

Takler 2 Inok 9.

V3 no. 1. 5th August 1935

SL

m2, N33T1

N35.3.1

196767

The M. & S. M. Railway Co., Ltd.,
(Incorporated in England)

Dasara in Mysore

28th Sept. to 8th Oct. 1935

Dasara is the best season to visit
THE BEAUTIFUL GARDEN CITY OF MYSORE
RETURN TICKETS TO MYSORE

AT

Specialiy Reduced fares will be issued by M. & S.M. Ry.

BRAMOTSAVAM

AT

TIRUPATI

28th Sept. to 7th Oct., 1935.

TIRUPATI is a recognised centre of pilgrimage throughout the year, but worship of SRI VENKATESWARA during the Bramotsavam period is held to be of Special religious significance.

Remember

GARUDOTSAVAM falls on 3rd October, 1935.

AND

RATHOTSAVAM ... on 6th October, 1935.

Facilities given by this Railway to visitors in connection with DASARA in MYSORE and BRAMOTSAVAM at TIRUPATI will be published shortly.

Watch for them

WIN Rs. 1,000 Guaranteed IN MISSING LETTERS No. 2.

Last Date for Posting Entries: 20th AUGUST, 1935.

First Prize: Rs. 500. Second Prize: Rs. 200.

Rs. 50 for the first 5 correct solutions posted and Rs. 50 for the senders
of largest number of entries.

Entrance Fee: Annas EIGHT Per Entry

Minimum award of Rs. 50 Guaranteed to Every of correct solution

Substitute one letter for each dash to get the given meanings

No.	WORDS.	MEANINGS.
1	STAL —	This is not relished
2	BUR — ED	By being this many have died
3	EAG — E	It moves swiftly on its way
4	MO — NING	Comes after the night before
5	— ENDERS	Seen round boats
6	BO — TS	They go into locks
7	ST — CK	Thrust in
8	RE — EL	Resist

Rule: A fee of eight annas per entry is payable with each entry—either by M.O. or postal orders. Last date for posting entries 20th August. Results in ten days direct to competitors who enclose two annas stamps extra for the result sheet. Others may refer to the TATLER issued in the first week of September. The decision of the management is final, legally binding and is an express condition of entry. The first prize to the senders of the all correct solution and the second to those with one error. In case of ties prizes will be divided subject to the minimum award guaranteed. Unnecessary correspondence will be avoided.

THE MANAGER,

SELECT PUZZLES.

BEAT NO. 1-B. — G. P. O., MADRAS.

Correct Solution for our Missing Letters No. 1.

1. Tale 2. Water 3. Waves 4. Dole 5. Prams 6. Prints 7. Dole 8. Lock



The Tatler OF INDIA

The Most Popular Humorous Fortnightly

Vol. III.

5th AUGUST 1935.

No. 1.

REMEMBER

THAT THE

TATLER OF INDIA

WILL BE ISSUED

TWICE A MONTH

IN FUTURE

Ready on the First and Third Wednesdays

India's Three Popular Daily Necessities

AYURVEDA VIDWAN

ADVAIDYA NANGUNDI

GINGCHIP

HELPS DIGESTION

UNITED CONCERN

As 2

ALLAYS BILIOUSNESS

NANGUNDI TOOTH POWDER

As 12

CALCUTTA - BOMBAY - MADURA

PUZZLES MADE EASY

Illustrated Weekly of India

Commonsense Crosswords

Nos. 23 & 24

Solutions Across —1. Bad, 3. Gardenia, 8. Oral, 9. Air, 10. SAME, LAME, Tame, 12. Age, Ate, Awe, 14. Esoteric, 15. Necks. (Decks), 17. Serbs, 20. PET, Pew, (Peg) 22. Law, (Faw, Jaw, Paw) 24. Old, Old 26. Rise, 29. Ironie, 30. Sheet, Sweet, 32. Neck, 33. Den, 34. Swim, Slim, 35. Or, Rain, Pain, Ruin.

Down—1. Braid, Brain, 2. Doric, 3. Gases, Gales, (Gates, Games) 4. Alas, 5. Duet, Diet, 6. Near, 7. Areca, 11. Move, (Moke, Mote, Mole) 13. Gin, 16. Eye, Eve, 18. Baron, 19. Swine, 20. Passes, Pauses, 21. Post, Port, 23. Beckon, Reckon, 25. Diner, Diver, 27. Sic, 28. Semi, 31. Elm, 33. Do.

Comments.

Across 10. *Wasters excuses are nearly always this.*

The probable solutions are SAME, LAME and TAME and these may be selected in the order given. Preference must be given to SAME. For wasters always give forth the same excuse—that they had wasted their fortunes either out of sheer bad luck or because they could not help it. This suits also the solution down.

The next in importance is the word LAME. People always call foolish excuses as LAME ones and it is idiomatically an accepted and most appropriate adjective. When the solution down is taken into consideration, this fits in reasonably well.

As for the third solution TAME, I would not give it much weight. Of course when GATES break damage is caused—if not to anything else at least to the GATES (see 3 down). And of course waster's excuses are sometimes TAME or powerless ones. Yet I don't think much weight need be given to this solution.

The best of the three is SAME. Next in importance is LAME. And as an error in this item will mean two errors, competitors are advised to select both to be on the safe side.

12. Deference if often inspired by

AWE. This seems to be the best solution—especially when the solution for 13 Down is considered AWE is reverential fear and awe often inspires deference.

AGE. This is next in order of merit. I cannot say why I should call it as next in importance to AWE except that since AGE is a solution which would strike any solver, the compiler might have gone in for the slightly more uncommon AWE. Apart from this, AGE can be considered to be as important as AWE.

ATE—The goddess of mischief and all rash actions and their results, certainly inspires deference—but I think she does it no merely often but always. Anyhow this solution also seems to hold ground with the others enumerated and it is left to the competitor to select what he likes of these.

15. Those of some tramps could do with a good scrubbing.

NECK: Invariably it is the neck that accumulates dirt most easily and it is this that is not scrubbed well during baths. And the necks of some tramps should be well scrubbed—preferably with a brass brush. Certainly this is the better of the two—perhaps the only solution.

DECK—a covering. Deck as a verb means, clothe to and even though it is not used as a noun since it means covering and clothings are coverings I have included this solution. The clothings of tramps deserve good scrubbing, certainly, and so this solution may be given a chance—but the question is, does Deck

5-8-35

THE TATLER OF INDIA

mean clothing at all? And only because of this doubt I do not give much prominence to this solution.

20. An uncontrolled one may cause grave injury.

PEN: This is certainly a good solution. An uncontrolled pen may cause grave injury as was proved in the time of the French Rebellion. But the use of the word 'may' gives room for doubt. A pen may or may not cause grave injury, if it is not controlled—that is the meaning and I think that an uncontrolled pen is *sure* to cause grave injury. This makes me give this a second place of importance to

PET—any animal or bird one brings up fondly. Pet is also applied to children. And these may cause grave injury by their pranks, especially if they are uncontrolled.

PEG is not a good solution. It means an alcoholic drink, especially a brandy—and—soda. But a peg cannot be an uncontrolled one. First of all drinks are controllable by the man who mixes them and one peg has a limit though several pegs may not have a limit. And one peg seldom causes grave injury. Therefore I do not give this much value.

Prefer PET and if you are sending enough entries, go in for PEN afterwards.

22. When setting this in motion be careful.

Certainly before setting LAW in motion you have to be very careful—especially when you consider the costs and the troubles to which failure to prove your cause or claim are considered.

FAW: a gipsy. The use of the pronoun *this* in the clue precludes this solution.

JAW—slang word meaning 'scolding'. This solution seems far-fetched.

PAW—slang meaning the hand. This also may be omitted with safety.

24. When People are this they get extra attention.

Attention means civility, courtesy or care. In this sense the OLD get extra attention.

As for the solution ODD, it is applicable if you take attention to mean attract attention. An ODD man is more likely to attract attention than an ordinary man.

Of the two solutions OLD is certainly preferable, but I think it is safer to select ODD as your solution as

its very oddity is likely to induce the compiler to select it.

30. Frequently in Infant's month.

The two solutions that go in here are SHEET and SWEET. An infant is a babe although according to English Law anyone below twenty-one is an infant. Babies take a sort of pleasure in thrusting their bed-sheets into their mouths and so this solution has been selected. As for SWEETS, well, babies cannot get sweets unless they are given to them by their mothers and no sane mother will give sweets frequently to babies. And so I prefer SHEET to SWEET.

33. The only solution that fits in with the clue down is DEN and so the other possible alternatives may be omitted.

34. To help to preserve their figure many girls do this

SWIM—Swimming is a good exercise and many English girls go to the beach and swim just to see that they are physically fit and that they retain their figure.

SLIM—Very thin, weak. This is a good solution but according to Chambers SLIM is only an adjective

Win Rs. 2,000 Guaranteed

Sealed Key Solution Deposited with "My Magazine of India" Last posting date, 20-8-35. Result posted to all competitors.

ENTRANCE FEE:—Annas FOUR per entry.

Missing Letters No. 43.

No.	WORDS.	Meanings.
1	ENS—	FOLLOW.
2	TRAC—	FOOTPRINT.
3	M—LL	GRIND.
4	BAS—	FIBRE.
5	TRAI—	DRAW ALONG.
6	CONTE—	DEBATE.
7	V—IL	DISGUISE.
8	—MEND	CORRECT.

REF:—Chambers XXth Century Dictionary.

Rules:—Clues are direct from Chambers XXth Century Dictionary. First Prize Rs. 1,000 for all correct. Second Prize Rs. 600 for one error solutions and Third Prize of Rs 300 for two error solutions. Special Prize of Rs. 100 for the correct solution received on or before 12-8-35. In case of ties the prize amount will be equally divided. The decision of the manager is final and legally binding regarding this Competition. Enclose 9 pies stamps for results. Address all entries and M.Os. to:—

The Manager,

THE JUPITER COMPETITIONS.

P. B. No. 1380.

G. P. O., MADRAS.

and is not used as a verb which is the part of speech in which the solution is required and so this solution may be omitted.

The better and perhaps the only solution to this clue is SWIM.

36. It is difficult to keep one's spirits up when this is incessant.

RAIN—When there is incessant rain we generally feel ill-at ease and even worried we find it difficult to keep our spirits. Therefore this is a very good solution.

PAIN—When pain is incessant, even then you cannot keep up your spirits—in fact it is impossible in most cases. The clue implies that it will be difficult but not impossible to keep one's spirit. That is why I would prefer RAIN to this.

RUIN—Ruin cannot be incessant or continual. When once RUIN comes there will be an interval before it overtakes him again and the clue precludes such intervals. Therefore I think this may be omitted.

Though I think that RAIN, PAIN and RUIN are important in the order given I am not sure I am correct. It is better for competitors to decide whichever is the best according to their commonsense.

Down.

1. Dressmaker uses this to advantage:

BRAIN—Not necessarily the dressmaker, but everyone uses his brain to advantage. I don't see why a dressmaker should be particularised unless it be to catch the unwary to give this solution.

BRAID—A cord or other texture made by plaiting. These are used with advantage by dressmakers and not by people following other vocations and so I prefer this solution to BRAIN.

3. Damage is usually caused when these break

While discussing the corresponding solution across I said GASES is the best solution here. Gases generally blow up when there is too much internal pressure and when they do so, they cause lot of damage to the surroundings. And so this solution appeals to me the most.

GALE—a strong wind between a stiff breeze and hurricane. When Gales break up they usually cause damage to properties. But somehow this does not appeal to me so much as the former.

GATES—GATES seldom blow up and even if they do, they seldom damage anything.

GAMES—Wild animals protected by law and hunted by sportsmen. But do games blow up or explode? I don't think they ever do so.

The best solution is GASES and the next in importance is GALES.

5. Sometimes difficult to bear with patience.

DUET—A composition in music for two voices or instruments. When two voices or two instruments sing there will be very rarely harmony or unity and anyone who listens to it loses his patience and stops his ears or walks away. Further, most of the DUETS composed by our amateur musicians are so mediocre and dull that anyone who listens to them generally lose his patience. That is why I am of strong opinion that this is a good solution—in fact the more preferable one.

DIET—It is always difficult to bear with patience diet. And so I give this solution second place.

11. Child loves being on.

MOKE—a donkey. Certainly donkey rides are very much appreciated, nay, loved by children. But the clue does not allow us to introduce an article and say that a child loves being on A moke. Further moke is an obscure word, and though found in Chamber's Dictionary, suffers from this disqualification.

MOVE—This appeals to me the most.

MOTE—anything very small. Even a child will find it difficult to be on anything very small.

MOLE—any massive building. The same objection that I raised in the case of the solution MOKE applies here as well.

16. Used to attract men cleverly.

The solution to this depends on the person who tries to attract men. The possible solutions are EVE and EYE and both have equal claim.

17. Make the crowd shout at big football matches.

PASSES—clever passes which are quite common in big football matches produce applause and shouts of appreciation from the audience.

PAUSES—When a player in the course of a game pauses, especially with the ball under his control the

(Continued on page 20)

The Railway Parcel Murder Mystery

(Continued from page 80)

realise that there was some intruder and that he had been spotted by their sentries—probably in the act of eavesdropping.

When they realised that some one had managed to come into their strong-hold and hear what was spoken inside, those present in the hall—all except the Boss—realised that their position had suddenly become unsafe. They jumped out of their seats and tried to run upstairs to find out who had dared to come there.

But they desisted from doing that when they saw their leader sitting calm and cool, blowing out smoke from his cigar. The Boss smiled at them. "There is no need for anxiety or worry. The intruder, whoever he be, will be caught and brought to us," he said with great confidence.

Nor was he wrong. The struggle upstairs continued only for a short time and ceased as abruptly as it had begun.

"The intruder is a weakling," he said to his fellow judges, "and our man has managed to arrest him. The very fact that the struggle between the two has ceased so suddenly proves it. Our man could not have lost as he would have put up a strong fight, or called for assistance if the intruder had been a strong fellow. I am sure he will be brought before us in the course of a few minutes. Pray finish your drinks and cigars as if nothing has interfered with our business transactions."

He was right in his surmise.

A few minutes later a young boy, or rather a young man, was hauled up before the judges.

The prisoner who was ushered was none but Kamala. She had been detected red-handed in the act of spying and brought down in no time by the burly sentry.

Chapter 8

The Boss looked at Kamala steadily for a couple of minutes. Then he slowly walked up to her and gave her hair a sudden tug.

