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[8 PAGES.]

This Week's Feature All Puzzles solved for you.

The **Catler** OF INDIA

Vol. No. 2.

TWO ANNAS

FEBRUARY '35

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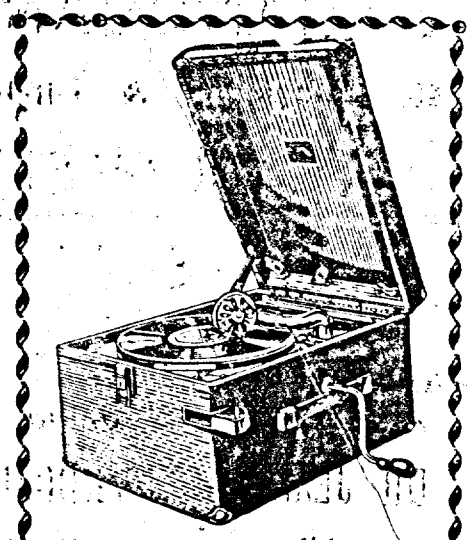


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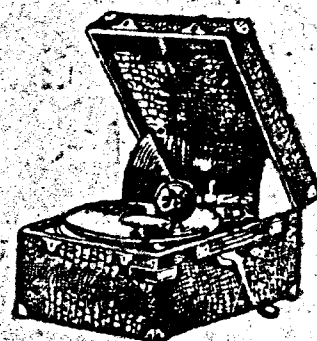
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FIRST PRIZE RS. 400

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Rs. 50 for the first five Correct Solutions posted.

Rs. 50 for the sender of largest number of entries (over 50)

MINIMUM AWARD OF Rs. 75 GUARANTEED TO EVERY SENDER OF CORRECT SOLUTION.

Last Date for Posting Entries:— 22nd February, 1935.

(Sealed Key Solution deposited with "The TATLER OF INDIA")

HOW TO WIN.

Here is an exceedingly simple and intelligent puzzle for you to solve. In the accompanying diagram, you will find some words under the column headed "Misprinted Words," and each of these has only *one letter* misprinted. By the side of each misprinted word, there is a clue for the correct Word. What all you have to do is to correct each misprinted word, by taking off the wrong letter and substituting the correct letter in the same place, with the help of the given clue. For example, in No. 1, the letter "T" is an obvious misprint for the letter "R" and so the correct solution is MERRY. The letters are there in their proper order, and no shuffling is necessary. Chambers XX Century Dictionary is the sole reference to this Puzzle.

No.	Misprinted words.	Clues to correct words.
1	MERTY	Pleasant
2	DANGER	Short sword
3	MOSS	Confusion
4	PICKER	Wood pecker
5	BOAS	Master
6	PASH	Thrust
7	FERR	Companion

When you have solved all in the above manner, enter the same on some plain paper, and send them on to the address given below, with an entrance fee of Rupee ONE for the first entry and ANNAS EIGHT for each subsequent entry. 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. The prizes are all GUARANTEED, and will not be reduced under any circumstances. Whatever be the number of Correct Solutions received, a minimum award of Rs. 75 will be given to every sender of correct solution. A correct solution is that which tallies literatim with the one kept sealed in advance with the Editor, The Tatler of India, Madras. In case of ties, the prizes will be equally divided. In all matters connecting this competition, the decision of the Manager must be accepted as final and legally binding, and is an express condition of entry. The results of this competition will be intimated to all competitors and prizes remitted to Winners within 10 days after the last posting date, provided 2 half anna stamps are enclosed with entries. Other Rules as usual. Postal receipts for M. O.'s must be attached to entries.

Address all your entries and fees to:

'MISPRINTS' Competition, THE PARAMOUNT PUZZLES,
P. O. WASHHERMANPET, MADRAS.

ONE IN A HUNDRED!

Out of every hundred Mss. received, the Editor of a magazine patiently goes through only ten. And out of these **ONLY ONE** is selected!

The reason for this is obvious. The space at the disposal of the Editor is limited and he wishes to put only the best in that space. The others invariably go to the Waste Paper Basket or are returned with a familiar rejection slip.

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The Tatler OF INDIA

(The Most Popular Humorous Monthly)

Vol. II.

FEBRUARY 1935.

No.



*Short-sighted Gentleman: Just my luck! I've brought
my reading glasses!*

How to Become A Master of English

MASTERY of English is a unique asset in social, literary and financial circles.

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Please send me full particulars of the Grenville Kleiser Correspondence Course for attaining Mastery of English.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

AGE..... OCCUPATION.....

Deaf Judge and Bottle-Nosed Witness

In "The Life of Lord Carson" Vol. I, by Edward Marjoribanks (Gollancz, 15s.), the famous story of Carson's early days in the Irish County Court is recalled.

There was a witness in the box whose good character was relevant to the weight of his testimony.

"Arre ye a teetotaler?" asks Carson of the bottle-nosed man in the box. A titter is heard in Court.

"No, I'm not," says the bottle-nosed man, feeling himself insulted by the question, as Carson knew he would.

"Arre ye a modtherate dhrinker?" No answer from the bottle-nosed one, who begins to scent danger.

"Should I be roight if I called ye a heavy dhrinker?"

"That's my business," replies the bottle-nosed one, drawing himself up proudly, thinking he has scored off clever Counsellor Carson. Then comes the knock-out.

"Have ye any other business?" comes in a slow, gentle voice from Counsellor Carson.

To the same days belongs the story concerning Judge Wall, who was stone deaf and who presided over the County Court of Tipperary:—

One day Carson, who had been engaged elsewhere, met the Judge on the platform of Tipperary station. "Well, Judge," he said, "had you an interesting case in Court to day?"

"Eh?" he said, and Carson had to shout the question out again.

"Oh, yes," he replied, "a very interesting case: I am not certain what it was about: I think it was a choral society complaining about an instrument. I suppose it was a harmonium."

The next morning Carson discovered that this alleged musical action really concerned the price and quality of a Singer's sewing machine!—

Here is another characteristic anecdote from the volume.

Carson: "Ye said ye went over the field carefully, by yourself?"

Witness: "Yes."

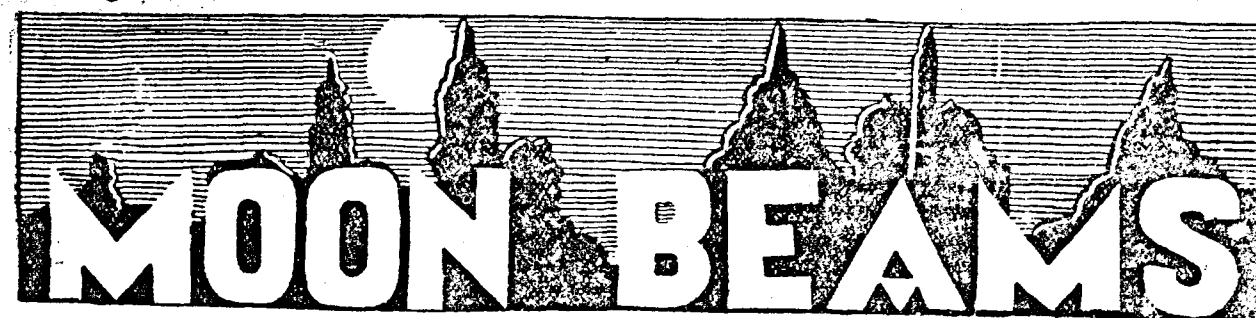
Carson: "What sort of a field did ye find it?"

Witness: "It had a wall all round it: I noticed everything about it."

Carson: "Did ye notice any coincidence about the field?"

Witness: "Yes, indeed; I didn't recall it at first, but now ye come to remind me, there was a little heap of them lying up in a corner of the field by themselves."

Carson had acquired a practice before the Lord Chancellor's Commissioner in Lunacy. After he had been successful in proving one of his fellow-countrymen insane, a man who had been listening entranced to his argument "came up and congratulated him gravely upon his performance. "I'm the alleged lunatic," said the stranger, "and I've never heard a fairer statement."



BELIEVE IT OR NOT

COLLECTED BY C. NAGESWARA RAO

No snake can crawl more than 3½ miles per hour.

The Egyptians do not allow their women to attend picture shows.

London has got one-fifth of Britain's population.

In France, the boys are taught to write with both hands. The Japanese boys can write with both hands.

A German Professor foretells that India will be shocked by an earthquake on the fifteenth of February, 1935.

There are more than nine-hundred-million kinds of flies.

It is supposed that a crow's life is one thousand years.

In Britain, more women are drunkards than men.

Ferbosia, an Island, is inhabited entirely by women. They are man-eaters.

One frog of Florida jumped thirteen feet and seven inches. Another one of California jumped only thirteen feet and three inches.

F. S. Labert advises that all the magistrates should spend at least one complete week in jail.

In Washington, there is a photographic camera whose height is thirty-one feet. It is the biggest camera in the world. Its weight is fourteen tons and costs 15,240 dollars.

Sound travels at the rate of 11,000 feet per second.

An old woman informed about her approaching death, went to the burial ground and died there.

There are some modern methods of killing mosquitoes by the aid of powerful search lights.

None need commit bigamy in Russia.

An Indian wrote thirty words on a grain.

Recently a scientist has said that earth is not round and it is motionless.

There are nearly six thousand islands on Britain's Coast.

Light travels at the rate of 186,000 miles per second.

Of all the domestic animals donkey lives longer.

There are some ants who can kill even elephants and lions.

A man who had no legs swam for over hundred hours.

At present the American women are having their jacket prepared with paper. There is a girl in Italy who rebounds like a rubber ball when dropped from a height of twenty feet.

It is said that man is naturally more beautiful than woman.

Greta Garbo, the Hollywood film star, is trying to have her life filmed.

The finest needle is 1/1000 of a centimetre in thickness.

There are nine pints of blood in an average human body.

In order to be devoid of the fat in their bodies, London women spend 60,000,000 pounds a year.

A Plain Talk About Competitions

(By a Puzzle-Fan)

When you come across a puzzle, which the Editor calls easy as A B C, rest assured that there is some snag about it. The puzzle of course will be easy to look at and you will be able to hit at one solution easily. If you are well-versed in the line, perhaps you may succeed in getting a decent number of solutions. But, you must not go away under the impression that you have hit at the correct solution and that you are sure of winning a prize.

Far from it. Editors are not fools and they will certainly never allow you to pocket huge sums for nothing. There will be some snag somewhere and you must first of all try to find out wherein a trap has been set for you.

This is especially the case with puzzles having no entrance fee. Do not be carried away just because there is no entrance fee. On the other hand from my experience I have come to the conclusion that it is better and more worth while to compete for puzzles with entrance fee than for those without. You are sure to come across a very large number of alternative solutions and invariably Editors will see to it that the amount you are likely to win if you exhaust all alternatives is equal to the amount that you have to invest for purchasing coupons. Or, at least, you will find that it is far from worth while spending any money on the coupons.

No, I do not say don't compete for these no entrance fee puzzles. You must try your luck especially when you can do so without having to invest any extra money. But don't go in for a hundred or two

hundred copies of a particular issue for the sake of the coupons. For, while your chances of winning the first or any prize are far from better from what they would be if you had sent in only one entry, you would be risking your money unnecessarily. In such cases don't send in more than one coupon or one set of coupons. If you are destined to win a prize you are sure to get it even in one attempt. If you are unlucky you will not get a prize even if you send in another couple of hundred coupons.

Well, the same holds good with competitions in which you are asked to send in an entrance fee. In fact these are better than "No entrance fee puzzles" only in one respect—that there will be a lesser number of alternatives. But even in these don't send in more than one entry. If you had hit at a few alternatives remember that there are more and that by exhausting these alternatives you would not be exhausting all possible solutions.

Competitions are mere lotteries—in fact worse than lotteries. Even in the worst of lottery your chances of winning a prize are either one in a hundred or one in two hundred. But in competitions run by newspapers the chances are one in a thousand. And even then prize amounts are divided in case of ties!

So, whenever you enter into any competitions never send in more than one entry. And if at all you want to send more, see that you first of all exhaust all alternatives—even if thereby you have to invest huge sums. Never do things by halves and avoid all temptations to send more than one entry!

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February, 1935.

THE TATLER OF INDIA

OUR COMPETITIONS CORNER

"HALF WORDS"

There has been a comedy of errors as far as this puzzle is concerned. In the correct solution published in the December issue of the TATLER there was one error and though I attempted to correct it in the January number, there was yet again another error. Realising the unnecessary trouble and delay caused by again correcting it and asking the competitors to claim their prizes I have checked all entries and had the following as my correct solutions: 1. FEAT, 2. CHEEP, 3. DIP, 4. BAT, 5. PEER, 6. POLL.

The total amount for prize-distribution collected and brought forward came up to Rs. 23-8-0 of which Rs. 21 has been distributed as prizes thus.

All-Correct

There were three All-Correct solutions and to each of them a prize of Rs. 4 has been awarded.

- (1) Mr. V. Krishna Rao, Venkatesa Vilas, Cutchery Road, Tanjore.
- (2) K. Rameswamy Iyer, 48, Danappa Mudali Street, Madura.
- (3) B. A. Subramanyam, Scouter, Temple View, Batlangudu P. O.

One-Error

There were 18 one-error solutions and each of the prize-winner is entitled to an amount of As. 8 only. Since this is a very small amount and not worth sending I propose to supply them the February and March issues of the TATLER as well as the special number which is in the Press. But in case any prize-winner wants his money back or wants it to be utilised in some other way, I have no objection to do so. Barring any communications from them, the prize-amounts will be utilised as mentioned above.

Of course this does not include the three first prize winners to whom the second prize amount will also be sent, of course less postal expenses.

1. Mr. P. Rama Rao, Venkateswar Matom St., Rajahmundry.
2. Jal J. Sanjana, Taliarkhan Block, Tardeo, Bombay.
3. B. M. Hingorani, Sub-Registrar, Karachi.
4. P. V. Sreenivasan, 2278, Saka Naik Street, Tanjore.
- 5-9. V. Krishna Rao, Tanjore.
- 10-12. K. Ramasamy Iyer, Madura.
- 13-17. B. A. Subramanyam, Batlangudu.
18. S. K. Badsha Chisthi, (Kowtalum), Berki Mohalla, Adoni.

The prize amounts will be distributed either in the last week of February or the first week of March.

Note: One of the prize-winners has not sent in the cost of coupons though he has submitted his entries on plain paper and there will be a suitable proportionate reduction in the prize amount for that gentleman.

