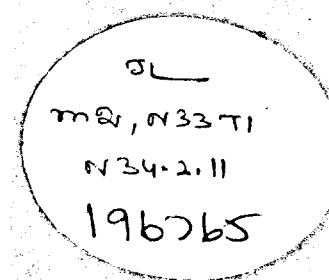


Takler & Indira,

V2 no. 11. June 1935





Vol. 2, No. 11.

TWO ANNAS

JUNE '35

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Triplicane, 17-5-35.

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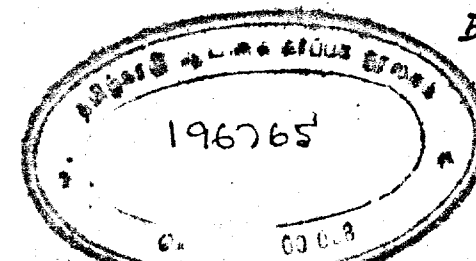
JUNE 1935.

No. 11



Doctor.—"Did you deliver the medicine to Old Kamala last night?"

Boy.—"Yes, sir; and I'm sure she took it; 'cos this morning she died."



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PUZZLES MADE EASY

Illustrated Weekly of India

Commonsense Crosswords Nos. 17, 18 & 19

"Give or Take" "Countries & Continents"
"Butterfly Middles"

Illustrated Weekly

Commonsense Crosswords No. 17

Solutions Across: 1. Kaleidoscope 7. Near.
8. Era 10. Star, *Stir*. 11. Cad 14. Kneel.
15. Acetic 17. Idle 11. PM 19. Sleuths 21. *Laws*
Lawn 25. Aliens 28. Hat 29. Death. 30. Beat,
Beet, Bent, Deft, Dent, Felt, Fent, *Gelt*, Heft, *Kept*
Left, *Lent*, Reft, Sent. 31. Edna 32. Lea 33. *Sons*,
Sins 34. *Boots*, Bolts, Boats.

Down: 1. *Knock*, Knack 2. *Lauded*, Landed,
Larded. 3. Set 4. Craze, Crase, *Crime*. 5. Oar 6. Eye,
Eve. 9. *Files*, Wiles 10. Share, Shame, Stake, Snake,
Slate. 12. Animal. 13. Lies, Fibs, *Pies*, Oils, Bits,
Airs, Dibs, Figs, Gins, Hips, Kids, Nibs, Nits, Pips,
Rigs, Ribs, Rips, *Tips*. 16. *Couch*. 18. Plants. *Planks*
Planes 20. Hotels. 22. Widen. 23. *Needs*, seeds.
24. Petal, Metal. 26. Non. 27. Stab.

Comments

ACROSS: 10. Clue: "Playwright's works often makes." The possible solutions are STAR and STIR.

Star: The chief actor or actress in a dramatic company; to attract attention.

Stir: To move; to draw notice.

Both solutions go in here very well but my choice is for STIR.

21. Clue: "Should always be laid with great care." The possible solutions are LAWS and LAWN. Of course the laws of a country should always be laid with great care, whereas it is not necessary or imperative that a lawn should be laid with great care.

30. Clue: "In the course of use many coins are this." The possible solutions are BEAT, BEET, BENT, DEFT, DENT, FELT, FENT, GELT, HEFT, KEPT, LEFT, LENT, REFT, SENT.

BEAT: To break or bruise. Of course some coins break or become bruised, but it is only a negligible percentage that become so and this solution may be omitted.

BEET or BETE—to improve. From the fact that for the last century coins are not improved, though they are changed, this solution may also be omitted.

BENT—the coins that are generally minted are invariably strong and do not become bent.

DEFT—handy. Though coins are handy, they are not said to be deft and as such omit this also.

DENT—To make a mark by means of a blow. Not a good solution.

FELT—Past participle of FEEL. Not a bad solution.

FENT—"A slit, crack." May be discarded.

GELT—Past participle of GELD. Worth while following this solution.

HEFT—Obsolete form of heaved. Of course several rupees are heaved from the fingers, especially in India, while being tried. Another meaning of the word is 'attach.' Of course several coins become attached, but in this sense the word is not applicable.

KEPT—This is the best solution and is most applicable in India.

LEFT—Discarded. Also past participle of 'leave.' But very few people leave coins in the course of use and even if they are left they are taken up and used by others. Not worth while using this solution.

LENT—This is one of the best solutions.

REFT—Past participle of *Reave* which means 'to take away by violence.' But very few coins are taken away by violence in these days.

SENT—Of course many coins are sent to various places in course of use, but I think this solution may be omitted.

Of all these possible solutions only GELT, FELT, HEFT, LENT and KEPT need be considered. But we can boil down even these alternative solutions to GELT, HEFT, LENT and KEPT. If coins are kept they cease to be in use and as such omit KEPT. In course of use coins may be come brighter—but not bright enough to be called as gilded. As such discard GELT as well. You can use the other two, but prefer LENT please.

33. SONS and SINS are frequently the cause of many adults' anxieties. It is very difficult to say which is the better solution here. SONS are certainly the cause of many adults' grave anxiety, but an adult need not necessarily be a father—and even if he be a father, he need not be the father of a boy. Birth rates of various countries show that there are a greater number of girls born every year than sons. But what about the solution SINS? It certainly does not have a better claim. In these days very few people give much thought to their SINS—and if at all they evince any anxiety it is

only in their death beds or when they hear their preachers. But their anxiety does not deserve to be called either frequent or grave. I would certainly prefer SONS as a better solution, but here it is a question of personal opinion.

34. People neglect to fasten securely BOLTS, BQOTS and BOATS. Of these three the best solution is BOOTS. BOATS are let adrift only rarely. And generally people take care to fasten their BOLTS carefully as otherwise their loss would be great. But BOOTS, well, it is neither dangerous, nor rare.

DOWN: 1. Cricketer's KNOCK and KNACK often display great skill. But KNACK means a nice trick and tricks always display great skill. Better use the solution KNOCK.

2. Rich bachelors are frequently LAUDED (or LANDED or IARDED) by match-making mothers of daughters. LAUDED means praised. LANDED means caught by a trick, as a fish which is brought to land by a bait. LARDED means mixed with anything. Of all these three solutions LAUDED is the best.

4. Some film stars have inspired CRIME. Others have inspired CRAZE or CRASE which is an obsolete form of CRAZE. From the fact that films are elaborately censored and the great move to reform them, I would select CRIME as the best solution.

5. Dress materials are designed to please the EYE as well as EVE. Of course ALL dress materials are designed to please the EYE and this is the better solution. Yet I would prefer EVE.

10. This clue makes you aware you have put your feet in it is capable of a wide range of solutions—and most of them are such that they leave you in doubt as to which to select and which not to.

SKATE makes you easily aware you've put your feet in it. But you put both your feet and not merely a foot in a SKATE. So this solution may be discarded.

SNARE makes you aware you've put your feet in it or rather that you have walked into it. Yet this also may be discarded as you cannot always say that you are caught in a snare although you might have walked into it. It invariably takes some time to realise that one is caught in a SNARE.

SHARE of the proceeds of a business usually makes you realise that you've put your foot in it and that you are responsible for profits as well as loss in as much as you have had a share of the profits. A good solution—but not good enough to take a risk of losing Rs. 10,000.

SHAME makes you realise you've put your feet in a dirty game and that you will have to suffer the consequences. But this is not a good solution.

STAKE—a strong stick pointed at one end but; stakes are invariably stuck in the ground and remain perpendicular so that you cannot put your foot in them.

SNAKE—Of course snakes have an uncanny way of making you realise you have put your foot on them—but you invariably put your foot on SNAKES and not in them. So omit this also.

The next solution is SLATE. Certainly this is one of the best solutions—perhaps the best.

13. Here is another clue which is also capable of a wide variety of solutions.

Some LIES are difficult to swallow and it is a good solution. So are FIBS.

Some PIES are still more difficult to swallow—especially those prepared by modern wives and if the jokes about Christmas pies as well as those prepared in hotels can be given credence to, this is a better solution still.

OILS are difficult to swallow sometimes—especially if they be of the castor oil variety and this also goes in very well.

BITS—the horse always finds them too difficult to swallow and as such may be omitted.

AIRS—you generally breathe or inhale air and this alternative also need not be considered.

DIBS—one of the small bones of a leg of a sheep. I think this should be always difficult to swallow. But I am a non-vegetarian please.

FIGS—another good alternative.

GINS—this is one of the best solutions one can think of.

HIPS—the fruits of the wild brier or dog rose. This is sometimes eaten and as such has as good a claim as FIGS.

KIDS—deceptions (slang) and may given serious consideration if you think LIES and FIBS are good solutions.

NIBS—the Bills of birds—and they should always be difficult to swallow.

NITS—Eggs of small insects—not a good solution.

PIPS—seeds of fruits—difficult to swallow if they are big.

RIGS—Tricks—as good as FIBS, LIES etc.

RIBS—Hound's tongues. But dogs are not eaten.

RIPS—grains not thrashed. They are not eaten.

TIPS—Private informations about horse racing, stock speculations, etc. Certainly they are difficult to swallow.

16. Both COUCH and COUGH become wearisome to invalids. But all invalids do not get cough and it is only the COUCH that becomes wearisome—especially after some time. The better and perhaps the only good solution is COUCH.

18. PLANTS are not always seen in neat formation, though they are often seen to be in neat array. PLANKS are often seen in neat formation. PLANES are always neat but we do not often see a number of them to justify the description, 'neat formation.' The better solutions are PLANTS and PLANKS and preference may be given to PLANKS, though you must remember that PLANTS have equal claim.

23. The possible solutions are SEEDS and NEEDS. The better solution is NEEDS as your needs grow by additional care.

27. PETAL and METAL are intensified in brightness by the sun. Better the word METAL though PETAL also goes in very well.

Commonsense Crosswords No. 18

Solutions Across: 1. Progress 2. Bed, *Bid*, 4. *Shine*, Whine 8. *Riv*, Wig (Gig, Pig.) 10. Een 11. Was 13. Eel 14. Range 16. Hints, *Hints* 18. Bones, Bonds 21. Fraud 24. *Faster*, Fatter 25. Or. 26. Act, Ace (Age) 28. Skins, Shins. 29. Me 30. Rap 31. Hint 33. *Cop*, *Mop*, pop, lop 34. Eking 35. *Cures*, Curls, (Burns hurts.)

Solutions Down: 1. *Power*, Poser, 3. *Dull*, *Dual*, Duel 5. *Heaps*, Heats 6. Inn 7. Ewe 9. Gets 12. Shouting. 15. Gaff 17. Indent 18. Basking, *Bathing* 19. *Wires*, Wares, Worms, Wards 20. *Tzars*, Tsars. 22. Rash 23. Tom 27. *Cane*, Cave, *Care*, Cafe, Cage, Case 32 For.

Comments

ACROSS 2. Sometimes *Bids* are made for stocks—especially in auctions. Sometimes BEDS are also made for keeping them. Of the two solutions *Bids* seems more preferable.

4. After many failures a trier may succeed and *Shine*, but invariably people *Whine*. Though both go in very well *Shine* is the better.

8. The word often denotes the possibility of some doubt. Whereas a *Wig* always denotes the calling or work of the wearer, a *rig* or dress does that only very frequently. *Rigs* appeals to me better. The other solutions do not appeal to me.

16. Some *hills* are difficult to grasp and so are *hints*. Both have equal claim, but left to select only one of the two words, I would go in for *Hints*.

18. If BONDS are broken it means suffering for somebody, but if BONES are broken, it means suffering for the owner. The word somebody is indefinite and as such BONDS is a better solution.

24. Through their diet some athletes become *faster* and some *fatter*. But fatness is a disadvantage to athletes and they seldom diet to become fatter. As such select *faster* please.

26. A clever conjurer successfully mystifies us with his *aces*, but all conjuring tricks need not be done with playing cards. As such ACTS is a better word, but I am of opinion that in all probability ACE should be the compiler's solution. *Age* is weak.

28. SHINS and SKINS are often injured in rough field games. Select either of the two. Both go in very well.

33. A *cop* is slang for a constable and he is often used in cleaning slums and shady places. This is the best solution.

A *mop* is a special instrument employed for cleaning floors, windows and the like. This is also a very good solution.

LOP is to cut off and marauders of ancient days usually lopped off people. Though this may not be a clean up, this has been included as a possible solution.

POP is to dart. When there is a clean up, especially of dens of vice, the inmates invariably dart out. As such this solution also goes in, though it is not quite good.

35. Permanent CURES are nowadays produced by electricity—whereas I am not competent to say

whether permanent CURLS are produced. And so my preference is for *cures*, but you had better make your own selection.

DOWN

1. A POSER is generally *solved*, not overcome, whereas Power is overcome sometimes. The better solution is *Power*.

3. An actor's work becomes doubly difficult if his part is DULL. But that cannot be said of *Duel*. In a *duel* the winner is already decided by the producer and the actor seldom meets with any difficulty. As for *Dual*, this is the best of the three.

5. Rubbish is always put into *heaps* and is sometimes put in *Heats* or exposure to intense heat. *Heats* is of course the better solution, but it does not mean that *heaps* may be neglected.

18. *Bathing* is more enjoyable in the sunshine—especially bathing in cold water. But *Basking* is not—at least not in tropical countries. Better the word BATHING.

19. Both WORMS, WIRES and WARDS have equal claim. Select WARES please.

20. TSAR, according to Chamber's Dictionary, is a better form of Czar, but I am not sure whether it is better than TZAR.

27. Good hiding may be provided by a CAVE, or CAGE or CAFE or CASE. Of these *Cave* is the best hiding place. But what about CARE? Unless you are careful, however good your place of hiding, it will be of no use. The best of these is CAVE.

But what about CANE? To give a hiding is to beat soundly. Can you give a better hiding than with a CANE? This is one of the best solutions.

My Magazine

"BUTTER-FLY" MIDDLES
Closing Date 17-6-35

1. CAT
2. *Pad*: a fox's foot generally.
Pud: A paw, fist, hand.
3. *FAN*: A broad flat instrument used by ladies to cool themselves.
Fin: A blade-like organ of fish.
4. *Wag*: a man full of sport and humour.
5. *Dan*: a title of honour equivalent to Sir or Mr.
Don: Spanish title corresponding to English Sir.
6. *Jab*: To poke, stab
Job: a sudden stroke or stab.
7. *Use*: Practice.
Ure: Practice, operation.
8. *Kea*: A New Zealand parrot.