Kamala had tied up her tresses so artfully that no one could have guessed by looking at it that it was the hair of a lady. This sudden tug suddenly undid her looks and it required very little imagination for the gangsters to realise that their captive was a woman in disguise.

"Who are you?" asked the Boss in a threatening tone, "and why and how have you come here?"

Kamala did not reply. Silently she was gazing at the ground.

The Boss shook her violently and repeated his question. Still she maintained her silence.

It was Munusamy who supplied the answer. "I know who she is, Boss," he said. "She is the murderer Ragavan's wife. She had obviously shadowed me to this place."

The Boss at once became very angry. "You fool, you allowed yourself to be shadowed by a woman! Did

you not observe the usual precautions before coming here?"

"I did, Boss," replied Munusamy, "and it beats me how she managed it."

At this the Boss flared up. "You fool!" he said in a voice, which, though low, was threatening enough and made Munusamy shiver in fear, "you have almost betrayed us! If you had allowed an ordinary woman to follow you without difficulty, I wonder how you could have duped Police spies. I am sure you are being watched and that someone else other than this wretched woman would have come after you and spotted this lair of ours."

Then suddenly he turned to the armed sentry who was guarding Rajambal. "Leave her," he said, "catch hold of that fellow and give him the work until he croaks."

Munusamy at once became galvanized into action. Obviously he was afraid of the Boss and of the tortures that would be inflicted on him. At once he tried to make a dash for freedom.

But the sentry was too quick for him. He caught hold of him in a vice-like grip and methodically began to tie him to a pillar with a leather rope which had several protruding thongs. Munusamy struggled hard to escape, in vain. Meanwhile at a signal from the Boss about half-a-dozen men sprang from nowhere, and helped the sentry tie up the quailing Munusamy.

"Spare me, Boss, spare me only once. I will run away and live in some remote country without ever crossing your steps," he pleaded.

The Boss only sneered in reply. But life is sweet and Munusamy made another frantic appeal. "Boss, what wrong have I done? Have I not always obeyed you and carried out your instructions to the very letter? Remember I have a pregnant wife to support," he pleaded.

But his pleadings fell on deaf ears. The Boss seemed incorrigible and his satellites proceeded to give poor Munusamy the works.

The leather rope with which the victim had been tied was in reality a hollow one and the thong-like attachments were jets with holes. One of the men proceeded to attach the free end of the thong to a boiler and opened a nozzle. At once steam gushed out with a hissing noise and began to burn through Munusamy's body. The poor chap screamed and cried for mercy. But no mercy was shown to him.

The boys carried on the works and the victim cried and cried until at last he could cry no more and had to keep silent out of sheer exhaustion. The pain was excruciating and though strong and muscular, Munusamy could put up with it no longer and swooned away.

At once the boys revived him by sprinkling water on his face and putting up a bottle of strong rum between his closed lips. They revived Munusamy and he regained consciousness.

The boys did not give him time to get over the effects of the previous instalment of torture. Once again they continued the application of steam, once again Munusamy swooned out of unbearable agony and yet once again he was revived and the process was repeated about half-a-dozen times, while all the while the Boss watched the writhing victim without the least trace of pity or remorse. In fact he seemed to gloat over the whole scene and take the same delight that a boy usually does when he tortures a frog or some dumb

animal. He seemed to have forgotten all about Kamala for the time being.

Kamala could not bear the sight. She wanted to run away not only out of sight of that wretched scene of torture, but also from the foul den, if only she could. But one of the new arrivals had taken on himself the duty of standing guard over her and she realised that even if she managed to run away from that hall, she would not be allowed to make good her escape. She cursed herself for having foolishly entered that den of crime and iniquity. She should have come armed, or should have entered the house with some strong male help. But she had not hoped to come across such ruffians. In fact she would never have believed that such criminal practices are being carried on in the heart of a big city like Madras had she not seen them herself. She had believed till then that such gangs existed only in the imagination of four-penny-thriller-writers.

But at the same time it must be said that she was also glad—glad that she had chanced upon the criminal organisation. Had she not taken such a risk, she could never have overheard the truth about the murder of Rajambal. She could never have found the real murderer. Now she could inform the police and set up the machinery of law. She could easily set free her husband, without his name being marred by any accusation.

Yes, she could save her husband now. But would she get the chance to do that? Would the ruffians allow her to go away scot free? Certainly not. The knowledge she possessed was enough to send every member either to the gallows or to the Andamans. If she were allowed to go away, their organisation would burst like a bubble. No, they would not allow her to escape—that was certain. But what would they do to her? Kamala feared the worst. When they did not hesitate to murder their servants, they would not show her any mercy. They would not hesitate to do away with her as well.

Of course she was a woman and even the worst ruffians hesitate to injure members of the fair sex. But Kamala had no hopes that she would be spared on that account. This gang, as she had overheard, specialised in murdering women—especially professional women who were invariably without protection. So it was certain they would not hesitate to harm her. Well, God is great! And what He decrees should happen to her would certainly take place, willy nilly. So she resigned herself to her fate.

Meanwhile the torture on Munusamy continued. The ruffians did not seem to realise that they were punishing their own colleague and comrade. They seemed utterly callous. That made Kamala realise that they were afraid of the boss and that implicit obedience was always enforced on the members of the gang. Munusamy was being tortured to death for not having obeyed instructions. And if they also failed to obey orders, well, a similar fate would overtake them. And they were afraid—not of death, in fact they courted Death and imprisonment every moment of their life—but of the slow and painful torture that always preceded it.

Munusamy was reaching the stage when further tortures would mean death to him—when, suddenly some one knocked at the front door. The caller seemed impatient; for he knocked furiously and incessantly. The Boss and the members of the gang realised that it was some stranger. The very manner in which he knocked at the door conveyed that information. Who could that be? And why did he choose that unearthly hour for calling?

The gangsters paused in their grave work of torture and awaited developments. Suddenly the Boss ordered, all in a low but stern voice, to clear out of the hall. "Take away that wretch as well as that wench and keep guard over them in the den," he commanded. "I think we have been betrayed."

The gangsters did not wait for a second command. They seemed quite eager to get away from harm's way and if possible from that house of crimes. Two of them carried unconscious Munusamy while a third dragged Kamala roughly with him. All except the Boss were soon out of the hall.

Meanwhile the banging on the door continued. It grew more and more insistent. The caller was obviously bent on making an entry. Then there was a few minutes' pause. And in the silence the Boss heard some one bawl out "Open the door or we will break it open." And when the door still remained shut the visitors began to attack the door with axes and the Boss heard the noise of axes hacking the door.

The Boss realised who the visitors were. They were obviously policemen and that meant someone had betrayed their gang. There were two courses now open to him. He could either fly away and make good his escape by the secret exit from the dungeons or he

could face the police and bluff them. The Boss thought for a minute. If he flew away with the other members of the gang, he and his men would be forced to remain fugitives all their life-time. The informer, whoever he was, might have revealed their identities as well. The suspicion of the Police would be aroused and they would cast their nets widely. The best course out of this difficulty would be to face the police boldly and carry the day by sheer bluff.

The Boss was no coward and he decided upon this latter course. Quickly he lowered the wick of the bright light and with a small bed room light in his hand went to the door and opened it. He had the appearance of one who had risen out of his bed just then and behaved like an angry householder who had been disturbed in his sound and well-earned sleep.

The Police were still trying to break open the front door when the bolt shot back and the door was

BOOKS ON SEX HEALTH & HAPPINESS

1. *Married Sex Life—A Guide for the Wife*.—A complete manual of invaluable and indispensable advice to young brides. As 12.
2. *Married Sex Life—A Guide for the Husband*. A valuable book of instruction, sympathy and kindly candour for young husbands. As 8.
3. *Contraception*.—(Illustrated). A practical guide discussing the way of Birth Control. The book has been primarily written for the layman. As 10.
4. *The Truth about Masturbation*.—A book which gives new ideas about the sex life of youngmen. It can be safely placed in the hands of parents, teachers and sexologists. As 8.
5. *Sexual Science Secrets*.—(Illustrated). Fair and impartial. It deals fully with the hidden side of sexual science. As 8.
6. *Lost Manhood Regained*.—This book deals in an authoritative way with the causes of sexual debility and practical suggestions are given to build up virility. As 6.
7. *Veneral Diseases and their Home Treatment*.—Simple talks on venereal diseases—the best doctor in the world—you don't have to visit him for he is in your home. As 10.
8. *How to Keep Good Health*.—An exposition of the simple and natural means to regain Perfect Health. As 10.
9. *Male Sex Problems*.—Youth and Manhood (Necessary for all senior students of sociology). In this wonderful, practical new book, the plain facts of life are told clearly. As 12.
10. *Female Sex Problems*.—A book that modestly reveals life's secrets in the simplest terms possible. The aim of this book is to ground women in the facts of sex. As 12.
11. *Secrets of Long Life*.—The book is easily the most optimistic and constructive book, being written exclusively in affirmative or constructive words. As 12.

Hair Destroyer Powder

(MADE IN GERMANY)

Ends all unwanted hair in 5 minutes without trouble, mess, or bother. Leaves the skin soft and smooth without trace of ugly stubble sweetly scented and pleasant to use. Price Per Tin Rs. 0-8-0.

Postage Rs. 0-4-0 extra

VAMAN & Co.,
61, Elephant Gate St., Sowcarpet,
MADRAS.

thrown ajar by the Boss. "Who the devil are you and what the hell do you mean by disturbing me in my sleep? I will call the Police and hand you all over if you don't disappear in one minute. If you have business with me come during business hours and not at this time of the night," he bawled out, and as if to add weight to his words began to look at the seconds hand of his wrist watch to note when the minute's grace he had allowed expired.

But the intruders were obviously not afraid of the Police. They walked in—about half-a-dozen stalwart men—and one who appeared to be the leader saluted him and said, "We have information that a wanted man is retained forcibly here by the Police. We have come to search the premises."

"Who the hell are you?" snapped the Boss.

"I am Mr. Saranadan of the C. I. Department," replied the other coolly and turning to his men said, "Go and search the house carefully."

The Boss put on an air of surprise. "You are the Police, eh?" he said. "And you say that a wanted man is detained here forcibly. I don't know if there are any wanted men here. No one has called on me to-night. Yet if you want you may search the house. I will be the last man to stand in the way of the Police discharging their duties. But, if you don't mind, will you please tell me whether the police have a right to enter a private house without a special warrant? No, no, not that I am particular about it, only I want to enlighten myself."

Inspector Saranadan was an old hand at criminal investigation and during his years of service had come across several dangerous criminals. He could understand what the Boss was driving at and at once produced a warrant. "Yes, a warrant from a Magistrate is necessary and we have come with one," he said.

"That's all right," replied the Boss, resigning himself to the inevitable. "If you don't mind I will go and finish off my disturbed sleep. Meanwhile you can search the whole house and when you go away, satisfied that this is the house of a law-abiding citizen, kindly wake me up so that I may bolt the door."

With that he turned on his heels and went to what looked like a bedroom. Inspector Saranadan followed him there, and while appearing to search the house, kept a close watch on the Boss. The latter, with half-closed eyes noticed that the Inspector was having a re-

volver in his pocket and that he never removed his right hand from that pocket. And it meant that the Inspector suspected him.

Though he pretended to go to sleep the Boss was worried. He did not know who had given information to the Police and what he had told them. He was also not sure whether his men had taken the warning and made good their escape by the secret exit from the dungeons. If they had, what had they done to Munusamy and the woman prisoner? He wished that his men had been intelligent enough to remove them also. But in his heart of hearts he feared they would not have done so.

If Munusamy had been left back in the dungeons he would remain there itself. He would not be able to make good his escape. After the tortures he would be a physical wreck on the verge of death. And if by any mischance he had the power of speech left in him he would at once tell the Police everything and a dying man's statements are always considered to be true in the eyes of Law.

Yes, his position was beset with danger and he must try to give the Police the slip. How could he do that, especially when the Inspector was watching him with a revolver in his hand? Every crook, even if he be the cleverest, commits one mistake which lands him in trouble. The Boss, in spite of his astuteness had committed a grave folly when he remained behind and faced the Police. The Boss felt sorry he had not run away along with his men, when the coast was clear. But what to do now? He must leave things to chance and circumstances.

And slowly he took a revolver that he always kept in his bed for such emergencies and kept it ready for use.

Of course he could shoot down the Inspector from where he was and make a dash for freedom. But he knew how thorough the Police generally were and realised that even if he managed to kill the Inspector and dash out for freedom, there would be other officers around the house who would at once capture him, either alive or dead. The best course to pursue would be to create the impression that he was unarmed and also harmless and take them by surprise.

Unfortunately again he was doomed to disappointment. After five minutes about twenty constables en-

tered and between every two of them was one of his men, hand-cuffed! Behind them four officers carried an unconscious person. The Boss realised that the game was up. He knew for certainty that he would be sentenced to be hanged if he remained alive. The Police would certainly place him under arrest and then either his men or Munusamy would squeal—the latter if he continued to live. Even if all his men remained faithful the Police would have no difficulty in finding out about his criminal organisation and the dastardly crimes for which it had been responsible.

Yes, it was certain that he would be forced to end his days on the gallows. He must somehow cheat Law and suddenly he resolved to do it. The next moment there was a loud report. Inspector Saranadan rushed to the bed where the Boss pretended to be asleep—only to witness the last wriggings of a dying man. The Boss was dead. He had shot himself and cheated Law.

CONCLUDING CHAPTER.

Munusamy had had the worst form of torture. He knew his end was near and in his dying declaration said that he was the real murderer of Rajambal and that he had to kill her as commanded by the Boss. In fact he had entered her services only with the object of murdering her and robbing her of her ill-gotten wealth. He also admitted to the commission of several other unsolved murders and on investigation the Police were able to unearth several corpses—all of them the bodies of professional women who had been lured to their tragic ends by the Boss and his men.

The Boss, the police found out on investigation, was really Rajambal's husband. He had loved Rajambal so much that her desertion at once unhinged his mind and he had resolved on the wholesale destruction of all professional women. His ultimate object had been the murder of Rajambal and in order to avoid his gangsters realising his ulterior object, he had committed other murders.

The gangsters realised that everything was up with them and each of them volun-

teered to turn an informer in the hope that it might get for them a more lenient punishment—and the Police had really a hard job to select a worth while approver. Most of the gangsters were given life-sentences.

