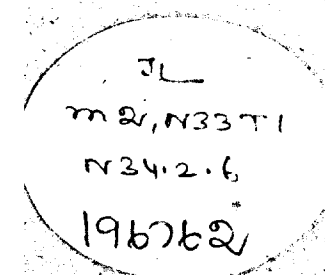


Tatler & India.

V. 2. No. 6 January 1935.





VOL. NO. 2

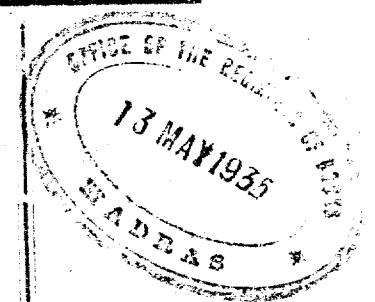
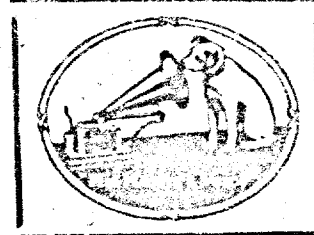
JANUARY '35

PRICES : : :
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For

THE SUPREME INSTRUMENT
FOR HOME ENTERTAINMENT

The Supreme Instrument for home entertainment is the "His Master's Voice" Gramophone. To realise all they offer in performance, appearance and value, you must see and hear the various models. Ask your dealer for a demonstration to-day. The listen to the tone—the FAULTLESS reproduction that is characteristic of



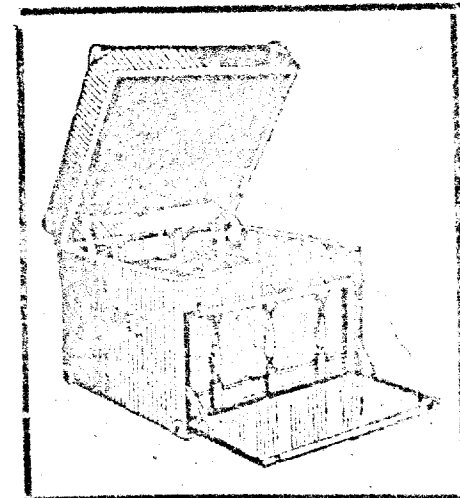
"HIS MASTER'S
VOICE"

Model 114.

Old Price Rs. 200

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THE GRAMOPHONE CO., LTD.,
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VITALITY & DIABETES

&



**Dr. JEAN F.
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Cauc of BERLIN & VIENNA)
VITALITY & DIABETES

EXPERT

PLEASE
APPLY FOR PARTICULARS TO
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"LEXIN"

THE FAMOUS SNAKE-BITE CURE.

(Ethylated Violet-Camphor Ionized with
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Lexin cures all sorts of snake bite poisoning,
scorpion stings and bites of other venomous
insects, opium poisoning, food poisoning,
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Up to this date Cure-reports of Nineteen
Thousand cases have reached this office.

Sold by Chemists, Rs. 1- per phial

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Agents:

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JAY-O-PHONES



Fitted with

BRITISH MADE MOTORS

Agents Wanted in unrepresented areas.

JAY-O-PHONE Co.,

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G. T. MADRAS.

Our Grand New Year Bumper Special!

MUST BE WON

= RS. 5,000 =

It's a Paramount's Guarantee

FIRST PRIZE: Rs. 3,000.

SECOND PRIZE: Rs. 1,500.

Rs. 300 to those who post correct solutions on or before 16-1-35. Rs. 100 and Rs. 50 for
the senders of largest number of entries. Rs. 50 for the first TEN Correct Solutions posted.

MINIMUM AWARD OF Rs. 200 GUARANTEED TO EVERY SENDER OF CORRECT SOLUTION.

Last Date for Posting Entries:—31st January, '35.

[Sealed Key Solution deposited with 'Tattler of India']

HOW TO WIN

On this page are 12 pictures and a list of words. All you
have to do is to study each picture and decide which word in
the given list of words suits for that picture. As an example,
the answer to Picture No. 1 is ARM CHAIR. Similarly solve
the others. The alternatives are apparent to some pictures,
but ingenuity and intelligence are required to select the correct
words from the list. No word from the list should be repeated
in the same solution. **Some have no alternatives at all.**

When you have solved all the 12 Pictures, enter the same on
some plain paper, and send them on to the address given below,
with an entrance fee of ONE RUPEE per entry by M. O. only
and attach the Receipts to your entries without which no solu-
tion will be considered. You may send any number of entries
at the requisite fee and competitors are allowed to win any
number of shares both in the first and the second
Prizes. A Correct Solution is that which agrees in all respects
with the one kept sealed in advance with the Editor, "Tattler of
India," Madras. In case there is no all correct solution the
prizes will be divided amongst the nearest correct solutions and
in case of ties the prizes will be divided. The decision of the
Manager shall be final and legally binding and is an express
condition of entry. Other rules as usual. Results of this
competition will be sent to all competitors, and Prizes remitted
to Winners within 10 days after the last posting date.

Choose your solutions from this list.

ARM CHAIR	FINGERS	NINE HOLES
BOAT	FRAME	PARROT
CANDLE	GLASSES	PRISON
CARRIERS	HAMMER	SPECTACLES
CLOCK	LEG	TRUNKS
EIGHT	LIMB	WRIST
		YACHT

Address all your entries and fees to:—

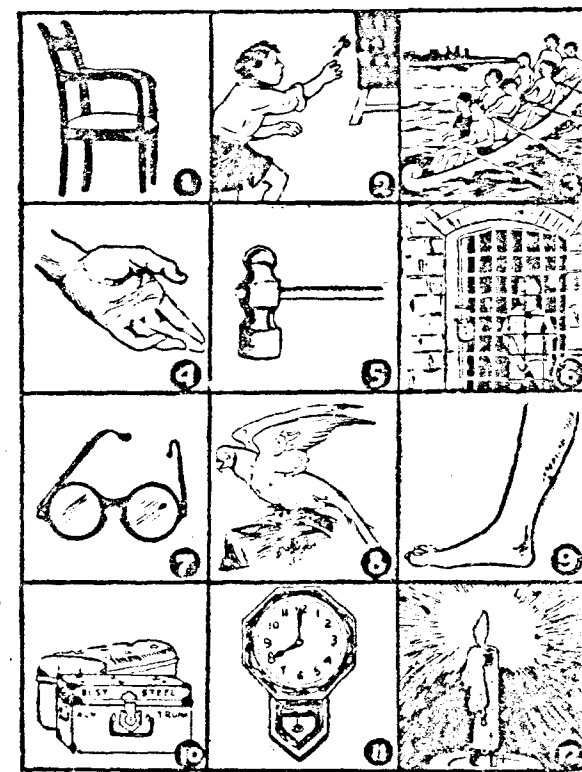
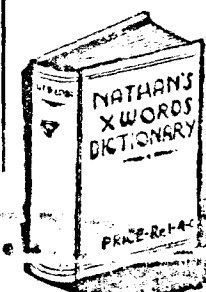
THE MANAGER,

THE PARAMOUNT PUZZLES,

P. O., Washermanpet, MADRAS.

This Book FREE to every Competitor!

Containing exhaustive alternatives and explanatory meanings, Direct and Exact Clues from
Chambers XX Century Dictionary. Treats with words taken from Etymology of Names of Places,
Prefixes, Suffixes, Foreign Words and Phrases, Musical and Medical Prescriptions, and words
in Brackets also. An easy guide for all competitions. Clues systematically arranged. Price Rs. 1-4-0,
but absolutely FREE to all those who take part in the above competition.



"THANKS-AND DITTO TO YOU!"

This is a month of adjectives—in as much as a larger number of these will be made use of now than in any other month. And of all you will find that Merry, Happy, Prosperous & Co., are used the most.

Yes, and it is because this is a season of greetings, when all wish to those near and dear to themselves, and in a few rare cases to their acquaintances, a Merry or Happy or Joyous New Year.

But there are certain people who send their greetings to persons whom they have never before seen and of whose existence never have known. To this class belong Editors.

Go to your local newsagent, pick up any magazine or periodical issued some time now and turn to the page which the Editor has set apart for himself. And you will find a long rigmarole wishing the Readers a happy New Year.

Yes, it is a rigmarole and a routine rigmarole at that. Year in and year out Editors make it a point to wish the Readers a merry or happy or prosperous New Year. The adjective used depends on the pressure that the Publisher brings to bear on the Editor. This custom has been followed by one and all for such a long time that the Readers have begun to look to it as a matter of course. And Editors usually sit down to write cursing their fate which has put them in the unenviable position of finding out a novel method in which to infuse these common adjectives. You need not be surprised if on your telling an Editor that your New Year has proved the worst in your life-time, the harassed creature barks at you and sublimely wishes you to go and hang yourself. It is expected of him to write a few sentences wishing that you should enjoy a happy New Year, and his duty over, he does not care a rap how your New Year actually turns out to be.

This is generally the case with most of the Editors—so much so that some readers turn over these pages with a smothered curse or a mutter of impatience. They realise that it is far from sincere and hence the hatred.

But I do not take me for an insincere person. I do not wish them a happy New Year. It is far from a lip-wish. I mean and want

you to enjoy the New Year as you have never before done and I pray God that my wish be fulfilled. At the same time I also pray Him that He should send me my quota of happiness. I hope you will also include my name in your prayers.

Yes, I want your prayer for my prosperity—prayer as well as patronage. Prayer—well, I need not write anything about its efficacy. Tennyson has described volumes in his two immortal lines—"More things are wrought by prayer than this world dreams of." As for your patronage, to be frank I don't know where exactly I will be if all of you cease to patronise me by buying the TATLER.

I wish you a happy New Year. And I am sure that several hundreds of others must have also wished you ditto. Now the way to enjoy happiness is to get rid of gloom. To get rid of gloom you must laugh and be merry. And you know quite well that the TATLER does its best to drive your gloom away. Just because several of your friends have wished it, you cannot get happiness. You must endeavour to get it and then only will the wishes of your friends be fulfilled. Subscribe to the TATLER or place a standing order for it with your newsagent and meet happiness half way. At least drive gloom away and keep the ground clear for happiness to come in.

I am quite well aware of the various defects in the TATLER. I know also that to several of my readers and contributors I have given ample reasons for grumbling in the past year. I apologise to them all if I had wounded them in any way. I have sincerely tried to satisfy them as far as possible and if I had done aught which has wounded their feelings, it was either done unwittingly or it was beyond me.

I wish you all a happy New Year and pray that you should make my life also happy, by continuing to purchase and read the TATLER. And above all, remember that I am one of you and whenever you have anything to say do it direct to

Your Sincere Friend,

The Editor.

The Tatler OF INDIA

(The Most Popular Humorous Monthly)

Vol. 14

JANUARY 1935

No. 6



He: Who is that fellow?

She: Now, don't you start grumbling. I will have enough trouble explaining to him tomorrow who you are.

"SADVAIDYASALA" NANJANGUD
BALU X JVARAGUE GINGCHIP
REG. REG. FOR FEVERS 204A12
25 PILLS AS. 4, UNITED CONCERN MADRAS.

PUZZLES MADE EASY

[Jig-saw Puzzle: Commonsense cross-words—Illustrated Weekly.

Add-One—My Magazine.

Funny Magazine—New Year Competition.]

IN this puzzle the number of required letters is 23, but in the jig-saw cut out there are 47 letters, so that there are more letters than are necessary. Of course this means that there are alternatives.

As far as we have managed to solve this, every puzzle except the first two are capable of taking in two alternatives and the last is capable of four solutions. Therefore this puzzle can have $2 \times 2 \times 2 \times 2 \times 2 \times 2 \times 2 \times 2 \times 4$ or 2,048 solutions.

This puzzle has been solved with the help of the advance illustrations appearing in the previous issues. The advance announcements contain jigsaws which are small. But it is likely that the actual puzzle will occupy more space and that they as a consequence would be clearer. It is possible that if you verify with bigger jigsaws some of the alternatives mentioned below would be found inapplicable. Readers are therefore advised to verify with their "jigsaws" whether the alternatives given below fit in quite well before filling the coupons and sending their entries. While at this, we would like to impress on them the following fact. Letters I, S, O are capable of retaining their correct shape even when turned upside down. Thus if S in one direction is found unsuitable and if when the jig-saw is turned upside down is found to fit in, then the solution S is applicable. Similarly with the other two letters as well.

The possible solutions are:

2. STRAP.
3. STACK; STALK.
4. SECT; VEST.
5. CRANCH; CRUNCH.
6. VOLTA; POLKA.
7. COVER; COVEY.
8. MEAN; MOAN.
9. HILL; HOLT.
10. FRAYED; GRATED.
11. COACH; TEACH.
12. PRAM; TRAM; TRAP; TRAY.

Comments:

5. CRANCH is the same as CRAUNCH which is a form of CRUNCH which means crush with the teeth.

7. COVER is to brood or sit on and COVEY means a brood of partridges. So the two alternatives are possible.

8. MEAN according to Shakespeare means "lament."

9. The clue given "anything is smaller than a mountain," is rather ambiguous—but we must presume that only things of a like species must be taken in this puzzle. And so we have fixed only HILL and HOLT. HOLT is a woody hill.

12. The clue given to this puzzle is also of wide significance. But the first three solutions need no explanation. The fourth TRAY has been included for it is used for carrying.

"MY MAGAZINE."

("ADD-ONE". Closing date 15th January.)

This puzzle is one of the easiest to solve and the number of alternatives are also considerably less than is usual with newspaper puzzles. But this would mean that there will be a larger number of correct solutions and consequently since no minimum amount is guaranteed for correct or one-error solutions the prize-amount for each winner may be considerably less than his expectations.

The possible solutions to this puzzle are:

1. SOLDIER.
2. BACKET; BUCKET.
3. GULP.
4. BILL; WILL.
5. WIND; BIND.
6. HUDDLE; CUDDLE; RUDDLE.
7. SLUSH; SLOSH. (SLASH).
8. SHARE; SPARE.

The possible number of solutions to this puzzle is $2 \times 2 \times 2 \times 3 \times 3 \times 2$ or 144.

"Funny Magazine"

"New Year Competition"

(Closing Date 20-1-34)

This is also a simple puzzle with a lesser number of alternatives than is generally the case with magazines. The possible number of alternatives is $2 \times 2 \times 2 \times 2 \times 2 \times 2 \times 3$ or 192.

SOLUTIONS:

- (2) Lime; Pome.
- (3) Bole; Hole.
- (4) Will; Wish.
- (5) Raja; Rana.
- (6) Calendar; Kalendar.
- (7) (Molar); Motor.
- (8) Sirop; Sirup; Syrup.

COMMENTS:

POME is an apple or a fruit like an apple.

A BOLE is an opening to admit light and air.

MOLAR: *adj.* grinding as a mill; grinding tooth.

A grinding tooth may be that of a human being or a machine and so this has been included.

SIROP is a form of *syrup*.

"ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY OF INDIA"

"Commonsense Cross-words"

This is a really interesting puzzle and worth while attempting. As the Competitions Editor himself

Competitors sending largest No. of entries on or before 15th Feb. 1935 will be entitled as subscribers for Tatler of India for one year and also eligible for the special prize given below

Win Rs. 370 For One Word!!!

"LAKSHMIVILAS" COMPETITION No. 1.
(Sealed Key Solution Deposited with TATLER OF INDIA)
LAST DATE OF POSTING 24th Feb. 1935.

Rs. 300 for the correct or a minimum guarantee of Rs. 8 for every correct solution and a special prize of Rs. 70 for the senders of largest No. of entries on or before 16th Feb., 1935.

ENTRANCE FEE ONE ANNA PER ENTRY!!!

S — — — — — || ... of ...

Note:—Words in pages 1 to 1150 only are taken. The dots given before the meaning stand for only one word. All forms are treated as direct. A, an, to, the, have been omitted in the beginning of the clue.

Rules:—All remittances by M. O. only. No stamps received except to those sending 1 to 3 entries. Entries and address on plain paper in BLOCK Letters. A correct solution should agree with the sealed key-solution. No correspondence can be entered into. The decision of the director should be accepted as absolutely final and legally binding and is an express condition of entry. No responsibility can be accepted for any entries lost, mislaid or delayed. Result will be sent a week after the closing date only to those sending 4 quarter-anna stamps.

Address all entries and M.C.O's to:
The Director 'LAKSHMIVILAS' Competitions,
Nellikuppam, S.I.Ry.

N.B.—The Tatler of India has no connection with this competition
—Manager.

writes, all alternatives are only apparent and when carefully considered cease to be alternatives. The solutions to this puzzle are:

SOLUTIONS ACROSS.

- | | |
|-----------------|-------------|
| 1. Lops. | 25. Rinse. |
| 4. Alert. | 26. Ape. |
| 8. Inexpensive. | 29. Ebb. |
| 10. Ale. | 32. Hush. |
| 11. Lean | 35. Evades. |
| 13. Sold. | 37. Oats. |
| 16. Test. | 38. Reward. |
| 20. Slates. | 39. Hums. |
| 22. Avows. | 40. Dart. |
| 24. Tea. | |

SOLUTIONS DOWN.

- | | |
|-------------|------------|
| 1. Lips. | 19. Pose. |
| 2. Peel. | 20. Soap. |
| 3. Belt. | 21. Ate. |
| 5. Lift. | 23. Webs. |
| 6. Eve. | 27. Pleas. |
| 7. Rear. | 28. Therm. |
| 9. Need. | 30. Bay. |
| 12. Nets. | 31. Hash. |
| 14. Oil. | 33. Uses. |
| 15. Date. | 34. Head. |
| 17. Stairs. | 35. Era. |
| 18. Heat. | |

A DOG THAT CROWS

Mrs. Donnelly and her family came from Yarmouth to live in Willingham Terrace, Kentish Town N. W.

