

The **MERRY** MAGAZINE



2187

Vol. III Madras, 28th December, '35 No. 52

imbusque
A. A. Roland
P. P. Samuel



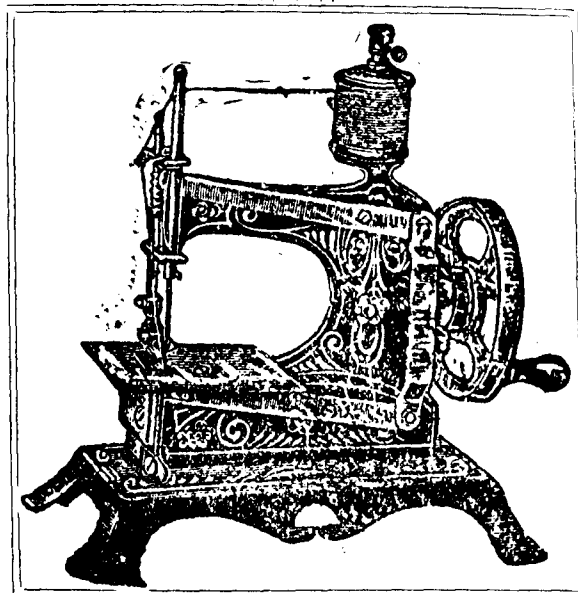
- Taurus -
C. H. Thakore
Mrs. Kamala

The Lion of



Juda - V.V.R.

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—

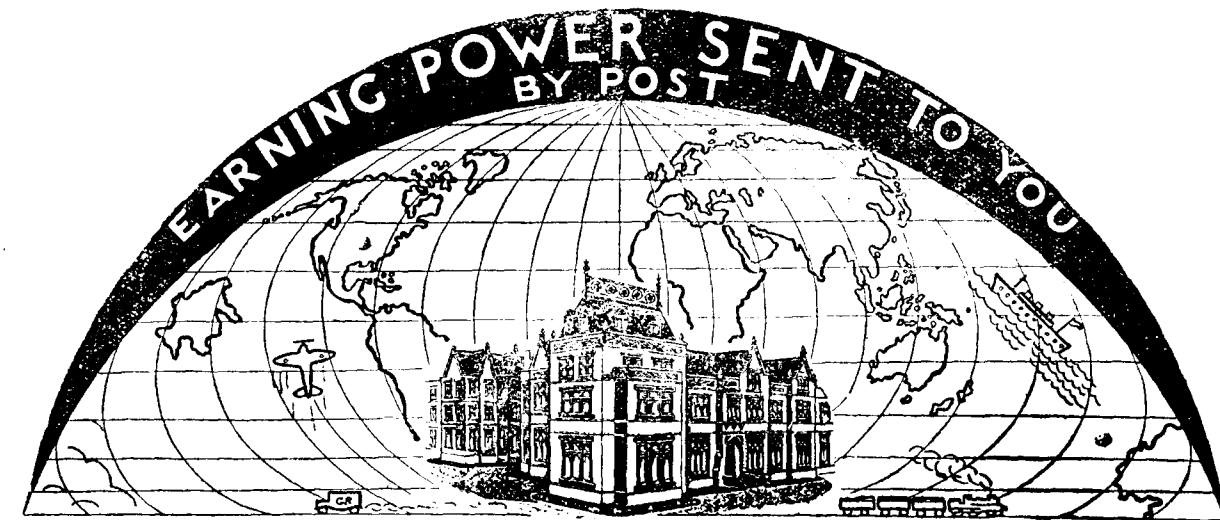
Children love to use it and enjoy it as an interesting and profitable pastime.

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.**



OPEN LETTER TO PARENTS

Dear Sir or Madam,—When your children first arrived they brought with them a wonderful lot of sunshine. Later, you became proud of the intelligence they displayed, but, still later, you became anxious as to what would become of them in the future. Perhaps you were anxious when you visualised them as grown men and women. Even with plenty of money it is not always easy to select the right career, and a parent is sometimes inclined to ask advice of some relative, and in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred that relative knows nothing at all about the possibilities of employment.

Why not let me relieve you of some of your anxieties? In fact, why not let me be their Father? We do not profess to act as an employment agency, but the nature of our business compels us to keep an eye upon the class of men and women that are wanted and who wants them.

There are some people who manufacture an article, and put it on the market to sell. We do not do that, we work in exactly the opposite direction. We find out what employers want and we train our students to fill those jobs. We have to be experts in the matter of employment, progress and prosperity.

If you have any anxieties at all as to what your sons or daughters should be, write to me, or better still, let them write to me personally—Fatherly Advice Department—and tell me their likes and dislikes, and I will give sound practical advice as to the possibilities of a vocation and how to succeed in it.

Yours sincerely,

YOU CAN HAVE A COLLEGE TRAINING IN ALMOST ANY CAREER FOR A FEW SHILLINGS MONTHLY

Accountancy Examinations	Cambridge Senior School Certificate	Heating and Ventilating	Road-Making & Maintenance
Advertising and Sales Management	Civil Engineering	Industrial Chemistry	Salesmanship
A. M. I. Fire E. Examination	College of Preceptors	Insurance	Sanitation
Applied Mechanics	All Commercial Subjects	Mathematics	Secretarial Examinations
Army Certificates	Commercial Art	Matriculation	Shipbuilding
Auctioneers & Estate Agents	Concrete and Structural Engineering	Metallurgy	Shorthand (Pitman's)
Aviation Engineering	Draughtsmanship. All branches	Mining, Electrical Engineering	Structural Engineering
Banking	Engineering. All branches, subjects and examinations	Motor Engineering	Surveying
Book-keeping, Accountancy & Modern Business Methods	General Education	Motor Trade	Teachers of Handicrafts
B.Sc. (Eng.)	G.P.O. Eng. Dept.	Naval Architecture	Telephony and Telegraphy
B.Sc. (Estate Management)		Pattern Making	Transport Inst. Exams.
Building, Architecture and Clerk of works		Pumps and Pumping Machinery	Wireless Telegraphy and Telephony
		Radio Service Engineering	Works Managers

STUDENTS IN INDIA can secure immediately on enrolment, a good supply of lessons, and therefore start at once. You do the papers in their order and despatch direct to Sheffield for examination and correction. They are then sent back with more work, and in this way a continuous stream of work is always in transit. Distance makes no difference.

IT IS THE
PERSONAL TOUCH
WHICH COUNTS
IN POSTAL
TUITION

STUDY DIRECT WITH AN
ENGLISH COLLEGE AND SAVE
60%

WRITE DELHI TO-DAY
FULL PARTICULARS
BY RETURN.
BEGIN WORK
AT ONCE.

Write to DEPT. 203, THE BENNETT COLLEGE LTD., SHEFFIELD, ENGLAND
or Dept. 203, Bennett College Agency, Alipore Road, Delhi.



Madras Dec. 28, '35

136572

Contents

FEATURES

Sparks from our Anvil	...	...	...	3
Mr. Merry, His Page —	...	...	...	4
The March of Events	By The Man On The Move	...	...	6
N. E. W. S.	...	...	...	8
Fun For All	...	...	...	9
The Students' Corner	...	...	...	12
Auntie Awful	...	...	...	25
Do You Know?	...	...	...	29
The River Demon—Joyfull	...	...	...	30
Star Snaps	...	...	...	41

SHORT STORIES Etc.

Ras Tafari—King of Kings	By V. V. R.	...	10
A Chronicle History of The Congress (Concluded)	...	...	14
The Best Laid Plans	By A. A. Roland	...	17
Keep These Resolutions	By John A. Henry	...	20
The Problem	By P. P. Samuel	...	22
The Satsuma Vases	By Embusque	...	27
For Better For Worse	By C. H. Thakore	...	33
The Mystery of the Missing Miss	By Taurus	...	36
The Rules of the Game	By Mrs. Kamala	...	39

ILLUSTRATED JOKES

That Familiar Touch	...	...	5
The Helpful Assistant	...	...	13

Next Week : The Wager—by Thirupathi



C. V. Narasimhan

When The Speaker Speaks

A letter to his girl. But this is no outpouring of a heart wounded by Cupid. Just a detail of Parliamentary procedure.

V. V. R.

Bloody King Henry I of Haiti

A blood-stained page out of History.

Artiji

Sightseeing in London

Specially manufactured for Indian Students.

A. T. MacNaughton
Thomas

1936 Calendars

Of interest to those misguided chaps to whom the end of the old year and the beginning of the new year usher in a brief but hectic spell of calendar hunting.

Koi Hoi

That Rainy Day

Uncles are not always as bad as fiction-writers paint them.

SPARKS FROM OUR ANVIL

In the course of the Commons debate on the Laval-Hoare peace-plan, Mr. Baldwin is reported to have said that he had not expected the deeper feeling among Conservatives on the ground of conscience and honour.

We are unable to determine who is more damaged by this confession—the leader or his followers!

It is now revealed that Sir Samuel Hoare took a bet, that he would never be Foreign Minister, but lost it.

First the bet, and now the office itself!

Incidentally, we wonder whether there would be any takers if the bet were offered again!

The English papers generally regret that his resignation is a lamentable interruption of an honourable career.

Or, as we think, an honourable interruption of a lamentable career.

Referring to his successor, not yet announced, one paper says that the House of Commons expects him to be a really big man.

We think it unchivalrous to hit a man who is down!

Lord Nuffield, the motor magnate, has donated £125,000 for a research clinic to treat crippled children.

After all, it is proper that he should contribute something to mend road accidents!

An American court of appeal has ruled that an artist is one who makes £200 a week or over.

One must soar far higher to be recognised as a star.

From an account of the opening of the Pontine township by Sgr. Mussolini: 'Strings of wedding rings and war medals cherished by women were surrendered, and the Duce kissed donors making outstanding gifts.'

It must have been a double ordeal to the women concerned!

Mr. Satyamurti says that he believes in singing his way to Swaraj.

Only, we would bid him take care of the mosques on the way!

Sir V. Ramesam says that the educated classes should not form another caste of their own, and look down upon the un-educated among us.

What with the prevailing unemployment they are only looking up.

Sgr. Mussolini says that the Italo-Abyssinian War is a war of the poor and the masses.

That's why its progress is so wretchedly slow!

He further remarks that it was not time but victory that mattered.

To the Abyssinians, on the other hand, it is not victory but time that matters.

Referring to the exclusion of Indians from the crown colonies, an M. P. in his maiden speech is reported to have said: 'It was the virtue of the Indians that made it undesirable that we and they should live together.'

Would that this sound doctrine were followed in this country also!

Whitehall is said to be anxious about the future of recruitment to the Indian Civil Service, as 13 out of 14 British candidates eligible for service have declined.

At this rate, the service may soon become *Indian* in fact as in name.

A portrait of Sir Mohammed Usman was recently unveiled in the office of the Inspector-General of Police.

There is no foundation for the report that it is framed wholly in *LATHIS*.

The Commons Debate

THE resignation of Sir Samuel Hoare, and the Commons debate on the events that led up to it have provided surprises in politics which have cleared the international atmosphere to some extent. Reuter reports stupefaction in Italy as one tangible effect of it. America at the other end indulges in irony, not free from the suggestion of self-righteousness. Laval still sticks to his guns, and affects to be working for a peace,—at any price. Mr. Baldwin announces that the peace-proposals are definitely dead. And Sir Samuel Hoare is to go on a half-year holiday under medical advice. Here is a Christmas stocking of assorted gifts, from the grave to the gay, which a bewildered world may sample according to its prepossessions. But the answer to the main question is as elusive as ever. Is Abyssinia saved, or is she safe from machinations which used her as a mere pawn in a game which has nothing to do with her? Has the League of Nations gained more strength, or is it more than ever the sick man of European civilisation? We do not know, and know of no one who knows!

Macaulay once remarked that the puritan conscience of England wakes up in obscure cycles, and catching hold of some convenient pretext lashes itself into fury, and impresses the world by a regard for ethical ideas irrespective of its own self-interest. The resignation of Sir Samuel Hoare cannot be explained on any other basis. Last week, we referred in this page to the 'fixation of conscience' of the British; we confess we were not prepared for a manifestation of its activity so soon. Mr. Baldwin himself made such a confession, on the floor of the House of Commons; and he is the personification of the 'plain, honest Britisher'. But the illogic-

ality in the present case is in the action of the Ministry in sticking to office while throwing a colleague to the wolves. Students familiar with the idea of 'sport' as expounded by Britishers themselves may consider the present case as an illustration of what it means. The whole trouble arose from the accidental leakage of the proposals. It is clear that the Cabinet was not only in favour of the proposals, but was anxious to paralyse public opinion by presenting it with an accomplished fact. The mule-headed obstinacy of Mussolini as well as the enterprise shown by journalists undid the cruel plans of the conspirators. British public opinion, for once, untutored by official propaganda expressed its mind freely, naturally and adversely. The Conservatives had been no less zealous than Labourites for the League, but these proposals showed their real mind. They therefore beat a hasty retreat, considerably shorn of their moral pretensions, but still with their majority unimpaired. It was not without reason that secret diplomacy has been bitterly attacked by world opinion ever since the last Great War. Unless it goes, the world has no real security against the devices of ambitious or unscrupulous cliques.

However, let us hope that this great fiasco is a good omen for struggling, gallant Ethiopia. Force has not beaten her yet; it would be an unrelieved tragedy if fraud should!

A Happy New Year

To all our readers and patrons and contributors, we extend all the best wishes for a Happy New Year. We trust that we have by now fairly established ourselves as a necessary element in the life of our fellow-beings. We shall strive to deserve better at their hands, in return for their continued support.

That Familiar Touch!



'Do you see anything familiar about me?'

'Yes—my umbrella!'

The March of Events

By The Man On The Move

December 15th: The administration report of the Municipal Council, Magwe, Burma, was delayed in transmission to the Department of Local Self-Government, because (it is alleged—I am a law-abiding man) a cow ate up the original draft of the report.

That is not original anyway. Long, long ago my school-master gave me my quarterly school report. He ordered me to show it to my father and bring it back with his initials on it. As I was a kind-hearted boy, I didn't want to show that report to my father and give him a pain in the neck. So when the teacher asked me for the report, I said: "Please, sir, our cow ate it up." He smiled grimly and gave me a copy of the report and directed me to produce it next day with my father's cognizance. Next day the teacher demanded the report. I said: "Please, sir, I ate it up with my dinner. I was absent-minded."



"Absent-minded, were you? Very well, eat *this* paper. I will believe you." He produced an oil and dandruff soaked paper which he used as a lining for his turban.

I prayed to two gods, Christ and Krishna, because I always believed in the oneness of all religions, and, without betraying the least emotion, I munched up that foul sheet of foolscap and swallowed it.

"You will become a great man, Munu!" said the teacher and patted my head.

December 16th: The Hon. Mr. G. R. Campbell, President of the Bengal Chamber of Commerce, sent a telegram the other day to the Commerce Secretary, Government of India, saying: "The date you gave us has a strong smell of sardines." Within thirteen hours, the Commerce Secretary wired back in reply: "Sorry fish got into fruit. Am sending you fresh dates."

Mr. Campbell told this yarn at the annual meeting of the Associated Chambers of Commerce when Lord Willingdon addressed the gathering.

Something very much like that happened to a friend of mine last year. He sent to a high official at Delhi, a big box of choice Dindigal cigars, as a Christmas present, per railway parcel, because, being born to a Scot and a *Bania*, he wanted to save money over transit charges. Clever man, he marked it 'Perishable' to ensure quick and safe delivery. The railway people placed the box of cigars in a van which was loaded with prawns. The parcel arrived at Delhi, each cigar exuding the strong, delightful smell of prawns. Believing that the cigars were a rare kind of prawns, the high official had them fried in butter and ate them on Xmas Day. He was so pleased with them that he wired to my friend: "Thanks awfully for the prawns. The wife is crazy about them."

The moral of this true story is, environment has a tremendous

influence on men and things, don't you think?

December 17th: The Egyptian Waif Leader, Nahas Pasha called on the Premier, Nessim Pasha, this afternoon. He congratulated the latter on the restoration of the constitution.

"Let me embrace you," said Nahas Pasha.