"Give or Take"

The correct solution to this puzzle is:

- | | |
|-----------|------------|
| 1. Puzzle | 6. Cover |
| 2. Ten | 7. Slender |
| 3. Filter | 8. Pole |
| 4. Bass | 9. Plump |
| 5. Mall | 10. Ledger |

There have not been any all-correct or one error entries and there were very few entries to this puzzle.

"Centres"

The correct solution to this puzzle is 1. Regal 2. Noise, 3. Hotel, 4. Tryst, 5. Lanes, 6. Fares, so that the letters that are required to be put at the centre of each puzzle is 1. G, 2. I, 3. T, 4. Y, 5. N, 6. R.

Correct solutions were sent by the following competitors—one correct each.

1. Mr. Jamal-ud-Din, Junior English Master, Govt. High School, Gurdaspur.
2. Mr. H. Sivaramiah, Govt. Book-Selling-Agent, Hassan (Mysore State).
3. Mr. Shrinivas, Ramachandra, Lell Rangwala Building, Kandewadi, Bombay.
4. Mr. Attili Narayana Rao, Papula Street, Vizagapatam.

Each of the above gentlemen have also sent in five one-error solutions. Only Rs. 20 were collected in this puzzle and this amount less the usual 10 per cent cut is equally divided among the prize-winners, so that each of the above is entitled to receive Rs. 4-8-0. The prize amounts will be distributed either in the last week of this month or the first week of March.

"Cut or Put"

The correct solution to this puzzle is 1. Coach, 2. Ten, 3. Bent, 4. Leads, 5. Fuff, 6. Ruin, 7. Ladin, 8. Rand, 9. Lot, 10. Motes.

Competitors who have sent in either all-correct or one error solutions are requested to send in their claims on or before the 25th of this month. Claims must be written on the special coupon printed in the last page-coupon entitled "Cut or Put" claims. In case claims are not made before the specified date, prizes will be divided among those who have claims.

"Prathapa Vikatan" Competition

As Prathapa Vikatan is temporarily suspended, the entries to the puzzle which appeared in the December issue will be scrutinised and prize amount will be sent to winning competitors directly.

PUZZLES MADE EASY

(Concluded from page 59)

"Illustrated Weekly"

Hidden Names.

(Appearing in Feb. 2nd issue).

"Hidden Words."

Readers are usually easily attracted by picture puzzles and they think that it is easier to solve them, far from it. Whereas in ordinary puzzles you can be sure of your success you cannot say that you have exhausted all alternatives when you solve Picture puzzles.

I have suffered from a similar handicap in solving Hidden Names and I am not confident that I have it at all possible alternatives. The following solutions may be used as guides and readers are advised to look out for more alternative solutions.

- | | | |
|-----------|----------|-------------|
| (9) Hal. | Aline. | (9) Hal. |
| Ian. | Sid. | Bob. |
| Alf, Hal. | Ali. | Serge. |
| Leo. | Vic. | (10) Ave. |
| Archers. | (7) Sal. | (11) Gene. |
| Mare. | (8) Gay. | Gay. |
| Tom. | Plo. | Bee. |
| Winn. | Miles. | (12) Miles. |

Illustrated Weekly.

Bowlers.

This puzzle in plain language is just an ordinary missing letter competition put in a very attractive wrapper. It is capable of taking about 2306 alternative solutions.

- | | |
|------------------|-----------------------|
| 1. Dust. | 8. Cell, (Celt). |
| 2. Yelp, Yell. | 9. Caps, Cape, Capa. |
| 3. Tram, Trap. | 10. Load, Road. |
| 4. Musk, (Must). | 11. Whale. |
| 5. Dear, Dead. | 12. Pool, Poor. |
| 6. Oven, Open. | 13. Blot, Blob, Blow. |
| 7. Case, Care. | 14. Defy, Deny. |

"Illustrated Weekly."

Commonsense Crosswords No. 6.

Solutions Across.

- | | |
|----------------------|---------------------|
| 1. Sob. | 23. Owe. |
| 3. Lava. | 24. Paste. |
| 8. Trucks, Tracks. | 25. Oh. |
| 10. Break, Bread. | 26. Dawn, Down. |
| 11. Planned, Played. | 29. Ere. |
| 13. Win. | 30. Notice, Novice. |
| 16. Enemy. | 33. Away. |
| 18. Sea. | 34. Once. |
| 21. Emit. | 35. Toddy. |
| 22. Polo. | 36. Hitter. |

Solutions Down.

- | | |
|--------------------|-------------------|
| 1. Stove, (Store). | 15. Frown, Crown. |
| 2. Ore. | 17. Newt. |
| 4. Asp. | 19. Ape. |
| 5. Abate. | 20. Slow, (Flow). |

- | | |
|--------------------|-------------------|
| 6. Meek. | 27. Feat, (Beat). |
| 7. Sad. | 28. Head, (Lead). |
| 9. Crime, (Crime). | 30. Nay. |
| 12. Lists. | 31. Cot. |
| 14. Nymph. | 32. Her. |

"The Contest."
"Town Cues."

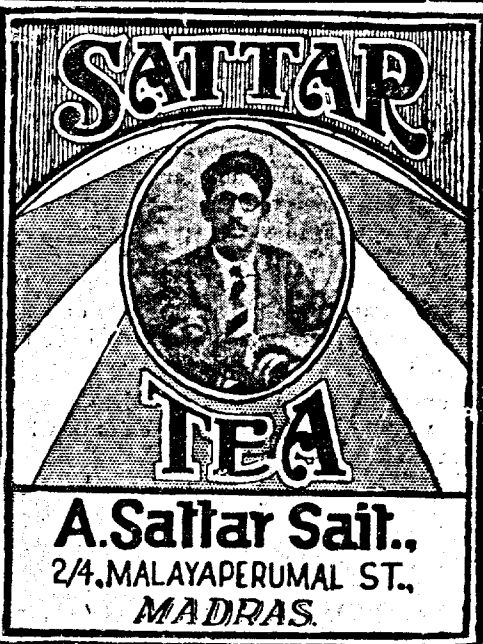
- | | |
|---|-----------------------------|
| 1. Hyde. | 8. Cowes, Reading. |
| 2. Boot, Bugle. | Swine, Cattal. |
| 3. Wells. | 9. Eye, Reading. |
| 4. Broadstairs, Cliffe. | 16. Boot, Bugle. |
| Roads, Stone, 11. Rayne, Stone. | |
| Steppes, Street. 12. Bakewell, Cookham. | |
| 5. Eye, Hart. | 13. Row, Lyne, Street. |
| 6. Stone, (Flunt.) | Roads, Cliffs. |
| 7. Inches. | 14. Cliffe, Steppes, Wells. |

Pastime.

"Cities—Closing" (10-3-35).

- | | |
|--------------------|----------------------|
| 1. Leyton, Linton. | 3. Boston, Bolton. |
| London, Lynton. | 4. Madras, Madrid. |
| Lisbon. | 5. Colombo, Cologne. |

(Continued on page 66)



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POSTSCRIPT

Crossword

COMMONSENSE No. 6

Add the following alternatives as well at the proper places

- | | | |
|--------|-----|----------------|
| Across | 8. | TRICKS |
| | 11. | PLATED |
| Down | 13. | TIN, DIN, KIN. |
| | 26. | DOWN |
| Down | 17. | NEWS |
| | 28. | DEAD. |

"BOWLERS"

7. CAKE, (CANE)

COMMONSENSE No. 5

Down 13. SEALED, SEAMED

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TO WIN

IN

"COMMONSENSE WORDS 1"

FIRST PRIZE Rs. 100

Closing Date 25-2-35

SECOND PRIZE Rs. 50

Fellow are certain incomplete words which you must complete with the help of the clues given and win a prize.

No.	Clues.	Words.
1	Dress maker uses this to advantage	BRAI—
2	People often forget to make these fast	BO—TS.
3	Is often seen at top of building	FLA—
4	Is not much use when it becomes spotted	—IE
5	Do this and take off fat	S—IM
6	You need this to make whopee	CAS—
7	Barges carry good from Ship to this	S—ORE

Rules:—An entrance fee of 4 As. per entry must be sent by M. O. or stamp M. O. receipts must be attached to entries. 2. Entries on plain paper accented 3. First prize to all-correct and second prize to one error solutions. 4. Correct solution published in next issue of "Tatler" 5. Editor's decision final and legally binding and is an express condition of entry. 6. In case of ties prizes will be divided.

Address entries and M. Os. to.

THE NOVEL COMPETITIONS.

MUTHIALPET

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Pick Your Favorite Titles from this List

Charles Garvice

The Mistress of Court Regina
Leola Dale's Fortune
Her Heart's Desire
The Other Girl
Miss Estcourt
Kyra's Fate
The Heart of a Maid
Dulcie
The Story of a Passion
Heart for Heart
Better than Life
Lorrie
A Love Comedy
A Girl from the South
Reuben
Paid For
She Loved Him
The Marquis
The Rugged Path
The Gold in the Gutter
Leslie's Loyalty
A Girl of Spirit
Linked by Fate
Country Love
Sweet as a Rose
A Life's Mistake
Love, the Adventurous
The Strange Girl
The Waster
My Love Killy
In Fine Feathers
Love's Dilemma
Violet
Wicked Sir Dare
A Passion Flower
Staunch as a Woman
At Love's Cost
The Her of Vering
Love Decides
Nell of Shorne Mills
For Her Own
Nellie
The Lady of Darra Court
Where Love Leads
A Heritage of Hate

William Le Quez

The Fatal Face
The Un-Named
Secret of the Foreign Office
The Devil's Carnival
Great Court Scandal
The Great Plot
The Blue Bungalow
The Broadcast Mystery
The Lawless Hand
Seven Secrets
The Sister Disciple
The Spider's Eye
The Death Doctor
The Mysterious Mr. Miller
The Mystery of a Motor Car

Edgar Wallace

Educated Evans
The Onion
The Lone House Mystery
More Educated Evans
The Terror
The Flying Fifty-Five

Rider Haggard

Fair Margaret
She and Allan
Wisdom's Daughter
Hulbert Footner
The Dave's Affair
Marjorie Bowen
Mr. Misfortunate
Lover's Knots
The Burning Glass Cheats
Mrs. Edwards Cotes
The Path of a Star
Marie Albensi
Sally in Her Alley
Katherine Tynan
Haroun of London
The Rich Man
The River
Denys the Dreamer
Love Problem
Ayala Christie
Partners in Crime
H. G. Wells
Ann Veronica
Robert Bear
The Tempestuous Petticoat
Belmont Edwards
Sleeping Fires
F. C. Bailey
Half Her Kingdom
Madame Albensi
A Youngman from the Country
Philip Mac Donald
The Rasp
May Estcourt
Ladies Only
Fair Lady
Hugh Penderter
Gentlemen of North
Vernon Loder
Red Stain
C. M. Matheson
The Leather
Somerset Vaughan
Ashenden
The Moon & Six Pence
Wilson, McArthur
Yellow Stockings
Bel Ace
Girl of the Golden West
Torna Brown
Starkar
Lo. S. Fletcher
The Man in No. 3
James P. Judye
Square Crooks
Robert Horton
The Well-Wishes
Ben Ames Williams
Across to Singapore
McLaren
Isle of Escape
Lt. John Irvine
The first Mrs. Fraser
Jennie Cock Herberison
The Mystery at Beverley Court
"Rita"
Darby & Joan
Gentlemen Prefer Blondes
Corno Hamilton
Reynold
Whale Church
Theocum Tenens

Herbert Bayars

The Secret of the Veil
Ottwell Binns
The Man from Maloba
The Trail of Adventure
Fancy of the Mounted Police
Vera Stacpool
Monsieur de Rochefort
A. G. Hales
Little Blue Pigeon
Anes Bennett
Branded
Isable Ostrander
The Neglected Clue
Winifred Graham
Wolf of the Evenings
Hendon Hill
Unmasked Atlas
Alice & Claude Askend
Wild Shells
Maurice Le Blanc
The Three Eyes
Kella Howard
The Marriage Tangle
Richard Marsh
A Royal Indiscretion
W. C. Thistle
Ghost Trails
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Shameless
Dora Bolt
The Shadow of Yamen

Please see Conditions on page 98

Elevate the Indian Journalists

(Continued from page 58)

had any journalistic experience must acknowledge that Milton and Shelly can hardly help him in passing through the grind. Journalism is a very exacting mistress and a journalist is seldom made but oftener born.

Again, the conditions under which the journalist in India has to work have been excruciatingly anomalous from the very beginning of journalism in this country. To refer only to the latest difficulties obtaining in different parts of India, it must be said, that there are hardly three papers in the whole of India which could confidently take on themselves the onerous task of fulfilling the obligations of a management to its staff. I should think it will not be fair to name papers and as comparisons are odious, details should not be discussed. The collapse of papers has been phenomenally frequent in our country. The latest to close down are the "Daily Sun" of Bombay and the "Free India" of Calcutta—both hold banners worthy of a longer life—the last of which had hardly sixty days' existence. It is unnecessary to go into the cause of such dismal failures.

It is regrettable, again, to reflect that 9 out of every 12 Indian edited papers are vitiated by imperfect technique, "dictatorial" management, unsympathetic treatment of staff, preference to any old-has-been and down-at-heels man, meagre emoluments to the editorial staff and arrogant prerogatives of a single person or a group of persons who take it upon themselves to have the claim to call the tune!

Unless our Indian edited newspaper managements take a determined move to first of all make themselves competent to appreciate the difficulties of working journalists, no amount of "heaven borns" can bring the asked for Manna for the Indian Press.

When the existing Indian edited newspapers—excepting two or three, not to mention their names—cannot have the standard of excellence and orderliness either in printing, make-up, or even in the quality of paper and ink and types; and when their staff could not be kept beyond the pale of chronic impecuniosity, how could our "Rothermeres" and "Northcliffes". (Save the great names) ever dream of taking a step in advance from the slough of despond that they are at present in?

Our Nationalist papers are organs with purposes of their controlling financiers to serve—a bad criterion to pursue under the great name of Journalism—whose conception about "news" and other aspects of practical newspaper work they want to force down the throats of their editorial staff! It is purely intellectual prostitution to think of a career in journalism under the existing conditions in Indian newspaper world when there are hardly half a dozen persons in the profession (Indian) who could and who would give the required lead to improve present conditions. There is a score of brilliant young Indian journalists to-day who are in cold streets, just because they do not want to live on "oxygen" and slave for our newspaper proprietors. Everyone cannot be absorbed by the two or three papers which are considered competent to pay them living wages at least. The average remuneration of an Indian journalist to-day—the staff-man—is a disgrace to the noble calling, even as the odium of bracketing of journalists by a Census Commissioner with soothsayers and circumcisers is. The Indian Journalist's lot is a glorious poverty.