They brought with them a little dog called Molly—a piebald six-month old Dalmatian, one of a litter of six born on a farm at Caister, near Yarmouth.

One night they went out on engagement.

"I wish you would do something about your chickens; they kept me awake all night," a neighbour complained next day.

"Chickens?" exclaimed Mr. Donnelly, "I haven't any."

"Well your backyard sounded like a farm yard last night," said the sleepless neighbour.

The mystery remained unsolved until a few days later when the family were having breakfast.

From the kennel came the unmistakable crowing of a cock.

They looked through the window just in time to see Molly sitting on her haunches wagging her tail and crowing!

WIN

Rs.

100

Closing Date

25th Jan., '35

IN

TWO ANNAS

PER ENTRY

1st PRIZE Rs. 75

"Cut or Put"

2nd PRIZE Rs. 25

WHAT TO DO

Below will find ten puzzles and there are five columns to each. In the second column under the title Instruction you are asked either to Cut or Put—these words repeating alternately. The third column contains the clues and the fourth is the puzzle proper. Now take up the fourth column which contains the puzzle. Read the corresponding instruction in the second column. If it is Put add one letter to the letters found in the fourth column and you will get a word whose meaning corresponds with the Clue given. If the instruction is Cut you must remove one letter from the puzzle and get a word corresponding with the clue.

Thus take the first example. The Clue is INSTRUCT and the puzzle column contains the letters CACH. The corresponding instruction in the second column is Put. Now Put one letter, in this instance the required letter

is P, and you get COACH which is the required solution for the first.

And now consider the second row. The clue given is A NUMBER. The puzzle contains TENT and you are asked to Cut. Now Take out one letter, the last letter T, and you will be left with TEN which is the correct solution. Similarly try your hand at others.

Remember that the arrangement of the letters found under the column Puzzle should not be altered and that you must either *Cut or Put only one letter without altering the arrangement of the others.* And follow the rules given in the facing page rigidly please.

No.	Instruction	Clue	Puzzle	Solution
1	PUT	Instruct	CACH	COACH
2	CUT	A number	TENT	TEN
3	PUT	Inclination	BEN	
4	CUT	Weights	LOEADS	
5	PUT	Blow	UFF	
6	CUT	Downfall	RUAIN	
7	PUT	Language	LAIN	
8	CUT	A strip	BRAND	
9	PUT	Portion	OT	
10	CUT	Blemishes	MOLTES	

RULES.

1. An entry fee of 2 annas per entry may be sent in any form, but Ceylon Stamps will not be accepted.

2. All entries must be in the Special Coupon "Cut or Put," taken from the last page.

3. The first Prize of Rs. 75 will be awarded to the all-correct solution and the second to solutions with one error. In case of ties prizes will be divided.

4. All entries must be addressed to Cut or Put, c/o Tatler, Mukernallamuthu Street, G. T., Madras.

5. In case entry-fees are sent by M.O., the M.O. receipts must be attached to the coupons—preferably after the remitter had noted down the number and date.

6. Of course the Editor's decision is final and legally binding in all matters connected with this puzzle and is an express condition of entry.

7. Entries close on 25th January, '35.

Lucky Numbered Magazines for Nov.

1029
FIFTY RUPEES

Rs. 25

1371

Rs. 15

13637

The Following Numbered Magazines
are worth a Rupee Each

1033

1893

12526

18634

1493

9635

1895

13631

Rules and Conditions.

We are prepared to buy back November copies of the *Tatler* bearing these numbers at prices mentioned therein.

The copies must be intact and unsold and must be addressed to the Editor with a covering letter under separate cover.

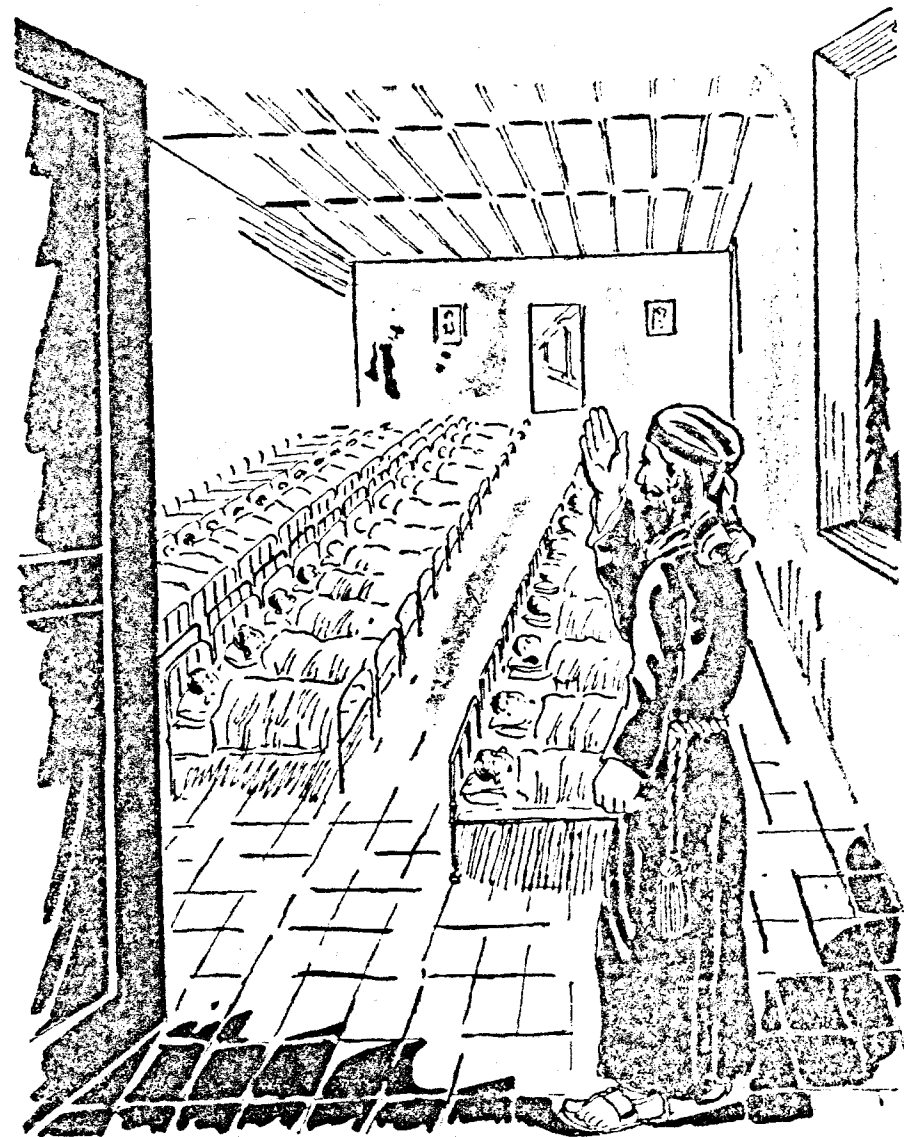
Copies either torn or mutilated will be treated as unfit for prizes.

Each copy bears only one number and in no case are numbers duplicated which please note.

Readers taking part in this scheme are supposed to do so on the express understanding that they would accept the decision of the editor as final and legally binding.

Claims made after the 15th January will be disqualified.

In case no claims are made the numbers will be forfeited by the management.



King Solomon: "Good Night, Everybody, Very Good Night."



AMRUTANJAN

**BEST INDIAN
PAIN BALM**

: : A HOLD-UP : :

FIVE Minutes! Well, I have been taught in school that a minute is made up of sixty seconds. But no two men think alike—least of all two teachers. And in all probability the chap responsible for 'shaping' my friend—Mr. Sivam—is of good dimensions and I really admire the way the pedagogue had shaped him physically—thought that 1,200 seconds make one minute. Otherwise how am I to account for the fact that Mr. Sivam construed that five minutes are equal to five normal hours?

No, there is nothing wrong with my friend. If he had been taught that only sixty seconds make a minute he would never have forgotten it. He is sure to carry the knowledge gained at school down to the grave. (In fact, I think he will carry down every thing he has gained in his life-time to the grave—the mean fellow. He would not make a present of anything even to his best friends of my type.) And the fault that he thinks that 1,200 seconds make one minute should be attributed only to the muck who had taught him the three R's in the wrong way. These pedagogues are mucks and conceited mucks at that. If they think that a minute must have a thousand seconds, well, down it goes—down, down the throats of quaking youngsters and through them to the whole world until one and all begin to think that way and all the contrivances of astronomers will go to naught.

And in all probability it is just because our representatives in the Legislatures resent the overbearing nature of these teachers that they try to make their plight worse and worse every day. They deserve it quite well, I mean the teachers and I don't care what the newspapers say about "BETTERING THE LOTS OF TEACHERS". Editors of newspapers are of a like ilk and if they don't bemoan the plight of their kith and kin, who else would? Only difference between teachers and editors is this: The teachers grouse over their low salaries and unemployment without for a moment realising that the fault is theirs, whereas editors curse everything and grouse over everything in the world—good, bad or mediocre—using the same stock phrases, both when there is a society wedding and when there is some manipulation in the currencies. Of course, in this connection, I overlook one material difference—that whereas the mistakes of teachers come under the section Slander, those of editors are classified under the dignified caption—Defamation.

But why dilate? I went to my friend Mr. Sivam the other evening. And I did not tell him that I was looking him up just to borrow some money. If I had even hinted the object of my visit, I would readily excuse the pedagogue who had infused in Mr. Sivam's brain that a minute is made up of 1,200 seconds. Mr. Sivam does not know aught of psychology. I am sure of that. For when I myself turn over the pages of Chamber's 20th Century Dictionary every time I have to write PH—no, no, SYCHO—no, again I am wrong—

yes, I have now caught the correct spelling of the word—it is CYKA—tut! tut!! the word is an Elusive Pimpernel and I will never learn the correct spelling. But why bother about that just now? It is time I finish this true story. The Press is waiting and if I delay hunting up the word in C.P.S., etc., it would take a lot of time and the printer would cite it as an excuse for postponing the date of release of the TATLER. You have already guessed the spelling of the word I want to write. Well, my friend knows nothing either of that word or what it means and so he could not have guessed the object of that surprise visit of mine.

Just when I popped in my head my friend Mr. Sivam was dressing to go out. "Hullo, my dear, my very dear Rangal!" he said. "Of all persons in the world!" And he shook my hand up and down and down and up as people living in the second floors of Madras dwellings do whenever they want a cup of water to drink.

Hand shake finished, he took out his cigarette case, offered me one, then lit his and hastily saying, "Old boy, you must just excuse me. I have an important engagement which cannot be postponed. I will return in a jiffy and I hope you won't mind my leaving you thus abruptly. You can take my word that I will return in five minutes." Saying which he left me with the unlit cigarette in my mouth. The terrible part of the tragedy was I had no match box of my own.

I remember to have just told you that my friend is a bit of a miser—or something to the effect that he lived not far from the next door to one—and knowing my friend as I do, I could not but think that it was not forgetfulness or haste on his part that had made him go away as he did without giving me a light for the cigarette. I am inclined to think that it was merely a stunt of his to be polite at the least cost. If he had left his cigarette case and match box and had gone out, the probability is that both might have become empty before his return. But, as it was, for want of a match stick I could not light even the one cigarette he had offered me. That is the way to be polite and at the same time economical. If any friend of yours calls on you and you have to leave him in the company of a cigarette, just offer him the cigarette and forget to light it. That would save the cigarette consumption during the period of your absence. It is a very economical stunt, I assure you, and if you happen to keep an account of the amount you save by this ruse, you would find that you had saved enough to purchase a bungalow in Mambalam—only you will find that there is no balance with your bankers and that there should be some mistake somewhere to account for your pieless state.

Left alone with an unlit cigarette to keep me company I did not know what to do. If the cigarette

had been lighted one could enjoy the smoke, experimenting on it, puffing ringlets, or trying to make a record as the maximum height to which the smoke could be blown up in the sky. But it is no good wanting things you cannot get and when there is no helping better not grieve over it. After all it was only a matter of minutes—five minutes to be exact—and one could easily while away the time. And so I made myself comfortable in the chair, in spite of the bugs that tried to make the seat a hot one.

But I did not realise then that Mr. Sivam's minutes are made of 1,200 seconds. The correct five minutes passed away and then another five and then another five. Well, it was just like the story of the sparrow and the grains. One sparrow came and took away a grain, another sparrow came and took away another grain, a third sparrow came and took away a third grain, and so on *ad infinitum*. It was just like that. Five minutes passed and then another five minutes and then another five minutes.....you can easily fill up the blanks provided you have patience.

At last I was tired of waiting with the unlit cigarette between my lips and made up my mind to return home whether Mr. Sivam returned or not.

Just then the door opened and in floated a lovely vision. Lovely visions usually turn out to be members of the fair sex according to novelists, and if at all any one can float. It is only they. And so you need not be surprised when I tell you that the lovely vision turned out to be a young and charming girl of sweet sixteen, isn't it? I became jealous of Mr. Sivam for having befriended such a charming beauty without even hinting to me about his intentions.

The lady came in smiling, carefully closing the door behind her. "The boss of this show I presume?" she asked, taking a chair which was uncomfortably close to me.

"Well—er—er," I stammered. Here was a charming girl who had come to my friend obviously on some business. It was also equally obvious that she did not know that Mr. Sivam was the boss of the show and that he was running it single-handed. Then why tell her that I was not the boss, thereby not only belittling myself but also making myself liable to lose the pleasure of hearing her talk. If I told her that I was a mere nonentity she might say that she would call some other time and clear out. Feeling bored as I was the lonely vigil I had been forced to keep there, I did not like the idea of letting her go like that, especially when I could make her remain here with a little dissimulation. That was why I made such a hesitant reply.

She noted the hesitancy in my voice. She was a spirited young girl, quick at arriving at conclusions. "It is not necessary that I should talk over my business with the boss. Anyone here would do," she said, and I heaved a sigh of relief. Her business was not purely connected with Mr. Sivam and that meant I could do

her some service. That was all I cared for at that moment.

"Well, I am not very particular to interview the boss of this show," she continued. "Any Tom, Dick or Harry who has control of the cash box in this office will suffice my purpose."

"But, madam," I protested, "I am neither Tom nor Dick, nor Harry. Neither have I any control over the cash box here."

"That does not matter. I have very little time at my disposal and I have terrible business to finish to-day on behalf of my Association."

"In what way can I help you, madam? And what is the Association you represent?" I asked.

"I belong to the Fair Blackmailers' Association and I want you to hand over all the cash there is in the office."

"And suppose I refuse to comply with your request," I put in. It is revolting to be blackmailed even though the blackmailer be a very charming member of the fair sex.

No, you will not refuse, if you value your honour," she coolly replied.

"What do you mean?" asked.

"I mean what I say," was her rejoinder. "This is a novel method of hold-up. No pistol—no violence. You have simply to ask poor sops of your type in lonely offices to hand over all the loose cash. If they do not raise a hue and cry and say that you tried to molest me while I came here to transact some business with you, well, your reputation will go to dogs and so will your business. Now you understand the mode of procedure we propose to follow. If you are sensible, do pay off all the cash there is in the office."

I understand the plot quite well. After all it was a very simple method without any violence or bloodshed attached to it—the safest method of blackmail. But I never associated such a diabolical scheme with one so fair and young.

"Well, madam, I regret I cannot give you the cash," I said, and before I could state the reason for it, she threw down the chair on which she was seated, spashed the inkpots, unloosened her hair and began to bawl out, "Help! Help!"

Immediately the door opened and in came my friend. "What is the matter?" he asked.

I did not wait to explain to him the whole circumstance. "Here is the boss and cashier of this show, madam," I said, and without even bidding my friend a goodbye I hastily left the place.

Mr. Sivam and I are not now on talking terms. But it is not entirely my fault, is it? How could I avoid telling the fairest girl in the world that he had the cash after which she had come?

Tatler's Ticklers

Picking winners is usually a losing game.

A good name makes an excellent passport.

There is plenty of room for successful men.

The man who is wedded to art should have a model wife.

Some people can best make their presence felt by their absence.

Sometimes it is what a man doesn't say that is the most interesting.

Many a man has a good memory for faces and a bad memory for debts.

Some men are so self-confident that they are unable to distinguish a cheer from a jeer.

The good man who goes wrong is a bad man just found out.

Bacon said; "Reading maketh a full man." So does eating bacon.

The secret a woman is compelled to keep is untold agony to her.

It is easier to let the hair grow long than it is to write a good poem.

Many a hot-headed lover gets cold feet when he meets the girl's father.

Procrastination is a thief of the typist's time—it takes so long to spell it.

No man is born with a silver spoon in his mouth, but lots of men get gold in their teeth later on.

When the boss is away, the clerks get gay.

You can't do it all, but it's up to you to do all you can.

Time softens all things—except a railway buffet sandwich.

Sometimes a word to the wife is sufficient—to start something.

Kind words never die; if they did, perhaps they would be more appreciated.

Many a man who hopes to wake up and find himself successful forgets to set his alarm-clock.

The church bell should always do as it is tolled.

The poorest marksman may occasionally hit the target.

A good-natured lawyer often makes a cross-examination.

The man who is always celebrating will never be celebrated.