Nessim Pasha saw no objection.

Upon which Nahas Pasha kissed Nessim Pasha on either cheek.

Very moving, isn't it? I dream of the day when, forgetting their differences, Satyamurti and the Raja of Bobbili hug and kiss each



other. True, the Raja's beautiful little moustache would tickle the smooth cheeks of Satyamurti, a bit uncomfortably. In the larger interests of the Motherland, personal prejudices should be kept in the background. But if an age-old prejudice deters Satyamurti from this *beau geste* there is a way out. He can grow a little Charlie on his fine upper lip. That would make the odds even. Furthermore he will be simply irresistible with a tooth-brush moustache on.

December 18th: I have just learnt with something of a shock that Sir Samuel Hoare broke his fine Roman nose while skating in Switzerland. The doctors who attended to that nose enjoined complete rest for Sir Samuel for at least six months. So, strictly under doctors' orders, he applied to Baldwin for a six-months' breather. Baldwin said: "This won't do, Sam. What about Benito and Old Negus? Nose indeed!" So, poor Sir Samuel wandered disconsolate in the gardens of the League of Nations. While wandering, he came upon Laval. Laval is a quick-eyed man. He saw the cloud on Sir Samuel's brow. "Hello, *mon cher!*" he said, "why the sorrow, *oui?*" Sir Samuel said, "*Je suis malheureux.*" And he explained his predicament.

"*Il est tres bad!*" said Laval. He thought for a while and suddenly gripped Sir Samuel's shoulder. "I have got a *joli* idea." He whispered the *joli* idea and wound up: "If that doesn't get you out of the Cabinet before this week-end and give you a nice holiday, call me a frog-eater."

As subsequent events have shown, Sir Samuel is out of the Cabinet. God bless his heart.

December 19th: "Your Liver lazy? How to find out? How to rouse it?"—asks an advertisement.

Poor people who don't know physiology and its friend pathology (of which bileology is a part) and who cannot afford costly medical treatment, may follow my tip hereafter appearing. The charm about it is, it is very simple.

"Your liver lazy? How to find out?" Get a fellow (any fellow will do who is not deaf) and get him to place his ear against the bottom portion of your stomach. That is where your liver is. If he hears a low, gurgling sound, it indicates that your liver is having

forty winks and lazing away its useful time. "How to rouse it?" Simple. Ask the fellow to make



a nice incision and take out the liver. Place the liver in a glass jar which contains a diluted solution of potassium permanganate. Stand away five paces from the jar. Clear your throat and scowl at the liver. Make a mildly horrible face at it. But don't abuse it, because the liver is very sensitive to harsh words, and may die. The liver would be so ashamed of itself and its lazy ways that it would shed a tear or two of contrition. Wipe away the tear or two gently. Put it back in its place and sit still for twenty-four hours. You will have no more liver trouble. Of course you will lose a little blood. But consider the enormous good it does to your liver.

December 20th: Sir Girija Sankar Bajpai says that he never got a mark in Mathematics when he was a boy at school. That proficiency in Mathematics is not a *sine qua non* for reaching the top hole in life is abundantly borne out by Sir Girija's brilliant and successful career. Barring those goofy chaps to whom Maths comes naturally, I am inclined to think that all great men are poor in Mathematics. The same holds good with me. I never could get one mark out of Maths, same as Sir Girija. As I write this, an old scene comes up vividly to my mind. I was sitting for my Matriculation Exam. The Maths paper was just distributed. I read through

the questions. I found no silver lining. Not even a German-silver lining. I spent the three hours in prayer. A few minutes before the time was up, I heard the Inner Voice. I saw Light. I snatched up my pen, drank half the contents of my ink-well in my joy, and wrote on the first page of the answer-book:

KIND EXAMINER, SIR:

You are my father, my mother, my sister, the apple of my eye, my uncle, my hope, my sainted aunt, my Lord Jesus and Lady Lakshmi my lighthouse.

Just as I was answering the first question, a scorpion bit me on my toe. I suppressed the howl that rose to my lips and crushed the wicked scorpion. I did not create any scene in the examination hall, lest it should disturb my fellow examinees. I suffered in silence. Does not this sacrifice merit recognition? I pray you, noble sir, don't put zero marks on this paper. May God bless you with a lovely baby son. Please show this to your kind, beautiful wife, before you dispose of my prayer.

Yours Eternally,
A poor scorpion-bitten boy



When the results were published two and a half months later, my name was placed in the first class.

December 21st: This is Christmas Week. Peace and goodwill on earth. While blustering dogs bark and retire into their stinking kennels, let us remember, if we can, that the Son of Mary lived and died for us; that Siddhartha left a throne to show us the way to *nirvana*; that Gandhi became a 'half-naked fakir' to show us where our duty lies.

N. E. W. S.

Circle Round Sun!

ON a cloudy day, at Coligny (Transvaal), the clouds suddenly dispersed, leaving a complete circle, round the Sun. The circle was fairly large, with all the distinctive colours of the rainbow. This phenomenon was visible for over ten minutes and thousands of people witnessed it.

* * * *

Nerve-Racking Walk To Cure Nerves!

Philip Ross, an ex-policeman of S. Africa was mauled by a lion. His nerves were shattered. To get them right, the doctor ordered him to go for a long walk. He started in 1928 and has been walking ever since, having covered 40,000 miles—20,000 miles on foot. He began with only 5 shillings in his pocket. He has travelled through various parts of the world. In his nerve-settling travel, he has had the most nerve-racking experiences. He arrived at Napier, New-Zealand, at 9 a. m. on July, 1931. At 10.30, an earthquake disaster occurred and caused a heartrending havoc there. It killed 600 people. In a Rangoon jungle, a 6 yard python dropped on him and started to squeeze him to a pulp. His rucksack, took the greater part of the pressure and when the snake released its hold, Ross shot it and fainted immediately after. While in Chicago, he was caught in a fight between two gangs and lay in the middle of the street, unharmed while machine-gun bullets whizzed and hummed over his body.

Now his 'nerves' have cured!

* * * *

Modern Pluto.

A fiendish murder was betrayed in a story of the master-thriller, Edgar Allan Poe, by a cat named Pluto. You know what happened to that cat. There is Hardy the modern Pluto, in west Harpool, with this difference. He escaped the fate that overtook Pluto. He vanished one night from his home! His mistress searched for him, in vain. One day his mew was heard in a side street and the loft from which his cries emanated was opened, and behind a cistern, near a corpse, was found Hardy a shadow of his former self.

Two Old Faithfuls.

George Burkhill aged 52, of Whitwood, Mere, had a dog. He and the dog were all in all to each other. But one day, last month, an omnibus ran over the dog. It squealed and gave up its ghost. George, seeing his 'old faithful' ending so heartrendingly let out a yell the neighbourhood had not heard for years, collapsed, and died. That was the dog and the dog's man!

* * * *

There was an advertisement in a paper in Copenhagen: "Family of two adults requires young girl, as parlour-maid." A young girl applied, hoping for a salary of 10 shillings a week, in an ordinary family. She got an appointment order which rendered her speechless for an hour. She found herself engaged to serve the King and Queen of Denmark in their holiday home!

* * * *

Acting, like patriotism, they say is the resort of..... Some, there are, who take to it for fame and fortune. But Lionel Stander, comes out with the most astounding and perhaps honest confession of any actor as to why he took to it.

"I took up acting," says Lionel, "because I wanted to sleep until noon every day."

* * * *

Smoked Bullets!

One of the practical jokes indulged in by friends is to hand an exploding cigar. This is sometimes more than a joke—an alarming source of danger, in fact. Mr. Arthur Pierce, Gouldburn, New South Wales, was smoking his pipe contentedly as he drove along in his car when suddenly it exploded, scattering wood and burning tobacco in all directions. This stunned him, naturally. Then he found the remains of a small bullet on his lap. This must have been in his pocket and got mixed up into the tobacco with which he filled his pipe. Except for the shock sustained, Mr. Pierce was uninjured.

Fun For All



"A dull and continuous thud under the bonnet probably denotes that a sparking plug is misfiring," says a motoring writer. Either that, or else a hapless pedestrian is trying to get up.

* * * *

"This liniment makes my arm smart."

"Why not rub some on your head?"

* * * *

A friend was once taken for a ride by a demon motorist in his fast sports-car. Suddenly the driver said: "Afraid I shall have to stop, old man. Cylinder's knocking. Hear it?"

"That's not the cylinder!" stammered his friend, "that's my knees."

* * * *

"What a charming baby and how it resembles your husband!"

"Good gracious! We adopted it!"

* * * *

"These eggs aren't fresh."

"Not fresh? Why, the boy brought them from the country this morning!"

"Possibly so. But what country?"

* * * *

Jack: So you have just returned from Paris. Did you have any trouble with your French?

Jill: No, but the French people did.

* * * *

Jail bird: How's business?

Despondent Forger: Terrible. I've just spent two months copying the signature of the millionaire and now he's gone bankrupt!

2-28-12-35

He: (At a dance): Isn't this a fine floor?

Partner: Oh, you do step on it occasionally?

* * * *

"Doris carries her years lightly."

"Well, think of the number she's dropped!"

* * * *

A man asked a butcher for a steak.

The man asked: "Is it tender?"

"Tender!" exclaimed the butcher. "Why, it's tender as a woman's heart."

"Then give me some chops."

* * * *

The ticket-examiner entered the train. He examined several tickets and told each of the holders that he was on the wrong train. They must, he said, get down at the next stop.

As his progress along the carriage continued, he found still more passengers who had made a mistake about the train.

Then one of them had a bright idea, and asked the ticket-examiner whether he was not in the wrong train.

He was.

Ras Tafari—

Reading Time • About 6 Minutes

RECENT Ethiopian events, as recorded by a French writer, read in this age of motor-cars, submarines, radio and aerial warfare, like a page out of medieval history, when temporal and clerical passions had an unreined sway, when the rules of the game were not governed by any moral law. The intrigues of contemporary political units, it is true, are not punctuated by any moral law, either. Now they smile with a curse on their lips. In those days they did not bother about the smile.

While the carnage started by a pistol shot at Serajevo was in full progress in the Western Front, Lidij Yassu was the Emperor of Ethiopia. This was the late Menelik's grandson who was reported dead a few weeks ago. Not a good man at the best of times, he was not a popular monarch. He was, however, quite a hero to his army.

Ras Tafari, the present Emperor, was in 1916 the Governor of Harrar, a powerful and ambitious man. He dethroned Lidij Yassu and installed on the throne



Ras Tafari

Menelik's daughter, and Yassu's aunt, Zaodittu. He became the Regent.

Lidij Yassu was removed to Kassa, virtually a prisoner. History moved more or less uneventfully till 1932, when Ras Hailu of Gondar, one of whose daughters was married to the dethroned Yassu, staged a clever coup to restore his son-in-law to the throne. Ras Tafari proved a bit cleverer. Presently Ras Hailu found himself whisked off to Arrusi. There a picturesque fate awaited him. He was chained to a flat piece of rock and a small mausoleum was built over him. He was fed through a small hole on one of the sides of the tomb. The comfortable time he had in this living tomb may be left to the imagination.

Hailu's son, Halem, a lad of barely eighteen summers, as yet untutored in the ways of the world, came to know of his father's fate. He assumed command of his father's army and prepared to avenge the wrong.

The Regent Tafari learning of the boy's move, played another card. He sent a bishop to the boy. The

King of Kings

by V. V. R.

envoy said that if Halem went to the Capital and submitted to the Regent, the Regent would look kindly on him and his father. Halem, poor lad, believed the holy man and appeared before Ras Tafari with a stone on his head (a token of submission) and sought his pardon for his father's sins. He was received kindly. Ras Desseta, a son-in-law of Tafari, was commanded to attend to the boy's comfort during his stay in the city.

During the night the boy was spirited away to the fortress at Ankober. This is a prison reeking of the bloody finale of futile ambitions. In one of its stinking, mouldy, airless, dark dungeons, young Halem was detained. He was secured to a wall. His legs, up to the ankles, were put in iron bands, each band with a sharp spike inside it, pressing against the frontal leg bone. These spikes were meant to cause wounds in the legs. They did their work on the young man. His undressed wounds attracted vermin, festered and became gangrenous. He was removed to the Capital where his legs were amputated.

Meanwhile Zaodittu, the puppat Empress carried on under the Regent's surveillance. She was a religious fanatic, with a fanatic's passion for the pagan rites of the Coptic Church. The clergy who indulged her whims pocketed favours, in spite of the Regent. The Regent much against his wishes obeyed the Empress's orders where presents and favours to the clergy were concerned. He dared not alienate the allegiance of the Church.

There was no love lost between the Empress and her Regent. She was waiting for an opportunity to get rid of him, and make him the governor of a far off province. She dreamed of one day recalling the exiled Lidij Yassu to the Capital.

Gondar was again in unrest. Here was an opportunity for the Empress. She commanded the Regent to go and pacify the province. Once he was out of the Capital, her nephew's entry into Court would be smooth. But Ras Tafari was too astute not to see through this dodge. He refused to budge from the Capital. Whereupon Zaodittu forbade him to send any army to Gondar under another command. The Regent agreed readily. He sent there an aeroplane piloted by a Frenchman with a freight of bombs to 'police' the insurgents.

Zaodittu's husband, Ras Guza Ollie was on the side of the rebels in Gondar. He never saw an aeroplane, at any rate not at close quarters. When the Regent's plane flew over Gondar, Ras Guza never for a moment imagining that it was a messenger of death, watched its antics in the air with fascination. A bomb dropped down. Ras Guza was no longer fascinated. He was killed.

The news of Ras Guza's death travelled to the Capital. Tafari broke it to the Empress without troubling to prepare her for its reception. That was a great shock to her. She was a fat woman and a collapse was imminent. The French doctor who attended on her advised her attendants, if they wished to see her recovered, to keep her from all excitement and not to give her cold water baths under any circumstances.

Immediately the doctor left, the State Council met. They decided to give the Empress a bath of holy water. Holy water of course is cold. She was given a bath in holy water for the good of her soul and body. It did her soul good. She died almost immediately.

Ras Tafari stepped on to Sheba's throne.
THE END.

The Students' Corner

Words' Worth—XI

Jubilee

THIS has been a Jubilee year; and we are rounding it off with a Jubilee Week in honour of the Indian National Congress. It is to be hoped that all good people have celebrated it according to their means. For my own part, my contribution is this small bit of history concerning the word itself.

At first sight, it looks like an honest derivative from Latin. But when under that impression, I looked up the dictionary, I was surprised to find that its Latin parentage is a fraud! There is a Latin verb *Jubilare*—to shout to. But I gather that it has nothing to do with Jubilee, notwithstanding that you may shout until you are hoarse in connection with any Jubilee. The word is derived from a Hebrew word *yobel* which means a ram. Philologists explain that it was an ancient Hebrew custom to celebrate every fiftieth year as a year of holiday and rejoicing, and that it was signalled by the blowing of a ram's horn. This form *yobel* was confused with the Latin form *jubilare*, which means a shout or wild cry. Thus we have the Jewish custom taken over along with the Latin meaning of a wrong word! Such is Jubilee in its origins.

We may therefore assert that Jubilee has something to do with Jews; and by the same token, we may expect it to be boycotted by our Nordic fellow-beings in Germany. It is said that the year of Jubilee was a national festival among the Jews, and was calculated on the basis of seven seven-year cycles followed by one Jubilee year. In the Manu Dharma Sastras of the Jews, namely in the book of Leviticus, full instructions are given as to how the year is to be computed, and how it is to be celebrated. It is enjoined that it should be a year of perfect rest, no sowing, nor even the garnering of natural produce being allowed. All Israelites working as slaves were also to be granted their freedom. In course of time, the Jubilee year became a shifting year, as it could not well be celebrated if the previous year happened to be a bad year for agriculture.

