?" said the first gentleman, a man with fierce moustaches and a military bearing.

"Are they carnations?" said the second gentleman, a mild-looking, bearded person.

"I don't know," said the third, an old gentleman with mutton-chop whiskers.

"I think they are called hollyhocks," said the fourth gentleman, who was fat and clean-shaven.

A gnarled and ancient gardener happened to be close by, and he was offended at hearing such a display of ignorance regarding his treasured flowers. "Blimey!" he said, contemptuously, "I never heard the like. You oughtn't to be allowed in the park. Don't you know a crocus when you see one?"

"How dare you address us in such a manner!" said the first gentleman. "Do you know who I am?"

"No," growled the gardener, "and I don't care."

"I am the Kaiser of Germany," said the first gentleman, twirling his moustaches.

"Yes?" replied the gardener.

"And I am the Tsar of Russia," said the second gentleman, stroking his beard.

"You don't say!" remarked the gardener.

"And I am the Emperor of Austria," said the third gentleman, patting his whiskers.

"You're all drunk," said the gardener. "Go away or I'll call a policeman."

"How dare you! Who are you?" screamed the first gentleman, looking round for his escort of detectives.

"Me? I'm the Sultan of Turkey," replied the gardener.

"Oh, no," said the fourth gentleman, in a squeaky voice, "I am the Sultan of Turkey!"

Traveller (Maymyo). "Up in the Shan country there is a most extraordinary tribe. When they lose their tempers, they take a bundle of sticks, and beat the earth with rage." Auntie has seen similar people here, dear boy. They are called golfers.

(Continued on page 24)

# The Letters of

## A Sale by Auction

Reading Time • About 8 Minutes

Sketch by Mali

Madras, 30th November, 1935.

DEAR MOTHER,

LAST week I was telling you about the young man who came round distributing hand-bills, advertising an auction.

"I wonder what they sell at these auctions?" said Tiny Hopkins.

"Valuable furniture and household effects," I replied, quoting the hand-bill.

"Well, I suppose these pictures are household effects," said Boggins, taking down the collection that adorned his section of the barrack-room.

"I am glad you are removing those disgusting things at last," said Tiny Hopkins, our pious heavy-weight, "but is it right to sell them, and expose our Indian brethren to moral contamination?"

Boggins had quite a dozen framed pictures, printed in colours, and taken from artistic periodicals. They depicted young ladies in circumstances requiring a minimum of clothing. There was Psyche emerging from her bath, Venus rising from the sea, a ballet of dancing-girls wearing vine leaves and bewitching smiles, a nymph surprised by a faun, something called 'An afternoon in a harem', and several other studies of considerable indelicacy. When our barrack-room is inspected, that corner of the room always gets a very thorough scrutiny. We call it Boggins' zenana.

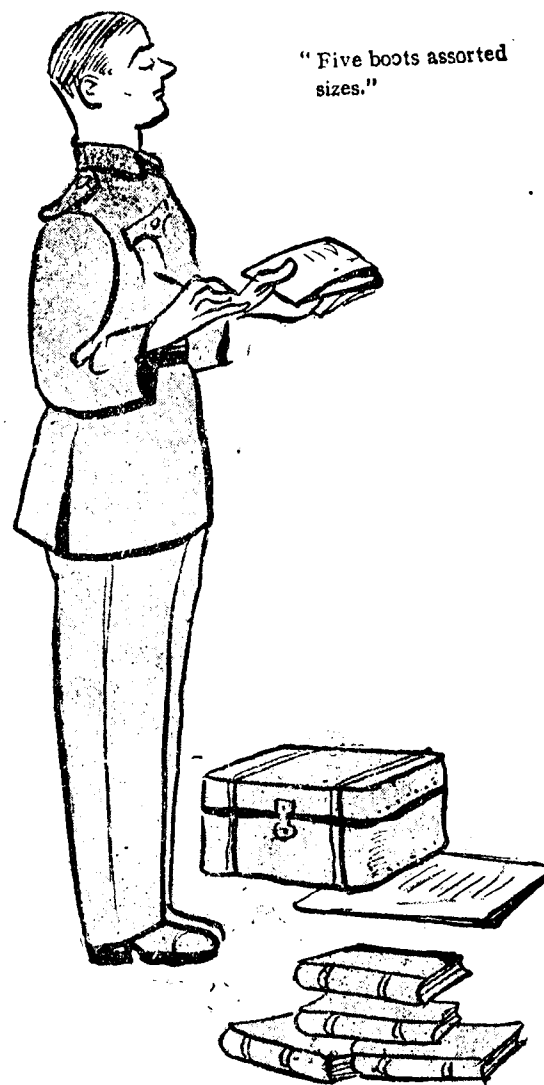
"I'm tired of them," said Boggins. "I'll sell them all, and collect a new lot."

Nellie Dean began to give an imitation of a barbers' band playing 'Off with the old love, on with the new', until Boggins threw a boot at him. Nellie caught the boot, and calmly added it to the collection of things he was sending to the auction.

"Good gracious!" I said, surveying the heap of worthless articles, "if we take that heap of rubbish down to the bungalow of J. Jones Esquire, we'll get thrown out on our necks."

"Don't you believe it," replied Boggins. "Have you ever looked at the stuff that is seriously offered for

sale outside the Moore Market? Sparking-plugs that won't spark; water-pots that won't hold water; screws that won't screw; and hair-brushes that won't brush, on account of all the bristles being worn away. I've often wondered who buys those things. Why, by comparison, this is a collection of valuable and high-class property. This mirror, for instance. You can actually see yourself in it—from certain angles."



# Private Joyfull

"I wouldn't admit owning such junk, let alone take it to an auction," said Nellie Dean.

"You don't have to," replied Boggins. "Joyfull and I will act as agents. We'll get a man with a cart, and go to the auction, and see what happens."

Boggins began to go through the heap, calling out the description and ownership of each article, while I made a list. There were a lot of things that nobody claimed as his own, and these went into a column headed, 'Tea and cake fund'.

"Thermos flask, without cork," called out Boggins. "Pair of dumb-bells. Clasp-knife with lanyard but without blades. Mind-improving course in ten volumes. Camp bed, one leg broken. Fountain pen—full of ink, curse it," as a shower of drops splashed over his clothes. "Signed portrait of Greta Garbo with a smudge on her nose. Piece of the Great Wall of China. Tin containing used razor-blades. Three

medals belonging to a Turkish admiral. Twenty-eight volumes of Edgar Wallace. Five boots, assorted sizes. Pair of fancy jars, cracked, inscribed, 'A present from Margate'. Russian officer's sword-belt. One camera in working order. Two that aren't. Fine collection of bad money, mostly Indian. Fancy brass permanent calendar for the years 2000 to 2999. Bundle of old clothes. Ivory model of the Taj Mahal, suspected to be made of celluloid." The list went on for a long time.

The following morning, we hired a man with a cart, and set out for the residence of J. Jones Esq. As usual, our antics created a lot of interest, and we soon picked up a following of small boys and other sightseers. Just as we got to the centre of the town, we encountered Miss Tarleton on her way to business. Boggins is an admirer of this young lady, whom he met at the All Ranks' Dance.



"Why, Mr. Boggins," she said, gazing at the rubbish on the cart with a surprised expression, and at the mob of youths accompanying us, "are you moving out to the Mount with your belongings and camp-followers?"

Boggins hastily denied that the stuff on the cart was his, and he began to drive away the boys by threatening them with his cane, but they only retreated a short distance. Miss Tarleton passed on with a smiling face, leaving Boggins looking quite flustered and angry. He threatened he would kill all the small boys, and eat them for dinner, if they didn't go away; and he told the man with the cart to follow us at a distance, as if he had nothing to do with us. We thus continued on our way in a kind of invisible procession, and entered the compound of J. Jones, Esq.

Mr. Bikriwala, the auctioneer, was already on the spot. He was a shrewd-looking gentleman wearing a tall felt cap, and he ran his eye over the contents of the cart in a practised manner. To my surprise, he accepted the articles for auction, and soon they were strewn all over the compound in small heaps.

All kinds of things were scattered about, some belonging to J. Jones, and others sent in the same way as our cart-load. It appeared that J. Jones was an officer going on leave, and he was disposing of his household goods.

There were not many people at the auction. I discovered that most of them were dealers. They wandered about looking at everything, and fingering the smaller articles. They seemed to know the larger pieces of furniture quite well.

"Look at that quaint carved bedstead," I said to Boggins. "It might be the original one made for Warren Hastings." It was an eighteenth-century pattern, with Indian carving. Warren Hastings got married in Madras. When out riding one morning, he saw a young widow being forced to mount the funeral-pyre of her boy-husband. He interfered and rescued her, and afterwards she became the first lady Governor-General. She turned out to be very wise and clever, and became the ancestress of one of our noble families in England. I have seen a picture of this beautiful lady, wearing her *sarree*, and sitting in the House of Lords.

"It might be a copy of Warrent Hastings' bedstead," said a dealer, who was interested in our remarks. He said that naturally an Indian workman could not design European furniture. When an old piece was worn out, the craftsman made an exact copy, even to the flaws in the wood.

"Is it valuable?" I enquired.

"Oh, no. At every auction this bedstead fetches about forty rupees. That is the recognised price."

"Do you mean that it is constantly auctioned?"

"About every two years; and so is the rest of this furniture. I can remember this bed being sold in 1890, when I was a boy, and used to go to auctions with my grandfather. Every time the officer who owns it is transferred, it comes up for sale."

I looked at the collection with new respect. These were not soul-less articles of furniture; they were heirlooms of Anglo-India; things that had served generations of migrating officials, famous, infamous, and mediocre. I said I wished I could make the bedstead talk.

"It probably does," said Boggins, cynically.

I wondered why they bothered to hold an auction, when everybody knew the price, and to which dealer

a piece of furniture would fall. For our friend told us that he had already arranged with the other dealers to have the bedstead. "The odds and ends provide greater interest," he continued. "The general public bids for the small stuff, and sometimes we dealers find something good among the rubbish."

The general public was represented by a dozen assorted persons who had come to snap up unconsidered trifles, and a *sahib* and a *memsahib*. The latter couple arranged with the auctioneer to bid for some crockery that they wanted; then they retired to a corner and pretended to be quite aloof from the proceedings.

Mr. Bikriwala now commenced the auction. He walked slowly round the compound, with the crowd pressing about him in a close circle. He never stopped talking for a moment, and he looked like a professional guide conducting a mob of goggle-eyed tourists round a show-place. A clerk kept at his elbow with a sheaf of papers. At each article of furniture there was a pause and a lot of rapid gabbling; and the hammer fell before I could understand what was happening.

Mr. Bikriwala took a quick glance at each purchaser, and if he was a dealer or a prosperous-looking individual, he cried, "Entry!" But if the purchaser seemed to be a nobody, he cried, "Cash!" One stout Mohammedan gentleman was quite annoyed when Mr. Bikriwala looked at him and cried, "Cash!" The gentleman had a furious argument with the auctioneer. One of the strange things about India is that it is considered disgraceful to pay your debts in cash.

At last, the auctioneer began to sell the small stuff. As a rule, he auctioned an entire small heap, composed of the strangest variety of objects. It soon became evident that members of the general public coveted something or other in a heap, and the bidding was quite brisk.

I was astonished at the value attached to some articles, and the low price bid for others. For instance, Boggins' pictures went for an average of ten annas each, though they were only cuttings from periodicals. The man who bought them took them away at once, gazing at them, and licking his chops.

On the other hand, there was a pair of beautiful steel engravings that were worth at least thirty rupees; and the only bid was two annas. I therefore bid four annas. The auctioneer was astonished, and thrust them into my hands before I could change my mind, and said, "Cash!" I am sending them to Uncle George as a Christmas present, and I expect he will

(Continued on opposite page)

## A. B. C. OF HORSE RACING—

Reading Time • About 3 Minutes

**T**HERE are many well known ways of making money. The easiest is of course to marry a rich widow, but this way is not open for you if you are already married. And as a matter of fact it isn't any use making, if you are married, for your wife will spend it quicker than you make it.