Continued on pages 267 and 268.

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Missing Letters 41.

- | | |
|----------|------------------------|
| 1. BAB— | Child |
| 2. CLEA— | Pure |
| 3. PL—T | Make Plan |
| 4. TI—E | Season |
| 5. W—LL | Desire |
| 6. Y—LK | Yellow part of an Egg. |

Ref:—Chamber's XXth Century Dictionary.

Rules:—Entrance fee As. 8 for the first entry and As. 4 for each subsequent entry. Prize Rs. 300 for all correct and Rs. 150 for one error solution. A special prize of Rs. 25 for the competitor who sends largest number of entries. Other rules as usual. Enclose 9 pie stamps for results.

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BETWEEN OURSELVES

I told you last month that in order to meet the demands of those who take part in competitions I would bring out a special Supplement in the middle of June. Several readers have already sent in their annas being the cost of the same. Those who want this special mid-June issue are requested to kindly send one anna in stamps. Copies of this special issue will be posted between the 20th and 25th, according to the closing dates of the various puzzles that will be solved in that special number.

One more word about this special one anna supplement. Last month I wrote that copies would not be sent to those who send stamps after the date of publication. That will not apply with this mid-June number. You can get it whenever you want. But remember that copies of this supplement will be posted only every Wednesday and Saturday.

Tatler Fortnightly.

I hinted that it was my desire to issue the TATLER twice a month from July. The next issue marks the completion of the second year, and all going well, there will be two issues in July. But as it is a big venture and I have not had sufficient time to think over it, please await a definite announcement in the July number please.

Tatler Annual.

These are ready and will be posted to those who had sent in stamps for the same immediately after certain technicalities are gone through.

An Old Reader.

One of my subscribers, in fact my very first subscriber, complains that I am devoting a good deal of space to the new feature—Puzzles Made Easy—and wants me to separate the same from the regular reading matter. I

A Mid-June Issue

Out on 23-6-35

There will be another 8 page Supplement published on the 22nd instant. It cannot be had of news agents. Those who want it must send One Anna Indian Stamps.

One Anna A Copy

Cross Word No. 15.

There were some obvious errors in the solutions for crossword No. 15 published in the May number. The puzzle was solved in a hurry and so I could not do it thoroughly as I liked to. And in the hurry I forgot to mention that the puzzle had not been scrutinized carefully enough. In future, whenever I don't have time enough to scrutinize a particular puzzle, I would mention that fact and it is advisable for readers to put in their heads and do the needful.

will remember this and try to issue an extra number of pages in future for "Puzzles Made Easy."

In conclusion, dear patrons and friends, please do not forget to look forward to announcement about the conversion of the TATLER into a fortnightly in the next number. And also remember that there will be a Special mid-June supplement—which will not be supplied to newsagents, and for which you will have to send one anna worth of stamps if at all you need the same.

—Editor.

News Items Illustrated



"Some evening gowns will be trimmed with pheasant feathers this season." They will make the new dances still more ticklish.



"Where does the man in the street stand?" asks a headline.—He doesn't.



London taxi drivers learn foreign languages.



Retired military men are taking to flying," says a daily.



AMRUTANJAN

BEST INDIAN
PAIN BALM

ROMANCE OF COMMERCE

THOMAS BATA'S CAREER

HOW HE WON OVER THE SLUMP IN HIS TOWN ZLIN

There is no slump at Zlin. Two hundred additional workers had been engaged by that greatest boot factory on earth during the week of my visit. In 1929, when the world slump crept over Europe, Bata was making 70,000 pairs of boots and shoes a day. In January, 1932, that figure had grown to 165,000 pairs a day. By June, 1932, it had crept up to 180,000 pairs a day, writes the Editor in "Answers."

And for the five days previous to my visit (there is a five-day week at Zlin) 1,000,000 pairs flowed from that plant to the Bata retail shops and customers spread all over the world. And I was told by the management that "they hoped to turn out even more shortly."

Two hundred thousand pairs of boots a day. One million pairs a week. Fifty million pairs a year! How is it done in the middle of the worst "economic blizzard" in history? More remarkable still, how are purchasers found for that torrent of boots and shoes with which Zlin is flooding the impoverished world?

The clue to the secret lies in that word "impoverished." The Bata plant turns out boots and shoes of every description, for people of all tastes, for men, women, and children. But all those millions of boots and shoes are alike in one respect—they are the cheapest—in price, not quality—ever made. And there is evidently plenty of demand in a world with a falling standard of living for cheapness.

The lowest-priced shoes turned out of that factory are for babies and cost five crowns, which is 7½d. per pair at the normal rate of exchange. The most expensive cost sixty-nine crowns, or 8s. 6d. per pair. In 1924 the cost of the most expensive line was over double that figure.

The reduction in the price of Bata shoes has not been achieved by wage "cuts." The average wage of the Bata worker has been steadily rising since that date. It has not been achieved by increasing the length of the working day. Since the depression began a five-

day week of nine hours a day has been instituted at the factory. It has not been achieved by any decline in the quality of the boots and shoes made.

The continuing decrease in the retail prices of Bata boots and shoes is due solely to the adoption of new and improved methods of mass production. The Bata plant has been "rationalised" to the point at which, instead of Bata experts learning from Henry Ford, it is probable that Henry Ford could get a few hints from Zlin.

When the greatest industrialist of Czecho Slovakia was born at Zlip in 1876, the son of a poor shoemaker, that village was situated in one of the most remote and poverty-stricken regions in the Austria-Hungarian Empire. The only occupation available for the peasants was land work, in which wages were barely high enough to provide home and food.

The standard of living was as low as could be found in any part of Europe. Social amenities, represented to-day by the Bata staff stores, restaurants, hospital, sports ground, parks, and housing estates, were non-existent.

It is important, in order to form a correct estimate of Bata's achievement, that these facts should be kept in mind. When, in the early days, Bata was charged by foreign manufacturers with employing "cheap labour," he could answer with some justification that in life all things are relative, and that if earnings in his factories were not as high as in British and American boot factories, they were immensely higher than anything known in the neighbourhood of Zlin before he erected his first workshop.

Thomas Bata was born into the boot business. His childhood was spent in working for his father in the family cobbler's shop, and in seeking customers for the boots which they so laboriously made by hand in the market place. When still young he sensed the lack of opportunity at Zlin and went to Vienna. That great city had nothing to offer the ambitious cobbler's son, and

at sixteen he was hawking boots in Prague, sending the orders he secured to his father back in Zlin.

In 1894 he made up his mind to manufacture boots for himself, and so, at the age of eighteen, began Thomas Bata's second association with Zlin. For it was to that village that he returned and set up his workshop, with an initial staff of fifty journeymen.

That workshop was only a beginning. For Bata had his dreams.

He decided that there existed a potential market for his wares which was, for practical purposes, limitless, *providing the goods were cheap enough.* And basing his whole career upon this conclusion, he subordinated his organisation to the task of producing not merely boots but cheap boots.

How remarkable was his achievement is shown by the fact that, whereas in 1924 the average selling price per pair of all boots and shoes produced by Bata was ninety-nine crowns (12s. 4½d.) at the normal rate of exchange, and the average weekly wage of adult workers employed at Zlin 255 crowns (31s. 10d.), by 1928 the average selling price had fallen to fifty-five crowns (6s. 10½d.) per pair, and the average wage, including payments under the profit-sharing scheme, had *increased* to 570 crowns (71s. 3d.) per week.

For 1932, when figures are available, it will be found that the average selling price of Bata boots has again been reduced since 1928, while the wages earned by the Bata workers now range from 250 crowns to 800 crowns—that is, from 31s. 3d. to 100. at the normal rate of exchange, but considerably more when judged by the purchasing power of each Czech crown at Zlin, where the cost of living is exceptionally low, even for Czechoslovakia.

Ten years after the opening of that first little workshop Bata built his first factory, installed machinery, and began the second stage of his career by manufacturing cloth boots for sale in the Danubian territories. And it was typical of the man that he chose this moment to go to America, where he secured employment as an ordinary worker in the highly organised boot factories of that country, and learnt whatever was likely to be useful to his own plans concerning American methods.

From the moment of his return to Zlin dates the progress which has transformed that village into an industrial city.

The Bata factories to-day consist of fifty-five separate buildings, each factory performing its allotted task for payment based upon the estimated time necessary to reach completion. The whole system is divided into 250 self-controlled departments, each with its own resources and accounts, and each working as a separate unit, subject only to the final word on any question of output or policy resting with the management.

Each of these departments debits and credits its neighbours with the goods received and delivered. By this system each workshop "buys" its materials from the department next before it in the chain of production, and, having performed its one allotted task, passes the goods on to the next department in the chain, charging them at cost price plus the agreed payment for its services.

As I walked from one factory to another electric trollies over my head were carrying material in various states of completion from one section to another—part of that day's 2,000,000 pairs of boots which would be completed between sunrise and sunset.

The school is fitted with both swimming and shower baths, as also are the workers' club-rooms at the factory itself. So modern, indeed, is that school, and so delightful its surroundings, that I well understood the remark made to me by an American visitor who said:

"If I had been educated here I should want to work in a palace, not a factory."

More important than the housing estate or swimming-baths, judged by their effects upon the cost of living at Zlin, however, are three large stores opened by Thomas Bata to provide his workers with the material needs of life at cost price. One is a large Bata boot shop, which must surely be the cheapest boot shop in the world, for its prices are even lower than are Bata's prices elsewhere.

The other two shops are multiple stores which might fairly be compared with the Bon Marche at Paris or with Selfridge's in London. Here the Bata workers, and visitors to Zlin, can buy anything from a pin to a motor-car.

All the goods displayed, I noticed, were priced very much lower than even the low (by comparison with most countries) prices charged by the shops in the working class districts at Prague.

I WAS POLITE, BUT MY REWARD?

By V. R. G.

If the editor allows me to write covering letters to my articles I would write, "Dear Mr. Editor, please accept this article without fail." But that cannot be. Knowing that they would have to oblige at least for the sake of the word 'please' these editors strictly object to our writing any covering letters.

The editors are hard nuts to crack and they have a way of dealing with us poor contributors.

These polite words—please excuse me—beg your pardon—very sorry—and oblige—have lost their vigour and merit for the simple reason that they have become too common to be taken notice. But still these words relieve us from many unpleasant experiences.

Unaware you dash against a person and the next moment you realise what has happened. With a poise which even a married man could not practice before his wife, you display all your teeth and say, 'Please excuse me.' The unfortunate sufferer, although enraged beyond measure at your audacity and loves strangling you, is compelled to retreat gracefully, pronouncing 'Doesn't matter, mister.' This is being polite! *

When you consider the whole thing you will simply laugh to think that though your attitude has caused so much physical pain to the other, the escape from his anger was made easy by your just asking him to please excuse you.

But it would not be strange to hear that there are still some who do not understand the value of being polite and consider the modern methods as of no use: and should by any chance you have the misfortune to come across them and get the opportunity to pronounce the ceremonial polished words, you cannot expect the sweet 'Doesn't matter'; only an angry snarl which sometimes turns up to practical "Knock out" is your reward for politeness. But, anyway, members of this category are only a negligible few and need not cause you any sleeplessness.

Some of the polite ways of behaviour that are written on the foot-steps of modern civilisation are very easy to observe and folks take to this readily as they are not detrimental to their financial assets and invariably retain the colour of their eyes.

Yet, once I had the misfortune to suffer for my politeness. "Please excuse me and beg your pardon" failed to produce the usual magical effect, and I had to... .. well, you can read it for yourself.

Once I had to go to a certain village and see a friend of my father on some important matter. I always love to wander about villages, feasting my eyes with nature's beautiful sights and hearing the melodious music of birds and breathing the fresh country air. I jumped at the idea of going to the village. Accordingly I set out on a Sunday morning and reached my destination just at twilight.

The first day however passed eventless and on the second day after a long talk with my father's friend, I went out to have a walk around the village. I wandered all about the place until the scorching sun dried my throat, tongue and everything. I went to the house of a man who had spent some time in Madras and who, I hoped, would know all about our politeness. I went in side his house but could not find him. But, luckily for me, his daughter was at home. She gave me a cup of water and this refreshed me very much. After this I began to talk to her casually. She was sweet and seventeen, and I thought it my duty to talk to her for some time. I asked her of her father, and something about her, then told her who I was and thus I was engaged in conversing with her happily.

But all in a sudden the 'father' of the girl, a burly quantity without quality, came from somewhere and finding me talking with his daughter thundered out, "Who in the name of devil are you? What right have you to enter my premises, you infernal son of Satan? You pie-faced, multiple-mouthed, barn burning, chicken-stealing, fleshless human, speak at once. If not....."

I was terror struck. But in a trice I had a brain wave. I thought I could pacify him with some explanation and being polite and complimentary to a certain extent. I blurted out, 'I beg your pardon, sir. I did not know that my attitude would excite you so much. Please excuse me for having taken the liberty of addressing your most beautiful daughter. You know that she

(Continued on page 240)

OUR CINEMA PAGE

BY
M. RUSTOMJI

George Arliss:—When he was seventeen years old he had the first dollar from his father's printing press and this he spent in witnessing a film.

Joan Blondell:—She earned her first dollar on the screen and this she put in a bank.

James Cagney:—He earned his first dollar at the "New York Sun" office as an office boy and this he spent in refreshment.

Ruth Chatterton:—Earned her first dollar as a dancer at seventeen and spent it in buying a cap for her.

Kay Francis:—Earned her first dollar after playing "Hamlet" and this she spent in buying a hand bag for her.

William Powell:—Earned his first dollar as a 'phone boy and gave it in charity.

Richard Barthelmess:—Earned his first dollar as an actor in "War Brides" and spent it in buying fancy silk handkerchiefs.

Loretta Young:—Earned her first dollar on the screen and gave it to her sister Sally.

FILM STARS' PLEASING PUDDING

William Powell:—Strawberry shortcake.

E. G. Robinson:—All kinds of fruits.

Joe E. Brown:—Fried chicken and plenty of it.

Joan Blondell:—Chop suey.

Dick Powell:—Ham and eggs.

Glenda Farrell:—Lamb chops and baked potatoes.

Ginger Rogers:—Fruit jelly.