Men are always discovering things that women knew long ago.

You can't tell which way a train has gone by the track it leaves.

Many an expert swimmer has been drowned in the sea of matrimony.

A man could learn a lot of things if he didn't think he already knew them.

Women are supposed to live longer than men, but the oldest inhabitant is never a woman.

A gem of thought is often impaired by a bad setting.

PLEASE

DON'T

LEND or
SPOIL or
MUTILATE
This

COPY.

It will be worth while to preserve it. See "Between Ourselves."



"COME on, Hari, let us go to the hospital. I'll show you something interesting," said Ramesh, as I was half way through a column of figures whose total had refused to come out-right five times before.

"Hang your dirty hospital, you fool. The boss is hurrying me up for this statement and the beastly thing won't agree and you have disturbed me in the middle of my work."

"There, there, don't get so upset," said Ramesh, patting on my back. "Put away your books and papers while I complete doing this for you. And then you may throw this on the manager's table and we shall be off."

"I will do any thing if you only total this column correctly for me," I sighed glad to get away from the nasty work. By the time I put away my other papers, Ramesh had finished the job at a stroke—he was notorious for his jiggery with figures.

I sent the papers away to the boss and prepared to follow Ramesh.

"Look here, Ramesh," I put in, "we shall have to ask a full hour's permission. What is the excuse we are to offer to go away so early from the office?"

"Oh, leave the talking to me, Hari. It'll be all right. Come on," he said as he dragged me towards the manager's sanctum.

"But I too should be ready with my answer," I replied "in case the boss"

Before I could finish my say, he thrust me into the room and followed me.

It was however not before we stood for over a minute that the boss laid aside his pen and looked up at us, asking with a smile, "Well,

what is it now?"

"We wish to go and see a friend at the Main Hospital, Sir," said Ramesh. "And, if you please, we want to be let off now as we have promised to be there by about 4-15 P.M."

"Is the matter urgent?" asked the boss, turning toward me.

B Henman



"Well, er, yes," I blurted out, not fully understanding my own words. "He asked, us not to be late as he was expecting other friends at precisely the same hour for tea"

I suddenly stopped as I felt a tug at my coat tail.

"I am to take from the chemist certain medicines that are urgently required in the hospital," said Ramesh coming to my aid.

"There isn't the ring of truth in what you young men say," said the boss, gazing steadily at us, "but I don't mind your going as I too am leaving just now for a game of tennis."

"Thank you, Sir," we chimed together as we bowed ourselves out.

"What a dince you are, Hari! Who is going to give you tea in the patients' ward in the hospital?" asked Ramesh as we almost ran towards the cycle stand.

"It's all your fault," I replied, following him. "When you talked of a friend in the hospital, I thought it was a doctor, and this being tea-time, I hoped we could expect some tea. Why didn't you tell me before?"

I did not hear what he said in the noise of the street, as we dodged this way and that in the crowd.

When we approached the hospital compound, I peddled closer to Ramesh and asked him, "What is that interesting thing you promised to show me in the hospital?"

"I shall tell you on our way back."

"What's the use? I will miss noticing it unless you tell me now," I told him.

"You can't miss it, Hari, you can't. It is so big and beautiful and bright that it can't escape your eyes."

Ramesh is always like that. He would set you interested and guessing, and worrying about, and having piqued your curiosity, would never satisfy it. That is why I sometimes think I should hate the fellow, but somehow I can't.

We entered the hospital compound and having got rid of our cycles, went towards the in-patients' wards.

"Which is the place?" I asked, doubting if Ramesh himself knew it.

"We shall soon be there, come quick," he replied as he quickened his steps.

It was however not without the help of a servant of the hospital that we reached the room. Ramesh was talking with the patient, while I stood watching, and threw in an occasional interjection to punctuate their conversation. We were interrupted by a nurse, who entered the room with an ounce glass in her hand containing some medicine.

She asked the patient to open his mouth for his second dose of medicine.

"Oh, for God's sake, save me from that bitter stuff," prayed the patient. "Please, I shall have both the doses together in the night."

"How funny, you are!" she said, taking her seat on the edge of the cot. And caressing his hair with her left hand she added, "Don't you want to be cured soon? Drink your dose, darling, and you will be all right in a couple of days. Look here, look at me. Do you refuse the drink that I give you?"

"But it is so bitter, madam; I can't drink it," protested the sick man. "I really can't. I feel like vomiting the moment I take the dirty stuff. Can't you excuse me, just for once? Please."

She patted on his cheek and ran her fingers affectionately through his hair and coaxed him. "All right, I'll give you something sweet to eat—very sweet—after you take your medicine. Look."

From out of somewhere about her person she took a piece of candy, and a couple of sweets and chocolates, and said, "Look, these will be yours as soon as you take your medicine. Open your mouth like the good boy you are."

He drank the medicine and took the present with a vain attempt at smile.

(Continued on page 16)

A PEEP INTO A CIGARETTE FACTORY

PEOPLE took to smoking only a few hundreds of years ago. The exact time is not known but it is believed that it was first introduced into England by the sailors who returned from America. In "Westward Ho" you find an amusing anecdote describing the effect produced on the public of England when they saw sailors who emitted smoke from their nostrils. Some took them for ghosts and others for Satan and ran away from them.

People used pipes in former days. Tobacco was stuffed into them and set fire to and through the pipe the smoke would enter their mouth and hence their system. But these pipes did not have a long life. Within fifty years people began to give up pipes and take to cigarettes, so that if some Rip Van Winkle, who went to sleep about fifty years ago, were to wake up to-day, the first thing that would impress him would probably be the fact that everybody smokes cigarettes.

The first brand of cigarettes that helped to oust snuff and pipe-smoking from their pride of place was the Woodbine manufactured in 1888. And from that beginning has grown up the vast and famous organisation of Messrs. W. D. & H. O. Wills, Bristol, which makes and markets Woodbines and Gold Flakes,—writes Mr. Shirley Long in "Answers."

It is one of the industrial miracles in an age of industrial wonders, this giant undertaking that caters for a social habit, and employs 9,000 workers. It has made the old port of Bristol synonymous with cigarettes. It has brought mass production and distribution up to an unequalled pitch of efficiency.

The Wills's firm have three manufacturing plants in Bristol and one in Swindon, all of them turning out cigarettes by the million. When you wander round those huge factories, with their thousands of girl workers and scores of ingenious machines, it seems almost absurd that they are producing the three-inch tubes of paper and tobacco that seem to vanish as fast as they are produced.

Not that the making of these is just a question of feeding in tobacco at one end of a machine and carting away the finished article at the other. There is a great deal of work before that.

First of all the casks of tobacco from Carolina have laid maturing in bonded warehouses for anything up to four years. When their time arrives, they are taken up to the "leaf room", one of the most sweet-smelling rooms you ever went in.

The leaf used for Gold Flake looks beautifully bright and golden in bulk, though these cigarettes are not made from one variety of leaf. As a rule, several different sorts are carefully and scientifically blended by experts in order to make the tobacco you will smoke.

The leaves are generally about eighteen inches to two feet long, tied up in bundles. They are dry, wrinkled, and have a long centre stalk.

Much has to be done before the cigarette machines take the tobacco in hand. First of all, the leaf is weighed out on scales into "operations" or units for blending and making. Down below, in a large well-lit room, it meets its first process of being softened prior to losing the long centre stalk.

This process makes the dry leaf pliable and fit for handling in its next stages. The system is that the endless band conveyors carry the heaps of leaves under giant inverted cones filled with steam, and this softens them just enough.

Carried on endless conveyor bands, it comes to long rows of tables where nimble-fingered girls strip away from the stalk. They can strip about ninety pounds of tobacco each in a day.

Cigarette making is one perpetual motion on endless bands. Still rolling along, our tobacco reaches the cutting rooms where it dives through the cutting machines and emerges looking something like the smoking mixture we all know. If you can visualise a huge mincing machine with blades like those of a giant safety razor, you will get some idea of a tobacco cutter. Sharp as these blades are, they work so hard that they last only twenty minutes, and have to be sharpened at a battery of grinding machines.

As they leave the cutting-rooms, the conveyor belts have to pass the scrutiny of girls stationed alongside. Their job is to pick out by hand any odd bits of stalk and so on which may have remained in. The next destination is the store-rooms where in tin-plate bins covered over with blanket clothes, the tobacco will await the summons to the machine-rooms.

They are the wonders of the place. A cigarette-making machine is ingenious enough to be human and so accurate that it beats a man easily. It is the most astounding and fascinating thing to watch. A heap of tobacco is fed into the hopper at the top, and a few seconds later comes out as a complete ready-to-smoke cigarette.

Here is how it is done. One section of the machine is like a printing press. It has a big reel of cigarette paper and as this winds the trade name of the cigarette in printed on it.

Then the machine curls the paper up, drops the tobacco in exactly the right quantity on to it, and makes the complete turn, at the same time running a trace of paste along one edge. Thus it emerges in the form of an endless cigarette till it reaches a set of tiny blades that chop off in a flash precisely the right length for a smoking cigarette.

(Continued on page 32)

MAHARAJA WHO SHOCKED INDIA

THE Maharajah of Gondal—the prince who shocked India by qualifying as a doctor—has just celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of his reign.

To mark his jubilee his people presented him with his weight in gold—8st. 6lbs. equivalent to £11,468, which he has given to the hospitals.

Years before he came to the throne the Maharajah made his startling announcement.

He wanted to be a doctor.

It was pointed out to him that he would lose caste and thereby endanger his chances of succession to the throne.

He was adamant. One night he disappeared.

After years in Scotland, he returned to India a fully fledged doctor of medicine.

Some of the other princes tried to ostracise him, but as the throne had become vacant he was allowed to mount it.

His first official act was to order all the women of the ruling house to unveil and emerge from unhygienic seclusion.

There was a storm, and the Maharajah might have been swept from his throne but for the fateful outbreak of bubonic plague in India nearly forty years ago. This gave him his chance.

He toiled night and day among victims of the dread disease. The Queen-Empress decorated him.

Drunk at 10 o'clock, Ended in the Dock

A man in the dock at Tottenham police court pleaded his case in "poetry". He was accused of being drunk, and here is what he told the magistrate.

"There was no one at home, only me so I made up my mind to go out on spree.

"At a quarter to nine I drunk some wine. As ten drew near, I drank some beer.

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"I am afraid I was drunk at ten o'clock and here I am, right in the dock. It is the first time anything like this has happened to me. So I hope you will be lenient with me."

He was fined.

Flowers Prone to Fever

FLOWERS are apt to be feverish, says a communication to the French Academy of Sciences by Professor Blaringhem, reporting his observations on the temperature of plants.

Some of the flowers that are given to developing abnormal temperatures, he says are the narcissus, the nasturtium and the dandelion. Most flowers, however, are given to higher temperatures at budding time, sometimes several degrees above the temperature of the surrounding air. This is easily noted in sweet-pea buds between 10 o'clock in the morning and noon.

The male flowers of dioecious and monoecious plants are warmer in temperature than the female flowers of the same plant at the same state of development.

A Novel Burglar Alarm

FRENCHBURGLARS will themselves tell the police when they break into a house if a new alarm offered by the post office is adopted by householders.

This new alarm, known as the sygnaphone, is a tiny apparatus linked to the telephone. An invisible wire placed on the door, or windows, or, if the owners prefer it, on the safe itself, is connected to a miniature gramophone.

When the wire is touched, an electric current starts a record which "plays" the name and address of the householder at the police station. It makes no sound at the house itself so that the burglar is not warned of his danger until the police arrive.

WELCOME ILLNESS

(Continued from page 13)

As soon as she was gone, we resumed our conversation with our friend and then took our leave.

On the way back I couldn't help remarking, "He's a lucky chap, very lucky."

"Lucky, did you say? To be on the brink of death, drinking horrible decoctions of devilish drugs, being confined in the hospital for over five months, with a prospect of another equally long period, if this is *lucky*, I wonder what it is you would call *unlucky*."

"Oh, I didn't mean it that way," I replied. "I referred to the lady. It is not everyone that gets a chance to be coaxed and caressed and petted by a sweet young thing like that. Do you know, I actually envied the patient when we saw him a little while ago."

"I see. You are thinking of the romance of it. Well, I wish you all that you wish yourself," said Ramesh.

"If all our wishes could come true, there would be no unhappiness in the world," I sighed.

"Why do you weep like that? Why not you also fall ill and go to the hospital?" suggested Ramesh, frowning at me.

"As if it is such an easy thing to fall ill. You can't command illness to come to you, can you?" I asked seriously.

"You can, if you know how to."

"How?"

"Take medicine."

"Take medicine!" I exclaimed. "Take medicine to fall ill!"

That set my brain-box a working. To take medicine, to get ill! That was a grand idea. If medicine can cure illness, then it can surely bring about illness as well.

The very next day, I went to a reputed private medical practitioner of my place. Being a Government servant, I dared not go to a Government surgeon. I told the doctor I wished to have a few words with him alone.

"Certainly," he said, "let me attend to these persons first, and then we can have some minutes to ourselves."

We were soon in an inner room—myself and the doctor.

"Any trouble with your mental apparatus?" asked the doctor.

"Good Heavens! No, doctor. Nothing so serious as that," I replied, suddenly taken aback. "As a matter of fact, it is most confidential."

"You may set your mind at ease on the point of secrecy. The first lesson we are taught in our profession is how to keep a secret."

"Glad to hear it, doctor. For reasons which I need not disclose just now, I desire to fall ill."

"Desire to fall ill! You are the first person to come to me with such a request. If you intend to apply for leave, then I can give you a certificate of illness without your actually taking the trouble to fall ill."

"Oh no, doctor. That does not serve my purpose. I should really fall ill—in fact sufficiently ill to get admitted into the hospital as an in-patient."

"I am afraid I don't quite follow you. How can you expect me to help you, without your taking me into your confidence? I shouldn't like to be dragged into ugly complications afterwards."

"You take no risks or responsibility in the matter," I assured the doctor. "Well, to stop you from random guessings, I will let you know the whole secret in one word—and that word is 'woman'."

"Ah! I see it clearly now," said the doctor, heaving a sigh and nodding his head this side and that significantly. "Indeed, I had myself once been driven to such an extremity and so I can understand you. But I lacked your determination and courage to actually carry out my plans. You have perhaps some domestic differences and want to teach a lesson to your wife. Am I not right? Tell me frankly."

I grabbed at the idea, which came in handy to help me conceal my secret.

"Exactly so, doctor. You have hit just right," I exclaimed. "I wonder if you are a thought-reader."

"No, no, I am not. You need not be afraid. Simply a correct guess, possible only for sympathetic souls."

At length we struck a bargain. He would give me three doses of medicines—three mixtures—which, he guaranteed, would make me ill. All that the doctor demanded was a paltry sum of thirty rupees and a promise of secrecy. I gave him both. The simple condition he stipulated was that in case I wanted a cure for that illness, I should go to some other medical man. Of course I agreed.

Well, the very second day after I took the medicine, I was glad I was getting ill. I had pain all over the body, particularly in the abdominal region. I hardly relished my food, and could not sleep at all. I applied for a fortnight's leave. But still I was doubtful whether I was ill enough.

The next day I was reclining in my easy chair, drawing in my mind glorious pictures of the approaching moments, when I should be lying on my cot, hospital-clad, and when the pretty nurse with her lovely face and dainty hands would offer me my medicine, I would pretend even greater reluctance than that patient did, so that the lady

Ramesh broke in upon my thoughts. He rushed to me and said, "Congratulations, old fellow. After all you managed to fall ill. Yours is real will power."

(Continued on page 25)

COOKOO



That means nothing to me

NUTS



A Leader of Men



Drawing his attention



Loose Nuts

FRY'S

FOUR FOODS IN ONE

Palatable — Nutritious — Energy-Producing

ASK YOUR DEALER FOR A SAMPLE

SHILLING-IN-THE-SLOT CINEMA

The automatic cinema is on the way.

The idea is to have shilling-in-the-slot box offices—or six pence or half-crown, according to the seats!

Automatic projection which does away with the cinema operator.

A time switch which will cause doors to open and close according to the will of the proprietor, who, in fact, need not go near the cinema except to collect the money.

Mr. L. J. Briggs, who has been in the film industry for twenty years, has taken out provisional patents in London for the automatic cinema. This, he says, is the first time the idea has been worked out in detail.

He said to a "Sunday Express" representative: This plan abolishes the bulk of the front staff—box-office girls and attendants. A gate allows one patron through at a time when he or she puts the money in the slot.

When all the seats are full the gate locks itself, lights a sign announcing that fact, and seals the slot so that no more money can be inserted.

Then when people pass out of the theatre they go through a gate which acts on the entrance gate, switches off the 'Seats full' sign, and opens the slot.

"It is impossible to put other than the correct coins in the slot.

The automatic projector for the film is, I claim, the first practical proposition of its kind.

"Only one projector is needed and it will run for twenty-four hours a day if necessary, repeating a programme that can vary in duration from ten minutes to three hours.

"Three miles of film can be loaded in one projector—and when that has been run, it all begins again.

"Sometimes a film breaks owing to the strain of passing rapidly through the projector. The great secret of my idea is in the relief of this strain, which becomes no greater than that in a pocket camera.

"The flick of an electric switch opens the box-office. The flick of another electric switch starts the projector running. Both the mechanised gate and the automatic projector work continuously till they are switched off.

"The cinema owner, sitting in his office, can open his doors and begin his programmes just when he likes or he can let electric time switches do even that for him."

