

1200

The MERRY MAGAZINE



2100

Vol. III Madras, 7th December, '35 No. 49

Chattopadhyaya
Emb us que



A. A. Roland
Mrs. Kamala



THE
MERRY
MAGAZINE

Published from Madras Every Saturday

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

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

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

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

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

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

Enlist yourself
to-day,
sending your
subscription by M.O.



OLD RECORDS MADE NEW
NEW RECORDS MADE NEWER



You spend a lot of money on the purchase of Gramophone records. The records get worn out after sometime. You do not enjoy them as when you purchased them. But smear a few drops of Zip gently on the record with a little piece of soft cotton. The record releases the voice at once rich and original. Zip is necessary for the new records too. Frequent slight touches of Zip make the records last a life time. The voice is ever fresh.

Zip is scientifically made.

Price per bottle Rs. 2-12-0

(Postage extra)

Directions sent with the bottle.

THE "ZIP" STORES & AGENCY
P. B. 1358, MADRAS

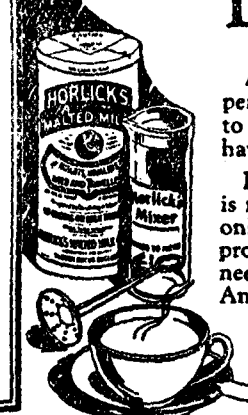
Get back **FULL** strength
with **HORLICK'S**

Doctors recommend this
famous food for
quick recovery



**HORLICK'S is all
nourishment**

HORLICK'S contains all the goodness of rich, full-cream cow's milk with the nutritive extracts of malted barley and wheat. It gives both strength and energy, and besides being rich in maltose and dextrin—pure energy-foods in the most directly assimilable form—it also contains an adequate proportion of body-building protein. Horlick's contains no starch and no waste-matter: it is 100 per cent nourishment. Partially predigested in manufacture, it is completely assimilated without strain on the digestion, and its energy-giving effect is rapid. It is a delicious drink hot or cold, and is easily prepared: particularly nice when made with the Horlick's Mixer, obtainable at stores or from P. O. Box 2229, Calcutta, for As. 14 in stamps.



EVEN a mild illness is a strain on your system which can leave hidden weakness unless you take special care to make recovery complete.

A full return to health and vigour depends above all on correct nourishment, to build up the reserves of strength which have been exhausted.

For this purpose Horlick's Malted Milk is regularly prescribed by doctors. It not only brings energy flowing back; it also provides just the body-building elements needed to repair tissues wasted by illness. And it is so digestible that the weakened system absorbs all its goodness easily, without any strain.

Take Horlick's as soon as you can take nourishment, and keep up the good habit until you feel thoroughly strong and well. You will then be safe, your recovery will be full and complete—no hidden weakness will remain!

HORLICK'S

The Original Malted Milk

—100 PER CENT ENERGY-GIVING NOURISHMENT

The
MERRY
MAGAZINE



Madras Dec. 7, '35

Contents

FEATURES

Sparks from our Anvil	...	...	...	3
Mr. Merry, His Page—	...	...	...	4
Weekly Cartoon—A Testimonial From Rome	By Mali	...	...	5
The March of Events	By The Man On The Move	...	...	6
The Students' Corner—Words' Worth—VIII	...	...	...	8
Fun For All	...	...	...	9
Star Snaps	...	By Satellite	...	10
Auntie Awful	...	...	...	16
Do You Know?	...	...	...	20
Films and Lectures—Joyfull	...	...	...	21
N. E. W. S.	...	...	...	41

SHORT STORIES AND SKITS

The Afridi's Alibi	By Embusque	...	...	11
A Chronicle History of The Congress—3	...	...	...	14
Character and Capabilities	By Albert A. Roland	...	...	18
The Primeval Instinct	By Mrs. Kamala	...	...	24
Coming Events—!	By Tachat Ganes	...	...	25
We Are Sinking Fast!	By John A. Henry	...	...	27
An Urgent Call	By S. I. Rasool	...	...	29
The Prize	By J. J. S.	...	...	31
A Bold Bid	By Narak A. Nurak	...	...	33
His Frist Criminal Case	...	...	...	35
Emperar vs. Narayani Ammal	By Dick	...	...	...
The Cure	By G. R. E.	...	...	38

POETRY

Emeralds.	By Harindranath Chattopadhyaya	...	...	40
-----------	--------------------------------	-----	-----	----



Embusque

An Uninhabited Island

Something behind the scenes. A side-light on the Abyssinian business.

Old Soldier Jim

Blue Pencil-Wallahs

A disgruntled journalist's outburst. Don't believe what he says.

P. P. Samuel

With the Butterfly Net

There are no butterflies in this. So lovers of butterflies may skip this.

Stortler

The Prime Mover

Not a steam engine, but a social art, or artifice if you will, with an equally great pull. In short Bluffing.

A. A. Roland

Milk—O!

The Mysteries of the milk trade disclosed.

SPARKS FROM OUR ANVIL

An Italian news-item says that Marshal Badoglio is losing no time in moving to the front.

The army in the front seems more anxious to welcome him half way!

* * *

Ras Gugsu, the 'Italian governor' of the newly-conquered Tigre province is said to know only two English words: 'Good night.'

It is however a pity that he has not yet got the chance of using them correctly.

* * *

Another official communique says that in the region round Makhale, 'there has been a great raking activity.'

It is significant that there is no mention of the rake progressing!

* * *

The Abyssinians report the recapture of Wal-Wal.

Wal, Wal; let's hope they will do better and better.

* * *

King George of Greece is reported to have threatened to leave if a general amnesty is not proclaimed.

There is some speculation as to whether he will precipitate another referendum.

The Colombo police are said to have issued the following warning to house-wives: 'Christmas is coming: so take care of your turkey'.

We thought Kemal Pasha was more directly interested in it!

* * *

Mr. Wakefield, a former football captain who has been returned to parliament will, it is understood, move the Address in reply to the speech from the throne.

So he will be right in, and not left out!

* * *

In the electoral roll of the Patna Municipality, Sir Sultan Ahmed, ex-Judge, ex-finance member and ex-vice-chancellor is described as a cart-owner.

It serves for all the other honours to be thrown in!

* * *

The first All India match against the Aussies is to be between the Maharajah of Patiala's Eleven and the Yuvarajah of Patiala's Eleven.

So whatever the result, it is expected to redound to the credit of Patiala!

* * *

In the course of his reply to the welcome given by the Taluqdars of Oudh, His Excellency the Viceroy is reported to have said:

'I have no fear about India's future as a partner in the British Empire.'

And nationalist India is ready to echo: 'No Fear'!

* * *

A head-line says: "Unemployment in Salem: Weavers leave in thousands".

That no doubt is one way of finding work.

* * *

It is announced that as a result of researches, a new kind of blue has been discovered.

It is doubtful however if it will be worn in any but the old manner.

* * *

In the Quadrangular Cricket final at Bombay, Muslims beat the Hindus. Judging from the Hindu scores, it seems to have been more a circular than quadrangular affair.

* * *

Giving evidence before the Hammond Committee on behalf of railway labourers, a witness stated that they could be represented by engine-drivers.

He must have had Mr. J. H. Thomas in mind; but whether as an example or warning, we are unable to determine.

* * *

Mr. Bernard Shaw's plays are to be allowed to be staged in Italy.

Would it be too true to be good?

France and the Franc

THE present French Ministry has been longer in the saddle than many of its predecessors; but even it seems about to be approaching a crisis. The French parliamentary system is one of the most complicated and curious structures, promoting as it does the formation of groups within groups which rarely if ever unite for concerted, wholesome, constructive effort. France was as much hit by the general depression as other countries; but unlike others has stuck to orthodox methods of fighting it. For years she has been engaged in a vast programme of military equipment which has provided a certain amount of artificial employment within the country. Drastic economies in the services, and taxation of the capitalists, both great and small raised such a commotion that the country seemed on the verge of civil war. Added to these elements of danger, we have in France, an organisation modelled on Fascist lines. It derives its inspiration from Mussolini and Hitler. But as to what it proposes to do, there is a good deal of uncertainty. Only one thing seems fairly certain. It is likely, if it gets power, to sweep away the parliamentary system. Its disappearance from France will not be such a great calamity as one might suppose. It is said that, as it now obtains, it is more full of abuses than any other parliamentary system in the world. For the moment it looks as if M. Laval has got another lease of life. But the equilibrium he has achieved is unstable. One section of his supporters wants him to go off the gold standard, and would not allow him to interfere with the extreme Right organisations like the 'Fiery Cross' League,—the French edition of Fascism. Another section has promised him co-operation on condition that he takes immediate steps to suppress the anti-parliamentary, pro-capitalist coalitions. Something sensational might have happened by the time these lines are in print. The insecurity of French domestic policy is but a reflection of insecurity in the foreign field. France is still friendly to Mussolini, not because she loves

him more, but because she hates Hitler. Britain mollified Germany by her unilateral action over the naval clauses of the peace treaty. And so France knows that she must toe the line to Britain, at least to prevent a more open understanding between her and Germany. All this goes on behind the scenes; but outwardly, all the powers concerned vie with one another in exchanging the most unexceptionable sentiments of friendship and good-will. The saving of the Franc is thus seen to be not such a simple or purely economic measure; deeper political issues depend upon it.

Cricket and Critics

The Australians now in our midst are proving themselves a sporting side in all senses of the word. Mr. Macartney is writing on the game as played, with a facile grace which we know is his in getting runs. If it is the spirit of the game that alone matters, we cannot understand why the aristocrat should not come to it on the same footing as the commoner. We do not propose to add our protest to those of the others who object to the Yuvaraja of Patiala as the skipper of the Indian team. We saw him in action here in Madras, and think him a class player if he learns to overcome the fear of the formidable reputation of the visiting teams. A certain amount of snobbery in sport, as in any other walk of life, is inevitable. The English have two passages from the pavilion to the field,—one for 'players' and the other for 'gentlemen'. The imposition of the Yuvaraja as captain is in the circumstances almost natural. We hope there will be no splits in the sporting world. We have enough of them elsewhere. It would be ungracious to the visitors, if we allow our temper to get the better of our innate desire to show hospitality. After all, cricket is not and cannot be our national game. We are interested in it only to the extent of showing that we can learn it at the hands of our rulers, and even beat them at it. If it enhances the respect due to us as a nation, it will have served one of the most urgent of our needs.



G. B. Shaw: I must protest against being described as the most brilliant of anti-British writers alive by the Italians.....

Reporter: But, you don't tell us who is more brilliant than yourself, Mr. Shaw.

The March of Events

By The Man On The Move

November 23rd:

During the discussion over the resolution in re the financial settlement between the Central and Provincial Government in the United Provinces Council, the Finance Member said that it was necessary not to conceal from Sir Otto Niemeyer (who is a tremendous genius at evaluating the budgetary positions of Governments, and who is coming to India next month) the potential sources of their revenue.

But then even if the Finance Member tries any dodging on the question at issue, it is absolutely no good at all. I know Sir Otto, having lunched with him once in Ramasamy's Restaurant in London. The penetrating qualities of that rare man are uncanny. Place about ten bags of assorted currency notes and current coin of the realm in an iron safe, put the safe in an iron room, lock it up, place Sir Otto outside the room and say "Go!" Plop comes the answer, "Rs. 570098967.15.9 and one bad nickel four-anna bit and a half-anna postage stamp." Oh, yes. No use humbugging him. He can smell a rat where ten Finance Members can't smell a cockroach.

The Finance Member further said that the sources of the U. P. revenues were such that by careful husbandry they could be enabled to meet their requirements.

This is a roundabout hint to society ladies to devote a few more hours each day to their husbands and keep them at home, so as to keep them away from the races and thereby husband their bank balances.

November 24th: Delivering the Convocation Address to the alumni of the Agra University, Sahabji Maharaj Anand Sarup asked nobody in particular:

"What is a University?" and before anyone could sneak in a reply he said: "It is an organisation through which the past pours down into the present its mental and cultural inheritance....."

Though it sounds doctrinaire, there is a lot in what Sahabji says.

Last year I visited the Agra University, just as any tourist. I sat down in one of its spacious halls to rest myself. I must have fallen asleep, for when I woke up it was night and the doors were closed. What was I to do? I imagined that I had a hearty lunch at the Viceregal Lodge, and curled myself up in a corner to sleep. You know the no-man's land between consciousness and unconsciousness that novelists so beautifully describe? Well, I was in such a state. It was in this state a strange beam of light coming from the direction of the Jumna began to approach me. It wavered a bit in a shy sort of way and began to pour into me. That was the past getting into me. Methought I was an eastern potentate in a marble palace, amidst two hundred wives, beautiful Nubian slaves dancing, fountains of rose-water playing. I was dead to all this paradise, because my *hooka* was not drawing any smoke.

It is only in universities you could have such visions of the culture of a bye-gone age.

November 25th: A Western India market report says that there was hardly any improvement in yarns. Demand all round has been on a restricted scale.

Yes, quite. Last evening I barged into the Byculla Club and tried to tell some friends a few funny yarns I knew of. But not a fellow would hear me. Later in the evening I strolled into the native business quarter and tried to



relate the yarns to Nariman, Mody and Setalvad. They too were not interested. Then I tried a few Bombay Editors. All of them rejected my yarns. Yes, trade in this line is definitely depressing.

November 26th: A newspaper of Madras in its Abyssinian War News section, carried this sub-headline today:

Hindu Invaders Killed
As Also Commander

This has naturally tickled a lot of Hindus. Fellows who are not friendly to the Hindus are frankly sceptical.

But it is a fact nevertheless. Indian Military Authorities hold that South Indians make poor soldiers. This slur on the fair name of South India got the goat of some bellicose chaps. To demonstrate their martial prowess a few thousand Hindus disguised themselves as black ants and cockroaches and sneaked into an Italian ship in Bombay harbour as stow-aways. When they reached Italian Somalia they came ashore and shouldered arms under General De Bono. They acquitted themselves creditably, till the recent retreat, when Ras Sayoum's sharpshooters popped off a few Hindus. Mussolini is sending their widows war pensions, but the pensions are held up beyond the three mile limit of Bombay harbour, because what about Sanctions?

Writing about the possible inclusion of Churchill in the Cabinet in charge of the War Office,

the London correspondent of *The Times of India* says: "Much as you may dislike and distrust the fellow, Mr. Churchill is the only man in politics with the guts to do it."

Baldwin is a very ill-read man, in spite of his public school training, because he says that the eastern frontier of England is on the Rhine. If there is any man to substantiate that assertion it is only Churchill. That is what the correspondent means.

It appears that four senior Indian members of outstanding merit in the Indian Educational Service were superseded and the job of Director of Public Instruction in the new Orissa province was given to an European, who is a junior member. The reason is this. Mr. Hubback who is going to be the governor of Orissa is of the view that the Oriyas prefer a European to a non-Oriya.

Great sensation prevails. That is silly. I mean the sensation.

The late Desbandhu Chittaranjan preferred (before the Nagpur Congress) European dhobies to Indian. Our Maharajas prefer European governesses to natives, to keep their babies away from dirt. I always prefer European barbers to swadeshi ones.

I am glad to find a kindred soul in Mr. Hubback and I congratulate the Oriyas on their good taste and judgement.

November 27th: According to a special correspondent on the Eritrean front, Ras Gugsu knows only two English words.

They are "Good night". It is now clear why he deserted his king. He used to parade his knowledge of English before his wife every night by repeating these two delightful words varying the accents and intonation each time. The good Mrs. Ras Gugsu got so fed up with her husband's linguistic conceit that she told him in utter disgust: "You are telling me? Go tell it to the marines." Of course she said that in Amharic. Poor Gugsu was humiliated, and that is why he is a renegade.

A message from Vienna to a South Indian paper says: "The

Egyptian Government is soon to establish a legislation in Vienna."

I got across to Nahas Pasha on the Empire phone and said, "Look here Mr. Pasha, what is this binge about your legislation in Vienna?"

"You know Mussolini moved his troops away from the Brenner Pass?"

"Yes."

"Well, the Austrians are naturally scared at the withdrawal of Italian protection. They have therefore requested us through diplomatic channels to send them a bit of our legislation to re-establish internal peace and external security."

"Oh, thanks."

November 28th: I flew to Bombay this morning to welcome the new Field Marshal. Before going to the quayside, I dropped into my favourite restaurant for a quiet cup of tea. The waiter instead of taking my order sidled up to me in a dashed familiar



fashion and said hoarsely, "What about the Yuvaraja of Patiala?" I was of course taken aback. I said with some dignity, "What about him? A nice lad."

"But he is selected to lead the India Eleven against the Aussies in the coming fixture."

"So that is what is biting you, you plebeian rascal! Get away, and look nippy about that tea."

He brought me a cup of what tasted like bilge and glared at me as if he would strangle me for tuppence.

Feelings are running high on the Cricket Board's selection of the Yuvaraja of Patiala over the head of Major C. K. Nayudu.

Gandhi said at the second Round Table Conference that God in His Infinite Inscrutable

Wisdom made the Princes of India and placed each prince at the head of vast populations. If God himself favours the princes and hands over large populations to their fatherly care, where, I ask, is the harm in the Cricket Selection Committee putting a prince over just ten fellows?

To suggest anything un-princely, I say with Michael Arlen, were ancient sin.

Another misleading headline in to-day's paper.

De Valera's New Bill —
What will the Dail do?

The old bill of De Valera with which he pecked away a few juicy bits of skin off old Thomas is now more or less useless, because Jimmy is a tough guy. So the Dail gave De Valera a more powerful bill so that he can have a fresh go at the skin of Thomas' successor at the Dominion Office. Before the second round begins, the Dail advised De Valera to sharpen his bill on the Irish Senate, by way of practice.