The Police were able to find out the head-quarters of the gang because of Munusamy's wife. Knowing quite well that he had transgressed the laws of the club, and afraid of the consequences, he had left a note to the Police informing them of the gangsters' stronghold as well as the secret exit. He had asked his wife to give it to the Police if he did not return within a couple of hours. And his wife did that—thereby coming to the timely rescue, not of her husband but of Kamala. Of course you might ask why Munusamy, afraid though he was of the reception he would get from the Boss went there voluntarily. It was because he knew quite well that if he did not go there, he would be either dragged to that place and tortured or murdered in broad daylight. He knew quite well that his life would not be worth a pin if he did not meet the Boss—even though he might be under police protection. While death was certain if he avoided the Boss, there was a chance that he might be pardoned his transgression. It was this hope that had induced him to court danger—to literally walk into the jaws of death.

Needless to write that the lesson he had learnt had been sufficient to Ragavan and that he turned a new leaf. He began to dote on his Kamala and remained true to her ever after.

By the bye, I just now hear that Inspector Saranadan has received by to day's post an invitation from Ragavan who solicits the pleasure and honour of his presence on the occasion of the marriage of his daughter Sowbagya-vathi Lalitha Devi with Siranjivi Sowmyanathan B.A., son of Mr. Krishnasamy Iyengar, Tahsildar of Kattu Palayam.

All the characters in this story as well as the plot are entirely fictitious and have no reference to any living person or incident and is not meant to disparage anybody.

Editor.



AMRUTANJANI

BEST INDIAN PAIN BALM

THE HEROINE WHO DISAPPEARED

BY SHAUGH COURTENAY

About one-thirty on a nasty, drizzly Sunday morning a slight little woman was hurrying home along a deserted street in the East End of London.

The fine, misty rain beat on her face, so that she kept her head lowered. Her coat—a thin, worn coat whose chief attraction when she had acquired it five years ago had been its uncommon heart-shaped buttons—was soaked through, so that it clung to her limbs and impeded her walking.

But she forged on as fast as she could in spite of it, anxious to get through what was at best a terrifyingly lonely journey, full of horrible, misty shadows.

For she was a timid, nervous, little thing.

Suddenly a noise ahead of her made her heart leap. It was like the slamming of a door, followed by the crash of broken glass.

As she raised her head she saw the hazy figure of a man dart out of a doorway about a hundred yards away and run towards her. Frozen with terror, she stopped, crouched into the entrance to a shop, and held her breath.

It was not until the figure had nearly reached her that she was able to breathe again. She saw him stop, hesitate, and slip into an opening between the shops.

Almost at that precise moment there was a loud blast on a whistle, followed by another clatter of glass. A second figure, plainly a policeman, emerged from the same doorway and gave chase. He also stopped at the opening. He listened, peered into it, and followed.

By this time the little woman was trembling with fright and cold. That opening lay between her and her home. She could not get home without passing it, and it was a blind alley!

So they must be still there! But there was nothing for it. She must pass it.

Impelled by some force stronger than herself, she looked straight into the alley as she came level with the opening. It needed no more than the hazy light, reflected through the mist from a lamp on the other side of the street, to show her the fiercely struggling figures close to her. The policeman was holding the other from behind and trying to pin his arms behind his back. The other was violently resisting and struggling to free himself from the grasp.

And there was something else he was trying to do, which the constable could not see.

But the little woman could see, for the man's right side was turned to her. He was trying to draw a murderous-looking knife out of his pocket!

Panic drives people in strange ways. Having come now upon a real danger, the little woman's desire to run blindly gave way to an insane impulse for action and hardly had she taken in the situation before she had flung herself at the man's right arm.

The additional opposition came as a shock. The man spluttered some incoherent oath, but renewed his efforts. Her tiny hands would not go half way round his bar-like forearm, but she found herself clinging like a cat to his sleeve in the endeavour to stop him from drawing the weapon.

Her brain was working at incredible speed. If the point of that blade came clear of his pocket, he could strike, and she was hanging to the striking arm!

The blade mustn't come out! It couldn't! Death—sudden death, wasn't the sort of thing that could happen to her. There were the children asleep at home!

But her grasp was loosening. She couldn't hang on much longer. Her hands were numbed with cold and there was no strength in them. The man's arm moved upward. There was the sound of rending cloth. Then the flash of glittering steel!

The knife had cut its way out of his pocket and was free! At the same moment inspiration came to her.

With a dart like an angry swan, she shot her head downwards, missing the point of the knife by a fraction of an inch, and caught the man's wrist between her teeth. Her small jaws were stretched to their limit to get a grip, but she had aimed well. She felt the fleshiest part between her teeth, and even in her terror it gave her a wonderful feeling of power.

The man uttered a yelp of pain, and for an instant relaxed. At once he redoubled his struggles. But the instant had given the policeman a chance.

After that the man grew frantic. He put all his weight into heaving his whole body from side to side, efforts to throw her off his burning, agonised wrist, but she hung on like a dog to a bone.

At last, when she felt her last ounce of strength had given way, she heard of footsteps behind.

A groan louder than before came from the captive, and she felt the blade pressed against her.

Then a colossal weight charged into the fray from behind. A gruff, good-humoured voice cried, "All right Copper, I got 'im!"

The constable snapped handcuffs on the man's left wrist and reached for the other. The man sharply withdrew it.

The large, jovial-looking civilian, who had just arrived, looked at it and whistled.

"Better leave 'em off," he advised the constable. "I'll come along with yer."

"All right," allowed the constable. "I don't need to bother you. He won't give any trouble. But I'll trouble you for your name and address."

"Certainly. I'm James Mudford, dustman, 1b, Berwick Street."

"Thanks," said the policeman, writing it down. "And I'm afraid I must trouble the lady.—"

But the little woman had gone!

The trial of Bart Cobbler on charges of burglary and attempted murder was an unusual one, because one of the principal witnesses could not be found.

Without her, the attempted murder charge broke down, but as an old offender Cobbler was sent to penal servitude for five years for burglary.

Even the shrieking headlines of the daily Press, who made a heroine of her, failed to induce the little woman into the open.

They all published descriptions of her jaws, as gleaned from the tooth-marks on Cobbler's arm. They were apparently of unusual shape, very narrow and pointed, rather like a rabbit's, with a tooth missing from the right front of the upper jaw and another from the left front of the lower.

But there was one clue that they never discovered. Only James Mudford, the dustman, knew about that, and he told nobody. It was a heart-shaped button that had come away in his hand in the scuffle.

It was by one of those strange coincidences that one reads about, but seldom meets, that he actually found her.

He was doing his usual morning round of emptying dust-bins, and had reached the row of tiny cottages known as Loveday Place. The bin outside number 47 had a hole in the bottom of it, and some of the contents had exuded through it. So that after Mudford had emptied the bin he found a small heap of ashes on the pavement.

Being a man of tidy habits, he took his shovel to scoop them up, and it was then that he spotted the heart-shaped button. Without hesitating, he knocked at the door of number 47.

It was a couple of minutes before it was opened. Then a timid-looking little woman of about forty peered nervously at him.

"Scuse me, ma," said Mudford jovially. "Can I 'ave a word with you?"

"What—what do you want?" she asked with a frightened little smile.

It was what Mudford had hoped for. The smile showed her slightly protruding teeth, with one missing from the right front of the narrow upper jaw, and one from the left front of the lower one.

He produced the button.

"If you're throwin' this away 'cos you've lost one o' the set," he grinned, "I'd take it back if I was you. I 'appens to 'ave the missin' one."

The little woman went very pale.

"Don't worry," he said gently. "I ain't goin' to give you away. I was only sort o' interested at you shovin' off like that without a word."

"I—I—didn't want lot of fuss," stammered the little woman.

"Didn't you know they wanted you to give evidence?"

The woman coloured slightly. "I suppose I ought to 'ave done that," she said. "But it—it didn't seem 'ardly fair after the Lord let me stop 'im committin' murder, and me bitin' the life out of 'im. Did it?"

"Then why don't you show up now it's all over? Why everyone's callin' you a unknown 'eroine. And you 'ill get a reward, most likely."

"No, thank you. I din't want no reward. And the people was to see me, they'd know I wasn't no

'eroine—they'd know I was frightened out o' me wits all the time." She reached out and caught Mudford's enormous hand in hers. "Here, promise you won't say nothing. *Please* promise. I mean it."

"All right, I promise," he said, and went on his way.

At number 54 an acquaintance was scrubbing her doorstep. Mudford passed the time of day.

"By the way," he asked. "Who's that nice little lady at forty-seven?"

"Forty-seven?" repeated the woman. "Why, that's that poor little Mrs. Cobbler. 'Usban's doin' time, as usual. Tried to stab a copper!"

Everybody's Weekly.

DISEASES BANISHED BY SHOCK

By C. STANFORD READ, M. D.

EVERYONE knows how strong emotions produce changes in the body. Fear dries up the mouth, makes the hair stand on end, and causes palpitation of the heart, shame brings a blush to the cheeks, unhappiness saps our energy, joy gives us vitality and sharpens our appetite, worry makes us fit for nothing. The stronger the emotion the more devastating may be the bodily effect.

There are many cases on records of healthy people who have died solely through a superstitious conviction that they were doomed. On the other hand, miraculous cures of bodily illness have been known to occur through powerful mental influences.

Some years ago a person who had contracted severe typhoid fever was said to have only a few minutes to live. It was then that the patient saw a vision of his favourite saint, who seemed to tell him that he would get well. From that moment a speedy recovery ensued.

Drastic Treatment.

In another case, which makes one marvel still more, a cure of rheumatic fever followed a mental shock. A gentleman, suffering acutely from the symptoms of this disease, was most anxious to make a railway journey to London. Against all medical advice he insisted on being carried to the express train. On this journey there was a serious accident. Though terribly frightened he was not hurt, and notwithstanding the fact that he had to walk some distance in the cold, all his symptoms and the fever had disappeared!

The cure of lesser ills which are due to what are termed "nervous" or "neurotic" causes are commonly enough brought about through the removal of some mental burden of which the individual may or may not be consciously aware.

A man who had swindled his brother came to his doctor for loss of appetite, indigestion and debility. The medical man discovered the mental reason, and by making him repay his brother, cured him of his bodily troubles.

The stress of sudden great emotion has often in a marvellous way cured the symptoms of those disorders known as "functional"; that is, where one organic disease exists.

A lady who had hysterical paralysis of her legs, and who was therefore unable to walk, was taken out daily in a bathchair. On one occasion, when left unattended, a man attempted to kiss her. She jumped out of her chair and fled!

He had been Blind.

A SIMILAR type of case who for long had been bed-ridden ran out of her bed room to seek safety when someone called out "Fire!"

Many a soldier who suffered from some hysterical disability through shock in the Great War recovered in a similar way. One man who had been blind for months recovered his sight on awaking from a vivid dream of his experiences at the front. Another who had been unable to speak for over two years shouted out and permanently got his speech back on seeing a war film which aroused old memories writes Dr. Read in *Everybody's*.

ONLY
15

COPIES
OF

The TATLER
OF INDIA

Volumes
1 & 2

Each
12 Issues

Are Available for Sale.
WELL BOUND.

Rs. 3-8-0 Two Volumes

Postage Free

WRITE TO:

The Manager,

TATLER OF INDIA

41-42, Mukker Nallamuthu St.,

G. T., MADRAS.

THE GREATEST POWER IN THE WORLD TO-DAY



The world offers its treasures of money, power and position to the person who has at his service an over-flowing treasury of choicest words. It is the magic of words that creates influence and that amazing power which affects the destinies of individuals and nations. Men and women who are elevated and nationally known in business, social and political life, went up the ladder of success by studying and increasing their knowledge of words.

BE A MASTER OF WORDS

Whatever your vocation or occupation you must have a command over words to be successful. There are right words for every occasion. Learn to weave them into proper design and you make advancement more certain and rapid. Mastery of English words will bring you to the forefront whereas lack of it will be a drag on your upward climb. You need good English in every relation of your life and it will help you, as no other single thing can, to reach the goal of your desires and achieve success.

STUDY THE KLEISER COURSE

It Will enable you to :—

Enlarge Your Stock of Words;
Use the Right Word in the Right Place;
Avoid All Errors of Grammar and Idioms;
Develop Originality of Expression;
Write Tactful and Forceful Letters, Essays, Stories, Articles, Advertisements, Speeches, Memorials, etc.;
Increase Your Power of Speech and Persuasion;
Be Popular in Society and a Centre of Culture, Power and Influence;
Earn More Money, Get Better Position and Achieve Greater Success.

POST THIS COUPON

**THE TUTORIAL INSTITUTE,
EDWARD PARK ROAD, DELHI, 61.**

Please send me full particulars of the Kleiser Correspondence Course for attaining Mastery of English. Enclosed two annas in stamps.

Name

Address

Age Occupation

Mr. Kleiser, the great authority of international fame on English and speech culture, has pupils throughout the world in every conceivable walk of life. His course is a unique short-cut to mastery of the English language and requires but 20 to 30 minutes a day of spare time. If it is your desire to gain success in life—to have command of words, and consequently a command of men and circumstances—to impress men of affairs—to write in an absolutely correct, clear, bold, vigorous style that carries conviction—to possess power and personality—enrol yourself for the Kleiser instruction. Write today for full particulars of the Course, enclosing two annas in stamps.

**THE TUTORIAL INSTITUTE,
EDWARD PARK ROAD, DELHI 61.**

Is Your Disease Incurable?

Cure Guaranteed in 'incurable' Cases

Money Refunded in Case of Failure

Correspondence Strictly Confidential

Treatment by Post—A Speciality

Consult :— Vaidyabhukathy

Dr. Kotah Jayaram Naidu,
Physician in charge

DR. KOTAH'S M. S. MEDICAL HALL,
146, BROADWAY, MADRAS.

GOVIND'S

FAMILY MEDICINE CHEST

An invaluable Box for every Family.

Contains the following unique
Medicines.

- | | |
|-------------------|-------------------------|
| 1. Kasthuri Pills | 6. Purgative Pills |
| 3. Mantha Ennai | 7. Headache Cure |
| 2. Gorojan Pills | 8. Netra Thailam |
| 4. Cough Pills | 9. Karnaroga Thailam |
| 5. Fever Pills | 10. Bala Sanjeevi Pills |

Price per box complete Rs. 5 only

GOVIND & Co.,

75, Ramasawmy Street,

G. T., MADRAS.

PUZZLES MADE EASY

(Continued from page 8)

crowds shout at him. But if we are to prefer this to the other solution there should have been two ATS in the clue. In its absence, PASSES seems the better to select.