Lyle Talbot:—Filet of sole.

Helen Vinson:—Maine lobster.

GARBO'S HEAD ON STAMPS

A new postage stamp bearing the head of Greta Garbo—that is the proposal which is said to be now under contemplation by the Swedish postal authorities.

For the first time, an authoritative statement on the salaries paid to fifteen of the leading movie stars has been made by Mr. Samuel Goldwyn. Here is the list, drawn by them weekly.

Greta Garbo	...	£ 1,500.
William Rogers	...	1,400.
Maurice Chevalier	...	1,400.

Constance Bennett...	...	£ 1,400.
John Barrymore	...	1,200.
Norma Shearer	...	1,200.
Richard Barthelmess	...	1,200.
Clark Gable	...	1,200.
Ann Harding	...	1,200.
Wallace Beery	...	1,000.
William Powell	...	900.
Joan Crawford	...	900.
Janet Gaynor	...	800.
Edward G. Robinson	...	600.
James Cagney	...	500.

*
"Dukhtari Loor" Imperial's maiden effort in Persia is said to have won much praise in Persia. The company is now planning for a few more Persian talkies and a batch of noted musicians have been brought over from Persia.

"The Toofan Mail" has broken records wholesale. In Calcutta it had its run for fifteen weeks in one theatre, and again in another Calcutta theatre for sixteen weeks. In Poona it was shown for thirteen weeks and in Lahore it is running for the sixth week.

"Amrat Manthan" is still having its run in Bombay for the 30th week in only one theatre. Six months ago it was shown in Bombay and it has broken all previous records. Hard attempt—heart-rending plot—grand photography and—excellent recording—was the opinion of a film critic.

MISS ZUREDA DEFINES LOVE

"Why are you not married?" was a question asked by someone.

"I have not married because I have not found the right person," Miss Zubeda replied.

"What kind of a person do you desire?" was the question this time.

"I don't care what sort of a person he is. I care only for love," was the brisk answer.

"Do you appreciate cave-men stuff?"

"It depends on how you define LOVE."

The man turned round and walked away muttering to himself, "That really was a cave-woman's answer."

mY TRIPEST HaS FLU

By

maURICE LANE-NORCOTT

(And if Mr. Lane-Norcott does this sort of thing again, I'm going to have big trouble with the printers.—Ed.)

My tripest tipist trypest O well ETHEL i mene miss rigworthY hls flew? no she hasent run away she hasent flew she has flu? sneezinl i mene & a High tempratu%e & akes & panes? she is in bud? thats Y why im doink my own tripink this week my trypest beir in bud with flue blowit thats a chimney O hell shes SICK? i wonder Y why i put a QUESHION MARK @ the end ofa sentenc? like that insted ofa fool stap? You see there it goes again demit that besately beastly??????????

untl i my trypest tipist ETHEL caught floi never gave triping a thought but now im studyink it mosh carifu/y? Furinstance Y why does a tripe typewriter tripe tripe thats meat when i want it to tripe tripe i mene TYPE?

it doesnt do that wen when ETHEL trypes on it? she trypes most bueutiffully? she can tripetype an alictie as fast asican think of it if not faster and spe// it right & everythink? how clever? A// on this inanamate bitof TIN? isent it marve//ouss? i expeck shes musik ical rely? im musica/ too on/i i play the banjo thats notabit of good fur tripotyping nors the mouthorgan?

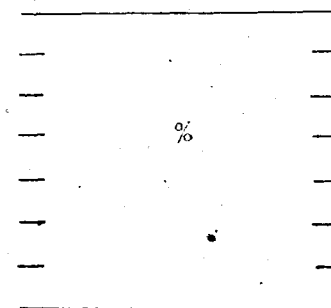
When the Fell Rings.

OF courSE ifi had to tripetype a// my ajicitles i should jush stave to dacthi quite see that becos i started tripotyping this @ 1 past 9 and now its 10 to 1? ThatS becos when you tripetype an ajicitle you havetofind the LITTE%S on the KEYBOARD firts? when you dictate it you doan have to do that but jush DICTATE it how-ever im gettink quicker & quacker every houR now?

nod that ima bed tipper rely becos im not but things keep putting me OFF? Furinstance the bill ball cursit bell on this tipetypewriter keeps worryink me? thats a sily thing that bill i ca// it idiotic? every tome i geto the END ofa LANE LINE it rings a bill so i jumpup & run to the telephone? what foly? so awkward too becos wen when the OPPERATTOR says were you ca//ing you have to say no i wasent ca//ing i was tiping so she thinks youre MUD thats CRAZY?

in hls own curiouS way though the nan who inven- ted the tipetypewriter was protty smart? O boy ill OIL- ILEi will say he was? he had a great drain no thats plumbing i said BRAIN? how marve//ouss to make a bitof tan ten damit tin BANG abito of black tape so thatit tripes ~~LLLLLLLLLL~~ and !!!!!!!!! ans ***** and @@@@@@@@@@ on the piper? & of course that besately beastly ?????????? i could do without that?

well EVE had my midd ay neal & my tae & now IM goink on patient/y tripetipying this becos my tripist ETHEL is sti// in bud with the flew flu? see i wi// draw her with this tipetypewriter jush to show you



how clever? there she is lying in her little bud with a High tempratu% & awfu// akes and panes? i expeck her nose is red rely sti// i cant draw that ona tripetype- writer it only goes to show what a poor thing a triyetypewriter is becos i could draw it bueutiffully with a pin no pen?

honestly itis very sad to think of her lying there helples with her Red nose & everythink & me s'tting here tripetypeing on her tripetypewriter and praps breaking it? NO it isn't fair togoon to go on smashink a poor girls tripetypewriter in bud with flue like that?

Nesi Des iam bored now? iam jush six & tired of this infernAl tiping? sitting round the house hitting bits of TIn fora living? thatisnt that isent mans work to hades withit i say? give me golf bills if imust hit some- think? very wall were are my clubs im through? HAPPY New YERA?

—Answers.

"GOOD DEEDS"

By

"Incognito--Madras."

I

Powers vested in human hands
Far exceed their bounds;
Monarchs surveying all the lands
Should lose their precious crowns;
But, men of low degree
In modes do so vary.

II

Law and rule is one to all men,
But exceptions there are,
When those concerned but make fun
And exceed limits far:
They know they stoop to wrong,
But to do good, never long.

III

The Sun and Moon and all the Stars
They too submit to Fate;
Though men be kings or lords or Czars,
All they would sure death mate;
Their deeds alone remain,
They lose all their domain.

IV

Good deeds will shine though we are gone,
Curses too we would have;
For, who on Earth, could riches scorn,
When men, for more, do crave?
If our acts are good,
Rebuke us so, who would?

V

So mortals that haste to face death
Must leave some deeds behind;
That after we withhold our breath,
Of us, our deeds remind;
So friends, others don't wrong,
And for His blessings long

BERNARD SHAW ONCE WON A PRIZE

Did you know that the great Bernard Shaw was once a prize-winner?

During a train journey a couple of years ago he read that an American magazine was running a competition for an essay on whether a mother should be allowed to bring up her illegitimate child. By the end of the train journey he had written his views, which he entered, using a pseudonym.

He won second prize!

He seems to have taken some interest in competitions, if we are to judge by the frequency with which he brings them into his plays.

In one of his most recent productions, "Too True to be Good," we found Sweetie, the ex-hotel chambermaid, posing as a Countess, complaining: "Yes, you gave me books to read. But I couldn't read them; they were as dull as ditch-

water. I've tried Crossword puzzles to occupy my mind and keep me off planning robberies..."

And the following remarks occur in "Village Wooing": "I won the first prize in a newspaper competition. My mother wanted me to save it: she said it would help me to get a thrifty husband. My father told me to 'blue' it all in a lump while I had the chance.

"You will be poor all your life," he said, 'but now you have the chance of living at the rate of five thousand a year for four months. Don't miss it,' he said. "See what it's like. Have your fling," he said, "for they never can take that away from you once you've had it."

"His idea was a walking tour, spending the nights in the best hotels; but I chose the ship because it's more dressy and more people to look at. Besides, I can get all the walking I want round the deck. At the end of the cruise, back I go to the village shop without a penny."

I WAS POLITE—BUT MY REWARD?

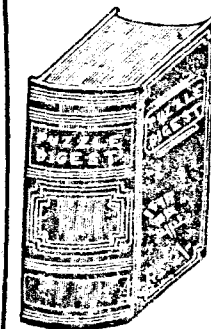
(Continued from page 236)

is beautiful that one cannot pass without having a talk with her. Hence my liberty. As I understand it has irritated your most amiable temper I can only say that I am very sorry for this and hope that you will excuse me. But I must compliment you on having such a beautiful, well-accomplished and well-versed daughter."

That was all. It seemed the end had come. The stout old fellow who heard me all the while patiently, appeared to have a fit all on a sudden. No sooner had I completed my rigmarole than he caught hold of my collar and threw me out, shouting "You son of a devil, you gabbling, gibbering, fibbering, dull-faced imp! Away from my sight before I do anything rash." So saying he closed the door after me with a bang. I have not visited the village since nor am I likely to go there any more. For subsequent investigations proved to me that the girl whose company I had liked so much was not his daughter but his third wife and aged husbands are prone to be jealous, especially if their young and beautiful wives happen to talk freely with handsome young men.

Lo! Here is the
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"THE SUBSTITUTE"

The Manager of the local Dairy Farm tore his hair and cursed heartily and methodically in English, Hindi and Urdu. Holidays, HOLIDAYS, and still more holidays to come. Milk, butter and cream must be delivered; cows must be fed and watered and milked, butter churned and cream separated from the milk. The Hindu staff wanted leave—they must go; the Muslim staff wanted leave—they must also go! Baisakhi and Muharrum together. Did an admiring yet sceptical public expect him to do all the work? The Manager stamped and raged and then raved and stamped.

Now, the driver of the one remaining milk-cart left to do all of the rounds wanted leave. What about the work to be done? Oh! hang a dairy Manager. The only balm afforded to his enraged soul was the fact that the driver had arranged for a substitute to do his work for that day. The Manager calmed down somewhat and eyed the substitute with a doubtful eye. "Can you drive a mule and cart?" he snapped. "Yes, sir, I was a Mule Transport Company driver for two years." "Good," replied the milk and butter martinet.

"Can you milk a cow, churn, feed and water the animals, and tell a good sound tale when the public accuse you of having watered the milk?" "Sir, all these things I can do." Then I will leave you to get on with the work. If you encounter any difficulties, don't bring them to me. Use your commonsense, and things will be easy for you."

The Manager turned away, very gratified at having obtained so useful an individual at such short notice. The substitute was now the leading-hand for the day. Making his way to the cow-stalls, he secured a white pail and commenced to milk a dappled cow. Her name was Bessie—in English. What he knew about milking was confined to the one-pint bottle he purchased every morning.

He thought that cows were milked by using their tails in the manner of working a pump. Placing the

pail under Bessie, the substitute commenced to work her tail up and down! Bessie, objected to his medieval method of milking and promptly kicked the bucket ten yards into the air. The substitute then realised his mistake, and having at last discovered where the milk came from, he commenced his task in earnest. The pail was nearly full when a hornet settled on Jessie's nose. She tossed her head and neatly placed a hoof into the pail of milk. SPLASH! Over went the milk on the floor. Labour in vain.

However, the substitute was not entirely disheartened, for two hours later he collected quite a decent supply of milk. Entering the dairy he very nearly upset the lot on the wet floor. Filling up the separator he began to turn the handle for cream. This didn't take too long. When he saw the minute quantity of cream returned he calmly added the same quantity of water! Didn't the manager mention something about water in the milk? An examination of the Dairy revealed several pots of yesterday's butter. He could now dispense with churning for that day. Besides, he had not enough milk left to make butter.

The milkcart was loaded up and after several attempts he managed to get the harness on the mule. The mule kicked and snorted and tried his hardest to kick a hole through the bottom of the cart. At long last all was ready for 'the deliverance of the Milk'. The mule and cart, milk, butter and some cream, not forgetting the substitute cantered gracefully out of the Dairy Farm.

The driver gazed admiringly at the pedestrians and the pedestrians gazed at the driver. The roads were thronged with devout holiday-makers. Was it not a holiday? The mule suddenly checked in its stride and the substitute fell into a crate of empty milk bottles. This resulted in nothing more than a dozen or so of bottles being broken. This did not worry the substitute. He simply heaved them into the roadway.

(Continued on page 248)

SOME GOOD SHAW STORIES

In a comprehensive, thorough-going biography, "Bernard Shaw, Playboy and Prophet" (Appleton, 30s.), Mr. Archibald Henderson declares: "The Shavian *reclame* is immense: no Barnum monstrosity ever surpassed it," and proceeds to tell some Shaw stories.

An interviewer once asked him: "Suppose a new flood were imminent and you were the Noah of the New Dispensation, which twelve people would you choose to save, as progenitors of the human race of the future?" Shaw's reply was: "I'd let them all drown."

Mr. Shaw is, of course, not responsible for every story circulated about him. It is related, for instance, that one morning the members of the staid Athenæum Club were astonished to read on the bulletin board:—

"NOTICE."

"Will the noble lord who stole my umbrella at the Athenæum Club last night return the same to 10, Adelphi Terrace, W.C. 2; no questions will be asked, and he will greatly oblige—

Yours very truly,
"G. BERNARD SHAW."

When a friend asked him how he knew it was a noble lord who stole his umbrella, Shaw was supposed to have replied: "Ah! my dear fellow, elementary. My host was late that night; and as I wandered aimlessly about the club foyer, I observed a placard: "*Rules and Regulations of the Athenæum Club*."

"2. The membership of this club shall consist of noble lords and gentlemen."

As no gentleman would have stolen my umbrella I concluded that one of the noble lords must have done it."

Unfortunately, there seems to be an anti-climax to this story, for Mr. Henderson has Shaw's own authority for stating that this eminent man of letters has visited the premier literary club of Great Britain only once in his life and on that occasion did not carry an umbrella! Not so elementary after all, my dear Watson.

When a young girl wrote to Shaw asking him if she might name the new pig after him, Shaw replied: "I

have no objection; but I suggest that you ask the pig first."

One story—not authenticated—records that Shaw and Augustus Harris, one-time impresario to the Covent Garden Opera, met after a minor dispute in which Jimmy Glover was peacemaker.