November 29th: *What lies behind India's trade balance.* That is posed by a Madras paper. Observe the absence of the mark of interrogation. Cute fellows, these journalists.

I immediately got into touch with the Finance Department. The Finance Member said, "Don't you worry, old Munusamy. The whole thing is a fact. No lies at all."

A great load is off my mind.

November 30th: It is raining convocation addresses. This evening Sir Tej Bahadur Sapru delivered his convocation addresses at the Patna University. At one place he said: "My young friends, do not go away with the impression that when I am approaching the end of my career I have hardened or stiffened—"

How absolutely true! When I was in Allahabad last month I called on Sapru to chat on old times. He radiates vitality. I felt all over him. Not a hard lump could I find anywhere. There is not one stiff joint in the whole of him. He is, in short, that Kruschen feeling animated.

The Students' Corner

Words' Worth—VIII

OUR selection for this week is HORSE. It is going to be the biggest factor in Madras social life for the next few months; and so it is appropriate that we should deal with it. We must however warn the perennial punter against looking here for any tip to spot the winner. We understand that many people make a living by it, and it is certainly not our desire to deprive them of their means of livelihood.

As we all know, the horse is a noble animal. Its antiquity is as great as that of man himself. In fact, the Hindu version of the creation of the world makes special reference to the advent of the *Aswa* in the course of the primordial sacrifice of the *Purusha*. It has given its name to the highest kind of Yaga or sacrifice performed by our ancient heroes, and emperors. The epic grandeur of the Ramayana, or the Mahabharata or the Iliad will be reduced to inconsiderable proportions if the role of the horse were taken away from them. It is therefore no wonder that the most elevated spirits in modern times have taken to the patronage of the horse as befitting the amplitude of their regal natures. Horse-racing has been rightly called the 'sport of kings, and the king of sports'. To conclude this part of our dithyramb, the horse has played a decisive part in the march of human progress.

The dictionary tells us that it is a 'solid-hoofed quadruped with long mane and tail, used as a beast of burden and draught'. The burden it carries is two-fold, first, the rider, called the jockey, and secondly the handicap, a number of lead balls or bars amounting to a specific weight in terms of avoirdupois. In pedantic jargon, it is described as 'a large perissodactyl ungulate mammal'. The name 'horse' is explained as indicating the chief characteristic of this animal, namely running; and is supposed to be derived from the Latin word *currere*—to run. Why the better latin form, *equus*, which is the same as our sanskrit word *aswa* was not taken over, may be explained as due to the ignorance and illiteracy of the ancient Saxons. They saw the animal running better than other animals, and immediately, like the primitive people they were, called it the running thing. The only snag in this is that even this word running is derived from the latin word, as noted above; and if they could pick up one Latin word they might as well have picked out the other.

There are different kinds of the horse, each of which is named differently from the others, the basis of distinction being age, sex, functions etc.

You call it a *stallion* when you want to rear horses out of it, and a *gelding* when you castrate it so that it might do work docilely. The mare is Mrs. Horse, and gives birth to *foal*, the baby less than a year old. You call it *colt* up to four or five years old. The female colt is called *filly-colt*. Colt is also the name of a revolver, and nautically the rope-end used for thrashing. The *cob* is a short-legged, stout riding animal, while the *pony* is the product of a small breed. Pony in tipsters' slang means £25. *Steed* is the poetical synonym for horse, while *hack* is the term to denote a hired horse, which is often also a tired horse. People like me who eke out a precarious livelihood by doing odd jobs for magazines like this are also called hacks. The *hunter* is used in hunting, while the *charger* is the officer's horse in the army. The word charger also means a flat dish, and was used to carry the head of John the Baptist when it was demanded by Herodias, the daughter of Herod. *Palfrey* is saddle-horse for quiet use, and was intended, in the days before the suffragette movement for the gentler sex.

When the horse is not in harness, or running round a race course, it will usually be found in one of the following places;—the stable which is its house, the stud, which is a group of horses used for breeding purposes, the stall a compartment for one horse, a loose-box when it is to be taken from one racing centre to another, the paddock, which is the turf field or enclosure, where it is led either before or after the race.

The language of the horse is as varied and expressive as that of human beings. It can neigh, scream, snicker, snort, squeal and whinny. But the dictionary reveals an unusual lack of resourcefulness in explaining neigh, snicker and whinny by repeating each of the words in connection with the others! Squeal and scream are very likely the result of the horse imitating humans. On the other hand, all the sounds have been copied by man to express nice gradations of his own feelings.

Lastly, we have to refer to the movements of the horse. It can amble, trot, canter, gallop and pace. It can also kick, buck, rear or jib. Man's vocabulary in dealing with it is epitomised in one word GEE, or sometimes GEE-GEE. Which is clearly inadequate to tackle the infinite variety and versatility of the animal.

There are numerous phrases depending on the horse; they are enough to form a separate article. With this, we stop here, exhorting you only not to look a gift horse in the mouth!

Fun For All



"My word! you've got the latest thing in typists."
"I certainly have. Never gets here till eleven."

She: Why did you come to this fancy-dress ball disguised as Napoleon?

He: So that I could keep a hand on my wallet.
Safer, these days.

Two navvies, visiting a museum for the first time, pulled up in front of a statue of a Roman gladiator.

One of the arms of the statue was broken, the helmet was battered and there were several scars on the face.

Underneath the statue was a brass plate with the word 'Victory' inscribed on it.

"I say, Jack," said one of the navvies to the other, "if that there chap won, I'd like to have seen the fellow who lost."

Mrs. Boring (thoughtfully): Why do so many women rest their chins on their hands when they are thinking?

Mr. Bored: To keep their mouths shut, I think, so that they won't disturb themselves.

Teacher (who has found Tommy out before): Did your father write this essay on: 'Why I love Teacher'?

Tommy: No, miss, he didn't; mother stopped him.

"Where is that sealed blue-envelope I left on my desk at lunch-time?" asked the business man of his new secretary.

"I posted it," she replied.

"Posted it? Good heavens, there was no address on it! Didn't you notice that?"

"No, it was turned over, and I didn't think it polite to look."

Sir Hamar Greenwood was heckled at a political meeting.

The interrupter suddenly yelled:

"What, vote for you? I don't think!"

Sir Hamar gave a lightning retort.

"But, of course, if you did, you would."

As the car drew up at the cross-roads two hands were thrust out, Mrs. Driver's signalling a turn to the left, Mr. Driver's a turn to the right.

"What do you want?" asked the irate policeman, strolling up, "a separation?"

"If I were trying to match politeness," said the angry woman customer, glaring hard at the shop-assistant, "I'd have rather a job to find it here!"

The assistant was equal to the occasion.

"Let me see your sample, madam," she said.

"Did you ever hear of the straw which broke the camel's back?" asked the guest at a country inn.

"Yes, sir," replied the landlord.

"Well, you will find it in the bed I tried to sleep on last night."

Steam Roller Driver (to gentleman who has slipped on a banana skin in front of his roller): "Git up, guv'nor! Git up! If I pressed your trousers, I'd've the Amalgamated Society of Trouser Pressers writing a nasty letter to my Union."

Park Keeper: What's the idea of leaving the middle of that seat unfinished?

Young Painter: That's for me and my gal to-night.

Star Snaps—

by Satellite



The Million Dollar Kid.

Twenty years ago, Jackie Coogan began to talk; and then he walked into stardom!

Now Jackie (Kid) Coogan is just twenty one. His girlfriend, Betty Grable, gave him a birthday party. The greatest juvenile money-maker of the silent film era, he has now come into a £200,000 trust fund. This useful birthday present is the result of careful management

of his affairs by his father, who was killed in a car accident early this year. Coogan is now a mature, serious-minded, hard-working fellow. Some of his birthday resolutions are: No hasty marriage; completion of education; producing class films; and managing, like his father, his money carefully. The millionaire (Kid) has £300,000, besides this hard cash of £200,000, in property. All told, he is master of nearly three million dollars.

In his child-star days Paderewski gave him piano lessons: Ballerina Pavlova taught him dancing; composer-conductor Sousa guided him for Orchestral lessons and—Georges Carpentier trained him for boxing. He still thinks he has not had enough education!

His favourite movie stars are Douglas Fairbanks, Mary Pickford and his hero of heroes, Charlie Chaplin whom he thinks his near relative.

And now for a pleasant short play on this playboy when he was eleven.

Scene: A Drug Store in Hollywood.

Jackie Coogan: Could you fix a dose of castor oil so the oil won't taste?

Chemist: Sure. Won't you have a glass of ice-cream soda while you are waiting?

Jackie drinks soda with great relish and waits.

Chemist: Anything else?

Jackie: No, nothing but the oil.

Chemist: You just drank it.

Jackie: (Alarmed) Gee whiz! I wanted it for dad!

(Curtain)

A stenographer had kept the whole Paramount lot guessing for a long time. She took dictation from her boss. This memo was typed: "Peter Rabbit's son." It really must be "Peter Ibbetson". The

department heads were wondering if a kid's picture had been scheduled without their knowledge. They are still ragging her.

* * * *

A similar incident occurred when Cecil B. De Mille sent to the scoring department a note anent the music for a passage in *The Crusades*. The musicians and the department were puzzled by a line in the note: "This should not be 240". This meant nothing in their lexicon. They asked Cecil B. De Mille if it was some medieval lingo. He too was surprised. Then he looked into the notes he had dictated. It ran: "It should not be *too forte*." Not too loud!

Luise Rainer and The Messiah!

All Hollywood is shouting the praises of Luise Rainer, the strange, little, exotic and gifted actress. She is, in her way, deeply religious. Beneath her theatrical masque and elfin exterior, lives a very deep thinking, elemental person.

J. Krishnamurthi, the Messiah, is one of her closest friends and Mahatma Gandhi's *Experiments with Truth* she reads and reads over and over again, translated into German. She believes devoutly in several things but I can't say if Rainer is a disciple of Mahatmaji.

She believes in living close to nature, and all by herself. Right after *Escapade*, Miss Rainer rolled away in her little Ford Roadster with just 15 dollars in her jacket. She stayed away five days, going into the Mexican town of Ensenada, sleeping in rural inns and eating fifteen and twenty cent meals. She arrived home broke but happy, lugging a seat full of souvenirs and samples, wildflowers and rocks. She is the daughter of a middle class European who migrated from Mexico into Austria and became a wealthy merchant. When she was sixteen, the family wealth vanished. She entered the stage then.

It is said a love tragedy almost spoiled Luise Rainer's life. This was when her father was doing well. No one knows much about this, except that her lover was killed in an accident. She hasn't allowed this to cloud her outlook, for she believes in the immortality of the mind as well as of love.



The Afridi's Alibi

by Embusque

Illustrated by Mali

Reading Time • About 10 Minutes

SELIM Shah, a plasterer by trade, turned out of the Street of the Dancing Boys in Peshawar City, and entered the Alley of Bountiful Providence. The alley was a short thoroughfare leading to the Thieves' Bazaar. At the moment, it was lined with charred and shattered buildings, for the city had been swept by a disastrous fire.

Just where the alley ran into the Thieves' Bazaar, the frontage had been cleared, and a row of small shops was in course of erection. Yasef the Shinwari had secured the site, and perceived that a row of shops in such a position would produce a lucrative income. He regarded the fire as an act of that Bountiful Providence after whom the alley was named.

The shops were in different stages of completion. The one right at the corner was plastered and ready for occupation. The walls of the nearest one were only breast-high, and the bricklayers, who had already arrived, greeted Selim Shah with rough chaff.

"Ho, sluggard!" they cried, "what hour of Paradise has been detaining you in your blankets? Or have you been raiding a village? It is past the hour of work. Master Yasef will fine you!"

"Let the accursed Shinwari do as he pleases!" growled the plasterer, approaching a shop, third from the end.

This shop has been completed by the bricklayers the previous day. It was ready for plastering. Selim Shah unfastened the massive padlock, raised the heavy cross-bar, and tugged at the double door. It did not budge.

"Ha, imps of Satan!" he cried at the bricklayers. "What mischief is this that you have played on me?"

The bricklayers put down their trowels, and came to the door of the shop. In turn they tugged, and exclaimed when the heavy hinges refused to move. "Ho, Kisan Singh!" they called, to the carpenter who was working in the next apartment, "come and see how your work prospers!"

The grave Sikh carpenter came out, and tried the door. "It is barred on the inside," he said, simply.

"Impossible! What foolishness! Hark to the spoiler of wood," muttered the workmen. "Only a magician could fasten the door from the inside, and escape," added Selim Shah.

"It may be that he who fastened the door is still inside," said the Sikh, imperturbably.

"A thief! Stand by, brothers," shouted the plasterer. "We will break down the door."

"Do not do that," said Kisan Singh. "The bar is strong, and you would smash the door-frame. Let me cut a hole, and saw the bar in two from the outside."

Sub-Inspector Babu Harlal, in his morning progress through the Thieves' Bazaar, observed the little crowd round the door of the shop. "What is this?" he demanded, importantly.

The Pathan workmen spat contemptuously, and explained the situation with scant civility.

"This is fools' talk!" exclaimed the Sub-Inspector. "You say you locked the shop last night. At what hour?"

"A few minutes before the call to prayer," replied Selim Shah.

"You must have locked one of the workmen inside, and he is still asleep."

"No. After the bricklayers had gone, I put my tools in the shop, ready for the morning, and locked the door. The shop was empty."

"Is there any other way of getting in?"

"None. It is just a single room, about sixteen feet square. There is no window: only a small barred ventilator near the roof, not big enough for a cat."

"Then the shop must have been barred from the inside by one of your Khyber djinns," said the Sub-inspector, scoffingly.

At this moment, this carpenter succeeded in severing the bar at the other side of the door. "Stand away!" cried the Sub-Inspector, fingering his revolver, "I will investigate this."

He forced open the door, stepped quickly back, and surveyed the interior of the shop. In one corner stood the plasterer's gear. In the centre of the apartment lay the body of Yasef the Shinwari, a Khyber knife in his heart.

Loaded with chains, Selim Shah stood in examination-room of the Kotwali, guarded by two constables.

"If he weren't an Afridi, I would give him a good beating," muttered Sub-Inspector Babu Harlal. "I am positive he murdered Master Yasef. But if we get the truth out of him that way, it means a knife in our backs sooner or later. They are such revengeful swine!"

"Couldn't it have been suicide?" murmured the Writer Head-Constable. "The fact that the door was barred on the inside makes murder seem impossible."

"Suicide is equally impossible. Yasef was right-handed, and the knife enters the body from the left. Also, Yasef's knife is still in its sheath. Selim's is missing, and we have found the sheath in his bedding. Depend on it, Selim's knife is the one in the Shinwari's body."

"Can the knife be identified?"

"No. There are no special marks on it, and these Khyber knives are all alike."

"But the motive?"

"We have found that, too. Bring the prisoner here! Now, Selim Shah," continued the Sub-Inspector, sternly, "we know everything, so you had better confess. You belong to the Asa Khel, do you not?"

"What is that to you, pig-dog?"

"You had better be respectful. Remember, I can save you, if you confess. Yasef belonged to the Mussa Khel. There is a feud between your clan and his. The Mussa Khel owe one life to the Asa Khel."

"What of it?"

"We know everything. You had better confess. Already I have been speaking on the magic wire to the barriers, to Jamrud, and to the outer blockhouses. All the Asa Khel are in their villages. No member of the clan passed the barriers yesterday. You are the only Asa Khel in Peshawar City. You came a month ago, did you not?"

"The police-pigs know everything," said Selim Shah, ironically.

"You came to Peshawar to kill Yasef the Shinwari!" cried the Sub-Inspector, pointing an accusing finger. "You took employment with him, passing yourself as a Mohamand. Yesterday evening, the Shinwari came to inspect the work. The bricklayers and carpenter had gone. You enticed him into that shop, and killed him. Confess!"

"If I killed him," said Selim Shah, insolently, "who barred the shop from the inside?"

"So you did kill him, eh? You killed him with the knife that was in this sheath! Confess, and I will get mercy for you."

"I want no mercy, dirty infidel. If I killed him, who barred the shop from the inside?"



"It is an unbreakable alibi," said the Writer Head-Constable. "Who *did* bar the shop from the inside?"

Babu Harlal rolled his head in his hands. "Yes, who?—Why, of course!" he cried, jumping to his feet. "If Selim Shah did the murder, Selim Shah also barred the door from the inside!"

"Might not the Shinwari have barred the door, after Selim Shah stabbed him?"

"No. Death was instantaneous."

"If the bar is of the kind that swings on a central pivot, Selim might have manipulated it to swing into a horizontal position after he was outside."

"I thought of that. The bar is separate, and has to be lifted into place. The Afridi barred the door from the inside."

"But how?"

"I am going back to the shop, to find out," said the Sub-Inspector.



Two hours later, Selim Shah was once more dragged before Babu Harlal. "Ho!" said the prisoner, "have the know-all police-pigs decided to release me?"

"We do not release murderers," replied the Sub-Inspector.

"Who says I am a murderer? If I am a murderer, who barred that door from the inside?"

"You did."

"Indeed? Am I a wizard, to pass through a door after I have barred it?"

"You are too clever, Selim Shah. If you had not harped on that barred door, I might never have tumbled to it. I'll tell you what you did. Your blood-enemy, Yasef, came to visit the works yesterday evening. You induced him to enter that empty room. You stabbed him, and barred the door, leaving yourself inside with the dead body."

"And flew out through the ventilator, I suppose?"

"No. You broke down the wall into the next shop."

The Afridi, loaded with chains as he was, threw himself at the Sub-Inspector, screaming with hatred and rage.

"Hold him," said the Sub-Inspector, calmly. "He is going to make a confession presently. Yes, the wall of the shop had been built only that day. The mortar was still soft. You pushed through the wall, and built it up again from the other side. There was as yet no door to the next shop. After closing the hole in the wall, you went out into the alley, and locked the door on Yasef's body. You turned up late next morning, to ensure that the body would be discovered in the presence of witnesses; and to establish the alibi of the door being barred from the inside."