21. The longer one can keep this the better.

POST—Well, the longer one can keep his post, the better it is for him as well as to those who have entrusted him the duty of guarding the post.

PORT—among several other meanings also is applied to wine brewed at Oporto in Portugal. This wine is famous for its quality and it is brewed by being kept buried in earthen pots in mud for decades. The longer one can keep Port, the better it will be.

Out of these two solutions to select one it is very difficult. They both appeal to me equally well, though the probability is that PORT stands a better chance of being the compiler's solution.

23. Many use their fingers to do this.

BECKON—or make sign and attract attention of some one. Many do this and so this seems a good solution.

RECKON. Calculate. Very few people use their fingers to calculate. Therefore this does not appeal to me so much.

25. He is often out of his depth.

DINER.—A diner, especially if he be one not averse to drinks often finds himself out of his depth.

DIVER.—A diver, however, is seldom out of his depths.

Competitors are here informed that *Out of ones depth* means—in water where one cannot touch bottom: 'in water too deep for one's safety' 'beyond one's faculties'.

Commonsense Crossword No. 24

Across: 1. Success 5. TART, Dart, 8. HIT, Hot, 9. CAR, Ear, TAR, War, 10. Chaff, 13. Tars, 15. Gloats, 16. The, 17. GOLD, good, 19. Lewd, 21. FEARS, Tears, 23. WINS, Wits, Tins, 24. Robot, 29. Pier, 30. Rays, 33. CUT, Let, 34. TILE, Tale, 35. R, Raw, RAT, Ray, RA, 36. S O S.

Down: 1. SHOTS, Spots, 2. Chart, 3. Etc. SWAGGER, Stagger, 6. Raft, 7. Trashy, 11. Flower

12. FOLD, Food, 14. SHORN, Short, 18. Bet, Hew, Sew, MEW, (Net), Ret., Raw, (Wet). Set, Tew, 20. Oboe, 22. Ails, 25. OPUS, Opes. 26. BITES. Bitts. 27. Trips, 28. HEAT, Seat, (Rest, Pest) 31. AWE, Ale, Age, Art, 32. Sir.

5. This is sharp.

DART: Arrow.

TART: Sharp or sour to the taste.

WART: A small hard excrescence on the skin.

Of these solutions DART is very good, but it will be easily hit by the competitors whereas TART which means sharp is more direct and less well known. You may select either of these solutions. The third WART need not be given much value.

8. Temper sometimes makes a person.

HIT is the better solution here. Whenever a man loses his temper he is sure to become HOT whereas the inclusion of the word 'sometimes' conveys some doubt. Whereas all persons do not hit when they lose their temper, all do become hot.

9. Continuous strange noises in this should be investigated.

CAR—When a car or in fact any motor or engine makes strange noises and that continuously, you must investigate the cause for that noise as otherwise there may be a breakdown or accident.

EAR—When there is some strange noise in the Ear, then it means something is wrong with the tympanum and you must investigate the cause. But when selecting this solution you must consider whether you investigate the noise in the Ear or the doctor does it. Though the clue is not clear, it seems to suggest that only the patient should investigate. Further, Doctors do not investigate—they examine and the ear which hears strange noises continuously should be examined by a Doctor and not investigated.

WAR—Strange noises of course should be investigated during wars—but why only *continuous* strange noises. All noises should be investigated when there is war.

TAR—a litter of pigs. Pigs or the young of animals make strange noises only when there is some

thing untoward or some enemy is close by. The master should at once proceed to investigate the cause.

The best solution seems to be CAR.

17. Average young man's ambition is to make, this quick

MAKE GOOD: to maintain, to justify, to fulfil. Young men of course are anxious to justify their actions or fulfil the hopes that they have raised in others. They try their utmost to fulfil promises made as they are still young and are not given to corruption.

But they are more ambitious to make GOLD or money as quickly as possible especially in these days when every walk of life is so much crowded. Though I would prefer GOLD you must remember that an error in this item will count as two errors and as such try to be on the safe side.

21. Nervous child is distressingly prone to,

TEARS: When a child is nervous it cries and cries so that the mother finds it very difficult to soothen it.

FEARS—By the use of the word distressingly makes us think that FEARS is a more appropriate word. The child's fears distress the parents, whereas tears only irritate them.

Prefer TEARS please.

23. Some have achieved independence through,

WINS: We hear of persons who become independent because of their earnings in lotteries and races. Since their profits are always considerable they easily become independent. This is the best solution and fits in well with the solution Down.

WITS. Several persons who use their wits do not become independent, in spite of all their cleverness and intelligence. This seems to me to be next in importance to Wins.

TINS: Morey in slang. But the slang word is seldom used as a plural and therefore this may be omitted.

33. A man is often this when he is down,

CUT—a man down and out is often cut by all, both by friends and relatives.

LET—Permitted or allowed to remain down.

The more appropriate word is CUT.

34. Most building contractors can tell a good one,

TALE—Several building contractors cannot tell a good story and I don't see how the building contractor is specially qualified to narrate a good story.

TILE—To tell a good tile is to say whether a tile is a good one or not. To tell is to find out. This is a better solution.

TILT—The argument put forth against the selection of TALE applies here as well.

35. Dance's knuckles often feel

RAG: Anything worn or torn out

RAP: A knock, a sharp blow

RAT: A rod or anything used to pull out the hair which is turned over it.

RAW: An inveterate sore.

RAY: Array.

This clue as well as the solutions that are likely do not appeal to me. I am not sure which to prefer out of these. But RAT seems the best and R P next best.

DOWN.

1. Shikari prefers easy ones.

SHOTS: The shikari prefers easy shots or wants to kill wild animals easily.

SPOTS: I do not understand how spots can be easy—unless spots may be taken to mean the leopard in which case easy spots mean leopards which can be killed easily.

I think SHOTS is a better solution.

4. Some boxers do this in the ring.

SWAGGER—Several boxers brag about their skill and ability in the ring.

But only those who have faced badly STAGGER. The solution with the better appeal is Swagger.

12. Stray lamb sometimes seeks in vain.

FOOD: A stray lamb seldom gets food and seeks for it in vain—if food means only those given by the shepherd. But lambs eat grass and grass grows everywhere so that a stray lamb need not seek grass in vain. They can get their food, whether they are stray ones or whether they be with the rest of the flock.

And because of this I would prefer FOLD. Lambs stray away only in the evenings when they had grazed the whole day and are eager to go back to their folds to spend the night in peace.

But even though you may select FOOD remember that an error in this item will count as two and try your utmost to avoid an error in this particular.

14. Income tax payer often *feels*.

SHORN: Every one regards incometax as an unjust and avoid paying it as long as possible. They feel that they are being shorn of their earnings.

SHORT: But very few incometax payers feel short. Incometax is a tax imposed on the rich or those who have made much money and who therefore need not feel short.

The better solution is SHORN.

18. Rather difficult to do.

BET: Betting is certainly difficult—as is evident from the large number of losers. But the word rather which means somewhat implies that the work we select should be somewhat difficult.

HEW: Cut. Cutting wood is difficult. Therefore it seems good and goes well with the solution across.

SEW: This is somewhat difficult and is a good solution.

MEW: Fathers who have to rock their babies to sleep and who have to mow in order to put fear in them know quite well that this is the best solution.

NET: To catch in a net. Catching fish, especially with a net is not very hard whereas it is difficult to net or entrap persons. This solution does not appeal to me much.

WET: To wet things, especially in deserts where water is scarce is difficult. But this solution is far fetched and has been included just to cover all alternatives.

RET: To expose hemp, jute etc. to moisture. Any work is difficult and why not this as well?

REW: Spens—same as Rue or feel sorry for. To repent is sometimes difficult—yet this alternative also need not be considered.

SET: To place a brooding fowl on a nest containing eggs. This is certainly somewhat difficult and is a good solution.

TEW: To beat, mix and pound. This is also difficult and goes well with the solution across.

This clue is ambiguous and it is really difficult to say which is the best solution. I think that MEW and BET stand a good chance, whatever may be said against the latter and competitors are advised to follow their own commonsense in the selection of a good solution.

25. A Work.

OPUS: a work especially a musical composition is certainly better than opes.

26. Sharks take big ones.

BITES. Sharks, when they bite, do take in large quantities and as such this is a good solution.

BITTS. A frame on the forepart of a ship round which the cable are passed when the vessel rides at anchor. Sharks are big fish and they do attack ships and carry away BITTS.

Yet BITES seems more appropriate.

28. When bus or railway compartment is crowded this becomes uncomfortable.

Persons who have travelled third class in some of the trains in India know quite well that the HEAT becomes quite uncomfortable when the compartment is crowded—more than the SEAT.

27. This clue is capable of an alternative solution though I have not been able to hit it. In case I find a better solution or even an alternative one, I will make of mention it in the next issue which will be out on the 20th August.

31 Many have lost their heads through this.

The possible alternatives are AWE, ALE, AGE, and ART. Of these AWE seems the best as several persons lose their power of reasoning because of great fear. ALE and AGE of course make some lose their heads, but they are only a negligible few. I think that the last three solutions go in, in the order given.

(I did not have sufficient time to scrutinise this puzzle carefully enough though I have done the best I could. In case I hit on better solutions or selections, I will publish them in the next issue, to be out on 20th August, in case the closing date of this competition makes it advisable or worth while to do so—(Editor)



A Sure Cure for Sterility

Garbha Sanjeevi Oil

An instantaneous cure for women suffering from pain in the lower part of the bowels, pain in the waist, and painful menstrual discharge. A certain cure for women ailing from Amenorrhoea, Dysmenorrhoea, leucorrhoea, STERILITY, pelvic tumours, displaced uterus, palpitation of heart, lumbago, neuralgia, anaemia. This Tonic, specially prepared for suffering womanhood, is a sure remedy for 6 kinds of sterility pertaining to women. It kills the germs that prevent women to attain pregnancy. This Tonic ensures a strong and healthy child.

Dose: 3 Bottles for one lady

Prices: Bot. Rs. 2.

3 Bots. Rs. 6.

Postage extra.

IF NOT CURED, MONEY REFUNDED.

Head Office:

PALNI.

Vaidya Asiriyar

R. M. K. VELUSAWMY PILLAY.

PURASAWALKAM HIGH ROAD, MADRAS.

YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS MUST BE IN THE

ASYLUM PRESS ALMANACK & DIRECTORY

1935 EDITION

134TH ISSUE

The Only Recognised Reference Book for
Madras and South India

Price Rs. 8

Postage Extra

FIRST CLASS ADVERTISING MEDIUM

Full Particulars From:—

DIRECTORIES AND AGENCIES, LIMITED.

TELEGRAMS:

PROPRIETORS & PUBLISHERS,

TELEPHONE:

"DIRECTORY"

11, MOUNT ROAD, MADRAS.

8242.

Drama
Over the
Telephone

BY
S. L. RICARDO

"Come quickly, my wife has turned on the gas," then the sound of a fall. This is what a New York telephone operator heard when the wife on an English actor committed suicide recently, and the husband just managed to reach the 'phone before being overcome by fumes.

traught lover to his sweetheart over the 'phone. Hastily she put down the receiver, cutting him off, then rang up the police. They managed to reach the young man while he was still trying to get through for his telephone suicide.

More often than not the first notice the outside world receives of a crime or accident is over the telephone. Not long ago a doctor had a mysterious call, asking him to go as soon as possible to the Fox and Grapes Inn at Preston, where, on arrival, he found the landlady dead. There was no telephone at the inn, and the nearest call-box was several hundred yards away. Did the woman take poison, repent, drag herself to the 'phone and return to collapse on the bedroom floor, or was someone else concerned in the mystery?

Clutching a pencil in her teeth a bound woman managed, the other day, to dial for the police. This is the first time the automatic telephone has figured in a crime. But operators on the non-automatic exchange receive many strange and urgent calls.

"Listen and hear me shoot myself," said a dis-

Often operators are the first to hear of accidents, rather than those more nearly concerned. The woman killed in a recent Oxford shooting case was found with the telephone receiver in her hand. The operator had actually plugged in and was saying "number please," when she heard a shot, a scream and a thud. Realising that something was wrong, the girl plugged out and gave the alarm. A minute and a half later somebody who had discovered the bodies, rang through and asked for the police. The operator's evidence later helped to establish the exact time of the tragedy.

Operators at lonely stations in India and elsewhere often save lives when the flood warning comes over the wires telling of broken dams, swollen rivers and tidal waves. Prairie fires, earthquakes and hurricanes have all been announced over the 'phone, and when such tidings come much depends on the operator.

LADY & NICOTINE

If the story told be true,
It is very wrong of you,
Young coquettes,
Smoking, when mamma's away.
On the lawn or by the spray,
Cigarettes.
'T won't improve a ruddy mouth,
Odour breathing as the south
Heretofore;
And the process which conceals,
Chewing villainous pastilles,
Is a bore.
Ladies fair, with due respect,
For one reason, I object,
It is this:
Sure your breath is sweet to me,
And a lady's lips should be
Fit to kiss.

GET
Rs. 200 for 2 Annas!

Easy to Solve in Easier to Win
Novel Missing Letter Competition No. 7.

Entry Fee Closing Date
As. 2 Per Entry 20-8-35
First Prize Rs. 100!
Second Prize Rs. 50 Maximum No. of Entries Rs 50

No.	WORDS.	CLUES.
1	- EFERS	Yields to another's authority
2	- OIL	To moil
3	KN - T	To tie
4	TWEE -	A woven fabric
5	M - AN	To lament
6	M - TE	Something very small!
7	WH - P	To punish
8	SIL - IER	Softer
9	B - NKS	Benches
10	- RAMP	It often makes you stiff

Rule: A fee of two annas per entry is payable with each entry—either by M.O. or postal orders. Last date for posting entries 20th August. Results in 15 days direct to competitors who enclose two annas stamps extra for the result sheet. Others may refer to the TATLER issued in the first week of September. The decision of the management is final, legally binding and is an express condition of entry. The first prize to the senders of the all correct solution and the second to those with one error. In case of ties prizes will be divided. Unnecessary correspondence will be avoided.

NOVEL COMPETITIONS 7
MUTHIALPET. MADRAS.

Correct Solution for our "Heads" Competition No. 6. 1. EAST 2. RAZE
3. TOIL 4. CELL 5. TEARS 6. PORTER 7. TEAR 8. SIDE.