"What do you think of the orchestra?" asked Harris. "Well," replied Shaw, "they certainly play better than when I heard them last on the boat going to Hampton Court."

This anecdote, suggests Mr. Henderson, was invented by Glover himself. Such prolific invention on the part of one's friends is one of the penalties of fame!

Although Mr. Shaw is an inveterate vegetarian, he maintains a fleshly table for his cannibalistic guests. "When someone once appeared to hesitate about accepting an invitation to lunch at Shaw's home, Shaw pretended the hesitation was due to his vegetarian fare, and hastened to reassure the invited one:—

"You needn't be afraid. We always have plenty of dead bodies for my wife to eat."

One anecdote definitely authenticated by Shaw—from pride, doubtless, for it is as good as it is famous—concerns a certain foreign actress of beautiful physique who wrote to Shaw, saying: "You have the greatest brain in the world. I have the most graceful body. Let us then produce the perfect child." Shaw replied: "That's all very well, as you put it. But suppose the child had my body and your brain?" That retort was a terrible blow to the eugenisists.

Talking of brains. Early in his career Shaw got into conversation with an illiterate phrenologist at a vegetarian restaurant. He allowed himself to be phrenologized, although he had no faith in the business. The phrenologist before long accused Shaw of being a sceptic. "Have I no bump of veneration?" mockingly

(Continued on page 246)

JUNE 11—THE DAY FOR SUICIDES

In the Registrar-General's statistical review of England and Wales for 1931, it is revealed that a new high record of suicides was reached at 129 per 1,000,000.

Normal people recoil from the idea of suicide and find it hard to understand how life could ever seem insupportable.

That is because they *are* normal.

Suicide is the act of mental unbalance. The range of causes leading up to suicidal inclinations have recently been the subject of a thorough scientific investigation. The findings are interesting.

The first fact that emerges is that man alone in the animal creation sometimes destroys his own life—though salmon, after spawning, bring about their own death to provide food for their offspring, and dogs have been known to die upon the graves of their masters.

The question these investigators asked themselves was this: What causes could make a man override the deepest-rooted natural instinct—the will to live?

No definite answer can yet be given, but some of the facts are clearly established. For example, bachelors commit suicide more often than married men. This is true of every country issuing statistics except Spain. There the suicide rate as between bachelors and married men is against the latter.

Most Dangerous Day

Normal people feel happiest when the sun shines. Spain is a sunny land. But why is its suicide rate so high? Why, again, do both men and women in the countries inhabited by the more stolid races, the Germanic and Scandinavian, for example, commit suicide more often than the emotional and hot-blooded folk of southern Europe?

A mass of figures reveals another mystery. People commit suicide most frequently in springtime, least frequently when the world is drab and grey—in January and February.

After-Effects

Magistrate: "Do you mean to say that such a physical wreck as your husband gave you that blackeye?"

Plaintiff: "Your Worship, 'e was n't a physical wreck until 'e gave me the black eye."

—"Vancouver Province."

For some unknown reason more suicides take place on June 11th than on any other day of the year. The figures cover many years, and prove it conclusively.

Poverty is seldom the cause of suicide, but *fear of* poverty is a frequent cause. There are few suicides among people living under the worst of economic conditions. They hold fast to life.

Fear of painful disease is another cause. At many coroner's inquests the medical facts show that such fear was without foundation. Fear of cancer is the chief cause.

When George Eastman, inventor of the camera, took his own life recently he did so because, as he said, there was nothing to wait for. He had done his life's work, and had only a few years of physical suffering to look forward to.

Thrills Mean Life.

Would he have taken that way out had he been a man pre-occupied with interest in other lives? Probably not. Suicides are generally emotionally unstable people. They think much about themselves.

Then men kill themselves 33 per cent. more often than normal men; but very fat people exceed the average rate by 75 per cent.

The explanation here is medical. Thin men have inadequately-covered nerves; very fat people are in a state of physical degeneration. That condition affects the tissues of the brain and its working.

The figures show conclusively that people who lead full lives, whatever their troubles, never take their own lives. This was proved during the Great War when there was universal suffering of body and mind. During that period the suicide rate fell phenomenally.

The probable explanation is interesting: people seldom take their lives just before or during great events. Curiosity cancels suffering. They live in order to be the spectators of the drama of life.

Women probably talk more because men are too polite to interrupt them.

The average wait of women is until they are asked to marry.

Don't be foolish and run yourself down; your neighbours are only too glad to do it for you.

Murder in a Chicken Run

By
(J. H. ACOTT)

Adolphus Longnose, hyper-brainless and hyperimbecilic, private sleuth-hound, sat up in bed and wonderingly re-read the letter he had just received from Robert Harris, hyper-practical-joker and hyper-heartless japer.

"My Dear Adolphus," (the letter ran). "I am writing to you on a subject that is dear to your heart—namely—murder! Murder in a high degree. Murder with plenty of red gore, (sorry, I forgot it is always red!) and red corpuscles flying about all over the place. If you want to solve the murder sensation of the century, tootle along to my place as hard as you can tootle. Your tootling will be well rewarded. Yours till your grey matter really becomes grey matter, R. Harris, (man of leisure and independent means.)"

The last part of the letter was lost on Adolphus's watery brain, but the rest of it claimed the whole power of his indifferent concentration.

Murder! Ha! Murder was meat and drink, bath-water and shaving soap to Adolphus Longnose. And Harris's letter held forth unlimited possibilities of gruesome details. With his heart beating like a clock with its hair-spring removed, Adolphus rapidly tootled along to his erstwhile friend's bungalow.

Harris led the way into his drawing room and regaled his guest with a glass of water.

"Was it," asked Adolphus eagerly as soon as he could speak, "was it a male or a female?"

"Alas!—it was a female!" groaned Harris. "Apparently just budding out from adolescence into mature and sweet female-hood."

"My hat," put in Harris sadly. "Now, I suppose you'd like all the details before you commence your investigation?"

"Yes," breathed Adolphus, taking out his handcuffs, magnifying glass, false moustache and glass eye and laying them on the table. "Go on."

Harris leaned back in his chair.

"Well, I'd already sent for Inspector James when I thought of you. So, if you don't mind, you two will be able to work together. You're both smart men."

Adolphus blinked and sneezed gratefully.

"This is the sort of murder that has never yet occurred in quite the same environment," went on Harris.

"Where was it committed?" asked Adolphus.

"In my large chicken run at the back of the bungalow."

"Good Heavens," ejaculated Adolphus.

"An awful sight," said Harris, evidently warming to his subject. "Throat cut from ear to ear. Blood all over the ground and the wire netting. Jugular severed quite completely. She was a platinum blonde, poor thing."

"Phew!" said Adolphus. "Pretty gruesome case, eh?"

"You've said it. Ah!" there was the sound of a car outside and then a knock at the door. "That will be James, I think. I've told him that you are investigating the case. Come in!"

Inspector James entered and sat down at the small table. He had a twinkle in his eye and a jovial voice. He had been an old and trusted friend of Harris's for years.

"Well," he said cheerfully. "I've just come along so that I can pick up some technical details of sleuthing from your renowned methods, Mr. Longnose."

Adolphus coughed in a pleased manner and turned to Harris.

"You have removed the body, I suppose?" he asked.

"Yes, it's on my bed. There's no need for you to look at it just now as it's in such a mess that you'd gain nothing by viewing it. In my opinion, you'll find your chief clues in the chicken run."

"Shall we view the scene of the crime, then?" asked Adolphus in a learned manner as he turned to James. The Inspector nodded.

"That's the first place one should look for footprints, etc.," he said.

Adolphus donned his glass eye and his false moustache and they repaired to Harris's large chicken run. The chickens had been released and were pecking about in the dirt outside.

"That," said Harris, pointing to a spot inside the run, "was where the body was lying."

Adolphus had to get down on his hands and knees to enter the foul-smelling place. With his magnifying glass glued to his eye, he examined the ground and the ugly-looking bloodstains in the mud and on the wire netting of the run.

"Any footprints have, of course, been obliterated by the fact of the fowls running all over the place," he said as he picked something off the wire netting. "But the murder was committed by a man with dark brown hair!"

"Ha!" said James from outside. "We progress rapidly. I would never have thought of looking on the wire netting for hairs!"

"Nor I," said Harris gravely.

Longnose looked through the netting at Harris.

"Robert, your hair is brown," he said.

Harris started.

"My God!" he said. "Longnose, you're not suggesting that I committed the murder?"

"Not at all," smiled Adolphus in a mysterious manner. "But we sleuths have to suspect everybody. Now, if you look at Inspector James's hair and at mine, you will see that ours is also dark brown. There's no need to get alarmed."

"Oh!" Harris sounded relieved.

"Were you disturbed by the cackling of fowls during the night or early hours of the morning?" asked Adolphus.

"Yes," answered Harris. "There was a tremendous uproar at about five o'clock this morning. I got outside as quickly as I could, thinking that a cat had got into the run."

"And you saw no sign of the murderer?"

"No. He or she must have been quick. All that I saw was the body of the deceased female, poor thing, lying just there!"

"Was she beautiful?" put in James, taking out his note-book.

"I'll say she was!" said Harris. "Perfect in every detail—eyes, legs, swan-like neck, and exquisitely curving chest."

Adolphus pricked up his ears.

"You said a little while ago that she was in such a mess that—now, how the devil could you tell that she was beautiful?"

His eyes gleamed brightly at the thought of this master stroke of his.

"Because," calmly stated Harris, "I had seen her before."

"Oh, sorry," apologised Adolphus. "I hadn't thought of that."

"Obviously," said Harris haughtily. "I suppose you were just beginning to suspect me?"

Adolphus looked confused. He crawled out of the chicken run. He felt in a very cunning mood this morning.

"No, no, I was just curious, that's all," he said. "Er—is there anyone you suspect?"

"No," said Harris. "How the hell could I?"

"Well," said Adolphus knowingly. "We haven't far to look for the murderer. Besides the hair on the netting, I found this on the ground."

"This" was a grey coat-button.

"Harris," went on Adolphus. "I'm sorry. Friendship and all that, y'know; but after all, the law is the law. Inspector James, you had better arrest Mr. Harris for this murder!"

Harris looked startled.

"Why, what the...," he began, but Adolphus stuck the button under his nose.

"Look at your coat!" said Adolphus triumphantly.

Harris looked, and groaned. The coat button in Adolphus's hand was one that had been on his, Harris's, coat! The broken threads where the button had been were conclusive evidence.

"Sorry, Harris," said Inspector James gravely as he slipped a pair of handcuffs over Harris's wrists. "The law's the law!"

"Now," went on Longnose triumphantly, "We'll have a look at the poor, mutilated body."

They entered the house and walked into Harris's bed-room.

"I confess," groaned Harris at the door. "I am the murderer! Damn that button!"

Adolphus's eyes were on the bed, where a long and suggestive figure was covered by a blood-stained sheet. He darted to the bed and pulled the sheet back.

In the centre of a long bundle of old clothes lay this blood-stained body, throat cut from ear to ear, of a beautiful, platinum blonde-feathered Minorca chicken!

Harris winked at James. James winked at Harris.

AMAZING HUMAN PHENOMENA

EYES SEE THROUGH OBSTACLES

With those two great wedges of dark, doughlike stuff clamped into each of his eye sockets, sealing those strange penetrating eyes which a few moments before had seemed to gaze into the depths of my soul, Professor K. B. Duke looked like some queer prehistoric monster.

"You will agree, my friend," he murmured, "that it would be impossible for me to see out through any crevice?"

I agreed. But even then, he sought more perfect gloom. "Will you be so kind as to wind this strip of bandage around my eyes, over the dough?" he asked.

Swiftly I coiled the bandage round and round the Professor's head, length after length of it...And outside the bandages, I tied a large handkerchief.

"Now," said the Professor, "Will you please hand me a newspaper, or a book? I should like to read you."

"Read? Read through all that stuff over your eyes? Impossible!" I exclaimed.

But a few seconds later and from the chair in which he sat heavily blind-folded, the soft, musical voice of Khuda Baksh, known to Europe as Professor Duke—the Man with the X Ray Eyes—floated across to me, writes "People's" correspondent.

He was reading as easily as you or I might read, from column after column of "The People." He was gleefully commenting upon the pictures, the headlines.

Professor Duke is one of the most astonishing human phenomena London has ever known.

His eyes can see through any obstacle placed in their way. He can see better, he says, when heavily blindfolded than with his naked eyes!

He can—

Shoot at a target with a rifle, while his eyes are sealed, and hit the bull's eyes at 50 yards distance;

Play billiards while "blind," and make wonderful "breaks";

Get the better of most men at the whist table, or at any other card game.

And all this while his optics are covered with soft dough and hidden behind the heaviest bandages!

Khuda Baksh comes from romantic Kashmir. He is now aged thirty. He first became aware of his marvellous gift of "X ray" sight some 17 years ago, Gradually his fame spread.

He practises the ancient mysteries of the Yoga. By its aid all things are clear to him, he declares.

He claims that blindfolded he can drive a car from one end of Britain to the other—in the dead of night!

"I cannot explain my gift to you," he said, "beyond saying that nature must have given me eyes that can see through obstacles.

"Everything is clear and bright to me when my eyes are covered."

SOME GOOD SHAW STORIES

(Continued from page 242)

asked Shaw. "Bump!" shouted the phrenologist. "It's a hole."

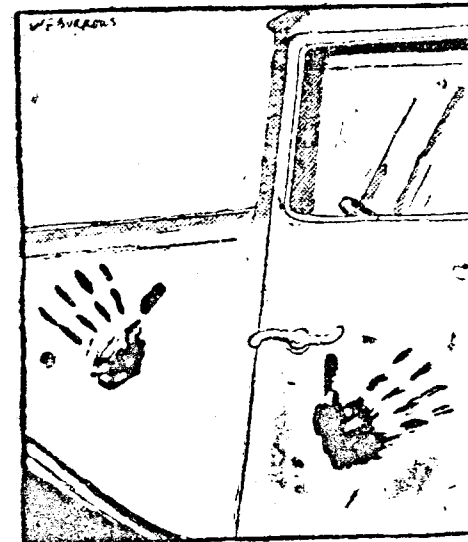
Mr. Shaw, Mr. Henderson relates, went to Munich in 1908 to see the performance of his *Candida* and requested the hotel porter to buy seats. "You must not think of it," said the porter; "nobody goes there. The piece is nothing. You must go to *Die Schone Helene*. Fine! I will get you tickets for it."