THE END

Such was the institution among the Jews. When Europe borrowed Christianity from the Jews, it also borrowed many of their customs and practices. Thus the Jubilee became an institution sanctified by the authority of the Pope. An amusing story is recorded of how the first Jubilee was announced by the Pope. It was for the year 1300. Towards the close of 1299, Rome witnessed a large influx of pilgrims from all parts of the continent. The Pope was surprised, and wanted to know the reason. He was informed that a rumour had gone forth that the Pope was to grant special indulgences and pardons for all the faithful who went on this journey. The Popes have always been great diplomats. This particular Pope, Boniface, turned the opportunity to good account, and granted plenary indulgences in return for offerings and gifts from the faithful. It was then thought that the Jubilee would occur once in a century. But the Pope who reigned in 1343 was, it appears, financially embarrassed, and so issued a bull curtailing the period from 100 to 50 years. The precedent thus set up was too valuable to be ignored by other Popes; and so we find a progressive reduction of the interval from 50 in 1343 to 33 in 1389, and 25 in 1470. In addition to this, the Roman Catholic church announces special or extraordinary Jubilees for special occasions.

Thus we have 25 years as the minimum period for a Jubilee; such a Jubilee was called a Silver Jubilee on the analogy of the Silver Wedding, celebrated to mark 25 years of wedded life. It would have been more in the fitness of things if we had celebrated the Congress Jubilee in accordance with Indian ideas. With us 60 years mark a cycle; and the completion of sixty would have given us the *Abdhapoorthi* of the Congress. Per contra, this year offers an excellent opportunity for mobilising national sentiment, and demonstrating to ourselves and the world at large that we have survived the storm and stress of the last few years, and are eager to press forward to the ample future that beckons to us from beyond tomorrow!

THE HELPFUL ASSISTANT



Resourceful Shop Assistant: (To lady buying a New Year present for her husband) "A 1936 Diary, madam, a novel idea. 'Come Home Early' stamped at the top of every page, madam!"

A Chronicle History

(Concluded)

"Sound, sound the clarion, fill the life,
And to a sensual world proclaim:
One crowded hour of glorious life
Is worth an age without a name!"

Thus sang an obscure poet, glorifying as poets do, the homicidal mania for war of the 'bold, bad men' of history. We in this country who have lived through the last ten years of its history might with more pride echo the sentiment of the poet, as reflecting the exaltation of spirit which came to us as a result of the great struggle on which the country entered ten years ago. These ten years are more important to us than the previous ninety, as they witnessed the determination of a nation to find its lost soul. The Congress ceased to be a 'Christmas' gathering of arm-chair politicians, and became a dynamic force shaping the life and thought of the teeming millions from day to day. Though outwardly it seemed to have been the work of one man, it was really helped forward by the time-spirit and the genius of the race. Civil Disobedience was not merely the discovery of a technique, but a rounded philosophy of life. One hundred years of British rule had sapped our national vitality and initiative. We had to look up to Britain for everything; and the tragedy was that the best minds among us prided themselves on that fact, instead of being ashamed of it! It was this unmanly attitude that was attacked by the spirit of Gandhism.

It generated besides powers of intellectual and spiritual resistance to all that cribbed and confined the national will. *India ceased to be afraid!* It was taught to put its faith, not in 'reeking tube and broken shard', but in the infinite potency of soul. Our enemies, whether here or abroad, are free to congratulate themselves that the great movement failed, is dead and buried. But it is undeniable that we can now call our soul our own.

Congress history during the last ten years is more than ever the country's history. The 40th session of the Congress was held at Cawnpore in 1925, under the presidency of Mrs. Sarojini Naidu. She delivered two addresses, one extempore, and the other written for the press. Deshabandhu Das passed away earlier in the year, as also another Bengal stalwart, Surendranath Bannerjee. Notwithstanding that he was a minister under the Montford scheme of reforms, and knighted for his services by the Government, we cannot forget that he had taken a worthy part in the political life of the country in the earlier decades of the century. Gandhiji was in the back-ground, and took no part in the deliberations.

1926—Gauhati: The 41st session was held under the able guidance of our Sriman Srinivasa Aiyangar. The death of C. R. Das marked the organisation of the Swarajya Party on an all-India basis. The Congress members of the legislatures, central and provincial, sought re-election on the Congress mandate, which was to enforce the 'national demand' by constitutional means. The spirit of Das worked havoc among Bengal Communalists, while the President himself gave a memorable thrashing to the Communalists in our own province. Pandit Motilal went back to the Assembly with a compact following, and thus practically all the legislatures were dominated by Congress. But as we all know to our cost, nothing came of it, as the majorities refused to accept office. In Madras, we know how Congress put Dr. Subbarayan in the saddle only to learn that they had exchanged King Stork for King Log! Deadlocks were dead before they were born, because there were others alive to the chances of thriving on our principles. Srinivasa Aiyangar's presidential address was marked by a bold declaration in favour of independence, and an implied condemnation of the Gandhian mix-up of politics and 'religion'.

of the Congress

1927—42nd Congress. Met at Madras under the presidency of Dr. M. A. Ansari. Two facts stand out prominently in this year. The re-union within the ranks of Congressmen, who had been fighting over the question of office-acceptance, and the Hindu-Muslim 'Pact'. Hindu and Muslim leaders met at Delhi in March, 1927, and evolved the formula which was agreed to, among others, by Mr. Jinnah. This pact provided for the principle of joint-electoralates with reservation of seats for the minority community, and a number of other concessions calculated to safeguard the apprehensions of the Muslims. It is also interesting to note, by the way, that Dr. Ansari who took a leading part in the withdrawal of Civil Disobedience last year in favour of action through the councils, should say in his address that he did not believe in the councils at all!

But the chief topic of interest for this year's Congress was the announcement of the personnel of the Simon Commission. The Montford scheme had provided for such a commission to review the working of the Act. But what was peculiar about it was that it was purely British in character. It was understood that Indians also would be appointed, but the expectation was doomed to disappointment. This move on the part of the Tory party in England has been variously explained. One theory at the time may be mentioned just to show the psychology of the Englishman. It will be remembered that a committee of the Central Legislature was appointed to go into the question of the Indianisation of the Army. It was presided over by a Col. Skeene. It is said that in that committee, the Indian members, particularly Mr. Jinnah and Sir P. S. Sivaswamy Aiyar gave such a bad time to the others, that they were able by sheer force of logic to drive the committee to conclusions of a far-reaching character, making Indianisation in-

evitable. When the British Government got that report, it was horrified; Whitehall dictated to Delhi that the report should be scrapped; and a private vow was registered that in future, whenever commissions were to be appointed, there should be no Indians on them. And so it was that the Simon Commission boycotted Indians. The country decided to reciprocate the compliment, and this year's Congress gave the lead, and passed a resolution calling on the country to boycott it. Our moderate politicians were also wounded by this neglect of them; and so it helped to close up our ranks—for a time!

1928—43rd Congress. Pandit Motilal was elected president for a second time. The year was marked by the famous 'walk-out' of the Swarajists from the councils; and the holding of an all-parties convention under the presidency of Nehru. This was the counterblast to the Simon Commission. It was a reminder that the political centre of gravity of India lay in India, not in England. The presidential address exhorted the country to popularise the conclusions of the All-Parties Conference, with a view to promote the unity and solidarity of the people. The aim of the country was also stated in clear terms, viz., independence as understood by Gandhiji at that time:—"within the British empire, if possible; without it, if necessary."

1929—44th Session. Lahore saw the accession of another and greater Nehru to the presidential seat. Jawaharlal was the evangel of a new message, and the portent of a future which still remains to be worked out in the coming years. It has always been a characteristic of Indian politics that forward movements have synchronised with moments of acute disillusion in the political progress of the country. The Simon Commission gave extraordinary stimulus to the growth of Socialistic doctrines in the country.

Jawaharlal's presidential speech was devoted to an exposition of the 'Open conspiracy' of Socialism as the sovereign remedy for the ills of India. He has none of the mystic fervour of Gandhiji, but is a rationalist through and through. He visualised what is now in process of formation, an unholy coalition between property and privilege calculated to put down the masses in perpetual subjection. He gave special point to his revolutionary ideas by reiterating one of the resolutions passed at the Gaya Congress which caused panic to capital. What is loosely called the 'repudiation of debts' by the extreme revolutionary party in India is no more than the fear of examination of the so called 'national debt' of the country by an impartial tribunal. For the rest, the new party of Socialists were as wedded to non-violence in method as the founder of the cult.

The creed of the Congress was changed this year to that of complete independence, with the qualification that Dominion Status would be acceptable if granted within a year. Gandhiji was the mover of the resolution, and he resumes his place in the Congress high command.

1930 saw the inauguration of the Civil Disobedience campaign by Gandhiji himself in the taluks of Gujarat. We lost Pandit Motilal Nehru, and Moulana Mohamed Ali among front rank politicians. The campaign was brief, but glorious. The Viceroy at the time was a good man who felt the force of Gandhiji's personality. So he allowed himself to come to terms with this 'naked faqir' who mounted up the Viceregal steps, and negotiated with the representative of the King-Emperor as a plenipotentiary on behalf of India. The famous Gandhi-Irwin Pact was the result. Many valuable concessions to the poor were obtained from the Government. Gandhiji was willing to proceed to England, and assist in undoing the work of the Simon Commission. At least, that was the promise implied in the announcement of a Round Table Conference to which representative Indians were invited, and which was to devise a constitution for India on the models of the self-governing dominions. There was no Congress Session at the end of the year; but one was held in March 1931, while Gandhiji soon after left for England to attend the Round Table Conference.

Towards the end of 1931, he returned, only to find the Irwin Pact torn to pieces, many arrested and sent to prison, and an atmosphere of brooding war. There was in the meanwhile a change in the Viceroyalty;

Gandhiji applied for an interview to smooth the situation. It was refused, and so he was thrown back on the only course open to him. It is a matter for the future historian to decide who was to blame for the rupture of that pact, as also to consider the reasons for the refusal of the olive branch offered by the nation's tribune. All that we have to record is that C. D. movement was revived in its most intense phase. A lakh of people went to jail, many were killed, and thousands were beaten with lathis in the hope of 'encouraging the others'. The non-violent character of the struggle stood out in impressive splendour, as the whole of the struggle records not a single case of retaliation by the sorely tried Satyagrahis. The struggle was maintained with wonderful pertinacity in all parts of the country. Ordinances after ordinances were passed to strike terror into the hearts of the people. But undismayed the flag was kept flying, and women took a noble part in seconding the efforts of men. Every man became a leader, and such organisation, such discipline, such cheerfulness in facing unmerited suffering were not shown by any other people at any other time in greater abundance.

There were no Congress sessions in 1932 and 1933 as all Congress organisations were declared unlawful. In '33 however, an annual session was held in spite of police bundobast at Calcutta; and Malaviya was the President. What he said is not of much importance; what he did was more to the point. He received the attentions of the police with their lathis, and later gave a harrowing account of the zeal with which the delegates were pursued and beaten by them.

1934 saw the end of the subversive movement. It is needless to go into the causes of the failure of the C. D. movement. Let it be granted that it has failed. The new reforms threatening a Federation were passed into law. Gandhiji retired from the Congress, after laying his infallible finger on two of the sores of our body politic—the Untouchables, and the grinding and growing poverty of the masses; work in these directions still remains to be done.

The 1934 Congress was presided over by Babu Rajendra Prasad, and what it has done is still too fresh in our memories to be recapitulated. And so here we are, celebrating the completion of its fifty years. Which other institution can claim our loyalties so well as Congress? So long as it lives, we shall not die.

The Best Laid Plans

by A. A. Roland

Reading Time • About 10 Minutes

Illustrated by the Author

"SWEETHEART darlin'", began my wife, as she kissed me impulsively and joyously on my bald patch.

Lucie invariably calls me "sweetheart darlin'", and kisses my bald patch impulsively and joyously, on the first day of each month—i.e., my pay-day.

"Yes, love?" I cheerily asked.

I'm invariably cheery on pay-day. Not only because a spot of ready money's exhilarating and helps one temporarily to forget life's little woes. But because Lucie's so infallibly sweet on pay-day. I've never known her to grouse or find fault with me. Or ask awkward questions. Or threaten to go home to her mother. And as for hurling articles of crockery at me—why, that's an unheard-of proceeding—on pay-day.

"Yes, love?" I repeated as she hesitated, I thought a trifle bashfully.

"Well, sweetheart darlin', it's like this"—and again she pecked at my bald patch with unerring accuracy—"I'm very keen on giving a party on the 29th."

"Oh, a party, eh? What kind of a party, and for whom?"

I thought rapidly. It wasn't close on any family birthday, as far as I could recall. There's one extraordinary coincidence in our family. Most of us, including our twin sons, were born round about Easter time—"Easter Eggs" we facetiously call ourselves. Which means that Easter is an appalling, expensive period. I often wish we'd had the sense to defer our

births till Christmas, like another family we know. Then one gift does duty for both occasions.

"For your Uncle Hubert's birthday, sweetheart darlin'," said Lucie, with another onslaught on that bald patch.

"Uncle Hubert!" I gasped. "Why—why—" I could hardly find words to express my astonishment. "Why he—that old skinflint! After the way he treated my father—"

"I know, Tom. But this is the season of goodwill to all men."

"But he's not a man. He's a pain in the neck. A bad stink. A beastly—"

"Hush, dear! It isn't charitable to speak of an old man like—"

"Charitable! That's good! That's very good!

You'll excuse me a moment, won't you Lucie," I added scathingly, "while I indulge in a little mirthless laughter....."

I gave my celebrated imitation of a condemned murderer jubilating. Instead of the grim tightening of lip and dangerous flashing of eye that this demonstration usually provokes in Lucie, she actually bit me playfully on the ear, and smiled prettily.

"Sweetheart darlin'," she pointed out, "I'm planning this party for your own good."

With a characteristic gesture, I scratched my pet wart in bewilderment.

"Listen, sweetheart darlin'," she murmured, and then proceeded to explain.....

And now a word or two of explanation is due to the reader, too.



A sanctimonious hypocrite

My Uncle Hubert is one of Bombay's meanest but richest bachelors. He and my poor father (now, I feel sure, an angel) were the only sons of William Whalebone, who made his money by *contracting*. No, he didn't build bridges and things. He manufactured corsets.

He lived in the boom period when corsets were fashionable, and "the fat of the land" was an everyday and appropriate expression. He sold millions of stays to persons of both sexes and all nations. (Incidentally, I wish he could have seen the Parsee cricket team in the recent Bombay Quadrangular Tournament!)

But my father died poor. And not because he wasted money. How is it, you ask, that he died poor, while his brother bulges with filthy lucre!

The answer is that my Uncle Hubert is a sanctimonious hypocrite. And it happened like this. It's a sad, sad story.....

William Whalebone lay dying. Father nursed him day and night. Uncle wouldn't go near him. He wasn't on speaking terms with the old man. He knew he'd been disinherited long ago. But Dad, dear old soul, begged and pleaded with William Whalebone to change his mind. Finally, before the end, Grandad relented and made a new will, leaving everything between the two brothers equally.

But Dad made the unfortunate mistake of signing the will as a witness. This disqualified him as a beneficiary. Uncle Hubert was quick to seize his advantage. Instead of giving Dad his share, he took the lot,



"It was God's will," the blasphemous old scoundrel said in justification of his action. "God didn't *intend* Tom to have the money..... and that's how He went about it..."

There, there! I warned you it was a sad, sad story..... Now dry those tears, and return with me to Lucie's plan.....

"I've worked it all out," she said, "and something inside me—woman's intuition, a hunch that never fails—tells me success will be ours. Your Uncle's so mean, he'll jump at anything that's offered him as a gift. I'll write him a sweet Christian-like note, pointing out that this is the season of good-will, etc..

etc., and inviting him to stay with us for two or three weeks in December. I'll also mention we're giving a special party for his birthday. The thought of having a good time for nothing will bring the old miser here like a shot. Then we'll play on his sanctimonious feelings for all we're worth. And if we don't get results before we're finished, my name isn't Lucie."

"I hate having that old sinner under our roof," I demurred, "but times are hard, and we have to con-

sider the twins. After all, half that money's their birthright, and it's our duty to leave no stone unturned....."

"I shall not forget to point out," went on Lucie, "that we're not inviting him with any expectations of reward."

"Quite right, Lucie, or else he'd never come....." Uncle Hubert did come.

Lucie set to work on the old blighter immediately.