Fire alarms over the 'phone are everyday affairs, but few realised how many hoaxes the brigade have to endure, till a special device to safeguard them was shown at the Inventions Exhibition. This consisted of an emergency lever to be placed inside all call boxes, together with the instructions; "Close the door, pull down the emergency lever, and you have now made the fire call and bolted yourself in. Within one minute the brigade will arrive and unlock the door and you will tell them where the fire is."

Reprieves are usually associated with galloping horsemen or motor cars dashing to race the hangman, but one of the most dramatic recently came over the telephone. A prisoner had been sentenced to death in Italy, and was preparing to take his last walk when the telephone rang, and the governor of the prison was

informed that another man had confessed to the crime. Had there been even a minute's delay on the exchange that call would have been too late.

Not only the fate of individuals, but that of nations passes over the wires. For the first time in history, a Prime Minister resigned by 'phone. He was Mr. E. J. Hogan, Premier of Victoria, and he spoke from London to Melbourne to tender his resignation and that of his Government to Sir William Irvine, the Lieutenant-Governor. This message travelled 12,000 miles.

More telephone history was made when the Liberals left the "National" Government and the King approved the new appointments over the telephone from Balmoral.

NEW ERA OF ELEC-TRICKS

Britain in the year 2225—90 years hence—was pictured by Dr. Elizabeth Sloan Chesser of London, at the annual conference in Manchester of the Electrical Association for Women.

Children of that era, she visualised, will be given superb vitality in great gymnasia.

Drugs will have been done away with, and doctors will be as different from their predecessors of to-day as they themselves are from the witch-doctors and the medicine-men of ancient tribes.

Electricity will have removed the drudgery of the home.

People will sleep between silken sheets made out of paper. They will wear silken underclothing changed twice a day since the age of six. China instead of being washed up will be thrown after use into a central electric furnace and remoulded.

Vacuum cleaners will be unnecessary. People will walk into a room carrying a little box in which any dust in the atmosphere will be drawn by centrifugal force actuated by electricity.

No "Unrequited Love"

It will be an age when millions of people will travel by air, and doctors, instead of ordering a rest cure for patients who have not done more than five minutes'

real work a day, will tell them to fly to different countries to meet people and to talk to them with a new understanding.

"I do not claim," says Dr. Chesser, "that electricity is a panacea for every disease from a cold in the head to unrequited love, but if you raise the resistance of the body sufficiently by electricity, people will not have colds in the head, and if you increase their mental and physical powers, they will become magnetic and will never suffer from unrequited love again."

WORLD'S RAREST GEMS.

The rarest gems in the world, which experts believe have fallen from another planet—hence they are called cosmic gems—have been discovered in the heart of the Libyan Desert by a scientist who has spent 12 years in mapping 80,000 square miles of a region where neither white men nor Arabs previously have trodden.

The jewels are rather a dull, clouded yellow. Experts say that nothing like them has been seen, but they resemble somewhat Darwin glass, or Indo-Chinese tektites, yet are completely unlike them in distribution and size. The deposits are said to shine in the desert like an opaque lake. They belong to the Egyptian Government. It is not known whether the Government will send an expedition to solve this scientific mystery.

The Scot Again

The old Scot lay dying and the minister was at his bedside. "As a last request, sir," said the old man, "I'd like you to see that everyone who attends me funeral gets a large glass of whisky before going, and another after coming back." "Well, John," said the minister, "I hardly approve of that, but since it's your last wish, I'll attend to it. Now, is there anything else I can do for you?" "Yes, sir," said John. "I'm thinkin' as I'll no' be with you on that occasion. I'll just have my two glasses now."

Cohen was an invited guest at the wedding, and his shirt front was adorned with three massive diamonds, which he had borrowed from a friend.

All the evening Cohen had tried to attract attention to the diamonds by ostentatiously pretending to adjust them, but, to his chagrin, no one appeared to notice them.

Later, however, he saw his chance. Advancing to the newly-married couple in the centre of the room, he said in a loud voice: "May your wedded life be as bright as these," pointing to the diamonds.

Sandy came home looking very down in the mouth.

"What's wrong?" asked his wife.

"Aren't we about the most unlucky family in the wurld?" replied the Scot.

"I don't understand ye," replied his spouse, looking rather puzzled.

"There's a chemist in the toon selling his medicines at half price, and here are we just back from holiday and all in the best of health!" Sandy explained.

Little Pat was busy sweeping when the shopkeeper his master, came in. "Hallo, Pat!" he cried. "Sweeping out the shop?" "No," said Pat. "O, I'm sweeping out the dust and leaving the shop."

Pat saw Mike coming along the pier. "Hallo, son of old Ireland," he said. "What ye been doing?"

"Testing my weight," said Mike.

"How much do ye weigh?" asked Pat.

"One hundred and seventy-five pounds," replied the other.

"What!" exclaimed Pat. "But ye must 'a' weighed yeself with your coat on."

"That I did not," replied Mike. "I held it over my arm."

Pat was relating his war-time experiences to an admiring crowd in the "local."

"Shure," he said, pointing towards his heart, "it was here where I was struck by the enemy's bullets—"

"But, Pat," protested one of his audience, "if ye had been shot through the heart ye'd have been killed entirely."

Pat shook his head. "Begorra, an' ye 're wrong, me lad," he replied. "At the time I was shot me heart was in me mouth."

Sandy had owed Mac some money for a very long time. They met one day, and Sandy hailed Mac with expectation: "Weel, Mac, what about that account I've sent it to ye fifty times. Can ye pey me noo?"

"I canna dae that," replied Mac.

"Ah, weel," said Sandy. "I'm fed up wi'ye. I'll just write it off as a bad debt," and turned on his heel to go away, when Mac enquired; "Yer no gaun awa that wey, are ye, Sandy. I aye thocht there was a dram gaen at the settlement o' an account."

Two typical working Scots were commiserating with one another over their brother Sandy who was lying very ill in Glasgow. Anxious as they were about him, they felt that they just couldn't spend two fares and at last they worked out the solution. One of the brothers was to go up to Glasgow, and he was seen off on the Friday night train by the elder brother, who told him to send him a telegram on the following day and reminded him that he could send twelve words for a shilling, and to be sure and get his money's worth. So, late the next afternoon, the elder brother received a wire as follows: "Poor Sandy dead. Rangers two, Coltic one."

A TRAP FOR MUGS

Nick the Slick said: "Old Grenbaum is easy. He's one of the clever ones who aren't clever enough. I found that out two years ago when I took £8,000 worth of diamonds off him. He's the kind o' foxy old guy who thinks that the best way to beat 'snatch-and-run' chaps like us is to make it look easy."

"How d'y mean—look easy?" growled Big Laurie.

"Watch out," Nick whispered sharply. "Here he comes out of the bank. Well, don't he look easy?"

A shabby, weedy old man came through the door of the bank they were watching. He paused, threw wary glances about him, then set off at a sharp pace towards Hatton Garden, where he had his office. As he went he almost hugged to his body a small, heavily made hide bag that was secured to his waist by a chain.

"Ay, easy enough," agreed Big Laurie. "A swipe on the jaw, a snick of a cutter on that chain, an' we'd be away in the car before he knew he'd been robbed."

"That's it—a perfect trap for mugs," grinned Nick.

"How's that?" Willie the Driver wanted to know. "Ain't it true that he fetches £15,000 o' diamonds from the bank in that bag every morning?"

"He fetches 'em all right," said Nick. "But not in that bag. See this natty 'I'm-hot-stuff-at-the-games'—up that's coming out of the bank now? That's Grenbaum's clerk, Ellis."

"What—that smart chap clerk to that greasy old rag-bag?" scoffed Willie the Driver.

"Never suspect it, would you?" grinned Nick the Slick. "That's the trick of it. You'd knock out old Grenbaum and go off with his bag, so certain you'd got the goods that you'd never take two looks at the clerk walking so innocent behind. Ellis would stroll straight on to Grenbaum's office and the £15,000 would be safe—for the diamonds are in the natty little tennis bag that Ellis carries."

"Then what's in the bag Grenbaum hugs so tight?" asked Big Laurie, who worked better with his hands than his head.

"Half-bricks, maybe," chuckled Nick. "Or maybe tracts to convert would-be burglars. But I can tell you one thing—it isn't diamonds. I know the old

BY
DOUGLAS NEWTON

weasel too well—he wouldn't make such a parade of that bag if there was anything worth stealing in it. He does it so's nobody'll guess that Ellis, the clerk, carries the diamonds."

"I dunno," growled Big Laurie. "That bag looks the goods to me."

"It's meant to—to such as you," jeered Nick the Slick. "You can grab it to-morrow, if you like—only I'll take the clerk. In fact, you do all the grabbing you can, that 'll take the clerk's mind off his job and make it easier for me. For it's his tennis bag we gotta take. I've watched Grenbaum's habits too many mornings not to be sure, an' you'll see how right I am to-morrow."

The raid went off beautifully.

Precisely as planned Big Laurie, moving casually along the pavement, made a sudden, slugging attack on old Grenbaum two minutes after the diamond dealer

SAY IT ISN'T SO

Say it isn't so, Say it isn't so,

Everyone is saying you don't love me,

Say it isn't so Everywhere I go, Everyone

I know,

Whispers that you're growing tired of me,

Say it isn't so.

People say that you found somebody new,

And it won't be long before you leave me;

Say it isn't true,

Say that everything is still O.K.

That's all I want to know,

And what they're saying, Say it isn't so.

left the bank. The old man yelped and put up just enough fight to attract attention, yet not enough to spoil the work of such a strong, quick operator as Big Laurie.

At the same moment Ellis, who was walking twenty paces behind, checked at the sight of the attack, yet, in spite of his big athletic build, made no attempt at rescue. In fact, he swerved to avoid the fracas, and, quickening his pace, made rapidly for Grenbaum's office.

Nick the Slick, who was watching him like a cat, chuckled. The moment the clerk's mind began to concentrate on hurry he sprang forward, swiped with a knuckle-dustered left hand, and grabbed Ellis' tennis bag with his right.

It was all over in a flash. Ellis dropped, letting go his bag, and Nick boarded Willie's fake taxi thirty seconds later. Big Laurie was at his heels. The whole party was away before any real alarm could be raised.

Two hours later, when they gathered in Nick the Slick's rooms, there wasn't even a hint of pursuit.

"Was there ever a softer way of picking up £15,000?" Nick said, as he locked the door. "It was a sitter from a beginning to end; that's what it was!"

"Bit too easy," Willie the Driver said. "When it's as easy as this I get nervy."

"It was easy only because I used my think-box," Nick said. "It wouldn't have been easy left to you. You were meant to get Grenbaum's bag that Big Laurie was so certain held the jewels—well, we'll see what's in it."

He cut it open. It contained four packets of neatly parcelled common gravel, a piece of liver sausage, bread, and a novel by one of the more sugary women authors.

"You see—a fake," grinned Nick the Slick. "That's why it seemed easy. Old Grenbaum was so sure that only the *wrong* bag would be taken. Now shove across that tennis bag. No, no need to cut this open, the lock's easy—and don't crowd. Now—there'll be plenty of time to see the stones. Here! I say—What the hell—"

As Nick forced back the catch of the lock the lid suddenly flew up. Also there was a sound like a soft explosion inside the case, and something that was moist and very sticky struck them full in their faces.

They backed away, spluttering and coughing and pawing to get the clammy stuff cut of their eyes,

mouths, and even noses and ears. Only when their eyes were clear did they stare at each other, gape in astonishment, and yell:

"Your face! What the devil's happened to your face?"

Each one of them made exactly the same remark—and then each one of them flew to the one mirror in the room.

In his office Grenbaum was saying to Detective-Inspector Stent, who had come round at once on receiving the news of the robbery.

"The thief who did this was a man called Nick the Slick."

"I know him, and I know where to get him—if you've got proof enough to convict. But, frankly, I very much doubt it. He's as clever as his name implies, and—"

"I know he's clever," said old Grenbaum. "He stole £8,000 from me two years ago, and I haven't forgotten it. He did it by using his brains, by studying my methods. That's why I had to use this trick of two bags—"

"But he saw through it and got away with *both* bags," Stent pointed out.

"Yes, that's why I'm certain it's Nick the Slick," Grenbaum said patiently. "Only he knew me well enough to see through those two bags and steal both to make sure."

"Yes," objected Stent. "But even that's not evidence enough to convict Nick and recover your diamonds."

"Not recover the diamonds—they weren't taken," said Grenbaum. "I had another little trick for them. Ellis, take off your coat."

The sporting clerk took off his coat. Under his armpit, jerked up there by strong strands of elastic, was a canvas bag—it contained the diamonds.

"You see, I *knew* that Nick the Slick was watching me, and that he'd see through my trick of the double bags, so we thought up this new trick. When Ellis took the diamonds from the bank clerk he only pretended to put them into his tennis bag. What he really did was to hook them on to the elastic, which drew them up the wide sleeve of his sports coat to safety. So we could let Nick steal that tennis bag."

(Continued on page 31)

SIX MILES OF RAILWAY LOST IN LONDON!

By W. J. PASSINGHAM

All of us forget things at times. But it is almost incredible what things people *do* forget.

For instance, a whole British garrison at Algiers were once entirely forgotten by the War Office. This happened during the reign of Charles II, and for six years the forgotten garrison remained faithful to its charge. They might have spent the rest of their lives waiting but for a party of sailors, ashore from a British frigate, who discovered the garrison by accident. Of the original fifteen officers only one was alive, and all the soldiers were in rags, starving—but kept at their posts by a wonderful sense of duty.

Amazing Discovery

And would you believe that the Admiralty could forget a first-class warship? They did. In 1716 H.M.S. *Falmouth* was sent out to Batavia and completely forgotten until it was discovered more than ten years later under dramatic circumstances.

Captain Wallis, R.N., started from England on a voyage round the world in the sloop *Dolphin*, and a year later he arrived at Batavia. On the first evening of his arrival there the captain and crew were surprised to hear the boom of a big gun. He at first thought he must be mistaken, for no armed vessels appeared to be in sight.

Next day, however, he mentioned the incident ashore and was amazed to learn that he had not been mistaken.

"But who fired the gun?" he asked.

The natives pointed to an old hulk lying off shore on the mud, and informed him that it was a British warship.

A Raving Lunatic!

The astonished captain investigated, and found a British warship half buried in the mud, her timbers rotting, and with sails and rigging rotting on the masts. He went aboard to find British sailors in rags—gaunt, starving wretches who clustered round him like scarecrows.

"Where are your officers?" he demanded.

"All dead, sir."

"Petty officers?"

They took him down below and unlocked a cabin. The last surviving petty officer was a raving lunatic.