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Last Posting Date 28.2.35.

Results within a Week.

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Substitute one letter for each dash.

No.	WORDS.	MEANINGS.
1	B A B —	Infant
2	P — I S E	Weight
3	P A V — N	slow dance
4	R U — — L E	Wrinkle
5	G — L —	Money
6	F E — —	Companion

Rules:—Ref. Chambers XX Century Dictionary and all forms are treated as direct. A, To, etc. have been omitted in the beginning of the clues. Bracketted words are not used. The entrance fee is As. 8 for the First and As. 4 for each subsequent entry. Any number of entries may be sent with the requisite fee. The Prizes will NOT be reduced. Results only to those enclosing 2 half anna stamps. Entries without proper fees or M. O. receipts will not be considered. Manager's decision is final. Other Rules as usual. Address all your entries and fees to—The Manageress.

THE EGERIA COMPETITIONS,
WASHERMANPETTA, MADRAS.

TRAGEDY IN A ROYAL HOUSE HOLD

No tragedy in royal circles was more tragic, none has been surrounded by more poetry and history, than that of Sophie Dorothea, wife of King George I. Her letters written to her lover the Swedish Count Christian Koningmarck, last scion of a renowned family, take rank among the most wonderful documents of a grand passion.

The mother of this German princess was a Frenchwoman named Eleonore Desmier. She was descended from one of the old noble families in Poitou and was famed as one of the most beautiful women at the court of Louis XIV.

As a lady-in-waiting to the Duchess of Tarent she became acquainted with the last Duke of Celle. Mutual affection sprang up and the beautiful Frenchwomen and the North German Prince were wedded in the old mountain castle of Iburg, in the Teutoburg Forest.

The happy pair made their home in Celle, the old ducal city on the lonely Lüneburg Heath. Eleonore, who called herself "the happiest woman in the world" bore her husband a daughter in 1666, Sophie Dorothea, known in history

as the "Princess of Ahlden" wife of George I. She was to be mother of two royal houses, those of England and Prussia—and grandmother of Frederick the Great of Prussia.

At 16 years of age her hand in marriage was already much sought after by French and Swedish Princes. Suddenly, however, she passed out of their reach and for no other reasons than those of politics was wedded to her cousin George in Hanover.

The marriage, which was arranged exclusively to further the aim of the Guelphs, was brought about by George's mother, the Electress Sophie, a Stuart, to whom belongs almost entirely the credit for the splendour of the Guelph dynasty these days, and whose interesting and Original correspondence with her niece, Liselotte of Orleans.

Thanks to the intelligence and the political and artistic interests of its Princess, the Hanoverian court had developed into a German Versailles. The best music in all Europe was played there. The great intellects of the time were frequent visitors.

(to be continued)

PUZZLES MADE EASY

(Continued from page 62)

2. Amsterdam, Rot- 6. Ennis, Paris, Tunis.
terdam.

The possible number of alternatives to this competition is 240 only.

Merry Magazine.

"Singles."

Closing Date 27-2-35.

There are 576 alternatives to this puzzle and the solutions are

- | | |
|------------------------|------------------|
| 1. Call. | 6. Pulse, Purse. |
| 2. Need, Reed, (Seed.) | 7. Numb, Dumb. |
| 3. Lip, Lap. | 8. Ram, Rat, |
| 4. Whisper, Whimper. | (Ray.) |
| 5. Blanch, Bleach. | 9. Slab, Slat. |

Kopran Toothpaste.

Missing Letters.

Closing Date 7th March '35.

This is a simple puzzle with very few alternatives in fact only 32. The solutions are:

- | | |
|---------------|--------------|
| 1. Mangalore; | 4. Nellore; |
| Bangalore. | Vellore. |
| 2. Nagpur; | 5. Kolhapur; |
| Raipur. | Sholapur; |
| 3. Moradabad; | 6. Lucknow. |
| Hyderabad. | |

GRAND NEW YEAR BUMPER SPECIAL KEY SOLUTION

1. ARM CHAIR
2. NINE HOLES
3. EIGHT
4. WRIST
5. HAMMER
6. BOAT
7. GLASSES
8. PARROT
9. LEG
10. TRUNKS
11. CLOCK
12. FRAME

THE PARAMOUNT PUZZLES,
P, O. Washermanpet, MADRAS.

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Elevate the Indian Journalists

"You have no idea how much I am cut off from journalism—and after my visit to London and Europe, I almost hate journalism in India.....It is like attempting to go to Kashmir in a cart drawn by two bullocks to have anything to do with an Indian paper!....." This, is what a brilliant Indian journalist, with considerable experience in pioneer Indian newspapers for over a quarter of a century, told me two years back when he returned from England. "What do you want me to do? The Press Ordinance is hanging over us like a Damocles' Sword. I cannot do anything," were the final words of an accomplished editor of a leading Nationalist daily to the writer four years back! And "Pull up your socks and work. Nobody who has started life with the handicap of brilliance has gone any far in life. Even Bernard Shaw has been a brilliant failure.....there is no time to think of the mediocrity of fellows who are in the same profession, but who are, somehow better off," is what another inglorious "village Hampden" thundered when discussing the fast changing conditions of journalism in India the other day.

The sponsors of the proposal for University training seem to have bravely put it down that hitherto journalism had for her worshippers only never do well

persons who did find themselves useless in other walks of life. This impression, it is regrettable to recollect, has been extant in our country for some considerable time past. Who can say that Mr. C. Y. Chintamani, or Mr. Kalinath Ray, front-rank editors of important papers to-day, have not had the wisdom that is supposed to be deposited within the four walls of a University? Yet their right to established reputation as able, sober and farseeing editors of responsible journals none can dispute, writes Mr. T. V. R. in Roy's Weekly.

The University is, perhaps, the last place where the fundamentals of journalism can be picked up. There is in this search, all the difference of plumbing for a well in a colliery or seeking to teach Bible to the camel. At best, a course of University training, can be nothing more than a series of lectures on the theory and practice of journalism as it should be, and never as it grows from day to day developments. It can only achieve what travel is said to accomplish for an educated man. The aspirant has got, perforce, to learn the A. B. C. of the practical aspects of Journalism from the "workshop" of a newspaper office and the printing room which constitute his world. Any one who has

(Continued on page 68)

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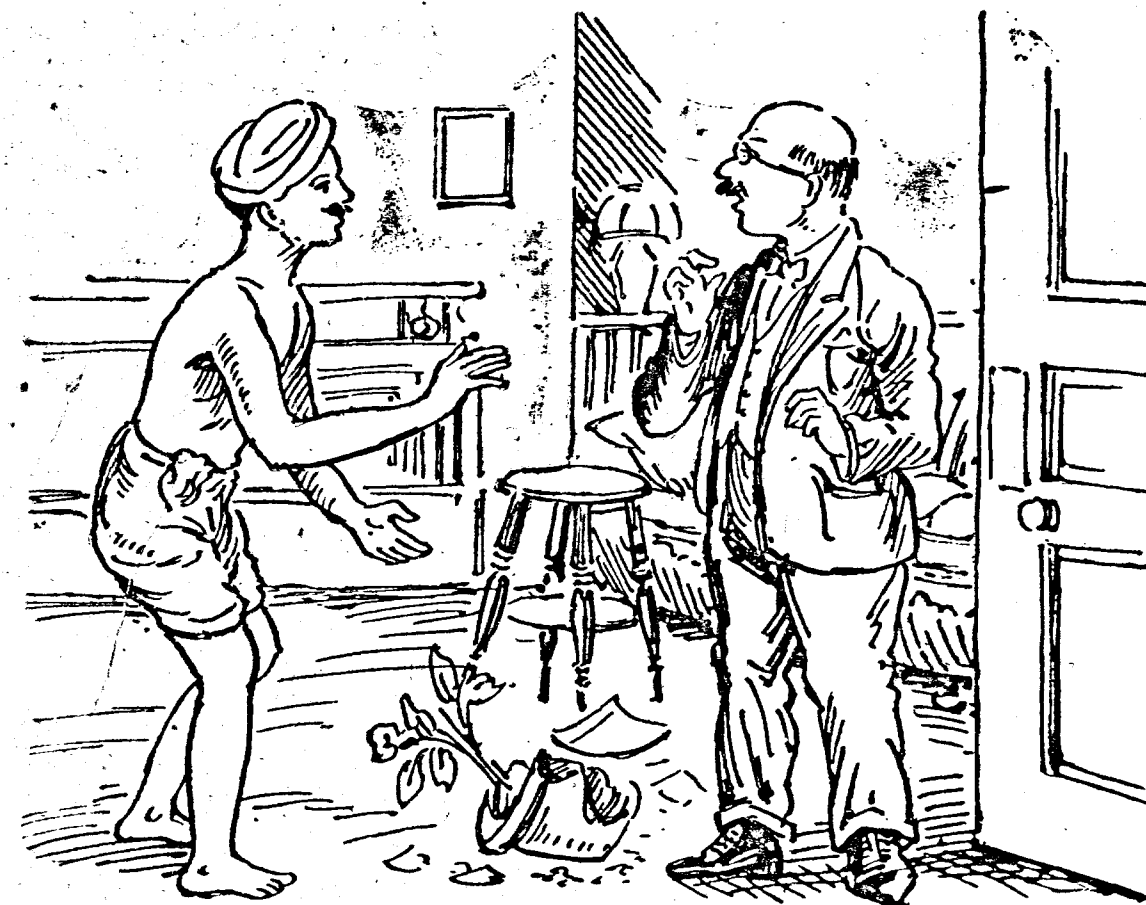
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HIS MASTER'S BOSS



Master.—"Think of an excuse for telling the mistress, please. I have broken this flower-pot."



Amrutanjan

BEST INDIAN
PAIN BALM

One Car in

Romance of 'Mr.

Some thirty years ago, a youth looked at the world from the old-world village of Cowley, three miles outside Oxford. He had just left school. His father, a much-travelled man who had, among other exploits, once been made chief of a Red Indian tribe, had lost money.

Young William Morris realized that he would have to make his own way in the world, carve his own career. He had been saving up. He now sought a job and found it in an Oxford bicycle shop. He had already an ambition then: it was to master the making of cycles from the ground up.

Six weeks later he applied for a rise. "What! a rise after six weeks!" cried his outraged employer. "Certainly not."

So young Morris said good day. He now had capital behind him—£5, no less! He decided to start in business for himself. Three years later, still a minor, he was the proprietor of a cycle business employing several men and working at top pressure to cope with the demand for his machines.

Young Morris believed in certain fundamental business maxims. They were these: the supreme value of time, the virtue of thoroughness, and the vital importance of detail.

An Avalanche of Orders

And these three maxims are the simple explanations of what one may see to-day in the village wherein he played as a boy, and now operates as one of the greatest of England's industrial magnates.

To possess motor was once the mark of wealth. They cost from £1,000 to £3,000. They were inefficient, costly, cumbersome. Many motor engineers saw that if a light, efficient car could be put on the market there would be a tremendous demand for it. There followed many attempts to solve this problem, and many astonishing "freak" cars snorted on the roads. Meanwhile, in Oxford, Morris examined these products and studied the whole range of motoring problems.

He came to certain definite conclusions. The car everybody was looking for was a machine on light tyres, economical in petrol, easy to handle, with accessible moving parts, calling for a minimum of attention, and last, and most important, absolutely reliable on the road.

The wonder machine had to be produced, of course at a low price so that the man of small means could aspire to motor.

In 1912, by now a big garage proprietor, Morris was ready for his new and daring enterprise. His engine was a completed design. His costs were worked

out to a farthing. One thing stood before him and success: the conservative spirit of the makers of materials. In that year the first Morris car was offered at £165.

Morris, with the vision of his kind, had foreseen success for his little car: but he had not reckoned with the avalanche of orders that poured in on him. He got down to big-scale production, was just at the point of a huge expansion, when war came.

The Morris plant was turned over to munition-making, the car had to wait. At the end of the war the plant was worn out. Morris had to begin again. During those four terrible years the world had forgotten the name Morris, and the little car for which it stood.

A year after the Armistice, however, the Morris car was again being manufactured. And it is being manufactured to-day at the rate of one car every ninety seconds of an eight-hour working day.

Seven thousand men are on this job, and in their eight hours' work they do 1,120,000 operations.

The car, in the process of being born, travels no less than two miles on moving tracks. Every five minutes, for eight hours, these tracks move forward precisely a car's length. Each forward move sees the car one step forward along the road to completion.

At Cowley they believe in making the machines do as much work as possible. Human labour is reduced to the minimum. No man has to work in a cramped position.

Five Years' Wonderful Progress

A job, such as giving the finished chassis its paint, normally involves the lying position to get at the under side. At Cowley, the chassis is mounted on a tumbril-like spit—the man with the paint spray stands upright, the chassis revolves.

It is no exaggeration to say that each car grows as one watches. For example, I watched a team of four men fix a bare chassis frame with axles and springs and dummy wheels in three minutes. I saw that chassis frame run forward to the end of a moving track. And three minutes later I saw a chassis complete, with engine. Another five minutes and another chassis received its power unit at the track start, while the other was already equipped with steering gear, dash-board, and other components, writes Mr. G. G. in Answers.

These moving tracks, which are a feature at Cowley, are about the height of a work-bench, so that all men can do their operations in a healthy and comfortable position. This measure was adopted

Ninety Seconds

Morris of Cowley

for humane reasons: it resulted in increased proficiency.

When you are told that these works cover eighty-one acres, you will easily understand that a full description of the birth of a car is out of the question.

Can a man, month after month, year after year, perform a simple mechanical operation without losing efficiency? Does the repetition of a single operation—say, for instance, fitting tyres to wheels—bring about a condition of mental apathy?

I asked these questions of a worker. He said: "The first two months are the worst. After that, you work automatically and think about something else."

The degree of expertness developed by these men is so perfect that the most difficult of operations appears perfectly simple to the onlooker.

One example will bring the truth of this home to any reader who has wrestled with a car, or even a bicycle tyre. The four men whose job it is to fit the new wheels with new tyres put on 1,500 tyres per day. Two of the eight hours of that period is taken up moving wheels.

This operation—reduced to around nine movements of the arms—is done by hand entirely!

Four or five years ago it took two men four hours to paint a Morris car. To-day it takes three minutes—and one man. The paint is sprayed and the fumes of the cellulose compound are drawn up through a giant funnel whose mouth is directly over the car. The man breathes in the air that is drawn from behind him. There is no smell, there is no need of masks.