Horse racing is called the sport of kings. But that does not mean that you must wear a crown or at least a coronet before you can legally go to a bookie and lay a crisp currency note in his palm. In fact, you needn't wear anything when you go to a bookie—not even your shirt. And even if you did, you wouldn't be wearing it for long. But I am anticipating myself.

**Also Ran:** In my opinion, this phrase is misleading. If your horse didn't place, he definitely didn't run as he should have. And he shouldn't be called an 'also ran.' It should be 'also limped.'

**Arab:** Variety of horse. It is not true that an Arab horse only eats dates and objects to his missus moving about without a *burkha*. I don't like Arab horses. In fact the only good thing I can think of saying about them is that once an Arab gelding bit off the right ear of a bookie.

**Canter:** Name of a famous film comedian. I am not at all sure about the spelling.

**Cert:** You wear it under your coat, that is if you are not a nudist or a yogi.

**Course:** There are many kinds of courses. For instance, there is the golf course, the race course, and the study course. And of course, of course. The first is where you play golf—that is if you are not calling your ball names. The second is where horses run—excluding the one you have backed. The third is what you learn at the college—that is if you have not fallen in love with one of the girls there.

**Dead cert:** This has stumped me. I feel there is a catch in it somewhere. Anyway, my guess is that the garment must have been sent to a laundry.

**Flat racing:** This is so called because it leaves you flat on your back when you've done with it.

**Gee gee:** Pulling pulling my my leg leg?

**Handicap:** A topee that is very handy. Oh, all right, you needn't swear like that.

**Inkli deedums darling:** What you call your horse when he comes home three lengths ahead of the rest.

**Length:** I was telling a friend yesterday how a particular horse won recently by several lengths. "Ah," he said, "that reminds me. Do you recollect I length you ten rupees about a month ago?"

**Meetings:** This is nowadays only used in high brow poetry. As for example, 'Meetings I heard a voice.'

**Money:** This goes faster on a race course than any of the horses.

**Mutatis Mutandis:** May be this is the name of a horse, but frankly I don't think much of it.

**One to ten:** Eh? 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10. Is that all right?

**Pillar to post:** You can't do this. Don't ask me any questions. Postal regulations. You can only post a letter or such like. I tell you, you'll be locked up in a padded cell if you go and tell the post master you've got a pillar to post.

**Rose:** There are rose of people at the ticket window. Now perhaps you know what I mean, gentlemen?

THE END

### THE LETTERS OF PRIVATE JOYFULL

swank to all his friends about the pair of valuable pictures he got from India.

The Russian officer's belt actually fetched two rupees six annas. It was bought by a *jemadar* of rickshaw-coolies, and he was determined to out-bid everyone else.

The most extraordinary thing was the way the books were sold. They were collected in bundles of half-a-dozen, and each bundle fetched ten or twelve annas. A typical lot consisted of three odd volumes of the mind-reading course, an Edgar Wallace, a copy of 'Infantry Training, 1914 edition', and a story-book for children. I made another great bargain when no one bid for a handful of paper-covered books. I got them for an anna, and threw them all away except one. The one I kept was a copy of Kipling's 'Soldiers Three' published in Lahore in the original grey paper-covered edition, price one rupee. This is a great rarity, and is worth £5. I am sending it to Uncle George to sell in London, and I want him to buy you something nice with the proceeds.

One way and another, we were all very satisfied with the results of the auction. Everybody did well except Nigger White, who got only nine annas for a twenty-rupee camera, and one anna commission for the auctioneer. I told him that in future the thing to do was to send only rubbish to an auction, because it is always of value to someone.

The tea-and-cake fund, deriving from articles that everybody was ashamed to own, came to eleven rupees. We held a great celebration on the proceeds, and were able to have all kinds of delicacies in addition to the tea and cakes.

Your Loving Son,  
OBEAH JOYFULL.

# The Marriage of

Reading Time • About 7 Minutes

MR. and Mrs. Chuha lived in a crevice in a corner of the room occupied by the good priest Deo Ram. Deo Ram was a kindly man, who served that most benign of Deities, Sri Ganesha. Mr. and Mrs. Chuha were always welcome to a little grain and a little milk, and their life was one of peace and ease. No horrid cat ventured its predatory paws within the holy precincts, and Mr. and Mrs. Chuha gambolled freely about the floor, greeting the appearance of the priest with squeaks of welcome, and a respectful withdrawal to their crevice. Owing to their Aldermanic mode of living, it is to be feared that Mr. and Mrs. Chuha considered themselves personages of importance, quite above the circumstances of common rodent life.

"My dear," said the father rat, one bright morning, "has it occurred to you it is high time that our daughter was married?"

"Indeed, I have given the matter some thought," replied his portly spouse. "But where shall we find a bridegroom befitting our matchless daughter?"

"You speak wisely," agreed Mr. Chuha, stroking his whiskers. "Our daughter shall marry no mere rat. She is worthy of a better husband."

"We are certainly in a quandary," said Mrs. Chuha. "All the people hereabouts are common rats. Only yesterday, I caught that scapegrace nephew of yours, Master Kata, making eyes at her. Would you have a bridegroom such as he?"

"Certainly not," replied her husband. "It is, as you say, a quandary. Let us consult the good priest."

When the old gentleman returned from his morning worship, he found Mr. and Mrs. Chuha awaiting him. "Aha, my good friends," said the holy man, "I perceive you are in need of something. Come, tell me. Is the grain sufficient? Shall I increase the allowance of milk?"

"Nay, good sir, we are in need of nothing but your advice." And Mr. Chuha confided to the priest the problem of his daughter's marriage.

"What you say is very true," said the wise priest, his eyes twinkling. "Are you not

the friend and messenger of a Deity? Did you not once prove yourself mightier even than the Lord Ganesha himself? Your daughter should marry none but he who wielded the greatest power on earth."

This saying greatly pleased the proud parents; but after a while, Mrs. Chuha was smitten with a doubt.

"Reverend sir," she enquired, "who wields the greatest power on earth?"

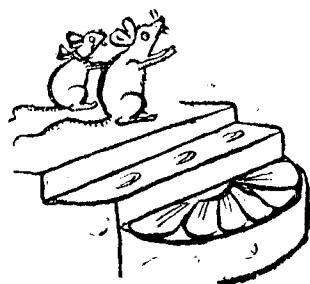
"Surely, the Sun is the greatest of terrestrial powers," replied the learned priest, "for without him there would be no life."

"Very true," said Mr. Chuha, complacently. "I will make my proposals to the Sun without delay."

Early the next morning, the two parents dressed their daughter in her finest array, and took her to the temple platform to await the coming of the Sun. When the noble orb began to peep above the horizon, the modest Miss Mouse shielded her face from the glory of her prospective bridegroom, but the proud Mr. Chuha stepped boldly forward and laid his proposals before the Lord of the Heavens.

"You do me much honour," replied His Majesty the Sun, smiling to himself. "Who could wish for a finer father-in-law than yourself? But alas, you flatter me too much. I am not the most powerful being in the world. Pray excuse me, for I have my daily journey to run."

"One moment, dear sir," panted Mr. Chuha,



"Aha, my good friends..."

# Miss Mouse

By Embusque

Illustrated by Mali

pursuing the Sun as he went on his daily journey, "what in the world is more powerful than your good self?"

"Apply to Mr. Cloud," replied the Sun, from a vast distance. "He is more powerful than I. When he appears on the scene, I am helpless." And the voice of His Majesty was lost in the roar of his blazing chariot, as it swept on through the heavens.

Mr. Chuha returned to the temple platform, and related to his wife the result of the interview. "Quite right, too," said that lady. "It is well that you did not give our daughter to so second-rate a person. Let us seek Mr. Cloud."

They went to the rampart of the temple, that looked out over the ocean, and presently they saw Mr. Cloud rising from his bed in the sea.

"Ho, Mr. Cloud!" cried the fond father, "pray come closer. I have a proposal to make that will be greatly to your advantage." And Mr. Chuha offered Mr. Cloud the hand of his daughter in marriage.

"Hum, ha," said Mr. Cloud, billowing to and fro, and smacking his damp lips. "She is indeed a tasty morsel." But Miss Mouse shivered, and drew her cape more closely about her. Old man Cloud had the reputation of being a lecherous fellow, hugging the hill-sides whenever he got a chance, and rising in a different place every morning.

"Then that is settled," said Mr. Chuha. "There is only one stipulation. Are you prepared to say that you are the strongest being in all the world?"

"Certainly I am," said Mr. Cloud, towering up to the sky. "That is, of course, excepting—"

"Excepting what?"



"Well, there is that fellow Mr. Wind. He buffets me about as he pleases."

"Come away at once, my dear!" cried Mrs. Chuha. "Do not waste words on such an impostor. Let us interview Mr. Wind."

So the Chuha family went down to the beach, and waited until Mr. Wind opened the door of his bedroom beyond the ocean, and began rushing towards them.

"Stay a moment, Mr. Wind," cried the father of Miss Mouse, "I have a most important matter to broach with you."

But Mr. Wind was a crusty chap, who was known to assail the caps and umbrellas of dignified old gentlemen, and contemptuously to raise the skirts of respectable matrons. He scarcely paused to hear the proposal. "Bah, I don't want your daughter," he said, making the poor girl shiver with his breath. "I have a large family of my own." And he rushed onward.

"Alas!" cried Mr. Chuha, in dismay. "At last we have found the greatest power in the world, and he refuses to marry our daughter!"

"What's that?" said Mr. Wind, eddying back for a moment. "I am not the greatest power in the world. Look behind you."

"Where?" said Mr. Chuha, in bewilderment.

"The temple wall is stronger than I," said Mr. Wind. "These hundreds of years he has resisted me, and I cannot overcome him. Good-bye!"

"Dear, dear, what a lot of trouble this search is giving us," complained Mr. Chuha.

"Never mind," replied his devoted wife. "It will be worth while, if only we find a fitting husband for our daughter. Now at least we have surely found the strongest thing in the world."

Mr. Temple Wall was a dear old bachelor, mellowed by time, and supported by the offerings of the faithful. "Indeed, my good friends, I would gladly take your pretty daughter to be my bride," he said. "Unfortunately, I am unworthy  
(Continued on next page)

(AUNTIE AWFUL—Continued from page 17)

*Quiver Full (Periakulam).* "What shall I do? I have just become the father of triplets." Congratulate yourself, dear sir. There is luck in odd numbers.

*Distracted (Nungumbakam).* "I have a new house, with distempered walls. My daughter and her children have come on a visit, and the children are making the place in a filthy state. Please tell me how I can preserve my nice distempered walls." The only thing to do, my dear, is to have the bottom half of the walls done with washable distemper, so that the smears can be removed. Nothing will prevent children from spoiling walls, as the following traditional rhyme will tell you:

*Father's in the study,  
Mother's in the hall.  
Therefore I make thumb-marks  
On the parlour wall.  
After they have whipped me  
The pain will go away.  
But my little thumb-marks  
Will stay, and stay, and stay.*

*Floriculture (Lahore).* "I am anxious to make a rock-garden this cold weather, but there is no stone readily available in the district. Please recommend an inexpensive way of collecting material for my rock-garden." Auntie thinks, dear boy, that you will get all you require if you go and play music outside a mosque.

*Commercial Law (Mylapore).* "With reference to a recent case, what is a fraudulent bankrupt? Are not all bankrupts fraudulent?" Certainly not, dear boy. An ordinary bankrupt is a man who puts his money in his trousers pocket, and lets the creditors take his coat. A fraudulent bankrupt deceitfully sells the coat before the creditors can lay their hands on it.

*Ambitious (Nellore).* "I am thinking of going to England, but I have no money. What does it cost?" It costs nothing to think about going to England, dear boy. Auntie knows people who have been doing it for years.

*Black Cat (Hindupur).* "My teacher says that conscience is a racial memory, but my uncle says it is a religious sentiment. What do you think that conscience really is?" Conscience, dear boy, is an inner voice that warns you that if you do a certain thing, you will be found out.