Captain Wallis sent as much food as he could spare from his own store aboard the forgotten warship. The crew begged to be taken off the rotting hulk and sent home, but Captain Wallis pointed out that he could not do so without authority from the Admiralty. In spite of their suffering, the crew had kept up a regular round of duties throughout the weary years—firing at sunset the salute which had at long last been heard by Captain Wallis.

Explosion Reminded Them

It would seem impossible to lose a railway more than six miles long in London—and yet this actually happened comparatively recently. The railway in question was the property of the Pneumatic Despatch Company, and was built to convey letters and parcels from the General Post Office to Euston Station. It was a small tube railway operated by compressed air, with cars about six feet in length, and its owners went into liquidation because the engineers of that time could not keep the tube air-tight.

For sixty-five years the railway remained intact and forgotten beneath a maze of pipes and subways.

under the streets of London. People were forcibly reminded of its existence on December 20, 1928, when a terrific explosion occurred which tore up a mile of roadways between Holborn and Charing Cross. Gas escaping from the mains had gradually filled the lost tube railway, and the explosion caused serious injury to many people.

A few years ago six Frenchmen, a Frenchwoman, and a negro were left to guard a shell-fishing-factory on a lonely island in the Indian Ocean.

They volunteered to remain behind for a few days because the ship which came to take away machinery and goods was overloaded. The ship sailed away, and the presence of eight persons on a lonely island was forgotten.

Four Died of Starvation.

Not until six weeks later did somebody remember those left behind, and then a relief ship was rushed at full speed for the island.

Four of the eight people were dead of starvation when the relief ship arrived. Three comrades of the dead men, survivors of the terrible ordeal, were awarded heavy damages for their sufferings from the trading company who forgot their presence on the island.

The case of Madame Brunon, the woman survivor, was considered in a separate action brought against the trading company for the loss of a husband.

A well-known firm of auctioneers recently estimated that forgetfulness costs the people of Great Britain at least £300,000 a year. Auction sales of lost property are held regularly in London and the larger provincial towns, and the catalogues include such items as big drums, wheelbarrows, and even an occasional clothes-horse—all lost by absent-minded people.

Followed Their Noses!

Railway companies themselves are not immune from forgetfulness. A special truck-load of Christmas fruit was lost on the railway last December, and discovered many weeks later.

The railway company concerned searched up and down the country for the lost truck, and its whereabouts remained a mystery until a letter arrived at the Lost Property Office from an obscure country village.

The letter complained of a fearful odour coming from a certain railway siding, and an investigation revealed the Christmas fruits—very ripe!—*Everybody's Weekly*.

A TRAP FOR MUGS

(Continued from page 29)

"But that only lessens our chances of bringing it home to Nick," Stent protested. "We won't find the diamonds upon him, he'll get rid of your bag and the tennis bag easily—"

"But not what was in the tennis bag," smiled Grenbaum. "That case was filled with fluid, Mr. Inspector, and fitted with a small automatic bomb attachment that was made to explode and fling it broadcast when the lid was opened. And that fluid, Mr. Inspector, was dye—a good, permanent ultramarine—that soap and water will not get off. So, you see, if I'm right about Nick the Slick, he will be looking very blue at the moment. You can arrest him for that—it means that he's the man who took Ellis' tennis bag this morning and forced its lid open without leave."

Nick the Slick was certainly a fine mottled azure when Stent arrived to arrest him, while, if anything, Big Laurie and Willie the Driver were bluer.

They were trying to wash the stuff off with soap and pumice-stone—had been doing so for some time, as a matter of fact—but all their efforts made not the slightest impression. Apparently the new complexion was permanent. And they were so annoyed that they squealed about the whole business:

"Nick the Slick," Willie raged, "is one o' those darn clever ones who aren't clever enough. Diamonds, £15,000 of diamonds, he said, was in that bag. An' look what I got out of it? I'll look like a blue Zulu for months."

"Years, if what old Grenbaum says is true," grinned Stent. "But don't worry, we're taking you to a sanatorium where you can remain private till it wears off."

It was a long time before it did wear off however—but then, they were quite a long time in the "sanatorium."

—Answers.

Tatler's Ticklers

Truth is mighty—and sometimes mighty scarce.

A telegraph operator demands cash for what he does on tick.

Some men are worth more than others and some are worth-less.

Nothing succeeds like the success of some people's failures.

The cook, as well as the dressmaker, shows her taste in dressing.

Don't despise the little things. The mosquito is more bother than the elephant.

No one has ever been able to explain why bald-headed men have their hair cut more often than other men.

A woman may be taken for granted, but she never goes without saying.

Many a man thinks he is leading his bride to the altar when, as a matter of fact, he is being towed there.

A true friend will multiply your joys and divide your sorrows.

Some people have to do a lot of talking in order to explain what they have been talking about.

What we call confidence in ourselves we call conceit in others.

To prove you have a true sense of humour laugh at yourself once in a while.

Don't neglect to know a little more than you let people know you know.

A woman is often content to remain discontented.

The only time some men get the last word is in their will.

There's no man so trying as the man who never tries.

If the cause of failure is known there is hope of success later on.

Some people use a gallon of words to express a teaspoonful of thought.

Nobody ever got dizzy through doing too many good turns.

The trouble with most of us is that we are too fond of people who agree with us and with food that doesn't.

One of the busiest things in the world is idle curiosity.

A true friend should be a rock on which one can lean—but not stony.

Too many people think opportunity means a chance to get money without earning it.

A woman is perfectly satisfied so long as she can keep her hair light and her age dark.

Often when a man's broke his near relatives become so very close that they might be called distant acquaintances.

If you marry the right woman, there's nothing like it; if you marry the wrong woman, there's nothing like it.

A Book-Length Novel!

Complete in This Issue!!

The Railway Parcel Murder MYSTERY

By P. R. R.

Chapter I

"Is supper ready?" snapped Ragavan as he entered his house.

Mrs. Ragavan was busy grinding rice and in the noise produced as the stones revolved one over another she failed either to notice his arrival or hear his question.

"Are you deaf?" again cried Ragavan at the top of his voice. This sudden question and its abruptness startled his devoted wife. She turned her head, saw her husband and hastily got up from the floor. And like every dutiful Hindu wife she remained standing, in respect, while a peculiar brilliance in her eyes vehemently bespoke her joy on seeing her husband back.

"Didn't you hear me?" snapped Ragavan.

"What did you ask me, dearest?" Kamala asked.

Ragavan was obviously put out by her cross question. "To hell with you and your long tongue," he said.

Kamala offered no comment. She knew that if she asked him any more questions he would only become more exasperated and did the only good thing under the circumstances—remained mum.

A mother-in-law and a husband who are determined to give vent to their wrath will find fault with their daughters-in-law and wives every minute even if they have to accuse them for being fool-and-error-proof. Ragavan was in a bad temper. In fact he wanted to pick a quarrel. And that with his wife. So he felt offended at her silence. "Why do you stand there like a mummy?" he bawled out. "Don't you see I am in a hurry? I have only a few minutes at my disposal. See that you get ready my supper in five minutes."

And saying this he went to his office room. Kamala stared at him for a few seconds. The joy of welcoming

Love the Oldest—Yet the Latest.

Love is the sweetest thing,
What else on earth could ever bring
Such happiness to everything

As Love's old story?
Love is the strangest thing,
No song of birds upon the wing
Shall in our hearts more sweetly sing

Than Love's old story.
Whatever heart may desire, Whatever Fate
may send,

This is the tale that never will tire,
This is the song without end.
Love is the greatest thing, The oldest yet the
latest thing.

I only hope that Fate may bring Love's
story to you.

him back home had died suddenly. She had prayed and looked forward to his return from Madras with great eagerness—hoping that he would condescend to stop with her at least for a few days. This sudden visit had kindled in her all the longing that she had for his company. But she was not to be so blessed. He had come but was to go away in a few minutes. What could she do?

Had she been a cultured wife—cultured in the modern sense of the word—she would have expressed her desire to him and boldly requested him not to leave the village at least for a couple of days. Kamala at first wanted to do so. But modesty forbade her. Besides she also realised that her implorings would prove futile and that instead of complying with her request her husband would feel offended and become angry.

Yes, she stared at his back as he hurried to his office room. There was neither resentment nor anger in her look. Ragavan had long before passed the stage when he could be brought round by a display of either. He had become depraved—thoroughly depraved.

At first he had carried on his intrigues with Rajambal secretly enough. And then Mrs. Kamala Ragavan had protested with him. When his intimacy with that professional seducer of men, Rajambal, had become more intimate, Kamala had begged with tears in her eyes, in vain. Once or twice she had managed to bring him round and extracted promises of reformation. But the effect had always been temporary. He would vow everlasting truth to his dear wife, his 'charming little dove.' But, these professions of love generally lasted only until he stayed in his village. Somehow duty would call him to Madras and once there he would forget all about his dear little wife, he would forget his promises and vows of fidelity to her, he would transfer all his affections to Rajambal.

Human affection is fickle and human tendencies are peculiar. People always want what they don't have or what is not legally or morally theirs. This is especially the case with men, and more, especially with those who are by nature inclined towards moral depravity.

Ragavan had a charming wife and he had found the aptest description of her beauty when he described her as a 'Little Dove'. She was like a dove—and oh how loving! how angelic! But Ragavan failed to appreciate her beauty. He could not realise the charm of her company. He knew that she was his for life

and that nothing in the world could deprive him of her company. And so he began to crave for joys which were more transitory—pleasures to which he had no moral or legal right—and the companies of persons who were professional women.

And he had especially begun to admire Rajambal. She was comely and far inferior to Kamala in beauty. But to Ragavan she appeared exquisite, because human tendency is always to taste forbidden fruits. If it had been different Adam would never have fallen and we would not be forced to toil for our livelihood.

Rajambal was not a professional woman in the sense that she was born in such a family. A Brahmin by birth she had come of a noble line of ancestors who had earned great popularity by their austerity and piety. She had been blessed with everything desirable in life—a happy home, a loving husband, wealth enough to live comfortably and, a son. But she had once committed a folly and when a woman falls once she is doomed for ever—at least among Brahmins. Her husband had driven her away and she was socially boycotted. She could not go back to her parents and live with them as they would lose their caste if they harboured her. No respectable family would give her shelter as thereby they would also be ostracised. In fact, society made her an outcast—nay, she was treated worse than a pariah.

Deprived of a happy home, abandoned by a loving husband, spurned by her rascally seducer, hounded out of the family and society, outcasted from the community—and what was most appalling, deprived of the company of her smiling young baby—Rajambal, scarcely seventeen years of age, realised only when it was too late the extent of her folly. Minus home, minus love, minus wealth, she at first thought she should die—die by suicide. But her heart revolted against it. Why should she put an end to her life at that tender age? What had she done that she should be hounded out of society like that? Yes, she had fallen—once. But was there no redemption for her folly? Men are indiscreet and they are allowed to be indiscreet even openly. And nothing is done to them. They are not driven from society. They are not socially boycotted. When a man can be indiscreet hundreds of times, when he can openly flout about it, why not a woman also do the same? If men are perfectly straight, then they have a right to demand the same fidelity from women. But they are not perfect—in fact they are perfectly im-

perfect. That being the case, why should they expect their womenfolk to be straight and faithful?

Even granting they have a right to demand fidelity from women, they should not impose such stringent rules against women who go astray. They should give them a chance to reform—at least one little chance. To err is human and a woman is as much a human as a man.

To be shunned by one's own parents! To be parted from one's dear child! To be driven away to live among strangers and people of lower caste! Oh God, it was unbearable. There is some mistake in our social rules. They should be modified. And a woman must be given as many chances to reform as are given to men.

Rajambal at least thought so. She blamed society. She cursed Brahmins. And she vowed that she would make as many Brahmin families suffer for having ill-treated her as she could.

Yes, why should she die? After all she had been foolish only once. And her crime had not been as heinous as murder or theft. Even murderers and thieves are given chances to reform. But she had been treated worse than those criminals? Why should she not wreak her vengeance on a society that had failed to show her mercy—a society that had refused to pardon her one folly? Of course it was a grievous one, she admitted it. She had broken her marriage vow. She had proved faithless to the man to whom she had plighted fidelity? But do not people, both men and women, break their vows made with equal solemnity? Do not they prove faithless to persons to whom they had vowed life-long fidelity? There are hundreds of prosperous persons, especially businessmen, who rise because of the brains and labours of others, promising to remember them all their life. And when once they rise, when once they attain a position of safety, when they realise that they could carry on without the help of the person responsible for building up their business, they coolly forget all promises made, they give a month's notice or a month's salary in lieu of notice, and without a moment's remorse or regret dispense with their services—proverbially kicking the ladder by which they had risen. And such persons go scot free—nay, they grow richer and richer; their popularity increases and they are welcomed everywhere for their wealth and eminence. The vows they had broken are entirely forgotten. The fidelity they had sworn is ignored. And if there be any contracts or agreements there are the lawyers to pick holes in

them and make them null and void. Such persons who cease to be faithful to the salt they eat are not penalised. They can break any number of oaths. But a woman—no, she cannot break even a single oath. She cannot become reformed.

Pshaw! She would wreak her vengeance on such a rotten society. She would break the hearts of those women who had turned away their heads on seeing her. She would ruin several families. She would wreck as many happy homes as she could. She had already lost her name, her prestige, her status, her home, her husband—and her only child. She had nothing else to lose. Even if she became a female Bluebeard she could not be disgraced more.

Thus determined Rajambal took to a life of debauch and plunged into it headlong. She was young and attractive. She was fair and graceful. And with these powerful weapons she found it very easy to entrap several young mugs. But there was a method in her depravity. She had no need for wealth. Her only desire in life was to wreck as many happy Brahmin families as she would. And she did this systematically, making a pauper of one young Brahmin after another. And what she earned, or rather squeezed out of those mugs, she always donated to a society which was working to lift up 'Fallen Sisters.' So, while she really robbed a few rich men, she helped hundreds of women; and for every family she broke, there were a hundred made the happier. Thus while she was bad outwardly, she was doing the greatest service she could to humanity. She robbed one society and gave away what she robbed to a society which the former had outcasted—the society of fallen women.