"Tell me," said the Writer Head-Constable, after Selim Shah's confession had been recorded, "how did you discover the means by which the murderer left the shop?"

"It was the mortar," replied Babu Harlal. "After the bricklayers have built a wall, they smooth the ribs of mortar between each row of bricks. In the wall of the shop there was an area, about the size of a man's body, where the mortar was ragged. That was where Selim Shah got through. He could not smooth down the mortar from the wrong side of the wall."

THE END

A Chronicle History

CONGRESS attained its majority in 1905. The event was not only of chronological, but also of political significance. It was given to Lord Curzon as Viceroy to bring about that event by a series of acts of high statesmanship which were very much misunderstood. He effected the partition of Bengal, curbed the growth of higher education, explained away the sentimental parts of Queen Victoria's famous Proclamation and expounded the unity of purpose behind the activities of the English official, missionary and trader. In short, he laid down the aim of British rule in India as the government of India by Englishmen for the benefit of England. The result of all this was the beginning of an 'agitation' first in Bengal and gradually, by sympathetic extension, in the other parts of the country. New crimes, such as singing of national songs or shouting of *Vande Mataram* were invented, and many troublesome people were punished for them. It was in such an atmosphere that the 21st Congress met at Benares under the presidency of G. K. Gokhale. He devoted his presidential address to a masterly review of the Viceroyalty of Curzon, and wound up that part of his address with the prophetic words: 'Good bye to all hope of co-operating with the Bureaucracy in the interests of the people.' He did not point out what we have since come to know is possible, namely to co-operate with the bureaucracy in the interests of the bureaucracy.

Another remarkable feature of this Congress was the emergence of the 'Boycott' as a political weapon. Mr. Gokhale himself justified it in the course of his speech, as a last remedy, and stated that the condition of its success was that it should be supported by strong popular feeling. The subject was discussed in connection with the partition of Bengal, and Bengal was naturally in the forefront with the idea of boycott as a weapon with which to force the Government to unsettle a 'settled fact'. Congress gave its blessing to the idea, but took care to restrict the application of the boycott to Bengal alone, in the first instance.

One of the resolutions demanded that each province should be allowed to return two members to the House of Commons, and pressed for other reforms in the legislatures of the country. This affords the only example of frivolity in an otherwise solemn session.

22nd Congress: 1906—Calcutta: President—Dadhaboy Naoroji:—

He was by this time the Grand Old Man of India, being 82! and his speech was read by Gokhale. Among the distinguished visitors to this Congress was His Highness the Gaekwar of Baroda.

The main resolution of this session dealt with the partition of Bengal, and the best speeches were made on it. One of the most fiery was made by Bepin Chandra Pal, whom many Madrasis now alive must have heard on the beach thundering forth his invectives until the sea itself was charmed into silence! He was one of the minor prophets who preceded the era of 'Direct Action'. He pleaded for boycott, as well as for non-co-operation of the negative kind—refusal of offices, honorary appointments and titles. He further appealed to the delegates from other provinces to join forces with Bengal in these measures. This frightened many good folk, and the president ruled that Mr. Pal was out of order in commending boycott to the rest of India. Instead, however, Congress decided to support Swadeshi, and a resolution to that effect was passed. Tilak who spoke on this resolution pointed out that 'self-help, determination and sacrifice were needed before we could hope to be free in our own country'. In fact, his speech sounds very much like that of Rajendra Babu as he is now going through the country exhorting the people to work out their own salvation. The eternal resolution on reforms was again passed, and the 22nd Congress dispersed 'amidst scenes of the wildest enthusiasm.'

23rd Congress: 1907—Surat: President—Dr. Rash Behari Ghose.

This Congress has many titles to immortality. In the first place, it should have been held in Nagpur, but was shifted to Surat at the eleventh hour on account of local difficulties. In the second place, the Surat Congress had a violent birth and an untimely close. It saw the emergence of the 'extremist' as a factor to be reckoned with in Indian politics. As usual, the party was first fought by Indians themselves, while the Government gave all possible help by harassing and persecuting the new party. The extremist was looked upon with the same horror and loathing with which, at the present day, Socialists and the so-called Communists are treated not only by the Government but by our respectable politicians. The leader of the extremists faction then was Bal Gangadhar Tilak, who had gone to prison, been deported, but who still went strong. The cult of the extremist of those days was disbelief in the professions of the rulers, and the determination to wrest Swaraj by the nation's own efforts. The newly fashioned weapon of boycott was sought to be used on a national scale. Meanwhile, repression had done its deadly work, and secret conspiracy, and the anarchist party also began to flourish, particularly in Bengal. The two were very naturally identified with one another, both in the official and in moderate

of the Congress - 3

minds. Incidentally it was the year that saw the rise of the 'moderate' in Indian politics.

The reasons for the fiasco that overtook the Surat Congress were very mixed. There was the extremist section which was anxious to put up Tilak as the president. It failed; but an attempt was made in open session to oppose the election of Dr. Rash Behari Ghose. Then there was a rumour that the resolution on Boycott moved the previous year was not going to be brought up, and a party was ready to rush the Congress dais on the second day. Tilak came forward to the platform on the second day, and wanted to make a speech—on what subject was not clear. He was not allowed to speak, and was ruled out of order. Immediately, the hall was converted into a pandemonium; things were flung from all parts of the hall and delegates and visitors obtained many souvenirs. History records that a heavy shoe was flung aloft, and in its adventurous progress, is said to have hit Sir Pherozeshah Mehta first, and Surendranath Bannerjee afterwards. Where this shoe is now preserved, or if it is preserved, at all is a question to which the comic muse deigns no answer. Whether it reposes undisturbed in the precious collections of some political dilettante, or whether it was left unregarded in the general debris that followed the melee is a fascinating subject for the imaginative treatment of a future Carlyle when he should undertake to narrate the events of this hectic year. These sittings were suspended, and the 'moderate' elements met the following day, and drew up a manifesto which laid down the policy or the creed of the Congress in definite terms. It was stated to be Self-Government by strictly constitutional means. Every delegate to the Congress was required to sign this 'creed'. This drove out the 'extremists', and thus the Congress was split for the first time. The moderate Congress assembled again at Madras in 1908, still calling itself the 23rd Congress, and with the same president ratified the new constitution, and passed the usual resolutions on the usual subjects. Meanwhile, the famous despatch of Morley on the extension of the legislatures had been published; and the Congress welcomed the promise contained in it as the first instalment of the fulfilment of India's destiny. Two minor features of this Madras Congress may be noted. The Rajah of Kollengode gave a garden party to the president and delegates. If it is the same Rajah that still 'reigns', it is an ironic commentary on that gentleman's political 'progress'. Dr. Tej Bahadur Sapru declaimed against the 1818 Regulation as un-British and as a blot on the statute book. It still flourishes there to the eternal glory of British rule in India.

24th Congress: 1909—Lahore; President,—Pandit Madan Mohan Malaviya.
Sir Pherozeshah Mehta was to have presided; but

he resigned at the eleventh hour. The Minto-Morley reforms had been published, along with the rules 'thereunder': and it was found that in the act of giving something more was taken away. It was the first of the major constitutional experiments perpetrated by our rulers at the expense of this unhappy country. Some provinces were given councils; others were not. Communal representation or misrepresentation was enthroned as a political principle. The Hindu majority in many provinces was penalised more than the Muslim. Franchise qualifications were made higher for the Hindu than for the Muslim. Non-official majorities given to some provinces were found to be a farce. The other side of the picture was no less gloomy. Assassination reared its ugly head, and besides the murder of a man called Curzon-Wylie, an attempt was made even on the life of the Viceroy, Lord Minto. Left-wing leaders were deported. Altogether, the Congress had a lot to protest against.

One of the resolutions passed at this session related to South Africa, and the Passive-Resistance started by one Mr. Gandhi there. This was warmly supported by Mr. Gokhale in an able speech. Said Mr. Gokhale: "A passive resister resists tyranny by undergoing suffering in his own person." This clearly shows why Gandhiji has always claimed Gokhale as his spiritual guru! Nevertheless, it is doubtful if Gokhale would have been with Gandhiji in the later applications of this simple doctrine!

25th Congress: 1910—Allahabad: President—Sir William Wedderburn.

The Silver Jubilee of the Congress was celebrated in a picturesque fashion. The pandal was constructed with 25 sides and 25 doors, over each of which was hung the portrait of each of the Congress Presidents of the previous 25 sessions. A change in the viceroyalty offered an opportunity to the Congress to offer the new incumbent its welcome; and it was further resolved that a Congress deputation should wait on the new Viceroy, Lord Hardinge. Mr. C. P. Ramaswamy Aiyar enters the Congress stage this year, perhaps little dreaming the many exciting parts he was to play there and elsewhere! Another resolution deprecated the introduction of communal electorates even in local elections, and it was moved by the Hon. Mr. M. A. Jinnah! The Jubilee year also saw the passing away of Edward VII, and the accession of H. M. George V whose Jubilee all the world but the Congress celebrated this year. The Congress of 1910 passed loyal resolutions on those events; and gave other convincing proof of its loyalty and devotion to the British throne.

(To be continued)

Auntie Awful



“PLEASE, Auntie,” says a youthful naturalist, evidently hoping for a bed-time story, “can you tell us why a hare has a split lip?”

Well, my dears, once upon a time, the father of all hares lived in a jungle beside the sacred Ganges. As you know, hares are great travellers, and the father of all hares conceived a longing to cross the mighty river. Why he wished to do so is not known. Perhaps he wanted to see what was at the other side. He went down to the water's edge; and while he was wondering how he could get across, a crocodile appeared, close to the bank.

“Hullo,” said the crocodile, “you are a queer-looking creature. I don't think I've ever seen anyone like you before.” And the crocodile decided to lure the hare close to the water, for he wanted some dinner. Tears began to pour down his cheeks.

“Why are you crying?” said the hare.

“I am sorry for you,” replied the crocodile. “I have a very sympathetic nature, and it must be lonely for you in the jungle. Come down here, and play with me.”

“I am not lonely,” said the hare. “There are thousands of my brothers in the jungle.” This was not true; but the hare distrusted the crocodile, while hoping to get his assistance in crossing the river.

“Thousands?” said the crocodile, smacking his lips. “Why have I never seen any of you before?”

“We are very shy, and keep away from other creatures,” replied the hare.

“Thousands?” said the crocodile, cunningly, “I don't believe there are thousands of you.”

“There are more hares in the jungle than there are crocodiles in the river,” replied the hare, with even greater cunning.

“I'll bet there are not!” cried the crocodile.

“Very well,” said the hare. “You gather all the crocodiles, and I'll gather all the hares, and we'll see which are the more numerous.”

“But I cannot count,” said the crocodile. “I have never been to school.”

“That does not matter,” said the hare.

The crocodile went away, and collected all his brothers. “There are thousands of these creatures in the jungle,” he said, “and they look good to eat. Let us wait until they are all gathered for the counting, and then we will take them by surprise. Be careful not to touch the father-hare until I give the signal, or the others will be alarmed.”

The crocodiles gathered at the rendezvous, and the river was full of them, snorting and splashing. “Keep still!” cried the hare. “I cannot count you if you move about.”

“Where are all your brothers?” asked the first crocodile.

“They are hiding close by, and will not come out until I have finished counting you. Come on, get into a line, and keep still while I count.”

The crocodiles obediently got into line, head to tail. There were so many of them that they stretched right across the river. The hare began to count them, leaping from one crocodile to the next—

An hour later, the hare was saying, “Ten thousand and thirty-five, ten thousand and thirty-six,” and then he reached the opposite bank of the river.

“How many?” shouted the first crocodile, from a great distance.

“It does not matter,” replied the hare, safe in the opposite jungle.

“What do you mean, it does not matter?” howled the crocodile.

“There is only one hare!” shrieked the cunning little animal, holding his sides with laughter. He laughed, and laughed, and kept on laughing till he split his lip.

And all his descendants have split lips to this day.

Returning Officer (Punjab). “I wish you could

give me some hints to make my job easier at the poll. At the last election, I have ascertained that over three hundred men put on *burgas* and voted as women. These men keep observation, and when they think that a woman on the roll is not going to exercise her vote, they impersonate her. They are accompanied by ruffians who pose as relatives or servants of the person in the *burqa*. One man in a *burqa* went in and out of polling-booths repeatedly, voting in the names of various women. In some cases the real voter turned up afterwards, and found that her vote had been cast. We dare not challenge the identity of a person in a *burqa*, and it is not convenient to employ women Returning Officers in the booths.”

My dear sir, what a farce! The obvious solution is to have a central polling-booth for women, where women voters and women checking-officers will be in *purdah*. There should be checking-officers to represent each party, as there is a tendency for a partisan checking-officer to give voice to an inexperienced voter of opposite views, thus will cause her to ‘spoil’ her vote! But I am afraid that these measures will be opposed by the faction interested in impersonating women-voters.

Jaffa Orange (Birur). “I went into partnership with a man who said he never got tired. Now he is always sleeping and neglecting the business.” Your partner seems to be as good as his word, dear sir. Evidently he takes good care never to get tired.

Upset (Madras). “I am another victim of the gramophone-nuisance. I think my neighbour must have an electric gramophone, for it is going day and night, screeching all the time. I met him in the street one day, and asked him to switch it off or tone it down, but he simply looked surprised, and made no answer.” Perhaps he cannot switch it off or tone it down, dear boy. Perhaps it isn't a gramophone.

The Main Chance (Alleppey). “Should a businessman marry a girl with money?” Well, dear boy, if he is, he does.

Boxer (Calcutta). “I have had an offer of a match at Colombo, but among other things I hear that the hall is inconvenient. It is a long walk from the dressing-room to the ring.” Never mind, dear boy; perhaps you will not have to walk back.

Dictionary (Murthupalayam). No, my dear, caoutchouc is not what a person says when he sneezes.

Faith-Healer (Chikmagalur). “Do you believe in faith-healing?” Well, dear madam, Auntie once knew a practitioner who treated a fever by stroking

the sick person's forehead, and repeating, ‘The chilly breezes of the Arctic are cooling this fevered brow’. The treatment was so successful that the patient died of frost-bite.

In Love (Jhansi). “I have proposed to a certain girl, and she agrees to marry me as long as we live at her mother's place. I want us to have a love-nest of our own, but I only have a small salary.” When a bird like you wants to start a love-nest, dear boy, the way to begin is to go to a hire-purchase firm and start with a little down.

Cave-Man (Bithoor). “I told my wife I was determined to be master in my own house, or I would know the reason why.” Indeed, dear sir; and what was the reason?

DO YOU KNOW?

1. Ten English kings have had the same name. Which is it?
2. Which is the largest city in Europe?
3. What is the annual allowance paid to the Duke of Kent?
4. Apart from Australia, which is the largest island in the world?

Answers on page 20

Character and Capabilities

With Apologies for Poaching on the Preserves of Merry-Magus

by Albert A. Roland

Illustrated by the Author

Reading Time • About 9 Minutes

MEN who are successful in life delight in pointing out to men who are *not* successful in life: (a) How they could have made themselves successful too, or (b) Why they never will be successful.

My Uncle Moses is a very successful man.

His success dates from the day he inherited two lakhs from *his* uncle in Australia—the one who made his pile breeding freak kangaroos. He produced kangaroos with four-fold-capacity pouches. Kangaroos that wrestled as well as boxed according to Queensbury rules. He even succeeded in evolving a variety that were equipped with zip-fastening pouches and carried the Commonwealth Mails.

This great uncle of mine actually bequeathed his fortune to a home for baby kangaroos. But Uncle Moses successfully contested the will, on the ground of insanity. Why should a baby kangaroo, he pointed out, want a home, when it already had a comfortable pouch to live in?

So Uncle Moses, who was previously as big a frustrate as myself, succeeded in life. And since that day he's never lost an opportunity of giving me masses of advice. Advice is the only thing he does give me, excepting on my birthday, when he gives me his very best wishes.

At the ripe old age of fifty-two-and-a-half, my Uncle Moses took unto himself a wife. With almost indelicate waste, she presented him with a son, who in due course was named Ikey. A year later, she added another son to Uncle's household, and the following year a third.

Finding myself thus completely out of the running for those two lakhs, I made up my mind not to put up with any more advice from my Uncle Moses. In fact, I was quite rude to him about it one day. He had just turned down my twenty-seventh application for a small loan. And added insult to injury by a lengthy sermon on the evils of borrowing, the advantages of independence, and the value of money.

Before I let myself go, I asked him a question, to be on the safe side.

"Uncle Moses," I enquired in a dangerously gentle voice, "can I depend on one thing when you are defunct?"

He started violently. "What?" he snarled.

"That my name won't be read out in your will?"

"I give you my word it won't," he informed me. "Unless—" he paused a moment, thoughtfully.

"Unless?" Hope rose high, almost choking me with the exquisite suspense.

"Unless it's put in as a warning."

"A warning?" Hope rapidly became a dim speck in the distance.

"Yes, a warning to my wife. An object lesson. *How not* to bring up Ikey and Isaac and Esau."

I drew myself up to my full height of five foot five.

"Then hear me speak, oh my Uncle Moses! What have you got that I haven't? Apart, I mean, from the measley money you did those poor little baby kangaroos out of? And apart from the meanest, most grasping, parsimonious nature in the whole of Jewry? And apart from the most atrocious good luck that ever befell an undeserving Shylock? All right! All right, I'm going! But before I go, let me tell you one thing. Although it'll break your heart to know it, you *have* given me something!—something valuable, something I can turn into *money*!"

His face paled. "W—what?" he rasped.

"An idea."

Turning dramatically on my heel, I left him.