*Modern Woman (Bombay).* "Marriage is a scientific relationship. I want to start classes to teach young girls how to undertake this relationship." Congratulations, dear madam. By the way, Auntie is shortly going to open a school to teach fishes how to swim.

*Schoolmaster (Alapakam).* "I believe in training my pupils by kindness. I can truthfully say I have never raised my hand against one of them." Except, of course, in self-defence?

*Troubled (Salem).* "My landlord is very mean. I went to him and complained that the water was pouring into the house, and he said, 'You cannot expect the men to repair your roof while it is raining!' So the first fine day, I went to him again, and he said he would come and look at the roof. When I showed it to him, he said, 'There is no water coming in now!' How can I make him repair my roof?" As the water comes through the roof, collect it in vessels, and place it outside the door with a notice, 'Filtered water for sale. Guaranteed to be filtered through Mr. X's roof.'

*Jane (Penang).* "By what method did China become so densely populated?" Auntie thinks, my dear, that the Chinese must have some special secret process.

*Worried (Saidapt).* "There is a big boy who is always catching my son on the way home from school. He calls him a little black barbarian, and wants to fight him." Oh, no, dear sir. This is not called fighting. It is called civilising him.

THE END

#### THE MARRIAGE OF MISS MOUSE (Continued from page 23)

of your powerful and distinguished family. I am not the strongest thing in the world."

"Then who is the strongest thing in the world?" howled Mr. Chuha, in a rage at so many continued disappointments.

"I know of only one who is stronger than I. It was but yesterday that he assailed and overcame me."

"Who is this glorious person?" cried Mr. Chuha, eagerly.

"It is none other than Master Kata, your nephew. I am powerless against him. He can riddle me full of holes, and bring me tumbling to the ground."

Mr. and Mrs. Chuha looked at each other, and then at their daughter. For the first time since the quest began, she was smiling, and shyly patting her fine clothes.

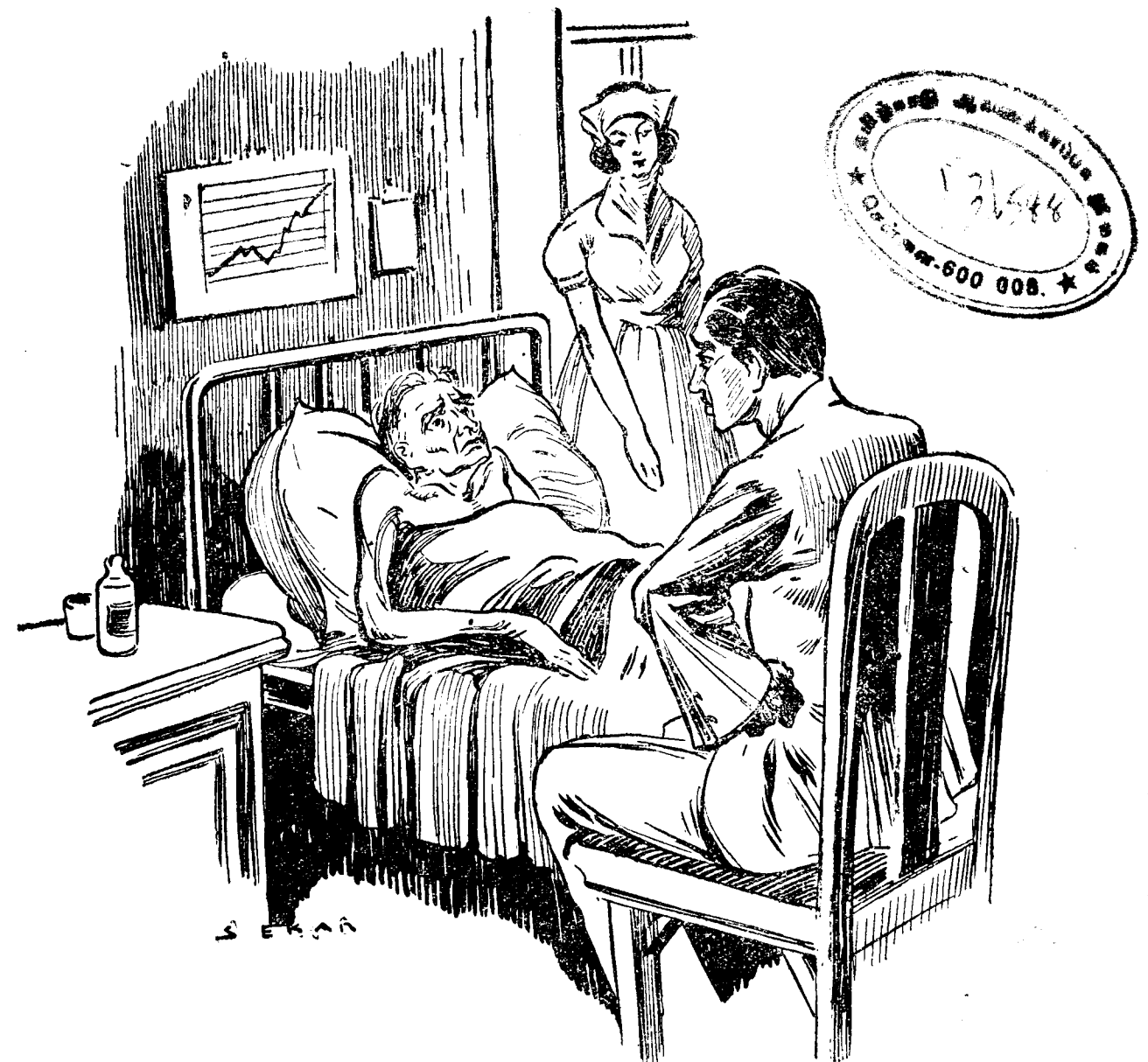
"I will send for Master Kata, and arrange everything," said Mr. Chuha, importantly.

"I am glad it is to be one of our own race," remarked Mrs. Chuha, who was, after all, a mother.

"Of course. I would not dream of anything else," said her husband. "Are we not the most powerful people in the world?"

The good priest, coming in for his evening meal, observed the gay wedding-preparations going forward in the crevice in the corner of his room. He nodded to himself, and smiled wisely.

THE END



## Suggestion Vs Suggestion

By Dorothy A. Scott

Illustrated by Sekar

Reading Time • About 10 Minutes

"I hear old Digby has become a grand-father," remarked Tom, one day, with a smile,—  
"Wonder how it feels!"

"Perhaps you'll know some time," I said laughing.

Tom shook his head.  
"No chance of that," he said. "I'm booked to take the great crossing when I'm 37."  
I looked up in surprise.

"Whyever do you say that?" I asked, curiously watching him. He looked quite serious.

"I had my fortune told about 3 years ago."

I laughed, derisively. "And you believe all that piffle? There are hundreds of so-called fortune-tellers in this country, making money out of a credulous public. I wouldn't have thought it of you, Tom, old man."

"Ah, but this fellow was different. I've never told you about him, have I?"

"No."

He lit his pipe and commenced.

"I met him at Juhu," he said, "that's a little out of Bombay, you know. We had gone out for a picnic, and, after a good swim and feed, we wandered around. There are a number of little paths and by-ways, leading to unexpected openings, and in one of these I met my fortune-teller. There was a crowd round him, and, on our enquiry, they told us he was a great seer, and helped anyone without demanding payment. That was what attracted me, you see. Not," he added, hastily, seeing me smile at this candid confession, "that I didn't want to pay, but it struck me that if he were not genuine, what was his object in doing it at all, since he did not make a living by it?"

I nodded in agreement. It sounded logical enough.

"Well, for curiosity's sake, and because we had nothing better to do, we showed our palms. My friend's future was told first, then, as he took my hand in his, he looked at me queerly, and said: 'Make the best of your life now, sahib, for you are a good way through, already.'"

"I got a bit of a shock, of course, but let him carry on, and he told me a number of other things. Then we put a couple of coins in a poor box that was hung up there—we needn't have—and departed. Of course, I didn't believe a word of it really, but many of his

predictions have come true, and so I'm not so sceptical now."

"H'm," I remarked. "What were the things that he foretold correctly?"

"Well, for one thing, a serious illness," Tom replied, "when—"

"Anyone can predict an illness," I interrupted, "because one is sure to come to everyone at some time or other. And the rest?"

"Well, a journey across water. I went home on six months leave."

I sniffed. "He was civilised enough to know your nationality, and could safely foretell that."

Tom smiled. "I know it sounds all bosh," he said, "but there were one or two other things, too,—smaller incidents, which have also come true—a quarrel, my friend's change of job, and so on,—which makes me inclined to believe him. Well, let's switch on to something more cheerful. By the way, I jotted down the exact date inside my watch."

He opened it, and I saw what he had written—"June 21st, 1932". I made a mental note of the date, and later entered it in my pocket-book for future reference. I liked old Tom, and wanted to be on the spot.....

Tom and I lost sight of each other for some years, and I never thought we'd meet again, for the breadth of the world separated us. He went to a farm in Australia, while my work took me to America. But, by a strange coincidence, I was in Bombay towards the end of 1931, and I heard from a casual acquaintance, who knew Tom, that the latter was booked to land in Bombay in March 1932. (Our correspondence had gradually dwindled and died some time before.)

I was eager to meet him, for we had been great chums, but, unfortunately, just ten days before he landed, I was obliged to go up to Calcutta for about

two months. I wrote to Tom from there, and, though his replies told of no trouble, I fancied a certain note of despondency in them. My last letter was either unanswered, or it arrived after I left Calcutta, and it was only after getting back to Bombay that I heard that Tom was in hospital, suffering from continual fever. That was June 16th. He had gone in a short time earlier.

"Overwork, I expect," I thought, and then stopped as a memory struck me, sending a cold shiver down my spine. What was it Tom had told me about that fortune-teller? It was years ago now, but I was almost sure that the year he had mentioned as fatal was 1932. Where was that old pocket-book of mine? I knew I had kept it.

I opened all my trunks of 'spares', and, searching feverishly, at last unearthed a worn, dusty old note-book. Here it was—"June 21st, 1932". And it was now the 16th! My heart sank. I am very hard-headed and 'unsuperstitious' but the coincidence seemed ominous.

I went to see Tom the next evening, and braced myself to chat cheerfully about inviting him over after the rains, etc. But my efforts drew no response. I was allowed only fifteen minutes, for his temperature was high, and in that time, Tom seemed to drift farther and farther from me. He didn't mention anything much about his illness, but, just before I left, he said:

"Remember my fortune-teller, Dennis?" and smiled weakly.

I hurried away.

Truth is supposed to be stranger than fiction, but my solid, hard-boiled business instincts told me that if Tom met his fate that year, it would be sheer coincidence, and that the fortune-teller was a fake. With these thoughts, I prowled around Juhu, the next day, and tried to discover, by inquiry from the natives, how much of the seer's predictions came to pass. Their information varied, but I was satisfied that he had failed in many cases.

It was the next day that I got my Great Idea. At once I went to see a friend of mine—a psycho-analyst, and told him about Tom's peculiar case. He agreed with me in thinking that the fever had been brought on through mere suggestion—the fortune-teller's date had stuck in his mind—he had expected his end, and it was coming.

"He is not in a condition to follow psychological arguments," said my friend, "and so we must think up a plan that will require less effort on his part—"

and we must act quickly," he added. "The date, you said, was June 21st?"

I nodded. "Just two days left."

He looked thoughtful. "Meet me this evening at 5 o'clock," he said, "and we'll see if either of us has a plan by then."

We met as agreed, and his first words were, "The Editor of the *Bombay Times* is a friend of yours, isn't he?"

"Yes," I answered, bewildered.

"Well, listen." In a few rapid sentences, he unfolded his plan.

I did not go to see Tom that evening, as, after visiting my friend, I had an interview with the Editor h mentioned. But the next day, the 20th of June, I went to the hospital, and I was stunned by Tom's appearance. His fever had risen even higher, but he was in full possession of his senses. It was only fever, the doctor had told me, and admitted to being puzzled over the case. He did not know the fatal power at work.