Ready for the Road

Painted in three minutes, the body is passed on a ratchet through an oven heated to 120 degrees. In twelve minutes it is dry and ready for the next coat.

One of the most important jobs is the assembly of the back axle. There are forty operations. The axles are mounted at the ends of the arms of a machine like a maypole of metal. A man works at each arm, does his three minutes operation, and then repeats it as the machine turns one point.

When the chassis is complete it is run on its dummy wheels from the track, fitted with its own wheels, filled with water, petrol and oil, and driven straight out for a road test.

When it comes back it is mounted again and prepared to receive the completed body. This is hoisted forward and set in position on the chassis. In three minutes it is bolted in position. And in that same

three minutes the first of the upholstery is being screwed into place. The next three minutes and the track has moved forward and the doors are receiving attention.

On an average the test drivers reject three cars a day. These are swiftly stripped and examined for the fault. It is usually a very minor one.

They are a happy-looking lot, these 7,000 makers of the Morris car. In these great shops the men, by mutual arrangement, pool their wages. They take a flat 1s. 3d. an hour, plus bonus on every car completed in their shop. Thus the men who are applying the water and pumice for the final coat of high-finish paint receive as much as those responsible for the mechanical work. So, too, the floor sweepers get as much as those wizards who fit tyres with the speed of machines.

Pay and bonus works out at around £5 a week. And it is a five-day week. Little wonder that there are more than 7,000 men on the waiting lists.

Can it go on, or will the saturation point soon be reached?

Ask that question at Cowley and they grin at you. Watch the 2,000 men at a time eating their hearty midday meal in the canteen (it costs nine-pence) while they listen to their own orchestra. There is not a worried look among the lot.

Why? Well, they will say, "Cars aren't the only things we can make here."

Then one remembers: we are coming to the Flying Age. It would take a long time to reach the saturation point of the air—for cheap and reliable aeroplanes. For anybody who still believes that our industrialists are behind the times, the Cowley works is a certain corrective.

For Sir William Morris an hour is a time period composed of sixty minutes. A minute has sixty seconds. For him, too, machines are the larger tools of man, the servants that save them toil.

Eleven years ago there were 300 men at Cowley. To-day there are 7,000. When the war ended the buildings consisted of two very large corrugated iron buildings, with the headquarters in the converted Hurst's Grammar School, where Sir William Morris's father was educated.

To-day, from his office, once the headmaster's study, the man who waved the wand of his genius over this village and converted it into an important industrial centre looks out over the vast roof space of his far-flung works, sees the unending stream of cars that pour from its doors.

And that is Cowley.

SECRETS OF THE

By
RICHARD CAMERON

*Dramatic adventures on famous
express train*

The luxury express roared its way through the night. Suddenly he felt he was no longer alone.....a cold shiver went down his spine.

Then he saw—It!

Travelling is always an adventure. The bustle and noisiness of a railway terminus never fail to thrill me; for who knows what even the shortest journey may have in store for the traveller?

Strange things happen on the luxury expresses on the Continent; murder is not unknown—suicide quite frequent—and amorous and diplomatic intrigue an ever-present possibility, writes R. C., in Everybody's Weekly.

If you are lucky enough to have travelled to the South of France by the opulent "Blue Train," from Calais to the Cote d'Azur, you may have heard of the "ghost" which many travellers allege they have seen in the corridors of the sleeping cars as the "Blue Train" roars its way through the night.

Tried to Strangle Her

Its presence was first felt in February, 1928, when an American woman reported to the conductor of her coach that during the night the door of her berth had suddenly opened and a tall spectral figure had awakened her with a deep groan. The conductor may be pardoned for having taken the suggestion that the intruder was a "ghost" with a grain of salt, for the description tallied somewhat with that of a male sleep-walker clad in his night attire. He smoothed the traveller's feelings, therefore, and thought that that was the last he had heard of the "ghost."

Two days later, however, sleeping-car number nine of the "Blue Train" was awakened by the shrieks of a young Englishwoman who was found in hysterics and, quietened, said that a tall, white-clad spectral figure had entered her sleeping berth.....and tried to strangle her. Hallucination.....nightmare.....said most of the disturbed passengers—"an intrigue," murmured the less generously minded; but the conductor wondered! He determined to keep watch the following night during the "Blue Train's" return journey.

His passengers safely in bed, Antoine, the conductor, switched off the light in his own compartment, lit a cigarette, and commenced his vigil. One a.m.—two—three.....nothing but the roar of wheels over

steel rails disturbed the night, the lights in the corridor of the coach blazed soullessly! occasionally the shriek of the locomotive blended with the other noises of travel at sixty miles an hour.

Four a.m. Antoine dozed.....then, suddenly—so his story goes—he found himself strangely wide awake. He felt that he was no longer alone; and yet the invisible presence was not that of an ordinary night-walker. The train noises were strangely abstract; the air was pregnant with evil.

Then He Saw "It"!

The roots of Antoine's hair began to prick him: a cold shiver went down his spine. Then he saw "It"—the tall white-clad spectre—the ghost of the "Blue Train"! It was walking slowly, effortlessly, along the swaying car, untroubled by the acrobatics of the train.

The horrible thing about it, M'sieu," said Antoine when he recounted the occurrence to me, "was that the 'thing' had no face. As the 'thing' advanced towards me, I backed away," continued the conductor, "and my hand slid towards the emergency brake; then as my hand reached it, the 'thing' disappeared!

"Twice more after that I saw the ghost, M'sieu, and on four occasions travellers complained that they had seen the 'It.' Then the strangest thing of all happened.

Death in the Night

"Early one morning I found that death indeed had stalked through the coach during the night. A young Hungarian nobleman was found dead in his berth. He had died, so the doctors said, of heart failure; but M'sieu, I discovered him: and if ever I have seen horror—fear of the supernatural—stamped on a man's face, it was inscribed on the face of that dead man. From the day of the tragedy, the 'ghost' of the 'Blue Train' was never seen again."

"But who was the apparition?—I mean, before he became—a ghost?" I asked.

"Well, M'sieu, there was a strange case: a young bridegroom who disappeared from the train some months before the first appearance of this 'ghost.' It was said that he had discovered another man in his

BETWEEN OURSELVES

(Continued from page 93)

"The Radio, Talkie and Electric News" is a welcome addition to the field of technical journalism in India. Its get up and the choice of articles leave nothing to be desired.

"The Raj Herald" Lucknow, is not a new publication, since it is three months old. It is a tri-lingual Independent Monthly of a very high order—

PORTRAITS.

There are still two portraits unclaimed and I request the readers who had sent them to write to me about the same giving a description of the photos sent by them.

NOVELS—FREE GIFTS.

I acknowledge also receipt of calendars from Messrs. Higginbothams, Madras; The Asiatic Poultry Farm, Bombay; Messrs. E. A. Watch Coy., Madras The Amrutanjani Depot, Madras; The National Mutual Assurance of India Ltd., Madras and the Calcutta Chemical Coy. Ltd., Calcutta. The very fact that I do not have any of the lot sent by them speaks for their attractive appearance and utility. I acknowledge receipt of some diaries and pocket books as well, but space precludes my writing anything about them.

Several of my readers have asked me to repeat this free offer and accordingly elsewhere I have published a list of the books that will be sent at half prize to the readers. They are all by standard novelists and their offer is repeated at a heavy cost. It will not be repeated and the offer will close on the 25th February. Readers are requested to send for their requirements early to avoid disappointment. The special coupon is again reprinted in the last page.

THE EDITOR.

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For

JUPITER COMPETITIONS

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THE RACING FRATERNITY

(By V. N.)

The Madras Races are in full swing. Knowing a bit of what racing is, I am naturally led to pitch on that subject for a few paragraphs.

Don't be afraid that I am going to inflict on you a lecture on racing, in which you may not be at all interested. What I propose to do is to give you a glimpse or two of the racing fraternity.

Let me tell you at the outset that a race-goer is the greatest optimist in the world. Even a series of heavy losses don't depress him. He takes all his reverses as prelude to victory. He will tell you with a deep conviction that his losses are only a foundational investment; and his hope of a vast wealth is sure to be realised: it is only a question of time. If hope springs eternal anywhere, it is surely in the breast of a race-goer. Within my personal knowledge there are men who have lost their all in races, and are now reduced to uttermost poverty. Talk to them about racing. How their darkened souls are lit up at once! Their eyes glow again. Not a trace of bitterness in their shrivelled faces! They will take you into their confidence and tell you in whispers that the time is not far off when they will make their millions.

That is the stuff every genuine race-goer is made of.

The racing crowd is a mixed lot. You will find in it all conditions of people: from princes to paupers. The Turf is perhaps the only place where the richest and the poorest of the poor have a common interest; and no wonder they mix well there. It is not an un-

common sight that a richly attired, highly placed person consults a man, who is in rags and furthest from him in social status, and takes his tips with confidence and gratefulness. Such is the peculiar magic of the Turf.

Again, human nature is most tolerant on the race-course. What will be resented, as robbery elsewhere is considered absolutely proper there. My neighbour will certainly call me a cheat or a rogue if I make a little money at his cost even in the straightest manner possible. But he congratulates me with obvious joy if I win at the races at his and others' cost. He thinks the profit I have thus made is the natural due of my luck, or cleverness or whatever it may be. The winner is always admired, not envied; he is always spoken well of, never ill.

Let us now turn to another side. Invariably the losers will be found cursing themselves for not having acted on their first thoughts. Their faces, in this mood of introspection and self-reproach are a sight for gods to see. From this self-chastisement they will rise like men with the determination to do the right thing in future. And how they then go about with their heads held high!

There will be another set of losers who would console themselves with certain 'ifs'. If there was a little distance to go, they would declare, their horses would certainly have scored. Poor fellows! Do they not know that races are won at the winning post and not past it? But human nature must have its consoling drug of 'ifs'.

BORN IN AN INK WELL

(Continued from page 95)

used for photographing sound cartoons are so arranged that only one picture is taken with each turn of the camera handle, which the photographer works by pushing a foot pedal to make the exposure.

The entire cartoon is handed over to the photographers and is usually between ten and twenty thousand sheets of celluloid. The photographer first places the background under the camera's eye, and then the transparent action pictures are placed on top one by one.

When the negative is developed and the master print made, all that is necessary is to synchronize it with the musical effects. The film is flashed on to a screen in front of which sits the orchestra. A few feet from the orchestra is a table on which are scores

of peculiar instruments and articles which are used by the "effect-men."

The musical director then leads his orchestra through the picture, keeping time with the action, antics, or dances of the cartoon characters exactly as he has planned to do during the making of the pictures.

The effect-men watch for incidents in the film where effects, such as the barking of a dog, the slamming of a door, or the ripple of water are needed. Several rehearsals are held, and the film is projected many times before the final "take" is made and the film is ready for release and the amusement of a public which continually asks the question: "But how do they ever do it?"

—Tit-Bits

FISH STUMPS SCIENCE

SCIENCE knows a lot—but not everything. For instance, science can't tell you if fish die of old age!

Fish, apparently, have no old age. No scientist has ever seen a fish suffering from senility. Nearly all land animals, if not all of them, when they reach their normal span of life, experience deterioration of arteries, muscles, and other organs. If this occurs in fishes, it has never been observed.

Presumably the "poor fish" go on for ever if not hooked or netted by fisherman, killed in battle or swallowed by larger ones. Some fish, especially of the carp family, have lived in captivity more than one hundred years without showing any signs of senile decay.

Of course, fish die "natural" deaths from disease or parasites, and they run the constant risk of being stranded or dashed to death on rocks by storms and passing ships. Life in the depths is perilous, and the life in inland waters also is dangerous from natural causes and the constant efforts of countless anglers. Perhaps no fish is able to live out whatever its span of life should be.

Mrs. Plaice Never Dies

Do fish sleep? This is another question science cannot answer positively. Every disciple of Izaak Walton has seen fish motionless at the bottom of shallow streams and near the shores of lakes. But whether they

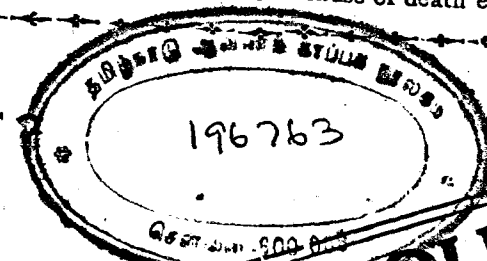
were sleeping or remaining quiet, either in wait for prey or to escape the eye of larger predatory fishes, investigators cannot determine.

The probability is that fish do not sleep in the sense the higher animals do. As they are lidless, of course they cannot close their eyes.

The only scientific evidence that some fish sleep is put forward by C. F. Hickling, who studied the fish called hake, a member of the cod family, off the coast of Britain for the British Government. He found that the hake schools were active at night and in the daytime rested on the ocean bottom. He believes they sleep then. If they do, it is the only known example in the fish world.

You may not think there is much romance in the life of a plaice; nevertheless, the female plaice presents a problem that science cannot solve. They cannot find any evidence that she ever dies, except when caught. "While the male plaice probably dies at the age of eight, if not caught beforehand," said Dr. C. P. Bidden, at the recent centenary meeting of the B. M. A., "the female matures at six or seven years old, while at twenty-five she is 70 per cent. longer and five times heavier. We have no evidence of her old age or any cause of death except violence."

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THE TATLER OF INDIA

SLEEPING CARS

bride's berth; and threw himself off the train in consequence.

"You think he came back to haunt the train—or to look for the other man?"

Antoine shrugged his shoulders expressively.

"The Hungarian?"

Again Antoine elevated his shoulders.

"Who can tell?"

Greatly Daring . . .

Here is the story of another dramatic occurrence on a luxury express. About two years ago a beautiful Italian woman might one evening have been seen to board the Paris-Rome express. Her advent was not unnaturally watched with interest by several would-be Don Juans travelling by the same train.

Hardly had the express slid out of the station before these gentlemen began to gaze at her. One tall, handsome Italian—it transpired afterwards—followed the beauty back from the restaurant car to her compartment, and watched her silhouetted form through the frosted glass settle down for the evening. Presently he saw her lean back in the corner of her compartment, apparently asleep.

Greatly daring, he entered the compartment and, seating himself beside her took her hand in his. It was strangely cold, but he no doubt thought that she would soon warm under the fire of his love-making.

He Had Kissed a—

Murmuring words of endearment he gallantly pressed her hand to his lips. Still she made no sign. Taking her apathy as surrender, he gradually took her in his arms. Her head slid comfortably to his shoulder and, dropping his head, the handsome Italian pressed his burning lips to hers.