When I said that my Uncle Moses never gave me anything but advice and good wishes, I'm afraid I wasn't being strictly truthful. He actually did give me a birthday present once: a set of twelve sixpenny books entitled 'Character and Capabilities' which he had picked up somewhere for a few annas.

I had been half inclined to read these books, but had finally flung them away in some corner in disgust and forgotten all about them. Always at the back of my mind, however, was the intention of one day devouring their contents and profiting by the advice.

As my Uncle Moses applied the *conge* to my last slight hope, the inspiration came to me to carry out that intention. Character was worth more than wealth. He had wealth. I would possess myself of

character. And—who knows?—character might lead to wealth besides.

I got out the books when I arrived home.

For a moment I was disappointed. Only one of the twelve books was going to be of any use to me. They were a series of 'intimate character-studies', and claimed to portray the character and capabilities of 'those born in each month, with astounding accuracy'.



Therefore, only the volume on October possessed any promise for me. I was born on the 13th.

I was immensely pleased to discover that, according to the book on October, I was honest, generous, perceptive and artistic, and had a strong sense of justice. ("And injustice," I muttered, thinking of my Uncle Moses.) That I was possessed of the faculty of quickly sensing things, being almost uncanny in my intuition at times. I was several other extremely creditable things besides.

I devoted a busy hour to self-analysis. I compared the character given to me in the book with the character given to me by—well, by circumstances.

Honesty: I always meant to be honest. But, hang it all, it's undoubtedly difficult when the wolf's at the door most of one's waking moments. I always meant to repay those loans and bills, but—however, it wasn't too late to make an honest start. I'd go down to that tea-shop in town next morning, and pay for that packet of epsom salts. That is, if I could rake up the price of a tram.

Generous: Whenever possible, I've been generous. Most of my generosity, I admit, has been showered on myself. But there have been others. Nice girls, all of them.

Perceptive and Artistic: The book's dead right about my perceptiveness. I'm an excellent judge of horses. Of course, I don't always have the success my perceptiveness deserves. But the blame for that rests on the dishonesty of jockeys and trainers, and the treachery of the horses themselves. If horses ran true to form, I could jolly well prove the dependability of my perceptiveness. **Artistic:** I've written poems. And done little drawings in autographic books—masterpieces in their way. I admire and appreciate the beauties of nature. I adore the human form divine (fem. gender).

Strong Sense of Justice: My criticisms of Uncle Moses bear this out. The faculty of *Quickly sensing*

things, and being almost uncanny in my *Intuition* at times. I've never failed yet to forecast the result of my applications to Uncle Moses for temporary loans. My intuition has always been uncanny in this respect.

After that hour of self-examination, I came to a decision. Amongst a plethora of virtues and attributes, I honestly felt there was only one that I could lay especial claim to. I *was* artistic. I *had* a certain mastery of words—witness the faultless letters I've

penned to Uncle Moses at times, letters that have caused me to break down and weep over the touching passages in them. And my success with the pencil can be gauged from the number of autograph books I've embellished since my genius in that line was first discovered.

I decided, therefore, to capitalise on these abilities. The first thing to do, said I, was to put the case of my Uncle Moses on paper. This I have done. The second thing to do was to throw in a few extracts from the books on 'Character and Capabilities', in the hope that they might prove of interest and value to the reader (and, incidentally, to pad out this article a

bit). And lastly, to illustrate the article with some appropriate and dramatic sketches.

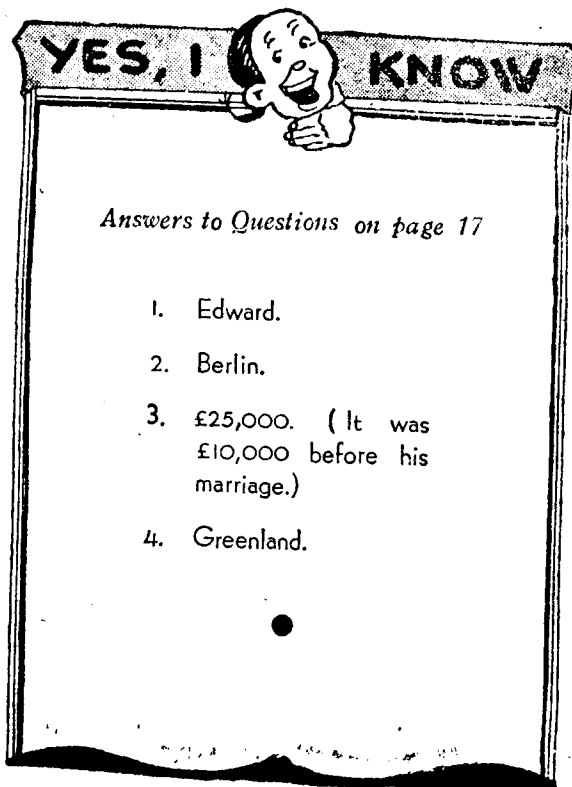
January: You are affectionate, diplomatic and shrewd: well fitted for educational enterprise. Eminently capable of giving practical instruction.

February: You possess great desire for association with your fellow men. Seriousness and musical tendencies very marked.

March: Very sympathetic. Must guard against allowing this tendency to develop into that of a sensational character.

April: Possessed of a very definite 'pioneering' nature. Energetic, full of schemes, active in mind and body. 'Doer', not 'Dreamer'. Born to lead in something.

(Continued on page 23)



The Letters of Private Joyfull

78. Films and Lectures

Reading Time • About 10 Minutes

Madras, December 7th, 1935.

DEAR MOTHER,

WE have just seen another of those instructional films that they send around from time to time. It was about traffic-control.

Perhaps you may wonder how traffic-control concerns us. Well, the movement of an army creates a terrible lot of traffic, and often all the traffic is crowded on one bad road. A couple of careless fools in a couple of lorries can be the beginning of a hopeless jam, and in a little while the only salvation is for the engineers to come along with some dynamite, and blow the fools and their lorries out of the way. An inexperienced man controlling a cross-roads can easily make a tangle that will never be untangled, and then the army is ruined. Of course, it is worse if the enemy is bombing or shelling the road. A part of the film demonstrated this. It showed real pictures of what happened to the Turkish army in Palestine, when its transport got jammed in the Pass of Megiddo. Therefore soldiers have to know the principles of traffic-control. The knowledge is also useful during a civil emergency.

The picture-show was due to start at 11 A.M.; and this is a thirsty hour of the morning. It is also the hour when the Sergeants' Mess opens. At 11.15, Sergeant-Major Quirt came into the gymnasium, smacking his chops and wiping his mouth. "Well," he said, glaring round, "are we waiting for anyone?" "Not now, sir," said the cinema-operator, meekly.

Mossy-Face let out a roar. "Begin the film!" he shouted. So the operator prepared to show the film.

Suddenly there came another roar from Mossy-Face. "Gaaaah!" he howled. "If I catch the man who put that drawing-pin on my chair, he'll do detention for the rest of his life!"

At last the operator got the film going, and we began to study the mysteries of traffic-control.

Various societies send films for exhibition to us, generally of an uplifting nature. Everybody thinks that the troops are good subjects for uplift, because they are under discipline, and cannot answer back. A certain kind of lecturer rubs his hands at the very sight of an audience of helpless soldiers.

We once got an uplifting lecturer who had been howled out of every public hall in England, so he began a series of what he called popular addresses for the military. He beamed when he saw us sitting in silent and submissive rows, and was soon in full swing. You never heard such blather. "Ah, my dear boys," he said, "whenever you are tempted to do wrong, think of the debt that you owe to Posterity."

After a little while, the Human Bean quietly reached out his hand, and drew the main fuse out of the switch-box, and hid it. A blessed darkness and silence descended on the gymnasium.

The lecturer, however, was not to be deterred. Lamps were brought and the address continued, while someone went over to the stores for a new main fuse. After a while, the lights came on again. The lecturer paused, and gazed at the lamp still burning on his table.

"Ah, dear boys," he said, archly, "what shall I do with this lamp?"

Mossy-Face jumped to his feet, and shouted, "The first man who tells him, will go straight into the guard-room!"

When the lecture was over, we all gave a huge sigh of relief; but the awful person started a long speech, thanking us for our silence and attention. "Though you are poor ignorant fellows," he said, "you will be able to recognise the great truths I have been putting before you. Would any of you like to ask some questions? Do not be afraid. Remember that in the sight of God you are on a level with myself."

"Golly!" whispered Fred Stokes in my ear, "can we really have sunk so low?"

"Silence!" cried Mossy-Face. "Do any of you want to ask the gentleman a question?" And he looked at us threateningly, to warn us not to take a rise out of the old fool.

But the irrepressible Boggins jumped to his feet. "Please, sir," he said to the lecturer, with deceptive humility, "you told us that we owed a debt to Posterity."

"Yes, yes," said the lecturer, condescendingly. "Well, sir, would you please explain why we should consider Posterity? What has Posterity done for us?"

The lecturer glared at Boggins, and began to meddle with the lamp on the table. "What is he going to do with it?" whispered someone; and we could hardly contain our mirth, for we had all been thinking about that lamp.

"Please, sir, if you can't answer that, could you tell us something else?" continued Boggins, in honeyed tones.

"Well?" said the lecturer, suspiciously.

"In another part of your valuable address, you mentioned that in these days, man has conquered the air. You said a man could do anything that a bird can."

"Yes, my boy; what do you want to know?"

"Please, sir, have you ever seen an airman asleep on the branch of a tree, hanging upside-down by one leg?"

We all roared with laughter. Boggins, still with his innocent air, began, "And if you can't answer that one, sir, will you tell us—"

"Sit down!" roared Mossy-Face. "There will be no more questions." Boggins got an awful dressing-down, and three days' extra fatigues, but it was worth it.

Another of these lecturers was very fat. The proceedings opened auspiciously. After the speaker was introduced, he rose to commence his address, but our Army chairs are constructed for persons of normal size. As the speaker rose to his feet, the chair came with him.

There was quite a scene on the platform. It took two strong men to release our visitor from the embracing arms of the chair. "Are you hurt, sir?" said one. "Shall I try and get a chair large enough to fit your build?"

"No, no," said the lecturer. "It's as broad as it is long."

This chap was strong on the necessity of good habits of life. He quoted the proverb, 'Early to bed, and early to rise, makes a man healthy, and wealthy, and wise'. He kept on urging us to rise with the lark. He was unaware that we habitually get up at an hour when the lark is turning over for another five minutes' nap.

However, we liked this chap. He gave as good as he got. Towards the end of the lecture, some fellows at the back began to express their boredom by shuffling their feet.

At first the fat gentleman ignored the discourtesy; and when he did refer to it, he did so with great effect. "You gentlemen at the back," he said. "Keep your seats, please. I still have a few more pearls to cast to you!"

This made us laugh and applaud, and the speaker tactfully changed the subject, and ended with a few funny stories. We appreciated this, and after the lecture gathered outside to give him a send-off. As he drove away, one choir began, 'He's a jolly good fellow', while a rival crowd gave a picturesque rendering of that famous ditty, 'Once round me, is twice round the gas-works'.

We once got a talking-film from a temperance society. It was all about the evils of alcohol. It started with a picture of a beautiful girl, who sang, 'The lips that touch liquor shall never touch mine', and we all agreed that this was a strong inducement to sobriety. According to the film, any fellow who fell among evil companions, and was weak enough to succumb to the temptation of half-a-glass of beer, would immediately go home and beat his wife, reduce his children to rags, and end up in the gutter. "The first fatal glass!" said the film, in sepulchral tones.

After a while, the film got scientific. We were shown a drop of water under the microscope. The water was full of the strange animals that become visible under strong magnification. "Here we have an ordinary drop of water," said the voice. "Observe that it is full of life. I am now going to introduce a drop of poison into the water—the poison that goes by the name of whiskey."

A thin film of alcohol began to spread over the picture and as it reached the animals in the water, they curled up and died. "Notice the effect of a single drop of whiskey on even the humblest form of life!" said the voice, warningly.

This film did not have quite the effect that was intended. A lot of the fellows who saw it, mixed whiskey with their drinking-water ever afterwards.

"Did you see the awful things there are in plain water?" they said.

Tiny Hopkins was disturbed in a different way. At the time, he had been reading a lot of religious pamphlets about the sacredness of all forms of life, and he was thinking of leaving the Army and becoming a Jain *sadhu*.

"Even that won't be any good now," he mourned. "There seems nothing for a conscientious chap to do but fast to death."

"Why, Tiny," we asked, "what has gone wrong now?"

"I don't think I'll be able even to drink water in future," he groaned. "Did you see that film? Every time I swallow a drink, I destroy millions of innocent living creatures."

One of our funniest lecturers was an ex-officer, who told us about his experiences in the Great War. He said it was a chat rather than a lecture, and he invited us to ask questions as he went along.

"Well, gentlemen," he began, "most of the experiences I am going to relate occurred in France. As you know, Julius Caesar originally divided France into three parts, to the subsequent discomfiture of millions of innocent schoolboys." This was a nice start, and we listened to his further remarks with great good-humour.

"One day I was walking through Ypres," he said, "when an enormous shell came shrieking down, and tore up the street."

"What did you do, sir?" enquired Fred Stokes.

"Immediately tore up a side turning," replied the officer.

The whole lecture was a lot of cross-talk like this, and we were delighted. Finally, the officer said he had a relic to show us. He produced a battered cigarette-case. "As you see," he remarked, "this case has been struck by a bullet. It was in the midst of a terrible German attack, and I was doing my utmost. The bullet struck this cigarette-case instead of hitting me, and thus saved my life."

"What were you doing at the time, sir?" someone asked.

"I won't tell you what I was doing," replied the lecturer, with a grin. "It is sufficient to say that this cigarette-case was in the tail-pocket of my tunic."

It was not until afterwards that we discovered that this chap was a V. C.

Your Loving Son,
OBEAH JOYFULL

CHARACTER AND CAPABILITIES

(Continued from page 20)

May: Very stable, steady and careful. Builders and supporters. Able to keep peace and discipline. You would make a perfect Sergeant-Major or a Mrs. 'Henpeck'.

June: Born to be very clever. Sometimes almost inspired. This type covers a wide range of people—the quiet diplomat, and scholar; the versatile thinker; and the ordinary, quick, active, talkative person.

July: Exceptionally emotional. Maternal (or paternal) instinct is stronger in you than in people born in any other month of the year.

August: Large minded. Dislike a lot of details, preferring to take things in the mass. Fond of big schemes. Have great organising ability.

September: Very practical and discriminating, and most critical about everything. Thinkers, and keenly alive to facts. You love statistics. (You are the perfect income-tax collector.)

October: See previous notes.

November: Possessed of tremendous magnetic power. Inclined to a life of ease, but possessed of more concealed power than in those born in any other month. 'The power behind the throne' type. (You are most likely a steno-typist!)

December: Active, enterprising. Have a pronounced desire for liberty and independence. Cannot tolerate restriction.

* * * *

I realise that this is only a start. It cannot bring me the success my Uncle Moses attained when he inherited the fortune *his* uncle made by breeding freak kangaroos. But I hope it will bring me in a small money order at least, and not a rejection slip. I sincerely hope the Editor realises the responsibility that rests on his shoulders. If he accepts this article, he places my foot on the first rung of the ladder to fame—for I'm sure I can do better later. (I hope so—*Ed.*) If he rejects it—but he won't.

Why? Because the Editor was born in October too. And therefore has a strong sense of justice. (Quite right. My birthday's on the 30th. Remember, you're supposed to be generous. Send me an adequate present, and I'll see you're paid Rs. 15 for this junk—*Ed.*)

So I've sent the Editor a packet of epsom salts.

THE END

The Primeval Instinct

by Mrs. Kamala

Reading Time • About 4 Minutes

I sometimes wonder why a man who just saves his life by dodging a motor car invariably behaves as if it is a matter of no importance. I do this myself, so I know by experience that such a man is probably not so indifferent as he tries to look. He can control his expression because his face is open to observation; but his knees shake (in his trousers) and his hair rises (under his hat—if he has any).

Pedestrians, said a speaker at a meeting, are largely responsible for motor accidents, because they fail to conform to the evolution of vehicular traffic. So far I have evidently conformed; or else I would not be writing this article. The burning question is: 'How long can I keep it up'?

This is an illuminating discovery, explaining the present by the past and linking together the whole long series of survivals by which the pedestrian, alive and kicking, has come down into the 20th century. Millions of years ago I see in imagination my prehistoric ancestor, a coarse, hairy fellow, yet with a certain family resemblance, dodging a dinosaur, a gigantic extinct reptile, which attained a length of eighty feet. If he could have looked millions of years forward, my prehistoric ancestor would have seen man, a refined, hairless fellow, yet with a certain family resemblance, dodging a car. I am by no means certain that he would have thought men today an improvement. Many things on which we pride ourselves our prehistoric ancestor did not know, *but he knew dinosaurs*. He knew what they looked like, smelled like, tasted like—fortunately, our present situation is not complicated by the palatability of a motor car—and either by hearsay or by experience, felt like. He was quick—and this we cannot do even if we have plenty of time—at climbing a tree. It is not however, my intention, to attempt a parallel between our conditions, which have little in common except the necessity of evading a destructive force.

As things are with us, every owner and operator of a car is often a pedestrian, little as he likes it, and

every pedestrian more or less frequently goes about in a car.