"You misunderstand me," Shaw patiently explained. "I am not going to *Candida* to enjoy myself. I am the author."

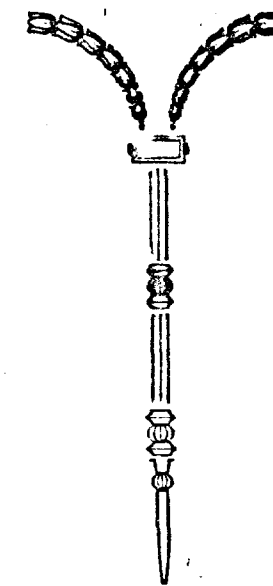
Charles Hawtrey used to relate that at one time he was anxious to produce Shaw's play *You Never Can Tell*. Shaw read it to him, and expressed the opinion that it was pretty poor stuff, and if Hawtrey produced it he must take the consequences. Hawtrey decided he would, and later asked Shaw if he could be allowed to compress the last act. Shaw refused, so Hawtrey at last had to inform him that it could not be produced. Shaw's reply was: "Thank you so much! You have taken a great load off my mind."

Shaw himself subsequently confessed to Mr. Henderson: "When a proposal to produce one of my plays breaks down, I always feel like a respited criminal."

Crossword Terms Illustrated



Garage Hands.



With no Visible Means of Support



The Present Father Picked



A Receptacle for liquids

—Everybody's Weekly.



Amrutanjan

BEST INDIAN
PAIN BALM

THE SUBSTITUTE

(Continued from page 241)

Entering the cantonment he stopped the cart and carried a can of milk to the nearest house. "Milk, Milk," he bawled in true professional milkman's style. "Milk?" A red haired mem-sahib ordered one pint and the substitute served her with a flourish. The mem-sahib carefully examined the milk, and exclaimed wrathfully, "What do you call this?—MILK? It's half water." Without more ado she flung the jug of watered-milk over the substitute and angrily promised to report him to the manager—her husband!!

The substitute decided that selling milk was not his true vocation. He poured the balance of the pail down a nearby drain. Sadly he returned to the cart, and turned the mule's head back towards the Dairy Farm. The mule evidently appreciated this manoeuvre and set off at a gallop.

At every turn of the wheels the speed increased, and the substitute was hard put to retain his seat in the cart. Empty milk bottles, crates, and pails left a trail behind them. The pace increased. The substitute closed his eyes. Never again would he dabble in milk or water. Then the calamity happened. The mule had taken the

bit between his teeth and was beyond control. With a rush and a bump the outfit, including the substitute, left the road. Across a ploughed field they sped, heedless of the chaos left behind them.

The substitute opened his eyes and shut them quickly again. A wide and deep gully loomed less than twenty yards ahead. The mule thought that it was the Grand National Course at Aintree, and tried to clear the ditch with one hefty bound. But the cart refused to jump the gully and came to rest serenely at the bottom. The shafts of the cart broke off and the mule cantered off into the unknown.

Broken bottles, and pots of butter were strewn around the countryside. The substitute was still in the cart—awake—oblivious to a stream of cream trickling down his neck and back.

He awoke at last and managed to crawl back to the Dairy Farm. The manager was furious when he heard the story. The few coins in possession of the substitute were spurious. He was immediately discharged and threatened with the usual legal proceedings. Never again would he act as a substitute for a milkman.

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EASY TO WIN

CLUES ACROSS.

1. To..... The MOUTH 2. A BOX..... 4. Pa T. of get.
7. To ADD. 8. A SWEETHEART. 3. A POINT. 15. LANGUAGE
16. ASOLUTION.

CLUES DOWN

1. TO LEAP..... 3. FOR EXAMPLE (REVERSED) 5. NUMBERS (Abb). 6. To Collect. 9. The Back-BONE. 10. TO BREAK..... 11. TO DRESS. 12. ALONE. 14. KNAVE.

RULES:—The first prize will be awarded to the correct solution with our sealed Key solution deposited as usual. EVERY words affected will be counted as an error. A competitor may send any number of entries on PLAIN PAPERS. The fee for one entry is Re. 1 and Rs. 2 for FIVE entries and so on. FEE should be sent by M.O. only. Please send stamps for the Results. Result 7 days after the closing date. Clues direct and exact. Clues more than two words have been indicated by the first two words only. Words within () have not been used. Dic CHAMBER (Page 1 to 1150) with ABBREVIATION.

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The Midnight Rustle

By

(R. J. V. RAO, B.A.)

Gopu was surprised to see Raghunath sitting moodily in his rocking chair, contemplating over something serious. After a pause he questioned his dejection and reclusion severally, but Raghu remained mute and sedate. "Well, Raghu, what is the matter with you? Are you contemplating over any matrimonial affair?" Gopu asked again with a view to pull him into a delightful parlance. "You see, Gopu, we cannot estimate the virtue of beauty, the personal embodiment of the fair sex. Nature has been so partial as to bless them with such an enchanting faculty of which the other sex is bereft!"

"Raghu! I have no mind to step into this kind of philosophical debate! Be plain in your argument and tell me what the matter with you is, or I shall go home. You seem to have been captivated by some fair creature! Am I right or not?"

"This evening, as I was feeling dizzy, perhaps due to heavy studies, soon after the college, I retired to the beach. There was no crowd there perhaps to keep me better in seclusion. I was walking towards a vacant seat enjoying the cool breeze and admiring the golden colours flickering on the huge rolls of water, when lo! I espied a young woman—a lovely maid—a fashionable star—walking slowly beside a lady along the strand. I watched her keenly as they strolled along and I wonder why my feelings became so firmly attached to her. There was also a car near by, which seemed to have brought them....." began Raghu.

"It appears quite strange and obviously mysterious!" said Gopu nodding his head.

"What mystery do you think can there be between me and that stranger? Yet I cannot understand why this foolish heart of mine is harping over that delightful creature. O! how can I forget her? That lovely structure, that fluttering curly hair—that shining angelic face—that slender waist—that charming saree—that lovely gait—all still remain in my mind. Why should that stranger make me cling to her..."

"I do believe there should besome mystery in this affair, Raghu! Or else how many charming girls are not

seen every day, but none has ever thrown you out of moderation like this," adjoined Gopu. "But Raghu is it not the maid decked in white Benares saree?"

he continued.

"Yes, the same one! What! Did you also see her?" Raghu asked eagerly.

"She had on a velvet jacket?"

"Quite true! Where did you see her?"

"One that had yellow ribbon?"

"Exactly! Where, where!?" Raghu raved.

"One that had worn a pendant necklace?"

"Quite exactly! But why tease me thus? Who is she? I want her," entreated Raghu.

"That one who drove in 1930 Model Ford?"

"O! Silly Chap! It is very unkind of you to tease me thus! You know the car as well! Tell me who she is," appealed Raghu.

"I do not know her, Raghu, but saw her in the car when it was gliding in front of the City Club, Gopu calmly replied to his utter disappointment.

As days rolled on, after that memorable event, it had been a period of disquiet and anxiety for Raghu, who could not help himself except anticipating his friend's promise. He began to brood over her personal magnetism that bewitched him, as she became the queen of his heart and the object of his waking dreams. At last to his great joy Raghu got a letter from his friend, which he eagerly read.

"Dear Raghu,

Excuse my long silence. After a strenuous effort, I came to know that the maid you had seen at the beach was the companion of Rangammal, a rich widow of late Mr. S—, an Excise Inspector, living alone with her only daughter in the mansion near the City Restaurant. I have sent her a letter also, as written by you stating your thirsty anxiety to meet her. Rest in person. I shall meet you soon."

As he finished reading that letter of delightful contents his veins grew stronger, blood rushed up

and his face blushed with joy as he eagerly anticipated his friend's speedy arrival

Rukmini was the house maid and companion of Rangammal. Her modesty and obedience gained all the motherly affections of her benignant mistress; and as her freedom ever flourished Ruku spent a long period of four years in the mansion of Rangammal.

One night Ruku was absent. Rangammal was surprised. She went round the rooms calling Ruku and at last found her weeping on her bed. As Rangammal entered the room, Ruku got up slowly, wiping off her tears with her saree.

"What is the matter with you, Ruku? Feeling bad?" asked Rangammal quite surprised.

"Nothing, madam," faltered Ruku, trying to conceal the quivering of her lips.

It was past midnight. Perfect silence prevailed in the dim light. Rangammal was sleeping peacefully in her apartment with her daughter. But Ruku was awake, looking this side and that as if afraid of something. She seemed very much distressed. Then in the midst of such profound tranquillity, she heard the sounds of footsteps going up the stairs. Ruku was startled. She got up trembling. She thought it should be a burglar, had not the heart even to alarm her mistress. She stood near her bed to watch what devilry was about. And soon she saw a handsome youth approaching her with a smile—

"What devil hath brought you here?" words burst out from her lips. Raghu was startled and stepped back. He began to quiver when he found her becoming violent in attitude. Signs of anger, danger and affection were seen on the cornea of her eyes, and a reluctant and disdainful smile escaped her lips.

"Beg your pardon, my dearest Ruku," faltered Raghu summoning up his lost courage. "The devil of love for you hath driven me here. Your charm has captured this loving heart of mine and here I stand for a kiss on thy rosy cheeks if....."

Before Raghu could finish his words, a peculiar emotion took possession of her and tears began to roll down from her lustrous eyes. Raghu was stunned at her unexpected excitement at such a time and was puzzled.

"Raghu! Raghu!" once more the words came from her lips. "Say, you came here to kiss me, enticed by my charms, but tell me whether you are Raghu indeed?"

Raghu was totally perplexed at the familiar pronunciation of his name, and stood entirely speechless, panting for breath.

"Why stand mute?" questioned Ruku excitedly. "Don't you have a tongue to speak to me? Still you call me Ruku, say you were driven hither by love! O! mindless Raghu, changeable youth! Open your sensual eyes: let the lovely vision be clear and bright. O! My Luck! O! Heavens! O! Merciless Cupid, whose tactical machinations maculate the chastity of the young, to eternal destruction..."

To Raghu, it was an awful event of bewilderment. His glowing love for her seemed to vanish by degrees as words hot as summer gale swept across his auditory regions and he turned into a living statue.

"Why look at me with vacant eyes, Raghu?" Ruku continued. "Come near, my beloved Raghu, to kiss me— not once, but a million thousand times. It is not the virtue of my chastity, but the sweetest grace of Heaven that has brought you here. Still you call me Ruku, by my feigned name, while you know assuredly that I am Sarada, your beloved darling, whom on her sick bed, thinking she would die soon, you abandoned six long years ago, enticed away by the flirtations of an educated but spoilt girl....." words failed her.

And Raghu, who was all the while looking at her with vacant eyes, and was at the climax of his confused excitement burst into an agony and fell down uttering:—

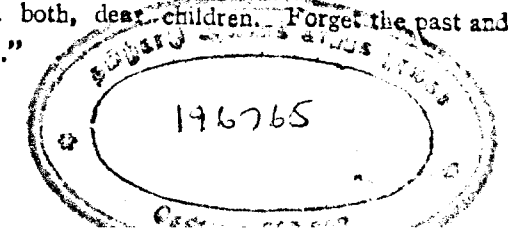
"O! S-A-R-A-D-A! MY B-E-L-O-V-E-D!"

The volume of that loud scream that emitted from Raghu's trembling lips disturbed the silence of the night so much that Rangammal rushed in, in confusion to see what had happened to Ruku.

"Peace Madam! Peace! Don't worry! It is all nothing but a long concealed mystery unveiled now," cried Ruku, when Rangammal was about to phone for the police.

Raising Raghu up by hand, Ruku said, "This is my beloved husband and I am Sarada, his darling wife, whom, through youthful error he abandoned on her sick bed six long years ago; but God..... made me survive at last..... and has brought about this unexpected re-union....." words failed her.

Dead silence prevailed for some minutes until at last Rangammal recovering her breath uttered, "Peace be unto you both, dear children. Forget the past and live happily."



LOVE-STORY OF RAMSAY MACDONALD

The love-story of James Ramsay MacDonald is the pivot and centre of his life story, though none guessed it at the time: the romance of his courtship and marriage was truly a vital chapter in our national history. Without some knowledge of it, there can be no true understanding of the dazzling ascent of the bare-footed Lossiemouth lad to the position of First Minister of the Crown.

You have no doubt read of his obscure origin near the shores of the Moray Firth, of his painstaking efforts to educate himself in literature and politics, of his desperate struggle for a livelihood in London. We know that once he was near starvation, that he addressed envelopes for a paltry wage, that for several years he was private secretary to a Liberal Member of Parliament.

Forlorn Hope, but—

In 1895, MacDonald, already a leading figure in the then despised and derided Socialist Party, was invited to contest Southampton in the Labour interest. It was a forlorn hope, but he embraced it enthusiastically, throwing himself into the contest with all the tumultuous energy of his nature.

Before the election he fell ill, and for a time was a patient in St. Thomas's Hospital. It was there that in May, 1895, he received an encouraging letter from an unknown "M. E. Gladstone," enclosing a welcome gift towards his election fund.

Inquiries revealed that the donor was Miss Margaret Gladstone, daughter of Dr. Gladstone, a well-known scientist, and a niece of the famous Lord Kelvin.

That she set some store upon the warm letter of thanks sent to her by the aspiring Socialist politician was evident from a note which years after he saw in her diary: "First letter from J. R. MacDonald, May 29, 1895."

MacDonald was not 30 years of age, and no woman had engaged his affections. The struggle for food had been too severe to leave much leisure for romance. Moreover, he was of an intensely earnest frame of mind, with no frivolous inclinations, and not much fondness for social pleasures.

It appears, however, that Margaret Gladstone had conceived no small admiration for his gifts as an orator, and at Socialist meetings in London was often among

his most attentive listeners.

The One Obstacle.

The strain of the Southampton election, in which Ramsay polled less than 1,000 votes, was too much for the young man's health, and he returned to hospital, to be consoled by another gracious letter of sympathy from Margaret Gladstone.

Soon after they met for the first time, and the young politician became aware of a remarkable personality, a woman of charm and comeliness, and of intellectual attainments that compelled instant recognition. She was interested in all social schemes, especially those relating to the welfare of children, for whom she had a great affection.