Tom's first words to me were, in a faint voice:

"Hullo, Dennis, you laughed at my believing that fortune-teller, now do you believe?"

I could see his mind was dwelling constantly on that man and his prediction of death.

"Less than ever," I replied, with a huge grin, which even Tom's failing senses would have to observe. "When you come out, old man, you can pay him another visit, and tell him to have another shot!"

"When I come out," Tom said, drearily. "No, Dennis, you can't bluff me—he's proved himself genuine."

"He has, has he?" I retorted. "Well, I thought you'd be interested, so I smuggled this newspaper in to you. I wanted to read to you a certain little account."

He looked puzzled. I opened the paper and read, aloud:

#### Notorious Thief's Original Disguise

Ram Bux, who has been 'wanted' by the police, for seven years, has just been arrested at Juhu. In the guise of a charitable 'fakir' fortune-teller, he has hoodwinked the simple village folk, and has escaped the vigilance of the police. He was captured yesterday at 8 P.M.

I stopped.

"There's more, including a description of the man," I said, "but that's enough for the present. Now do you believe?" I said triumphantly.



Tom looked sceptical. "Let's see if it's really there," he said, and held out his hand.

I handed him the paper. He glanced through the report, noted the date on the paper, and looked over a few other pages. A new expression shone in his face. He seemed strangely excited. The dawn of a new hope seemed to surge through him.

"Well, I'm hanged," he said, weakly. "The old blighter! Who would have thought it!"

I smiled. He seemed better already.

"You are one of the 'simple village folk' he hoodwinked," I chaffed him.

"Oh, that couldn't have caused the illness," he replied. "I'd forgotten about it, until I actually had the fever on me."

"You might have forgotten, but your subconscious mind hadn't," I told him.

We talked of other things, and, having strayed a little over my time, I was there when the nurse came on her rounds. She took Tom's temperature, and uttered a glad cry. It had gone down two degrees!

I left Tom, feeling confident that the morrow would bring no tragedy. I was right.

Tom was out of hospital within a fortnight.

\* \* \*

"It was all a matter of suggestion," said my psychologist friend, over our glasses a few weeks later. "Your subconscious mind registered the date and your body reacted accordingly. But the counter-suggestion, that the fortune-teller was a fake, and therefore gave false information, acted in the opposite direction—and in the nick of time."

"Yes," said Tom, laughing. "Between you, you saved my life—I can never thank you enough. But who would have thought the old blighter was a thief!"

"Oh, that!" I looked at my conspirator. "As a matter of fact, as far as we know, his character is spotless. The Editor, in response to my urgent request, and knowing it was a matter of life and death, got one copy of the paper printed specially for you. By the way, I must introduce you some time."

Tom was gaping in amazement.

"You bounders!" he shouted. "You've been pulling my leg, ah?—Not that I'm sorry—" he added.

\* \* \*

As I write this, Tom is reading over my shoulder, rather shamefaced now at his simple faith in the fortune-teller. He asked me not to put in his real name, so I've called him Tom!

THE END

## The Magic Man

They say he has some magic powers  
That funny man who sits for hours  
With ashes on his body, and  
A curious trident in his hand.  
Nobody knows from where he came,  
Nor his address, nor even his name.

His body is the most unclean  
And ill-kept one I've ever seen,  
And his great shock of matted hair  
Appears as though it needed care,  
As he does, too,—and it appears  
He hasn't washed himself for years.

Calmly he tells you, if you please,  
Water and he are enemies,  
Water whether of streams or showers  
Would drive away his magic powers!  
And so, to keep them safe from hurt,  
He must expose himself to dirt.

But what about his magic powers?  
Why, he can change the frogs to flowers,  
And pigs to clouds, and stones to birds  
And all the rivers into curds,  
And he can change you, happy luck!  
Into a Dodo or a duck!

And he can change the Bombay Mail  
Into a ship without a sail,  
A Rolles' into a bullock cart  
When it is just about to start!  
And change your pony, if you like,  
Into a noisy motor-bike!

But what's the good of it, I say,  
When he must be unwashed all day,  
When not a drop of water can  
Come near this curious magic man?  
I want no other power, I guess,  
Than just the one called cleanliness!

—Harindranath Chattopadhyaya.

# Saving Money

By Anon

Illustrated by Varma

Reading Time • About 5 Minutes

MY salary was only the modest sum of Rupees Two Hundred per mensem. And yet my wife used to give me monthly, if not daily, harangues on the duty of every man to Save Money.

A hundred rupees every month! Why, her bills—sarees not included—would alone swallow up a meagre sum of five hundred a year!

"What about your extravagant tweeds—and flannels—and—"

"You must," she would say, "put away at least a hundred rupees every month!"

"And bicycle—?" I would help her.



But Meenu was not to be gainsaid. If *she* had her way, she would see to it that I *did* save a hundred rupees a month.

"But," I protested, interrupting one of her monthly harangues on domestic economy, "this is a perfectly legitimate expenditure! You don't want to deny the poor children such a simple thing as a gramophone! Why, every decent house now has a gramophone!"

"Nonsense!" Meenu gave a glance fraught with menace at our eldest girl and our son, who had succeeded in persuading me to buy them a gramophone.

"We don't want a Grand Model or anything like that, mother—"

"Sh!"

I pitied the poor kids. Meenu's "Sh!"s can be so devastating.

"Grand Model!" continued Meenu, in a horror-struck tone. "Don't mention a thing like that! You—"

"All right," I compromised, "let them have an ordinary portable one—say, a hundred and fifty chips—"

Meenu was just scandalised.

"A hundred and fifty—what! And the way you people say 'chips'! As if anyone can merely 'chip' them off in hundreds!"

"All right, then. A hundred and fifty rupees—there! Is it O. K.?"

But my wife was adamant.

"We have just got a couple of hundreds in the Savings Bank, and if you are all bent upon frittering it away, well—"

Here Meenu made an uncompromising gesture of disapproval and slipped out of range of further remonstrance.

I knew the children were disappointed, and they knew that I was more disappointed than they. But when their mother gets so hot on economy, they know it is no use. To go against her wishes would be to invite disaster—in what form, we never knew. But she was our prophetess, somehow.

So we economised. During the next eighteen or twenty months, we managed to save, approximately, if not a hundred, at least fifty chips—I mean, rupees—every month.

I was myself spell-bound. Meenu *had* the seeds of greatness in her. Whenever our girl or our boy wanted anything, Meenu had trained them to be satisfied with having a look at our Bank balance.

Thus, if our boy said:—

"Mamma, my bike is so old and rotten—there is a nice, new Hercules—"

Or the girl, in her enthusiasm:—

"Mother, did you see that perfectly sweet advertisement—"

Then Meenu would instantly fish out the Pass Book and:—

"Darlings, see, we have, roughly speaking, one thousand two hundred and thirty four rupees in the Bank. Now, if we buy your bike and your perfectly sweetly advertised thing, we will have, roughly speaking, THREE HUNDRED RUPEES LESS!!!" Here Meenu's voice will reach that sepulchral pitch which generally makes the children believe that they are asking her to do something very, very heinous, indeed. "Now," Meenu would continue, "if we go on like this for another say, two years, or four—or ten—"

"Or fifty—" helped the children, getting somewhat into their mother's enthusiasm.

"Eh? Yes. Er—y-e-e-s. Fifty. Yes." Meenu was not so sure. "If we go on like this for several years, we would have a *nice* big balance at the Bank. And you will then be able to have *all* that you want!"

Here Meenu, I think, generally clapped her hands and the children grinned tamely, overcome by her eloquence.

They waited devoutly for the nice, big balance at the Bank.

After three years of economising like this, I was really astounded at my wife's success. She *had* put away a nice big sum of about two thousand.

"There you are!" she said, jubilant.

I congratulated her.

\* \* \*

One day, Meenu came to me and said:

"We can give our boy his bike."

"What! Hercules!" And the fellow jumped.

"And the gramophone!" she said.

"Really—!" I was surprised.

"Also," she added, to her daughter, "the perfectly sweetly advertised thing—"

The girl screamed with joy.

"And," concluded Meenu, laying her irresistible palm on my cheek, "dear! *Did* you see that delightful necklace at Nandalals? Diamonds! And only One Thousand and Eight Hundred and Twenty rupees! Imagine!"



# Music Unheard

By Shepherd of the Pot

Illustrated by Varma

Reading Time • About 7 Minutes

expression through lips, eyes and limbs to convey to his pupils the sense out of a poet's babble; but all I could gather from him was the irrefutable impression that the poet must have meant something when he wrote the lines in a fit of insanity to torture the boys down posterity. What that something was, remained obscure, even after the professor had exhausted his breath and vocabulary. The first part is comprehensible enough; melody implies, I suppose, sweetness, and one could grant that a melody, heard, is sweet—an absurd truism. But the second part of it is a

bit thick; for all practical purposes of comparison and criticism, unheard melodies simply do not exist; you cannot possibly pass an opinion on melodies you have never heard. Of course in actual life many sound vibrations euphemistically called music and melody are better and sweeter unheard and unenjoyed. But Keats did not seem to be referring to the existence of these very real inflections.

A blank, staring audience of uncomprehending boys is not exactly calculated to sweeten the temper of a lecturer in the last degree of intellectual travail. The primitive instinct of revenge surged up in the professor's heart and he glanced round his audience for an easy victim. But all the boys understood this psychology of the professor thoroughly and were most dutifully and absorbedly looking into their books. I alone was gazing out at the beckoning waters and dreaming how nice it would be to float down on the cool bosom of the river, far, far away from the ugly college-rooms and droning lecturers. The lynx-eye of the professor

66 **H**EARD melodies are sweet but those unheard are sweeter...."

The English professor's voice was droning on but I was blissfully looking at the flowing river through the window. Our college is in an ideal spot. Through almost every window on the southern side, one can catch a glimpse of the brown eddying river writhing like a huge python.

We were having a lecture on Keats. The professor was a tall, bony man with a high grey turban, with a face like that of a paid mourner at a funeral. To hear his raucous, complaining voice, to look at his large lips drooping down at the corners and his eyes full of agonised resignation in them, one would think he was a deeply religious saint making a recantation of his principles under fear of death. He was gesticulating violently, looking up sorrowfully at the ceiling, then at the boys before him, finally down at the open book before him. He was straining all his powers of

came to a rest on me and must have read some of my unconstitutional thoughts. There was a loud rap on the table and an angry voice broke in on my dreams.

"I say, you there, what is it you are staring at? Stand up! I don't want any inattentive lubbers in my class. You idiot, you..."

I stood with my eyes cast down, patiently listening to all the pleasant things my professor said about me. But even a student has a modicum of self-respect, and when the professor stopped for breath, I felt I was called upon to say something to vindicate my position. I managed to mutter, "I am sorry, sir, but I was all along following your lecture." This white lie, which should have been accepted by any reasonable lecturer as peace with honour, only irritated him the more, and he shouted out in triumph unholy, "Come on then, what was I saying just now?"

Instantly before I was aware, my lips had answered, "Why, sir, you were saying as how certain lectures were sweeter unheard." I was sent to the Principal who was only a ripened specimen of the same type. The Principal was a childless, toothless old fossil of more than sixty. (To the Department and in the official registers, he was only fifty). Under a mistaken notion that he was inflicting a condign punishment, he asked me not to come to the vicinity of the college for ten days.