Observe, for example, my own present condition. I am, as a rule, wholly subservient to a traffic policeman. I go more confidently if I can manage unostentatiously to sandwich myself between two good, stout fellow pedestrians. I agree with Caesar. 'Let me have men about me that are fat.' The other day, far away from a corner and out of sight or reach of any traffic policeman, I hopped off, as the aviators say, and went across a street in perfect conformity with the vehicular traffic. I was thinking deeply of something else, and, as I now see, my subconscious mind hastily got into uniform and became what is colloquially called a traffic cop. Go! Stop! Jump! Jump backward! Stop! Go! Run! Stop and Go! Dodge left! Stop! Go! Run around in a circle! Go! Dodge right! Backward and Forward! Change step! Stop! Go! Jump!—and there I was, safe and sound on the other side of the street. But I relapsed immediately into the self-consciousness of imperfect conformity. My knees shook under me, and my hair rose (not the pig tail but only the republican ones), though, of course, I assumed the conventional indifference, and went on my way as if nothing unusual had happened.

On the side-walks the conformity of each unit to the evolution of every other unit is well-nigh perfect. Without giving the matter any conscious thought at all, each drives himself or herself with unerring dexterity, now fast and now slow, deviating by a hair's breadth to pass a thin pedestrian or several inches to pass a fat one, constantly changing his or her course and rate of speed, darting one instant, dawdling, very likely in pleasant conversation, the next; and only on very rare occasions making such an error of judgment as causes one pedestrian to embrace another. Even then no harm is done that cannot be quickly remedied by a merry laugh and an apology—especially to the opposite sex.

THE END



Coming Events—!

by Tachat Ganes

Illustrated by Sekar

Reading Time • About 6 Minutes

MARTHA! Martha! Come up at once. Look at what Tommy is doing. Wonderful! Come up quick!"

Sandy Roberts shouted to his spouse, wonderment and pride ringing in his voice, from the room up the stairs where his wife had commissioned him to mind their eight months old baby.

Mrs. Martha Roberts for once in her married life decided to lend an ear to what her husband had to say and to see what he had to show her. So carrying her seventeen stone of flesh and bone she ambled up the stairs into the room where she had left little Tommy in the care of her husband. Sandy Roberts stood there watching the baby with a strange radiance

on his face. The little one was making gurgling sounds and purring like half a dozen cats at the same time, and was wriggling and twisting like an earthworm which had accidentally fallen into a pool of hot water. Then as they watched, the tiny chap gave one loud cough and manipulated his body into a passable representation of the Arc de Triomphe.

"Look, Martha, look! He is definitely trying to stand on his head. It is psychology, darling, psychology. You won't understand it. I have studied it. It is, I may tell you, the child's unconscious manifestations of his natural inclinations, his future career. Martha dear, our Tommy is going to be a great contortionist."

"Heavens! A what, Sandy? A what?" Mrs. Martha Roberts was evidently alarmed. "What fell disease is this? For God's sake, fetch the doctor at once!"

"What a woman!"

Sandy laughed at the rustic foolishness of his wife. "It is not a disease at all. It is a profession. An honourable profession, even as being a cabinet minister, an editor of a paper, or a skilful opener of other people's safes. These blokes, I mean these chaps called contortionists, twist their bodies into shapes resembling the capital letter E, wind their legs round their heads into turbans, blow their noses with their toes, hang on bars suspended high in the air with their nuts the wrong way down and earn pots of money. Our Tommy is going to be that, Martha. These actions of his are definite signs of it. What I say is—"

"But, Sandy—"

"Oh! Keep quiet! You are always standing in my way when I want to have my say on matters and things. I will have my way in the case of Tommy. You may know that what he requires is intensive training according to his psychological inclinations."

"Sandy, Sandy, hear me, dear. Don't you remember—?"

"Shut up, woman! Who do you think you are? I am going to defy you. All these years you have pecked me like the hen that you are, because I had been too peace-loving. I am certain that if the Nobel Prize Committee spent one evening with us they would award the peace prize to me. And now I am going to assert myself."

"But once you told—"

"No. I didn't tell anything. Now, hear me without trying to be a rut in the road. I will tell you the great point. The greatest mistake with our nation is that we don't educate our children according to their nature. That is why most of our young men fail in after life. I am not going to commit the same mistake and blast Tommy's future. Tommy is meant to be an acrobat and contortionist and nothing else. And I tell you he is going to be one."

"But Sandy dear, don't you remember telling me some days ago that Tommy is going into the clergy, there being the sign of the cross in his eyes?"

"Oh! Did I tell you so? Well, I didn't mean it. Tommy is going to be a contortionist and nothing else."

All the while the budding acrobat and contortionist was manifesting his natural inclinations more strenuously than ever. He purred and giggled and gurgled and made sounds like water poured out from a narrow-necked bottle. Now he bent like an arch, then curled himself into a ring and tied himself into knots and wriggled like a worm. Sandy Roberts watched his son with silent admiration.

"And that is that, Martha!" And with a defiant and triumphant look Sandy prepared to leave the room.

(Continued on page 28)



We Are Sinking Fast!

by John A. Henry

Illustrated by Varma

Reading Time • About 6 Minutes

WE are, in my opinion, degenerating. In other words, although you may not think so, the Will Power of the world is getting weaker and weaker. Soon it will evaporate into nothing at all, and we will be going about with no wills in our beings and purple suspenders around our calves. From this you will probably guess that I'm talking—or rather, writing—about the men of this world. Not that only men wear suspenders, but no man has such decorations and snares as butterflies and imitation watches on his—er—garters.

However, to get back to that interesting subject—Will Power. Do we pay any particular attention to the developing of it? No. Half of us—especially your half—don't know that we have any will power to develop. And three quarters of us are entirely and blissfully ignorant of the fact that there are other things to strengthen than biceps, whiskey, and acquaintanceship with girls. Not, of course, that there is anything wrong with girls. They are undoubtedly Nature's most wonderful creation—with the exception, perhaps, of a very interesting vegetable known as the Turnip.

Well, let's get back once more to something interesting—our will power. Do any of us know the real inner meaning of will power? I doubt it. Do many of us know that marriage is a gamble? I don't doubt that. Is there one amongst us who can honestly say, with his hand on his heart and

his nose on his face, that he knows what a Tsytinopon is? No, I bet there isn't. But we are again getting away from will power.

Having impressed you all with the fact that you all really have wills somewhere inside you, let's get down to the developing of them. But—one moment—just a couple more questions first.

When your boss tells you that you're sacked, do you firmly look him in the eye, grind your teeth, and tell him that he must be mistaken and has somehow mixed you up with the office boy? No, you don't. But, if you did, could you actually prove his error to him? I think you'd find it rather hard. That's because your will power is weak. I'd find it hard too, but my failure would be due to the extreme denseness of the boss.

When Mary, whom you don't love so much, proposes to you, and you really want to marry Eileen, whom you don't love quite so much as Teresa, are you strong enough in the head to tell Mary that you'd sooner marry a bunch of watercress? On the contrary, you blather something about "Mary dear, I'm not worthy of you." Well, there you are, you're weak-willed. As a matter of fact, if you do that sort of thing, you haven't got a will at all. And if you haven't got a will, you've got nothing, not even a decent pair of knee caps.

When your mother-in-law announces her



Going to live in the Zoo.

intention of coming to stay with you, do you firmly pick up your bed and other effects and go to live in the Zoo till she's gone? Now, don't lie! You either say "I'm charmed and honoured, mother dear!" or in an undertone—"You darned old geyser! You unmitigated cough drop!" But you are still weak willed enough to go on living under the same roof with her.

When you're walking home late at night and some big and burly footpad crashes you unexpectedly over the head with a life preserver preparatory to robbing you, have you the will power to get up and batter him to a pulp? No, you pass out into idiotic unconsciousness and foolishly let him get away with the two annas, toothpick, and the holes' you had in your pockets.

All these things go to show you how we are degenerating. As I may have said earlier in this article, this world will soon be infested with men crawling all over the place on their ears.

Right now start developing these weak wills of ours—especially yours. Before you can do that, you've got to diet yourselves. A good diet for anyone who is trying to improve his will is love and fresh air. The best diet—absolutely the best, is fresh air. Now, we're started.

You have your atmosphere of fresh air. Right. Now stretch your arms above your head thirty times. Then thirty times below your head. While you are doing this, keep repeating: "My will is getting stronger! I can feel it!" Then repeat the stretching for an hour or so, or even for a month. By the end of that time you will be quite certain that you can feel your will power getting stronger. You will also be able to feel sore. But have courage.

After this, the next good exercise is to refuse to lend that smooth tongued friend of yours the five rupees he

wants. Next, be adamant when Maisie wants you to buy her something that is dinky but expensive. Next, if you are married, get a divorce. Lastly, if you are a bachelor, don't allow yourself to be led to the altar. At the conclusion of these movements, you'll have a will power on you like a horse or iron.

You'll now be able to avoid the humiliation of accepting the fortune that rich uncle of yours in America wants to leave you. That is, you'll be quite capable of turning your nose up and saying: "Take it away! Happiness does not lie in money!"

You will also be able to tell your best girl that kissing breeds and spreads germs, your *khitmagar* that you hate the sight of whiskey, your tobacconist that smoking is ruin, and yourself that you're a liar.

And now, save your money where all these widely advertised courses of Mind Training and Will Improving are concerned. Although you may doubt it, you will get just as near to the Perfect Will by reading this article. And that will be, most probably, just as far as you were before you started reading it. But you will have the satisfaction of knowing that you have at least saved quite a lot of money.

THE END.

COMING EVENTS—I (Continued from page 26)

"Well, Sandy dear. Don't you think it would be better—"

"Martha, haven't I told you—"

"Yes, yes. I am only voicing my opinion. You know, Sandy, this is a democratic country where free speech is permitted. Everybody has the right to express his or her views. I now exercise that right. Don't you remember the boy of those Brown folks who lies in the churchyard? He showed the same symptoms as our Tommy before he died. Bring in the doctor first, and then make him a contortionist."

A moment later Sandy was running along the street for the doctor.

Ten minutes later the doctor arrived. He examined Tommy and pronounced that he was suffering from infantile convulsions. Mr. and Mrs. Roberts gasped when the doctor told them that a few minutes more of neglect would have finished Tommy.

THE END

An Urgent Call

by S. I. Rasool

Illustrated by Sekar

Reading Time • About 5 Minutes

Dr. Watson had been in bed for two hours and, being a light sleeper, he was awakened by the scream of an engine whistle from the not far distant station. He knew that it was about one o'clock without consulting his wrist-watch, for the engine whistle announced the passing of the last train from town. He turned over, stretched himself luxuriously and sighed.

Of course a doctor can never tell, but it seemed likely to be one of those nights which he might really call his own. He had no urgent cases on his books and there was no epidemic in the locality. Gusts of wind and splashes of rain like fine gravel on the window announced that the night outside was perfectly beastly. It was splendid really to believe that he wouldn't be called out.

Vain hope! Five minutes later the bell rang. He did not answer. It rang louder still. This time he jumped out of bed, took the receiver and listened.

"Hello, old bean!" said a thin, anxious voice. "Can you come out to Weybridge? You're very urgently needed."

Dr. Watson knew who he was. He was one of those curious people who are called 'goofy'. With a wry face the medico reflected that Weybridge was five miles out and could only be reached by a road which was always avoided when possible by any sane motorist. But the case must be urgent indeed to bring the chap over on such a beast of a night.

"What's the matter?" he called down.

"My youngest boy has swallowed a pin."

"What, again?"

Dr. Watson remembered the same boy having done the same thing about a year ago; indeed, he was reminded of the incident every time he sent the chap his bill.

"All right," he said, "I'll come down."

He slipped on a dressing-gown, ran downstairs, and putting a few necessities into a brown hand-bag, went out into the pelting rain, fetched his car and started on his journey.



He had hardly crossed the corner when from under a lamp a man came out and beckoned to stop the car. Dr. Watson recognised the stranger and with anxiety asked whether the boy was having any pain at all.

"Not that I know of," replied the man, whose relief, now that he had got the doctor out of bed, amounted almost to indifference.

"No symptoms of any kind?" asked the doctor again.

"Not when I left home."

"And when did you leave home? I suppose it took some time to get here."

"Yes, some time."

The good old man seemed not to be in a particularly communicative mood, and Dr. Watson, aware that his companion knew nothing of the twin sciences of medicine and surgery, refrained from pressing him further.

Dr. Watson was kept busy piloting the car on that dangerous road, and his companion seemed still disinclined to talk. The unpleasant journey was thus accomplished in silence, until at last the car drew up in front of his house.

The chap now got down and felt in his pockets.

"Thank you very much," he said. "How much shall I owe you for all this?"

Dr. Watson believed the other to be not too well off, and he tempered the wind to the shorn lamb.

"Oh, never mind about that. Seven-and-six to you, I suppose."

"Thanks. All right. Well, I may as well pay you now."

The doctor was astonished. It was a novelty for anybody to offer to pay him in advance, but his com-

panion's offering to do so threatened a return of the age of miracles. Bills which were one, two and three years old went out to him quarterly, and were sent in the same optimistic spirit as that in which one enters a competition.

"Thank you so much," he said, after paying the cash. "Good night."

"Good n—" Dr. Watson recoiled from the steering-wheel. "Didn't you say your boy had swallowed a pin?"

The chap drew back a step or two, preparatory to making a hasty entrance into the sanctuary of his home.

"Not just swallowed one. I haven't seen him for two days. Had been to town and got off the last train. No, it was about a year ago when he swallowed the pin, and I'm grateful to say that it yielded successfully to your treat—"

"Then what the blazes do you mean by dragging me out here?"

"Sheer economy," said the

chap, preparing to bolt. "Those thieves at the station wanted fifteen shillings for taking me out here at this time of night, and I knew you wouldn't charge more than seven-and-six."

A gust of rain-laden wind carried in the opposite direction whatever Dr. Watson had to say. Perhaps this was just as well.

THE END

The Prize

by J. J. S.

Illustrated by Varma

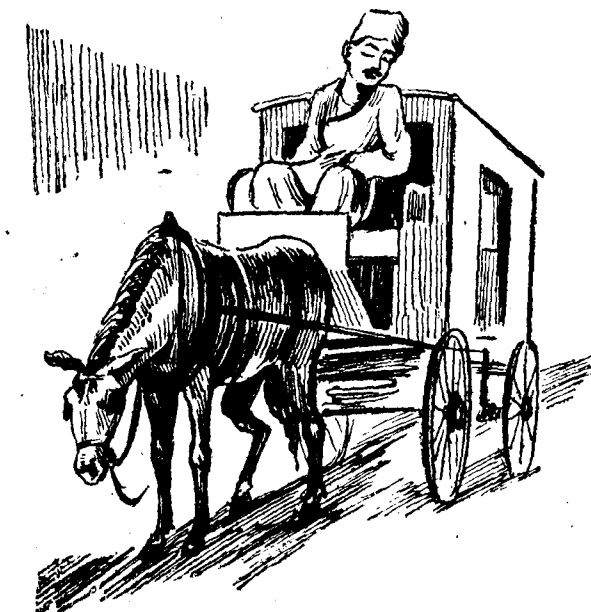
Reading Time • About 6 Minutes

MY cock took it into its head to crow one night earlier than its usual time. I had slept rather late and was far from being pleased to be knocked up at such an early hour as that—it was only 4 A.M. I tried my utmost to put myself back in the Land of Nod. But I was kicked back.

I lay wide awake for a long time cursing the cock. I resolved to eat it up in the morning. I left my bed and went to see if my horse was willing to work. It was sleeping, and I had to make special efforts to urge it to get ready for the day.

In a few minutes I got my carriage ready. I set out towards the railway station, on the look-out for 'fares'.

My horse—poor chap—was not still completely awake, in spite of my asking him many times to do so.



So I thought it advisable to let him have his own way. It walked very slowly.

It was still night. Bright stars were blinking at me. A cool breeze had sprung up.

We had not gone very far, when I found my eyes closing. But I was now bent upon repulsing the advances of the Goddess of Sleep. But, in spite of my strong resolution, I sometimes found myself falling on the back of my horse.

I was rudely awakened from one of these short slumbers by a sharp bell which was rung by a newspaper boy on a bike. He was shouting at the top of his voice:

"No. 3333333 gets 1st prize in Calcutta Sweep!"

I stopped the boy and asked him if he and his paper could be relied upon. To this he replied in an emphatic affirmative. I jumped in ecstasy and kissed my horse. That was my number. I made sure by taking out the lottery ticket from under the safe recess of the sole of my shoe. I blessed my cock for waking me to hear such good news much earlier than I would otherwise have done.

I, who a moment ago was a mere *garriwalla*, was now the master of lakhs. So great was my joy that I at once made up my mind to give up my forefathers' profession, and to give away my blessed *gharry* to anybody who wanted it. I took a piece of paper and wrote the following inscription on it with a piece of charcoal:

GOD'S PROPERTY

and bound it with a string to the forehead of the horse. All men are sons of God. The first who would see it would take it away and bless me for it. I kissed my horse, and I kissed my carriage, and bidding them farewell walked away towards the Imperial Bank of India to cash the money.

I marched to and fro before the doors of the bank. It exhausted my patience, and I was thinking of breaking open the doors and safes of the bank, for, were not my lakhs of rupees lying in there? But luckily for the bank people they opened a bit early. I had my money at last!

* * * *

Having become so very rich I fell to thinking as to how I should best spend the money. Tour the World? Yes, that's it. That, I thought, was the best way to spend at least a portion of my money.