The last to fall a victim to her enticement was Ragavan. He was only a village munsiff, but he had inherited enough to keep him well off for life—if he only lived prudently. But it was an ill-fated evening when he saw Rajambal at the marina. Her gait and dress were such that the first glance was enough to make Ragavan realise that she should have very little scruples about her chastity. He made his advances; they were accepted and soon they became very intimate. Rajambal had no difficulty in finding out all about her latest acquisition. She knew that he had properties to the value of ten thousand and that he was a village munsiff. Six months of friendship sufficed to transfer all his wealth to the corners of the society for fallen sisters. Ragavan's riches dwindled speedily. But

the poor fool's infatuation abated not. Neither would he admit to his 'love' that he was penniless. He wanted her to think that he had a perennial source of income and that he was so very rich that he could spend any amount he liked on any body without feeling the loss. And in order keep up appearances he began to misappropriate and use the moneys he received from the villagers as tax.

But, poor fool, he did not realise that Rajambal already knew all about his perennial source of income. She realised that she had landed the sot in a soup and that he was as good as broke--broke in the worst sense of the word.

But to return to Kamala, she was, as we said, a very devoted wife. She also realised what a fool her husband was of making himself. She knew quite well that he had squandered his ancestral properties and that he was not worth a bean. Now that he had lost his monies, she hoped he would reform and forget his Rajambal. It was this that made her await his return with such a great eagerness and anxiety. She had looked forward to this day with great eagerness, but, alas, when Ragavan told her that he was returning to Madras immediately, she received a shock, the worst shock of her life. She knew why he had eagerly rushed to his office room. It was to pocket any more monies that might

have been collected during his absence by his clerk and spend it on his Rajambal. His Rajambal? What an irony! Rajambal was no body's and yet everybody's. Would he realise it?

Yes, Ragavan had come to the village in the hope that his clerk might have collected some more money as taxes. He was sorry to note that the fellow had not been successful. And what was a veritable thunderbolt, he had received an official communication to the effect that the District Revenue Officer would camp

at Kalady for three days and to make the necessary preparation to receive him and hand over accounts.

These only made him all the more angry and ill-tempered. The few minutes he had allowed his wife had elapsed and he rushed back to the kitchen in the worst of tempers. "Is supper ready?" he snapped.

Kamala was just then busy trying to set fire to a wet casuarina stick by blowing air on it. The kitchen was full of smoke and she was having enough trouble with the oven. She was kneeling before it, blowing air in and at intervals wiping her eyes which had become red with the smoke and from which tears were streaming down.

That Wondrous Night!

You took my lips and sprinkled them with twilight!

Oh, what a night! The night when love was born.

You took my eyes and thrilled them with a June light,

I bless the night, the night when love was born.

The trees discovered us beside a silver stream,

With leaves they covered us, so we could dream and dream.

You took my heart and dipped it in the moonlight,

That wondrous night, the night when love was born.

On hearing her husband's voice she hastily got up from her stooping posture. "Yes, dearest, it is almost ready. In another ten minutes I will be able to serve your supper," she said.

"Almost ready! Another ten minutes!" mocked Ragavan. "Do you think the train will wait for me? Don't you realise that I have to go back to Madras."

"You can go, dearest. There is time enough to catch the train and you can certainly spare some more time," she said.

This put out Ragavan. He caught hold of Kamala by the neck and pushed her hard against the wall. Her forehead came in contact with it and the violence of the push had been so very great that blood began to come out. Kamala did not

cry. She did not complain against such a brutal treatment; silently she wiped away the blood and stooped down to attend to the oven.

Having vented his anger thus, Ragavan again went out. It is strange how an angry man cools down immediately after doing something violent. After handling Kamala roughly Ragavan became calm and cool. And he began to repent for his unnecessary display of violence.

What wrong had Kamala done to merit his dashing her head against a wall? How had she offended him that he caused a wound on her forehead. After all she had only said that there was time enough for the train and that he could spare her a few minutes more. And that to get ready his supper! Was she at fault? Certainly not. No woman can prepare a good meal in five minutes. And especially women who have to prepare supper under the handicaps which Kamala suffered from. He had neglected her, he had neglected his home, he had only thought of Rajambal and her divine company.

Divine company! What a fool he had been all these days. He had made a scrape goat of himself. He had taken her love for something genuine. He had forgotten that she was a money-grubber. He had lost all his riches. And what was worse, he had handled the government money and used it to meet his own extravagant expenses.

Yes, he had misappropriated Government money. And that to satisfy the demands of a scheming sorceress. The Revenue Officer was due to return in the course of a couple of days. He must make good the moneys he had misappropriated. Otherwise he would be arrested and sentenced to years of rigorous imprisonment.

Rigorous Imprisonment! No! no!! Anything but that. He would far rather commit suicide than live, a branded criminal. He must and would make good the amount. After all it was only a nominal sum. About a thousand rupees. If he only managed it.

But how could he make good that amount. A thousand rupees! Time was when he had spent twice and thrice that amount with the least concern. He had spent them on Rajambal without realising their worth, treating them as contemptible as if they were copper coins. But now, how to make it good? He knew quite well that no one in the village would advance it. It was a byword that he had squandered all his riches and that he was worth nothing. No moneylender would trust him even for a tenth part of that huge sum without proper security. He had also sold away his wife's jewellery—either sold them or presented them to Rajambal. And Kamala had not protested. She had handed him all her jewels, jewels which were legally hers, knowing quite well to what bad use he would put them and yet raising not her voice in protest.

Yes, Kamala had all the while proved a jewel of a wife. Like the mutt that he was he had not realised it.

He had, on the other hand, treated her only as a brute would.

"Supper is ready, dearest," announced Kamala.

This brought him out of his reverie. He hastily got up from his easy chair and went to the kitchen. Kamala served him rice and soup and stood mute and respectful. This worried him all the more. He wished and longed that she should mention about his rude behaviour. If she had only done that, he would have been relieved. But she seemed not to notice her wound. She took it for granted that her behaviour deserved such a rough handling and that her husband was perfectly justified in dashing her head against the wall.

Silently he hastened through the first course. And then he could contain himself no longer. "Kamala, I am very sorry for having man-handled you," he said. "Will you please excuse me?"

"There is nothing for me to excuse," Kamala put in as she served rice for the second course. "I am yours and everyone has a right to handle what is his as he likes."

"But there is a limit even to the powers of every owner," protested Ragavan.

"There may be, dearest," Kamala replied. "But I am sure you never exceeded that limit when you dashed me against the wall. I had offended you with my arguments and you were put out. For my insolence in talking as I did you punished me. And you are perfectly justified."

A few seconds of silence ensued. "But why should you worry yourself about that? You look careworn and....."

"Kamala, my dove, I have been a fool a darned fool," Ragavan said and tears began to appear in his eyes.

"No, what you have done is quite common among men. They become infatuated with some new girl friend and become blind to everything else in the world. There have been hundreds of young men who have behaved as you did and there will be thousands more who will behave likewise, in spite of the lesson learnt from story, screen and stage about persons who had come to grief because of designing women. It is the fault of women and perhaps God for having made women so

very attractive and men so very fickle. You have done nothing extraordinary and I don't see why you should feel particularly sorry now," Kamala said.

This made Ragavan all the more penitent. If she had rebuked him for his folly, she could not have brought home to him better what a jewel of a wife he had abandoned for the company of a professional woman.

"My darling dove," he said. "I have sinned against humanity, against God, against you and against my masters. My friends shun me, the representatives of the Government will soon pounce on me and take me away to prison; Rajambal, that wretched cruel-hearted sorceress, will cut me down; but I know and I am sure you and only you will remain my staunch friend, my willing benefactor. Dearest, I am not sorry I have squandered all my ancestral properties. Of course, I have done you the greatest injustice by taking away all your jewels and either selling them away or presenting them to Rajambal. But I am sure you will not curse me for it. What galls me is the fact that I have handled the Government money. Nearly a thousand rupees which had been entrusted by the villagers to be paid to the Government! I have played false to the trust the villagers had imposed on me. I have played false to the trust His Majesty imposed on me when I was made the village munsiff, to succeed my father. They hoped and thought that I would be straight and honest like him. Unfortunately I have made a fool of myself. Not realising what I was doing, I spent away on Rajambal, the monies I had collected. In another couple of days the Treasury Collector will be here. I must make good this amount meanwhile. Otherwise, oh God! I cannot bear even to think what the consequences would be. Immediate arrest, then a farce of investigation and finally gaol-life for two or three years as the judge may think fit. It is that that worries me the most. Once out of gaol, I would become an outcaste. I will lose my caste. I will be shunned by all as a gaol-bird. Oh God! What a fool, what a wretched fool I have been." And he hit his head violently with his hands to demonstrate his grief, to punish himself, as it were, for having been a fool. In his grief he forgot his supper. Tears began to fall down from his eyes.

Kamala was of course glad that her husband had so suddenly reformed. Until a few minutes before she thought he was incorrigible. Now, suddenly, had come the reformation. He had suddenly realised that he had

been a fool to have spent so much on Rajambal, to have cared for her company so much.

But had not the realisation come too late? Had he not reformed when reformation was no good. Kamala realised the truth of what her husband said. Yes, he must make good the amount he had misappropriated; otherwise he would be put in gaol. There was no other alternative.

But a thousand rupees! Oh God! How was he to make good such a large amount? She knew quite well that he had nothing on which to raise such a large amount. Neither had she any properties left to her, neither properties nor jewellery. Of course she had a few trinkets, but all of them would not fetch even a hundred rupees, even though the price of sovereign might be well over twenty-two rupees. Suddenly grief began to spring in her heart. She wished realisation had not come to her husband at that hour. If his infatuation for Rajambal had continued for another couple of days, he might have remained in blissful ignorance of his folly until the inevitable arrest followed. Then he might have been happier at least for a couple of days more. Now he was destined to grieve, curse himself for two days, without being able to do anything substantial to retrieve his position.

But God is great. He never allows anything to take place that does not turn out to be some good in disguise. If the Revenue Collector had come suddenly and checked accounts he would have arrested Ragavan immediately, without giving him time to make good what he had misappropriated. The very fact that Ragavan had been given two days—forty-eight hours—proved that if he only tried he would be able to raise a thousand rupees and save his position. So there was no use in moping along with him. She must encourage him. She must give him hopes. She must induce him to go and try to raise the amount due.

"Dearest," she said, "don't lose heart. Don't cry for what is past; what is done cannot be undone; now let us think of the future."

"The future!" laughed desperate Ragavan. "The future indeed! What is there to think of the future. There is only one future for me—rotting away in a prison unless God takes pity on me meanwhile and relieves me of these mortal coils. Yes, only prison—and nothing but prison, and that with the worst of criminals—there to suffer and labour from morn till

night and again suffer from night till morn, craving for freedom every moment, breathing the foul air of the prison, living with the worst of criminals. Oh God! Save me, do save me that disgrace. Of course I deserve all that and even more. But I am penitent and you, in your mercy, have stated more than once that there is redemption for those who repent."

But Kamala soothed him. "Nothing serious has taken place and don't you know that as long as there is life there is hope? "Now, don't lose heart, dearest. You have two days at your disposal—forty-eight long hours—and you have heard that wonders have been wrought in considerably shorter periods. Who knows that this pre-intimation of the Revenue Collector is not some good in disguise, that this opportunity has not been accorded to you that you may make good the deficit amount. I am sure that if you only try you will be able to raise this small amount."

"Small amount!" sneered Ragavan. "Yes, this amount had been small enough to me, especially when I was in Rajambal's company. Times have been when I had spent, nay, frittered away, even larger amounts as thoughtlessly as if they were pice. But, now I realise what a thousand rupees means. And, Oh God, how am I to raise such a large amount?"

Kamala thought it was time enough to divert Ragavan's attention from thoughts of money. "Dearest, don't feel sorry or take this to heart more than is absolutely necessary. God is great and He is sure to show you a way out of the trouble. But, why don't you finish your supper? It is getting cold."

Ragavan looked at his supper and again sneered. "Yes, for two more days let me eat in freedom. Supper? Cold? Yes, the time has come when I will have to eat cold rice for years and to beg for little luxuries such as butter-milk. I will eat, yes, eat plentifully so that while in prison, I might think of the feast I had enjoyed in freedom, of the delicious suppers my darling Kamala always managed to get ready for me."

And like a mad-cap he went on stuffing one handful of rice after another in his mouth, without stopping for a moment either to munch or swallow what he had already stuffed in. His attention became entirely engrossed in the leaf and the rice on it. He ate, again ate, and yet again ate—so voraciously that Kamala thought at first that her husband had suddenly gone mad.

But even though to all outward appearances Ragavan was entirely engrossed in eating, he was in reality thinking, and thinking, furiously at that.

Yes, as Kamala had said, he had forty-eight long hours at his disposal. That was enough for him to run up to Madras and return. There he could try to raise a thousand rupees from the marwaries. And even if they refused to lend him the required amount, he could ask Rajambal to help him.

Rajambal, of all persons to help him! Would she part with her money, even though he might lose his life if she did not help him? Certainly not. She was a money-grubber by profession. She was out to make money and not to spend it. She lived to cheat mugs like him and not to help mugs who squander away their riches and find themselves in difficulties. She was not a philanthropist. She was a money-maker. Certainly she would not part even with a pice. Yet why should he not try? A trial would cost him only a few rupees, though not the proverbial nothing. Who knows that she might not become suddenly charitable and give him what he wanted so badly? Anyhow he would try his luck.

Hastily Ragavan finished his supper. He had only a few more minutes to catch the Madras train. Hastily he dressed himself, kissed his wife, told her that he was going to Madras to raise the deficit amount and left for the station.

Kamala watched him disappear. Then she went in, prostrated before a portrait of Sree Rama that she worshipped daily. "Lord Rama! You have granted my one wish. You have made my husband penitent and brought him back to me. Grant me another boon, one little boon please. Let my husband succeed in his attempts."

And there she remained prostrating for nearly a quarter of an hour, while she shed tears for her husband.

(Continued on page 41)

AN OPPORTUNE MOMENT.

Mac and Sandy were travelling north together in Sandy's car when they were held up by road bandits.

"Come on," said the chief bandit, "hand over all your money."

A sudden flash of inspiration came to Sandy. He took his last remaining pound-note from his pocket and turned to his friend.

"Here, Mac," he said, "this is that pound I owe you. Now I'm out of your debt."

BOOK KNOWLEDGE

YOUR BRAIN IS MADE OF TIN.

Each of us contain small quantities of various metals and minerals. For many years, the distinguished French chemist, Dr. Bertrand, has been doing research work to see just what they do for us, and he now concludes that they play important parts in controlling the body.

Zinc, for instance, decreases during a baby's first few months, and wearing automatically occurs when the content of zinc in the little body falls below the safety point set by Mother Nature. As soon as the baby begins to take ordinary food, its zinc increases and maintains the steady increase needed for the maintenance of good health.