Soon Ramsay found himself regarding her with the tenderness of a lover, but there was one obstacle to the declaration of his passion. The proud, independent spirit of MacDonald was deterred by the

knowledge that Margaret Gladstone, as well as belonging to a family of distinction, was a woman of considerable means, while his own income was barely sufficient for his own small needs.

It cost him deep and anxious thought before he could reconcile it with his sturdy independence of character to propose marriage to a woman so much better off than himself.

Not at His Best

At last, his mind made up, he broached the question of marriage. Margaret, who by this time loved him intensely, yielded her rapturous assent.

But how would her family take it?

Picture the situation. In upper and middle-class circles towards the end of the last century, Socialism was the doctrine of the devil. People were either Conservatives or Liberals, and outside these orthodox political camps were only anarchists and rebels, to be shunned at sight.

Margaret Gladstone needed courage. She possessed it. Her father was a staunch Conservative. Quietly she announced her engagement to Ramsay MacDonald, and informed her startled relatives of her intention to bring him home for their approval.

It was on a quiet Sunday afternoon that Ramsay was introduced to her home circle. Always a little shy and awkward in his manner, he was not at his best upon this momentous occasion.

For the first twenty minutes the situation was an uneasy one. Then someone had the happy idea of encouraging Ramsay MacDonald to talk on topics of his own choosing.

Politics, we may imagine, were avoided, but there was a wide range of subjects upon which he could converse with charm and conviction, and the listeners were much impressed. His visits to the house were repeated.

What Her Aid Meant.

Finally, Dr. and Mrs. Gladstone brought themselves to give the proposed marriage their blessing, although not, perhaps, without many misgivings.

In November, 1896, soon after MacDonald's thirtieth birthday, the couple were married. Altogether six children were born to them, although one, a boy, David, died when only five years old.

"All Blue Books and Babies," observed one of his political comrades, describing the atmosphere of Mr. MacDonald's town house in Lincoln's Inn Fields.

Not till 1906 did MacDonald win his first seat in Parliament, when he captured Leicester for Labour. For five years Margaret MacDonald lived to watch his steady ascent in the Labour Party.

What her aid and inspiration meant to him is best expressed in his own words in a beautiful pen-tribute paid to her after her death.

Memory Fragrant Still.

"To turn to her in stress and storm," he wrote, "was like going into a sheltered haven where waters were at rest and smiling up into the face of Heaven. Weary and worn, buffeted and discouraged, thinking of giving up thankless strife and returning to my house and children and household shrines, I would flee into the country with my lady, who would heal and soothe me with her cheery faith and steady conviction, and send me forth to fight again, to smite and be smitten."

This ideal partnership lasted fifteen years. Then the gentle spirit of Margaret MacDonald vanished from earth for ever.

In the heart of her husband and in the breasts of all who knew her, the memory of her life and character is fragrant still.—"E. Weekly."

OUR BOOK OF CATECHISM

What is the latest thing to wear in hats?
Heads.

* * *
Which is the longest day in the week?
Wednesday; it contains nine letters.

* * *
What letter does a picture theatre
manager like to see outside his building?

Q.
* * *
When is a lady's hair like the sea?
When it is in waves.

* * *
When is a wall like a fish?
When it is scaled.

* * *
Why is a railway line like a blanket?
Because it is placed over sleepers.

* * *
When does the Navy remind you of a
cruet?

When the salts are mustered to pepper
the enemy.

* * *
When does a single person seem a great
number?

When he's a host.

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Tatler's Ticklers

When a man goes fishing he may not catch a long fish, but he generally comes home with a long yarn.

Sound cash is the kind that jingles in a fellow's pocket.

A jealous person is aways in love, but it's usually self-love.

One kind of Press notice is the attention a girl gives to a hug?

If poets are born, a lot of them are unmade in after years.

When a bachelor gets tired of leading a single life, he should get married and be led.

Cupid is invariably pictured as a child—probably because he never reaches the age of discretion.

Half the ideas people have for inventions are the results of laziness—they want to save themselves trouble.

If a man has commonsense he enjoys a little nonsense now and then.

If mirrors portrayed us as others see us, we would not use them.

More married women are disappointed in love than spinsters.

It isn't always the most promising man who pays his debts.

The composer cannot produce his first opera until he has produced a score.

A modern wireless set scarcely gets out of order, and our neighbours have a modern set—dash it.

The more brains a man has the less chance of his head swelling.

Kind words and bald heads never dye.

Though it has a tongue, the church bell does not always repeat all it's tolled.

"M"—the beginning of Matrimony and the end of Freedom.

Thirteen is an unlucky number when it is made up of judge and jury.

All sermons are not as deep as they are long.

Some men are born with black eyes, and some have to fight for them.

Actions speak louder than words but women continue to use words.

Don't insist on hearing both sides of everything—especially a brass drum.

When a man is swamped in speculation, a lot of wreckage comes to the surface.

Tact may be the title given to hypocrisy when it is dressed in its Sunday clothes.

A smooth road never leads to success and a smooth sea never makes a skilful navigator.

A profile photograph is merely a side show.

If a man is able to gain time he gains everything.

You can't judge a dinner by the tone of the dinner-gong.

Loney Lyrics

The Eternal Hubby
Lives of great men oft remind us
As we o'er their pages turn,
That we, too, may leave behind us
Letters that we ought to burn.

This Sportive Age
"Where are you going, my pretty maid,
With your hair so fair and cheeks so red?"
"To collect the golf-cup for which I played
And downed my great-grandson,
Sir!" she said.

Two—in—One!
He stayed a bachelor, for he saw
In every home a mother-in-law:
But not for ever; for there came
A girl, and Zilla was her name—
Young, blonde, and sweet, and motherless.
He married her, as you may guess
Incredible though this may sound,
Within a year or two he found
That Zilla, in the long, long run,
Was wife and mother-in-law in one.

Our Lover Stories
"First he held her hand, then she held his,"
Is the sort of stuff that appeals
To romantic folk, yet it sounds to me
Like a couple of bad misdeals.

Spiteful!
I wish I were a little egg
Away up in a tree,
Sitting in my little nest,
As bad as I could be.

A Novel Welcome
I wish that you would come along
And stand beneath that tree;
Then I would up and burst myself
And spatter thee with me!

Holy Smoke!
If tiny ends of cigarettes
Could fire a mighty wood,
Or heave a mass of glowing ash
Where once a warehouse stood;

Or if a puny candle flame
Could burn a building down!
If once a cow did kick a lamp
Razing a mighty town—

Then why the devil must I blow
And fan my forearm lame
To make the log upon the hearth
Burst into feeble flame?

Artists' models are said to be overworked
Some having to start work at dawn,
But, whether true are not, one must admit
That their faces are often drawn.

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Stolen Smiles

The Limit

The candidate was unsparing in his criticisms of his opponent, and his audience was growing somewhat restless over his bombastic attitude.

"So," he was saying, "I ask you how much longer you are going to put up with this bunkum?"

And a big man in front, who appeared to express the feelings of most of the others, replied, "We'll give you just five more minutes."

—Pathfinder.

A Perfect Lady

"Yes, my dear, the woman called yesterday and I said to her, 'You're nothing but a stupid, mean-faced, stuck-up swindler. Madam' I said 'Get out!'"

"You called her 'madam'?"

"Oh, well, politeness costs nothing."

—Frankfurter Illustrierte.

Not Informed

Brown: "Do you and your wife ever have different opinions?"

Green: "Good heavens, yes—only she doesn't know it!"

—Vart Hem.

Sound

Doctor: "There must be something radically wrong with your system: I'll have to find out what it is."

Patient: "But, Doctor, it can't be too bad; I backed three winners last Saturday."

—Aussie.

Hash

"Now, children," said the teacher, "write down all you have learned about King Alfred,

but don't say anything about the burning of the cakes; I want to find out what else you know."

Half an hour later wee Jeanie handed in her effort.

"King Alfred visited a lady at a cottage, but the less said about it the better."

—Epworth Herald.

Awful Stuff

"Drink," said the Irish preacher, "is the greatest curse of the country. It makes ye quarrel with yer neighbours. It makes ye shoot at your landlord. And it makes ye miss him."

—Prince Rupert News.

Simple

Nervous Passenger: "Don't drive so quickly round the corners. It makes me frightened."

Chauffeur: "You don't want to get scared? Then do what I do—shut your eyes when we come to corners."

—Alt for Alla.

Blink: "Does your wife talk much?"

Blank: "She does all the talking in our family. If I were suddenly struck deaf and dumb, it would probably be six or eight weeks before she'd find it out."

—Judge.

"Is the managing director of this concern in?"

"Yes,"

"May I speak to him?"

"When he comes out,"

"When will he come out?"

"In four years—unless a few months are remitted for good conduct."

—Schweizer Illustrierte.

PUZZLES MADE EASY

(Continued from page 222)

ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY OF INDIA

Commonsense Crossword No. 16

SOLUTIONS ACROSS

1. BOMBAY
4. SPIRT
SPURT
SPORT
7. RACE
RAKE
8. ATE
9. AH
10. IF
11. ABUSE
ABASE
13. AGE
14. STRIKES
17. FIBS
FADS
18. OATS
20. REF
22. BREAK
23. EVIL
24. PACT
TACT
27. ODE
29. ASIA
31. RINSE
32. WAS
33. PUN
FUN
34. PACK
SACK

SOLUTIONS DOWN

1. BRICK
BRISK
2. OAF
3. BEAT
4. STEED
STEEL
5. RAGE
RAGS
6. THE
8. ASK
12. BRIBE
BRIDE
14. SUFFICE
15. STORM
STORY
16. ASK
19. TALE
TALK
20. RETORT
REPORT
21. EVADE
25. HAWK
26. REST
RISE
RISK
28. WIN SIN
RUSH
RUST
29. ASP
ASS
30. SEA

Across: 4. *Spirit* and *Spurt* are synonymous. Both mean 'a sudden short effort, a special exertion of one's self for a short time, in running, rowing etc.' And a race is sometimes won by such an effort. Both solutions are equally applicable. As for the third alternative *SPORT*, even though it may be taken in the sense 'an animal that varies singularly from the normal type', I would not give it much preference.

7. *Race* means a strong and rapid current. *Rake* means a dissolute person, a libertine. Of course both take a downward course. But it is not necessary that every *Rake* should take a downward course. He may be a *Rake* and still not take a downward course whereas that cannot be said of a strong current. *Race* appeals to me the better.

11. *Abase* means to degrade. *Abuse* means to scold. Certainly *Abase* goes in better with the clue.

17. *Fibs* mean lies. *Fad* means any unimportant belief intemperately urged. *Fibs* fit in better also with the clue down. Select *Fibs* please.

24. A *Pact* usually helps to avoid strife unless one of the parties treats it as a mere 'scrap of paper'. *Tact* invariably avoids strife. Both the solutions have equal claim, but if forced to select only one of the two, go in for *Tact*.

33. *Pun* means play on words similar in sound but different in meaning so as to produce a ludicrous idea. The clue is 'Play on words produces.' Now had the clue been "Play on words similar in sound", the solution would be *Pun*. And so we must select only the other alternative—*Fun*. Yet both seem to go in equally well and competitors who do not want to take risks are advised to select both. If however you want only one solution select *Fun*.

34. The clue is "Sometimes hard to bear" and I have given *Pack* and *Sack* as the probable solutions. *Pack* has several meanings which will fit in with the clue—'a bundle made to be carried on the back'; 'a number of animals herding together'; 'a number of persons combined for bad purposes.' Taken in any of these three senses *Pack* seems a good word. Further it goes in better with the clue down. *Sack* means a plunder or devastation of a village. Sometimes it is also used in the sense 'dismissal from service.' In either sense *sack* is *always* hard to bear. Select the word *Pack* please.

Down. 1. *Brick* and *Brisk* describe a good man to employ, but of these *Brick* is the better word.

4. Both *Steel* and *Steer* are generally difficult to break. But *Steed* is a better solution than these. A *Steed* is a horse and to 'break' is to tame it. Certainly it is difficult to break a horse and I am confident that the compiler had only this solution in view.

5. Blows are sometimes delivered in *Rage*. *Rags* mean rocks having a rough surface. Of course rocks are used for delivering blows—but you can deliver blows only *with* and not in *rags*. And so the better solution is *Rage*.

12. Many risk their careers for the sake of what a *bribe* or *bride*? Of course according to some romantic novels there are several lovers who risk their careers for the sake of their *brides*. But that is not common in real life—at least not in India—and I would certainly go in for the alternative solution *Bribe*.

15. A timid person may be unnerved by a *storm* as well as *story*—especially if it be a good ghost story. Both have equal claim.

19. A Tale will certainly be bad if it lacks plot though every tale may have same point. Viewed from this angle *talk* is certainly better than *tale*. But the other solution also has equal claim.

20. A good *Report* need not show any alertness on the part of the boy whereas unless he is alert enough

he will not be able to make a good *retort*. Select *Retort* please.

26. This clue can take in a wide range of solutions. *Rest* means to trust. To trust one and all, especially when one has grown old and has had several experiences is unwise.

Rise means leave the place of rest: to break forth into commotion or insurrection. To do either when one is old is risky and unwise.

Risk is to hazard and to do this in old age is unwise.

Rush means to enter rashly or hastily and since old people are noted for their slowness, this goes in very well with the clue.

Rust is to become dull by inaction. Of course old people should not work much, but they should not *rust*. This is certainly unwise.

Of these solutions *Risk* and *Rush* stand a good chance.

28. Many gamblers consistently *sin*, whereas only a few gamblers consistently *win*. Select *sin* please.

29. The bite of an *ass* is certainly dangerous, but not so dangerous as the bite of an *asp* which is a venomous snake. The latter is more dangerous—nay it is fatal. (Copyright.)

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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EGGS TELL HIM ALL.

James Scott, a page at a Toronto building, is in the news because he knows how to "look" at an egg. By one look he swears he can determine the sex of the future chicken before the egg is hatched. To substantiate his claim he bets a suit of clothes on the result. "It's easy," he said, the other day, scoffing at the story that only a few Japanese experts know the secret. "There isn't any secret. All you have to do is to look at the small end of the egg. If the shell is craped or uneven there will be a rooster. If it's smooth and rounded, the chick will be a hen."