The all-automatic cinema may first be tried at an "all one price" news theatre in the West End of London within a few months.

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AT MODERATE PRICES.*

Fancy stationery articles, Electric lamps in attractive styles:—

Articles interesting for Children:—Cooking sets, cradles, vessels, cup sets etc.

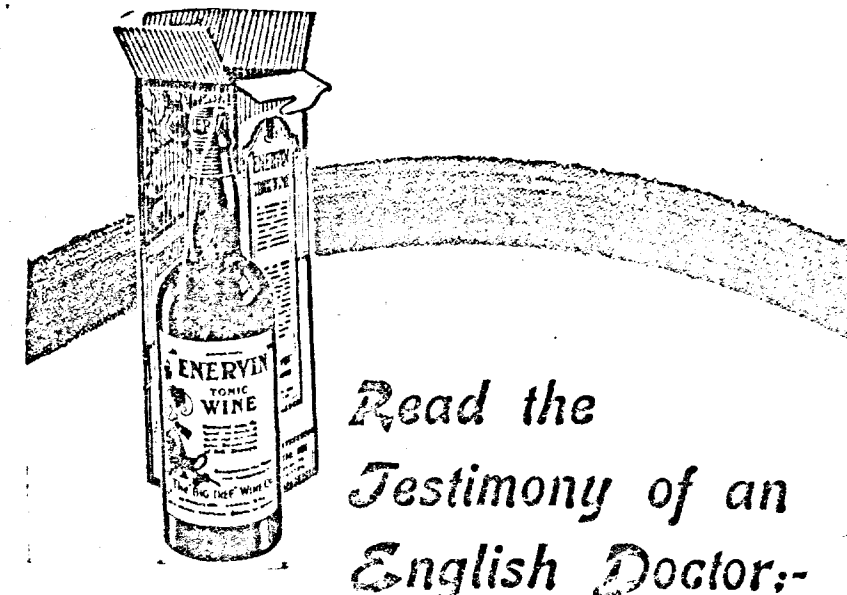
Games materials:—Dice, Chess, Back-bakari, Draughts, Carom cup and ball, bat and ball, skipping ropes, etc.

Articles with design:—Wall plates, powder boxes, Flower vases, etc.

Miscellaneous articles:—Japanese cups, Barrel shape boxes, etc.

Nature Imitation articles:—Fruit sets in plates, in cases dogs, pigeons, cranes cobras etc., in wood.

Further particulars may be had from the Superintendent.



*Read the
Testimony of an
English Doctor:—*

"I have been particularly struck with the qualities of your 'Enervin' Tonic Wine, which I prescribe extensively in my practice.

"I can think of nothing better as a reconstructive Tonic in all cases of Convalescence following illness. I also find it especially helpful in cases of 'nervy' people who are passing through a difficult time in life. I have quite a number of such taking it in my practice and they all speak very highly of its strengthening effects."

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WHEN MAN FIRST FLEW

NOWADAYS, when air-transport and air-mails are everyday occurrences, it is difficult to visualise the first feeble attempts of man to lift himself off the ground or the excitement which accompanied his experiments to do so.

It is only a hundred and fifty years since a Frenchman, named de Rozier, first left the earth in a balloon.

The King's Advice.

At first it was thought advisable to experiment with animals, and so, into a small wicker basket were placed a sheep, a cock and a duck. When the animals landed the cock was seen to be damaged. At first this was attributed to the evil effect of flying, but, later it was proved that the sheep had tripped on the bird during the flight.

And so the balloon was deemed safe for man. The French King was asked his opinion on the matter. He suggested that a couple of criminals should be the first air-passengers. If they survived, he said, they would be reprieved; if they were killed, all would be well!

But de Rozier, the fascination of flying already in his blood, insisted that he himself should take the great risk, and so permission was granted.

Picture the scene. The streets of Paris were thronged with eager sightseers. Flags waved. The ladies of the Court crowded into the Palace gardens in their smartest dresses. Unfortunately, rain began to fall, but, rather than miss the event, they remained in the open, damaging their beautiful costumes. It was worth it, for the flight was successful, and de Rozier descended from the skies amid loud cheers.

Astonishing Sight!

Unhappily, de Rozier headed the roll of tragedies which must pursue any great pioneer worker. He ascended in this balloon with a friend on a fine, calm day. All seemed well with the balloon, when suddenly it lost shape and crashed to the ground, killing both occupants instantly.

The airman has many enemies. Weather, engine trouble, even birds—any of these can cause his sudden and terrible death.

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Preservation of youthful beauty will be the cherished desire of everybody

“MYSORE SANDAL SOAP”

is the sure aid to restore your good looks.

The refreshing and agreeable feeling produced by the cleansing action of the velvety lather of this soap leaves a lingering charm and a pleasant memory

Try and be Convinced.

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BANGALORE.**

King Who Slept in Golden Bed - - - - - that cost £ 125,000

OF all the tragic Kings and Emperors who have played their puppet part in the great European drama during the last fifty years there was none so tragic and at once so picturesque as Ludwig II of Bavaria. He was as tragic as Nicholas, last of the Tsars, whom the Russian peasants worshipped as “The Little White Father.” His life was even more exotic than that of the Shahs who sat on the Peacock Throne of Persia.

Ludwig's kingdom was the second smallest in the world, yet the magnificence of his Court was second only to *Le Roi Soleil*, the incomparable Louis XIV of France. He was a strange young man and as beautiful as Satan. His strangeness amounted at one moment to genius, at the next to madness. Beauty and ugliness were never more closely knit together in one person than in poor Ludwig.

LIKE FAIRY PALACES.

In his saner moments his mind gloried in the creation of sumptuous palaces and castles. But these were no mere creations of the mind alone, for Ludwig exhausted the national exchequer to meet the immense cost of building them. They were like the palaces in Grimm's and Hans Andersen's fairy tales, perched on precipitous rocks and mountain tops, and crowned with towers and spires and minarets. Their interiors were unbelievably gorgeous, as they bear witness to this day. Every detail was worked out by Ludwig himself. All over Europe he travelled in search of new ideas, but most of these he found at Versailles, the splendid toy of Louis XIV.

WORSHIPPED A STATUE.

Ludwig copied every detail of Louis's bedroom for his own astonishing apartment at Herrenchiemsee—his golden bed cost the State £125,000! The Hall of Mirrors in the same palace was illuminated by 2,500 candles and 35 gigantic bunches of sparkling candelabra. Even Aladdin could not have dreamed of such dazzling magnificence as this.

In his dining-room Ludwig had a table which ascended and descended through the floor. Here the loneliest young man in Europe dined in solitary state. . . . with a bust of his adored Louis XIV at the other end of the table. Every night Ludwig toasted the marble head with a wonderful concoction, a mixture of white wine and champagne, which was said to have cost £10 a time, writes Mr. David Baxter in “Everybody's Weekly.”

But it was not only Louis whom Ludwig treated as a god. He would stand for hours in front of a statue of the ill-fated Marie Antoinette, before which his servants were made to kneel with out-stretched hands.

When staying in one of his mountain palaces Ludwig delighted to turn night into day, and the simple peasant folk of the Bavarian Alps would be awakened from their sleep by the tinkling of sleigh bells and the crack of the postilions' whips as the young King sped through the night in his fairy coach of red and gold and blue and silver. One of these fantastic sleighs was like a huge golden shell, surrounded by gilded cherubs who

bore laurel wreaths aloft to their Royal master. Night after night this brilliant equipage, drawn by half a dozen matchless white horses, sped like a dazzling phantom through the eternal snows of the high Bavarian Alps.

At other moments Ludwig would be seized with a sudden whim for dramatic and musical entertainment. His one great friend was Wagner, whose influence over the young King was so great that he induced him to build a superb theatre at Bayreuth for his glorification. One of the performances in this theatre cost no less than £20,000, of which the King himself paid £15,000. But much as Ludwig revelled in the company of his one friend and adviser, he delighted still more in complete solitude. He would order an entire opera to be played before him in the Opera House for his sole enjoyment, the rest of the theatre being empty.

His madness took even stranger twists than that at times. On one occasion he gave orders that his thirty best horses were to be fed for several days on nothing but oats. His workmen were instructed at the same time to erect a wooden tower in the forest near his castle. Then he stationed himself in the tower and at a given signal a concealed orchestra began to set up a wild pandemonium with drums and kettles and trumpets while the thirty chosen horses were led into the enclosure surrounding the tower.

The poor beasts were driven mad with terror, but the infernal din grew louder and louder, till the plunging and rearing creatures, with foaming mouths and blood-red nostrils, bolted helter-skelter into the darkness of the forest. Their snorting cries could be heard disappearing towards the horizon . . . and days later they were picked up, some half-mad, some exhausted and maimed, and some dead. And these lovely horses he called his “dumb courtiers!”

It was not only his dumb courtiers, however, who had to endure these demented passions of their King. His servants were at times subjected to physical violence. For the smallest offences they were confined in the dungeons. For daring to look at his master, in what Ludwig regarded as a disrespectful manner, a servant was ordered to wear a black mask over his face for a whole year. Another, whom the King regarded as being rather stupid, was branded with a seal on his forehead.

LOCKED IN CASTLE.

It was only natural that so abnormal a life should end in an equally abnormal death. Still in his early thirties, he found that his wild extravagances and solitary orgies could go on no longer. His ministers presented him with an ultimatum. Ludwig knew the end had come. He locked the officials in the castle, and then, going through every room, one by one, he bade goodbye to each picture and statue, and when he went outside he performed the same sad little farewell with every tree and shrub that he particularly loved.

The next morning the bodies of Ludwig II and his doctor were found floating in the lake through which he had loved to drift in his gondola drawn by gilded, clock-work swans.

THE WORLD'S STRANGEST WILLS

With the re-opening of Law Courts, the Probate Division will probably have to deal with some difficult and amusing problems caused by the attempts of amateurs to draw up effective wills.

But they are not likely to outrival some of those which have passed in the annals of the law.

Here are a few of them.

One testator, wishing to leave everything to his brother, broke into rhyme:—

"I give and devise
much as in me lies
To the son of my mother,
My own dear brother,
To have and to hold
All my silver and gold"

The Court was once asked to determine the validity of the will of one Philip Thicknesse of London whose testamentary wishes were thus expressed:—

"My right hand to be cut off after death to my son, Lord Audley, and I desire that it may be sent to him in hopes that such a sight may remind him of his duty to God, after having so long abandoned the duty he owed to a father who once affectionately loved him."

A President of the Probate Court declared valid this poetic will:—

"As to all the worldly goods I have in store
I leave to my beloved wife for evermore.
I give all freely. I no limit fix.
This is my will, and she executrix."

A millionaire left all his fortune to a Hindu idol. The will was contested in the English courts—and the idol won.

Another rich testator declared that his wife should receive her *weight in gold every year*.

His directions were faithfully carried out annually, until the Court determined that, apart from her weight, a certain fixed sum should be paid to her yearly.

THE SILENT WITNESS

One eccentric testator wrote his will in invisible ink upon a door. It was properly witnessed.

The Court, however, would not allow a photographic copy to be produced. The door itself had to be taken to the court, and the will was duly proved.

A will neatly inscribed on an egg-shell was once produced for probate. But it was held to be invalid on the ground that it had not been attested as provided by law.

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Book Knowledge

Man Is Immortal—In Parts

TEST-TUBES and jars in many biological laboratories of the world contain conclusive proof that all life is potentially immortal.

For all living things—from the primitive amoeba to man—are composed of collections of cells. And it has been shown that no cell need ever die if it is kept under the right conditions.

Actually, of course, an experiment to prove immortality would have to continue for eternity. But biologists have kept alive pieces of animal and plant tissues for so long beyond the normal span as to constitute virtual immortality.

A few cells scraped from any part of the body, placed in a nourishing fluid, kept at the right temperature and free from harmful bacteria will go on living indefinitely. The nourishing fluid must, of course, be renewed at intervals, and waste products must be removed.

And yet all living things do grow old and die. A Czechoslovakian radiologist, Professor Stoklass, recently put forward a theory that old age and death are due to the fact that the cells lose a part of their oxygen and become incapable of replacing it.

Working on this theory, he claims to have discovered that the rays given off by radium will cause the ageing cells to re-absorb oxygen, and so regain perpetual youth.

But man's dream of living for ever, which is as old as history, is still unrealised. For the human body is an elaborate chemical machine—not merely a collection of cells.

Water in the Desert

Among the interesting and important facts revealed as a result of recent expeditions by entomologists is that there is a comparatively large amount of water in the desert.

It does not fall as rain, but as contained in the apparently dry bits of dead vegetation that get blown

about over the desert. At night the air becomes moister, and these bits of fluff absorb the moisture.

The naturalists discovered this by studying the habits of desert insects. They found that harvesting ants, grass-hoppers and other insects inhabiting these regions used the wind-blown fragments of vegetation as "reservoirs" for their water supplies.

One of the strangest things now known about the drinking habits of insects is that water-drinking is almost exclusively a male characteristic in some species. Females, apparently, do not need water.

A striking example has been recorded by an entomological expedition to Uganda. The naturalists caught 153 butterflies while they were drinking from wet mud near Ripon Falls. It was found that every one was a male, though a number of different species were represented in the catch.

Some insects drink through their mouths, but others absorb the water through the pores of their bodies.

Blackguard

Judging from a reference in a royal proclamation issued by the King's Steward in 1633, a blackguard was originally a member of a sort of un-official escort which followed the Court when it moved about from one place to another and somehow established itself as a band of menials having charge of the pots and pans and attached to the conveyances that carted the kitchen utensils about. In fact, they seem to have been such a regular institution that the royal proclamation recognised them as being "commonly called the Black-guard", who "do usually haunt and follow the court." It was this proclamation that banished them from the Court, with the result, no doubt, that they tended to become even more "vicious, idle, and masterless" than when they were unofficially attached to the Court.

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Appeared as Ghosts while they were alive!

The eerie procession came nearer, ever nearer. At its front was a figure of terror—a hunchback without a head!

Eerie Procession in a : : : : : : Churchyard

CASES of hauntings by spirits of the dead are common enough, but visitations by phantoms of the future are less frequent. But on certain nights in the year the spirit counterparts of living beings do appear, usually as portents of the future.

A certain young lady was told that by performing a certain spell on St. Andrew's Eve it is possible to see the spirit counterpart of one's future husband or bride, as the case may be. Accordingly, she provided herself with fern leaves, hemlock, toad's blood and other requisites and seated in her bedroom, alone, she repeated these words:—

St. Andrew's Eve is to-day;
Sleep all people,
Sleep all children of men
Who are between heaven and earth
Except this only man
Who may be mine in marriage.

She then commanded the spirit form of the man she was destined to marry to come to her.

Mysterious Visitor.

As the clock in the hall below struck twelve, she heard the front door open and heavy steps run up the stairs. The door of her room was thrown open, and a tall, handsome, young man walked to the table, put a sword on it and at once left the room. Not hearing him descend, the girl ran to the door and looked out, but the landing was empty.

Though she looked everywhere, but she could discover no trace of her visitor. Convinced now that what she had seen was the actual phantom of her future husband she got into bed and slept soundly till the morning.

When she awakened, she glanced at the table, fully expecting to see nothing on it, but there was the sword, sure evidence that what she had experienced that St. Andrew's Eve was no dream or piece of imagination. She put the sword carefully away in a trunk.

Some time later she met the material counterpart of her phantom visitor—and married him without telling him what had occurred that eventful eve.

One morning, while she was dressing, he entered her room and went to the trunk wherein she had put the sword, and opened it. The moment that he caught sight of the sword his expression changed, and he

looked as she had never seen him look before, a perfect fiend. Without saying a word he put the sword under one arm and left the room. The girl never saw or heard of him again.

Phantoms of the future are also said to appear on St. Agnes's Eve. In several English counties a vigil used to be held in a church porch or yard on this night in order to see who was going to be married or die within the coming twelve months.

Headless Hunchback.

Some years ago two visitors in a certain part of Lincolnshire, hearing what they took to be a mere superstition, decided to hold a vigil in the porch of the local church. It was a moonlight night and everywhere was very still, hardly a sound was to be heard except the occasional baying of a farm dog.

Then, suddenly the church clock struck twelve, clouds obscured the moon, and in the darkness that shrouded the churchyard appeared lights, as if from torches. Figures were then seen advancing towards the church. As they drew nearer the enthralled watchers saw that some of them were in winding sheets and some in bridal costume; there was only one male figure—a hunchback without a head. Eerie blue lights surrounded those in the winding sheets and the headless figure, but the others seemed to emit a steady white glow. They passed by in absolute silence and entered the church, the door of which opened to receive them and then noiselessly closed again. The two watchers then made off as fast as their legs would carry them.

How Did He Die?

Within a few weeks they had met and identified all the material counterparts of the phantoms they had seen, except one—the hunchback. Those whose phantoms had appeared in winding sheets died within twelve months, and those whose phantoms appeared in bridal costume were married within the year writes Mr. Elliott in "Everybody's Weekly". And, strangest of all, on the last night of the year the remains of a hunchback man, obviously a tramp, were found in a ditch in the parish. The head lay a few feet from the body, which was never identified.

How the man died was impossible to say, as the remains had been there too long, and so an open verdict was returned at the inquest.

January 1935

THE TATLER OF INDIA

WELCOME ILLNESS

(Continued from page 16)

"Hush! Not so loud, please," I warned him, and continued, "Let not my wife hear it at all. I didn't do anything, Ramesh. Of course I wanted to get ill, and I simply got ill."