But still she was unresponsive. "Cold as the Venus de Milo," he thought, "and how bitter her lips taste!"

Suddenly his eyes fell on a small bottle lying on the seat. He picked it up, smelt it, looked closer at the beautiful girl, and then sprang to his feet in horror. She was dead! She had poisoned herself. He had kissed a suicide! Such was the story that came out at the subsequent inquest!

The Model Machine

(An inventive genius announces that he has perfected "the domestic invention of the age"—a mechanical device for bed-making and rearranging sheets and blankets.)

The inventions of our modern state
Are mostly quite unrestful things
Which ginger up man's normal gait
And whizz him round on wheels or wings
Few triumphs of our time are those
Which lead him gently towards repose.

Thus speedboats cleave the Summer seas,
And aeroplanes the Summer skies
While o'er the roads, a blowing breeze,
The ever-faster motor flies;
Even the wireless whizzles round
In endless waves of swiftest sound.

And most inventors who revolve
To add new triumphs to our store
Are out to make the wheels revolve
A little faster than before
Far nobler, then, is he who said,
"Be mine the art that makes a bed!"

"Blessings on sleep!" said Quixote's squire,
And that implies a blessing, too,
On all who help us to retire
And sleep the hours of darkness through;
Even machines are surely blest
If they assist a sound night's rest.

Salute a gadget unconcerned
With ever swifter, faster flights—
One that has sobered down and learned
To tuck the sleeper in o' nights,
To soothe the bedroom's ruffled scenery
And straighten bed-clothes by machinery!
—"Lucio" in the *Manchester Guardian*.

WHEN PHOTOGRAPHY WAS YOUNG

(By Claire Lisk)

With modern photography in its present state of perfection it is difficult to appreciate that when the humble daguerreotype was introduced in 1839, it was deemed the marvel of the age. Its invention, in fact, was ranked in importance with that of the steam engine.

And it was an important invention. Previous to its advent our forefathers had had no way of preserving their likenesses for us save by the brush or pencil, the wax portrait, or the scissors portrait, the silhouette.

Wax portraits were less expensive but also less permanent. Silhouettes although inexpensive enough to be in reach of all, were none too satisfactory as likenesses. No wonder then that the daguerreotype caused such a stir when it reached America.

The technical history of the daguerreotype is now fairly well known. Knowledge of the camera obscura had been in existence for some 200 years before the first fruitful experiments with the daguerreotype. There had been much experimental work done in Germany, England and France to fix the images of the camera obscura on variously coated silver plates, but until the time of Niepce and Daguerre they had come to nothing.

From an editorial appearing in the "Knickerbocker"—Washington Irving's magazine—in December, 1839, we get a glimpse of the wonder and astonishment the new invention caused in America.

"We have seen the views taken in Paris by the daguerreotype," the editor says, "and have no hesitation in avowing that they are the most remarkable objects of curiosity and admiration in the arts that we have beheld. Their exquisite perfection almost transcends the bounds of sober belief. Let us endeavour to convey to the reader an impression of their character.

"Let him suppose he is standing in the middle of Broadway, with a looking glass held perpendicularly in his hand, in which is reflected the street, with all that therein is for two or three miles, taking in the haziest distance. Then let him take the glass into the house, and find the impression of the entire view in the softest light and shade, vividly retained upon the surface. This is the daguerreotype."

Immediately upon Professor Morse's return from Paris with the directions for the process of making daguerreotypes which he had obtained from M. Daguerre, his two brothers,

Sidney E. and Richard C., prepared to set up a studio with a glass roof on the top of the building at Nassau and Beekman Streets which they called the "Palace of the Sun." It was the first photographer's studio in America.

The Paris & London journals immediately broadcast the directions, which were so clear that as soon as they reached America hundreds of the young intellectuals began experimenting in daguerreotypes.

The first pictures were of streets and buildings. Human portraits were considered very difficult. Nor was the process a simple one.

Prof. John W. Draper, who was associated with Professor Morse at New York University, is credited with the first human portrait to be made in America by the daguerreotype process. It is a portrait of his sister, Miss Dorothy Catherine Draper, and was made in 1840.

An amusing incident is related in a letter by the Rev. Edward Everett Hale, who became an amateur daguerreotypist, to Mrs. D. T. Davis, which she quoted in an article in McClure's Magazine for November, 1896:

"Early in the business I stood with a mirror in my hands, in full sunshine. The mirror threw up the sun from below to abate the shadows. I stood in this light five minutes. The picture came out a capital portrait of my hair, ears, and chin. Alas! I had tipped my head too far back, and all that appeared were my projecting eye brows and the orifices of both nostril (no mouth, alas) and chin from below taking its place."

By the end of 1840 daguerreotyping had become a business. There were many galleries in the cities. One of the best known was that of Southworth Hawes in Boston. They did, among many other distinguished persons, portraits of Jenny Lind and Harriet Beecher Stowe. Traveling cars too were touring the country.

The clever daguerreotypist, it is said, always carried sticking wax with which to hold back "wing" ears, and also cotton for filling out hollow cheeks!

Monday was considered the best day for the daguerreotype business. Sunday in those days, was calling night, and the usual outcome was a promise to exchange daguerreotypes. "No less sure then Monday itself," Mrs. Davis writes.

(Continued on page 84)

SNAPPY SNIPS

BORDER CITIES STAR: A bank balance is described by a writer as "the spare tire of family finance." That's probably why, when the balance gets big enough, there's usually a blowout.

HUMORIST: The latest type of alarm-clock is scarcely any larger than a wrist-watch. One of these ought to last its owner a life-time. In the uncertain light of dawn it is very difficult to score a direct hit on the timepiece with a shoe.

LOUIS VILLE COURIER-JOURNAL: Snow was called "the beautiful" before the days of the automobile.

DAILY OKLAHOMA: The only way to keep from being annoyed by a howling dog is to own it.

REGINA LEADER POST: Alf and wife, who have been living with his wife's people, have had to leave town on account of her parents having gone to live with her grandparents.

DETROIT FREE PRESS: One way to meet prominent people is to get a job with a collection agency.

PUNCH: A London tradesman owns a horse that can put on its own collar in a few seconds. But,

then, we must remember it hasn't to crawl about the stable looking for its stud.

LOS ANGELES TIMES: Some women stop to look into shop windows to admire merchandise; others to admire their own reflection.

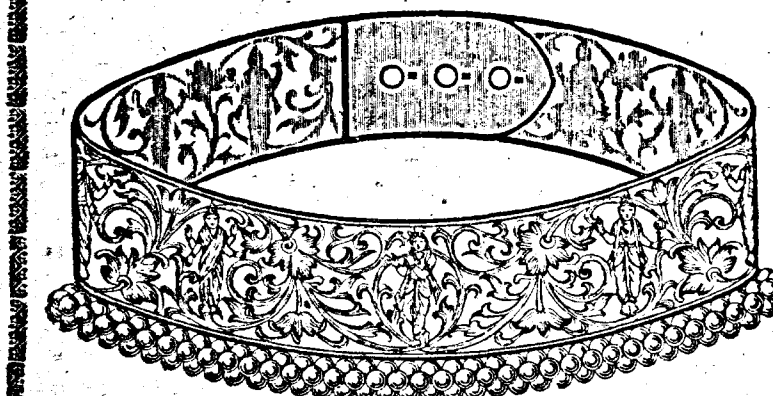
MEMPHIS COMMERCIAL APPEAL: The average vacation takes six weeks of a man's time: two weeks to get ready, two weeks to get through, and two weeks to get over.

LOS ANGELES TIMES: Einstein says space is limited. But those who write rejection slips thought of the idea first.

PUNCH: According to a New York newspaper, hailstones as big as apples fell at Midland, Texas, the other day. Other papers please exaggerate.

DETROIT FREE PRESS: Another thing that puzzles us is how wives stood in awe of their husbands during the night-shirt era.

LOS ANGELES TIMES: The cost of any commodity is like gossip. The more hands it passes through the bigger it gets.



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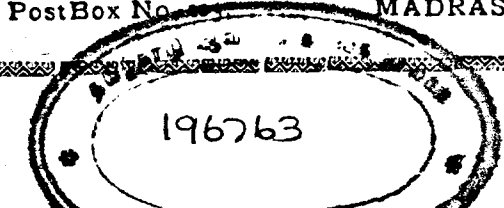
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Tatler's Ticklers

You can always lengthen your days by shortening your nights, but there probably won't be so many of them.

The most deplorable thing about the modern young woman is the modern young man.

A young man gazes up at the moon because he is in love; an old man looks up because he is in a wing collar.

The latest thing in clothes is a woman keeping an appointment.

What a howl there would be if it were poverty that made women wear so few clothes.

A man never knows his luck until he's married her.

Gnats can make the most humble picnic a swell affair.

It's a wise father that "no's" his own child.

Love is a man's delusion that woman differs from a rest.

Probably the greatest invention of the age is a woman's method of concealing it.

There are only two kinds of married men in the world: those who lose their balance and marry; and those who marry and then lose their bank-balance.

The right angle for approaching a difficult problem is the "try" angle.

People learn by experience. A man never wakes his second baby to see it laugh.

A crumb of hope is far better than a crusty refusal.

Lots of girls have more on their cheeks than they have on their minds.

The man who hasn't any push often gets it.

Some women smile because they see the joke—others because they have dimples.

The only time a woman will listen is when money is talking.

A beauty specialist caters for bulky women with slender hopes.

It is usually a happy marriage if the man can give and the woman forgive.

Nowadays by the time a father is called upon to give the bride away, he has nothing else to give.

It isn't what a man says that counts. It's his wife's reply.

A bachelor finds happiness in his crib; many a married man finds it in his dictionary.

Troubles and babies grow bigger by nursing them.

You can't get experience on the easy-payment plan.

On the tennis court many a miss makes a hit.

No man becomes well-to-do quicker than the man who is hard-to-do.

Ninety-nine percent of the flattery in this world is expended on grave stones and the rest on women.

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Daddy: What have you learnt of your Private tutor?

Modern Girl: That he is thirty, married, earns about Sixty Rupees per mensem, and has three daughters already.

AMRUTANJAN

BEST INDIAN
PAIN BALM

4

: THE LEAGUE IN

[Leaders and kings of prominence who had spurned this earthly life and are taking rest in the Valley of the Dead woke up on Doomsday Eve to dress themselves well to stand before the Lord. But they had memories clean, for all their virtues and actions in their mortal life on the earth.]

Suddenly, Satan in his usual unrequited manner appears; with a sympathetic air for the waiting under-trials offers his co-operation in compiling a series of explanations for all those on the defence. His notes and arbitrary observations are worthy of commendations for the watchful chroniclers.

—Contributor.]

Satan.—Brothers! Glad of your presence and of your alertness to answer charges against your innocence.

All spirits;—Glad of your study and thankful to the same.

Satan;—But, I doubt, all of you are not of equal innocence with righteous lives in your earthly days! Perhaps your present friendships here are patched up ones for the occasion?

Czar (spirit);—Sir, I have nothing to boast: I am undone! Mine is not a natural arrival here. I was packed here with all my kids and kins on a single night slaughter. Much against my wish, nay, against the Divine wish of a Reg Emperor as me, my subjects, traitors, have stained their hands regicide Red. Till now none of my earthly allies, France, England, Rumania and Italy raised a finger on the question of my vanishing from my Imperial Home?

Crown prince of Austria —(spirit).

Verily bitter bit! Had you any patience in judging a whit, the causes of my death in Serajavero at the hands of some ruffians! What if Serbia flares up a little, in a false notion of self-respect? Had you not interposed and offered your help the War would not have climaxed. Though I am pitiful, divine will has avenged my wrongs and balanced them!

Czar.—Knave! What you (Flares at him with red hot eyes).

Austrian Prince.—Not only you, but all that have sided you, were seething with War Lust intoxications. Rogues I see in you all

Czar.—Brothers, see this young sheep is going hot-headed and butts against us rocks! . . . Perhaps he would like a lesson . . . suffice

Kitchener.—Yes! Your Majesty! (bites his lips).

King Leopold.—Certainly! No doubt on that

King Alexander.—Of course! The still uncurbed foe should

Poincare.—Righteously enough! Youth revolts in him

Archduke.—Brothers! Grind not your teeth. What (barricading the Crown Prince) is done is done! Spare the boy! In my old age I too had sufficient taste of your physic for the imperialistic diseases

Kitchener.—Grey old Emperor! I understand your point! But how dare this skirmish boy flare up at us with remarks and curses unbecoming of us in this transitory journey?

Austrian Crown Prince.—Journey! Where to! Hell for all . . . I too won't bother over it if it be . . . My blood in the hands of Serbs in the original, has tainted all your hands: and all of you are responsible for the millions of lives of the innocent masses in the world . . . Butchers of the universe! . . . Agents of the devils and armaments firms! 'Tis sin to stand and face thee all (Quits the place weeping).

Czar.—Archduke! Past is past! But why this hubbub over the actions of the earth . . . I am penitent . . . I have dearly paid for the accidents of the War epidemics!

Kitchener.—Emperor! Let those aside and I shall answer them . . . But what! Accuse you of England and France forsaking you in your downfall by your own misrule!

Czar.—What! Misrule! You too dare make a remark! I to hear a word of the sort from a commoner like you! How many Lords of your type I made and marred . . . Caution Kitchener! Loose tongues! (Flares up).

Kitchener.—Friend, Emperor! We are now in . . . This is not Russia, nor Russia of old . . . Think. Cool yourselves! Britain has kept her word in her worlds! It is calumny further to accuse her of any desertion of you

Poincare.—Emperor! France also is equally innocent of your charges! Monarch you were, you ruled: Tyrant you proved you fell! Our France too had similar lessons! Even our dear Napoleon, we made him as wise, and showed him his worth for War persistency!

Czar.—Suffice! 'Tis you, Ministers that make our lives a dust . . . Mirth in dance with Death at a

PARADISE TOO! :

glance!" . . . 'Oh, abominable histories!" . . . Ministers and Diplomats! . . . Rogues . . . Agents of 'mass destruction and deluge' . . . (Czar quitting sees Alexander and greets) You too! So early! Grave universe! Woe to the days of Monster Rebels! How happened your programme hitherwards? . . .

Alexander.—My days ended at a shot, in a foreign soil, France, at the mercy of villain traitor . . . (weeps).

Czar.—Our cause we have played and prized . . . But safer . . . henceforth we shall be penitent . . Our hands in the great mass massacres are hereafter saved . . . How wise at least for a monarch to die as early! Sure! I am now a firm believer on that! (Moves . . . falls in with Hindenburg . .)