Scott spent his boyhood on a farm and asserts that he can determine the sex of 4,000 embryonic chicks—"or more, if you want to bet." without an error. Whether his prophecy comes true or not, it is a fact that he has already with him an extensive wardrobe.

A FUELLESS STOVE.

Dr. Charles G. Abbot, of Mount Wilson Observatory, California, has just invented a fuelless cooking stove which derives its heat from the sun.

In appearance it is similar to a bath water heater but filled with oil instead of water, oil being the heating medium. Mounted on it are reflectors worked by a simple mechanism which turns them to face the sun throughout its orbit. Although, owing to the shade of some tall trees, the cooker gets only seven hours of sunshine daily, the ovens remain above boiling point throughout the night and at all times are hot enough to bake bread.

NEW VOICE FOR OLD.

Some months ago a Manchester fruit merchant lost his voice through shock. Medical science seemed helpless until a renowned surgeon suggested the removal of his vocal cords and the substitution of a larynx composed of rubber and steel. The operation proved successful and he speaks clearly now,—though with a slightly metallic intonation.

GRAFTING

Grafting operations have given new life to many. A thirty-year-old farm labourer of Church Honeybourne had a 10-inch piece of oxbone from a local butcher grafted into his spine.

An American scientist has invented a special electro-magnetic cigarette holder which, when placed between the teeth, enables the deaf to hear.

Journalistic Curiosities

In the history of the newspaper Press, it seems, more than one curiosity can be found. the following passage is in Mr. Low Warren's book, 'Journalism from A to Z.'

"Some years ago a paper was published in Madrid under the title of the *Luminaria*, and its chief claim to public patronage lay in the fact that owing to the use of a percentage of phosphorus in the ink employed to print it, the contents could be read in the dark. The *Mouchoir* (handkerchief) was the title of another publication, issued in Paris, and printed on rice paper. It was intended for use in place of the ordinary article of domestic use. It soon disappeared."

"Yet another journal, this time hailing from Deccan, which was printed on soft white cotton, was intended for the same purpose, only with this difference: when done with it was washed, returned to the publisher, and used again and again until too thin for further service. History does not relate what the publisher allowed on the returns!"

"Another novelty entitled *La Naiade* enjoyed quite a spell of popularity at French watering-places a few years ago, being printed on waterproof paper, and intended for the delectation of bathers, who read the news hot—and wet—as they reclined in water.

Although not strictly a newspaper curiosity, the title of a journal published in Greenland—*Arrangaglotik Natininnavutik sysarammas Siuk*—would be hard to beat on the score of length." It is a wonder how the newsboy shouted its name in the streets?—*Illustrated Weekly*.

CROOKS' DARING PLOT TO SWINDLE LLOYD'S

In Leadenhall Street, London, you may notice a great white building not yet blackened by the acid of London air.

It looks just like any other great commercial centre, a bank or great insurance office. Actually it is Lloyd's.

Behind this world-famous institution lies a romance of old London.

Let us forget this modern mammoth building and imagine ourselves in a quaint old tavern on Tower Hill.

As we sit there, rolling old mariners come in. They greet the stout old coffee-house keeper with a hearty "Morning, Mr. Lloyd."

For that's how Lloyd's began—just a good idea in the head of a coffee house keeper.

When mariners reached London they made for Lloyd's. Paid off, they asked: "What ships stand in need of a master, Mr. Lloyd?" And the old fellow looked at his slate and replied: "Why C'tain, there's the *Mary Rose*—might be something there."

Old Lloyd was obliging, like all his kind, but it became hard work to keep in his head all the information expected of him.

And to make matters worse merchant underwriters began to come along. They came for information, for they knew that if anybody could tell them facts concerning the ships and their companies it was this same old tavern keeper.

So old Lloyd took to writing it all down, and after calling for silence, he would read out his intelligence of the seven seas.

But presently the quill of old Lloyd could not cope with it all. So he called in the printer and soon *Lloyd's News* was a part of maritime London.

It was not long before Lloyd moved and took rooms near the East India Company offices in the Royal Exchange.

Thus this romantic organization, whose ramifications cover every square mile of blue water the world over, came into existence.

The Corporation of Lloyd's, contrary to popular belief, does not issue policies: "All maritime insurance referred to as "Lloyd's" is done by the underwriters each of whom must be good for a minimum of £10,000.

But modern ships are vast and insurance on them runs to six or even seven figures. How, it may well be asked, can one broker handle such a policy?

The answer is, he does so by "spreading the risk," that is, by re-insuring with brother underwriters.

Once shipwreck was the chief cause of claims—that was in the days of woodenships. Now claims made for loss at sea are the fewest of all.

To-day, the chief menace of the sea comes from fire. Great liners, with vast corridors, are potential furnaces; fire is now the greatest peril of the seas.

Since all marine insurance business involves large sums, Lloyd's, like other commercial institutions on a big scale, is the prey of crooks.

One day, not long ago, a client asked for £700 cover on a small yacht, in which he was sailing next day (Sunday) across the Channel.

On Monday the underwriter learned that the yacht had foundered in a squall off Sheppey, the two men aboard her reaching shore exhausted in an open boat.

Somehow he scented fraud. But how was he to prove it?

A detective was told to investigate. All the way down the Thames he made inquiries, but nobody had seen such a craft. Since hundreds of alert eyes watch the river, suspicion was now confirmed.

Then came the final link in the chain. A boatman at Gravesend reported how two men had taken a rowing boat and failed to return with it.

The trick was clever enough. The yacht had never sailed. The story of the squall was a myth. Both men were convicted.

In what is called the Black Book (actually it is green) about 3,000 entries are made every year, and each entry represents the loss of a ship at sea.

Since this book has been kept only once has a ship thus "posted" been seen again. That was in 1899. In June of that year a steel barque, insured at Lloyd's, left Queensland for New Caledonia. Months dragged on and nothing was seen or heard of her.

Then one day she was posted as missing. Five months had then passed. The final hope had vanished.

Then a week later a telegram arrived announcing her safe arrival.

The explanation was a simple one—she had lain, "like a painted ship upon a painted ocean," becalmed for weeks.

Sometimes, above the murmur of voices there sounds through the Room the tone of a bell. When that happens underwriters look up and silence falls on the Room.

For when the Lutine bell sounds at Lloyd's it is the toll of doom: the ringing of the Lutine means the loss of a ship at sea.

Behind this custom lies one of the most romantic stories in the history of Lloyd's.

La Lutine was a naval ship that, carrying a million in munition, was lost in 1796 off the Dutch coast.

It was sixty years before she could be salvaged and part of her treasure recovered. And it is the ship's bell

from this ill-fated craft that now rings whenever disaster overtakes a ship at sea.—E. Weekly.

ORIGIN OF COAL

When you are ordering your supply of coal for the autumn and winter remember that it is just 700 years this year since Britain's coal industry was born.

Newcastle-on-Tyne was the lucky city that first found the "black diamonds." Newcastle men began to dig coal in 1234, and ten years later London was using Newcastle coal brought round by sea.

But Newcastle didn't consider itself quite so lucky when a tax of twopence per cauldron was laid on all coal sold to people who were not voters in the port of Newcastle. The city got slack about payment, and found itself faced with a huge claim for arrear from Good Queen Bess. Finally a compromise was arrived at.

And once—some 600 years ago—coal was prohibited as a "nuisance" in London and suburbs!

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Legality of Crosswords

EVERYBODY'S readers, who have enjoyed teasing out the many problems and pitfalls of Crossword puzzles for over nine years, were by no means surprised at the judgement given last week by Mr. R. E. Dummett, the Magistrate at Bow Street Police Court.

Summonses were heard against Odhams Press, Ltd., the proprietors of *The People*, for publishing Crossword puzzles.

Easy for Child of Twelve

Mr. ROLAND OLIVER, K. C., prosecuting, argued that a £2,000 Crossword run in *The People* was a lottery.

He said: "We say the competition is a lottery, or, alternatively, if there is any skill, it is not the substantial amount required under section 26 of the Act.

"The puzzle really consisted of two parts," he said. "A number of words so ridiculously easy that no reasonably educated child of twelve would have any difficulty in solving them. Then there remain a number of words for which there are alternatives."

Sir William Jowitt (for the defence) said: "There is no case to answer. To do the framework of the puzzle did not involve chance."

He pointed out that chance could *not* have decided the answer to the clue: "They should be kept well greased."

The Better Answer.

The suggested alternatives were "bolts" and "boots." But if boots were greased they would not take

a shine and bolts, as competitors using skill would have felt certain, was the better answer.

The same applies to the clue "Street bookie acts discreetly when these are passing." The alternatives were "slips" and "slops"—the slang name for a policeman.

But could a bookmaker be described as discreet if he were passing slips. Also if slips was intended as the correct answer the clue would have read: "Street bookie acts discreetly when these are being passed."

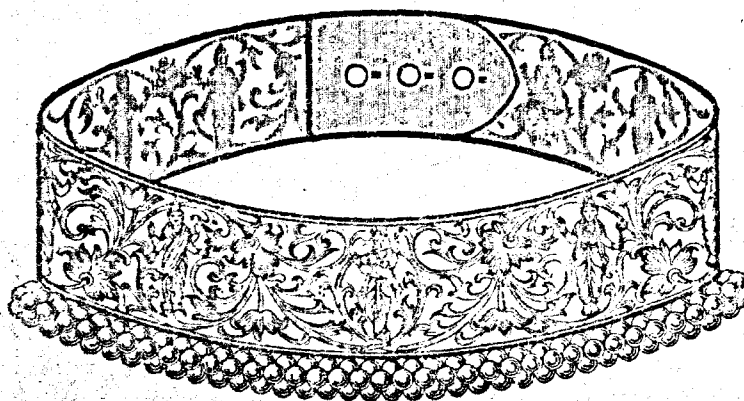
Sir William asked the magistrate to construe the word *substantial* in regard to the element of skill. "It meant," he suggested, "having substance as opposed to something fanciful."

"I Find this Is So."

"I think," said the Magistrate (Mr. Dummett), "that there is a considerable element of skill in a large number of the solutions. I have no doubt that this is not a lottery, and the summons under that section of the Act will be dismissed."

"In regard to the second summons, the crux of it is the construction of the word 'substantial.' Sir William Jowitt has satisfied me that within the ordinary meaning of the words there has been substantial skill displayed by the people who have successfully solved this puzzle.

"I find that is so, and it follows that the second summons must be dismissed," writes the Competition Editor in "Everybody's Weekly."



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THERE REALLY WAS AN "INVISIBLE MAN"

When you say, "I can see through him," of anybody you mean that you can penetrate to the secret character behind the assumed mask, writes "G.O." in "Everybody's Weekly" in mail week.

But there once lived a man of whom you might truly have used these words in their literal sense.

In short, there was once a man who was transparent.

Hsieh Hsuan was born in Yu-t'ien, China; he was the younger child of a mandarin, that is to say, an aristocrat. At first he seemed just a normal Chinese baby, but after a few months he began to change in a mysterious away.

In the first place, he began to lisp Cantonese at an age when most babies are content to crow, thus revealing a precocity that made his parents and the priests wonder.

Strange Change.

Then his body underwent a strange change. One day, when washing him, his mother noticed that she could see what appeared to be her baby's bones through the flesh.

She ran and showed the child to her husband. They carried him out into the sunshine and looked more closely. There could be no mistake about it, little Hsieh was becoming transparent. They could see dimly through its fleshly covering, the tiny skeleton of a baby.

More, they could see the tiny heart beating, and all the other organs, each one quite distinctly.

They hoped this strange condition would change as the child grew up. But it did not. He was in very other way normal, save for his extraordinary intellect, and he remained transparent.

Hsieh became rather sensitive when he realised that he was not like the other children who played and scampered in the sunshine.

He became a solitary child, given to strange moods, happier in a corner with a book than with a kite.

When physicians came to study his case the little fellow would run off across the paddy fields and refuse to come until the visitors had departed.

Not a Success.

Hsieh's parents were still grieved that they should have produced a child unlike all other children, but they consoled themselves about Hsieh's transparency because his intellect was so great.

"He shall become," said his father, "a learned man, and as a learned man rather than as a transparent

one shall he attain to fame and bring glory to this honourable house."

The boy was accordingly sent to study with the priests and his quickness amazed them. He seemed able to absorb knowledge as one drinks water, without any effort.

His mind was as crystal-clean as his frail body, and by the time he was twenty-five Hsieh had reached the highest degree of Chinese scholarship.

He became an official, but was not a great success. The routine of a government department did not interest him: he was always back at his books, writing.

One day a colleague came and suggested that if Hsieh cared to leave everything to him, he could himself be free to study what he pleased.

Hsieh agreed. But three months later, while he was poring over a book, soldiers burst into his apartment and arrested him.

Condemned to Death!

Hsieh was charged with receiving bribes. He was innocent but, since he had left all his duties to his treacherous colleague, he could not clear himself.

He was tired, found guilty and condemned to death. He was to be buried up to the neck and then beheaded.

In prison Hsieh remained calm and aloof. He did not care that he was soon to die, but asked only for books and writing materials—the camel-hair brush, the Indian ink, with which the Chinese trace their lovely writing.

The day of execution arrived and the soldiers entered the condemned Hsieh's cell. They were prepared to drag him to the place of execution if he should resist. But Hsieh did not resist.

He looked up, blinked his weak eyes, rose and took in hand, went with the executioners, reading as he went.

When the throng that had gathered to witness the execution saw him coming, they marvelled. They said to one another, "Hsieh is no ordinary man," and "Hsieh should surely not die."

Moment before his head was due to be lopped off, a reprieve came. So great a scholar was too valuable to be executed.

So Hsieh retired into solitude and continued his studies. And he remained, as the years passed, transparent as a glass ball.

And when he died China made him a saint.

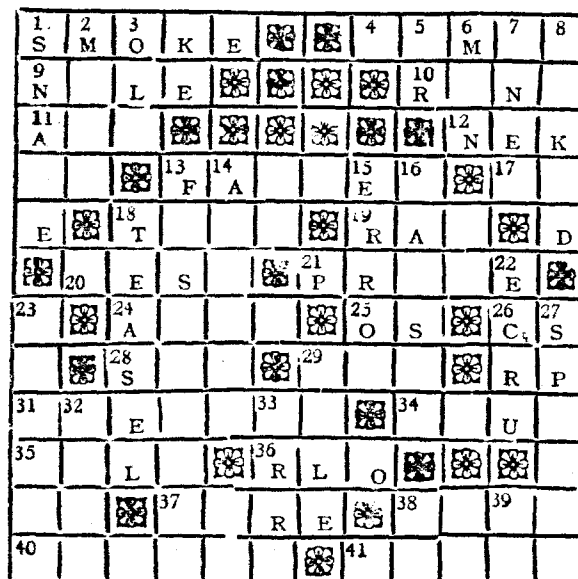
And incredible story? Yes. But a true one. In a Confucian Temple in Chinli you may see the tablet which sets forth the facts.