With characteristic thoroughness, she proceeded to "get round" him by darning his socks, sewing on his missing buttons, sympathising with him over his gout, recommending various medicines, buying him a few, ordering his favourite dishes, and dining and wining him like a prince.

The third day, a Sunday, she persuaded him to accompany us to our Church. Here the padre gave a previously advertised sermon on the horrible punishments awaiting the avaricious, and the wonderful blessings in store for the bounteous.

The fourth day, we took him to a cinema, where a heart-breaking and almost parallel story to ours was being screened.

Yes, Lucie had planned her campaign very carefully, and Uncle Hubert was visibly weakening. He actually put a nickel in the church collection bag. He added a copper to the alms we gave a beggar outside the cinema.

He hinted openly at the desirability of making some provision for the future of the twins.....

The twins, by the way, were expected home for their holidays a week before Christmas. They were now nine years of age, and (according to their school reports) were little paragons of virtue.

In due course, they arrived. And it wasn't long before they'd completely won the old man's heart. He broke all records by giving them a five-rupee note (between them), to do a little Christmas shopping with, or any other kind of shopping. This, I felt, was a dark hint—he probably hoped they'd spend it on a birthday present for himself.

But boys will be boys and.....

But I musn't anticipate the climax of this instructive little story.

They went out one day on their own and made a purchase, which they insisted on keeping very dark. On Christmas Eve, with a long afternoon's shopping before us, we left the twins at home in Uncle Hubert's charge, after enjoining them to entertain their grand-Uncle like good little boys.

When we returned that evening from our shopping, it was to find the old man in a distinctly grim and taciturn mood. The twins, on the other hand, looked very pleased with themselves, albeit a trifle sheepish. He wouldn't say what had upset him, nor could we extract any information from the boys.

However, this little business soon blew over, and Christmas came and went off well. Uncle Hubert appeared to enjoy himself thoroughly. He stayed with us till his birthday, collected his birthday presents, and that night left very suddenly with all his luggage "on urgent private business".

We wondered whether this sudden departure was due to pique at only receiving a box of cheap cigars from the twins as a birthday gift. But concluded that in spite of his grasping nature he wouldn't be so petty and foolish, especially as we had planned further outings and festivities for the next few days.

Besides, he might really have "urgent private business", and that business might have some connection with us and the twins.

Two days later, he wrote us a letter. It was with wildly beating hearts that we opened it and began to read.

Would it contain the message we hoped for? Would it discuss monetary gifts and generous settlements on the twins? Would there be any reference in it to his will?

But this is this letter my Uncle Hubert wrote us:—"Dear Lucie and Tom,

It is my duty as a Christian to thank you for all you've done for me during the last few days. But, being a truthful man, I cannot honestly say that I've enjoyed myself. At one time, my stay gave promise of being a pleasant one. But when those twins of yours arrived!—My life became a misery. They made it intolerable for me whenever your backs were turned.

That afternoon you left them to amuse me will always remain in my memory as the most horrible and nerve-shattering afternoon of my existence. On pain of poisoning my food, they got me to promise I would not speak to you about the matter. As a Christian, I never break my promise. That's why I'm *writing* to you about it.

With that not inconsiderable sum of money I gave them, they bought themselves a box of Christmas Novelties. And it was with its contents that they "entertained" me that afternoon. They made sure, of course, that I knew nothing about the box. My

(Continued on page 24)



Keep These

Reading Time • About 5 Minutes

THE New Year brings with it the age-old procedure of making new resolutions, funny and otherwise. These, we always state with serious faces and granite-like will-power, will be adhered to during the entire year. The best New Year everyone can possibly make is to resolve to keep up New Year resolutions. This custom of making these resolutions has been handed down to us from our veriest forbears. Darwin, whose theory is very sound, hinted at a case amongst the anthropoids which proves that we *can* make firm resolutions and carry them out to the bitter end. In Januariski (hinted Darwin) of the year 1 or 2 L. B. M. (Long Before Motors) the King of the Anthropoids resolved that his subjects would not eat human flesh any more—or not eat any more human flesh, whichever you like. It speaks much for the Race of Monkeys or Man before Development that they have not since, except for isolated cases, eaten anything else but bananas and peanuts. There have been cases, of course, where one or two have lost control of themselves and bitten off the ears off somebody else, but these, as I have said, are very rare.

Now, just think of all the resolutions we can make and keep to in 1936 if we only try. Give up smoking, kissing, drinking liquor, chewing your finger nails, and scratching your prickly heat in the summer. There are unlimited possibilities

for the improvement of the human race. Let 1936 be an outstanding year for all of us! Let us give up things, take up things, put them down again, throw down things, and scrape our noses in the mud if we violate these resolutions.

There are so many things that we could resolve to do that it would require a book of no mean dimensions in which to set them down in detail. And so I have picked out a very poor few of the most important for presentation, in the fond hope that if a few of my readers can carry them out to perfection, they will look back years hence on John A. Henry and think with a sob of him as a real Helper of Mankind. Not that I'm a vain man—far from it. You'll see that from my picture at the top left-hand corner of this page.

Well, here we are. Let's get on.

Let us take, first, one of the resolutions I have already touched on—namely, that of giving up kissing. To relinquish this germ-carrying habit would not be too hard, I don't think. All we've got to think of, every time we see a girl who makes our will powers watery and our lips itch, is the amount of hideous and grotesque bacilli, bacteria and hydrophobii we would be transferring to her delicious mouth if we did chance one little kiss—not to speak of hippopotamii and several varieties of hold-me-tightii.



Resolutions

by John A. Henry

Sketches by Mali



But, for the so-called Woman Hater, whose principles are all rot, proved so by the fact that his mother bore him, I would suggest making a New Year resolution to Take Up Kissing. For, no matter what you males may say, the world wouldn't go round without girls, and men would be perfectly lost without them. And, if you sneer and say "Vice Versa!"—I'll call you all liars. I may sound very contradictory here, but, to improve this bad habit of mine, I am making a New Year resolution never to write any more articles or short stories—so perhaps you'll be hearing from me in 1936!

Smoking is another simple habit that we could safely give up in 1936. Nothing is more subtly harmful to the lungs, health, brain and general system than the soothing wiles of Milady Nicotine. Just, for example, look at all the people one reads about, or, if you can't look at them, think about them. People who have smoked all their lives—or rather, of course, smoked tobacco all their lives—and who lived to the ripe old age of 90 or so. All you have to do to cut down your smoking expenses is to smoke the tobacco of other people and keep your own cigarette or cigar case empty. It's really too easy!

We won't talk about giving up drink, for the Bible has it that "man cannot live by bread alone."

Mussolini could make a very fine New year reso-

lution to get a firm grip on his fast receding power. Well-known Future and Hand Readers have told him that within the next two years his power will decline till it doesn't even fill an egg cup, and that the freedom and safety of Abyssinia will remain unshattered. Now, if he has any sense, real sense, I mean—like you and I have got, and which important figure-heads *think* they've got—Mussolini will make another resolution to the effect that he won't try to or shoot any more Abyssinians and say, immediately afterwards, that there has never been a breath of WAR where Italy is concerned anyway.

Editors might be decent about things and accept *all* the Mss. sent to them during 1936. What a nice time they'd have!

And John A. Henry (that's meself, if you don't know!) could resolve to give his readers some clue to the fact that, although he has written many foolishly cynical articles and short stories on girls, the Love of Woman, and 'Mrs. John A. Henry', he has never been married in his life, is scared stiff of girls until he gets to know them, which is almost never, and has such a romantic mind that he would kiss the feet of any girl who showed him a modicum of sympathy or affection!



THE END



The Problem—

by P. P. Samuel
Illustrated by Varma

Reading Time • About 6 Minutes

She (in thoughtful mood).—These are days of problems. The papers are just full of them.

I.—Quite. Almost everybody has them. Gandhi has the Harijan problem. The Rajah of Bobbili has the Party problem. And I am at the moment trying hard to find a solution to a little problem of our own.

She.—Whatever is it, dear?

I.—What *indeed* shall we give Uncle James for Christmas?

She.—What indeed! But, dear, it is terribly important. He has quite a pile in the bank, and three other nephews. You never can be too careful.

I.—Do tell me. What shall it be?

She.—Ask me another. I don't think 'The Giving of Gifts' was part of our college curriculum. If Uncle James were a young aunt or something I should have known what would be acceptable to her.

I.—Him.

She.—Her. I would choose for her one of those delicious rainbow things at Botawala's, with a fetching little crepe-de-chine blouse and a lipstick to match thrown in, marked down to fifty rupees just because it is Christmas and he wants everybody to be happy.

I.—Hr-r-mp!

She.—Well, your turn now. I am waiting.

I.—What do you say to a gold-mounted fountain pen with a three-in-one attachment (tooth-pick, nail-trimmer and file) in chromium steel? Every time he picks a tooth or trims a nail he is bound to remember us.

She.—Oh no. I shouldn't give him a pen—he has seven already, all presents, it seems, from affectionate and generous relations.

I.—But supposing we give him a pen and he happens to write his will with it, or supposing he uses it to add a codicil and sees our name on it.....

She.—You priceless advocate!

I.—You aren't trying to be helpful, are you?

She.—What about a dress-suit from Spencer's? He is a whip or something of the Justice Party and would appreciate something very British.

I.—Well, there is much in that. But it would cost a fortune.

She.—Money begets money. Kipling, I think.

I.—Sounds like Habakkuk, rather. Look here, we have got to get him something presentable and—er—not prohibitively costly.

She.—Well, then, send him a full-size photograph of Anna May Wong. The old boy is dead nuts on her, I fancy. The other day, at the pictures, he was just goggling at her and purring.

I.—Ha, Ha! It wasn't love, my dear—only collywobbles. He has dyspepsia, you know.

She.—Has he? That solves the problem, then. Get him a copy of *Dyspepsia to Dynamics* by Hoot J. Hoot of New York. A topping tome! I am sure his dyspepsia would curl up and die by the time he reaches page 51.

I.—Rubbish! Books are his pet abomination. In 1933 John gave him a novel recommended by The Book of the Month Club, and the old sportsman hit

back in '34 with a shop-soiled copy of *The Minor Prophets* and a set of *Round-and-Round-the-Rao-Bahadur*. Have you ever watched people play that game?

She.—I am afraid I haven't.

I.—Uncle James has.

She.—Wait a minute, though. How about an autographed chess set? Capablanca's autograph, you know. Uncle James does have the eyes and complexion of a chess-addict. The whole set can be had in a dinky mahogany box for Rs. 19-15-0. The whites are in ivory (autographed in gamboge) and the blacks.....

I.—He doesn't play chess.

She.—That puts the lid on it, I suppose.

I.—But you can always try again.

She.—Would an electric cigar-lighter for the dashboard of his car be a safe choice? It is the cutest little gadget I have ever seen, and if it fails to work there is a weeny teeny box of matches attached.

I.—I am afraid we are going about this business of Christmas presents in the wrong way. It ought to be taken seriously, and whatever we give should be useful and acceptable and—er—Christmassy. Now-a-days the best people do not give any old thing that catches the eye. They give PRESENTS OF MIND.

She.—Say that again, will you?

I.—Presents of mind.

She.—Are you potty or am I? *However* could one give away one's presence of mind?

I.—P-R-E-S-E-N-T-S.

She.—Of mind? Where does one buy them?

I.—In shops, you silly. They mean only useful and acceptable gifts chosen with care and imagination.

She.—Then why don't you go and grab them, instead of trying to look fishy?

I.—But one has to study the psychology of the individual first.

She.—Well, that reminds me of the 'Sanctions' the papers are full of. And by the time you study the what-not of the what-is-it Christmas will be over and gone. Will you just listen to me a moment?

I. I have been doing practically nothing else for five years now.

She.—Well, you were a good boy all along, I should concede. But Christmas is getting nearer every moment and don't you think the right thing to do is to send for Botawala's, Christmas Catalogue right away?

I.—Whose?

She.—Botawala's dear. The Botawala of Mount Road.

I (firmly).—I would much rather deal with Palani-andi, behind the Mat Bazaar.

She.—After dusk, may I hope. I'd hate to have people talk that you are that kind of person.

(Enter postman)

Postman (having cleared his throat)—Paw-w-w-st!
(Exit)

She (starting at a catalogue in a dazed manner). Strike me pink! I thought such things happened only in the last chapter of a six-penny novel. Here is, believe it or not, "Botawala's Presents of Mind!"

I (taking the catalogue from her).—Strike me pink too!

She.—Now for it, dear.....How about a Moghul Smoker's Cabinet? It says here, "Suitable gift to a gentleman of taste and refinement. Rs. 74-4-0."

I.—Next page, please.

She.—A luminous collar-stud?

I.—Not done!

She.—Ah! Here's the answer to your prayer. A walking-stick fitted with a tiny, but dependable radio-set.

I (stamping my foot).—Don't you know Uncle James is deaf?

She.—Well, that's the lot—for gentlemen, I mean...Hullo! here is the very thing I mentioned a little while ago—that incomparable dream in filmy silk, with the fetching little crepe-de-chine blouse and lip-stick to match thrown in. Why, Botawala is quite a minor poet! "The choice of love for a young wife or lady-love."

I.—Perhaps he is a descendant of Omar Khayyam.

She.—By the way, the number is 359.

THE END

THE BEST LAID PLANS—(Continued from page 19)

acquaintance with its contents was a gradual and extremely unpleasant business.

They first of all invited me to look through a kaleidoscope. Its eye-piece was treated with soot. This afforded them considerable amusement, but made me look a perfect fool before the servants.

The next unpleasantness I suffered was the most atrocious smell I've ever experienced. Stink bombs, I think the things are called. Disgusting way to treat a guest!

They fooled me at tea-time with an imitation ink-stain on the table-cloth, and then with a dummy fly on the sugar which I tried to swat.

When I washed my face and hands in the evening, I discovered they'd substituted a cake of "black-magic" soap for my own; and it was only with the greatest of difficulty and hard work that I managed to get the black off my face and hands.

They caused me considerable inconvenience by introducing itching powder down my back. And upsetting sneezing powder before my face.

When finally they apologised for all they'd done to me and obtained my forgiveness, they offered to shake hands on it. They shook hands simultaneously, and each had in his hand a confounded "hand-shake-shocker"—a diabolical contrivance that goes off suddenly and shatters your nerves to atoms.

Later, one of the little brutes came to me crying that he had cut his finger. He obtained my sympathy under false pretences. For I discovered the bandage was a false one with an imitation blood-stain on it.

I reached the limit of my endurance when they offered me your box of cigars, from which a snake sprang at me. I threatened to give them a thrashing, but they said they'd let everyone know I wore corsets and a brassiere. As I've already stated, it was only because they threatened to poison my food, and because I believed them fully capable of it, that I held my tongue and stayed on.

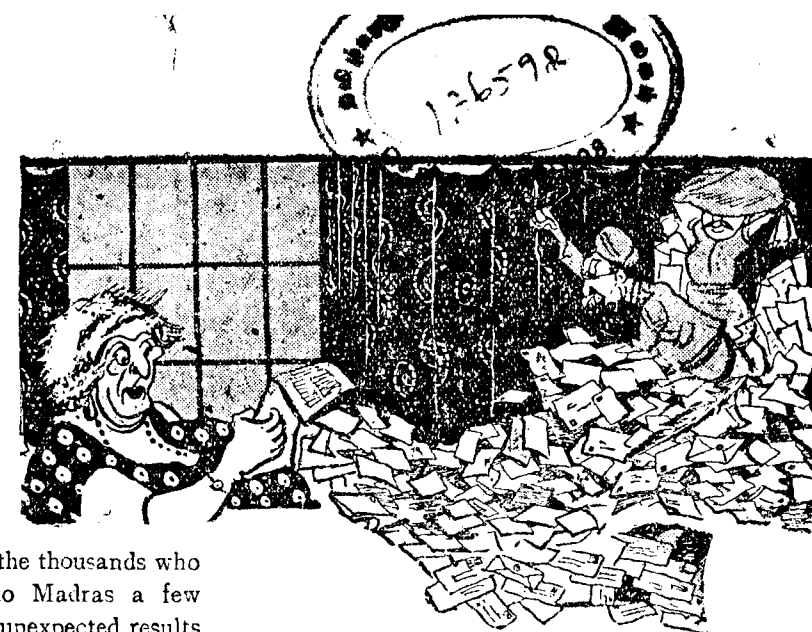
Besides, I didn't see why I should forfeit my birthday presents.