Naturally this incident has left a strong impression in my mind about poets and poetry in general and about Keats in particular. From that day to this I have never been able to read without unhappiness even a line that was given to me as Keats's. From the beginning of things through all ages, whether it was democracy that was the recognised form of government or aristocracy or theocracy, or enlightened dictatorship, whether kings ruled the land or parliaments, the poets have ever had the easiest time of it, and have enjoyed the greatest privileges of all. A poet could commit the most atrocious blunders in grammar which even a schoolboy would be ashamed to own. They call it poetic licence. He might give expression to a most absurd truism, but he would be instantly acclaimed as the wisest man since the good old Solomon. He might take it into his head to call the men round him a pack of scoundrels, fools or whatever you please, they call him a funny man. Now as an honest man I ask you, readers; apart from lecturers and examinations, can you ever say that melodies unheard are sweeter than those which are heard? Of course some wise-looking old schoolmaster with thick eye-glasses may peer at me like an owl and shout at me, "That line of Keats contains a world of poetry behind it." If it does, I fail to perceive it. A poet in an unbalanced mood says

palpably absurd things, and at once critics jump up heroically, writing learned volumes of commentaries, explaining away the absurdity, nay, actually holding it forth as a piece of wisdom for all time. This is pure intellectual sycophancy. So far as I am concerned, if any one has to say anything to me, let him say it in plain, honest English, not in senseless absurdities on which commentators thrive. That line of Keats, I am afraid, is one of the latter category, and I can only say by the same token, that some poets unheard and unread are sweeter.

Talking of Keats, there is another famous absurdity of his that was knocked into my head while at college. "Beauty is truth, truth beauty, that is all ye know on earth and all ye need to know." Whatever Keats might have lacked, he did not lack cheek. What an impertinent assertion at the end of a superlatively rash generalisation! Now what's this jingle about beauty and truth? Beauty is truth, says our poet. I say, no; it is more often than not pure falsehood; beauty is generally paint, lipstick or fine dress. And then, says he, truth is beauty; it is seldom so. Truth is most undoubtedly ugly sometimes. Parents fallen in debt who have some innocent children in their homes will vouch for this. The simple fact that most people are wedded to the rival of truth is proof positive that truth is far from being a beauty in many eyes. I suppose it is just possible for the lucky and sensitive eyes of the poets to find, once in a way, beauty in truth and truth in beauty. But then comes the most egregious and impertinent suggestion a poet could possibly make: "That is all ye know on earth, and all ye need to know." Note carefully, self-respecting readers, how scornfully he uses the word 'ye'—not we. It is certainly a poor compliment to us on the knowledge we have garnered all these years in dingy school-rooms that all we know amounts to something only a little short of absurdity. And he becomes really dangerous when he says that it is all we need to know.

But do not mistake me; I am not averse to all poets. Of course they are an evil, but a really useful and necessary evil. Poetry ordinances should be promulgated making it an offence against the state for any poet to write such lines of absurd verse, that are nightmares to the school-going boys. Immediate steps should also be taken to expunge such absurdities from all the existing poetical works, from Shakespeare (yes, even your immortal bard) down to Massfield, all the host of them. I would even go to the length of offering to serve on any committee that may be constituted to discuss this question at a fairly few sittings and bring out inoffensive revised versions of all the poets.

THE END

# A Short Circuit

By Narak A. Nurak

Illustrated by Sekar

Reading Time

About 6 Minutes

BALOO had not been of late thinning the foliage of my cheque book by morking my brains with his sob-stuff. I had thought that he had netted that Delhi job for which he was fishing and that for once in his life he had begun to live by honest work. He had become as extinct as the good old Dodo.

So when I met him at the Club, one evening, I nearly swallowed the cigarette I was smoking. He looked seedy and completely bunkered. His eyebrows had acquired a permanent lift; his cheeks had sagged and his usually sleek patent leather hair was like the bristles of a dried up tar brush. He was surely on the downward slide.

"Hallo!" I greeted him.

Baloo looked at me as if across a chasm, twisting his drooping mouth.

"Oh! Hallo!" he greeted back coldly.

"You look squashed up. What is the trouble?" I queried with sympathy.

He inserted himself into a chair near me and sighed a draught of hot breath on my face.

"Wherefore this grumpy air?" I asked.

"This life," he wailed, "is a rotten show. This blasted existence is a nightmare. I am giving up the fight."



"Go ahead," I encouraged.

Baloo helped himself to a cigarette from my case and crossed his legs.

"You know, my lad," he began, "how I had got on. Not being able to land a job, I was

being maintained by my uncle, who though a cranky old-timber, had the sense to see the good points in me and send his money orders as regularly as my creditors send their bills. But now I have gone and done it, and the milk of human kindness in the old cow has dried up. Even as it was, it was a hard job to keep on in his good books and to cling to the hope that all his money would thud on my head one day. He has diabetes, you know, and he has only to stub his toe against a good stone to get the all clear notice. Now all

my hopes are like my last season's winnings at Guindy."

"But what has caused this short circuit?"

"About two weeks ago, I got a wire from Uncle Bob—a short and juicy one which read:

Keen on Rachel. Fix up. Arriving to-morrow.

Though at first I could not make anything out of the message, after a spot of furious thought, the fog lifted. Miss Rachel, an old maid, is a distant cousin of my uncle. She and the old bird were rather chummy, although the latter had remained a bachelor. Now that uncle had just retired, I inferred that he wanted to bump into the blizzard of matrimony. I was to be his marriage-broker. The idea of the old horse neighing for a mare at his age tickled me. But an uncle was an uncle, more so when he was my sole prop, and I went over to Miss Rachel to pop the question by proxy.

"When I wafted into Miss Rachel's home, I wore that sombre look which, I believed, marriage-brokers affected.

"I have a message from my uncle Robert," I began.

"Oh! Bob! How is he?" she giggled.

"He is well, thanks. He has asked me to meet you," I continued, but there I dried up. You know, how on such delicate occasions one's tongue gets stuck up between one's teeth and lips and refuses to do its good work. I took out the telegram and handed it over to her.

"She read it. She re-read it, and I am sure, she re-read it. She flushed and a beatific smile ignited her face. As the full import of the message soaked in, she giggled, like a girl of sixteen. She looked at me with pride, satisfaction and hopefulness.

"'Funny old Bob!' she cried, 'he has always been a sheik'.

"'Is the answer in the affirmative?' I asked in a funereal tone.

"A very affirmative giggle in reply assured me of the answer.

"I took leave with a feeling of smug happiness.

"My uncle came the next day. I was amused to see the bald-headed hoodlum gone dippy over a belated matrimonial idea.

"Have you fixed up everything?' he asked without even a blush.

"'Right as rain,' I answered.

"What is the price fixed?"

"I wondered what he meant. I eyed him with unveiled displeasure.

"Price?' I blubbered, confused.

"Yes, the price of the whole blooming outfit. I trust you have not offered too much?"

"Here was a poser. The fog had thickened to pea-soup density. I scanned his face for symptoms of incipient insanity. Not being able to trace any, I set about to drive sense into the doddering old ass.

"Uncle,' I said with

pep, 'I did not offer a price. Miss Rachel has in a way agreed to be your mate.'

"Uncle Bob turned a pale yellow. His billowy chin rolled like a stormy lake. He glared at me.

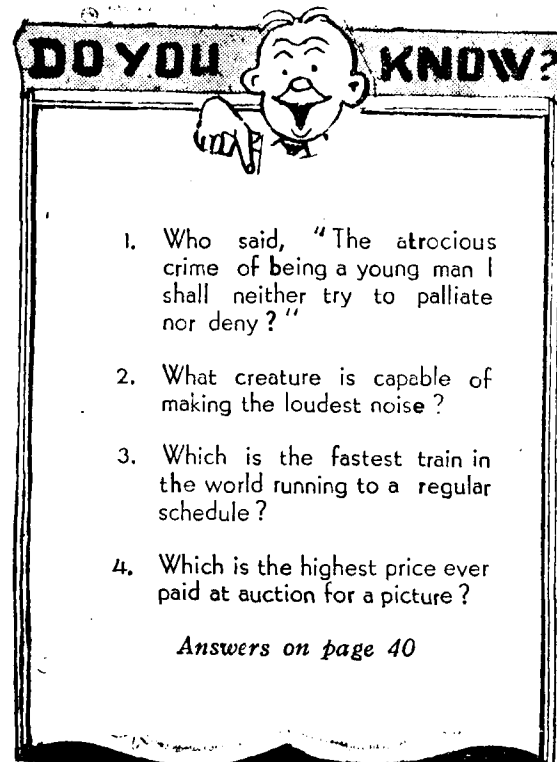
"Miss Rachel! Who wants her as a mate?' he spluttered.

"I stood the onslaught unmoved like Horatius on the bridge across the Tiber. I produced his telegram and flaunted it at his face.

"This telegram wanted it,' I answered almost insolently.

"Uncle Bob glanced at the message. He then emulated the chameleon and turned from pale yellow to another colour. He grabbed the message, tore it to bits and threw the result at my face.

(Continued on page 36)



1. Who said, "The atrocious crime of being a young man I shall neither try to palliate nor deny?"
2. What creature is capable of making the loudest noise?
3. Which is the fastest train in the world running to a regular schedule?
4. Which is the highest price ever paid at auction for a picture?

Answers on page 40

# The Letter

By S. Krishnan

Reading Time • About 6 Minutes

Illustrated by Varma

SAMBAN was greatly puzzled. The morning post had brought him a strange letter bearing no signature. It contained only a few words arranged as follows:

- |                             |                    |
|-----------------------------|--------------------|
| (1) Dist. Collector's house | (5) Second attempt |
| (2) Bombay                  | (6) Failure        |
| (3) Seven o'clock           | (7) Police         |
| (4) To-morrow               | (8) Confusion.     |

He had heard of revolutionaries and the bombs. He eyed the letter with a strange void in his stomach. He could see that the author or authors of this letter were intent upon throwing a bomb at the District Collector's house. But why should he be dragged into this crime? Again, what could the latter four words mean? Had they already attempted twice to bomb

the house and failed? Could it be that the letter was wrongly delivered. He read the address several times. There he saw the house number, his name and initials clearly typed. Certainly the writer had meant him and him only. An easy-going man as he was, Samban could not think of being dragged into such a risky game. He must do something ere it was too late.

The first thing that Samban always did when he found himself in a tight hole was to go and consult his wife. Kamala never failed him. She always put things straight.

"Well, dear," began Kamala after reading the letter a number of times, "don't you see anything peculiar in this paper?"

"No, that is—yes, dear—I am sorry—I don't see anything."

"Look here," said Kamala with a smile of condescension, "the letters are big and have been written with a trembling hand. So, it follows that the writer is a woman who is greatly in need of your manly aid. (She shot a quick glance at her husband.) Or a cowardly man who trembles at his own fiendish schemes."

"Well spoken! But dear—"

"Wait a bit. Secondly, she or he does not own a typewriter, as the address alone is typed which could have been done anywhere. Thirdly—"

"You are quite right dear," interrupted Samban, who knew by experience that the discussion would extend even up to 'fiftiethly'. "But why should it be sent to me?"

"If you are in a hurry you can just go and ask the person who wrote it. Look here, can you recollect any friend of yours who has a particular interest in blowing up people and things? You must answer me straight, otherwise I wash my hands of the whole business."



Samban was puzzled.

"Yes, dear, I can recollect one or two. There was Ramanan who would buy a dozen newspapers to learn all about a single bomb-case."

"Where is he living now?"

"He died two years ago."

"What a fool! Any one else? Any woman, for instance?"

Samban grinned. "I know no woman except you, dear. But there is a man—now I recollect. His name is Gurusamy. He always used to maintain that a revolution is inevitable in India. He is a schoolmaster in Athur. But I don't think he has nerve enough to handle a bomb."

"I see. I have an idea. Some one might have written this to warn you of the approaching danger. Why shouldn't we prevent the crime? It may bring us the Collector's favour. It may mean also a small rise in your salary. Leave this to me."

Kamala told the whole story to her sister Janaki who passed it on to her husband, a police Sub-Inspector.

The Sub-Inspector was an active matter-of-fact man. He soon consulted Sergeant Thornton. Mr. Thornton advised him to send a body of C. I. D. Officers to the Collector's house, to grab any suspicious persons that might turn up. To be on the safe side, the Sub-Inspector sent two of his men to watch the schoolmaster at Athur.

The Sub-Inspector and Mr. Thornton were seated in a room inside the house very much keyed up.

The clock struck seven. The door burst open and in rushed Mr. Samban panting for breath. He put a letter into his kinsman's hands. Expecting to learn more about the affair, the police officer eagerly opened the letter and read the contents aloud.