"That is splendid! You have already accomplished the power of getting things by merely wishing for them. It is a case of auto-suggestion or some such thing, I suppose. Well, when are you removing to the hospital?"

"Soon, soon. I hope it will be soon. You see, my wife still thinks it is nothing serious, and that I will be all right in a couple of days, which God forbid. She gave me a couple of doses of her own home remedies. I only pray that they may make me worse."

"Glad to see you so happy. Will meet you next in the hospital."

"Thank you, kind fellow," I said.

Four days later my wailings and wriggings and my pains and complaints, real and imaginary began to influence my wife's mind and one evening, at last, she communicated to me her decision to take me to the Main Hospital for getting me examined by the big doctor.

The next morning, wrapped up in flannels and wools, and trying to look even worse than I was, I accompanied my wife to the hospital in a carriage. I was among the first arrivals and I had my turn soon. The doctor examined me thoroughly and declared he was puzzled a little and did not exactly know under which of the disease heads to classify my complaint. However, he said he would keep me under observation for a couple of days, gave me a prescription and asked me to come every day. What a stroke of bad luck! But I was too clever to be thwarted. I made a suggestion: "Can I stay here, doctor, please? I find it so difficult to go and come in the carriage."

"You mean as an in-patient? Well, I don't know if you are as bad as that. I don't find any complications in your system. Anyway wait till I show you to the Senior Surgeon."

"May I have a word with you in private doctor?"

"Yes, certainly. Step in," he said, and I followed him into an inner room.

"You see, I am awfully worried about my health. I can't get proper diet and nursing at home," I explained. "I shall ever remember your kindness if you kindly let me stay here and bestow some care on me," and finished by thrusting into his hand three currency notes of ten-rupee denominations, of the new pattern, which I had taken with me for some such possible emergency.

"Well, well, be it as you wish," said the doctor smiling at me, pocketing the pieces of paper, and as soon as he returned to his table, he made out the pre-

scription for me to be admitted into the hospital as an in-patient. I heaved a sigh of relief.

As I was led by two ward-boys holding me by my arm to my room—somehow I could not allow myself to be taken on a stretcher—I saw the beautiful nurse strutting along hurriedly from one building to another. I was on the point of shouting a "Good Morning" to her but checked myself because of the boys and my wife following me.

I was duly housed in a small room, given the patients' uniform bearing No. 13, and I stretched myself on the spotless white sheets on my bed.

As soon as I was alone, I was eagerly looking for my medicine-lady. Hours seemed to pass and no one came to me. At length I fell asleep. An hour's sleep made me feel better. As I lay there turning over in my mind the further plans in my campaign, I heard approaching footsteps, and immediately closed my eyes, pretending to sleep.

"Here, open your mouth and have your dose," said a female voice close to my bed. I wondered without opening my eyes why the tone had changed so much.

"Will you wake up, please?" said the lady and rolled me in my bed, holding my arm as if in a vice. I couldn't help opening my eyes, and, oh God, what a sight I beheld!

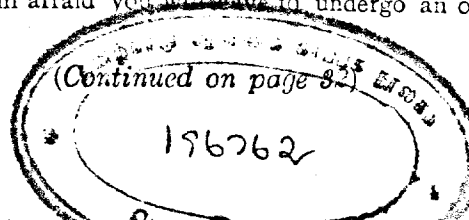
A dark Negro girl—looking as if just then unpacked from South Africa—with a horrible double set of teeth and devilish eyes, stood there to a giant height with an ounce glass in her hand and frowning down at me. I simply closed my eyes again, and opened my mouth and swallowed the stuff just to get rid of her.

For the first time in the whole campaign I was a little gloomy. But may be the nurses had their turns of duty. This perhaps was the "day" nurse and "that other" perhaps would come on duty in the night. That thought consoled me a little.

An hour later, the Civil Surgeon, the big doctor in charge of the whole hospital came to my room, I suppose on his usual morning rounds. He called out the black nurse from her room and asked her, "Is this the interesting case of which I was informed on the 'phone'?"

"Yes, sir," replied she. "No. 13."

"How are you, young man?" asked the doctor, feeling my pulse. I just explained to him some of my ailments. He examined me in some detail and then said, "I am afraid you will have to undergo an operation."



TIPS TO TUTORIAL COLLEGES

(By An Ex-Creditor.)

THE Principal of a local tutorial college has been owing me some money for the last one year. Every time I send my man for collections he would postpone payment to the next week and that memorable week has somehow never turned up till now.

Disgusted with this I made up my mind to look to the collections myself and one day went to the said college—not hoping to squeeze out anything out of him, but simply to try for the last time and write off the debt if need be.

Of course I entered the portals of his dingy-looking college mustering up enough patience to put up with his jargon about lack of business, tightness of the market, trade depression, ungratefulness of students to realise the value of his tuitions and what not—but fancy my surprise when I found him seated on his chair with a very cheerful air in his face.

I thought he should have found a gold mine to have become so transformed. And when once he has money in his pocket—he never keeps any in his purse: it is always empty—I know how to appropriate at least a fox's share of it. So thanking my stars for having made me lucky at least once in a way, I wished him a cheerful morning, and added: "Our Principal seems to have been lucky. His face tells me that some good wind has blown in his way. Business prospering?"

"No," he shook his head gloomily. "This tutorial business is a failure and the public will never realise the value of tutorial education—especially in my institution where every thing is taught and done under my personal supervision."

He spoke the truth. He is the only Professor in his College and he handles every conceivable subject. I have admired his ability in combining English with mathematics and the latter with Charles I or Ali Baba

and His Forty Thieves. But his wonderful system has somehow failed to impress his students—if I am to judge by the number who have come out successful under his tuition.

About a decade ago a chance wind blew in a failed B.A. Our Principal coached him up for the Cambridge Senior examination and being an intelligent young man he came out successful—in spite of the personal coachings of the Principal. As luck would have it, that was the only unfortunate young man who fell into the hands of the Principal that year and so he was the only student sent up for the examination. And since that one student came out successful, the percentage of success worked up to a centum. This was a lucky chance and at once my friend grabbed it. He pledged his wife's necklace, borrowed some money and announced in glaring types that his was the only institution that had produced a cent per cent success! Some fell in the trap—only to wriggle out a few months later, preferring to pursue their studies independent of coaching.

But that is only by the way. Let me proceed with the story.

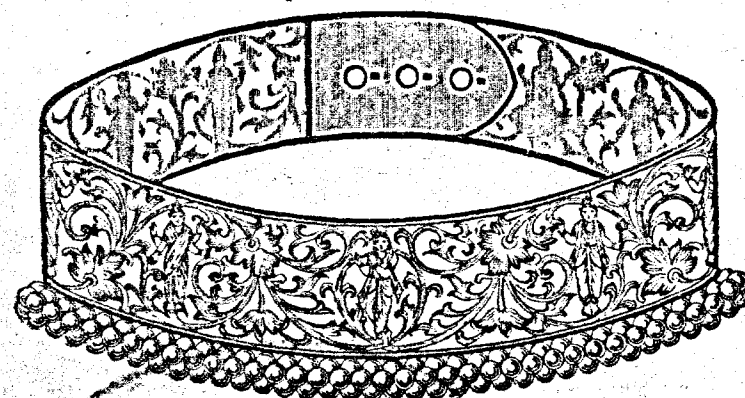
"But you look cheerful and I am sure you should have received some considerable sum to-day," I remarked.

"I haven't," he protested vehemently. "And I don't want you to pester me for some time to come."

"But," I grumbled, "your amount is long overdue and how can you expect me to keep mum for months together?"

"I don't want you to keep mum," he retorted. "You can go on talking as much as you like. I have the patience to put up with the nonsense that you talk

(Continued on page 31)



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SHAKU

CRASH—Bang—Thud—Crackling of burning splinters—Howls—Cries—Shrieks—And the whole masonry of fire collapsed with a terrific noise. A sturdy form emerged from out of the charred cinders. He was a chubby-looking strong built young man. In his arms he carried a girl—her head thrown back and her arms dangling in the air, as if they had no life.

A month later, in a tastefully decorated room, on a sofa near the fire-side, sat two persons—a slim young girl of remarkable beauty, with her left arm in a sling, and the chubby young man with a pleading look in his eyes.

"Inder, my dear Inder, I am indebted to you for your kindness. You have saved my life. To-day once again there is a storm in my heart. The ocean of love is disturbed—but in a different way. You have every claim to a thing which you have saved from the flames, at the risk of your own life. You are a brave man, Inder, and I love you. Yes, I love you to the extent of calling you my brother."

Shakuntala was barely twenty-two. She commanded superb beauty combined with an extraordinarily striking personality, the unique gift which is the proud privilege of high qualification and noble pedigree. Those large black eyes well suited the full frank face. A mass of jet black wavy hair crowned her head. A bold rose seemed to be in perfect harmony with the rest of the face. She had full voluptuous lips that in their quivering excitement displayed a perfect set of teeth. Her graceful figure was at once perfect and alluring. The heaving breasts seemed almost to burst. Their beauty seemed desirous of breaking through the thin saree which covered them. Truly here was Eve in full bloom, perfect in detail.

Inder, sub-consciously, noted these details about the girl in front of him and felt a sudden impulse to repeat his pleadings, to tell her how he loved her. "He was brave and had courage, but where Shakuntala was concerned he was twice shy. Mutely they stared at each other without saying a word. Inder felt thrilled in her presence. Why couldn't he clasp her to his heart and rest his head on her most perfectly rounded shoulders? Why couldn't he open his heart out to her once again? She would understand. He made resolves—in her absence, to forget them in her presence.

The unseen crosses that press in upon the heart are often more poignant than those that cut into the flesh. Of all those who suffer in silence, the most

silent must be those who go through life without a mate. The human spirit is made for companionship and feels lost and unhappy until it finds its counterpart. Shakuntala had found hers, but had lost it too.

"Inder," she cried at last and there was pathos in her voice, "why are you so dumb and pensive? I can almost read your thoughts. But can't you understand, my brother, my dear brother, Inder? Perhaps you will not know till matters are explained to you. Must you share my treasured secret? Mine is a tale of woe. My story is sad and pathetic. Must you hear it?"

Utter silence ensued. Inder sat mute as ever, his gaze fixed on the goddess of beauty. Shakuntala's bosom heaved, it rose and fell like the ocean billows. At last she broke the silence.

"Inder, you must know everything. You must know how I have been spurned and pampered by the stout hand of Fate. Will you shed tears after you have heard my story? If tragedies touch your heart, mine is a terrible one. But control your tears when my story is finished. Just pity me and sympathise with me, my brother Inder. Only be a real brother to me. This is all I ask."

BY

ERIC A. SADIQ, B.A.

Outwardly Shakuntala pretended to remain calm and composed, but inwardly she wriggled with pain. She was brave and could always face perils with a smile and had a wonderful way of concealing her emotions. Inder was not enough of a psychologist to read her inner thoughts. "The face is the index to the heart," they say, but when it came to Shakuntala it was different. She was imbued with a remarkable insight and could read others through and through. "You seem impatient to hear my tale of woe, Inder. Now be ready to listen to a narrative of grief and calamities, of human love and its imperfect ending. When last month you saved me from the flames, it was exactly a fortnight since he had died. He was tall and handsome, noble and gentle—a very incarnation of beauty and nobility. Raj was indeed my ideal. I was eighteen when I joined the local Girls' College. Very soon I was a popular figure in college on account of my literary interests. I was all for my books. My interests were confined to my studies entirely and I had a particular weakness for English literature. Whenever my class girls spoke of their boy friends and their beau ideals, I just left the place, because I simply couldn't bear to hear all that. Anything about men was jarring to my ears. To me it seemed silly and nonsensical to discuss the opposite sex. I hated men

NTALA

and called them brutes—not that they had ever handled me roughly, but just because my inner self revolted against their claim for superiority over women. I always imagined that either men and women must have perfect equality of status, or else women should have a government of their own. I hated men and that's all. If Dante Ressetti was a poet of renown, Christina Rossetti was no less famous; and if we considered Robert Browning as a master mind, we must also give credit to Elizabeth Browning for her genius. Women were politicians, painters, brave and courageous as much as men were; then why did men claim superiority over women? This was absurd, humiliating and unjust. I always took part in the college debates and discussions and when an open declamation contest was arranged, I was selected to represent my college. I was more than anxious to put my views before the public and at last my chance had come. 'Should women be given Franchise' was the subject of the debate. At last the day arrived. The contest was to be held in the local Government College hall at 6 P.M. The hall was fully packed. Amid cheers and clappings I ascended the platform. I spoke with fervour and knew that there was pep in my speech. I even heard two of the judges whisper and one of them was saying, "An excellent and impressive speech," and the other replied, "Indeed a perfect rhetoric". This was enough of an impetus. I was conscious of the fact that I was making a deep impression on the audience. Hard-hearted men who jeered at women and their inferiority nodded convincingly. Girls applauded and women laughed. Even some young men clapped and showed approval to please the fair sex. My eyes surveyed the audience—the men with contempt and the women with sympathy. Suddenly my gaze was fixed on a young man in the front row. He was sitting calm and serene, just taking in every word that escaped my lips. I was spell bound, but continued my speech. I had mounted the platform with a firm determination to run down men and to establish women's equality. But here I was—completely conquered by a man. I had to yield. There was a struggle within—a regular warfare between love and my strong hatred for men. At last I surrendered. My heart flew to him and rested there. The rest of the speech was, more or less, a mechanical jumble of words that just slipped out of my mouth automatically. The debate ended. The chairman read out the decision of the judges. I was summoned to receive the first prize and amid cheers and applause I reached the platform to get the trophy.

It was completely dark outside the hall. I was surrounded by friends and from all sides poured forth words of congratulations. Some of the boys from various colleges came and congratulated me, but my eyes were searching all over for one man and that one

man was not forthcoming. The Principal of my college offered to see me home in her car, but I refused pretending to be waiting for some one.

A considerable amount of buzzing of cars and motor cycles, rattling of wheels and shrill hoots of car horns were followed by a quiet stillness. The park was empty and I was still waiting—eager and expectant. Suddenly I heard footsteps. I turned round and was face to face with that man—almost divine and perfectly handsome. "Good evening, madam. Let me congratulate you on your successful and impressive speech. It was indeed marvellous".

"Thank you, Mr."

"Raj Kumar," he added quickly.

"Thank you, Mr. Raj Kumar," I continued, "Let me hope they actually give franchise to us women". "If all men are rational," replied Raj, "there is no reason why they should n't."

I just smiled. That night Raj left me home in his car, promising to meet me the next day. Next day he came to fetch me at the appointed time and so again we met and yet again, till three winters saw us fast friends, true well wishers and loyal companions. Raj was all in all to me. He was my entire world. I adored and worshipped him. He also simply doted on me and called me his queen. I loved Raj tremendously and loved my old mother equally well. My father had died when I was eight. My mother's one ambition had been to give me the best of education and so I was a graduate now. When my mother died, she entrusted me to Raj's care. For quite a long time we just remained sincere and loyal friends and the idea of matrimony never even struck us. But soon we discovered that if we were to keep ourselves free from the blame and accusation of the world we should get married. The third of the last month was fixed upon as the day of wedding. On the eve of my wedding day, I was in the house with about a dozen of my girl friends whom I had asked to tea. The house was full of noise and laughter, but I was extremely uneasy. I felt it was horribly quiet. . . . a kind of . . . of I don't know . . . ominous stillness—as if the trees and the buildings and the road itself were waiting for something they knew would happen. Raj had to come to see me at eight and it was already thirty minutes past. The eventide was fast falling. I was waiting in the front porch from where I could survey the road far ahead. At nine o'clock I went inside to put on my warm coat and I wasn't inside five minutes before I heard the sound of a motor horn in the street and then a knock at the door. I opened the door and a police sergeant told me in a few words that Raj had met with a serious accident. He was coming to see me in his car.

(Continued on page 30)

when near the Charing Cross, while taking a turn he collided with a lamp post. I was taken to the hospital and there he lay, with his head all bandaged, calm and serene, looking a wounded hero. I was stunned and stupefied, completely dumb-founded. Speechless I stood there gazing at him for some twenty minutes. Then I knelt down by his side and bending over his face kissed him on the forehead. I would have kissed him more, but the doctor had ordered complete rest for him and he was not to be disturbed. The whole night I sat by him. At about twelve midnight he groaned as if in great agony: "Shakuntala, Shakuntala", he uttered twice and then he was silent. I said, "Raj, speak. Please do speak to your Shakunt", but he did not reply. Next morning at nine (the time when we were to be married) he again muttered my name, but this time very faintly and in broken syllables. The doctor felt his pulse and looked at me. I at once read his looks and felt as if something had left the room—must have been his great soul. The next moment I found myself in bed and a kindly nurse bending over me. I sat up in bed, crying, but she bade me lie down. I was made to swallow down a cup of hot milk and then I was carried to his room. He was lying motionless amid wreaths and flowers, looking like a marble statue. Valour had left his cheek, but still he looked charming as ever. I kissed him again and again, all over his face. I even kissed his bandaged hands. I called him by his name, but he didn't reply. And then they took him away

from me for ever. Right in front of my eyes they carried him away to . . . to a place where I'll soon join him. He has left me lonesome in this world. I was never married to him, and yet I consider myself his bride. He is dead, but not for me. In the innermost recesses of my heart he reigns supreme and ever shall. The more I feel his absence the more I love him. The capacity for loving grows with the demands made upon it.

Love grows not old!