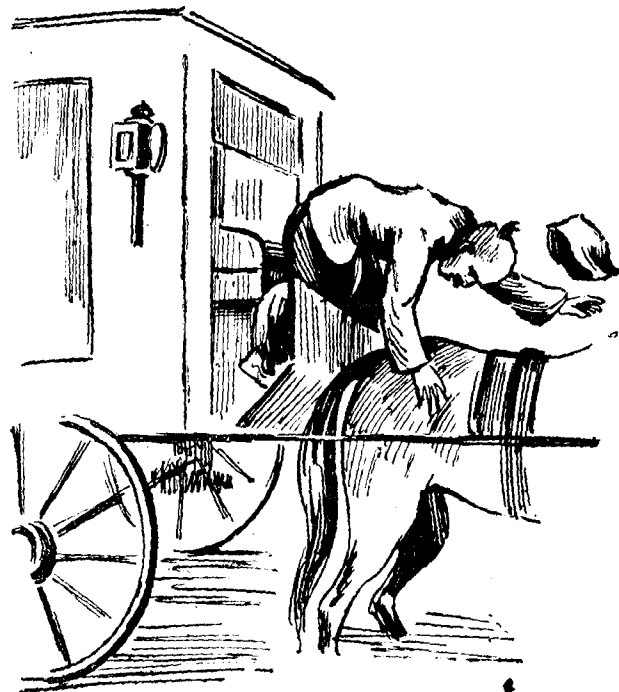
Well, the World Tour. But it won't be any fun doing it all alone without anyone to share the pleasure of it. Yes, I must have a consort. And a beautiful one, too—one who would love romance. I set forth to get a romantic girl to share the pleasures and thrills of the World Tour with me.

I searched all the streets of the town, peeped into houses, tennis courts, and clubs, but could find no girl who appealed to my heart. I wanted a girl who would not fear death.

At last an idea occurred to me. Why not go to the beach. There surely must be found some girl, who, sick of her life, must have gone there to put an end to her troubles and miseries. Yes, such a girl won't be afraid to meet death.

I reached the beach.

There I saw an extremely beautiful girl. There was no one else to be seen for miles. I went near her without any fear. She smiled as she saw my charming face. In a very short time we were



walking arm in arm. We came to the town and bought a brand new Rolls-Royce.

I sat at the wheel, and she by my side, with the soft delicate arm of hers thrown lovingly round my neck. The man who gave us the car told me how to start and how to stop it, and I was driving quite confidently.

We were chatting and laughing as we drove, quite careless of anything. All of a sudden a shriek from the fair girl by my side made me conscious of something serious. On looking up I saw I was heading straight for a huge stretch of water. I became alarmed and pulled the wheel as I used to pull the reins of my horse when I wanted it to stop, forgetting in my terror the instructions I had been given to stop the car. I pulled and I pulled, but to no avail. The car wouldn't stop. Dash it. It was very near the water. I put one arm round the waist of the shrieking girl and with the other I pulled the wheel with all my strength. The car flew on. I was straining every nerve. I was all in perspiration. I did not know what to do. We were quite helpless. Our World Tour seemed to be at an end. We prayed and prayed but nothing happened.

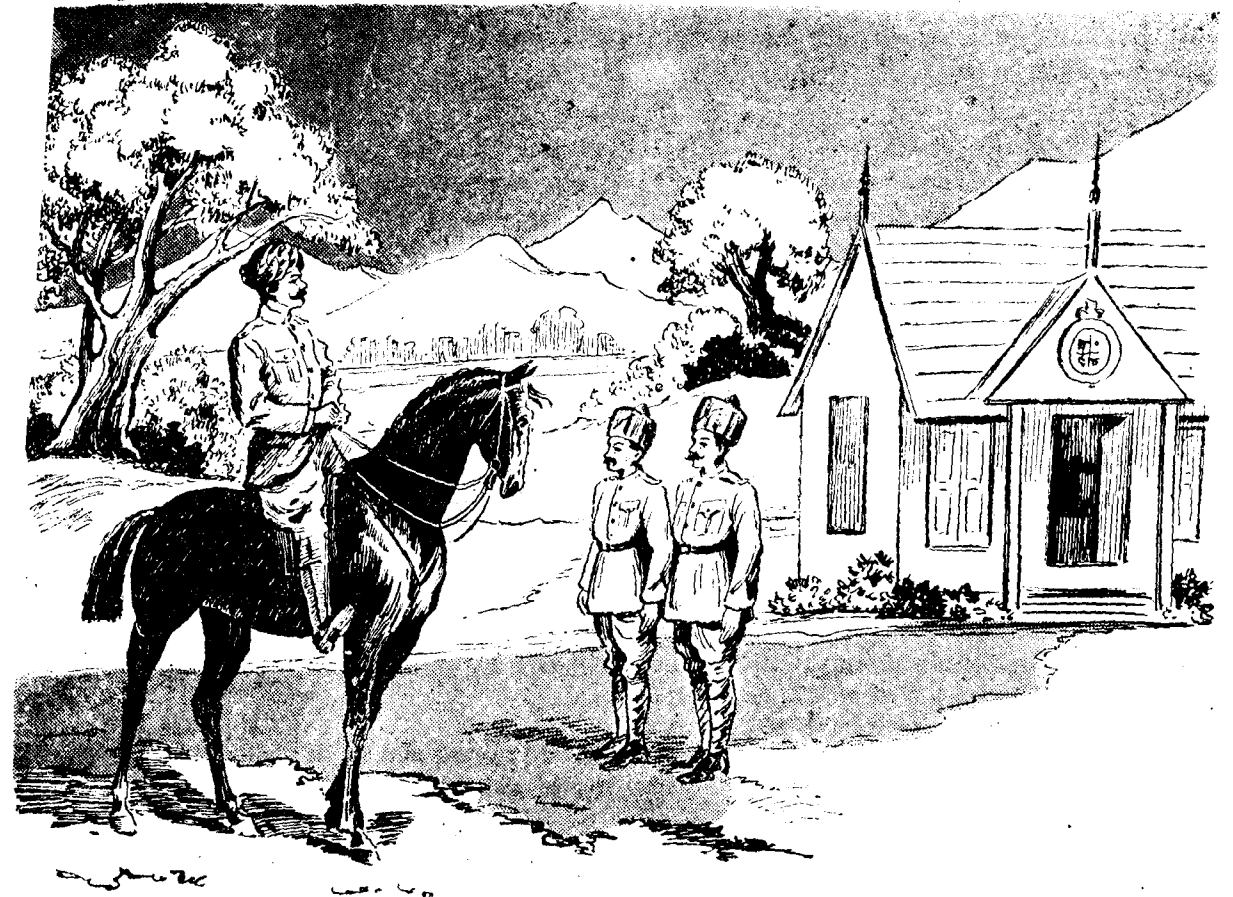
The car was now very near the water. I held my fair companion tighter so that if we were destined to die we might die together. We prayed even to the last moment. But there seemed no one to listen to our prayers. Down went the car into the water with me and my romantic, shrieking girlie.

I woke to consciousness with one arm around my horse's neck, where I think I must have been thrown by the fall of the Rolls Royce into the water.

My good old horse neighed and kicked and created quite a fuss at my unusual conduct.

I returned home and ate the cock.

THE END



A Bold Bid—

by Narak A. Nurak

Illustrated by Varma

Reading Time • About 6 Minutes

THE police outpost of Bandoda stood perched on a hill top overlooking the river Banda. This little building in the midst of the jungles was manned by a head constable and six constables. The outpost was there to rub in the fear of law into the unruly jungle tribesmen.

Head constable Abbu Meah stood pensively at the door of the station building and rubbed his chin with disgust. Four of his men were down with malaria and headquarters had not as yet deigned to send relief. The work on hand was heavy. No wonder the distracted head constable rubbed his chin. He surveyed the surrounding country absently, and frowned

as he saw a horseman in khaki uniform ride in the direction of the outpost.

"Another inspection!" he swore, "without sending men to replace the lads on the sick list."

He peered into the station room to see if everything was in order and stood watching the on-coming horseman.

As the horseman rode up the hill and drew rein in front of the outpost, the head constable stood rigid and saluted. But the frown on his face deepened as it was borne in upon him that the man in the Inspector's uniform was a stranger and not Hampal Singh, the boss of his circle.

The Inspector handed over his horse to an officious constable who had approached him and blustered up the steps towards Abbu Meah.

The head constable stood at attention.

"All O. K?" asked the visitor.

"Yes, sir. But four men are sick and I have not been given spare men to replace them."

The Inspector smiled at his subordinate.

"Oh! We could not manage it. You see, Inspector Hampal Singh and a hundred men are on special duty with the troops operating against the Pilladi tribesmen who are causing trouble in Pambadi Division."

"You are now in charge of the Circle, sir?"

"Yes. I have now come here in connection with Nabob Basheer's jewel theft case. The Superintendent has ordered that I look into the matter myself. I am from the other province and my name is Mahdi Khan."

The head constable sighed. He was peeved to think that after all the spade work done by him, his superior was about to snatch the laurels from him. He pretended indifference.

"The investigation is almost complete, sir. I have only to arrest the accused who is absconding. I am short of men, and so I could not do it."

"Stolen goods recovered?"

"Yes, all the valuable jewels from a dancing girl's house."

The Inspector patted the head constable on his back with unusual goodwill and proceeded into the station, followed by Abbu Meah.

The Inspector looked around the room and grunted.

"Bring the property recovered and the *mahazar* prepared by you," he ordered.

The head constable dug into a desk and produced some papers. He then scratched his head and looked balefully at his superior.

The Inspector looked at the papers and thrust them into the pocket of his tunic.

Head constable Abbu Meah gulped and looked at the two policemen who were standing by obsequiously.

"Yes?" said the Inspector, "where are the jewels? I must hurry back."

The head constable clicked his tongue and searched his pockets and the open desk.

"Where are the jewels?" asked the Inspector again impatiently.

Abbu Meah pouted his lips and appeared to be confused.

"In the safe, sir," he informed. "But the key is with the station clerk who is laid up in his house. I shall get it soon."

He walked out of the room beckoning both his men to follow him. He returned immediately with one man and stood before his superior who was pacing the room impatiently.

"I have sent for the key, sir. It will be brought soon. Meanwhile may I consult you about the new register?"

"New register—Oh! that," said the Inspector as he sat down again and looked at a book placed on the table.

"This register, sir, is new. I do not know how to maintain it," said the head constable, turning the pages.

The Inspector glanced at the book with little or no interest and closed it.

"Oh! Don't worry. I shall send you instructions as soon as I get back to headquarters. Key come yet?"

Head constable Abbu Meah did not answer, but suddenly winked at the policemen standing behind the Inspector. Both suddenly fell upon their superior officer and forced him into the station cell. The Inspector struggled but the hefty head constable and the heftier constables were too strong for him. He was soon a prisoner in the cell.

"Wha-wha-what!" spluttered the Inspector. "Are you all mad?"

He threw his weight against the solid iron bars desperately attempting to break them but only hurt himself. Abbu Meah laughed hoarsely.

"Now, let me out. None of your silly pranks on me!" roared the prisoner.

The head constable seemed not to hear the request and walked out with his men.

In the evening a cavalcade of police officers arrived at the outpost. The Superintendent, Inspector Hampal Singh, and a constable of the outpost were among them.

(Continued on page 37)



His First Criminal Case

Emperor vs Narayani Ammal

by Dick

Illustrated by Verma

Reading Time • About 8 Minutes

CHERUVANAD is a picturesque village in Malabar, just five miles away from the nearest Railway Station.

In this village lived the parties in Emperor vs. Narayani. Narayani was a schoolmistress and eked out a rather precarious existence. At twenty-two she was burdened with the maintenance of a widowed mother and a host of members of an impoverished Nair family. Out of the pittance of Rs. 20, she appeased pressing creditors as well. Tall and slim, attractively handsome, she had hardly an enemy in the village.

To supplement her income she took up two private tuitions. One tuition was at the Krishnappas, and carried out every morning on her way home after her bath in the temple-tank. Nothing happened to ruffle the placidity of her existence for well nigh a year when this criminal case burst on her like a bombshell.

The Krishnappas were orthodox Brahmins of substance and importance. Krishnappa was landlord and banker. Born to a life of ease, his early and middle married life was happy. He had three children, all pupils of Narayani. Though now

turned fifty, he still possessed vigour and buoyancy, and his only grief was the care of a frail and puny wife. The wife suspected a liaison between her husband and Narayani.

The progress of the private pupils of Narayani was in proportion to the progress of the attachment between the Krishnayyas and herself. Husband and wife, at first vied with each other in their concern for her. Signal favours and gifts were showered upon Narayani. Six months' association installed her as an institution in that household. One fine day Mrs. Krishnayya happened to praise her virtues and unwittingly extolled her attractiveness. This tickled Krishnayya who found his imagination immediately fired by romance.

Now, open flirtation is unknown in Cheruvana. Coquettish girls in their light and transparent clothes may at most romp around temple and tank, tossing their heads as they go. They may cast eager, secret glances here and there. They may even have a spot of gossip. Yet such opportunities are rare. Our tank-bathing combines pleasure with profit. If our fathers had banned mixed-bathing in temple-tanks and ordained separate tanks for the sexes, life in Cheruvana, would be lost. Krishnayya followed this practice and so did the school-mistress in the temple-tank, twice daily, but from opposite banks.

In this same village lived Vadiyar Ramaswamy who was also the scandal-monger and mischief-maker. He was in fact the village newspaper and inspector of its drains.

"Why has your husband not yet come home? It's past 9 o'clock. Why?" he asked Mrs. Krishnayya.

"I don't know—he must be busy over that civil case."

"But I saw him near Narayani's house this morning."

"Yes, he was on his way to court."

"But there is no court today."

"He might have gone to his vakils."

"But I often see him entering Narayani's and last Sunday I met him there when I called for the interest on my mortgage."

"What was he doing there?"

"They were alone in the verandah and talking secretly. Mind you that girl is a flirt and will squeeze Krishnayya of all his money."

Fed by the mischief-maker Ramaswamy with more gossip and scandal the lady's lectures grew in intensity and bitterness.

"That school-mistress ought to be kept out of this house! Her face is an evil omen to our house."

"Stupid! Her face has never brought me ill-luck."

"Yes—but you are blindly in love!"

"Don't shout—the servants will overhear and there will be a scandal."

In rage, Krishnayya struck his wife who shouted and collected all the neighbours. The servants being feverishly excited, commented freely on that day's incident. Krishnayya was loath to stir out. His philandering became common talk and the school-mistress was taken for a flirt!

Thereafter Krishnayya had business over a 22nd appeal in Madras. It was the villain's opportunity to make money out of Mrs. Krishnayya. Now, astrologers and sorcerers, form a large portion of Cheruvana and could be had for a song. Ramaswamy introduced these sorcerers, on large payments. He got his lion's share of all these payments.

Not satisfied, Mrs. Krishnayya was spurring him on and on to reach the climax quick and arrange for Narayani's discomfiture. Ramaswamy one day presented a bundle to the school-mistress as a gift from Mrs. Krishnayya on Vishu day. Unsuspecting Narayani accepted the gift with thanks and placed it unopened in her box.

It so happened that the next day Mr. Krishnayya returned home. The wife unfolded a tale of woe and added that the house had been burgled. A gold-beaded necklace worth Rs. 50, the one she was fond of, was also gone. Krishnayya lost no time in filing a complaint with the Police. Mrs. Krishnayya in answer to queries, made mention of Narayani. Her house was searched, her box opened and ransacked. Nothing incriminating was at first found. In a casual way the S. I. opened the cloth bundle therein, and there was the gold-beaded necklace! This, Mrs. Krishnayya readily identified as hers. The S. I. felt a feather added to his cap. Narayani pleaded in vain. Forthwith the S. I. charge-sheeted her for the theft.

It was Ramayya's first year of practice at the Bar. Ramayya was engaged in *Emperor vs. Narayani Ammal*. Why Narayani engaged him out of an army of vakils is not known. One criminal case won by an oppressed and struggling junior in Cheruvana meant

his salvation. So Ramayya did appear in *Emperor vs. Narayani* and filed his first memo of appearance.

It was a sensational case. All Cheruvana turned out on the hearing day. The local Magistrate's Court was packed with Cheruvana public, including the curious women-folk. Narayani, with a downcast face was in the dock.

The prosecution examined only three witnesses—1. Mr. Krishnayya—2. Mrs. Krishnayya—3. The S. I. police. The gold necklace was exhibited after an elaborate examination. The case for the crown was impregnable. Vakils advised Ramayya to plead for clemency but he demurred. The testimony of Mr. Krishnayya was as unwilling and halting as his wife's was vindictive and wily.

In the hushed silence of the Court-room Ramayya cross-examined Mr. Krishnayya who said:

"I know accused for the past two years. She bears very good character. We gave her presents on festivals as a mark of regard for her care of our children. They include cloths, gilt-chains similar to the one in Court and trinkets. My wife is suspicious of me. Mr. Ramaswamy was prohibited from entering my house because he is a mischief-maker."

Mrs. Krishnayya in her cross-examination deposed:

"The gold-beaded chain I lost is worth Rs. 50. It would encircle my neck 4 times. It is of pure gold. I don't know whether gold can be stretched without breaking. Accused is of bad character and is a flirt. Ramaswamy Vadiyar told me so at first and I believe it still. I made her a present of a cloth on Vishu although I was angry with her. Ramaswamy advised me to do so. Accused is allied to sorcerers and is friendly with them."

Composed and unagitated Ramayya took the necklace and after a few minutes' close scrutiny and nitric acid test and touch-stone, appeared to smile. He then handed over the stolen chain to the Court. He informed the Court that the chain was a spurious gilt one and worthless. Then he asked Mrs. Krishnayya to wear it on her neck. Mrs. Krishnayya stood aghast. Its length was beyond the original description. The Court called a well-known gold-smith as witness who valued the chain at Rs. 2. The Court was satisfied that the case was a malicious fake.

Cheruvana was convinced of Narayani's innocence. She was awarded Rs. 50 as compensation.

At midnight the same day a lonely figure was strolling on the Railway platform. The constable on duty challenged him. Not satisfied with the reply the policeman arrested him and took him to the station lock-up where he was questioned. The man swore by all the gods that he was an innocent man and was on his way to Palni. For all that he was detained there till the S. I. appeared at the Station House. On arrival, the S. I. recognised him as Ramaswamy. Her was searched and a gold chain was found on him. A few kicks made Ramaswamy confess the rest.