It read:

DEAR SAMBAN,

I am sorry that my boy had by mistake, put another paper into the envelope instead of the accompanying letter which I had written. The paper contained a few words dictated to him by his tutor from an old newspaper. The whole thing would have puzzled you not a little, for which I apologise once again.

Your affectionate Uncle,

THE END

## A SHORT CIRCUIT—(Continued on page 34)

"Oh! You blinking blunderer. I meant the Rachel Soap Works advertised for sale and not Rachel hysterical works. You are a—a—a," he fumed and choking with anger, sagged on a chair.

"It was my turn to register surprise, concern, bewilderment and what not. I believe I did it to perfection. But before I had gone through all the phases which a bewildered man ought to do, Miss Rachel breezed in airily. I groaned with anxiety and tried to S. O. S. a danger message to her. But her love-lit eyes were swimming in the direction of her new-found Lothario. Uncle saw her and quivered. He looked blisteringly at me and then pretended to examine a wart on his right thumb.

"Miss Rachel approached with Moo-Cow eyes.

"Oh! Bob, you are a sheik indeed!" She let loose all her sex allure.

"Uncle Bob suddenly closed his mouth. He pinched the wart he was scanning.

"I am not a sheik nor did you ever tell me I was one," he barked.

"This cross-shot shook Miss Rachel like a whip on a high-bred colt. She opened her eyes wider and snapped her mouth shut. I can't tell you what she did after this.

"There is a moment in the affairs of men when a strategic retreat is the best way out. I retreated, leaving my house by the back-door. I went back only the next day when I was assured that Uncle Bob had shifted to a hotel."

Baloo now heaved a sigh and ordered for a peg.

"A slimy mix-up," I breathed in complete sympathy.

"Slimy is the word," said Baloo, "because Uncle Bob has stopped all allowances and I am adrift in this lone world."

"Bear up," I soothed, "you will be pardoned."

"I hope so," he replied. "But meanwhile you have to be a bit free with your cash to help me."

I could not refuse.

THE END



# Language

By Old Soldier Jim

Reading Time • About 3 Minutes

BEFORE I really start on this subject I want you to understand that I am writing about bad good language and not good bad language. There is a difference.

This is a demonstration of bad good language and illustrates the fact that the average soldier

is a linguist. Scene—a barrack room. Time—just before bed time.

"Bon Swoir," said one man, "that's French."

"Guten nacht," said a second, "that's German."

"Sallam-ji-babuji," said a third, "that's Hindustani."

"Put those b—y XXX lights out and go to sleep—and that's English," said a Sergeant.

Which all goes to prove that where ignorance is bliss it's folly to be insubordinate.

Philology is the old soldier's hobby. His travels and his daily life necessitate the use of a large and mixed vocabulary.

None but an experienced old soldier can fully understand and appreciate Sergeant Major's Language; which is a demonstration of effective yet apparently effortless articulation unsupported by a dictionary.

The cinema has given the modern soldier a good grip of the American Lingo. Consequently when the young soldier and the old Sergeant Major have words there is often a misunderstanding.

A recent example of this:—

A Sergeant Major to a Recruit: "Stand-uup-square your shoulders, you look like a blinking rabbit in pyjamas."

The recruit, standing up in the true American-gangster style: "You're tellin' me, baby."

This produced a flow of language which only a war-worn Warrant Officer of the British Army could utter; and only a real old soldier could understand. The young recruit was proud of his American Twang, so replied, "Wal! if you're doing nuthin come right up and see me sometime."

Now he's living in a small room looking through an iron grating trying to think of a new way of saying something polite without meaning it.

The authorities realise that philology and articulation mean so much to the soldier; that is why you will often find a dozen Scotchmen in a Scotch Regiment and one or two Welshmen in a London Regiment.

A Cockney Sergeant Major once met one of his men returning from the Medical Officer's inspection room and greeted him: "What's the marrer wiv yer mouf—it's sprouting aut all raund you fice."

The answer he received was: "Sure as I'm after having a few worrds with that spalpeen Macdonald."

Both understood; a demonstration in understanding. (I bet you can't guess whether they belonged to a North Country or an Irish Regiment.)

A number of regrettable incidents have been caused and a number of difficulties got over by the British soldier's knowledge of Urdu.

Scene—Delhi Station—A troop train at the platform. A Soldier to a passer-by: "Kitna Baja."

The answer: "No baja." A voice from another soldier in the train: "Biff him under the chin Bill, he's being sarcastic. It must be some baja."

It's about time somebody changed this idea of Roman Urdu. Looks as though we are being complimentary to the Italians. What about a bit of Abyssinian Pushtu?

There's too many branches to every language. Look at the different kinds of English:—Official, Unofficial, Obscene, Oblique, Iterate, Forensic, and the sort the Editor will use when he's read this.

THE END

# An Egg-y Convocation

Reading Time  
About 9 Minutes

By Cross S. Devasahayam

Illustrated by Balajee

IN the career of politicians and men of their ilk, I understand, rotten eggs catching them amidstships are a matter of routine. There is nothing out of the way about it. But the sight of a darting egg inside a University Convocation Hall is a thing, without a doubt, bizarre and eventful. Throwing an egg at a degree-holder at the very moment he is taking his degree, is *not* done.

Nevertheless, it did happen—to me, that time when I thoughtlessly went with my better-half (a graduate herself) to take my degree.

I don't know who first started the idea—I refer to the custom of the male graduates walking up in single file before the dais in the Convocation Hall, and bow to the President. It is a silly idea.

Just when I inclined my head for the inevitable bow before the dais, something caught me in the forehead with such a thundering noise that I first took it for the bursting of a bomb at close quarters. I realised what exactly it was only after I felt the white and yellow of an egg trickling down into my eyes and over my nose. At the same moment, there was a loud applause from all sides of the hall.

The only possible explanation, as it seemed to me, was that among those present was one who had taken a modern dislike to some person on the dais, possibly the learned speaker of the day. And he elected to vent his spleen on that chap forthwith in the only manner as it could have occurred to a young graduate of the good old University. But I had spoiled his pleasure by being the wrong target.

I know men not so tough as I would have straight-away committed suicide, were such a thing to have happened to them. In fact, there *are* cases of suicides committed on much less provocations. But in my case, the one thought

that if only I returned home, I could meet Sarasa, my wife's best friend, caused me to overcome the urge to buy a rope, and make a dash to the nearest tree.

As a matter of fact, I had consented to attend the Convocation at all only after Vasantha informed me of Sarasa's coming down to the Convocation that year. That was the point that turned the scale.

This Sarasa, you know, was that mischievous hostel-mate of my wife, and from what I had heard of her from Vasantha, I always entertained a high opinion of her. A real corker, who had perpetrated more practical jokes in a term at college—than what a dozen college boys could ever hope to do in four years. And so, it was ever my ambition to know more of her, to cultivate, if possible, her friendship, without prejudice, of course, to my avowed faithfulness and what not to Vasantha.

So, in the eggily misty clouds of the Convocation incident, this Sarasa appeared to me as the silver lining.



"Where is she?" I asked Vasantha, returning home a much sadder and wiser man. "Haven't you invited her to our cosy little haven?"

"Who?" asked the wife, "Sarasa?"

"Of course, of course!"

"They are coming to dinner to-night!"

"They?" I asked, mystified.

"I forgot to tell you," Vasantha explained. "I mean Sarasa and her brother."

At that piece of news I emitted a hollow groan. Quite justifiably too. It remains always a mystery to me why really nice girls *must* stoop to the folly of having younger brothers. For, a brother of your favourite girl, from whatever angle you look at him, is, to put it very mildly, an execration in society.

Vasantha raised her eye-brows.

"Have you ever met him? No? Then I wonder what you have got against him really," she said. "In fact, he is a nice boy, full of the same lively ideas of his sister. For myself, I love him so dearly that I would do anything for him."

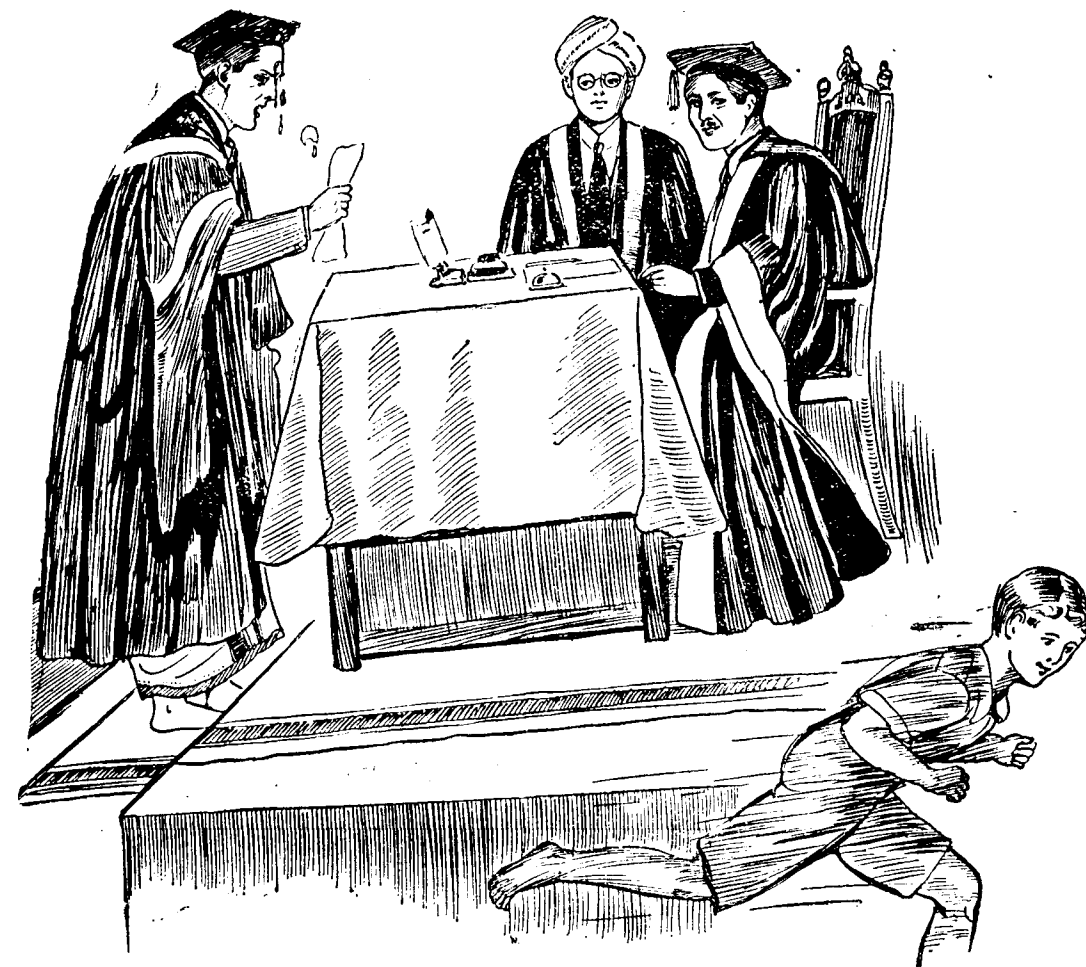
"Why?"

"Because he happened to do me a beneficial service this evening. Through his agency, I won a bet of five rupees I had made with Sarasa."

"A bet?" I asked, groping in the dark, as it were. "When did you see her at all?"

"Just before the Convocation ceremony. I met Sarasa and Kitchu outside the Hall."

"Where was I then?"



"Do you mean to tell me," I asked, half in anger and half in sorrow, "that you have had the foolhardiness to invite that miserable underling of a brother to our house?"

"You were talking to some friend of yours and what with speaking about this and that with Sarasa, the thought of having got to introduce you to her, not even so much as crossed my mind."

"As though I did not matter a hoot. Anyway, what were you talking about?"

"This and that. Our happy college days, and among other things, egg-throwing too."

As I heard that last word, I reeled. Indeed, one could have struck me down with a girl's lipstick.