Move a bit! Rogue! You arch peg of the Kaiserdom! Old chip of a Bismarkian . . . (Grunts and goes.)

Hindenburg.—Yes! You rude scums of Humanity! . . (Sings).

My head I weighed and moved with care
And passed my days in peace:
Many heads you tossed at sword and spear
And tyrant sins had brought you here
What Villain be ye or Villain be I,
Face to face can we defy!

(Jeers and smiles).

(To Austrian Crown Prince Archduke)

Thy son Otto in prime doth stand,
To gain a throne on Zita's hand
Working deftly with her band
Of trusted nobles in power on land.
Mussolini's a friend in touch;
Her faith in him and others are such
That year or months or days decide,
When thy son on throne preside.

Archdukes are overjoyed at the news; but, as they get a glimpse of Leopold they steady themselves in serenity . . . and Hindenburg pityfully utters: "King Leopold after all is the only guiltless of all any way. His kingdom he defended, throughout of necessity. Our army ravaged his country. All throughout

his army has shown bravery and chivalry. But such a nobility is only for a poor country like Belgium, a slaughter house of innocents during the early War. I may be guilty of abetting my King Kaiser, but it is my sworn duty to serve my King! And how my balance I maintained as long I was in Power as Resident of Germany! That wanton Hitler played his tune but luckily I had a journey sooner

Satan.—Suffice your power-peerless It seems my courier has arrived and sure shall see any information above your kingdoms of the earth.

Exit Satan

Finding the Sea's Depth

An echo-sounding apparatus is now used to ascertain ocean depths. In the last few years navigators have been extremely interested to see on revised Admiralty charts which are used by seamen of all nations the plotting of unfamiliar sea depths; and the new method is adding greatly to our knowledge of the sea. A few years ago, when the wire lead apparatus was still being used, the greatest depth which had been plumbed was five miles, and this, according to the geography books, is the greatest known sea depth.

It was clear that in many places the sea was deeper than could be penetrated by the wire, but how much could not be discovered. By the new method there is no limit to the depths which can be ascertained, and ships are constantly reporting colossal depths. These are marked on the Admiralty charts. There was a time when no plottings were made which had not been backed by a specimen of the bottom of the sea, but with the new method there is no need to doubt the accuracy of the depths reported.

The greatest have been reported by a German survey ship in the Eastern Archipelago. They vary between seven and eight miles.

New Laughs from the Granite City

WHICH town in the British Isles can claim to have had most jokes told about it and its citizens? The prize would certainly seem to go to Aberdeen, although Wigan, perhaps, runs it very close. Here are some new gems of Aberdeen wit and humour which appear in "Mair Canny Tales Frae Aberdeen." (Valentine and Sons, Is. 6d.):—

An Aberdonian and his daughter took up golf. At the close of one of their games the father was laid a dead stymie, while the daughter had one to play to win the match. Turning round to her he said: "Jeannie, isn't the morn yer brithday?"

"Yes, faither."

"Ah, weel," he said, "I'll gie ye that hole for a present."

An Aberdonian charged with being "drunk and incapable in the precincts of the railway station" pleaded "Not Guilty." In the course of evidence it came out that the taxi-driver who drove him to the station admitted to receiving sixpence over his legal fare.

"That's done it," exclaimed the prisoner. "I must have been drunk!"

An Aberdeen shopkeeper visited London to pick up a few tips. He found them under the plates in the restaurants.

A menagerie had been visiting Aberdeen, and on the day after leaving the city one of the gorillas died. Instead of burying it they threw it over a dyke by the roadside. Later on in the day two Aberdonians passed. They noticed the gorilla.

"An' what'll it be, think ye?" asked one.

The other examined the corpse. "It's ower big for a MacPherson; it canna be a Gordon for it has nae kilt: judgia' by its een I'm thinkin' its ane o' thae American veesitors."

"An' what is it to be?" asked the Aberdonian, inviting a friend to a drink.

"I'll just hae a moothfull," replied the Dundonian.

"Ye'll hae a darned nicht lees," said the Aberdonian. "stye'll hae a glass."

No Aberdonian ever asks a Jew the time of day: one did, and the Jew told him to "Buy a watch!"

Mr. Macpherson was a buyer in one of Aberdeen's drapery stores and had just returned from a trip to London.

"An' what did ye think o' the English when ye were up in London?" he was asked.

"I didna see ony," he replied; "I only met the heids o' depairtments."

The beadle of a certain parish church, observing an old man with an ear trumpet, went up to him and whispered: "Noo, then, one toot and yer oot!"

Tammas was invited to a golden wedding and on making inquiries found that he was expected to give a present made of gold. He solved the problem by presenting the worthy couple with a bowl of goldfish.

TRouble-SAVING IDEAS FOR EVERY HOME

Save odd pieces of velveteen. They make excellent polishers for mahogany, plated goods, and so on.

Always keep the flour-bin in a warm, dry place. Damp flour will never make light pastry or cakes.

When silk is being washed, a little salt added to the water helps to fix the colour and keep the material soft.

The life of your sash-cords will be very much longer if, before they are put up, you soak them well in boiled linseed oil and let them dry thoroughly.

Before you use a new toothbrush, soak it in hot salt water. This not only cleanses it, but makes it last twice as long.

Mice dislike the smell of turpentine, and if bags soaked in it are placed at the entrance to their holes it will often rid a place of them.

To polish copper, brass, or zinc, use vinegar and salt. Apply with a soft cloth, and polish with a dry woollen cloth.

When washing flannels, never let them lie long in the water. They should be washed and hung out to dry as quickly as possible.

Add a tablespoonful of painter's size to the water when washing linoleum or oilcloth, and the surface will present a glossy appearance.

To darken brown shoes, rub them with a flannel dipped in ammonia. Let dry, then repeat the rubbing. Clean and polish in the usual way.

Corks may be made watertight by being immersed in oil for a few minutes.

BOOK KNOWLEDGE

The "Motor-Horn" Bird

This is what they call the great hornbill at the London Zoo, and the nickname has led a manufacturer of motor horns to experiment with a view to reproducing this bird's remarkably penetrating call. The sound of it, in certain favourable conditions, can be heard a mile away!

But it is not only the volume of sound the bird makes that it is sought to reproduce. The call is noteworthy for its complete unexpectedness; it is, in fact, one of the most curious and startling sounds in Nature. To describe it is almost impossible; all that can be said is that it is more powerful and yet less harsh than a Klaxon horn.

The hornbill is a native of India and other tropical countries, and gets its name from the huge, horn-like structure of its beak. It lives mainly on fruits and seeds, though some species eat large quantities of snakes. Over fifty different species of hornbill have been classified in recent years, and it is a peculiarity of them all that the birds never swallow even the smallest morsel of food without first tossing it into the air.

Those "Northern Lights"

Recent unusually brilliant displays of the Aurora Borealis—the "Northern Lights"—have caused many people to ask what causes this phenomenon.

Astronomers tell us that an aurora is due to electric discharges taking place in the upper atmosphere sixty miles above the surface of the earth. The displays are intimately connected with magnetic storms, and they are always followed by a disturbance of magnetic needles. Occasionally the disturbance is so great that ordinary telegraphic work is completely interrupted for the time being.

The interesting discovery has been made that the Aurora Borealis always coincides with the appearance of sunspots. The number of recorded sunspots waxes

and wanes in a cycle of about eleven years, and it has been noticed that the variations of the aurora seem to extend over a similar period.

"Hold the Fort"

This phrase was a product of the American Civil War. In October, 1864, during the height of the struggle, one of the confederate generals named Hood got to the rear of Sherman's army of the North and began to cut off his line of retreat by destroying the railway.

At Altoona Pass the Federal general named Corse, was stationed with fifteen hundred men and a vast store of rations, and while he destroyed the line Hood sent a certain General French to capture this position.

The post in the pass was surrounded by French's army of six thousand, and Corse was summoned to surrender. This he refused to do, but was eventually forced into a small fort on the summit of the hill. The situation appeared desperate, but in the nick of time an officer caught sight of a flag signal on the top of a mountain miles away. The signal was read through the glasses. It said: "Hold the fort; I am coming, Sherman." The defenders of the pass held the place for another three hours, when Sherman's troops appeared and French was obliged to retreat.

That was in 1864, and in 1870 a major who had been present at the battle related the incident at a Sunday school meeting at which P.P. Bliss, the hymn writer and composer was present. The next day Mr. Bliss was at another meeting in the course of which he mounted the platform and wrote on a blackboard the chorus of the hymn beginning, "Hold the fort, for I am coming."

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PET'S FIGHT TO SAVE LIFE OF HIS MISTRESS COBRA COMMITS SUICIDE

(By E. G. WYNNE)

Time and time again the cobra struck, only to miss . . . Soon, mad with rage, he began lashing out in a blind fury.

At last he could bear it no longer . . .

There can be no doubt that of all the creatures on this earth the snake is the one most feared by man. Yet many snakes are quite harmless, and even the cobra who has such a vicious reputation is the most timid of snakes. He keeps out of the way of humans and attacks only when he is molested, writes E. G. W. in "Everybody's Weekly" in mail week. That he will not attack except in self-defence is illustrated by the following story.

An English child was left by her nurse on the floor of a house with a bowl of milk. On returning, the nurse was horrified to see a cobra reared up on its tail within a foot or two of the infant. Snakes are fond of milk and this one had no doubt been attracted by the bowl.

Catches Them Bare-handed

The child was crouching and laughing at the strange sight and actually trying to touch the head of the snake who would retreat from the child's advance but made no attempt to strike.

Eventually its attention was diverted, by an attack from the rear, and the child was snatched out of danger.

An English doctor in India catches cobra for the Pasteur Institute with his bare hands. His favourite hunting grounds are dry wells, which are always infested with cobras. In the narrow space he has sometimes as many as three snakes within a foot of his legs reared up upon their tails threateningly; and the hissing which goes on is horrible to hear in its concentrated volume.

He stands perfectly still, sometimes for twenty minutes, but with his eyes fixed on the cobra at his right. So long as he remains still there is no fear of the snake striking. He judges when he has lured the snakes into a feeling of security; then slowly—very slowly—he bends from the knees while his right hand moves almost imperceptibly towards the head of the snake.

His closed fingers pass gently over the head like a soft caress, the thumb going under the jaw. Then with a quick snap the fingers and thumb close just behind the jaw and the snake is secured so that it cannot bite. Any jerkiness or hesitation of action would be fatal, and the nerve required for this risky undertaking can well be imagined.

Desperate Conflict

Not many people would fancy a snake as a pet, but a case is known of an English girl who kept a cobra as a pet. It glided about her person all day and slept in her bed at night.

She used to relate that one night she was awakened by the sounds of hissing and slapping, and discovered her snake in desperate conflict with another cobra. She called her pet—"Beauty" was its name—but the intruding cobra, on hearing a human voice, escaped out of the room, the tame one after it. She was of opinion that the wild snake had tried to get into her bed and her pet was driving it away.

Pretended to be Dead

That the cobra will not strike at an inert object was dramatically illustrated by the following incident:—

An Indian traveller, halting beneath a roadside tree, placed on the ground an earthen vessel, the mouth of which was secured with a bit of rag.

A monkey, bent on mischief, grabbed up the vessel and scampered with it up the tree, heedless of the agitated cries of the owner. Seating himself comfortably in a fork, the monkey placed the jar in his lap and proceeded to undo the rag. No sooner had he done so than out shot the head of a cobra.

One would imagine that the only thing for the monkey to do was instantly to tilt the vessel over, but his animal instinct must have told him that even his agility could not cope with that of the cobra's and so he fell back inert, closed his eyes and feigned death.

The snake, head erect, hood expanded and hissing horribly, was the picture of exasperation. The monkey, limp as death, with arms hanging helpless, almost convinced the spectators that he had really died of shock.

Seized His Chance

This fascinating tableau lasted for quite fifteen minutes and all the time the cobra's head, defiant and implacable, swayed above the "lifeless" body of the monkey as if proud of victory.

Then—as if to view the effect of his triumph upon an admiring world, the snake slightly—very slightly—turned its head. Like a flash the monkey's hand shot out and got the snake by the head, just behind the jaw. The scene now changed to one of lightning activity.

The monkey, screeching with excitement, rubbed and rubbed the nose of the snake against the bark of

(Continued on page 92)

WRITING A "BEST SELLER"

By A NOVELIST'S SECRETARY

For weeks he has worn a worried frown, smoked twice the quantity of tobacco that he allows himself, and three times the amount that is good for him, and has been busily engaged, to the casual observer, in doing nothing! But to me these are the symptoms which reveal that yet another "Best seller" is being worked out.

The first thing my novelist always does is to "get square" with his characters. Not merely is it a case of jotting down a few words, such as "Hilary Bondman, a farmer in poor circumstances." Often he will spend a week in sketching detailed character studies of Hilary, dissecting him and probing his whims and failings, and how he would react in certain circumstances.

Not until he has done this with every character, so that they are old friends of his, does he start on the actual construction of his novel.

Getting the Jigsaw Right.

It is not enough merely to know his characters thoroughly, the setting of his narrative, and how it is going to begin. My employer likes to know exactly how it is going to end, so that he will not stray into by-paths, but can continue unerringly towards his conclusion. So he dictates a brief synopsis, first of the novel itself, and then of each chapter.

His next step is to enlarge each of these little synopses, bringing in every relevant incident, but not permitting himself any descriptive writing or character drawing. These expanded synopses are next thoroughly revised, each detail being ruthlessly scrutinised, and the whole hacked unmercifully in atrocious hand writing.

When he is satisfied that every piece of his jigsaw puzzle (for that is really what a novel is) is in place, he hands the mutilated work over to me. It is while I am trying to sort out corrections and amendments that I really earn my salary, but I am eventually able to place the complete synopsis before him.

Clothing the Skeleton

Then comes the final part of the job. He has to clothe the skeleton with flesh and blood; in other words, allow his descriptive powers to come into play. We work to regular hours, from nine till one in the morning and from four thirty to seven in the evening, but however well or badly the work is progressing, and

sometimes he is stuck for hours on a piece of difficult dialogue, nothing is allowed to interfere with his meals or his evenings at the theatre. Mostly he dictates at a tremendous speed, puffing the while at his old, blackened briar. He keeps careful record, too, of the "geography" of his story, even drawing quite large maps in order to avoid any error in the movements of his people.