THE END

A BOLD BID—(Continued from page 34)

The Superintendent hurried into the station. Head constable Abbu Meah saluted the saheb.

"Sir, is that our new Inspector or the outlaw Jamal Khan?" asked the head constable, pointing out the prisoner.

The police officer eyed the prisoner and started.

"That is Jamal, to be sure! We want him for many crimes," cried the Superintendent. "Congratulations!"

Head constable Abbu Meah tried to look modest.

"He nearly walked off with the precious jewels, sir," informed Abbu Meah. And he told the story.

"But how did you make out that he was not a real Inspector? You know that such sudden transfers are common now?" asked the Superintendent.

"Well, sir," explained the head constable, "first of all he looked rather clumsy in his uniform and his turban was too big for his head. I know how stylish our present day Inspectors are. As you see, sir, he has the shoulder strap of his Sam Browne over the left shoulder. I gave him an old charge sheet when he asked for the *mahazar* and although he looked at it he could not make out the error. Lastly he agreed that the Arms Act Register we maintain is newly introduced."

"Well done!" said the Superintendent. "You will get a big reward for this smart work."

Head constable Abbu Meah breathed in the miasmic jungle air, but it was like a tonic in his lungs.



The Cure

by G. R. E.

Illustrated by Verma

Reading Time • About 6 Minutes

"SO long, dear." He closed the door after him. She could not stand it any more. She went to the window and spat out with disgust.

"I shall never let him kiss me again," she resolved and pressed to her mouth a scent-soaked kerchief.

Not that Mrs. Rajan hated her husband. In fact she loved him with her whole heart. But, ugh! That unbearable smell of tobacco! She hated it with all her heart.

Rajan had been addicted to smoking even from his very young days. But for this flaw, his wife admitted, he was a darling.

A very dutiful lady who was prepared to sacrifice anything for the comfort of her husband, Mrs. Rajan could not, however, tolerate the dizzying odour of burnt tobacco. In the beginning, of course, with gentle persuasion she could entice him out of the smoking habit. But that was only for a brief period

Within a year of his marriage, he had become the same old devil of a smoker that he was.

With a sigh Mrs. Rajan settled into a settee. Hardly had she composed herself, when her friend Mrs. Malati Mahadevan came in.

"Hullo, Malati! Why, this is unusual good luck. Two visits within a week!" exclaimed Mrs. Rajan, embracing her friend.

"Oh, I just happened to pass this way, and I thought I'd drop in to see how you get on with your deadly campaign against cigarettes," she said, and chuckled. And suddenly, assuming a serious countenance, she began, "No, dear, you must learn to get over it. After all, smoking has become a fashion now-a-days."

"Oh, shut up! I never can stick it."

"You are a naughty girl," protested Mrs. Mahadevan playfully.

Then their conversation took up a reminiscent turn.

Casually Mrs. Mahadevan took up the tin of cigarettes on the table and began toying with it.

"Does he exhaust the entire tinful in a day?" she asked.

"I don't care to notice at what rate he puffs away tobacco," replied Mrs. Rajan, in a tone of utter disdain.

Saying that two snubs were enough for the day, Mrs. Mahadevan promised not to harp on the subject of cigarettes again. They talked of this, that, and the Abyssinian War. Presently Mrs. Mahadevan left.

At the usual hour in the evening Mr. Rajan returned home. After a refreshing bath and more refreshing tea, he took a cigarette from the tin and began puffing away.

A vague, puzzled look came over Rajan's face.

"These cigarettes, no good nowadays. Must change them," he muttered.

He puffed on.

A few minutes later he felt a sickly feeling creep over him. He went to bed complaining of severe head-ache. Before long Mr. Rajan was laid up with a burning fever. His wife did not have a wink of sleep that night. Throughout the dark hours she sat at her husband's bedside holding the ice-bag to his brows. But the temperature never went down.

Doctors were called in, but none could be certain what the exact complaint was.

Old superstition-ridden relations apprehended that some evil spirit was at work. Necromancers were brought in to pacify the spirit. But neither medicine nor magic could have any effect on the ailing man. Often, when the nurse relieved her, Mrs. Rajan would closet herself in her room and with tear-filled eyes and quaking voice pray to God that her husband may be soon restored to health.

"Save him, Oh Lord. Do not take him away. Please, please," she would cry until her tired eyes closed in sleep.



Two months later, Mrs. Malati Mahadevan and Mrs. Sumitra Rajasekhar were chatting over their evening tea at the former's residence.

"Yes, I did invite her, but she sent word that she wouldn't be leaving her home till her husband is out of his convalescence."

"Poor Kausalya. I was really sorry for her. Thank God, Mr. Rajan is alright now."

Mrs. Malati went to the door, looked out and making sure that there was none to overhear, she gently closed the door, came back and dragged her chair close to her friend.

"Oh, dear, you can't imagine what an anxious time I had during his illness. Because I am at the bottom of all the trouble."

Thinking that Malati had still the craving for sensation for which she was notorious in her college days, Mrs. Rajasekhar chuckled in amused disbelief. "Why, you didn't poison him?" she asked in a mocking tone.

Mrs. Malati leaned forward and with a scared look whispered, "Yes, I poisoned him."

Her friend gave a gasp of astonishment. "What! Why ever did you do it?"

"You remember. Sumitra," began Mrs. Malati, "how our friend Kausu used to be worried over her husband's abnormal smoking. She used to fret over it so much that I was afraid something serious was brewing.

"It so happened one day that I was talking to an old uncle of mine who had spent a few years in Hrishikesh on the slopes of the Himalyas. Incidentally I told him of the incurable nicotine habit of Kausu's husband. He sat thinking a while and he suddenly dived into his room. A few minutes later he appeared again with a handful of some strange herb. He said it was 'Tylyac' and that it had strange virtues.

"He handed me the herb.

"'Powder this herb,' he said, 'and then sprinkle a little of it over the cigarettes which the man smokes; but take care that he doesn't know of it. The cigarettes would have a flat flavour and even a few puffs of one cigarette would bring severe illness for three or four weeks. But you needn't be alarmed. He won't die. The juice has a rare tonic virtue and is a sort of an elixir. He will be alright soon. But he will never touch a cigarette again.'

"I took the herb as a god-send, for I was anxious to help Kausu. I called upon her and succeeded in sprinkling a few grains of the powdered herb in her husband's cigarette tin. And you know the rest. But Sumitra, I was so scared. And serve me right!"

Mrs. Rajasekhar sat dumb-founded with astonishment. After a few minutes' silence she asked, "And he does not smoke now?"

"No. It seems that when a friend visited him and offered him a cigarette, he turned away his face and refused it."

THE END

EMERALDS

With a bagful of emeralds

The merchant sleek and brown

Came trotting on his pony

To a wealthy Rajah's town;

"Your emeralds," quoth the Rajah

"Shall flash upon my crown."

So he bought a dozen emeralds

And flashed them on his head,

"My emeralds are larger than

A sparrow's eggs," he said,

And with his crown of emeralds on

The Rajah went to bed.

One night while driving through a lane,

The head-lights of his car

Flashed on two wondrous emeralds

A-glittering from afar:

"I'm certain," quoth the Rajah

"They have fallen from a star!"

O Rajah! all your treasury

May never hope to buy

Those two large emeralds you thought

Had fallen from the sky:

Each of those burning emeralds

Was but a bullock's eye!

—Harindranath Chattopadhyaya.

N. E. W. S.

A woman is attracting much attention in Abyssinia. She is Edith Marie de Bonnueil covering the Italo-Ethiopian War for *Paris le Journal*. She is the first woman War Correspondent. She carries in her pocket a tiny tortoise to keep her company. She says the tortoise is no trouble at all, because it eats only once in every few months, never goes poking into other peoples' affairs (the tortoise, I mean) and makes no noise.

Readers who are familiar with Tennyson's *Fidellity* will find here a creature as noble as that dog immortalised in verse.

A Bavarian fish-monger died eight months ago. He had a pet—a cat—of which he was very fond. Everyday since the fish-monger died, his cat sits on his grave. And if anybody tries to remove it, it puts its back up. Kind people take it home by force to give it a feed.

The Diwali oil-bath is almost a ritual in South India, only the ritual is tempered with mirth. However it is not human beings only who indulge in an elaborate yearly bath and call it a day. The *Koh-i-noor*, the most famous diamond in the world gets an yearly bath. It leaves the Queen's custody for a few hours once every year. A great expert in washing and polishing brilliants, bathes it and restores it to its royal mistress. The last yearly bath of this famous diamond was given four weeks ago.

A woman died in a village in Cambridgeshire, the other day, and she left her property, which consists mainly of the house she lived in and the furniture, to be divided, at her solicitor's discretion, to those who had "waited upon and been kind" to her. Hundreds of the villagers are putting in claims. May the spirit of Solomon descend upon the poor solicitor.

How does a wife feel after ten o'clock in the morning when her husband goes for his daily hunt of money! Pretty poor. At any rate that is how the girls of the Middle West of America feel. So a man of ideas has hit upon a grand idea—making love to lonesome wives on the radio. He is called the Radio Lover. He begins his programme like this. "Now there are only three of us. You and the wireless set and your radio lover. Draw up your chair close to the speaker and let me whisper my love to you." A cute idea, isn't it?

This is recommended for harassed husbands. A certain husband living in Roydon is not happy. So he goes into his garden and sings loudly: "Though I don't care what you used to be, I know what you are to-day," meaning his wife.

News comes from a village in Hyderabad State that a Harijan couple left their baby under a tree and were attending to their work a few paces away. A flock of crows descended and encircled the baby, looking malevolently at the small one. Presently the crows set up a raucous chorus, flew up and settled in the branches of the tree, still cawing horribly. The parents approached their baby to see what the row was about. They were horrified to see a plump cobra which coiled round the baby. The baby was playing happily with the cobra. The parents screamed for help and a crowd gathered. The cobra uncoiled itself and hitting the ground thrice glided away into the undergrowth close by.

One school of thought is predicting a great future for the baby. Another school is expounding a spot of symbolism. These say that the baby represents the unhappy people called Harijans, that the crows represent the putrid part of Hinduism and that the cobra represents God, or at least Dr. Ambedkar!



Merry-Magus Replies

Greene (Madras). The Ex-Kaiser of Germany was born on a 27th January. You are endowed therefore with a peculiarly strong mental force. Don't create misunderstandings. One should be independent of course, but it should not be carried too far. Your plain-speaking is good, but it is dangerous to back up a very unpopular cause, or scheme. It will land you into difficulties with your enemies. Don't fear responsibility. Then only can your mettle be judged by others. Don't get yourself discouraged. Have confidence in yourself and face the world. You may have hurts and accidents always.

★

Manokandan (Madduvil Ceylon). Are you really happy in your home life? Is it not due to the fact that the other members of your family are not able to understand you? You thirst for affection and love and as ill luck would have it, it is not a thing you can have. Let not success make you arrogant. It will make you lose your balance of mind, which will ultimately end in your ruin. Open frankness has its own set-back; this may create enemies around you. Be artful therefore. Don't try to dominate, especially in the family. You are prone to accidents to the head.

★

V. N. M. Rao. Who knows you may become a great inventor? The defect in you is you change your colour too often like a chameleon. Can't you stick to one thing and work at it. There is absolutely no harm in admitting

one's errors; on the other hand it may be a virtue. Don't do things on the impulse and then regret afterwards for your hasty action or speech. You can train yourself in music. Don't be over critical others' actions. This will serve no useful purpose but merely create opposition. It is really bad manners to poke your nose in other's conversation. Boils and carbuncles may trouble you.

★

V. N. V. R. May be others love you and even 'pet' you. But be careful, you will become the victim of a serious scandal. Are you not interested in occult matters? Don't be so assertive. Dogmatic rule in home life will land you in great difficulties. Are you not exercising unwittingly a magnetic influence over others and especially the opposite sex? Have check over your sex impulse. Your arguments are good but you have the bad knack of stinging with words. Be courageous and have ambition, even denying any pleasures of life. In later years your heart may become weak and your body fat.

★

S. Rajaji. Unless you develop your will power and cultivate consistency, all your plans and efforts will be futile. A rolling stone never gathers moss. Do one thing at a time and do it well. There is no use having too many "irons in the fire". You are simply carrying on by mere tact. Your lungs need attention.

S. K. Rao. Why do you shirk your responsibility? Be courageous. Have confidence in yourself. Others misunderstand you, only because you are peculiar. Your ideas about duty and position rather unfit you to be with your neighbours. Again you support very unpopular causes and create opposition. Mend these if you want to make good in life. You will have trouble with spleen and liver.

★

Big head. You are having a rather troubled home life. Your ways of love and duty are very strange. Silent love is done on the films, but in actual life it must be demonstrated. You impress others not by the subtlety of your art but by plain speaking. This tendency helps you much in life. Always try to secure other peoples' approval and support for all your plans or actions. If you see the slightest opposition, withdraw gracefully. Take care of your teeth and ears.

★

Seenu. Are you prepared to follow my advice, my boy? First, act on your first impressions i.e., follow intuition. Secondly don't try to reason out all things. You can make good as a physician. Thirdly, don't be overbearing. This tendency will spoil all your happiness. Your thought and action should be firm and decisive. You want to study for law. You will get on well in this. You also should also learn to respect love. You should not analyse this feel-

ing. Your nerves may need constant attention.

★

Sell. You have tenacity of purpose and good will power. Cultivate them. Don't be so artless. At times a little cunning is necessary. Keep your temper under control. Don't be haughty either. It shows a weakness. You must be prepared to stand even disloyalty. You are generous, but do it within your means. Palpitation of the heart and trouble with eyes may worry you.

★

Nath (Nanguneri). You want to have all things your own way, but there are around you persons to interfere with your work, with the result, you make a mess of the whole thing. Chuck them out. You gloat over your successes too much and lose your head. Arrogance and obstinacy are rampant. This tendency will bring your ruin. Be careful about your tongue and be modest. Be tactful and control your impulses. Trouble with eyes and brain may worry you.

★

K. R. Ananthachari (Kottacheri). Your work is solid but lacks in originality and quickness. You are absolutely materialistic-minded. Remember that what you think right need not be right in the minds of others also. Further your mind is very wavering. Be firm and sincere. Constipation and the attendant ailments may worry you.

T. N. Meena. I wonder if you are rewarded or even recognised for your good work. It is *kismet*, my friend. Further, all life is not one long chain of religion. Overcome your over-sensitiveness. That is why you feel easily wounded. Try to be on friendly terms with the rich and powerful people around you. You will do well to keep your bowels in order.

★

Ginger (Hunsur). You must seek the advice of others. They may sometimes dissuade you from your plans. Avoid all stimulants. Cultivate tranquility and self-control and keep your temper in check. Avoid rushing madly into difficulties. Cultivate a little tact. Take much exercise in the open air.

★

S. N. Shrivastava (Benares Hindu University.) You can be a leader but don't support unpopular schemes or causes. You doubt the affection of others towards you! Again, your idea of love and duty is so strange that you are not able to fit in with others. And fate is playing a strange role in your life? There is absolutely no sense in creating opposition and then philosophising. Rheumatism may trouble you often.

★

Y. Y. Your likes and dislikes are controlled by impulse and ill temper. Don't be obstinate: listen to reason. You must be very careful of your associates. It will be to your advantage to consider pros and cons without

THE ROYAL ASTROLOGER 1000000



& more clients have had our remarkable foretelling. Family fame of 25 generations in Astrology. Medals and Certificates from M a h a Rajahs and Zamin-

dars. Annual life reading weekly details Rs. 2. Answers for 5 questions about futurity Re. 1. State birth details or writing time. V. P. extra
Pandit N. AMIRTANANDA
M. 2.29, North Mada St.,
Mylapore, MADRAS

JUST ARRIVED FROM AMERICA

The 4 in 1 appliance
Four uses with one appliance

Indispensable for happy and
safe manhood

Re. 1/- each. Or Rs. 1/2-
Post free.

Write for particulars:
DIXON TOILET COMPANY
BEZWADA.



Amrutanjana

FOR ALL ACHES & PAINS



Can make Good Pictures!

IN a short time, in your own home, at very little expense, you can learn to make perfect snaps.

This handy CORONET is strong, sturdy, smart, and snapshots $3\frac{1}{2} \times 2\frac{1}{2}$. Two clear view finders, a very powerful lens and simple mechanism with neat appearance go to make the new Coronet Box Camera.

Get a Coronet to-day. It costs Rs. 4-8 and a film costs only Rs. 1-2. Postage extra.



Rs. 4/8
each

THE ZIP STORES & AGENCY
Post Box 1358 G. T., Madras

consulting others. Act on first impressions and don't lose opportunities. You can be a good doctor or a lawyer. You are prone to lungs and throat troubles.

★

T. V. Seetharaman (Ariyalur) Don't be dogmatic in your views. You should take sportingly all criticisms; your temper will land you in difficulties: check it. The great faults in you are impulsiveness and lack of self-control. If you expect happiness, create proper understanding. You should also avoid all stimulants and take more of outdoor exercise.

★

Naidu (Guntakal). You hate weaklings and liars even if they be your own children. You infuse brightness into others but are you yourself cheerful? You are melancholy. Beware of rheumatism and gastric troubles.

★

Nagaraj (Guntakal). Don't change your ideas and work at a moment's notice. Think well before doing so. You need not be sarcastic about others' mannerisms and faults. It is due to thinking too much of your cleverness. Don't be over-critical nor give a different colouring to the same matter at different times; this tendency will land you in the soup. Insomnia and troubles of the tongue will affect you.

★

Bahadur (Guntakal). Don't speculate. Inspiration will guide you well. You love travel and change. Would you like to be bound by any conventionalities? I don't think you would. Be careful of your associates as you are liable to be swayed by your emotions. It may be good to dream of big plans, but such plans should not be beyond one's capacity. Face opposition suavely; don't lose heart. You are prone to inflammatory diseases.