Love is of God—eternal,

Changeless pure!

Beyond the reach of Death shall Love endure.

My story is finished. Do you pity me? But do not cry my brother, my dear brother Inder."

Two big tears rolled down Inder's cheeks.

"Inder . . . Inder, will you always be my brother?"

"Always, Shakuntala, always," muttered Inder.

"Then come and kiss your sister Shakuntala."

And Inder got up and imprinted a brotherly kiss on Shakuntala's forehead.

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TIPS TO TUTORIAL COLLEGES

(Continued from page 26)

for one day. To-day I have leisure also. My student hasn't turned up and it is a holiday for me."

"But there is no need for a holiday,—least of all to-day," I put in.

"What else can I do? You know quite well that I follow the tutorial system here. If my student does not turn up to whom else am I to teach?"

I realised the validity of his argument and thought it advisable to drop the matter there. "I want some money very badly as the printer's bill must be met to-day," I said.

"Bill or no bill, I am not going to bother my head with all that nonsense," he coolly remarked. "I have enough worries of my own and I do not want to listen to your tale of woe."

"You need not. Neither am I prepared to waste my precious time talking vainly to you," I retorted. "But when can I hope to receive the money due to me for the last one year? Will you at all pay me or do you want me to write it off?"

"Why should you?" he asked in return. "Wait, my dear young man, wait for a couple of months. And you will find this institution one of the most popular ones in the world in the course of a couple of months."

"How are you going to bring that about? Surely you are not a magician," I put in, shaking my head doubtfully.

"Magic—Bah! Who cares for magic in this world? And if magicians can make us rich and prosperous why not they themselves become rich by their magic, instead of scraping a few rupees from fools by sending them charms, etc. on V.P.P. system. It is all tosh—pure undiluted tosh. I don't and will never believe a word of what they say."

"If you can make your institution one of the most popular ones in the world and that in a couple of months, then surely you can't do that by following normal methods. And if you are really capable of working out such a miracle why didn't you try it before? You could have become a millionaire by this time and need not put off payments of bills for years as you do now."

"I know that, dear sir," he remarked, "But, the proper time must come for everything and that time has come only now to me."

"Has it? I am very glad to hear it. And let me congratulate you and thank you in anticipation of meeting my bill before the end of two months," I added sarcastically.

"Thanks for your good wishes. But from your tone I infer that you don't concur with me when I say my new-found system is bound to be popular. It is sure to succeed without any ifs or buts."

"Professor sab," I put in, "I pray for your success and prosperity. I know quite well your merits have not been judged correctly by the public. If they only know what a learned and versatile man you are and that you give individual tuition to your students—following the principle of tutorial or residential tuition to the very latter—your college must have become crowded long long ago."

"As it is all my chairs and my college are full—but they are not paying students," the Principal remarked. "Instead of paying me my fees they suck out my very blood—in the literal sense. That's what they do—these bugs and mosquitoes." And he laughed heartily at his joke. I could not but keep him company and between ourselves we laughed so heartily and loud that if any constable had come there he would have locked both of us in the Mental Hospital.

At last we stopped laughing and the Principal after taking in a fresh supply of air proceeded to explain his new system.

"You see, education does not mean studying Latin or Greek or Shakespeare. They are all suited only for purposes of examinations. It is the duty of Principals to see that he trains up students who will become ideal citizens," he began.

"I concur," I put in.

"But that is what most of the institutions forget," he went on without caring for my interruption. "Like an idiot all these days I have talked only of H'Pensere and L'Allegro to my students. And that is why I have been a failure."

I nodded to indicate that I was following him.

"Well, a man can't become an ideal citizen unless he is an ideal husband and father. Nowadays parents find it hard to select suitable partners for their sons and daughters. So if education and matrimony are combined, it is sure to be a success."

"I don't quite catch you here, sir," I put in.

"You won't understand my plan, unless you know what I propose to do," he said. "I am going to put together matrimony and education. I will announce in all the papers that life partners would be found for my students. According to my present plan, every student who joins my institution should be either a bachelor or a maiden. When their terms of study are over and when they leave this institution I will arrange for their marriage. It will be easy enough for me. I need not select partners. The students themselves would manage that part of the business and they would only wait for my formal sanction. This would save the fathers a lot of botheration and they would gladly send in their children to study and to marry. Don't you think it is a wonderful idea? Will not this make me prosperous?" he asked.

(Continued on page 23)

WELCOME ILLNESS

(Continued from page 25)

"Operation, sir," I cried, suddenly springing up in my bed, horrified at the very idea. "Any major operation?"

"Yes, abdominal operation," he replied coolly.

"Oh, doctor, please. I don't feel as bad as that," I whined.

"That is the tragedy of this disease. The patient never feels the acuteness of the complaint and all on a sudden the illness grows beyond control, unless the operation is done in good time."

Three times again that day the black nurse came to me with her ounce glass. I firmly stuck to my programme every time she came—shut the eyes, opened the mouth, gulped in whatever she threw in, and opened the eyes again after she had gone.

Night came, and I saw neither the black nurse nor the white one. I was quite undisturbed, except by my own thoughts on the coming operation.

The next morning, at about 9 o'clock, even as I was still in bed, I saw the white angel. She was actually coming towards my room. Was it a vision? Was it only my imagination? No, no. There she was, actually coming, swan-like in her gait and divine in her looks, beyond that tree and crossing that culvert. I saw her looking at her watch, as she neared the building. She went to the room next to mine crying, "Goodbye to you, sister dear."

"Goodbye, Miss Simpson. Wish you all luck and happiness in your new hospital," said the unmistakable voice of the black one.

"Thank you, sister," cooed the white one in an enchanting tone.

She didn't even cast a glance at my room as she hurried away.

A few minutes later, the sweeper passed by my door and I called him in and asked him who the white lady was.

"Miss Simpson, Sir?" he queried and continued, "Oh, she was a very nice nurse and a very good lady. Has been here these four years. She is now transferred on higher pay to be in charge of a whole hospital. God bless her."

(THE END.)

IT'S APPEARANCE
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A PEEP INTO A CIGARETTE FACTORY

(Continued from page 14)

In a trice a steady stream of cigarettes is pouring out into the waiting bands of girls who watch the machines. And it is all done in a few seconds. These machines average a thousand cigarettes per minute! Even more mystifying are the machines that make cork-tipped cigarettes. They have a reel of water-thin cork paper, which mingles with the usual white paper and tobacco and sends out a perfect cigarette at the other end.

Just as uncanny are the packing machines. A girl puts cigarette in one entrance; another feeds in flat packets as they come from the makers and printers. These machines have funny little hands and fingers that can slide ten cigarettes at a time on the inner portion of the packet, open out the outer cover and slide it on, and deliver you twenty "gaspers" in the familiar packing.

A certain amount of packing and also cigarette-making is done by hand, and the girls who do it seem to be almost as swift and sure as the machines. A hand cigarette worker turns out about 1,200 per day. How long does it take you to roll yourself one smokable cigarette?

(THE END.)

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TIPS TO TUTORIAL COLLEGES

(Continued from page 33)

I admitted that that was one of the best ways of getting students and becoming popular. The next day in one of the local papers I was surprised to find the following advertisement.

OUR TWO-IN-ONE SCHEME!

Marry and learn, or learn and marry—just as you like. Every student who joins our college will be found life-partners and will be married for a nominal extra fee. Very attractive and novel scheme! Do join at once. Only a limited number of seats available.

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The Dead can be AMERICAN SCIENTIST'S

TWO years of experiment at the University of California have convinced Dr. Robert E. Cornish, the young American scientist, that he can revive the dead.

He is so certain of his methods which he has used successfully on dogs that he has applied to the Governors of three States to be allowed to experiment with the bodies of executed prisoners. Two Governors have refused his request while the third still has his application under consideration.

Dr. Cornish's methods are a combination of the usual methods of resuscitation combined with the injection of a fluid in a large artery to start the heart action.

During the period of "convalescence" following revival he proposes to use drugs and blood transfusions.

FLUID STARTS HEART.

Being interviewed Dr. Cornish described his problems and how he had overcome them:

"Ordinarily," he said, "artificial respiration is not sufficient to restart the heart action. For that reason I inject my fluid in a large artery, and this fluid gets into the muscles of the heart and starts the action."

"After the heart action has started the patient will suffer a shock to his nervous system stimulating it to a dangerous degree."

"To offset this stimulation the injection of some sleeping potion is desirable to keep the patient partially unconscious for two or three weeks. This sleep will also permit the patient to conserve his strength."

"If the sleeping potion were not given the heart action would be so fast that it would wear itself out within six to 12 hours."

"The next obstacle I had to combat is the formation of a clot of blood which if the heart action slowed would cause death within 12 hours."

"An injection of Heparin which is a liver extract will keep the blood from clotting."

"However, after all these obstacles, have been overcome, there remains the severe drop in blood pressure which must be combated before the patient can be completely revived."

"In human beings I propose to keep the blood pressure up by blood transfusions."

"IDEAL" SUBJECT

"In our experiments with dogs such transfusions would have been impossible, but even without them we

Brought Back to Life AMAZING CLAIM

brought two dogs back to life after they had been dead five or six minutes.

"I am positive that, if given the chance, I can bring back a person to life if that person has not been dead more than 15 minutes. After that time the brain cells are permanently damaged."

Dr. Cornish is now trying to persuade the authorities to allow him to try his experiment on a condemned man who has been hanged.

Provided the man's neck is not broken, he says, he would make an "ideal" subject.

Meanwhile, Dr. Cornish's proposal has created widespread controversy.

Mr. F. Sykes, President of the California Prison Board, says that if such an experiment on an executed man succeeded, it would be necessary to execute him a second time.

On the other hand, Judge Andrew Bruce, head of the American Institute of Criminal Law Criminology, says that the resurrected man would be legally free and could not be convicted a second time.

A septuagenarian, Dan Wooley has offered himself as a subject for Dr. Cornish's experiment, but the doctor has refused on the grounds that to take life would be murder.

You Grow Faster in Bed

One may be quite sure that behind a habit so universal and regular among all living things as sleep there is a very real purpose.

Strange as it may seem that it should be necessary for us to lose consciousness in order to regain strength, that is, in fact, the most obvious use of sleep. We should very soon wear ourselves out if we were to go on using up energy without a rest in which to regenerate it.

But other things happen when we are asleep besides the regaining of physical strength. Perfect sleep—with no dreams strong enough to remember in the morning—will regenerate the mind and make it vigorous.

But, in any case, the fact that the tissues are not being worn away by constant use leaves them free to develop.

That is best illustrated, of course, by the hair—especially on a man's face! The case of an invalid, moreover, shows that it is not merely sleep that enhances growth, but the mere fact of lying in bed.

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- | | |
|-------------|---------------|
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| 2. STATU — | Image |
| 3. DI — | Sink |
| 4. QU — INT | Odd |
| 5. TRAI — | To draw along |

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INDIAN FAKIR SHOCKS FRENCH JUDGE

Feather Turns Heavier Than Iron!

THE long continued drought which has afflicted England reminds Mr. Paul Brunton, the author of "A Search in Secret India" of the rain-makers in India.

Describing the phenomenon, which happened in Kasur, near Lahore, he says in the "Light."

For nine months no rain had fallen. To make matters worse, the monsoon utterly failed, while the winter rains gave no sign of starting. The whole area became drought-stricken, crops were being ruined and the people went about with despairing faces. As a last resort, the Municipal Committee of Kasur decided to invoke higher powers in order to bring the drought to an end.

Effective Rain-Making

So, one Sunday afternoon, twelve Muhammadan Fakirs and twelve Hindu Yogis appeared in the chief bazar by request of the Committee. They had agreed to sit for twenty-four hours (or longer if need be) to concentrate their minds on obtaining rain by the help of psychic forces. They sat almost naked throughout the noon-tide heat, the blazing sunshine and the blinding daylight. They touched no food and no water. The twenty-four hours passed away but still no rain fell. So the holy men continued to squat in the dust and heat, engaged in motionless meditation.

Just before dawn on Tuesday morning heavy drops of rain began to fall. A few minutes later the rain poured in tremendous torrents. Within a couple of hours the downfall was so heavy that the entire town became flooded so completely that the water became a menace to the safety of the inhabitants. The rain continued to fall for four hours from the time of the cloudburst and then it suddenly stopped. An official measurement showed that 13 inches of rain had fallen!

Family Spirits

The Depuks, a large family of magicians near Benares, he says, are reputed to be able to bring down rain also or to produce fire out of the air. My question elicited the fact that they invoke the aid of elemental spirits, who have served them for generations and who respond to mantras and also to a certain weird music.

Another classic of Indian spiritualism which has been well authenticated, says Mr. Brunton, deals with a Fakir named Govindaswami.

I travelled in the same district where this man (now dead) achieved some of his renown and was fortunate enough to meet one of his disciples. The latter told me that Govindaswami openly acknowledged that he was a medium and was the means of converting a European to Spiritualism. This was Chief Justice Louis Jacolliot, of Chandernagore, a tiny remnant of France's one-time great possessions in India. Judge Jacolliot went to Benares as the guest of a Mahratti Prince. It happened that Govindaswami was also on a visit to the sacred city of the Hindus and was likewise entertained in the Prince's palace. Among the remarkable feats which the Fakir performed for the benefit of the Judge are the following:

Peacock Feather

The Judge took a book which was close at hand, placed his palm on it and asked for the first word of the fifth line of the twenty-first page. The Fakir produced a small bag of fine sand which he emptied on the floor and smoothed in such a way as to form a surface of about half a square yard. He asked for a small piece of wood and the Judge threw him the wooden holder of a pen. Govindaswami placed it gently on the sand, extended his arms in front of him and chanted some invocations to his spirits. In a few minutes the wooden holder rose vertically and began to move, tracing a word in the sand. The word was Devadatta. Jacolliot being able to read Sanskrit, opened his book and looked at the word on the page he had given. It was Devadatta.

Then the Judge asked a mental question, not giving the slightest verbal utterance to it: "Who is our common mother?" (The phrase and its answer occur in a common Indian proverb.) And the pen-holder traced its reply in the sand: "The Earth!"

On another occasion the Fakir demonstrated an unusual and uncanny power. Judge Jacolliot placed a heavy weight in one pan of a pair of scales, which of course immediately went right down; but when Govindaswami placed a peacock's feather in the other pan, the latter at once lowered itself below the other pan!

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Last Posting Date, 25-1-35.

Each Entry As. 8. Any Number for Rs. 3

- | | | | | | | | |
|----|---|---|---|---|---|--|-----------------|
| 1. | S | M | I | | | | JOYOUS LOOK. |
| 2. | T | R | U | | K | | HOLE'S THINGS. |
| 3. | | L | U | S | H | | FACES OFTEN.... |
| 4. | S | | O | U | T | | OUT-LET. |
| 5. | B | L | U | | | | COARSE. |
| 6. | | | A | R | E | | FEARFUL LOOK. |

Rules:—Solutions may be sent on white paper together with M.O. Receipts. A sum of Rs. 450 for all-correct solution and Rs. 250 for runners-up is awarded. And also Rs. 50 for all correct solution received before 20-1-35. Ties will equally be divided. Other rules as usual. Results in next issue.

Address to:—

The Manager,
"STAR COMPETITIONS"
RANTUMELLI,
Kistna District.

Results of November Add-a-Bit.

DAMSEL — GLINT — WANE — RECENT — FRAID
QUIVER — GLIDE — WEAR — SPRITE.

All Competitors with not more than two errors should apply before 15-1-35.

Shear Robbery

An Easier Way!

SENATOR Borah, at a Washington reception, was defending the Chinese.

"The Chinese civilisation," he said, "is the oldest in the world. To know the Chinese is to respect them. Are we very much their superiors? A Chinese mandarin of great and lofty rank attended a ball here in Washington the other night. Well, he looked for some time at the contortions and kicks of the perspiring young men and women of Washington's high society as they danced the Charleston, and then he turned to his hostess, and said in a tone of mild astonishment:

"Can't you get your servants to do this for you?"

—*Christian Science Monitor.*

Certainly Not!

A newly married woman was showing off to a friend the treasures of her home, including a neat sports car.

"I suppose your father got you that?" said the visitor.

"Not likely," was the indignant reply. "George wouldn't accept such a thing. All that father pays for is the rent and the housekeeping expenses."

—*Til-Bits.*

That Was All

"I don't know whether I ought to recognise him in the city or not. Our acquaintance at the seashore was very slight."

"You promised to marry him, did you not?"

"Yes, but that was all."

—*Montreal Star.*

A Mistake

"I grovel here in the dust at your feet," exclaimed the impassioned young suitor as he knelt on his knees in the parlour in order to press his suit.

"Dust! Dust! Do you mean to insult me?" she gasped—"after I spent the whole forenoon cleaning the room?"

—*Pathfinder.*

Found Political Advice

Full of enthusiasm, she had gone in for politics, and was out of the house most of the day. The other

night she returned at 9 o'clock and sank into an arm-chair.

"Everything's grand," she said, "we're going to sweep the state."

Her husband looked round wearily and said: "Why not start with the dining room?"

—*Labor.*

The Sign

Mistress: "So you think your young man's intentions are serious?"

Maid: "Yes, ma'am. He is beginning to let me pay when we go out."

—*Fliegende Blätter.*

Correct

A well-dressed young man had sat down on a newly-painted seat. Distressed, he said to the painter:

"Why don't you put 'Wet paint' on your seats?"

"That's what I'm doin', ain't I?" replied the painter.