Eventually he is convinced that nothing more that he can do to it will "save the wreck" (to use his own words). Thoroughly decided that he has written a "flop," he loses all interest in it. Proofs have to be corrected, of course, but this is a job that invariably falls to me.

Then one day half a dozen copies arrive from the publisher. And soon the reviews and sales tell us that he has scored another success.

BE TALLER

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Plants that are sacred WHEN PHOTOGRAPHY WAS YOUNG

(Continued from page 74)

Nearly all nations have had at some time a sacred shrub, plant, or tree, and appear to have been guilty of a species of idolatry in worshipping it. It is even conjectured that the adoration of idols sprang from this practice, the idol being made from the wood of the sacred tree.

It was the custom in the South of France to sprinkle wine over the Maypole at the annual ceremony of its uplifting. This, it is believed, was derived from the ancient practice of sprinkling wine over sacred trees. In England there is a mysterious reverence for the oak. It sheltered King Charles among its branches in the day of his adversity, and it has a deeper reverence, which has come down to the British from the ancient Druids.

The mistletoe, from growing upon the oak, partakes of a sacred character. It is considered that Isaiah alludes to this plant, which he makes symbolical of the Messiah. The Christmas tree had its origin in Egypt. It was used long prior to the Christian era, at the time of the winter solstice, as a symbol of the ending of the year.

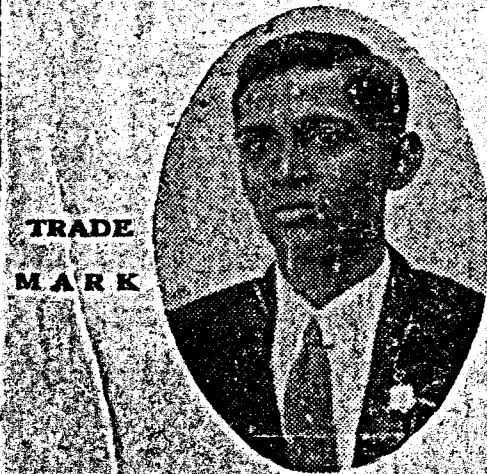
The cedars of Lebanon are held in the greatest veneration. Christ represents himself as a tree: "I am the vine, ye are its branches." Every reader of the Bible will remember the sacred groves. The first temple mentioned therein was the grove which Abraham planted when he settled at Beersheba, and there called on the name of the Lord.

"came the gentleman escorting his sweetheart. He selected the most expensive cases and paid for both pictures. And it was a happy man in those instances that put the maiden's picture into his pocket for he knew there was but one 'counterfeit presentment' of her in existence.

The business grew by leaps and bounds, aided by the California gold rush which required the exchange of daguerreotypes between those who left and those who remained, and latter by the Civil War. The process improved, also, and at the same rate, until it was at length superseded by simpler, better methods. Not very many years after it was introduced in America, however, English, German, and even French daguerreotypers advertised that they took daguerreotypes "by the American process."

The daguerreotype was of course of great historical value. Everyone of importance sat for a portrait, and many scenes and portraits would have been lost to posterity but for the humble daguerreotype.

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Insert 2. (2nd Year) Last posting: 2-3-35.

N-Y	NO	SON-Y	PLUMP
G-Y	LIVELY	STR--T	ROAD
LO-K	SEE	ST---	STALLION
BL-T	STAIN	D---	SMALL VALLEY

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Stolen Smiles

A LONDONER on holiday in a country village was pressed into service one Saturday to play for the local cricket club.

As the visitor had brought no cricketing attire with him, some one lent him a pair of flannels and a multi-coloured blazer.

During the tea interval, two of the opposing side came up to him.

"Excuse me," said one, "but my friend and I have been arguing about you. He says you are a Butterfly, and I say you are a Quidnunc. Now which is right?"

"Well, gents," smiled the borrowed plumes, "you're both wrong. I'm a fishmonger."

Now She Knows-

In the course of his sermon a clergyman illustrated a point by saying, "You know you plant roses in the sunshine, and heliotrope and geraniums, but if you want your fuchsias to grow you must keep them in the shade."

After the service a woman approached him, her face beaming with pleasure.

"Oh, I'm so grateful for that sermon!" she said, clasping his hand and shaking it warmly. His heart glowed with this appreciation of his labours, but it glowed only for a moment. "Yes," she went on, "I never did know before what was the matter with my fuchsias!"

Poetry on Parade.

THE Guards recently received as a recruit a young man of education and culture who had failed to make good in other vocations. On his first day on the parade ground he was utterly exhausted by several hours of marching up and down.

"Stand at ease!" ordered the officer at last.

"How wonderful is death!" muttered the recruit.

The officer turned like a flash.

"Who said that?" he demanded.

The culprit smiled wanly as he replied: "Shelley, I believe, sir."

"Fares, Please!"

A STOUT woman sat in a tramcar beside her husband. Another passenger entered, and the stout woman promptly moved over on top of her husband to make room.

"Dearest, you'll have to pay my fare; I can't reach my pocket," the hidden man gasped.

When the conductor came along, the woman handed him twopence and said: "Two!"

"One, you mean, don't you?" said the conductor.

"Two," repeated the stout woman.

"I can only accept fare for one, madam," replied the conductor. "Your size," he added, gallantly, "makes no difference."

"You insulting—why—I!" she cried. "How dare you—you—insulting—I!"

"But," said the bewildered conductor. "I don't see any other passenger you should wish to pay for."

"She's sitting on him," said a man seated opposite.

"Oh!" said the conductor. "Well, I reckon it isn't that first time."

His Remedy

Two Jews were playing billiards when Isaacs found he could not manipulate his shot owing to the ball being hard against the cushion. He moved it forward an inch, where upon the scandalized Cohen cried, "Oi, you can't do that," and replaced the ball in its original position.

"But I'm going to do it," Isaacs insisted, as he once more advanced the ball so that he could take a better shot at it.

"It's against the rules, I tell you," shouted his enraged companion.

"Vat do I care for rules?" bellowed the offender. "I'm going to play the shot like this, and if you don't like it, you can sue me see!"

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A Peep Into Foreign Affairs

A Grave Problem For Yugoslavian Statesmen

A slogan very often seen and heard in Belgrade since the assassination of King Alexander is "Preserve Yugoslavia," or "We will preserve Yugoslavia." It appears in the papers, is seen as a large sign in many shop windows, and is frequently repeated at public meetings.

The launching of such a slogan by government circles clearly shows the chief task of the new rulers of the country and also reveals a difficult situation.

The passing of a strong ruler in any land would cause grief and sorrow, but in almost no other place would it provoke so much anxiety as to the further existence of the state. However, the loss of the King here has induced the Government itself to proclaim the preservation of Yugoslavia as its chief concern.

The reason for this attitude is that King Alexander had not completed his task of unifying all his subjects. The South Slavs or Yugoslavs have not yet been merged into a single national unit.

The Principal Issue

Yugoslavia contains nearly 14,000,000 persons, made up chiefly of Serbs, Croats and Slovenes. Within the Serbian group are included Macedonians and Montenegrins. There are also Hungarians, Germans, Rumanians and Albanians here, but they do not constitute a fundamental element in the main South Slav problem, which is: how best to regulate the relations among Serbs, Macedonians, Croats and Slovenes. Since the Macedonians are a comparatively small group and differences between the Slovenes and Serbs are not so pronounced, the principal issue may be reduced to the question: how can friendly relations be established between Croats and Serbs? The former demand equal rights in a state organized on a federative basis; the latter seek a unified state, directed from the chief Serbian city, Belgrade.

There are two ways of looking at this South Slav problem. The Serbian and Belgrade point of view is that the various racial groups making up the population of the kingdom do not differ from one another so much as South Germans from North Germans, as South Italians from North Italians or as the French of the Pyrenees from the French of Brittany. Yet, in the course of time the German, the French and the Italian peoples have become distinct nations. Similarly, the Serbs assert, King Alexander was converting the South Slav groups into a united people.

The Serbs admit that this is not an easy process, but they consider it a necessary one, and maintain that under King Alexander all the racial groups were

making mutual sacrifices for the sake of unity—the Serbs along with the rest.

Coerced Unity Resented

The other groups, however, and especially the Croats, have a completely different point of view. They say Yugoslavia must be a federation, as Switzerland or the United States or, at least, to as large an extent as Austria-Hungary was. They reject coercive unification and are opposed to giving up their historical and ethnical characteristics.

And this is a very vital issue, for it is not easy to coerce as large a national group as the Croats, who are nearly 4,000,000 in number. One must remember that the Slavs who contributed so largely to the overthrow of the Hapsburg Empire formed a much smaller proportion of the population of that state than the Croats do of Yugoslavia. The Slav problem hung very heavily over Franz Joseph's kingdom for many years. Long before the World War, it became evident to most observers and to the Emperor himself that this problem would have to be solved. The Czechs, the Austro-Hungarian Serbs, the Croats and the Slovenes were constantly pressing for a solution. And because none was offered, an appeal to force was finally made.

It is to be remembered also that for decades Vienna tried to rule the Hungarians by force, but failed, and at last had to grant Hungary self-government. Then as the tide of nationalism grew, the Czechs, Croats and Serbs demanded similar concessions. It was this conflict that finally brought about a collapse of the empire.

Is There a Middle Way?

This problem of nationality is probably the most difficult with which statesmen have to deal. Just now it is the most explosive of all social forces and one cannot but deeply sympathize with the rulers at Belgrade as they face this issue. It is not easy to set up a federal government. The trend in Europe now is in the opposite direction. Yugoslavia needs a strong, stable, easily directed state organization, which might mean centralization, such as King Alexander set up. But it also needs loyal, contented, devoted citizens and for that reason some sort of decentralization would seem to be required.

The new rulers may well hesitate to release the tight reins which for six years Belgrade has held over the whole of Yugoslavia. That might lead to a partial disintegration of authority. Yet they can hardly hope for Croatian support unless they make some concessions.

Can the Yugoslavian statesmen find a middle way? —Christian Science Monitor.

THE NEATEST CITY IN THE WORLD

The Proud Position of Geneva

It is hard to picture Geneva without the League, for to everybody in every land who reads the newspapers, Geneva and the League are synonymous terms. Yet there was, only fifteen years ago, a Geneva without a League; and it was not altogether certain that the League would take up its abode here. Brussels, The Hague, and Vienna were proposed as headquarters of the League.

Still, Geneva was clearly the most suitable spot, not only because of its convenient geographical position, nor even because of the neutrality of Switzerland, but also because it had long been recognized as the center of international affairs. If Geneva has not always had the League, it has, in modern times, always had the nucleus of the League, writes Sisley Huddleston, in the "Christian Science Monitor."

Of all the cities I have seen—and I have travelled widely—Geneva is the neatest, the cleanest, the sweetest. It really looks like a picture post card. The blue lake, with its white swans sailing majestically, and its steamers and sailboats ruffling the waters, runs through the heart of the city. The houses, seen from the quays, seem to nestle at the foot of the green hills. But those green hills are backed by magnificent mountains which stand up, rock-ribbed and snowtopped, thrusting their peaks into the clouds.

Excellent roads invite excursions. I watch them from my window, citizens setting off at the week-end—an uninterrupted procession, hikers with their knapsacks and alpenstocks, bikers with their baskets, or motorists with provisions in the back seat, on their way to the countryside or en route for the difficult summits. There is nothing more charming than this Swiss landscape, infinitely varied, always changing in perspective, perpetually affording unexpected glimpses as a corner is reached. And the air is full of the sound of bells. Bells near and bells far, bells slow and bells fast, bells rhythmic and bells cacophonous. The cattle which carry them are probably hidden on a higher level. But surely the most characteristic sound on a Swiss journey is the clangor of the cowbells.

From Geneva, however, you can scarcely go far in any direction without finding yourself in France. Since it is at the end of the lake, and the French frontier comes up to the lake on one side and nearly up to the lake on the other, it is necessary to enter French territory. The authorities are, on the whole, unusually reasonable. There have been, it is true, interminable legal disputes between France and Switzerland about what are called the "free zones." But the ordinary

person is satisfied to know that he can, on his walks abroad, pass the customs officers with a nod. He is not obliged to carry passport in his pocket whenever he takes a stroll.

Though the work of the League, so far as the public is concerned, is seasonal, and they hear of it only when there are public meetings, it does in fact operate all the year round. The officials of the League and of the Labor Office are busy preparing for other meetings—which means the collection of information, the compiling of statistics, the drawing up of documents—and giving practical form to the resolutions already adopted, and this occasions endless correspondence among sixty nations. The routine labours of the League are not often regarded, but the League owes most of its utility not to the speeches made in public, but to the quiet, conscientious and intelligent secretarial work which is done when, in the eyes of the public, the League is not in being. It is perhaps then most in being.

Nevertheless the newspaper correspondents who remain in Geneva between sessions—and their number appears to be growing, for the task is highly specialized—are somewhat despondent. They go to the League Palace two and three and four times a day, in the hope of news; and there is nothing. But they know, from ironic experience, that if they stay away one day they may miss something of great importance. So they gather, at appointed hours, in the Secretariat, and they wander up and down the Salle des Conversations. They bring whatever animation there is to this section of the building. Yet it is a poor animation compared with the lively days when delegates and experts and secretaries are going into and coming out of committee meetings and plenary assemblies. Then there is gossip galore, grave discussion, wild speculation, excited comment, and correspondents sit down to their typewriters to dash off "pieces." In between, the correspondents are left to talk among themselves, except when officials pass that way, and, though it must not be thought they find each other's company unentertaining, they would prefer the bustling tight-packed days, on which diplomatists and statesmen are called on to stand and deliver on the broad highway of the Salle.

SOPHIE IN SOCIETY

(Continued from page 92)

the programme by playing their regimental march "My Blue-eyed Baby." These martial airs always give me a lump in my throat.

I dropped into "Auntie's" for supper and found the Raja of Knickerpore entertaining a merry party, among whom I noticed Sir B. Randy and S. Oder: the latter is a brother of Sir C. Oder-Lady Simpkin, the beautiful Rani of Kutch Nahin, Count Martini-who was mixing countless cocktails—was very attentive to May Den, the youngest daughter of Mrs. Harry Den. Her daughter Sue Den was enjoying a joke with the adorable Major Gotofar. The Major is a great pigsticker and is said to be a bit of a thruster and very handy with his spear. The girls call him "Bunny" on account of his hugging proclivities.

The major's aunt, Lady Burramen, is noted for her jolly house parties. I was staying with her last year when she had a small party of the most select people at her place in Kashmir. Among them was Lady Shikara who is passionately enamoured of yachting and is always to be seen on the water: her brother, Lord Lotus, spent quite a lot of time bathing in the Dal Lake and was very popular with the fair members of the party. The beautiful Miss Doonga is almost as keen as Lady Shikara on nautical matters and was frequently to be seen sailing by herself on the lakes and rivers, poor girl.