With best wishes for a Happy and Prosperous New Year.

Yours gratefully,
Uncle Hubert.

P. S.—I've decided to marry a widow now with three children—"all girls, thank God".

Auntie Awful



'ASPIRANT' was one of the thousands who welcomed Rajen Babu to Madras a few weeks ago. One of the unexpected results was that 'Aspirant' became a film-star overnight.

"While the procession was making its way to Congress House," says this enthusiastic nephew, "I was so crushed by human beings that I was forced to send an S. O. S. from the sea of heads around me."

And then what happened? Was our nephew seized by eager ambulance-workers, anxious for someone to practise on? Was he arrested on a charge of making seditious grimaces, calculated to disturb the peace of mind of the C. I. D.? Or did he merely lose his nether garment in the crush, and have to proceed home pretending to be an ascetic?

No; none of these things happened. Our nephew's distress passed unobserved by human eye, but the camera saw all.

"Next day, the people who filmatised the proceedings offered me a fabulous sum for a stunt picture they were going to shoot."

Tut, tut. How can so engaging and cultured a nephew use a word like 'filmatised'? Auntie does not doubt, however, that the offer of the film company was 'fabulous'.

"I am to be the hero of the new film. The company explained that their picture of the procession owed its brilliant success entirely to my frantic gestures."

Do not think, my dears, that 'Aspirant' writes to Auntie merely to boast of his good fortune. In the American film-idiom, he comes across with a proposition. He modestly states that if Auntie will guide his unaccustomed steps as a screen celebrity, she can have a half-share in the spoils.

This is a very generous offer; but on reflection Auntie considers that as a film-star our nephew would be wasting his talents. With his gift for imaginative

romancing, he should be a scenario-writer, not an actor. In which case, Auntie would gladly become his literary agent.

A literary agent, my dears, is a lily of the fields. He toils not, neither does he spin; yet Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these.

"Lakhs of rupees for writers!" says the modest advertisement of a literary agent. "Send your manuscripts to Grabitt and Fudge for revision and placing with Editors. Influential journalistic connections, and twenty years' experience. Let an expert market your output!"

The agent certainly has a wide journalistic experience, having been sacked from every firm of publishers for hundreds of miles around. He sits in an office with a fat cigar, waiting for the postman to bring the manuscripts of artless authors. These are thrown, unread, into a large basket provided for the purpose.

Each applicant receives a circular to say that, at a hasty glance, his work displays undoubted genius, and will be simply snapped up by the Editors. If the author will send a 'reading fee' of one rupee, the matter will be put in hand at once. Those who do not want their work to be read, can have it back on payment of one rupee for 'expenses'. Heads I win, tails you lose.

If you pay for the privilege of having your work read, you get another circular demanding two rupees to get the manuscript revised and prepared for publication. When you cough up, the manuscript is fished out of the basket, and dispatched, in its original state, to any handy Editor.

If, by an extraordinary chance, an Editor actually accepts the work, the agent receives the payment. In

due course you get a lovely account, as long as a lawyer's bill of cost, together with a money-order for fifteen annas, being the balance due to the author.

So it is nice to be a literary agent, isn't it, my pets?

Mickey (Vebery). "Attending a social evening recently, I wondered why it is always large, much-married men who specialise in yearning love-songs." Obviously, my dear, it is the large, much-married men who have the greatest cause to yearn.

Salamander (Andheri). "Please tell us why you are opposed to the hire-purchase system. It is a good idea for persons of limited means, and I see no drawback." One of the drawbacks, dear boy, is that the purchaser has to work so hard to keep up the easy payments.

Student Reader. "I attended a very uplifting address in our lecture-hall. The speaker said that patience and perseverance would enable you to accomplish anything. They would even enable you to carry water in a sieve." Quite correct, dear boy. All you have to do is to wait patiently and perseveringly until the water freezes.

Athena (Madan Waan). "Since modern girls have taken to riding motor-cycles in Delhi, there has been no falling off in the public respect for our sex." Quite so, my dear; but there has been a lot of falling off among the modern girls.

Fric (Dehra Dun). "I do not think the public-school system is suitable for India. Class-distinctions should be preserved. For instance, one student punched my friend on the nose during recess, and he has noble blood in his veins." Yes, dear boy, but not so much as before his nose was punched.

Memsahib (Bangalore). "Please advise me. I have some valuable Persian carpets in my sitting-room, and my husband is always soiling them with tobacco-ash." It will not hurt your valuable floor-coverings, dear madam. A little ash on the carpets keeps the moth out and the man in.

Omnivorous Reader (Jaipur). "I have been reading a story about the South Sea Islands, and it described the heroine as wearing a 'Mother Hubbard'. What

can this be?" Mother Hubbard, dear boy, is a character in the famous nursery-rhyme:

*Old Mother Hubbard went to the cupboard
To get the poor dog a bone.*

When she got there, the cupboard was bare...

The Polynesians used to wear nothing but a short grass skirt, eminently suitable to humid climate and an amphibious life. In such a climate, European clothing would merely encourage pulmonary and other diseases. The pious missionaries, however, were inexpressibly shocked by the shameless nakedness of the Polynesian damsels, and prescribed a voluminous old-fashioned frock for universal wear. This garment resembles an immense sack which billows from neck to ankles, gathered together shapelessly at the waist by a girdle. In illustrations of the nursery-rhyme, Old Mother Hubbard is always shown wearing such a dress, so the female uniform of the South Sea Islands is named after her. By a strange turn of events, while the Polynesian damsels are morally compelled to dress like Old Mother Hubbard, their European sisters are getting more like the cupboard every day.

The Best Policy (Kaloer). Many thanks, dear boy, for the excellent essay you submitted to me, entitled, 'Honesty is the Best Policy'. Unfortunately, you seem to have purloined it from a text-book.

Bow Wow (Hardwar). A daschund, my dear, is a very long dog with very short legs. You pat its head on Sunday, and its tail wags on Monday.

Observant (Bombay). "I write to warn you that there are many forged 100-rupee notes in circulation." Thank you for the information, dear sir. Auntie must examine her change very carefully in future.

Fortunate (Veddukodai). "What do they call a man who is lucky in love?" A bachelor, dear boy.

Master Awful (Penang). "An Englishman, a Scotchman, and a Jew went into a bar. What happened?" If these celebrated characters acted up to their usual form, my dear, the Englishman stood drinks all round, the Scotchman stood 5 ft. 11 ins. in his stockinged feet, and the Jew stood speechless with admiration.



THE Satsuma Vases

by Embusque

Reading Time • About 8 Minutes



"No fear of that," said Jimmy. "She never budes from Kotagiri; says the journey is too much for her."

"All right, darling. I'll have the vases packed and sent tomorrow."

"I hope this girl-friend of yours won't turn up her nose at them."

"I'll hint that they are valuable antiques," said Dora, brightly.

66 **W**E shall have to send her a wedding-present," said Dora Kerr.

"I don't see why we should," demurred her husband.

"Of course we must," said Dora, spiritedly. "She was with me at school, and besides, she sent us a wedding-present."

"Yes, a beastly electro-plated toast-rack," grumbled Jimmy.

"We are so hard-up," mourned Dora. "I suppose we will have to give her something out of our own wedding-presents, and pass it off as new."

"That's about the tenth time you have had that brilliant idea," said Jimmy. "I thought we had got rid of all the junk. What about Uncle Henry's biscuit-barrel?"

"He had it engraved, 'With love from Uncle', the mean thing," said Dora. "We shall never be able to pass it on."

"I know! Aunt Jemima's vases!"

Dora gazed speculatively at the two vases on the mantel-shelf. They were quaint-shaped Japanese vessels of antique pattern. "I never have liked the silly things," she murmured, "but suppose Auntie found we had got rid of them?"

A week later, two letters were delivered at the Kerr's bungalow. 'Darling Dora', said the first, 'Thanks ever so much for the ducky vases. It was ever so sweet of you to send anything so valuable. George says they are valuable antiques of the Boji period. The wedding is taking place at Calcutta next month. What a pity you and your hubby cannot come. Thanks ever so much for the vases. They are just what we wanted. Love from Ada'.

The other missive was in Aunt Jemima's spidery handwriting. 'Dear Nephew and Niece, I am writing about the wedding-present I sent you last year. My servant packed a pair of Satsuma vases by mistake, and owing to failing sight I have only just discovered it. I did not intend you to have them. Kindly return them at once, and I will send you something much more suitable. I am sorry for this ridiculous error, which was entirely the servant's mistake. Love from Aunt Jemima'.

"What on earth are we to do?" gasped Dora.

"Say we have lost the vases," suggested Jimmy.

"We couldn't do that. Auntie would cut you out of her will for such a piece of gross disrespect. You

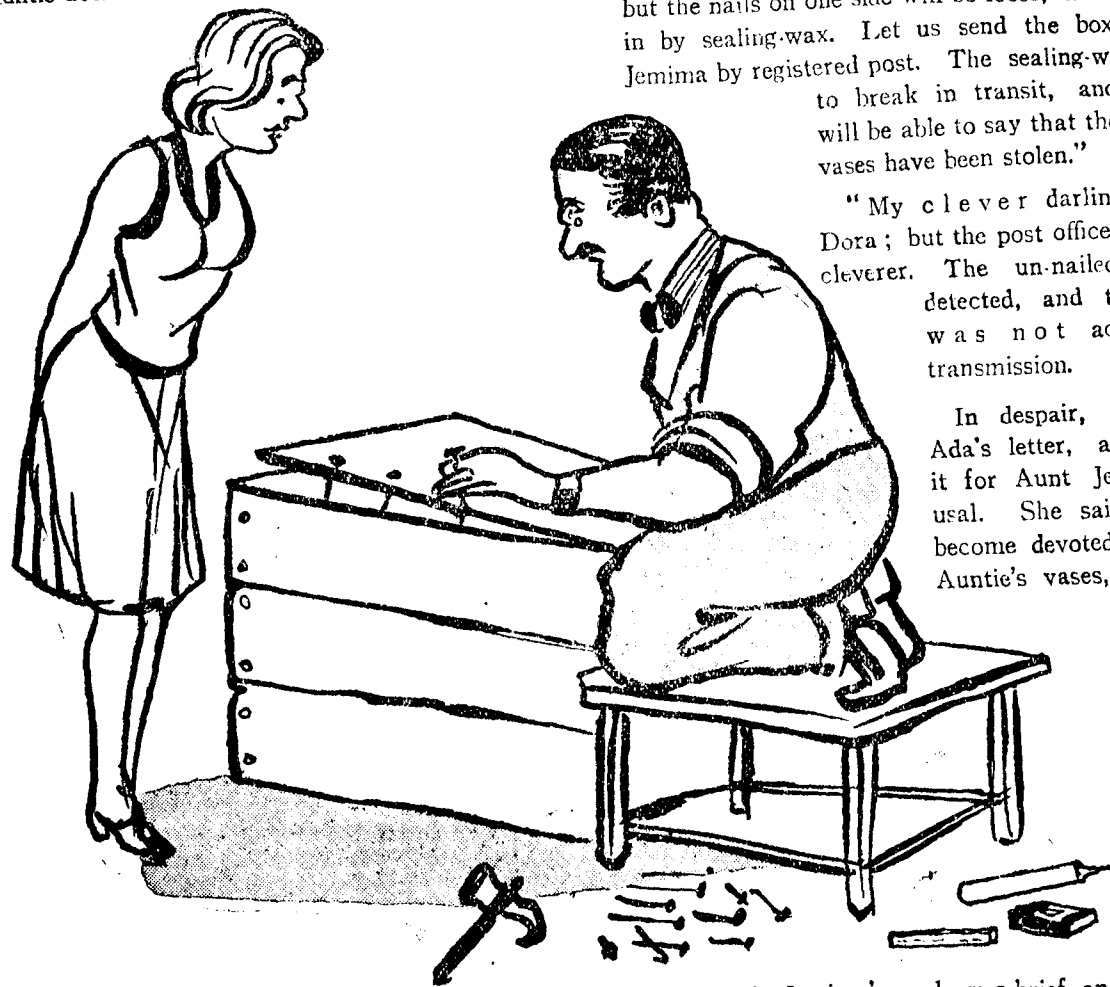
know she has always promised you a handsome legacy."

"Then say the servants have broken them."

"Worse still. The sacred presents of Aunt Jemima should be dusted by my own fair hands. No. I shall have to ask Ada to send them back to me."

"Good heavens, you can't do that!"

"Yes, I can. I will make the same excuse as Auntie does."



So Dora wrote to her darling Ada, describing how a foolish servant had packed a pair of silly vases by mistake, and would dear Ada overlook the ridiculous error, and return the vases, which would be replaced by something ever so much more suitable.

At length, Ada's reply was received. 'Darling Dora', it said, 'I would not dream of putting you to any further trouble over a wedding-present for poor little me. The vases are adorable, and I would not part with them on any account. I absolutely refuse

to allow you to change them for anything more costly.'

"The horrid cat!" wept Dora, "She must have found out that they are valuable after all. They must belong to Auntie's collection of rare antiques, which explains why Auntie wants them back. What shall we do?"

"I have it," said Jimmy. "Let us prepare a box, and fill it with straw, and put a couple of bricks inside. I will give the box a heavily-sealed appearance; but the nails on one side will be loose, and only held in by sealing-wax. Let us send the box to Aunt Jemima by registered post. The sealing-wax is sure to break in transit, and then we will be able to say that the Satsuma vases have been stolen."

"My clever darling!" gushed Dora; but the post office was even cleverer. The un-nailed box was detected, and the package was not accepted for transmission.

In despair, Dora took Ada's letter, and adapted it for Aunt Jemima's perusal. She said she had become devoted to dear Auntie's vases, and could not bear to part with them. She would not dream of allowing Auntie to replace them by a more valuable present.

Auntie Jemima's reply was brief and to the point. 'Dear Nephew and Niece', said the redoubtable old lady, 'I did not say I would replace my vases by something more valuable, but by something more suitable. They are Satsuma antiques of the best Boji period, quite priceless. Kindly return my property at once, or you will regret it.'

"There is nothing for it but to send Ada another present, and a valuable one," said Dora. "Then she will be in duty bound to give Auntie's vases back to us."

"All right," agreed Jimmy, ruefully. "The next instalment on our car will have to wait, that's all." His credit made good by this doleful expedient, he paid a visit to the Imperial Curio Emporium, in search of a valuable present for the disgusting Ada.

The first thing that struck his eye was a pair of Japanese vases. They were identical with Aunt Jemima's priceless Boji Satsuma!

After cautiously examining various articles in the shop, Jimmy edged towards the vases. "I suppose these would not suit my purpose?" he remarked, off-handedly.

"I'm afraid not, sir," said the dealer. "I understand you are looking for something valuable."

"Urrrr?" gulped Jimmy, hiding his astonishment.

"Of course, some people mistake this stuff for Boji work," went on the dealer smoothly. "There is a lot of it in the market. Look, you can distinguish it from the real article by means of the deep blue portions of the design. In the imitation stuff, the colour is almost blue-black; real Boji has a translucent shade."

"H—How much this pair?" stuttered Jimmy.

"Thirty rupees," said the dealer, marking his customer's excitement, and doubling the price.

Jimmy planked down three notes, and rushed out of the shop with the precious vases.

"It is all right," he panted, when safely home again. "Look, I've got exact duplicates of Auntie's vases. If I can detect no difference, they are sure to pass muster in her old eyes."

The jaded box was retrieved from the lumber-room, this time securely nailed and sealed. "We will be insured as well as registered," said Jimmy, light-heartedly. "It is better to be on the safe side."

"Goodness, a telegram!" cried Dora, observing a postman entering the compound.

It was from Aunt Jemima. 'My vases not arrived', read the cruel wire. 'Consider disinherited. Have sent for my lawyer to institute proceedings for recovery'.

Scarcely had the unhappy pair comprehended the grievous nature of the disaster, than the regular postman entered the compound with a letter and a registered parcel. Dora Kerr feverishly opened the letter, while her husband took delivery of the parcel.