"Egg-throwing!" I exclaimed. "Then was it you..."

Vasantha waved a hand of gentle rebuke.

"Don't run to hasty conclusions," she admonished. "I confined myself entirely to a discussion on the pleasures of throwing eggs at politicians, philosophy lecturers and other nasty persons. But it was only Sarasa, your favourite, who began to wonder whether there could be any one bold enough to throw an egg inside a Convocation Hall. And Kitchu, her brother, said there would be many, and he, for one, would do it with pleasure. Then Sarasa challenged him to do it and before we realised it, Sarasa and I had made bets on the chances of Kitchu accomplishing that feat in the Hall—for the first time in History, you know."

"Oh!" I said in disgust.

"At the very moment," Vasantha continued calmly in spite of the visible effect of the revelations on me, "you happened, by decrees of fate, to go past us with your friend. Sarasa caught sight of you."

"And you pointed me out to her proudly as your hubby, what?" I asked.

"Certainly not!" Vasantha retorted. "I would never own up to such a thing in public. The fact was Sarasa pointed you out to me and remarked: 'Who may be that silly looking man over there? I remember to have seen him somewhere before.' And

I replied: 'I don't know, but, if appearances don't lie, he looks just the sort of fellow who would try to get fresh with girls like us.' And then, would you believe it, Kitchu exclaimed: 'Oh, oh! He will do then.' His eyes, Chandu dear, as he uttered these words, shone with some strange mysterious light."

I shot a menacing look at her.

"That will do," I barked. "You know the outcome of these words of his. And yet, you old silly cat, had the cheek to invite that miscreant to my house. Only let me catch him. Do you know what I will do to him?"

Unfortunately, my desire to inform Vasantha about what I would do to the Kitchu blighter went unsaid. For, the next moment, there was a loud knock on the front-door and Vasantha ran to answer the knock. And a few seconds later, Sarasa and her brother came in.

"I have a great surprise for you both dears," Vasantha told her guests, "a very great surprise, indeed. I am going to introduce you to Kitchu's B.A. egg-victim of this evening. Chandru, dear,"

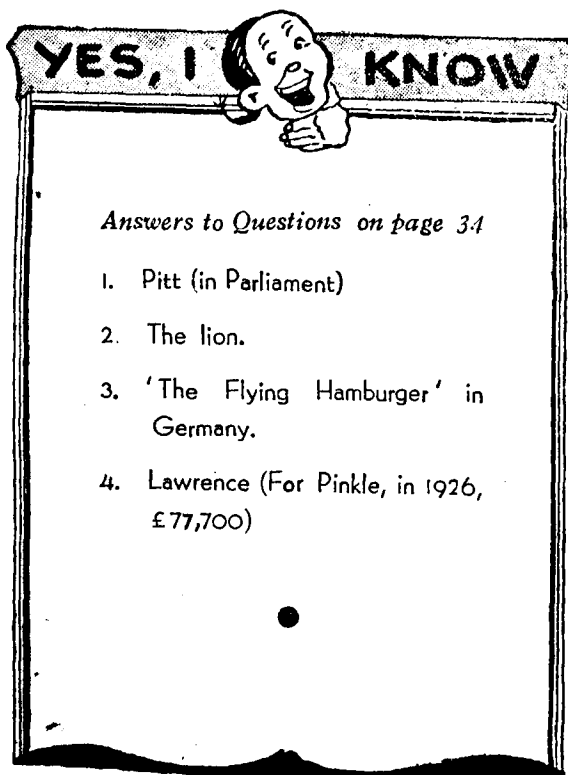
she turned to me—curse the perfidy of women—"here have the honourable guests come!"

However much I would have wished to meet Sarasa at other times, it was obvious to me, this was *not* the time for it. Sometime later, yes, when the eggy Convocation would have taken its place among the forgotten past; but now, certainly not!

And further, I felt oddly enough that there was still a faint odour of the white and yellow of an egg hanging on to my cheeks. Undoubtedly, a brisk wash-up of the old, familiar face was indicated.

I did the vanishing trick.

THE END



# Star Snaps—

By Satellite

## RATNAVALI (Tamil)

Producers: Saraswathi Talkie Producing Co.

*Ratnavali* is a four-star talkie i.e., there are four popular players of the Tamil stage in it. These stars are noted for not letting down their fans. The standard of acting and singing usually expected from them is kept up in *Ratnavali* with a few promising touches here and there.

A producer can attempt to succeed in two kinds of pictures: the one that caters to the popular taste and makes a good box-office pull and the other that can be artistically perfect and cork the caustic criticism of the cinemaniac. The latter kind does not always pay for the producer's trouble. It really takes longer to catch popular imagination. But it outlives the other kind and becomes, in the long run, a classic. One such picture is *Devdas*. But *Ratnavali* is made to be 'popular' and popular it is bound to be.

For one thing, this is an earnest attempt to make it a success in all its departments—to secure continuity in story and dialogue; selecting song-tunes to suit the situation; fixing up proper settings, good photographic effects and finally careful recording and sound effects. The end is a miniature success all round. Lovers of South Indian music will be talking for a long time about the *Thodi-alapana* of Mr. Krishnamurthi (Vatsaraja) and the *Ragamalika* of Miss P. S. Ratna Bai (Sagarika).

As the nagging wife, (Vasavadatta) Miss P. S. Saraswati Bai is inimitable and Mr. C. S. Samannah (Bapraviyan) is unusually restrained and worthy of his past. This adds a great deal to the entertainment value of the show. The colour dance ensemble is a beauty. The visualisation of the ten *avatharas* of Maha Vishnu when Sagarika invokes them in her supplication is as touching as it is appealing.

The story is simple. A girl Sagarika is found washed ashore in a derelict boat and the fishermen carry her to Vasavadatta, the queen of Vatsaraja. Sagarika becomes the queen's maid and the king falls in love with her. The queen's suspicion is roused as also



her jealousy. Persecution of the lovers begins. Still the lovers carry on. Desperately, Vasavadatta confines Sagarika in a prison-cell, where Sagarika is surrounded by flames. At this juncture she prays to God to come to her rescue and, as though in answer, help arrives in the shape of the minister of a neighbouring kingdom who comes in search of their ship-wrecked princess—Ratnavali.....

The picture runs for three hours of which about two hours are spent in the singing. Most of the songs made me sleepy but the bugs bucked me up. These might have been left out,—I mean the songs. One or two passages in the dialogue savour of the vulgar.

That it shows one hour short and there are no 'Encores!' are advantages to the audience from this film-version over its stage counterpart. Whenever there is an argument, the actors rub it in by saying each word twice! Sometimes it is irritating. Intimate conversations among even the lowerclass are conducted in correct, polished language!

Whenever a character is about to sing an irrelevant song, someone in it asks for it and, just as the audience feels like shouting against it, the character puts his or her foot in it and it stops. This may be clever—a new dodge on the critics. But I must ask, why shove in music in a picture? Many songs don't fit in, but Papanasam Sivan's genius for composing songs for films is seen in the few but choice words in them. So that the songs themselves comprise the dialogue in some places.

The funny side of things is so much in evidence that the comic interludes alone provide the major part of the entertainment. The simple, and yet not obscene, jokes selected for these scenes are a feature. The dancing girl's flat incident might have been pruned to better effect. The pot-belly *must* be kept under proper cover or.....! One man sitting by my side actually swore at it!

Miss Ratna Bai looks lighter but very tired. The earlier Sagarika must have been younger!

All told it is an enjoyable show.





# Merry-Magus Replies

**Money.** Let things take their own course; don't be impatient and rush things. Impulsiveness only denotes lack of caution. Your artlessness creates a lot of opposition. If others interfere, simply chuck them out; it is not necessary that you should make a muddle of your plans. You instinctively want to know your future, don't you? You have the greatest joy in overcoming obstacles. Head-ache and trouble in the eyes will make you suffer.

**S. C. Mukerjee.** You love law and order and you expect your children to be exactly after you in obedience and living. Are you not always fond of going to the temple? See how your impulsiveness lands you in difficult positions. Don't be assertive; your criticisms are not always appealing to others. Your throat and lungs are delicate.

**A. B. Rangaswami Naidu.** All these years have you done one tangible thing? You are so erratic, and lack decision; you are not able to bring anything to a successful termination. May be you are a good diplomat; you have wit and intellect. What is the use if you so lack constancy and consistency? It is a nasty habit to take advantage of others' weaknesses. If you want to be successful in your ambitious career, develop will-power. Your nervous system requires some toning.

**Gogineni Venkatramiah.** Are you not romantically disposed?

Though you have imagination, you lack definiteness in your plan. It is a pity you leave things half-done and leave them off at critical moments. Your home life is full of troubles, in spite of your affectionate disposition. Do you know why? These are days of demonstration and you don't follow that; so you are considered cold. Family customs and manners control you. Beware of inflammatory diseases.

**Sukden.** You lack originality, but you succeed by being steady and industrious. You want to dress elegantly, and appear over-fine in your personality. You can be good at criticisms. It is really foolish to shut yourself up with your own thought; you will become selfish thereby. One should develop a love of money, but this must not go too far. Are others able to understand your real love nature? It is a puzzle. Your nervous system requires harmonious surroundings.

**S. N. Iyer.** Why do you give room to thoughts melancholy? I don't think you have done anything wrong to imagine that the whole world is against you. Can't you push yourself forward? If you are to be in the background, you will ever be so. Curb that desire to be easygoing. Be careful of the false friends around you. For goodness' sake avoid all drugs and drinks. Are you not a bit superstitious! Anaemia and jaundice will worry you always.

**S. Seshadry (Lallaguda).** Show your affection. If not, you are

likely to be misunderstood as cold and unemotional. Meet criticism sportingly; you should not turn to be cynical. It is a pity you are so sensitive. You quickly give up your plans when opposed. Don't depend on Dame Fortune; she is rather elusive. You hate to be dictated to. There is a gulf between you and speculation. Rheumatism and internal tumours will worry you.

**Rama (Udumalpet).** It is strange truth and honesty are not a blessing in your case. You are terribly deceived on account of this and have to completely change your views about these and adapt yourself to circumstances. Of course, one should be generous, but it should not be overdone. It is good you have tenacity of purpose and you are able to carry on even difficult things. Again, patience rewards you much. Don't give room for inactivity. Your ears and eyes need good care.

**Dass (Kasaragod).** You are rather peculiar; your idea of love and duty is at variance with the accepted sense of the words. That is why you are not able to fit in with your neighbours, and they consider you singular. It is impolitic to support very unpopular schemes and unfair to incite others to opposition while you yourself remain in the background. Your intuitive power is a waste without courage and self-confidence. Don't you feel lonely? Why? You create opposition on all sides. You should remove the cause for this. Your teeth and ears may need medical attention constantly.

**Kamal (Kasaragod).** Are others able to understand you—especially your opposite sex? Because others interfere, it is no reason why you should be discouraged and leave off the work you have taken up. Others will continue it and reap the reward which is rightly yours. Don't let it be so. Don't always expect to rule. This inclination will lead to unhappiness in the family. Be accommodative. Jumping to extremes and want of tact create lots of enemies. You are so self-willed that it is very difficult to convince you. You will be worried with headache and trouble with the eyes.

**Kisten (Kasaragod).** Can't you shake off that weakness? As your nature is double-sided, it is rather difficult for you to decide the line to proceed. By instinct, you are generous; but is it not a fact that you don't allow this to develop simply for the sheer dread of poverty? Don't depend on circumstances; but chalk out concrete plans. Really, you are ambitious, but why do you undervalue your capabilities? You are liable to suffer from nerves and insomnia.

**Mira (Kasaragod).** What do you want, my baby friend? Without you yourself knowing it, you expect your parents to understand what you really want. It is really bad that you should expect your mother to adore you more than any other children. Really you are a delightful child, but you will have to be the same for ever. Have you not always a liking to do some mischief or other?

Anyhow, you are always restless. Don't ask for things which you can't handle. Are not your eyes keen and sharp-looking? Your digestive organs are yet weak; and let your lungs be taken care of.