Pte. Ian Gameron (Lahore Contonment). You are really sympathetic but there is the lurking fear of others taking mean advantage of it. In way it is good. Don't carry hate and love to extremes. It is a pity your zeal for truthfulness and extreme honesty will mislead you. Your will-power helps you much. Be always active; don't give room for despondency. Tact should be combined with frankness, if possible. Pains in head and ears will worry you.

★

Good-Luck (Trichinopoly). You concentrate well on what you do, but you have a crooked way of looking at things. Don't enter into politics; your spirit of independence will not allow you to bend to any party plans. Your parents must have been worried about you in your younger days by your youthful, but dangerous, pranks. Your heart is weak.

★

V. P. I. (Muttarasallur.) You promise a donation for a charity and when time is given for you to reflect you try to get out of paying it. Why promise, then? Be cheerful, don't be melancholy. You are not being martyred by mercenaries. Curb your desire for luxuries and the liking for an easy-going life. Have a purpose in life and work at it. Be careful of your surroundings. Insomnia may affect you.

★

P. L. (Teppakulam—Trichinopoly.) Do you profit by doing things on the impulse? I hope not. In fact, this leads you to regrets. You have a knack of making the best of any bargain. Don't give room to lethargy. You respect confidence. Combine truth with tact. Don't always be suspicious of others; Every one is not out to deceive you! Your untiring energy is an asset. Your nervous system requires frequent toning.

SPECIAL XMAS AND NEW YEAR

HOLIDAY TRAVEL CONCESSIONS

ON THE

MADRAS & SOUTHERN MAHRATTA RAILWAY.

"TRAVEL-AS-YOU PLEASE" SEASON TICKETS

1st CLASS	Rs. 75-0-0
2nd "	" 37-8-0
3rd "	" 12-8-0

AVAILABLE

THROUGHOUT

THE M. & S. M. Ry.

3230 Miles.

"ZONE" SEASON TICKETS UNLIMITED TRAVEL OVER

3rd CLASS only Rs. 10

900 Mile Zones.

ZONE "A"

1. Poona-Bangalore
2. Miraj-Kolhapur
3. Miraj-Sangli
4. Londa-Mormugao Hr.
5. Hubli-Hospet
6. Gadag-Sholapur

ZONE "B"

1. Raichur-Madras
2. Dronachellam-Hospet
3. Bellary-Rayadrug
4. Guntakal-Bangalore
5. Bangalore-Arkonam
6. Walajah Road-Ranipet
7. Katpadi-Renigunta
8. Bowringpet-Marikuppam

ZONE "C"

1. Madras—Vizagapatam
2. Renigunta—Madras
3. Tirupati—Gudur
4. Narasaravupet—Bezwada
5. Bezwada—Masulipatam
6. Guntur—Repalli
7. Guntur—Macherla
8. Nidadavolu—Narasapur
9. Gudivada—Bhimavaram
10. Samalkot—Cocanada
11. Cocanada—Somagundam

BOTH KINDS OF TICKETS WILL BE ON SALE AT STATIONS FROM 13-12-35 TO 14-1-36. TICKETS SOLD BETWEEN 13-12-35 & 31-12-35. Will be available for 15 days from Date of Issue.

TICKETS SOLD on or after 1-1-36 will expire on Midnight 14-1-36.

Available by ALL M. & S. M. Ry. Trains including Rail Cars running on Somagundam Branch but not on Rail Cars running on North East Line.

: ALSO :

USUAL XMAS CHEAP RETURN TICKETS

IN LOCAL & THROUGH BOOKING ISSUED 13th TO 31st DECEMBER, 1935.

RETURN JOURNEY until 14th JANUARY, 1936.

Pamphlets containing full details at all Stations.

IT IS UNBELIEVABLE, BUT IT IS TRUE

1. If there are 4 words with 2 alternatives each, it would require at least 8 entries to arrive at a one-error solution. But we can show you a method by which you can arrive at a one error solution with only 4 entries, with a possibility of being all correct also.
2. If there are 5 words with 2 alternatives each, it would require at least 16 entries to arrive at a one error solution. But we can show you a method by which you can arrive at a one error solution with only 7 or 8 entries with a possibility of being all correct also.
3. If there are 3 words with 3 alternatives each, you would require at least 9 entries to arrive at a one error solution. But we can show you a method by which you can arrive at a one error solution with only 5 entries with a possibility of being all correct also.
4. If there are 4 words with 2 alternatives each, and one word with 3 alternatives, you would require at least 16 entries to hit at one error. But we can show you a method by which you can arrive at one error solution with only 8 entries with a possibility of being all correct.
5. If there are 2 words with 3 alternatives each, and one word with 4 alternatives, you require at least 12 entries to arrive at one error. But we can show a method by which you can hit at one error with only 6 entries with a possibility of being all correct also.

One Course Rs. 5.

All the above 5 Courses Rs. 20

(No V. P. P. will be sent).

Apply with M.O. Receipts to:—

THE PARAMOUNT PUZZLES, (SERVICE Dept.,) P.O. Rayapuram, MADRAS.

Results of our No Entrance Fee Competition.

[Key Solution-as deposited with "My Magazine of India"]

1. PROG (Under Prong). 2. PLOT. 3. PEAR. 4. PELT. 5. PAST.

As announced in the Rainbow of the 29th November, uncontrollable number of entries have been received to this competition, but competitors coming under the following category have been disqualified: 1. Those who had sent entries without the necessary stamps for results, irrespective of the fact that they are subscribers of The Rainbow or have otherwise arranged to get The Rainbow of the 29th November. 2. Those who have sent more than 4 entries, but only 2 annas stamps. 3. Competitors from one family sending entries under different names, enclosing only 2 annas stamps. 4. Competitors sending only 2 annas stamps and sending more than 4 entries, stating that they are the readers of more than one journal in which the advt. appeared. 5. Competitors who state that they have enclosed stamps but failed to do so, and those who had sent insufficient stamps.

All competitors who have taken part in this competition, except those who have been disqualified are allowed to send 4 FREE entries to our X-Mas Competition, (appeared in the last issue) provided they send at least 2 paid entries or TEN FREE ENTRIES if they send at least 4 paid entries. These free entries are quite different from other free entries allowed to X-Mas Competition under different circumstances, and every free entries must be accompanied by their paid entries. A complete alphabetical list of competitors to this competition has been maintained by us, and anybody falsely representing that they took part in this competition and sending free entries will be disqualified.

876 Correct solutions have been received and the prize of Rs. 700 has been equally divided among them each getting 12 annas, with an option to send two free entries to our X-Mas Competition (which, if required will be treated as two paid entries when utilising the free entry concession) Those requiring cash may write to "Claims" C/o The Paramount Puzzles, when the same will be sent less M. O. Commission. All connected records will be destroyed on 15th December, within which time, claims for rescrutiny, if any, must be made with a search fee of Re. 1, which will be returned in case the claims are found correct.

Manager.

WIN Rs. 50,000

1st PRIZE
Rs. 12,000

For all Correct
(in all sections)

2nd PRIZE
Rs. 10,000

Single Mistake
(in section I)

3rd PRIZE
Rs. 8,000

Single Mistake each
(in sections I & II)

A	b	c	D	E	F	G	H	I	J	K	L	M
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13
N	O	P	q	R	S	T	u	v	w	x	Y	z
14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26

HOW TO SOLVE THIS EALISY

Fill up each blank with a BLOCK CAPITAL either written in ink or typed. The clue and the total numerical value (if given) will suggest the word. For example No. 8 is COIN; which idea is suggested by the clue "remittance by British or Indian Postal Order or Money Order only." The total of the numerical values of the letters equals 41 (C—3 O—15 I—9 N—14; total 41) In this way attempt to solve all the twelve words using only the block capitals in the alphabet above namely:—

A, D, E, F, H, I, L, N, O, P, R, S, T, Y.
1 4 5 6 8 9 12 14 15 16 17 19 20 22 25

RULES AND CONDITIONS

1. An entry fee of Re. 1/- per entry or Rs. 2/- per 3 entries is payable; and the fee must be remitted by Indian or British Postal order or Money Order only.

2. All entries whether on a single plain paper or on separate sheets must be serially numbered and duly signed by the competitor and must bear the address of the sender in block capitals. Either Postal Order, or Money Order receipt for the fee amount must be enclosed with the entries. Give the number of entries on the envelope and on the Money Order coupon.

3. All entries must be posted on or before 31st. DECEMBER, 1935.

4. The first prize is awarded to the competitor who submits an entry which exactly corresponds to the Key Solution kept Sealed and Deposited with the Bank. Prize amount will be increased or decreased in proportion to the net collection. In case of tie or ties the prize amounts will be equally divided, and distributed.

5. Keep exact copies of your entries for comparing them with the key solution when published.

6. Mutilated entries will be disqualified.

7. In no case can any entry fee be refunded or credited to another competition.

8. No correspondence can be entered into; nor any interviews be granted. The decision of the secretary in all matters concerning the competition is final and legally binding. This is an express condition of entry.

9. Two or more similar entries from the same entrant will be treated as one entry.

10. A Prize winner can have a single share in one other than the special prizes.

11. Violation of the above rule or rules disqualifies the entry.

12. Enclose an addressed envelope with the necessary stamp.

SPECIAL PRIZES

TWO CARS estimated at Rs. 5,000 each,

one to a lady and the other to a gentleman with a single mistake in each section. Rs. 7,000 to the highest number of different entries (not less than 200) from one competitor and Rs. 3,000 to the highest number of different entries (not less than 100) from one competitor.

KEY SOLUTION DEPOSITED WITH

THE QUILON BANK LTD., MADRAS

LAST POSTING DATE 31st DEC. '35.

PUBLISHING DATE 10th JAN. '36.

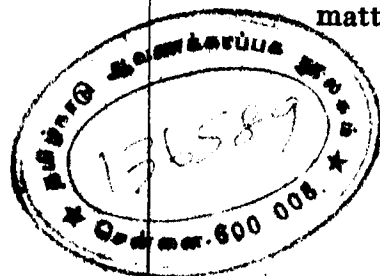
Words.	Letters.	Clues.	(N.V.)
1 O	two Letters	a preposition	(..)
2 N	two Letters	a preposition again	(..)
3	two blanks are	Y E opposite of no	(..)
4	one blank is	T hunger satisfied—how?	(76)
(Section II)			
5 S	one blank is	T just sit and think	(45)
6 M	one blank is	T for appetite	(39)
7 C A	one blank is	S note the Prizes	(..)
8 C	I	remittance by British Indian Postal Order or M.O. only	(41)
(Section III)			
9 C	L N G	seven letters found in rooms over head	(59)
10 L I		four letters that is dear to men	(32)
11 I I S		four letters with pointed ends	(58)
12 O V E		four letters a term of affection	(..)

THE EUROPEAN LITERARY COMPETITIONS., KOTTAYAM, P.O., S. INDIA

Key Solution	1. SUN	5. RATE	9. HAIR
for the last	2. NINE	6. WORD	10. DANES
	3. NINE	7. METRE	11. MEAT
	4. GOD	8. NIP	12. GAOL

Solved!

the Problem of
making good
blocks whether for
Newspapers,
Magazines Folders,
or any printed
matter.



Tell us what you
want—we will do
the rest.

Phone
8251

or write
to

VISVA & CO.,
MAKERS OF GOOD BLOCKS
50, Wallajah Road, Mount Road,
MADRAS

Intelligent Competition Bureau Puzzle No. 20 BUMPER X'MAS PRIZES WIN Rs. 5000 Guaranteed

3000 All correct. 1000 Runners up. 500 to the competitor sending correct solutions before 15-12-35. 500 to the sender of the largest number of entries.

Entrance fee Re. 1 per entry or Rs. 2 for every three entries.

Last Posting date 31-12-35. Result within a week.

What you have to do is to fill up the blanks to make the words fit with the given clues.

No.	Words	Clues
1	PRI—E	Likely to fall
2	RE—EL	Army does this in war times
3	RU—ES	Precious things to hoard
4	SI—TING	Necessary in Law courts
5	—ET	Usually this is not dry.

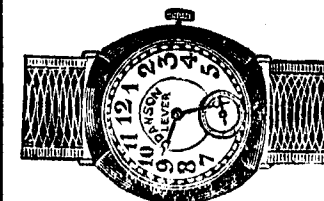
Any number of entries on plain paper together with the requisite fee by M. O. accepted. Ties will divide else the prizes are guaranteed. Winners of the big prizes will be wired. For results enclose one anna stamp. Manager's decision is final and legally binding.

Address your entries and fees to:

The Manager

INTELLIGENT COMPETITION BUREAU
VIRAMBAM, (B. B. E. I. Ry.)

A FULL WEEK'S TRIAL ON YOUR OWN WRIST TO ENABLE YOU TO CONFIRM THE QUALITIES CLAIMED!



THE 'DAWSON' LEVER
WRIST WATCH AT
Amazingly Low Price.
Indeed an Excellent
Time keeper which will
give years of Trouble-
Free Service.

Guaranteed for 5 years.
Order one To-day & Ba-

nish your Watch Worries for years. Money Promptly
Refunded if found unsatisfactory. High Class STRONG
LEVER Movements pretty small size and lovely shape.
Shows correct time to the second and gives long and conti-
nuous service. A watch equal in service to many sold to-
day at four times the price. Bright Nickel Silver Case—
Rs. 7/- Highly Gold Plated Case—Rs. 7/8/-

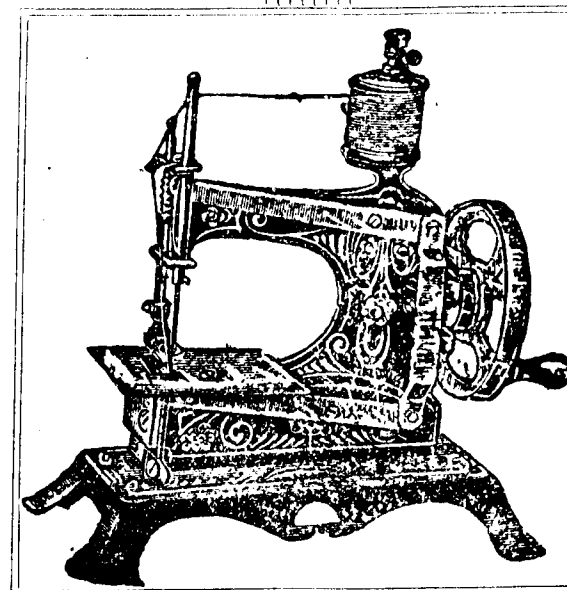
Above with Radium Dial As. 8/- extra. Postage As. 7/- extra
THE UNION TRADING Co., 2, Doyehatta St., (A) CALCUTTA.

SCIENTIFIC GOLD JEWELLERY
CERTIFIED BEST IN THE MARKET
CATALOGUE FREE
SCIENTIFIC GOLDBANGLES Co. Ltd.
POST BOX 203, MADRAS.

Head Office:—

43, Byragimatam Street,
Post Box No. 203, Madras.

Cut Your Tailoring Bills



*This will be a nice present to those
you dearly love, especially during
the ensuing Christmas Season.*

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

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

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

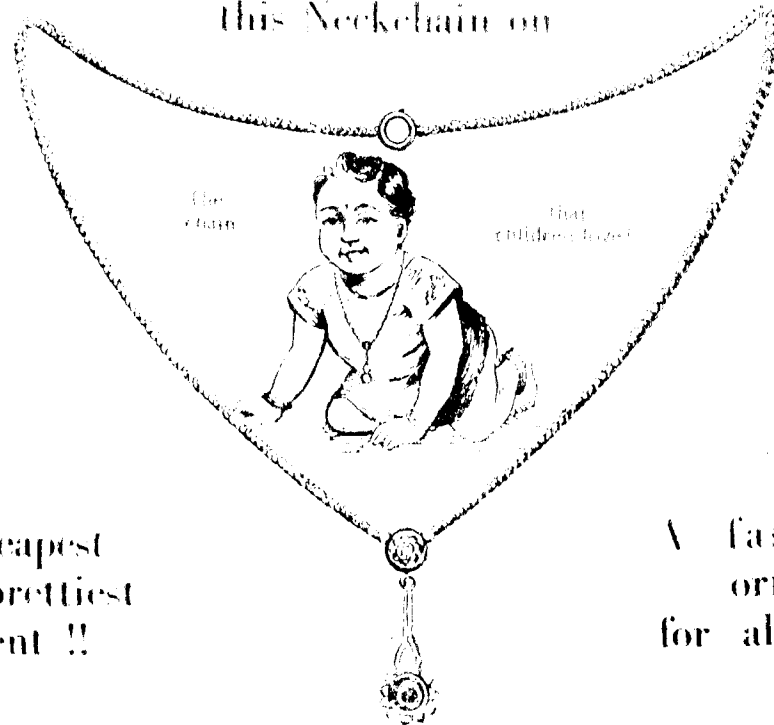
You can fit it to any furniture around—
Chair, Table, shelf or stand.

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

Rs. 2/14
Each
Postage extra

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

Every kind mother feels proud
of her darling baby with
this Necklace on



The cheapest
and the prettiest
ornament !!

A fashionable
ornament
for all ladies !!!

The 'Rolled Gold' Necklace

within the reach of rich and poor alike.

Postage free for
2 chains ordered
at a time

This exquisite ornament
has pendants set with
imitation stones in red,
white, etc. Looks like
real Gold-Necklace.

Special gifts
for bigger
orders

Rs. 1/8 only

3 chains at a time
Postage free and one rolled gold wrist chain free.

4 chains at a time
Postage free and an additional neck chain free.

Similar presents for more orders.

GENUINE WATCH CO., P. B. 119, MADRAS.