—*Pearson's Weekly.*

Same Reason

Blinks: "Yes, I find the same objections to the new 1935 models that I did to last year's cars."

Jinks: "What is that?"

Blinks: "I can't afford any of them."

—*Answers.*

Modern Politics

"Have you seen the candidate yet?"

"Yes; he flew over our house this morning and dropped down a lot of literature and threw a kiss to the baby."

—*Montreal Gazette.*

Right Road

"I say, man, am I on the right road for Brown's mound?" asked the tourist.

After looking serious for a long time the loungeer replied: "Yes, sir, you are on the right road. But you are headed the wrong way."

—*Macon Telegraph.*

January 1935

THE TATLER OF INDIA



Old Gentleman: "I want a good book on Birth Control, please."



Amrutanjan

BEST INDIAN
PAIN BALM

RACED A CHARGING ELEPHANT TO SAVE HIS CHILD

HE tore frenziedly down the road, as a mad elephant thundered at his heels.

Could he reach his baby son in time?

Screams from outside brought the missionary's wife running to the verandah of her house in Northern India.

His thoughts flew automatically to her baby boy, who had been taken out to his pram by an Indian nurse. Had anything happened to the child?

In the large compound surrounding the bungalow, and in the road and the forest beyond, natives were running wildly hither and thither, yelling and waving their arms.

BELLOWING WITH RAGE

Then she saw the cause of all the commotion. An enormous bull elephant, belonging to a rajah who lived near, had gone "rogue," and was tearing down the road, scattering people in all directions.

All the primitive fighting instincts of the jungle had returned to the great brute. Bellowing with rage, it had already trampled a man to death.

Just round the corner from the bungalow the elephant had snatched a woman up in its trunk and dashed her lifeless to the ground.

And somewhere on that road stood the pram in which a precious baby boy contentedly smiling to himself.

NO OTHER WEAPONS

The missionary's wife called native servants to her, for her husband, the Rev. S. Knowles, had gone out on his morning rounds, writes John Mr. Trent in "Everybody's Weekly."

The faithful servants had as weapons two swords and a service rifle. But the rifle was not loaded, and the ammunition was kept locked up. So they fixed the bayonet on the rifle, and with these wretched weapons prepared to give battle to the great mad beast.

The beast had stopped just at the main entrance to the compound, and was tearing up a clump of bamboos with its trunk, snorting in anger.

Presently it would move along the road—towards the baby, whose Indian nurse had fled in terror.

(Continued on page 47)

Rs. 1,000 GUARANTEED

IN THIS SIMPLE "GIVE AND TAKE" COMPETITION.

FIRST PRIZE: Rs. 600.

SECOND PRIZE: Rs. 300.

Rs. 40 and Rs. 20 for the Sender of Largest No. of entries. Rs. 40 for the first TEN Correct Solutions Posted.

Minimum award of Rs. 100 Guaranteed to every sender of correct solution.

Last Date for POSTING Entries:—31st JANUARY, 1935.

SEALED KEY SOLUTION DEPOSITED WITH "TATLER OF INDIA"

HOW TO WIN.

No.	Directions	Words	Clues
1.	GIVE	VICTRY	Success
2.	TAKE	TRACKE	Footprint
3.	GIVE	YE	A brood
4.	TAKE	STIENT	Restrain
5.	GIVE	RCK	A heap
6.	TAKE	ROUSET	To stir up
7.	GIVE	OW	To subdue
8.	TAKE	CARB	A vehicle
9.	GIVE	PRIM	First

HERE are 9 words, but each has either one letter more or one letter less. By the side of each word, there is a clue and a direction. If the direction is "GIVE," you will have to add one letter to satisfy the clue. If the direction is "TAKE," you will have to take one letter from the words. For Example No. 1 is VICTORY, which satisfies the given clue. The letters are in their proper order, and no shuffling is necessary.

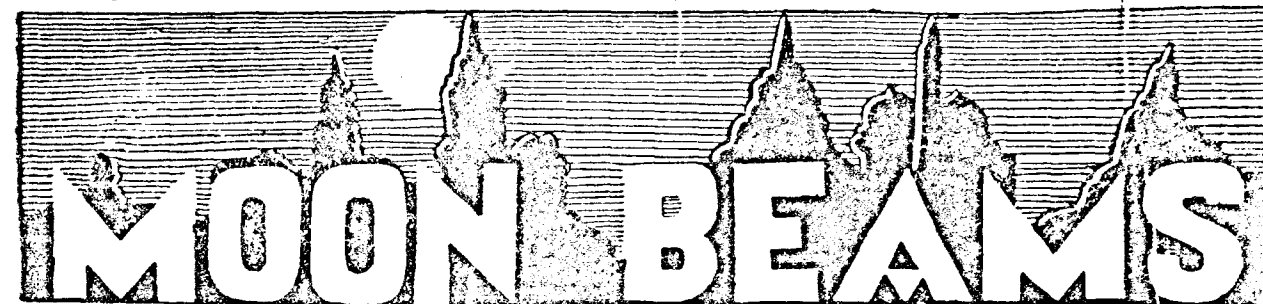
When you have solved all the 9 words in the above manner, send them on to us with an entrance fee of only ANNAS EIGHT per entry by M. O. only and fix the P. O. receipts to your entries. You may send any number of entries at the requisite fee. The Prizes are all GUARANTEED and will not be reduced under any circumstances. Results of this Competition will be intimated to all competitors (for

which please enclose 2 half anna stamps) and Prizes remitted to winners within a week after the last posting date. Managers' decision is final and legally binding. Other rules as usual.

Address all your entries and fees to:—

The Manageress, THE EGERIA COMPETITIONS, Washermanpet, Madras.

December Competition:—1. CARB (See CAR). 2. VIM. 3. TIND. 4. CARB. 5. NIL. 6. PAST. Those who have sent solutions with not more than one error must claim before 20—1—35.



The man in the honeymoon is not a myth.

Fortunate is the bride who is well groomed

It is a wise fish that can read between the lines.

Men, like steel, are useless when they lose their temper.

A gem of thought is often impaired by a bad setting.

Don't forget that the darkest hour is only sixty minutes

The finger of destiny is undoubtedly on the hand of fate.

If a man marries for money he earns every penny he gets.

Many a man, like the moon, shines with borrowed light.

A deaf mute is generally ready to take a hand in conversation.

Pain has been known to transform a child into a groan person.

Many a married man speaks his wife's mind when he talks.

It is usually the dry bones that satisfy one's thirst for knowledge.

The man who goes about wishing he had never been born is not the only one who regrets it.

Always look on the bright side of things—unless you are buying them. Then look on both sides.

Ignorance is bliss until it begins to associate with egotism

The world deals good naturedly with good-natured people.

The man who does the least talking often has the most to say.

The best of everything comes to the man who waits on himself.

The man who sits down and reflects isn't necessarily brilliant

A man is as fat as he looks! A woman is as fat as she wants to look.

Living high has brought many a man low.

Don't expect to keep your friends if you give them away.

Women argue in about the same way as they step off a tram.

Only a married man can appreciate the comforts of a good club

A trickster is merely a man who gets the best of a deal with you.

If men had the courage of their convictions many of them would be convicts.

Unless you take advantage of your opportunities some other fellow is apt to take advantage of you.

A gem of thought is often impaired by a bad setting.

Decent people hate a pessimist as much as he hates himself.

He Killed for Gratitude

By RUPERT
CROFT-COOKE

MURDER is never incredible, only the motives for which it is done seem sometimes unbelievably inadequate. Let me quote an instance. This happened in Buenos Aires a good many years ago.

I had not long been out—an employee of the company which I am now privileged to serve as a director. I was earning three hundred a year, which does not go far out there, and I was living in rooms which were suited to my salary.

Also—I am sorry to trouble you with these personal details—also I was in love, conventionally enough, with the daughter of my boss. And to make the situation even more usual, I had a rival in the person of a fellow employee.

Dickson his name was, and I think, even apart from a natural prejudice, I was justified in disliking him. He was a hard-faced, rather brutal young man, brave, I dare say, a good man in an emergency, but somehow, I felt, not tolerant enough. And he ill-treated his dog. Our chances of success where Claire was concerned (that was the girl's name) were pretty equal. She spent more time with me, talked more when we were alone, than she did with Dickson. Yet Dickson, both in appearance and manner, was uncommonly like the type I imagined women to admire, the proverbial strong, silent man. In fact, I used to feel there was a danger of her friendship with me developing into a brother-and-sisterly one, while with him she might have fallen in love.

It was while matters were in this dubious state that, returning one evening through a deserted street of that amazing city, I was accosted by a one armed "down-and-out."

Now in Buenos Aires there is a large population of beachcombers, men of almost every European nationality who have read fantastic stories of Argen-

tina as a land of promise, and gone out with the first conviction that they will pick up a fortune in the street as they leave the docks. Perhaps it is because they expect quick, easy money that so many of them end as tattered outcasts, for ever trying to beg their passage money home, and if they get it, spending it on *cacha*. But somehow the man who spoke to me did not seem to be of this fraternity. There was vigour and suppleness in his movements, and his eyes were young and unbleared, though he was well in his thirties. Also his manner was neither servile nor threatening. He asked for a *peso*, as a fellow member of one's club might—in these days—ask for a fiver.

"What's the trouble?" I asked.

"Bad luck," was his only explanation.

"How's that?" I said.

He looked at me quickly, his bright eyes glinting from under the black rim of his hat. Then he held up his right hand. There was a scar in the centre of the palm, the cleanly-healed remains of a nasty wound. He smiled.

"Not a nail," he said to my surprised face. "A shot. But it has deprived me of my means of living."

"And what was your means of living?" I asked, liking the smile, which was frank and good-natured.

It was then that the man made his really monstrous announcement. "I was a killer," he said. Then, making an expressive gesture in the air with his wounded hand, "Knife-throwing," he explained.

It was, you will concede, startling. I, who a moment ago had been a clerk quietly returning to my rooms, had become in a second a bewildered young man in conversation with a professional killer!

But when the first amazement had gone, other aspects of the situation presented themselves. In the first place, the man was obviously terribly hungry—weak with hunger. And in the second he was interesting. Somehow, I found myself approaching my rooms in the company of a slim, neat, quick-moving gentleman, who had made a livelihood by the dismissal from this vale of tears of those persons whose deaths had been worth ten or twenty pounds to any one else.

This amazing young man sat down to my supper and Mendoza wine with as much gusto as if they had indeed been funeral baked meats. But his long fast had made him sensitive to alcohol, and when he had finished eating he became communicative. Smoking a cigar, he began to talk, and I, as you can well imagine, did nothing more than give him an encouraging nod when he paused.

It was a grotesque life-story, but it carried conviction. I trust my intuitions, and I know that the fellow was speaking the truth. He had come out from Spain, an emigrant with his mother, at the age of thirteen, both of them escaping his wastrel father. But when the steamer came in, the Argentine officials discovered his mother to have tuberculosis, and she was not allowed to land. He had been put ashore with a large family of emigrants, who had abandoned him at the docks. It was in those early years that he had learned his hardest lesson.

He was thirteen, alone in a strange country, and he had to live. His very survival seemed to me a miracle. He robbed and begged, sold papers, cadged crusts from bakers, stole meat from butchers (relying on the speed of his legs alone to avoid capture), and ate it raw in the streets. For years he scarcely slept under a roof. He had "held up" respectable citizens with a toy pistol at the age of fifteen, and taken their wallets from them. He had absolutely no moral sense. As he said simply his sole defence, "I had to live."

By the time he was twenty-five he had been guilty of most crimes, and would simply have been uncomprehending of any one who tried to explain that they were crimes. Things were punishable by the police or not. And the police were his natural enemies.

It was as a paper boy that he learned his extraordinary proficiency in knife-throwing. He and his friends would throw at a target for centavos, and he always won. Most of the others had homes to go to, but when, as he explained one's evening meal depended on hitting the bull, one learned to throw straight. But it was not until late in his twenties that he had found the obvious way to turn his gift to more material advantage. Then someone had offered him ten pounds to eliminate a certain bruiser whom he had good reason to dislike. It was the beginning of his brilliantly successful career as a "killer."

He had made an excellent living for five years. For, as he told me with justifiable pride, "I have never failed, senor, never once." I believe that, too.

Then, a year before my meeting with him, he had had a catastrophe. A big Italian cafe-keeper had been warned of his coming fate, and on the evening when Pepito had sat quietly drinking coffee in his place, with his knife sharpened and in readiness under his coat, waiting for a suitable moment to despatch the proprietor, the man had a revolver ready beside him; and when at last Pepito raised his arm with his famous lightning quickness, to throw his knife, the Italian had neatly plugged his lifted hand and shattered the elbow of his other arm, so that it had to be amputated.

"You will never play those tricks again," the big man remarked quietly, returning to the polish of his glasses. And it seemed that he was right.

It was thus that Pepito found himself on the evening when he came to my rooms. The wound had healed, but he was almost powerless.

He slept that night on my settee. And I think it is a tribute to him that he had inspired in me some sentiment of friendship or trust which made it easy for me, even after that narrative, to sleep soundly in the next room with only an unlocked door between us.

Next day he was ill, and within twenty-four hours a doctor had diagnosed it as pneumonia. I smiled grimly to myself as I settled down to nurse back to life a man who had been responsible for the curtailment of so many others. He was an excellent patient, however, imperturbable and, as he recovered, cheerful.

He was grateful, too. But I think I was no less so to him, for it was his illness which really brought Claire nearer to me. When she heard that I had a "down-and-out" dangerously ill in my rooms, she at once decided to come round and help. And it was her nursing which pulled him through.

As he recovered he wanted to know all about her. And I was in love enough to have talked to Charles Peace if necessary about Claire. I would sit and explain to him my hopes, my fears of Dickson's rivalry, my ambitions. One day, when Dickson himself brought Claire round, I fancied that my protege and the Englishman had little sympathy with each other. Why should they have had? Not every one could be expected to take an interest in Pepito.

He was always particularly insistent that I should not disclose to Claire just what his eventful career had been. So while he remained with me I said nothing.

Well, my assassin recovered. Dressed in a suit of mine he lounged about my room for a day or two, eating heartily, as though it was only to be expected that food should be supplied to him. Then one morning he announced that he intended to leave.

"I am quite well now," he said. "I must go and make a living."

"In the same way?" I questioned.

He sighed unhappily. "I'm afraid that's not possible," he said, and looked again at his wound.

Now, I had no missionary intentions towards Pepito. I never expected to reform him. But I did feel—rather naturally considering my own sentiment for Claire—that contact with civilisation and with her might have done something for him. So I was perhaps a trifle disappointed at that remark.

"I'm very grateful to you," he said presently.

"That's all right."

"One day I may be able to show it. Meanwhile—good-bye, senor. And thanks."

We shook hands, and he stepped quickly across the room and down the stairs. "Ah, well," I thought. "The incident is closed."

But it wasn't. Three days later there was a mild stir at the office one morning. Both Claire and I were beside the clerk at the telephone at the time. He informed us that Dickson—my rival Dickson—had shot a man in self-defence, and was being held, pending police inquiries.

I was sorry for him. Police inquiries in those days in Argentina had been known to take a good many months. Claire, too, was apprehensive for Dickson's fate.

However, we could have spared ourselves anxiety. At midday he came into the office, his big bulk seeming to be swollen with indignation. He spoke at once to me almost as if I had assaulted him. "They could not even charge me," he said. "It was a clear case of self-defence. But do you realise that the man was that one-armed dago of yours?" Dickson almost shouted. "He got up to my window last night and tried to throw a knife at me!"

"Good Lord, I . . ." I felt rather ineffectual, I'm afraid.

"Luckily I sleep with a gun beside me. You never know what's going to happen in this damn country." (Dickson was the sort of man who was always abusing the country which provided him with a living.) "I was only just in time, though. I plugged him when his arm was up. Another minute . . ." He could not restrain a slight shudder. "What I can't understand . . . was his motive. What motive could that fellow have had for killing me?"

"What happened to him?" I asked tersely.

"Police hospital," said Dickson grimly. "I should think he's a corpse by now. He was just alive when they carted him away!"

Suddenly I found Claire's hand on my arm. "Come along," she said. "Let's go and see him."

Dickson was livid with indignation. "What?" he said. "Go and see the fellow when he tried to kill me? What d'you mean, Claire?"

"Oh, you don't understand," she said impatiently. "Come along," she called to me.

It was, I suppose, an example of the divine unreasonableness of women. After all human justice was on Dickson's side heavily enough. Pepito had made a cowardly attempt to kill him with a knife. And the girl without waiting to express condolence with Dickson was off to see his would-be murderer. And yet I wondered as we sped along in the taxi whether human justice after all was everything. Claire understood. And I loved her for that—whatever the rights and wrongs of the case.

* * *

Pepito was not a corpse—when we arrived. He smiled remotely from a coarse pillow. And what did we say, we who had been brought up to decent morals and a standard of right and wrong—what did we say

to this dying outcast who had just made an attempt on our fellow countryman's life? Personally I said nothing. Claire asked why he had done it. He nodded towards me.

"The man was in his way," he explained.

"But . . ."

Pepito smiled to me. "You smiled when I told you I would show my gratitude, he remarked." "I tried. . . . Then, as though to summarise everything, to explain everything, to excuse his whole life, he said. "It was the only trade I knew."

Then Pepito died.

So you see there are incredible motives even for murder. You would scarcely have believed me if I claimed to have known one attempted out of gratitude. And the fact remained that though Pepito did not even wing his man his gesture was in its way successful. With a repetition of her first illogicality Claire never forgave Dickson the shot he fired in self-defence. She married me three months afterwards.