'Darling Dora', went the letter, 'I am returning your wedding present. George and I have had words, and it is all off. I will never speak to a man again. They are all heartless, unworthy brutes. So every-thing is cancelled. I have forsworn love for ever. Your broken-hearted Ada'.

"Heavens!" moaned Dora, in anguish, "Here are Aunt Jemima's priceless Satsuma vases returned—too late!"

"Priceless, my foot!" growled Jimmy, scanning the blue of the pattern on the vases. "They are worthless imitations!"

* * *

Two days passed. There were no vases on Dora's

mantle shelf. All four of the unlucky vessels had been relegated to the lumber-room, to await the next visit of the junk-dealer, or perchance the next casual acquaintance who was getting married.

On the third day, came an official-looking letter from Kotagiri. It was from Aunt Jemima's lawyer. 'Dear Sir and Madam', it said. 'I regret to inform you that your relative passed away suddenly this morning. I arrived at the house within half-an-hour of the sad event, having been sent for in connection with a proposed alteration in the will of the deceased. As the alteration was never made, the terms of the previous will hold good. I may inform you at once that by the terms of this will, you become the owners of a pair of extremely valuable Satsuma vases. I understand these are already in your possession'.

THE END

DO YOU KNOW?

1. How many wars have there been during the past thirty-seven years?
2. What is the Festival of the Dead?
3. How is shatter-proof glass made?
4. What is the chief export of Italian Somaliland?

Answers on page 35

The Letters of

81. The River-Demon

Reading Time • About 10 Minutes

Illustrated by Mali

Madras, 28th December, 1935.

DEAR MOTHER,

THE subject of the river-demon came up quite by accident, during our reception at Appu's village. Boggins was sitting on the iron throne, and I occupied the Poona Pact chair; and the villagers sat on the ground and asked questions.

There was one man named Bagale, a sort of rural wiseacre and village idiot. "The soldiers know everything," he said, suddenly. "Tell us, then; who dug the river-bed?"

Boggins is very good at this kind of question. "It was dug by a powerful demon," he replied. "In our language, the name of the demon is Denudation." He went on to say how this demon, if not controlled, removed the good top-soil from the fields, and left only rock and sand.

"Ah," said the wiseacre, thinking he had Boggins cornered. "When the demon dug the river-bed, did he eat all that soil?"

"No," replied Boggins. "He made the water carry it away for him." Water, he said, was the chief ally of the demon; but a cunning farmer could ridge and drain his land, and prevent the water from carrying away the good soil.

"Wah!" cried the villagers, marvelling at the craftiness of the demon, and the shrewdness of Boggins' remedy.

"Your demon cannot be as powerful as our demon," said Bagale, unconvinced. "When your demon dug the river, he had to leave an island where our demon lives."

We gradually learned that the village demon haunted a small shrine that stood on an island about a mile down-stream. To our surprise, it turned out that the demon was married. "Certainly he is married," said Bagale. "If he were not married, he would do mischief."

Nobody knew what the demon looked like, but everyone was familiar with the appearance and habits of the demon's wife. She lived in a tree on a knoll beside the river-bank, and she had the aspect of a

bird with a long beak and fiery eyes. When she was abroad after dark, none of the villagers dared to leave their houses, for she was very fond of human flesh. Owing to her preference for a meat diet, the villagers went to the tree on certain days, and offered a goat to her.

As the discussion developed, we were surprised to discover that even in this jungle-village there was an Orthodox group, and a Modernist lot. Bagale led the former, and Appu the latter. Each leader had a small following of enthusiasts, but the bulk of the people were indifferent, and could be swayed to one side or the other by appeals to their prejudices.

Strangely enough, it turned out that our opinion was considered important, so I whispered to Boggins to be discreet, and not to blurt out his ideas in his usual blunt way.

"All right," said Boggins. "Aren't I famous for my diplomacy?"

"Certainly," I replied. "Everybody knows how good you are at settling arguments by knocking people's heads together."

The trouble was about the tree in which the demon's wife had taken up her residence. This tree stood on the only piece of firm, sharply-shelving river-bank near the village. Everywhere else, people had to struggle through loose, shifting sand, full of pebbles and thorns, to reach the water.

Appu maintained that a path to the water's edge should be permitted to pass the demon's tree. He said that in any case she had only lived there during the past ten years. Before that time, the lady lived in another tree, close opposite her husband's island. It seems that one day a holy man arrived in the village, and sat under the tree, and announced that it was the new residence of the river-demon's wife. He had made a profitable concern of it ever since. Appu thought that the demon and the holy man should consider the convenience of the villagers.

Bagale, on the other hand, said it would be desecration to make a *ghat* besides the sacred tree. The village women, passing by, would disturb the meditations of the holy man. The demon would be angry,

Private Joyfull

and bring disease to the crops; and floods, and famines; and all the cattle would die.

Both sides pressed Boggins for an opinion. "Well, brothers," said my friend, with surprising tact, "suppose you consulted the demon-lady herself, and got her to demonstrate her wishes?"

The Orthodox and the Reformers equally welcomed this suggestion. The Orthodox party was sure that the holy man would arrange for the reply to be in their favour, while the Reformers hoped that somehow the reply would turn out to their advantage. Anyhow, it gave an excuse for a *tamasha*.

Appu invited us into his courtyard for a drink of milk. "The soldiers are very wise," he said, when we were alone. "How can I get the demon to agree to move to the former tree?"

Boggins pointed to a line of blue hills in the far distance. They were overhung with heavy clouds. "There will be storms in the hills this evening," he said. "The river will rise in the night. These South Indian rivers rise very rapidly, and the flow of water is fierce for a while. At the *tamasha*, you must ask for the demon to give a sign during the night."

Appu looked puzzled, but refrained from further questions. Presently we took our leave. The bullock-cart had arrived, and we went off to establish our humble camp at the foot of the fortress-crag, promising to return in a couple of hours to attend the *tamasha*.

The worship of the bride of the river-demon commenced just before sunset. Our obliging host had planted the two village chairs at a respectful distance, for our convenience. As night came on, the scene was most impressive. The villagers had torches, and made a great noise. A constant ululation arose from the crowd. These strange cries were made by constantly moving the palm of the hand upon the open mouth. Boggins said that the demon liked a lot of noise, but in making the noise the villagers had to protect their mouths, in case an evil spirit took the opportunity to enter.

Finally, the sacrifice was concluded, and the holy man promised to give the answer of the lady-demon in the morning. "Wise sirs," said Appu as we accompanied him towards his home, "I fear that the holy man will say that the demon has appeared to him in



a dream, and forbidden any interference with her residence."

"You must help her to alter her mind," replied Boggins.

"What must I do?" said Appu, looking frightened.

"The river will begin to rise about midnight," said Boggins, watching the lightning-flashes wreathing the distant hills. "Can you get twenty men, with spades, to meet us at eleven o'clock, on the up-stream side of the holy tree?"

Appu refused; but Boggins said that we would be assisted by the powerful demon Denudation, and would come to no harm. Trembling and reluctant, Appu finally consented to keep the rendezvous.

Just before eleven, Boggins and I went down to the appointed spot. The village was dark and silent, and I felt a bit nervous myself in the eerie darkness, lit by the distant lightning-flashes.

After a long interval, Appu's party appeared. They were all huddled close together, shivering, prepared to run away at the slightest alarm. They clustered round us as close as they could get, with many apprehensive glances at the tree where the she-demon lived.

"Come on, get busy," said Boggins. "Ten of you get into the river, and make a small *bund* running that way," pointing obliquely across the channel. "The rest of you, dig a small ditch that way," pointing obliquely inland.

Heartened by Boggins, and by being actively occupied, the villagers commenced their task. "What's the idea?" I whispered to my companion.

"When the river rises," said Boggins, "the little *bund* will direct some of the current along our ditch. The flow is very strong, and, given even a small start, the river will soon cut out a new bank, and then destroy the *bund*. My ditch is pointing behind the tree. Before morning, the tree will be swept away, and a new bank formed just behind it."

The villagers were working with a will, and even joking with each other, when suddenly there came a fearful rustling from the sacred tree, and a monstrous bird flew out. As it went off down-river with heavily-beating wings, there was a howl of fear from the villagers, and my hair rose on end.

"It is all right, brothers," cried Boggins, checking the rush, "the demon approves of your pious work, and has flown off down the river to be nearer her husband."

Shaken, but partly reassured, the men went on with the work. A few minutes later, I got a fresh shock. A dreadful wail arose down-stream, travelling

through the darkness with hideous import. In a moment, there was an answering wail from farther off. I looked anxiously at the villagers, expecting them to drop their tools and run; but to my surprise they went on working without evincing the slightest alarm.

"My goodness!" I said to Boggins. "Do you think that was the demon and her husband, calling to each other?"

"Of course," replied my friend. "That was two *chowkidars* telling the world that all was well."

By midnight, our little arrangements were completed, and the villagers departed in a huddle, as they had come, talking eagerly about this mysterious midnight digging.

Boggins' prediction was more than fulfilled. A storm arose in the night, and at daybreak the holy man was heard announcing that the storm had been sent by the demon, to show her disapproval of any proposal to move her. Soon, however, someone came from the river bank with startling news. The holy tree had disappeared, and the river had made a nice new *ghat* on the spot where the tree had stood!

The holy man, accompanied by the entire village, repaired to the scene of the miracle. Having surveyed the site, the holy man announced that there had been a trifling mistake in his reading of the spells. The storm, of course, was created by the passing of the demon to her former tree, which she had voluntarily consented to re-occupy, thanks to the intercession of the holy man.

"But who dug the new *ghat* for us?" asked Bagale.

"It was the demon of the *sahibs*," replied the holy man.

"Denudation," said Boggins.

"Certainly," replied the holy man. "I am familiar with all demons." And he directed the villagers to build a new shrine close by, with comfortable living quarters attached. "From this moment I shall be the priest of the great demon Dhundu Nata," he announced, importantly.

"But who will serve the bride of the river-demon?" asked Bagale, doubtfully.

"Her tree is now a long way off, and inconvenient," replied the holy man. "However, I have a brother for whom I can send, and he will undertake the worship of the demon-lady, and preserve the village from all harm, provided the offerings of the faithful are sufficient."

So now the village supports two demons, and two holy men.

Your Loving Son,
OBEAH JOYFULL.



For Better For Worse

by C. H. Thakore

Illustrated by Varma

Reading Time • About 8 Minutes

LILY and I were married, duly and solemnly. How it all came about I dare not reveal. All I will say is that Lily was rather a darling, and still is—if you will. And since Lily's mother had kicked the bucket long before our marriage, everything went on swimmingly. In due course, a couple of tots arrived. Heaven be thanked!

Gentle sir, don't run away with the idea that our married life was an idyll flourishing on velvet lawns. Far from it. In fact, there were too many bumps and snags. And Lily was anything but the ideal companion that a wife, I reckon, ought to be. She was always ready to point out my shortcomings and turn

my merits into flaws. If I got a new suit, it was so *cheap* and without taste that, as Lily would announce, the char-woman would maintain a divorce suit on it. If the suit was really good and pinched our purse a little, then to her it was a conspiracy to starve her and the children. So that in the end my aesthetic soul would go queasy. She had convinced herself that whatever I bought, was either 'cheap stuff' or a swindle. And conversely, whatever she bought was either indisputably lovely or absolutely necessary. And then there would be heated discussions and conversations and 'asides' that would go on till the Smiths next door began coughing violently, intimating

by—in accordance with the unwritten law of neighbours—that in case our brawl did not stop within a reasonable time they would come round and do the needful to end it.

Now, friends, I am not querulous or assertive. On the contrary, as my virile chums have often hinted, I am in the line of the cooing ring-dove. For it is one of my firm convictions that it is better to be married and henpecked than never to have married at all. So that in reading the following narrative your sympathies would be with me as one who is more sinned against than sinning.

It was Monday morning and I was going through the Advertisement columns. (It is a passion with me to read advertisements. I believe one can easily write a story or something by studying the advertisements. I myself tried to do something of the kind, but the Editor roundly said that it gave him indigestion, so I have left off. Nonetheless, my contention stands). I was feeling a bit seedy, what with the 5% cut in my salary and the umpteen kinds of forthcoming X'mas expenses and fees for John's tuition!—he is our eldest boy, his mother's son, Heaven be thanked!

Lily came in and dumped a big-sized furry doll on the table.

"Joe; look, isn't it a darling? Knocked about a lot before I could pin down the thing. Cost a clean fiver. But it's a darling, isn't it, Joe?"

"Daresay it is," I said coldly. I fail to see anything darling about furry dolls, especially when they cost you something. "What's the big idea?" I asked.

She sensed my lurking disapproval and paused for a moment before replying: "It's going to Bob. Do you remember the kid. Nice kid."

"Bob!" I exclaimed. "You don't mean you are sending the doll to that brat!"

"Don't you shout!" she flared up. "It is going to Bob; and don't you call him a brat."

Now Bob was the only son of the only aunt of Lily's, and consequently had on more occasions than one proved to be an invidious frontier across which there waged fatal feuds between me and Lily. I could not tolerate the idea of Lily giving away such a nice doll to that five-stone chunk of her cousin while our own boys had to kick up a row before they got ice-creams or chocolates. Lily would not see my logic, nor I countenance her silly fads. Ay, there was the rub. But what could I do? You may smile at my fecklessness; but he jests at etc. Indeed, only the husband knows where the wife pinches. And mine pinched with zeal.

But today I was in no mood to put up with any nonsense. I just crumpled up the newspaper with spirit and signified that a pitched battle was what I wanted. And Lily was put on her mettle. I demanded that she should hand over the doll to our Dick—unconditionally, and clearly intimated to her that I wasn't working myself to the bone to invigorate her aunt's breed. Lily was nettled.

"Shut up, you—!" she shouted, gulping down the adjective. "Whatever

have you got to do with my aunt? And don't you scream as if your house were on fire!"

"It is on fire," I countered. "And, look here, who earns the money in this house, you or I? I have every right to see how my money trickles out and to put a stop to unnecessary leakages. Get me?"

"So there are no votable items, I suppose!" she put in sarcastically.

"None henceforth," was my unusually firm reply.

Lily looked out of the window. I could see her lips quivering. An outburst was imminent. It came. She flew into her room and ten minutes later came out with an attache case. I looked on, amused. She



proceeded to the front door, opened it, and before going out turned round and hissed:

"You are a brute, that's what you are!"

"Divine expression!" I said without emotion.

"You have no decent feelings about you, with your sneering and stinting and meanness! I won't be here another minute. I'm going."

"You can please yourself, Lil; I've never denied you anything," I rejoined with effect.

"And don't try to follow me!"

"Hanged if I do!"

Bang went the door.

I was alone—with the newspaper. I didn't care, I told myself. A good riddance, a comforting voice whispered. After all, can't we do without marital superfluities? I gazed at the smoke-rings from my cigar. The still small voice within was blissfully quiet—

Months sped by. I got used to Lily's absence, though sometimes when the moon shone bright and gently kissed the trees, my romantic soul would stir within me and hunger for something. I could not fight down that hunger. It gradually became keener and I began to feel very lonely. You can't live merely on newspaper columns and cigars. Lily was out of my reach and implacable. I could not trace her whereabouts. The house with its fond associations grew irksome. I began a search for another place. Once on scanning the advertisements I pinned down a flat 'To Let'. As I was about to turn over the page, a curious advertisement caught my sight. It read unblushingly:

"Lady, aged twenty-five, contemplates marriage with a gentleman in good position. Apply, stating age, position, for interview to Box No. 2346, *The Gossip*."

"An opportunity for you, old bird!" I muttered to myself. I resolved to pursue the matter further, half seriously, half out of curiosity. I promptly applied and was granted an interview at a certain address in the City. A ten-minute tram-ride brought me to the abode of the Unknown Lady. I hurried upstairs and rang the bell. On entering the room I was confused at finding five other gentlemen of varying ages and sizes waiting—presumably—for the fateful call. So there we were—six brethren in common calamity!