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Closing Date Extended 15-6-35.



CLUES ACROSS.

1. It issues from chimneys
4. Ceaser loved one
9. An Egyptian River
10. An Indian title
11. It unites
12. A ridge connecting two hills
13. This state adds to one's weight
17. Ourselves
18. It grows widely
19. Women rate to look at one
20. To give off properties legally
21. To value
24. Sharp
25. A bone
26. Civil Service (Abbr)
28. This is how you sometimes call your sister
29. Wrath
30. Railway Police (Abbr)
31. Ladies' letters are usually this...
34. This pricks
35. A small Indian weight
37. To weary
39. It means delay

CLUES DOWN.

1. Proceed carefully if there is one in the way
2. Of course an easy way of making money is to develop this
3. You revere one who is this
5. This indicates an alternative
6. A husband
7. Again
8. This cult had its origin in Germany
13. Attract
14. Every one cannot become this
15. A mistake
16. Increases
18. A plant
22. Linen
23. Milk is sometimes this before being used
27. A small shoot
32. This is well covered
33. Commits mistake
32. Denotes nearness

RULES:—1. An entrance fee of eight annas per entry must be sent by M. O. and the coupons must be attached to the entries. 2. Entries may be on plain paper. 3. Correct solution shall be published in the next issue of the TATLER. 4. A correct solution is one which tallies word for word with our solution. 5. The first prize of Rs. 300 will be given to the all correct solution and a second prize of Rs. 200 to solution with one error according to the entries received. In case of ties the prizes will be divided. 6. The decision of the management is final and legally binding and is an express condition of entry. 7. Entries close on the 15th June. 8. Results will be posted to competitors who enclose one anna stamp for the same. 9. Address all entries and M. O. S. to

NOVEL COMPETITIONS 4
MUTHIALPET. — MADRAS.

June 1935

THE TATLER OF INDIA

PUZZLES MADE EASY

(Continued from page 230)

ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY OF INDIA

Commonsense Crossword No 19

I have had very little time to scrutinise this puzzle. In fact I never hoped it would be possible to solve and include the solutions in the current issue, and managed to squeeze in this page only with the utmost difficulty and that at the proverbial eleventh hour. In case I think of better suggestions or hit upon other solutions, I will include them in the special supplement which will be published about the 23rd instant, priced at one anna a copy, particulars about which will be found in the page entitled "Between Ourselves"

—Editor]

SOLUTIONS Across

1. Radio, 5. Feast, Yeast, *Beast*, 9. Unit, 10. Fear, Bear, 11. Emend, (Amend?) 14. Anti, 16. Suspect 18. Rage, Race, Rate 19. File, *Wile* 20. Seat 23 (Shop) 25. Note, Node 27. Pa 28. Ma 29. OK 31. Helps 33. Lose (Loss?) 34. Me 35. Parts, Pants 36. Felt, Fell 37. Place.

Solutions Down

1. Ruses, Rules 2. An 3. Dines, Dives 4. It 6. Aerial 7. Saw 8. (Tripe,) Trite 12. Mule, Muse 13. Dew 14. At 15. Trite (Tripe) 17. Case 19. Fork 20. Sore *Sure* 21. An 22. Tome 24. Cakes, Cares, Canes 26. Tale, Sale 29. Os 30. Bore, Bone 31. Hel 32. Pep, Pip, Pop 33. Lac 34. Me 35. Pa

Comments

Across: 5. "Tests the ability of a cook." The probable solutions are Feast and Beast. Yeast is not a good alternative and may be omitted. Of the two solutions Feast and Beast, I prefer Beast. Because only a beast or rude person will dare to test the ability of a cook, whereas a feast is seldom held with the primary object of testing a cook's ability.

10. "May get the better of a nervous hunter," Both *bear* and *fear* are good alternatives. But of the two *bear* is a better solution. The word *may* implies a doubt and invariably *fear* gets the better of a nervous hunter. But in favour of this solution may be put in the plea that *bears* are not found everywhere and as such they do not get the better of a nervous hunter as frequently as to warrant the inclusion of the solution. Yet I feel that *Bear* is a better solution here.

19. "Often makes a person breathless." Both *Race* and *Rage* leave a person breathless but of the two *Rage* is a better solution as "often" implies a doubt and *Race* always leaves one breathless. Another possible alternative is *Rate* and the rate at which some traders price their ware certainly leave us breathless with surprise.

36. Fate's blows are often fierce or *fell* but they are always *Felt*. So the better solution is *Fell*.

19. *Wile* or trick is certainly better than *File*. For unless the prisoner plays some tricks, he won't be able to escape, even though he may have a number of

Files. *Pile* or a large amount of money is also a good aid and goes in well.

25. A *Node* is a point of intersection in a musical instrument or a knot. If this is false, off and on the musical effort of the singer will look foolish. And so this is preferable to *Note*.

35. Comedians make a hit in funny *pants* but *parts* appeals to me better as dress alone cannot help a man to make a mark.

Down 1. Both *rules* and *ruses* are necessary when playing games. Rules are quite essential but that cannot be said of tricks or *Ruses*. Yet *Ruses* appeals to me the better.

3. A swimmer should be careful when he *dines* or *dires*. But whereas he need not be so particular about what he *dines*, it is imperative that he should *dive* with care. The better solution is *Dives*.

19. Work is better than Fork or Pork. Fork is a fork-like instrument and is generally employed in ploughing fields.

26. A professional boxer is more *sure* of the result of fight and though he may be sore if he loses, since he is a professional he would not take it to heart or feel *sore* so much. Preference may be given to *Sure*.

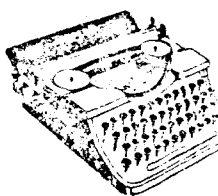
25. The wise mother hides from her children *cares*, *cakes* or *canes*. But of the three the best solution is *cares*, as every wise mother invariably strives hard to hide her cares from her children.

26. An author's reputation is enhanced by a good *tale*. Since the clue implies that the author has already earned some reputation, his books are sure to find a sale and so *sale* does not necessarily imply that his reputation would increase. But even though I would prefer *Tale* to *Sale*, readers are warned that much may be said for the other solution as well and it is advisable that they are guided by their own commonsense.

32. *Pep* is a contraction for pepper and it is nowadays used by English humorists very frequently to mean something that is sure to make one laugh. This word is not found in Chambers and it is left to you to select it or not.

OFFERED FREE?

N
e
w



For Particulars apply:

POST BOX 277, MADRAS. (T.I.)

Continued on page 268

Win Rs. 20,000

First Prize, Rupees

SECOND PRIZE, Rs. 3,000 (for one mistake) (FOR ALL

SPECIAL

A BRAND NEW BABY AUSTIN De LUXE SALOON CAR (Cost Rs. 2,800.)

(For the Competitor who submits the First all correct Entry)

A LUXURIOUS ROYAL PORTABLE TYPEWRITER (Rs. 230)

(For the Competitor who submits the Next Correct Entry)

1	F	L			Banner	(26)
2		O		E	Musical Sound	(54)
3		I		E	Essential in an office	(32)
4	P	O			Recreative pastime	(58)
5	S	T			Luminous heavenly body	(58)
6		I		E	Ceremonious	(52)
7		A	I		Growth on animal body	(36)
8		O		E	Fashion	(37)
9		E	A		Duty in cardisplay	(22)
10		I		E	Calamitous in a high degree	(36)
11	P	R			Ask very earnestly	(60)
12	B	A			Abate	(28)
13	G	A			Very desirable in sea voyage	(29)
14		E		O N	Jaicy vegetable	(59)

Entrance Fee

Re. ONE

per entry.

The answer will be published in "THE HINDU" of 3rd Aug. '35

HOW TO SOLVE THIS VERY EASY PUZZLE.

You have to fill in the blank squares and find the words as per the clue given against each. The numerical value of the letters of the alphabet are given below. You can check the correctness of your solution by adding the numerical value of each letter of the word found out and comparing the sum with the number given against each.

Eg. Take No. 1. F L * * : Banner (26); Answer "F L A G"
The accuracy is checked as below.

F : 6.
L : 12.
A : 1.
G : 7.
Total : 26.

A	B	C	D	E	F	G	H	I	J	K	L	M
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13
N	O	P	Q	R	S	T	U	V	W	X	Y	Z
14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26

INDO-EUROPEAN CLUB

Closing Date 31st July 1935

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CORRECT SOLUTIONS)

THIRD PRIZE, Rs. 1,500 (for two mistakes)

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(FOR THE NEXT CORRECT ENTRY FROM A LADY)

One brand New His Masters Voice Gramophone with records or

One New H. M. V. Superheterodyne all wave receiver. Each Rs. 350.

Important Rules:-

An entrance fee of Rupee One is payable for each entry per M.O., Indian Postal order or bank cheques payable in any important bank in Kottayam. Post Office M.O. receipt, Postal orders or cheques should accompany the solution.

The name and the full postal address of the competitor and the number of entries submitted must be written in block capitals on the back of the envelopes and on the M.O. Coupons.

The correct solution is the one which tallies with the sealed solution in possession of the manager, Malayala Manorama. In the event of ties the prizes will be divided among the various competitors qualifying for the same. No competitor can claim more than one prize. But they can claim any extra prizes.

Write clearly preferably in block capital. Entries mutilated or defaced will be disqualified. No alterations or corrections can be allowed and no responsibility can be accepted for entries lost, delayed or mislaid. No correspondence can be entered into or interviews granted. The decision of the secretary in all matters relating to this competition is absolutely final and legally binding and is an express condition to entry. Anybody not complying with the rules will be disqualified.

Employees of the club or members of their families are not permitted to participate in this. The prizes are likely to be reduced in direct proportion if the collection does not come to our expectation.

All reasonable enquiries will be very carefully attended to provided that the enquiries are addressed to the enquiry office and are accompanied with six quarter anna stamp each.

It is very essential that all competitors shall enclose a nine pie stamp for posting the acknowledgement. In claiming the prizes the register number should be mentioned in order to save unnecessary troubles. Keep an exact copy of your solution for claims. The solution will be published in "The Hindu" of 3rd August 1935.

Winners' list will be forwarded on receipt of a stamped and addressed envelope.

Address all entries to the "competition secretary" and the M.O.s to the Treasurer.

CLUB GREENS, KOTTAYAM, S. INDIA.

Secretary & Treasurer: P. V. POONNEN.

(Continued from page 265)

Pip—an ailment or distemper. The word is derived from rheum which means discharge from nostrils due to cold and I am not sure whether this is a worth while alternative.

Pop is to propose marriage. When marriage is proposed suddenly ladies weep and so this seems to be a good solution. But one word. Pop is used as a verb and not as a noun whereas the clue obviously intends that the solution should be a noun.

I am not satisfied with the solutions I have suggested and I hope to give you better advice in the special supplement.

"Merry Magazine"

HEADS OR TAILS

Closing Date 26-6-35

1. Curt.
2. Mop, Moe, Mcw.
3. Pore, Gore (Pore),
4. Vim, Vis.
5. Tale, Talk.

6. Hat, Hap.
7. Gun, Fun, Pun.
8. Gap, Tap.
9. Snare, Snarl.

"Funny Magazine"

COUNTRIES & CONTINENTS

Closing Date 20-6-35

1. France.
2. Scotland.
3. Austria, Australia.
4. India, Arabia.
5. Greenland, England.
6. Germany.
7. Iceland, Ireland.
8. Africa, America.
9. Poland.
10. Russia, Asia.

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Vyasarpadi, MADRAS.

ERRATUM

On page 248, bottom please read the address of X word competition advertisement as "Chapra" Behar instead of CHAPPA, Behar.

WIN

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IN THE PARAMOUNT "SPECIAL"
MISSING LETTERS No. 155.

Last Date for Posting Entries: 27th JUNE, 1935.

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Minimum award of Rs. 200 Guaranteed to every sender of correct solution

Substitute one letter for each dash to get the given meanings

No.	WORDS.	MEANINGS.	No.	WORDS.	MEANINGS.
1	S P R — N G	Come into existence	6	G R A — —	Place...(1st 5 letters only)
2	C E — S E	Put an end to	7	P R I V — — Y	Secrecy
3	D E S — R T	Barren place	8	G A —	Series of...(1st 3 letters only)
4	F E — — —	One of the.....	9	T R — — —	Beam
5	B — F F	Buffet	10	Q U — I N T	Unusual

N.B.—Ref. Chambers XX Century Dictionary and all forms are treated as direct. A, Ar, Any, The, To, are omitted in the beginning of the clues. Bracketted words are not used. Words Nos. 6 and 8 are of more than 5 and 3 letters, but only the first 5 in word No. 6 and the first 3 in word No. 8 are to be given. Entries on plain paper. Fees by M.O. or Crossed Indian Postal Orders. Results will be published in THE RAINBOW of the 9th July, which will be sent to those sending 2 As. stamps with entries. Manager's decision is final. Prizes will not be reduced. Address all your entries & fees to:

THE MANAGER,
THE PARAMOUNT PUZZLES,
P. O., Washermanpetta, :: :: MADRAS.

196765

Chintamani Vaidyashramam

268

m2, n327
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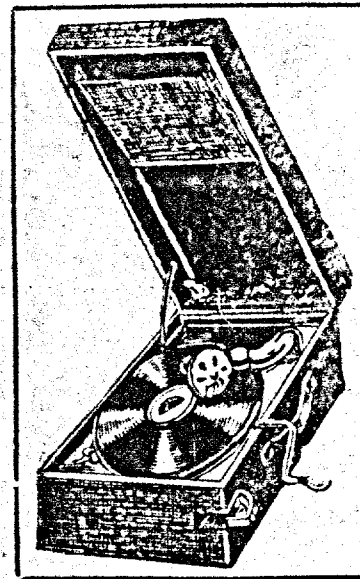
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