EVERYBODYS WEEKLY.

[All the characters in this story are entirely fictitious]

Key solution Lodged with "TATLER"

Last Posting Date, 22nd. Jan. '35. No Extension.
Yours is Rs. 750. Try to Get.

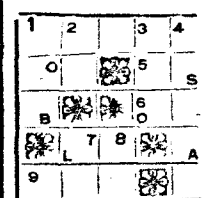
Indian "Fill the Words" No. 4

- | | |
|------------------------------|---------------------------------|
| 1. PR — — — trial. | 5. BE — — — — sendback. |
| 2. — EM — half. | 6. — — KE please. |
| 3. RE — — — Kidneys. | 7. — N — one. |
| 4. — — TRA beyond. | 8. PR — — E value |

Indian "Complete the Words" No. 5

- | | | | | |
|------------|------------|---------------|----------------|------------|
| 1. DIE — . | 2. FE — E. | 3. M — R — T. | 4. ZE — . | 5. FIN — . |
| 6. TAR — . | 7. RE — . | 8. RH — N — . | 9. NIC — E — . | |

Indian Cross Words No. 6



Across: 1. Near. 5. Consonants. 6. bone. 9. beat (curr.) Down: 1. strike. 2. INTERJECTION. 3. tippie. (jumbled). 4. attempt. 7. high (second half). Ref. CHAMBERS XX. All forms used. Rules. Entrance fee as 8 per entry or Rs. 2 for any No. for each competition. Rs. 250. for the correct. If ties the prize divided. Amount will vary as entries permit.

Enclose four ½ an. stamps for result sheet. Other rules as usual. All entries and M.O. to:—

The Indian Cross Words, Cannanur P.O. Musiri,
(Via) Kulittalai. (S.I.Ry.)

RACED A CHARGING ELEPHANT TO SAVE HIS CHILD

(Continued from page 42)

ONLY ONE WAY.

Just then the missionary himself came riding into the compound through a gate at the back. Some queer, uncomfortable feeling had told him that all was not well at home, and so he had hurried back earlier than usual.

His glance took in the rogue elephant, the servants waving their comic little swords and his distracted wife. A few words told him exactly what was happening.

There was only one way to get out into the road and to the pram—through the front gates. And at these gates stood the elephant ready to hurl its massive bulk at the first intruder.

The missionary did not hesitate. He spurred his horse straight at the gate. The elephant backed a little in surprise and shook his gleaming tusks. Then as the horse and rider flashed past him and swung down the road the monster charged after them in pursuit.

Considering its great bulk the elephant had amazing speed. For two hundred yards it thundered just behind, its feet shaking the ground.

As he reached the pram standing deserted in the middle of the road the missionary reined his horse,

sprang to the ground and sent the animal galloping off again.

He snatched up the baby and jumped to the side of the road with his son in his arms.

The elephant reached the pram and stopped. The strange apparatus diverted its attention for a moment. It curled the pram in its trunk and waved it in the air.

Then it moved forward again slowly, suspiciously, its enormous ears pressed flat back to catch the slightest sound.

A terrible thought struck the father. Suppose the baby nestling happily in his arms made a little sound. Suppose it gurgled or gave a little crow or laughter.

That would be the end for elephants have uncannily sharp ears.

SAVED!

Breathless with anxiety the father took a handkerchief out of his pocket and stuffed it into the baby's mouth. That would stifle any cry.

For ages he waited while the elephant moved cautiously along the road. Suddenly the beast stopped, waved the pram once more in the air and crushed it to matchwood beneath those great feet...

That tiny baby grew up to be George Hogan Knowles a well-known figure in India. In Jungle Haunts. (Wright and Brown 15s.) he tells the story of this and many other breath taking adventures.

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Last Date for Posting 16th January, 1935.

Results on 20th January, 1935.

No	Puzzle Word.	Exact Meaning.
1	T A L —	speak
2	— E A —	chief
3	B — S —	excellent
4	— A I —	bar
5	S — A T	Sharp blow

the prize will be divided. Any number of sets may be sent at Rs. Two per set. The decision of the manager shall be absolutely final and legally binding in all matters and is an express condition of entry. Entries on plain paper along with one ½ anna stamp for results and fees by M. O. must be addressed to:—

THE EXCELSIOR COMPETITIONS, (SPECIAL)
P.O., BASAVANGUDI, : : : : BANGALORE.

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Sealed solution with MY MAGAZINE of India

- | | | |
|-------------|-----------------|--------|
| 1. H — LD | meaning to stop | (A.O.) |
| 2. M — AN | " To Lament | (O.E.) |
| 3. PRI — E | " To Value | (D.Z.) |
| 4. RA — A | " Indian Prince | (J.N.) |
| 5. GA — P | " To Gape | (U.S.) |
| 6. CHA — E | " To Hunt | (C.S.) |
| 7. PAN — RY | " STOREHOUSE | (A.T.) |

Missing letter given before each puzzle

Rules.

Entry fee Re. 1 per each entry. Entries on plain papers with M.O. receipt affixed. The decision of the Manager final. Other usual rules and conditions as printed in the first competition.

Closing date 25th January. Prize money remitted on 29th January. Result to every competitor by 31st January.

An extra Rs. 100 to first correct competitor.
Address entries and M.O. to:
MANAGER, Express Puzzles, Lucknow.

January 1935

THE TATLER OF INDIA

More Puzzles Solved For You!

"Builders"—Illustrated Weekly of India

This puzzle is a very easy one and contains the least number of alternatives. But we are not quite sure that we have found out all possible solutions. The puzzle announcement came to us just on the eve of the last forme going to the Press and we have not been able to scrutinise it quite carefully. We advise readers to solve the puzzle and in the lines indicated below make the solutions they require.

Solution No.	Cawnpore	Sholapur	Belgaum	Bellary	Pangalore	Sambalpur	Madras	Multan	Cannanore	Bengal
I 20,21	16,23	24,29	10,13	3,7	25,28	27,28	22,12	9,17	5,15	
II 11,19	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	
III 14,18	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	
IV 20,21	...	...	...	4,8	...	...	...	...	...	
V 11,19	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	
VI 14,18	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	
VII 20,21	...	...	10,13	1,2	...	...	...	...	...	
VIII 11,19	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	
IX 14,18	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	
X 20,21	...	...	4,8	...	...	...	...	...	...	
XI 11,19	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	
XII 14,18	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	
XIII 20,21	...	...	10,13	1,7	...	...	...	...	...	
XIV 11,19	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	
XV 14,18	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	
XVI 20,21	...	...	4,8	...	...	...	...	...	...	
XVII 11,19	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	
XVIII 14,18	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	

COMMENTS: Cawnpore is capable of taking in three combinations CAP and OWNER, CROP and WEAN, COWER and NAP. Usually alternatives in the example worked out are not considered at all, but since there are very few possible solutions, we presume that the alternatives in the example worked out have also been taken into consideration.

The other possible item wherein competitors are likely to commit mistake is the place BENGAL. Now BANGLE can be rearranged to form the word BENGAL. But according to instruction given two words must be joined and the possible solution picked. But in the case of BENGAL and BANGLE the latter becomes BENGAL without its being combined with any other word. And as such it ceases to be a "Builder." That was the reason why that alternative is left out.

(See also pages 4, 5 and 52 for other solutions)

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BETWEEN OURSELVES

I wanted to thank you heartily, sincerely—to convey to you my eagerness to wish you a happy and prosperous New Year. Of course I could have done this quite easily in this page itself—but, somehow I felt that that would not bring home to you the full force of my eagerness. And so I have put in my greetings elsewhere. But I don't see why that should and in my way of greeting you all, dear readers, once gain. Do accept my greetings which are sincere and continue your patronage to the TATLER.

Now, do you know why the New Year Eve is considered to be more important than every other eve? The reason is just this: On this day you write out the last page in your diary and incidentally glance through the old pages before hiding it away in a place beyond the reach of your better half and taking up a new one. And as you glance through the back numbers of your diary, your follies, drawbacks, misdeeds and the like are brought home to you. You resolve to turn over a new life and with a strong determination you take up your new diary and note down how you would become a good boy or girl. But it is only a scrap of paper, you know, and your resolutions stop there. If you are conscientious, later you either tear off the pages containing your resolutions or glue them together. If you are not bothered too much by a conscience you merely throw the pages to be and do not care to bestow a second thought on the contents thereof.

On this New Year's Eve I have also formed my own New Year resolutions. Some of the important ones are:

1. To keep to the date of issue.
2. To return rejected Mss and not try to enrich myself with the stamps sent in by the contributors in case of rejection.
3. To reply to letters addressed to me as early as possible.
4.

The fourth and subsequent resolutions have not been formed, but there is sufficient blank space and I will incorporate them in my diary as and when possible.

Now, one word about my New Year resolutions. I won't tear off the pages containing these from my diary. Neither will I glue them up. I will stick to these solutions and remove some of the causes of complaint. I will also try to remove other causes for discontent or dissatisfaction and the motto before me will ever be to satisfy you all to the best of my ability.

In a like manner I want you also to resolve that you would continue to purchase the TATLER every month, that you would try to induce your friends to follow in your footsteps and that you would help me in all possible ways. I myself second this proposal and I am sure that all my readers will vote for it *en bloc*.

SOLUTIONS OF OTHER PUZZLES.

I find that of late a sort of mania for puzzles has caught hold of the reading public and that they all take part in newspaper as well as private competitions. Most of these competitors do not realise how many alternative solutions these puzzles are capable of and what little chance there is of their winning any of the huge prizes offered.

Suppose there are a thousand alternatives to a particular competition and you send in only one entry. The chance of your hitting the correct solution is one in a thousand. Even supposing you hit the correct solution, you are not sure of winning the first prize *in toto*. There may be several others like you and the prizes are usually divided in case of ties. Several competitors do not realise these and send in their entries at enormous expense. If the puzzles are intelligent ones then it would be worth while trying. But I can't make out why competitors should send in one or two entries to these so-called. Easy competitions which invariably contain more alternative solutions, when their chances of winning a prize is almost one in a thousand.

I attribute this to the fact that they don't realise that puzzles are not as easy as Editors are fond of announcing and that there will invariably be some snag about these easy puzzles. Usually it takes the form of alternatives and the solutions incorporate words of whose very existence you might not have heard. In order to guide such competitors I began solving puzzles for them in the last issue, but it was not possible for me to do justice then as the time at my disposal was very limited. In the current issue I have been able to include the solutions of most of the puzzles in which readers all over India take interest and it will be my endeavour to make this section more and more popular every month.

Of course all alternatives that I hit upon will be given, but I do not take any responsibility in this. This is only a sort of guide which the readers are given the option either to follow or reject. It is possible that I might leave over some possible alternatives—in which case I will be grateful to the readers who point them out to me.

"NEW YEAR NUMBER."

Work on the New Year number of the TATLER has been begun and all going well, I hope it will be possible to release it before the end of this month. Once again I wish to bring to the notice of subscribers that this special number will not be sent to them unless they send stamps to the value of As. 4 or remit the amount. Already orders for this special number are pouring in and if you have not already registered your name—do so at once.

TATLER—BOOKS GIFT.

Last month I published a list of 6d. Novels which will be given away to readers of the TATLER at half the prize, i.e., As. 3-6 a copy. I received only a couple of orders for these—one from a reader who has sent in the special coupon and no money and another from a gentleman who has sent in stamps to the value of As. 5 for four books—just to cover the postage. Of course this is just like the story of the mad cap millionaire who tried to sell real sovereigns at quarter anna each. This offer looks so astonishing that I presume you begin to doubt the newness of the books or the genuineness of the offer. I assure you that the offer is a genuine one and the books are all brand new. It has been possible for me to arrange for this SACRIFICIAL OFFER just because of the co-operation of a leading firm of booksellers. This offer will be valid only until the end of this month. On the 31st January the offer closes and I hope you will all make hay while the sun shines—as the saying goes.

I attribute this lack of response also to the fact that there was a disparity between the instructions and the wordings given in the coupon. In the instructions you were asked to send in your order along with the coupon FREE GIFT—NOVELS whereas the coupon contains BOOKS—FREE GIFT. The coupon is reprinted in the last page with the necessary correction.

Remember these conditions please. These novels are not given away Entirely Free. You will have to pay half the prize as well as the Postage. One coupon entitles you to receive any four Novels and not more. The postage on a single book is As. 1-9 and on four books is As. 5 which must be added to the concession prize of books. Coupons from this issue or the last number may be used, but both of them become valueless after the 31st January, 1935. You can pick your titles from the list published in the December number of the TATLER OF INDIA which you can obtain from your local agent.

"HALF-WORDS."

There was an error in the correct solution published in the November issue. Even though I wanted to make the correction and publish the names of the prize-winners in this number on second thoughts I have decided to publish the correct solution and go through

the whole procedure of making your claim and all that. The correct solution is:

- | | | |
|-----------|---------|----------|
| 1. FEAT. | 3. DIP. | 5. PEAK. |
| 2. CHEEP. | 4. B.T. | 6. FOLL. |

Please make your claim either in the special coupon published in the last page or on plain paper. In the latter case you NEED NOT enclose any stamps which please note. Claims must be made before the 25th January and if there is sufficient time at my disposal I will publish the names of prize winners in the next number itself.

"SWAI INK."

Under the caption POST-SCRIPT, I made in the last issue some remarks about the name of this brand of ink manufactured by The Punjab Chemical Works, Ambala City. It has since been brought to my notice that the ink has been named SWAI after the grandfather of the proprietors of this company. All their products are named "SWAI" after Mr. SWAI RAM, I am told.

NEEM TOOTH-PASTE.

I go to exhibition, to collect FREE SAMPLES and the other day I went to the PARK FAIR Exhibition held in Madras with this object in view. An obliging gentleman gave me a sample bottle of NEEM TOOTH PASTE. I belong to the old world and don't use pastes. As such I have no brushes and expressed to the gentleman my want, incidentally thanking him in anticipation of giving me a FREE tooth-brush as well. He regretted his inability to comply with my request but suggested that my fingers would serve the purpose. I am now using the sample NEEM TOOTH PASTE with the finger and I have become so enamoured of it that I have now only two regrets—one that the sample bottle is so small that it would be exhausted shortly and that I would have to pay and get more NEEM TOOTH-PASTE bottles and secondly the necessity for a good tooth brush which I do not propose to buy. I am looking forward to another exhibition and I hope these wants will be met then.

Cheerio, Dear Readers, once again I wish you a happy New Year, free from cares and anxieties.

The Editor.

PORTRAITS

All the portraits received from the Readers for enlargement have been despatched, but three of them have become mixed up. Those who have not received back their portraits are requested to write to me giving a rough description of the portrait that they have sent for enlargement. They will be despatched after the 15th instant.

All the stories in this issue are entirely fictitious and are not meant to disparage or refer to any living person or institution.

Commonsense Crossword No. 2

This puzzle is also an easy one and it is worth while competing for. The probable correct solution is this.

SOLUTIONS.

ACROSS.

1 Paws	16 Nosey	27 Bias
3 Heart	17 Comic	28 Aloe
7 Roadway	18 Scour	31 Stow
8 Anna	19 Geny	32 Holes
10 Crest	21 Mid	33 Scald
12 Whey	22 Art	34 Get
15 Set	23 Anger	35 Top

DOWN.

1 Prawn	15 Sign
2 Waves	17 Curl
3 Hart	20 Mite
4 Eye	21 Maid
5 Rat	24 Rivet
6 Cant	25 Catch
9 Niece	26 Fowl
11 Snort	29 Loaf
13 Hoping	30 Put
14 Yes	

Comments

32. ACROSS.—The Clue is "Most people live in these." This is capable of the two solutions HOMES and HOLES. Of these the latter is preferable. For whereas all people live in their "homes", most people are poor and live in "holes."

3. DOWN.—The "Quarry that thrills hunter", may be either a HART or a HARE. But since it is harder to come across HARTS the thrilling effect would be greater and so this has been preferred. But the other word has an equal claim.

6. DOWN.—Both WANT and CANT describe a distressing condition. A man who is in WANT is in distress, according to Dr. Anandale's. But CANT is a mode of speech assumed by beggars to bring home to benefactors their distressing condition and extract alms. Though we are still doubtful as to which to select, our bias is towards CANT.

13. DOWN.—HONING and HOPING are applicable here. HONING is using a sharp instrument and with a sharp instrument you can chop off superfluities from ungainly articles and make them look smarter. But HOPING has been selected by us as HOPING helps to make all things look brighter.

21. DOWN.—A Lover anxiously awaits both his MAID and MAIL. But of these he has greater joy when he meets his MAID and so this word has been preferred.

(For other solutions see earlier page, 4, 5 and 49)

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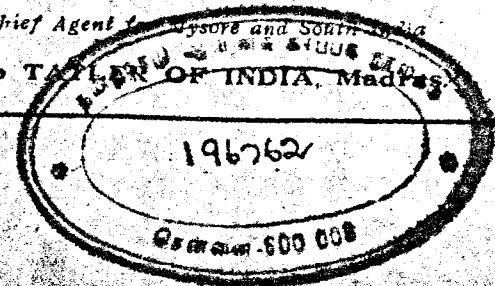
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SOLUTIONS

1 COACH	6.....
2 TEN	7.....
3.....	8.....
4.....	9.....
5.....	10.....

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Mr. Mrs.
Master/ (Miss)

Signature.

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