A few minutes passed amid subdued coughing and conversation. Then one by one those five gentlemen were taken into the adjoining room. One by one, the five gentlemen came out, muttering something about 'blighted hags' and 'blasted larks' and hustled out of the house. Next, I was summoned. I gingerly adjusted my tie before presenting myself. (It is one of my firm convictions that a good knot is an indispensable weapon in the masculine armoury on such occasions). I shambled in, like an old war-horse on a new battle-field. Strangely

enough, there was no one in the room. Evidently the lady had gone into the next room for something or other. I got busy looking at the pictures on the wall and was much engrossed in an old Turner, when a sweet voice rang:

"Won't you please take a seat?" I turned round—and flopped into a chair. For the lady and I had instantly recognised each other as Lily and Joe—

How the next half-hour sped by I dare not reveal. All I will say is that Lily is still a darling, whether you will or no.

Needless to add that my contention stands. Here's a story out of Advertisement columns—and no disturbance to editorial digestion, either!

YES, I KNOW

Answers to questions on page 29

1. Fourteen, including the present one.
2. A festival held every July by the Japanese, who believe the dead return once a year to visit their relatives.
3. By inserting a sheet of transparent celluloid between two layers of plate glass.
4. Incense.

THE END

ne Mystery of

The Missing Miss

by Taurus

Reading Time • About 9 Minutes

Illustrated by Sekar

I. The Great Detective Comes A Cropper

"I cannot understand this; this beats me. An extraordinary case!" murmured the great detective, fixing me with a watery eye. And he shook his head to make his meaning plainer.

Sam—as he is known in my chronicles, Ramasamy being a bit on the longish side—paused to light a cigarette and added through half-closed eyes:

"I cannot understand this crime because there is no crime."

I confessed that the paradox was too much for me. "You see, or don't you see," he explained, "that the action or the nonaction of Big Boy Bang (short for Bangaru) is a mystery which is deepening every minute."

My mind was in a whirl; I could not keep pace with the lightning speed of Sam's mental operations.

"You remember," he went on, noting my puzzled frown—a wonderful student of human nature is he—"the dark man with the hawkish nose whom we came across in that little mystery of the Vanishing Blotting Pad. He is back in town now and it is an ill wind that blows no one any good except me—some fees you know—the Rani Sahiba is rich, the Rani Sahiba is well-to-do, passing rich and well-to-do." He smacked his lips.

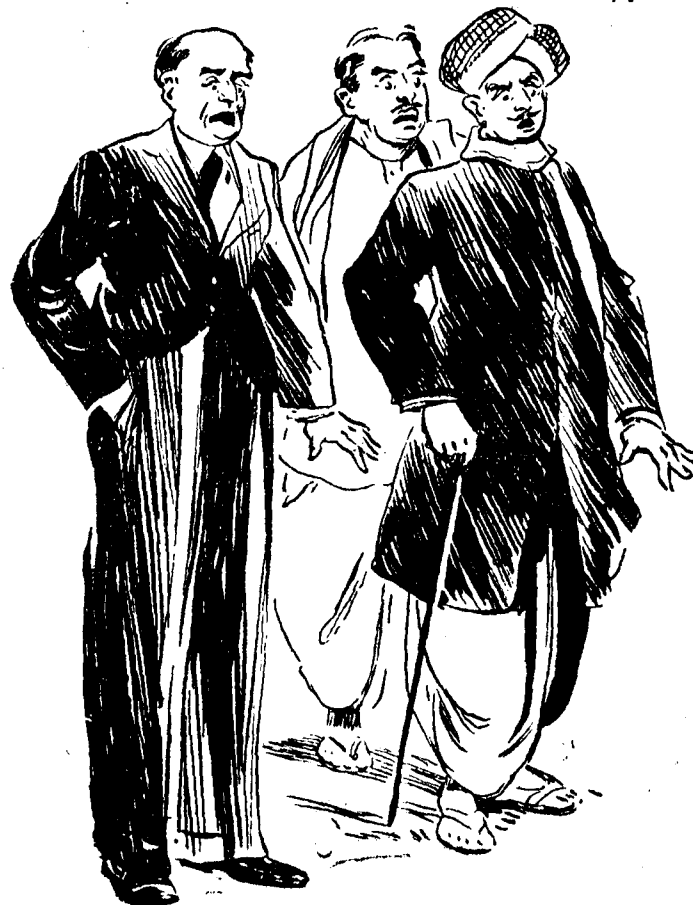
Then it came to me in a flash. Big Boy Bang was a notorious kidnapper and specialised in doing the disappearing trick to wealthy ladies. After the way he had treated the defenceless Blotting-Pad, I saw that but little mercy would be shown to poor Rani Sahiba. I suppose Rani Sahiba the millionaire miss was an easy and tempting target to anyone. She had advertised her arrival at our town with her priceless jewels in a manner which positively invited the attentions of people of the ilk of Bang.

I nodded my understanding of the problem which was on the mind of my friend.

"But you see," he said, "our accidental meeting with him at Galiti's when we were having a sip of the needful, might have put him off. That means, of course —"

"You therefore deduce—?"

"And perfectly legitimately when we are dealing with a man like Bang." This was a bit vague but Sam with his usual lucidity added: "He is after some other bigger game or—or he is biding his time, just to



throw us off him. Bah, he under-estimates us and that will be his undoing one day."

I was not surprised at this explanation; even a Bang, however big a boy he is, would be scared stiff seeing Sam hot on his heels.

"You are very helpful in your definiteness, though I was considering the possibility," said Sam, when I mentioned that that was why Bang had failed to act with his usual celerity.

He went off into a brown study with that.

II. The Problem Is Presented

Sam's contemplation was cut short by the stampede of ascending feet upon our staircase. The man, or woman, whoever it was, was in a hurry. Bursting open the door he—it was a *he*—stumbled in.

Sam lifted his left eyebrow at this strange intrusion. I almost jumped up.



"Oh, sirs!" he cried, "may I see Mr. Sam?"

"Certainly. Please sit down and compose yourself. I am Sam."

Thus assured, the man sank into the couch, breathing hard. He was in an excess of excitement, fidgeting about, his eyes darting this side and that restlessly. Even I could tell this was a serious case, a pretty serious one.

"Mr. Pramra," said the detective, "please let me know all the details; I take it you have come to see me about the kidnapping. Mind you, I want the whole story nothing but the story, from its very beginning."

To say that our visitor was startled is to put it mildly. "How—how do you know my name?" he stammered.

"It is my job to know people without being known to them. If you want to go about incognito, never mind—I have been expecting you since yesterday noon; in fact I was just expressing to my friend here that it was time you called, that it was strange you didn't. After all, one cannot be the uncle of Rani Sahiba and be her host without becoming known," said Sam suavely.

"But then, Mr. Ramsay, how—?"

"I am not Ramsay, I refuse to be Ramsay, I positively and definitely refuse. Either I am Ramasamy or plain Sam as my chronicler here puts me down."

Unwittingly our visitor had trodden on Sam's tender corns.

He apologised and proceeded: "I was about to ask you how you knew there was a kidnapping."

"That," explained the detective, "was a

mere putting two and two together, seeing that the arrival of Rani Sahiba synchronised with that of Big Boy Bang."

"I see. So you were, so to say, waiting for this development. I wish I had known."

"Never mind," consoled Sam. "It is never too late."

"So we have to get at Bang, I think?" suggested our client.

"No doubt, no doubt. But how to and where to get at him without letting him on the fact that we are looking for him is a tiny problem, my dear sir," pointed out Sam.

Mr. Pramra sat mum, a bluish pallor overspreading his face at the thought, presumably, of what might happen to his niece if Bang came to know we were after him.

"Let me have the full details, please." The detective put the tips of his fingers together and leaned back in the chair.

It was not a big story. Miss Rani Sahiba had gone out as usual to the club in the evening for a game of tennis. She had not come back. Mr. Pramra had waited all the night for news of her, but nothing came across.

"She is not a fast girl and she wouldn't spend a minute away from the house because—"

I was, I must say, surprised to find such devotion between the niece and—; but I was disillusioned by Mr. Pramra who dolefully recited a long story of her affection for dogs and how she came by the Pekinese she adored and had left behind in the house. "Not one moment would she stay away from the pet; 'Chow' he is called. She always used to rush back straight home, tennis finished." What made the matter worse was that Mr. Pramra had learnt on inquiry that she had not been to the club at all that evening.

"And the little Pekinese is sulking, refusing food." On that note Mr. Pramra concluded this harrowing tale.

I was not sure whether I should be sorry for the mistressless dog or for the dogless mistress, wherever she was.

My friend who had till now been listening with a kind of bored interest to the history of the case jumped up, exclaiming:

"No time like the present and nothing like doing things on the spot. We shall go up to your house for a spot of investigation."

A few minutes later found us ambling along—it was an ageless Dorf—seated inside the car. Our client who sat between us was much depressed. He sat holding his head between his hands and moaning.

Sam with his eagle eyes was watching the passing crowds for a sign, a symbol. "You never know," he used to say.

III. The Chase.

Suddenly he shouted to the driver to stop the car. Brakes screeched and the car came to a standstill.

"I see Bang himself edging away in the shade; let us follow him," he said and got down. We did likewise and saw a hulking figure in rags walking away at a fast pace.

He was turning a corner and making good speed. We were old sleuths and had no difficulty in trailing him. Puffing and muttering, came the uncle of the vanished heiress behind.

It was an exciting chase. Down alleys, across by-paths, round corners we chased him, dodging through traffic, the while Sam explained it would not do to call in help till we had actually found out the hiding place. We never once lost sight of the quarry.

Just as we had come rather close upon him he turned a corner and growled, "I'm sorry," as he collided with someone from the other side.

"Never mind, it is my fault," cooed a voice. Mr. Pramra rose in the air, breaking, I believe, the existing record for the standing high jump, at hearing that voice.

"Why, it is my niece!" he gasped.

And so it was. They fell on each other's necks. We were so busy watching them we did not even notice Bang slipping away.

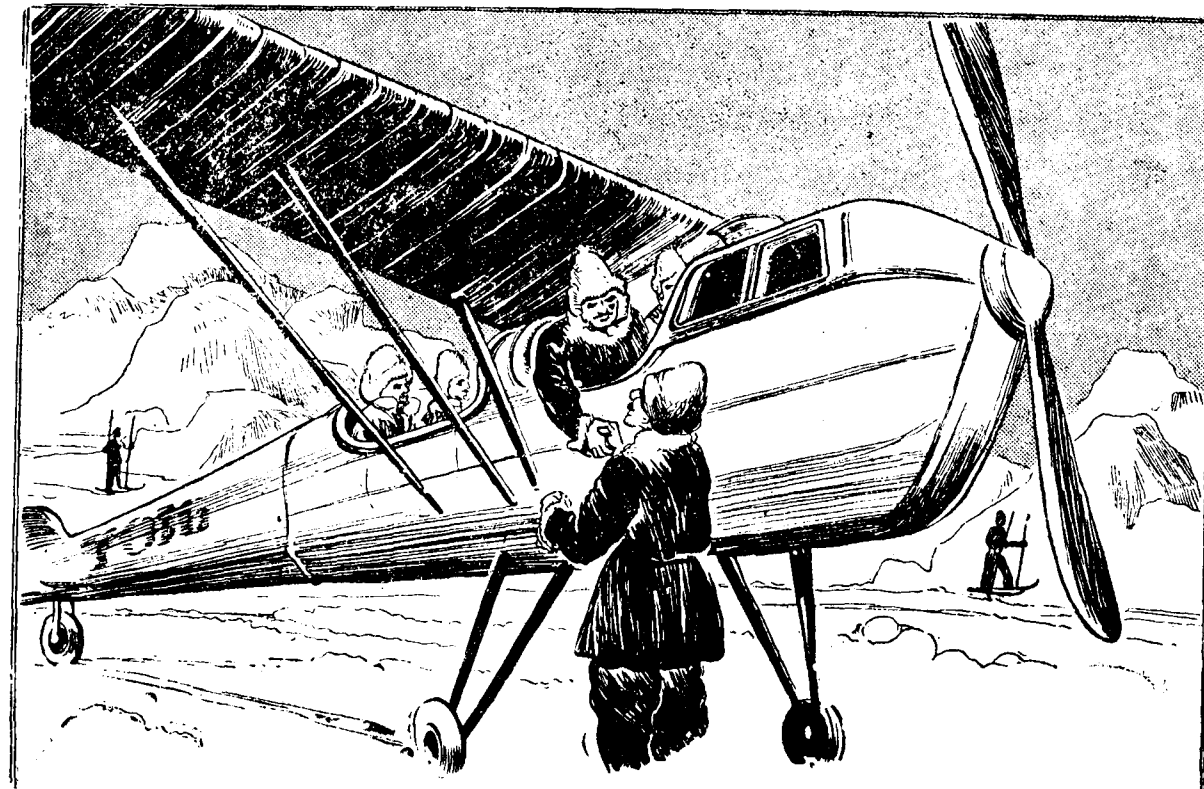
IV. The Solution

Quietly by her side was standing a young man, a nice-looking young man, holding a Pekinese by a leash.

"Where had you got to, my dear?" exclaimed the uncle. "And what is this? Looks the very spit of our own Chow."

"Doesn't he?" purred the niece. "You see, unc, it happened this way. You know I left home rather late last evening for tennis after giving a bath to the dinky, winky. On the way I saw this darlinest one—" The young man looked hopefully at her but she was rapt in the dog. "I found this man leading her along. It was my own Chow being taken away, I thought. And all dog-thieves, you know, are well-dressed. I could not stop him; I was alone. I trailed him for over an hour. About eight he entered a small h— I sped along to the Police station and with the Inspector heaving by my side we raced back and burst. The darling was at dinner and so was this young—I seized the lovie, wovie and gathered him up with

(Continued on page 40)



The Rules of the Game

by Mrs. Kamala

Illustrated by Sekar

Reading Time • About 4 Minutes

BY the edge of the water lay the wrecked 'plane. Her crew shifted their kit and provisions to the ice and the three men put up their small tent. What a pity! One of them was hurt. There was tinned food for a month—tea, biscuits, chocolate, condensed milk—and ample fuel for the stove and the small heater.

A hundred miles away was the North Pole. That strange lure. There was no gold to be found, no claim to stake out; no scientific data, of interest to scientists. It was adventure that drew them.

And they watched. The captain tensely, the sergeant undisturbed, as the days passed. The injured recruit's knee was giving trouble as ever. It was the 20th day of their weary watching.

The captain's eyes ached with watching, with staring over that boundless waste of ice. It was like the prophecy of impending death. As if, in the brief term of

20 days, a hundred million years had elapsed, cooling the Sun, while layer after layer the ice encroached, and they, like sinking embers, the last flickering sparks of life, wait for inexorable extinction.

The sergeant was waving. Midday. Rations had been cut down to two scant meals, one at noon, the second at midnight, when the Sun swung around over the Northern horizon.

They ate, and the captain took up the cards. "Well, boys," he said, "let us have our game!"

They played mechanically, one of them getting up at every deal to search the sky. There was no wind, no cracking, no sound in that chill, empty stillness except the patter of the cards and now and then a word. Suddenly the captain threw up his head. With a hoarse cry he flung down the cards, and was running shakily along the ice.

The sergeant started up.

"He is not—"

"By God!"

A faint droning hum, intermittent, yet definite.

They sprang for the lookout. Southward, and well up, a dark speck showed clear against the sky. It swam nearer, and with a deafening roar the plane passed overhead, and a man leaned out and waved his hand. It circled twice and made a perfect landing.

"Rescue at last!" cried the captain, as they ran over to the waterway.

"A small plane!"

"Yes it is a small plane."

They stood silent as the visitors dropped off and saluted. "A bit late, I am afraid!" said one of them.

The captain smiled.

As the two officers moved aside, the captain described his own mischance, and together they examined the wrecked plane. "Can't do anything with her," the visitor said.

"The small plane could not lift out with five of us."

"We can strip her and try it."

"Try it? Not much. Four, maybe—with luck—but not five. I'll stay behind and, if all goes well, you can come back."

"That is damn funny," said the visitor laughing outright. "To pick this spot again in this region. It is providential now we did. Ha, ha, ha—"

"We have only this plane to depend on now. Let us chance it with the five of us."