I remember we spent a very pleasant afternoon with the Maharani of Nasim Bagh. The superbly lovely

Maharani has a passion for flowers in which she resembles her sister the distressingly beautiful Maharani Shalimar.

The Rajah Shikar was a frequent visitor at Lady Burramen's. Like his son, the Rajah Bahadur Machli Shikar, he is a keen sportsman and was often to be seen on the river bank with rod and mulberry. I believe he has a record bag of Sardines to his credit. His daughter the Rani Dalgate, whose appalling beauty is notorious, has artistic tastes and can do wonders with a lipstick.

The church was sometimes represented at these parties by the Bishop of Baramulla whose opinions on the questions of the day always commanded attention. His views on child marriage, plurality of wives, the spacing of children etc., always excited the keenest interest. Baroness Nochild generally took part in these discussions. The Baroness is known to favour the Malthusian doctrine.

The delicious Lady Mango (a cousin of Sir E. Knoxe) who shares a partiality for fruit with the Hon. Peachem Guava, was quite in her element, as Lady Burramen's parties are well known to be fruity.

The little head is feeling weary so no more this week.

Always thine

SOPHIE.

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Are shining well but all greasy—
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Is found through out the J.P.C.
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The newer bride though charming be:
Then voters straight choose elector:—
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Is flirting with this Grace loopy—
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Revels rapt at the J.P.C.
- (6) A kingdom hunting Agha Khan
Is blinking winking uneasy:
His love of India is not so gone
To a blind dose of the J.P.C.
- (7) That Gandhi, bony, naked, head
Denies his vision for its 'See'—
'The Kernel's gone but husk instead!'
His summum bonum of the J.P.C.
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At Assembly seats tho' unworthy,
Plan to mend or mar that Ride
Of the laughed at March of the J.P.C.
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| 1. | R O S | LOVELY FLOWER |
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Rules:—M.O. receipts should be affixed to the entries. Prize amounts will vary with the No. of entries, other rules as usual. Rs. 600 for all-correct solution. Rs. 300 for the runners-up. Two prizes of Rs. 50 each (one for lady) for two correct entries received before 20-2-35. Ties will equally be divided.

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SMIRK — TRUCK — FLUSH — SHOUT — BLUFF — FLAKE

All-correct and one error should apply by 15-2-35.

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SOPHIE IN SOCIETY

(By Mea)

DEAREST

Those of us who are in the swim are having a perfectly hectic time and the little liver is being strained to its limit. Cocktails to keep one going till the weary little body is tucked between the sheets, and cocktails to revive one in the morning. "Oh, what a life!" as the Queen of Spain is said to have remarked on some famous occasion.

Dined last night at the Khansamabad hotel. All the best people were there. Met the Khan of Killum, an Afridi noble, who invited me to spend a week-end at his country seat in Tirah for some big game shooting.

I think I was rather a success. I was wearing my crushed cucumber frock over a Bustos brassiere.

I noticed poor old General Climer was eating with difficulty; they say he is suffering from a sore tongue, a complaint that appears to be prevalent in the official set.

Lady Alback was looking too divinely sweet in one of those frocks that only begin behind when you get below the waist. They make you feel either hot or cold when you see them, according to your sex. She is, of course, the mother of that ravishing girl Enid (Mannie to most of us) whose engagement to young Oofpot should be announced shortly, unless it happens to be Colonel Sir Dyrtye Kyful who is also in the running.

Oofpot, of course, is on His Excellency's staff and they say he's worth lakhs. It remains to be seen whether the dubs or the joy of being Lady Dyrtye will be the greater attraction.

Sir Dyrtye is a great racing man and his horse, Cruked, is well known on the turf.

Sir A. B. Domen was dining with his great friend Lord Titenitely, the latter has an interest in Maderia. They were joined later by Sir E. Knose who owns a large fruit farm.

One of the smartest women I noticed was Lady de Crenici whose former husband Sir Ali Bye, was one of Lady Bust's party. Lady Bust as you know, has a marvellous Victorian figure, they say she was an artist's model before the straight line came in. Her daughter, Seelena, has naturally adopted the modern figure.

Sir C. Garr seemed to be enjoying himself and I believe suggested all sorts of wild schemes which all ended in smoke. I saw him talking to Lady Order and her terribly lovely daughter Millicent. Sir C. Oder comes of a very old nautical family. A peculiarity of the Oder family is their habit of humming, especially if kept waiting. Their daughter Violet is very well known.

Ann Kru Shen, the Chinese dancer, was full of vitality. She and Tie Garr (Sir C. Garr's monstrously beautiful daughter) were having a great time. I hear Tie Garr has been having the time of her life in Bengal. I heard her say it was simply killing.

The Japanese attache, C. Askara was in great demand and seemed very popular.

Those distractingly fair girls Sue Bedar and Kit Megar were dining with the Khan of Samia who is a bit of an epicure. The Khan's delightful place, Bawachikana, is known to most of us. The Khan has travelled a good deal and has a fine collection of curios including some fine old bottles from Worcester.

The band of the Jollyband Regiment played during the evening, and we were all thrilled when they ended

(Continued on page 90)

PET'S FIGHT TO SAVE LIFE OF HIS MISTRESS

(Continued from page 82)

the tree, the while fighting the writhing body with his free hand and legs to avoid being encircled. In two minutes the head of the cobra was a pulp.

Mad with Rage

The cobra strikes with great force, so great that he cannot cut short but must complete the stroke. Consequently, when he misses, his head comes to earth with a violent smack which partially dazes him for a few seconds and hurts his mouth.

I once watched a friend put this to the proof. He tempted a cobra to strike by putting forward his foot and drawing it back whenever the snake struck. He kept on getting the cobra to strike and strike again. Each miss meant a hurt to its mouth.

Soon the cobra was mad with rage, and began striking out in a blind fury.

At last, unable to bear his agonies any longer, he viciously drove his fangs into his own body. In ten minutes he was dead—killed by his own poison!

BETWEEN OURSELVES

THE SPECIAL NUMBER.

There will be some delay in the publication of the special number—as will be seen from an announcement elsewhere—and copies will be posted to readers who have sent in their 4 as when the special number is ready. Meanwhile those who have not ordered for it are requested to do so at once and have their names registered by sending As. 4 either as stamps or M. O. or cash—but not as foreign stamps.

"PRATHAPA VIKATAN."

Owing to certain difficulties the publication of our Tamil monthly is temporarily suspended. Subscribers and others interested in it are requested to look forward to a further announcement about this.

"SORRY, PLEASE"

The story "Tips to Tutorial Colleges" which appeared in the January number of the TATLER is entirely fictitious and no offence or disparagement of any Tutorial Institution or tutorial system has been meant thereby. In fact I firmly admire the courage with which the pioneers in this field are working and I am of opinion that when conducted or proper lines they would become the best asset to India. Tutorial Institutions deserve the support of one and all and I hope readers will do their best to make them more popular.

THANKS!

I have received a few pills of Cascholax prepared by the New Era Trading Coy. of Palghat. As a laxative it is very effective and it is also palatable to eat. Obtainable of all chemists, its price is very reasonable and within the reach of one and all. Those who feel taking purgative as a botheration and who vomit at the mere thought of the ordeal, will do well to go in for these pills, which, besides acting as laxatives, also remove constipation.

I have also received three new magazines which I am sure, will find good support by the public.

"The Competition" published at Dakor contains several interesting items of news and bits and is a good paper for an idle hour. The cover is seductive and I congratulate the printers for their excellent production and the publishers for their choice selection.

(Continued on page 97)

The new feature—"Puzzles Made Easy"—has attracted the attention of several of my readers and I am very glad to note that they are following the tips given in these pages with keen interest. It is my desire to cover up all publications, but I am handicapped just because the TATLER is a monthly. Of course this can be remedied by issuing it more frequently, but there are several practical difficulties which must be first surmounted. I am trying my utmost to get over these and only then will it be possible to cover up the puzzles of all publications.

While at this, I take the opportunity of thanking those of my readers who have made the same suggestion. I will grab the first opportunity and try to satisfy them.

Some of my readers have written to me letters requesting me to send solutions for the various puzzles in dividually, but I regret my inability to comply with their request.

One or two of my readers have sent in newspaper cuttings of puzzles—but I wish that whenever any of you send such a cutting, you would please see that the closing date for the same is after the tenth of that month. Also kindly enclose a covering letter mentioning the name of the publication with address, the name of the puzzle and the closing date.

REFORMATIONS!

Among the letters I received this month was one by a "Regular Reader", who has sent in a cutting of a puzzle appearing in the TATLER with the request I solve it also.

I appreciate the joke, but it has also set me a thinking. People living in glass houses must not throw stones at others. Since I myself publish puzzles it is not right on my part to solve the puzzles appearing in other publications—unless I include the probable solutions for the puzzle appearing in the TATLER as well. In case I do not propose to do so, it is but right that I give up the puzzles completely. Accordingly I propose to stop publication of puzzles. But this is only an experiment. And if the readers request me to recommence it I may do so.

Since with the stoppage of puzzles the TATLER must sell for what it is really worth—for the matter and not for puzzles or minor inducements—the lucky number scheme is also suspended. In fact I have been forced to stop it off and on in the near past and as such I do not think that readers will mind this very much.

OUR UNTAMED POETS

Napoleon
When Boney was a little boy
He would eat his gruel,
And used to punch his Nanna in
The apron something cruel.
He'd kick and fight
With all his might,
And shed whole lots of tears,
And nearly died when mother tried
To wash behind his ears
In point of fact, he carried on
Like other children did
And was a very
Ordinary
Sort of little kid.
When he grew up to man's estate
And sought an occupation
He joined the army and ere long
Had walloped half creation.
His reputation every where,
It was a most unholy oge
And little children used to cry
At mention of Napoleon.
But presently there came a day
When he was badly beaten,

And Bonaparte
Got in the cart
On the playing fields of Eton
Telephone Trials
Since virtue is its own reward,
We should be quite content
To take our share of trouble as
A rightful punishment.
But though I do my best and seldom
Stray from virtue's path,
Why does the telephone always ring
When I am in my bath?
A Train Tragedy
The doors were slammed, the whistle blew,
She sank into her seat;
The youth, with face of pallid hue,
Sprang madly to his feet.
He gazed at her with frenzied eyes,
He mopped a heated brow,
Upon her face perplexed surprise
Had changed to terror now.
This madman might demand a kiss,
Half-dazed with fright she sat.
At last he stuttered, "Scuse me, miss,
You're sitting on my hat!"
—F. W. Thomas in Tit-Bits

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THE TATLER OF INDIA

BORN IN AN INK WELL

Those animated little comedians of the films, led by Mickey Mouse, whose existence depends on the wielding of pen and ink, form to one of the most complicated phases of the film industry.

One of the first cartoon reels in which the characters were given the appearance of chatting, singing, dancing, and playing instruments, was Aesop's Fables, but with the introduction of sound the difficulties of production have been greatly increased.

Fifteen or so expert "animation" sketch the cartoon on tracing paper, but before the actors come out of the ink-bottle days of preparation and sessions with the musical director and the "song and dance man" are necessary. Scenes, actions, and titles are put into proper continuity, and the scenario is ready for the artists.

Thousands of "Turns"

Backgrounds are the first pictures to be drawn. When these have been completed the artists set to work animating the various scenes, each working with a sheet of music before him. This means that thousands of drawings must be made for each release so

that a lifelike effect is obtained when the drawings are shown on the screen consecutively and in rapid succession.

Each animator is assigned a series of scenes and his drawings are made on tissue paper. As he places a new paper over each completed sketch, the artist traces the previous drawing but moves the arm, or leg, or head to give the action of the character. This means that each drawing of the character is made in an entirely different position.

After all the drawings have been completed they are handed over to "tracers," who transfer the drawings from the tissue to celluloids, or "cells," as they are known. The tracers then fill in the "blacks" or bodies, using water-colours, so that after the cells have been photographed they may be washed and used again. The completed drawings are numbered by the supervising artist and the number of photographic exposures necessary to register the desired action is made.

Under the Camera's Eye

The ordinary motion-picture camera takes sixteen pictures or "frames" per second, but the cameras

(Continued of page 98)

THE M.L.S. COMPETITION No. 3

A Minimum of Rs. 50 Guaranteed to Each All Correct Entry.

Entrance fee Rs. 1 for 1st and 0-8-0 for each next entry.

1ST PRIZE RS. 1000.

2ND PRIZE RS. 500.

No.	Words.	Meanings.	No.	Words.	Meanings.
1	A --	a unit of sq. measure	6	-- A -- E	Domesticated
2	L --	To rest	7	-- NAR --	To growl
3	-- ND --	Clothe with	8	-- OR -- IA	A heroine
4	CON --	To associate	9	A -- -- X	To subjoin
5	-- O -- D	That which binds	10	-- -- -- LET	A little ring

The letters, missing in places of dashes in the 10 words to be solved. Entries on white paper will be accepted. 1st prize is or the all correct entry which must

agree with the manager's sealed one; and the 2nd prize for the entry with one error. In case of ties, prizes are equally divided. Each entry is allowed to qualify itself for a share of the prizes. Prizes vary in proportion to entries less 25% for expenses and subject to the minimum above guaranteed. Manager's decision is final and an express condition of entry. Results will be sent only to those sending four 1/4 anna stamps.

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2. One coupon entitles one only to four of the following titles at this concession rate.
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4. Readers are requested to give a wide choice of titles so that in case a particular title is not available it may be possible for us to substitute some other equally interesting title.
5. Books will be sent only in minimum sets of four so that non-fansil readers must send Rs. 14 towards the cost of the four books.
6. Books will be sent at the cost of the readers and non-fansil readers are requested to include Five Annas as the book post charges for books. If they want them to be sent per registered post another three annas must be included.
7. While every care will be taken in the despatch of the books, we do not hold ourselves responsible for loss in transit. It will be presumed that they are sent at the risk of the readers.
8. Madras readers can obtain these books at the concession rate of Fourteen annas for four, direct from the office.
9. Books will be sent only in minimum sets of four but in a case reader wants more he can include the remittance for any number of sets—Only each set of four must have a separate coupon.
10. Address all your entries and money orders to EDITOR (books) TATLER OF INDIA, Makernallamuthu street, G. T. Madras.
11. This offer closes on 25th February '35 (Names of Books Printed on Page 64).