**S. Gullappa (Bangalore City).** You may be successful in life; it is not due to your originality, but simply due to your steady and industrious work. Are you not a bit showy in your dress? Of course, everybody should have a love for money. However you should not be so wily at the expense of others. Really, it is a problem to understand you. You can be a worst or best man; it depends on your surrounding influences. Constipation and the consequent dysentery may trouble you often.

**Raja (Namakkal).** Don't over-estimate any responsibility and tease yourself into bad health. Your intuition is absolutely valueless if you are to so lack confidence and courage. Really, are you able to fit in with your neighbours? I don't think. You may wish to be so, but they consider you a peculiar man and avoid you. It is rather not nice to lose interest in any work simply because you are not the leader. Don't incite others to be disorderly while you yourself remain in the background. Have you not got always a feeling of nausea?

**R. Srinivasan (Karaikudi).** In spite of the fact you have great interest in public meetings and

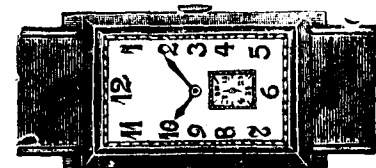
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ceremonies, you often feel lonely in life. Do you know why? Your nerves are so overstrung that you lose control of yourself while dealing with others, and you are too difficult to be convinced. It is bad to wait for an opportunity and worse still to lose it, and regret when it is too late. Don't turn to be dishonest, especially in money matters. It is better you take responsibility on behalf of others than for your own. Your stomach needs attention at all times.

★

Roch. Don't give up a scheme and retreat half way at the most critical time just because there is opposition and criticism. Shake off that sensitiveness and develop sufficient boldness to carry out your wishes. Don't dream of things beyond your capacity to carry out or which will create opposition. It is for your own good you shouldn't gamble nor speculate. Fix your ambition on one thing. Can't you be consistent in your ideas? You may have troubles due to inflammatory diseases.

★

Nam (Erode). God has endowed you with intuition and good imagination. But, what a pity! All these fine qualities are eclipsed. Anyhow always act on your first impressions. Don't over-weigh matters especially in home life. Extortion cannot command obedience. It will only end in disaster. Create proper understanding, to avoid disappointment. Any professional walk of life is suitable to you.

★

Keshav (Jagdalpur). It is true you should be ambitious in life and plan your life-work. But all the plans should be within your capacity. It is rather foolish to dream of big schemes and turning to be cynical when failure faces you. Have courage always. Don't show up your sensitiveness to others. Check that speculative tendency. Dame Luck may

not smile on you. But outwit her by sheer work. Certainly you can do that. Are you not romantically disposed? Diarrhoea and gastric troubles may worry you.

★

Peace (Hosur). First of all are you in peace with yourself? Is not your motto: 'Vengeance is mine'? I don't consider it a virtue. Are you not erratic in your moods? Sooth your nerves; over-excited nerves make you do silly things at the heat of the moment. Don't wait till others rouse you from your lethargy. Wake yourself up and catch hold of the first opportunity. Opportunity may come only once in your life. Don't turn to be unscrupulous especially in money matters. Bad circulation and jaundice may trouble you often.

★

Nell (Hosur). Are you the child heroine of The Old Curiosity Shop? Then beware of your grandfather who is prepared to gamble away his life! Are you able to understand the opposite sex? It is better you do everything in your own way. You crave for love and affection but that is the thing you don't get. Why? Your frankness is the cause. Have some tact and keep your own counsel. Be secretive as far as possible. Don't be swayed by emotions; you will lose caution in that frame. Headache and trouble with the eyes will worry you.

★

Courage (Hosur). Are not other children always quarrelling with you? You always like to be loved by your parents. If they chide you, you become a wreck. Are you not ambitious to have everything for yourself? Be patient. Yes, you should be courageous too but you should not be arrogant or obstinate. This tendency will be very apparent in later years. Don't ask silly questions, requiring exact proof for everything. Have more sleep, and take care of eruptions in the face and head.

Huben (Hosur). Are you not loved and petted by your parents? Be ambitious throughout your life; even sacrifice your desire for pleasures to accomplish your work. In your age, you will be very clever at business or politics. Your chief fault is you put off things for the morrow; eschew this tendency. You will have magnetic influence over others by appealing to their emotional nature and hence there is a bright future for you. You are inclined to be fat in later years.

★

Noor (Rajkot). You are a true friend. All your generosity and sympathy are paid back by deceit and faithlessness; is that not so? Don't be idle for a moment; ever be employed. Certainly you have no mercy for liars and feeble-minded persons. You cheer others, but are you cheerful? I will not be surprised if you are given to melancholia now and then. No use of creating enemies by ill-temper. You may have heart-troubles.

★

Lily (Bangalore City). Seek the advice of others and benefit by it. Dogmatism can never help you. Don't have such a nasty temper. Your spasmodic generosity makes others think that you are unreliable. Therefore, be firm in your words and views. It is better to allow you to have your own way instead of interfering with you and earning your resentment. Have more sleep, but take much outdoor exercise.

★

Das (Bombay). Don't be so jumpy; have control over yourself. Wait not for any opportunity or circumstance. And again, it is too bad to let the opportunity slip by. Always stick to some principle. You have good visions.—Why don't you use them? You feel lonely; It is bad to be too tricky where money is concerned and especially at a weaker man's cost.

Bad circulation of blood is the cause of all ailments in you.

★

Irigala (Madras). Change will always affect you either for good or bad. I will give you a clue to success. Always begin your schemes during the waxing period of the moon. Be careful of your associates; you are liable to be magnetised by their views. Do things on your own, binding partnership is never suitable to you. Inspiration is the guiding factor throughout your life. Don't give room for that gambling instinct. You decay conventions. Take care of your lungs.

★

J. B. Peter (Madras). Is not every plan of yours invidiously attacked and criticised? It is rather sad that others take advantage of your truthfulness and honesty. They are so faithless that they make you feel bitter. Pride is no virtue at all; Patience rewards you much; but you should not overgrow from patience to idleness. Really, you are sympathetic but you try to hide this quality. You have ear and bladder troubles.

★

R. Arulnathan (Balepet-Bangalore). Don't funk from appearing before the public. Have courage. You have fine plans and ideas. You are not able to carry them out simply because of lack of self-confidence. Drive that sensitiveness out of you. You are ambitious, not for worldly gain, but for brain development. You maintain social conventions and a great respect for Law. Don't give room for melancholia, simply imagining that others are against you. Rheumatism and intestinal disorders may worry you.

★

P. A. Pandurang Karkhanis (Ahmednagar). You are gifted

with the power of naturally understanding any subject. You care not for material things. Your mental ambition is absolutely useless if you are not able to overcome that extreme sensitiveness. You stand aside and allow others to take the credit. Have a check on your easy-going tendency. There are false friends around you with full of base schemes: test everyone of them if you don't want to be scandalised. Don't go near drugs nor drinks if you want good health.

★

Pankajam (Tanjore). Affection is the governing factor in your life. There is a gulf of difference between affection and passion. Surroundings influence you. You became elated or morbid according to the congeniality or otherwise of the conditions around you. It is better to keep your own counsel. You are so susceptible to others' views that you get yourself confused while guided by others. Are you not good at music! You like to have in your home rhythm and colour. Don't open your mind or heart too freely. A little bit of tact is required in that direction. Throat troubles will worry you.

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HOW TO WIN?

Below are 9 words, some of which contain either too many letters or too few. Spaces are provided where letters are to be CUT or PUT, and this is what all you have to do. In No. 1, you have "SU—E, Certain (Put 1)." Aglance will tell you that one "R" will have to be put in the vacant space, and you have the correct answer SURE. Again, take No. 2. You have "CHANCE'S, Opportunities (Cut 1)." Obviously, you will have to remove one "T," and you have the correct word CHANCES. Similarly solve the others. The letters are there in their proper order and no shuffling is necessary. Chambers XX Century Dictionary is the sole reference to this Puzzle.

|   |   |   |   |                                                                    |                                                                          |                                      |                                     |   |                                |
|---|---|---|---|--------------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------|-------------------------------------|---|--------------------------------|
| 1 | S | U | E | Certain ( <i>Put 1</i> )                                           |                                                                          |                                      |                                     |   |                                |
| 2 | C | H | A | N                                                                  | C                                                                        | E                                    | T                                   | S | Opportunities ( <i>Cut 1</i> ) |
| 3 | T | A | K | Be careful to be above water when you are in this ( <i>Put 1</i> ) |                                                                          |                                      |                                     |   |                                |
| 4 | P | L | A | N                                                                  | T                                                                        | Scheme ( <i>Cut 1</i> )              |                                     |   |                                |
| 5 | K | N | A | This has a protruding appearance ( <i>Put 1</i> )                  |                                                                          |                                      |                                     |   |                                |
| 6 | S | T | A | L                                                                  | K                                                                        | E                                    | Handle of anything ( <i>Cut 1</i> ) |   |                                |
| 7 | S | L | I | Y                                                                  | One who is this cannot usually create a good impression ( <i>Put 2</i> ) |                                      |                                     |   |                                |
| 8 | P | E | I | N                                                                  | Has a sharp point ( <i>Cut 1</i> )                                       |                                      |                                     |   |                                |
| 9 | N | I | G | H                                                                  | T                                                                        | Works during nights ( <i>Put 3</i> ) |                                     |   |                                |

The Manager, THE PARAMOUNT PUZZLES, ::

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Our Grand Biennial Special Results.

1. BEGIN. 2. STOOP. 3. TRAM. 4. RAB. 5. GAB. 6. RIG. 7. REBEL. 8. SKAT. 9. FINIS.  
The First Prize of Rs. 10,000 has been won outright by Mr. M. P. Lakkiah, Mysore; Second Prize of Rs. 4,000 divided among the following each getting Rs. 1000 cash and one Rs. 75 West End Gold Wrist Watch: 1. C. H. Pranesht, Bangalore; 2. K. T. Sen, Calcutta; 3. S. N. Singh, Bombay; 4. P. C. Brent, Allahabad. First largest entries prize of Rs. 300 awarded to Mr. M. P. Jain, Nasirabad and Second largest entries prize of Rs. 200 awarded to Mr. E. Israel, Guntur. Each of the above gets one Gramophone costing Rs. 160 and one West End Gold Wrist Watch costing Rs. 75. Consolation prizes have been awarded to all competitors. Full details have been posted to those who had sent 2 Annas extra, and the prizes have been remitted.

# WIN Rs. 25,000

## "Right or Wrong" Competition No. 6.

( CLOSING DATE 15th DECEMBER, 1935 )

FIRST PRIZE  
Rs. 15,000

SECOND PRIZE  
Rs. 5,000

THIRD PRIZE  
Rs. 2,000

### Extra Prizes

Rs. 500 for the first all correct entrant.

Rs. 500 for the maximum number of entries, received first from one competitor.

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

(To each all correct and one error winner)

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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"Club Hill", Kottayam, S. India.

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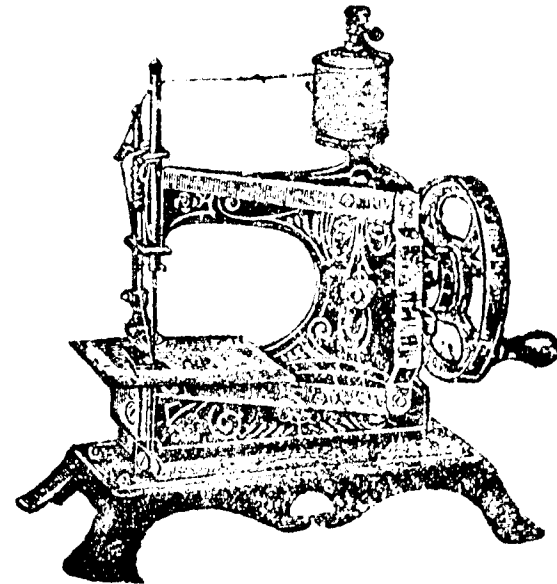
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