Grimly the captain scanned the open water. "It is not good enough, my dear boy!" he said. "If you shouldn't lift, and crashed into the ice over there, we would all be done for. With four you may make it. It is a legitimate risk anyway. I will just have a word with the sergeant and the other."

The captain drew his two friends aside.

"You're first, my broken lad," he said. "Light as you can, mind. No extra kit, get in!"

Collecting his flying garments, the recruit limped off. The captain and the sergeant were alone.

"Well, my boy."

"Well, sir?"

"You are next."

"Sir, that plane can't lift with five of us. You know that better than I."

"Stripped she will lift four."

"Four?"

"The pilot will come back for me."

"The pilot will come back for you, will he? Does he think he can pick up this point again?"

"He can try it."

The sergeant spat decisively. "Sir, I am not going."

For a moment the captain eyed him fondly.

"My boy, you are a good fellow, but this is my business. Get in."

The sergeant stood stolid.

"Look here, fellow! I appreciate this. But we are only delaying things. Get a move on. Come! Shake hands and beat it!"

A gleam flickered in the sergeant's eye as he thrust forward his great arm. But instead of grasping the captain's hand he caught his wrist; with a quick, powerful twist, he bent it back. There was a snap. The captain sprang. "What the devil!" he roared.

"You have got to go now, sir. Women, children, old men, and disabled men first. Rules are rules."

"Damn you!"

Unperturbed, the sergeant reached for the medicine kit. "I will just bind it up," he said.

No word passed while the bandage was applied.

"Had to do it, sir," said the sergeant finally.

"Had to do it, eh?"

* * * *

To the south, the nebulous skyline. Beyond, a hope that was only a hope. The sergeant whistled cheerfully. Sidney Carton whistled back a hearty welcome.

THE MYSTERY OF THE MISSING MISS

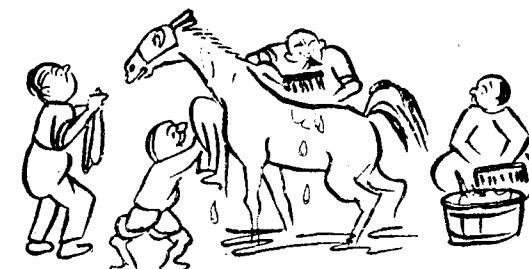
(Continued from page 38)

noticed that he was a bit too furry to be my Chow. It was getting on to eleven and I couldn't send word to you. I accepted the offer of his mother who gave me a room to sleep in. This morning before I knew where I was, I was trimming up the winkle dickie till he became presentable. As a recompense for the trouble I had given him, I allowed this young man to escort me home."

V. The Epilogue

"And didn't I tell you that Big Boy Bang would lead us to the solution?" rejoined the great detective. We were amazed at the man's giant intellect!

Star Snaps—



Agnes in the bleaching pot

The story of Tenali Raman 'bleaching a black dog white' is being resurrected at Paramount studio. Tenali Raman was seen rubbing a black dog blue to make it white, and when questioned, he replied it was his own theory. The Hollywood Raman is Charlie Gorman. His is the delicate task of bleaching Agnes—And Agnes is the horse.

A trick horse was needed, it seems, for an important part in Harold Lloyd's new *Milky Way* and it had to be a white horse. Agnes could do tricks, but she wasn't white. So into the bleaching pots she went.

Bleaching a horse turns out to be somewhat of a gargantuan task and rather expensive. Only half a horse can be bleached at a time, for one thing, and it takes five bleaches to turn brown into white when it's a horse.

So far the score is 20 gallons of peroxide, 20 pounds of white henna and 5 gallons of ammonia.

And still going strong.

Agnes is quite put out about it all.

* * * *

Shirley Temple has kept a record of her impressions of her first year in pictures in a big scrap book. It begins with sentences scrawled and printed in her childish hand-writing and ends in a firm little hand with:

"I wish I could work with Will Rogers."

* * * *

Accident and illness have struck Hollywood. Adolphe Menjou is critically ill in the hospital with stomach trouble and getting blood transfusions. Only three scenes of *The Milky Way* in which Menjou appears are left and if he is unable to finish, it means re-shooting the entire half-million-dollar picture. Verree Teasdale, Menjou's wife, was convalescing after a protracted illness. But, on learning her husband's serious illness, she has suffered a relapse on account of the shock. This has made Menjou's recovery more difficult.

* * * *

A producer in Hollywood, (A famous one they say, and identity covered) went to see a play in his

limousine and asked his chauffeur to wait out at the frontal. The play turned out to be one of those red-hot communistic crusades. It was a propaganda play, effectively cast and powerfully portrayed, fairly dripping with Red. The producer was squirming in his seat. The crusade had gone to his heart. He could stand it no longer, especially with the idea of his costly limousine waiting for him. He got up in the middle of the play, quietly soft-shoed and tip-toed it out to the door. He was conscience-smitten, poor soul!

"Drive that devilish car around the block," said he to his chauffeur, repentant, with a hand on his heart, "I will meet you there!" Having delivered himself of this weight, he felt he had given his conscience and heart an ablution and walked off.

Mae West Leaving Paramount

Hollywood is waiting breathlessly for the first meeting between Mae West and Frank Wallace, self-appointed 'her man and hubby'. This gent hit the headlines recently signing himself as Mae West's husband and is now in Hollywood. This, coupled with her falling out with the Paramount executives is spreading the rumour that Mae West will be leaving Hollywood soon after her present picture *Klondyke Lou* is finished. She is leaving Paramount in any case.

It has been her practice to write the story and dialogue, select the leading cast herself and generally to be the autocrat on the set. Now, she wanted control over the direction, (in charge of Ernst Lubitsch). This, however, led to Lubitsch turning over the direction of *Klondyke Lou* to an assistant producer. What with the sensation of her 'husband' hunting her, her delay in preparing the script by nearly a month, the picture which was to have cost 750,000 dollars will come up to 10,00,000 dollars—all on account of the dilatory treatment of the whole business by Mae. Paramount is perplexed. Her salary for this picture is 10,000 dollars a week. At this juncture, Mae has received tempting offers from many other studios. One of them was a long-term contract at 15,000 dollars a week for personal appearances. This offer, Mae promptly turned down!



Mae West and 'hubby' Frank Wallace



Merry-Magus Replies

Hur (Conjeevaram). Why do you do things so 'underhand' that you become the target of all abuses? You create opposition with people more powerful than you. Help others of course, but it is not necessary that you should impoverish yourself. You should demonstrate your affection; or the two else how can others understand his own real nature? Can't you overcome that shyness? Develop your power and follow your imagination. You are prone to bladder and small kidney troubles.

We can strip.

Fry it? Not.

Not five.

come to

That

Diamond. Are you not good at instrumental music? You wish to carry out every obligation of marriage successfully. You will even sacrifice everything to make your husband successful. You are full of love of home. Are you not religiously inclined and want to go to temple daily? Don't be inactive. Take good care of your skin. Boils will trouble you.

Yellum (Nilgiris). You can memorise well. Forgiving is good. Have a fixed aim in life, and then work for it. You must overcome at all cost that indecision. Be careful about your throat and nose.

Ruby. Is not your opposite sex greatly attracted towards you? Of course you have a good personality. Overcome that love of leisure and pleasure. This tendency check-mates all your capabilities. Decide everything for yourself, and in emergencies you can trust to "Auntie Awful" for any sane advice. Curb that jealousy. Take care of your lungs.

Ganesh (Lawley Road). My child-friend! You have good mental force. Develop it and there is much in store for you in the future. You will be frank in your speech and to the point. You are likely to support causes disliked by others. This will make many enemies around you? You should develop courage and confidence in yourself. You should be trained for some form of public life. You are prone to have accidents to your legs and troubles with spleen and liver.

S.V. Doraiswami (Lawley Road). You distinguish well affection from passion. Don't open your heart too freely, be a bit secretive; else your foes are forewarned of your intentions which means defeat. Avoid morbid surround-

ings. You require to be jubilant always. Don't give vent to your emotions too much. There are around you persons to take advantage of it and lead you astray by appealing to your emotions. Control your temper. Are you having throat troubles?

Satyamurti (Lawley Road). Are your parents so anxious to know what will be your character when you come of age? You will not like to overlook any injury. You will be over-excited. You should always sooth your nerves or else you are liable to lose control over yourself. You will be awaiting an opportunity and losing it when one presents. No use of crying over spilt milk. Money-sense is keen in you. You will be tricky. Bad circulation of blood spoils your system.

Kalyan (Cocanada). The gambling instinct is predominant in you. Even so you will gamble with life. Let your ambition be fixed on some concrete achievements. Difiniteness is absolutely wanting in you. That is why you make a mess of things. Don't imitate other's faults. It is a bad habit. Love and constancy

Don't go together in your code. Be tactful; you may fail somewhere which will mean your ruin. Do one thing at a time and don't be a rolling stone. Your digestive organs need constant attention.

others are not able to impose upon you. Are you virtuous now? Can you continue long as such? I wonder. You are only shielding your lapses by hypocrisy. Constipation will affect you often.

under gloomy conditions. You require always to be under jovial surroundings. Work hard. Don't live a life of leisure. Your throat and lungs are weak.

Inquisitive. (Secunderabad). You have good power of concentration. You are rather enterprising and I will not be surprised if you change your vocation too often. It is bad to criticise actions done with good intentions. You will be hunting after titles and honours. Rheumatism will worry you.

Queer (Secunderabad). It is rather queer that others are not able to understand your moods. Be steady and don't gloat over your success. Obstinance and arrogance will surely bring your ruin. Hence check those instincts. You are prone to headache and trouble with eyes.

Nathan, P. R. (Madras). You love everything spiritual and not physical. By hesitating, you are missing fine opportunities in life. Even in love you hesitate until it is too late. Your first impressions are always good. Act according to them. Your nerves are easily exhausted and you will feel depressed often.

Subbu Kutti (Madras). You always want to be neat and trim. Don't feel sorry that you are not able to originate or invent. You can successfully follow a lead given by others. You can be a good and constructive critic. As you are always self-possessed

Gopu (Madras). You can be a little open in your affections. Don't suppress them. Overcome your sensitiveness and develop your will-power. Jaundice and like diseases may worry you.

P. Subbaramish (Madras). You want everybody to be cheerful and happy. First of all are you able to be so? Don't you fall into periods of gloom and melancholy? It is fine that you maintain your individuality and you have no pathy for weaklings. I don't say that your feelings are not sympathetic, but you don't want to demonstrate it lest others should take advantage of it. Inactivity will utterly spoil your life. Hence don't sit idle even for a single moment. Control your temper. Your heart will become weak if it is not properly attended to.

Abboy (Madras). Be determined in life and show your mettle. Fate is playing a strange role in your life. You are chained to it, my friend. I may even style you as the Mouthpiece of Destiny. Are you not loved and at the same time hated? Rheumatism and gout may afflict you.

Ramanad: (Krishnagiri). You are modish and pass off as wealthy. You make a show of small things. Have control over your passion and temper? Don't live

M. S. S. Swaminathan: (Thirunageswaram). Your imagination is an asset for you. And you are romantic! You can be successful in inventing things. You love to gamble and speculate, but whether you will be successful in that direction is a bit doubtful. Therefore be careful. Inspiration is a guiding factor in your life. So you really care for the conventions of society. Don't you consider them foolish? Watery ailments will affect you.

Anani (Bombay) Your power of discrimination and good judgement are your saving graces. Though not possessed with originality you have that fixity of purpose to be successful. You can be a good critic. You are crafty where money is concerned. It is not fair. Inharmony will spoil your health.

H. Govinda (Kumbakonam). Are you not dogmatic in your home affairs? Has it done you any good at all? May be, you have been excused by your people for this. But rest assured that there is still the wound in their hearts which they don't want to express. Are you not loved and adored by those around you? Be careful; otherwise you will be made to figure prominently in some scandal or other. You should therefore be discriminating in your associates. Is not your life full of ambition? Possessed with will-power, you would succeed in realising many of your ambitions. Your heart may be weak and you are inclined to corpulency.



Amrutanjani

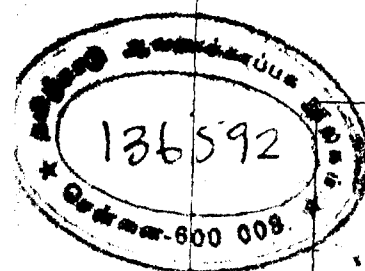
FOR ALL ACHES & PAINS

1936 Ready! 1936 Ready!! 1936
SRI VIDYA DIARIES

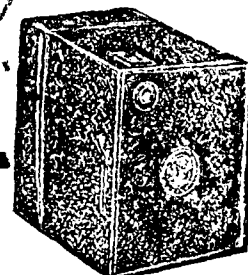
Take Photos Yourself!

THE PERFECT BOX CAMERA

At a low Price!!



FRESH STOCK



JUST RECEIVED

It is fitted with a powerful lens and a large viewfinder, which shows clearly the object you are taking. You can be certain if you are pointing the camera in the right direction or not by a glance into the viewfinder. The person or group you are photographing should be seen through the view-finder. Pictures to the size of $3\frac{1}{4}$ " x $2\frac{1}{4}$ " can be taken.

Supplied with all accessories and chemicals and detailed instructions for use.

Easy for every one.

Price Rs. 2-15-0 only.
(Postage extra.)

The Krishna Agency,
P.B. No. 119, :: Madras

THE ROYAL ASTROLOGER 1,000,000



& more clients have had our remarkable foretelling. Family fame of 25 generations in Astrology. Medals and Certificates from Maha-Rajahs and Zamindars. 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

Ladies' Necklace

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



2 chains at a time, post free. 3 chains at a time, post free and a rolled-gold wrist watch chain is included free. 4 chains at a time, post free and 2 rolled-gold wrist-watch-chains. Included free. Large Orders will be entitled to similar presents.

Rs. $1\frac{1}{8}$

Each

GENUINE WATCH CO.
Post Box 119, Madras

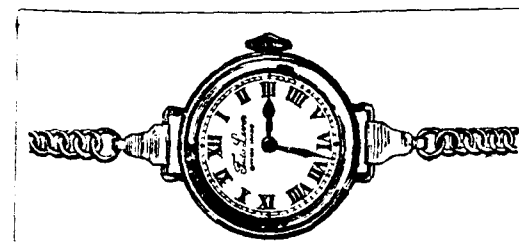


Four—

Reasons why you should choose the

"Fido" Lever Wrist Watch

- It is most durable and lasts longer than any other similar watch.
- It keeps accurate time always and in all climates and is suitable for one and all.
- It is the cheapest for its price of Rs. 5-14-0 only (postage free) with a gold-plated wrist chain free.
- No worry of repairs, as in cylinder watches, when you possess the "Fido" lever.



Buy one to-day.

THE GENUINE WATCH CO.,
P. B. 119 - - Madras

Learn to Shoot with American Airguns



(No Licence Necessary)

This gun puts you in the way to take correct aims. Birds can be shot.

The exact gun for self-protection at nights and for pastime games.

Very strong Barrel made of steel, with wooden handle highly polished and springs very durable and powerful.

Price per gun Rs. 4-12-0
(with 100 lead shots free)

Extra 100 shots As. 0-8-0
(Postage Rs. 1-4-0 excluded)

THE GENUINE WATCH CO.,
P. B. 119, - - Madras

"HIS MASTER'S VOICE" YOUR SUPREME CHOICE

for
True-to-life Reproduction
of
HUMAN VOICE!

★
BRIGHTEN UP YOUR HOMES
THIS NEW YEAR

ry
it f—
ome b.

Choosing your Entertainment
from these

TELUGU

MIRABAI
Prabada
Bhaktha Kuchela
Droupadi
Mana Samrakshan
Viswamitra
Gayopakhyanam

TAMIL

THONDARADIPUDI
or
VIPRANARAYANA
Chandrakantha
Chandidas
Mirabai
Thyagaraja

Texts given away FREE on application
HEAR THEM NOW AT OUR DEALERS

THE GRAMOPHONE Co., Ltd.

15, South Parade
BANGALORE

28, Rampart Row
BOMBAY



Model 102 Black Rs. 100
Colours „ 110