Our heart contains a little copper, aluminium and silver. Aluminium is continually being absorbed in considerable quantities by the digestive system. It also occurs in the kidneys, lungs and adrenal glands. The brain is especially rich in tin. The lungs contain practically all the body's supply of titanium. In our pancreas are nickel and cobalt.

Iron is present all over our bodies. Next in quantity come copper and silver.

WHERE MONKEYS ARE BANK CLERKS.

Banks in Siam employ monkeys to assist the cashiers. Their duties are to see that no counterfeit silver coins are accepted. They are kept in cages, and all silver coins received are passed to them and they give each coin a most rigorous test—namely, by biting them. These monkeys have to be specially trained for this work and are quite expensive for the banks to buy.

HUNTING THE "DEATH TREE."

There is a strange plant in Central Africa which the natives call the "death tree." It is said that those who rest in the shade become unconscious and, if not rescued in time, die.

Criminals of the native tribes in the region where these trees flourish are executed by being pinioned and placed under the branches of the "death tree," which is described as quite ordinary-looking, with a white flower.

The "death tree" idea is fairly old, and it will be interesting to learn the result of the expedition.

For a long time the upas tree of Java had an even worse reputation than the African plant. It was said that it was so poisonous that to come within ten or twelve miles of it was to invite certain death. But we now know that the upas tree legend was based on a very slender foundation. A poisonous sap, in which arrows were dipped, was obtained from it by the natives, but its more spectacular poisoning feats were only "travellers' tales."

"A MOON" IN "STIR."

Convicts have a language of their own.

One month in prison is described as "a moon," because the moon is generally understood to last a month.

A sentence of three months is "a carpet," because in the old days the fibre carpets were taken up every three months and thoroughly scrubbed.

Twelve months is "a stretch." The term was first used when a man, sentenced to a year's imprisonment, remarked to the judge: "You've stretched it this time, guv'nor." The prisoner had served several terms of three months each, and apparently the longer sentence came as a shock to him.

In prison, bread is known as "toke," from the word oak, which was how the warders pronounced oakum. The prisoner was given his supply of oakum at the same time as his ration of bread.

Dartmoor is known to convicts as "The Moor," Parkhurst as "The Island," and Brixton Prison as "The Hill." Prison generally is understood by the word "stir."

WHAT IS WATT?

The number of watts marked on an electric light bulb indicates the amount of electricity the bulb consumes when in use in this way; a unit of electricity equals what is known as 1,000 watt-hours. That is to say, a 1 watt lamp would burn for 1,000 hours in using up a unit of electricity. Obviously, then, a 100-watt lamp would use up one unit in 10 hours, a 30-watt lamp in roughly 33 hours, and so on.

The Railway Parcel Murder Mystery

(Continued from page 39)

Chapter II.

Ragavan had just time enough to purchase a ticket and get into a compartment before his train departed.

He found himself in a lonely compartment. Usually all shuttle trains are like that. Only in mail and express trains or those which run long distances do you find crowds. In fact they are so crowded that invariably people sleep either huddled up or squeezed together everywhere.

Thus Ragavan was left to his own gloomy reflections. No noisy brawls or conversations disturbed him. No inquisitive fellow passenger asked him about his destination, profession and the like.

And naturally enough Ragavan began to think of his own plight.

Yes, he had made a fool of himself—a perfect fool. He had squandered away all his ancestral properties on a worthless wench. Had he stopped there, his position would not be as bad as it was. He could have lived comfortably with what he got as a village munsiff. Of course he might have found it occasionally difficult to make both ends meet. But he could have supplemented his income by giving private tuition and lived contentedly.

But the trouble was he had gone one step too far. He had handled Government money and he knew quite well that even if employees utilised what is not legally theirs even for a couple of hours and subsequently made it good, they were generally awarded exemplary punishments.

As for him there was no hope or redemption. The moment the Revenue Officer found out the misappropriation he would place him under arrest. Luckily his superior officer had given him previous intimation. It was a Heaven-sent chance and he must turn heaven and earth and escape the infamy and incarceration that awaited him.

Yes, he must turn heaven and earth to make good the amount. Otherwise there was no hope for him. For he knew quite well that none would come to his aid or help him in his hour of need.

Yes, none would help him in his hour of need. Why should they? Had he not been insolent in his behaviour towards most of them? Had he not insulted them when they advised him not to fritter away his monies? Why should they come forward now to help him?

Only Rajambal was morally bound to make good the deficit amount. He had spent not only that sum but a lot more in satisfying her cravings for jewellery and sarees and the like.

But would she? Certainly she wouldn't. And if he went and told her that he was broke, that the monies he had spent on her were not his, she would merely scoff at him. If he persisted, she would ignore or scold him. No, he must not let her know that he was broke. He must not allow her to realise that prison awaited him. He had all the while bluffed her saying that he was a rich landlord worth several thousands and that he could spend what amount he liked without feeling the loss. He must keep up the deception. Only then would she condescend to own friendship with him. If she only knew that he was a petty village munsiff drawing but fifteen

AFTER TO-NIGHT

You played a game of only pretending,

You were to blame, and this is the ending,

After to-night we say "Good-bye"!

I gave you all, it seemed to amuse you,

Though in my heart I can't bear to lose you,

After to-night we say "Good-bye"!

How can I pretend I'm glad that we are
parting this way?

Yet it seems that I've been made, but you'll
be sorry some day.

Here is my love, the last glowing ember,

Give me the kiss I'll always remember.

After to-night we say "Good-bye"!

rupees per mensem she would not even admit him into her house. Yes, he should keep up the deception. That was important.

Further there was no sense in asking her a thousand rupees as a handloan. Money-grubber that she was, she would flatly refuse to comply with his request. He must not let her know that he was in need. He would go to her as he had hitherto done and when she was unaware of it rob her of a thousand rupees. Yes, that was the best plan.

Of course robbery is worse than misappropriation. And if he was caught in the act of robbing Rajambal, he would suffer greater ignominy. Ragavan at first recoiled from the idea of robbing Rajambal. But soon he realised that even if he robbed her he would be perfectly justified. After all he would be plundering only a robber. And that, only to get back what the other had deprived him of. Robbing a person, even though she be a woman, to get back what she had deprived him of, was perfectly justifiable. It might not be justifiable legally. But law would not get him back what he had lost. In the eyes of law he had made a present of his wealth to Rajambal.

A present! Ragavan laughed sarcastically. Was it a present? No. He had been doped or rather hypnotised. He had been a madcap temporarily. And an insane man's acts are always irresponsible ones.

Yes, he must rob Rajambal. But how to do it? He should continue to be friendly with her as he had been till then. He must completely cover up his financial troubles. He must not allow her to realise that he was a changed man. He must make her think he had come to spend more and more on her. And then, when he had created a sort of false confidence in her, he should deprive her of a few jewels.

Thus determined Ragavan got out of the train at Egmore. A taxi took him to Rajambal's residence. She was gaily dressed as usual and from the look of surprise that involuntarily crept in her eyes Ragavan realised that she did not expect him to return so soon. Of course her flashing attire and the cosmetics showed that she was waiting to welcome some one. If it was some other lover of hers, he never turned up. And Ragavan was left in sole possession of that Circe.

"Hullo, darling hubby, I never expected you back so early," welcomed Rajambal as she moved and gave him some space next to her in the sofa.

"My love, how can I live away from you?" replied Ragavan. "I could not bear the sight of my wife. Somehow I managed to pick a quarrel with her, finished my business as quickly as possible and caught the next train back to Madras."

"Oh, how very kind of you," Rajambal said. "I was feeling lonely and bored. I was eagerly awaiting your return. Have you succeeded in your errand?"

"Certainly. Have you ever heard Ragavan fail in anything he undertakes?" the village munsiff boasted and flashed before her a bulging money purse. The purse was stuffed with scraps of paper and he knew their value better than anyone else. But he flourished it so gracefully and proudly that anyone would be easily taken in, though we cannot say whether Rajambal was also deceived.

Light refreshments over, they retired to their chamber. There was only one interruption. It was from a servant and Rajambal and he talked together for a few minutes in low and subdued whispers. Then the servant bade her good-night and went home.

It was two in the night—or rather two early in the next morning.

Rajambal was fast asleep in her bed.

In fact every one usually gets sleepy at this hour and Ragavan who knew this had chosen it for putting into execution his plan.

Slowly he got out of his bed and tiptoed to Rajambal. He looked at her wistfully enough for a little time and was satisfied that she was fast asleep. Stealthily he pulled out her necklace and unpinned the iron safe key that was attached to it. The iron safe was an old model one, with none of the modern combinations or attachments and Ragavan knew quite well that if he only got the key it would be child's play to open the safe. He was about to walk back from her bed, the precious key in his hand, when a shrill and sharp command stopped him.

It had come from Rajambal.

"Stop, thief! Stop where you are. I have got you covered and one step or little movement and you'll be a corpse," Rajambal said as she flourished a small pistol menacingly at him.

Ragavan had no other go but to stop.

"Now, throw the key on the bed from where you stand. If you move your hand even one inch farther than is necessary, I'll shoot and shoot you like a dog."

Ragavan threw down the key. He knew he was powerless as long as she held in her hand the business-like pistol and he realised that Rajambal had beaten him.

"Now, let us talk together for a few minutes, before the police and before my men come in and take you to the place where you rightly belong."

Ragavan kept mum. He was not in a mood to talk. And he knew that he had nothing to say in defence. He had been caught red-handed and he could not bluff her. Rajambal, though still very young, did not easily allow herself to be bluffed.

"Why do you keep mum?" she asked mockingly. "Have you nothing to say—nothing to plead?"

Still Ragavan remained silent.

"Oh, this is a new plan of yours, is it? What a scheming head you have got! I did not believe what my servant said about you. But you should not have stuffed your purse with bits of paper. It was that that gave you away," she went on.

Now Ragavan saw a chance to deceive her. "What!" he ejaculated in well-feigned surprise. "Bits of paper? But it was I who put in five hundred rupees worth of ten rupee notes in it."

"Don't bluff me, darling," sneered Rajambal. "Don't think I am a fool and that I have been deceived by all your bluffs. I know what you are, what you are worth—in fact more about you than you yourself know. Are you not a village munsiff of Kalady? Had you not ancestral properties worth about ten thousand? You have recently either mortgaged or sold them away for just half the amount. And when you could raise no more money on your properties you began to misappropriate Government money. You spent away nearly a thousand rupees out of the taxes your assistant had collected while you were away here, spending your time joyously. You went to your place to replenish your purse with any more taxes that might have been collected, but found to your chagrin that none had been realised and that the Revenue Officer was expected in a couple of days. You knew quite well that you would be arrested for misappropriation if you did not make good the amount. You could not raise it in your village as no one would trust you. So you have come down to Madras to rob me. Am I right? Is my system of spying good?" she asked.

Ragavan was really amazed at the accuracy of her statement and he confessed that what she said was the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth.

She laughed, mockingly, menacingly. "Ragavan, I am sure you did the only wisest thing under the circumstances. Liberty is sweet and you must save it at any cost, I admit. If you had asked me for a thousand rupees, I would certainly have not given it to you. But I am sorry I cannot show you any mercy. You have been a clever fool and that is where you have blundered. Now I must ring up the police and hand you over to them. Pray be standing, with your hands raised up towards Heaven while I 'phone for them. You can't catch one unawares. The pistol is ready and my thumbitches over the trigger."

And she made towards the telephone, keeping an eye on him and holding out the pistol menacingly. She took up the receiver and was about to dial the police when Ragavan said, "Rajambal, please stop for a minute. Listen to what I have to say."

Rajambal placed the receiver back. "All right, I will give you an opportunity to talk. But if you are going to plead for mercy you had better save your breath," she said.

Ragavan was undaunted by what she said. "Yes," he began, "even though you are determined not to show me any mercy, I have to plead only for it. What do you gain by handing me over to the police? If you think that thereby you would be rid of one troublesome friend, you may do so. But, I assure you, that if you let me go scot free I would never again cross your footsteps. You know quite well how I am placed. I must make good the thousand rupees that I had misappropriated for your sake within two days. If I don't do so, I will be arrested and sent to gaol for a long period. There is no likelihood of my raising such a huge amount. I thought of robbery only because my position is desperate. If you hand me over to the police, the burden of proof will be on you. You will have to appear before the Magistrate and stand a tedious cross-examination by my counsel. And I can escape by saying that you have concocted this story against me. Remember there are no other witnesses and that only you and I, the accuser and the accused are present. Why should you put yourself to this inconvenience? Allow me to go away. Even if your desire is to see me in gaol, it will be fulfilled in another two days. The Revenue Officer will arrest me and I will get a minimum of two years. Now think it over carefully before you hand me over to the police."

Rajambal realised that there was some truth in what Ragavan said. If she wanted that he should be arrested and put in gaol, there were others waiting to do so and to shoulder all the troubles and responsibilities consequent upon a protracted trial and prosecution. If she handed him over to the Police with the object of safeguarding her riches, well, she had lost nothing and Ragavan assured her that he would never again cross her path for another two days—and then of course he would not have the freedom necessary to annoy her.

Of course she remembered her vow, taken years and years before, to ruin as many families as she could for having ill-treated her, for having outcasted and disgraced her. But had she not achieved her end in the case of Ragavan? She had ruined him. She had involved him in difficulties. She had induced him to go against the laws of the Government. She had brought him to a state when there was only one future—prison and disgrace. Why should she proceed further?

Of course she was presuming that he would not manage to make good the deficit amount. If he managed to raise a loan, he would be able to ward off the threatening jail-life. But even if she handed him then to the police, his imprisonment depended on the results of a trial. Yes, in either case there was a ray of hope for him. There was a likelihood that he might cheat the gaoler. Yet it was better to let him escape. Why should she figure in a criminal case?

While she was thus making up her mind, her attention became slightly distracted. She did not watch Ragavan as carefully as she did at the commencement. Ragavan was waiting only for such an opportunity. He did not know whether he had managed to induce her to let him go free or not and did not care to wait for the results. When he explained to her his real position and the futility of handing him over to the police, he had done so only to gain time. The opportunity he had longed for had come and Ragavan was not slow to catch it. Suddenly he pounced on her and in a trice managed to wrest away the pistol she was having.

At once Rajambal bawled out. "Thief, thief!" she cried. But before she could cry out a second time Ragavan stopped her mouth with his powerful hands.

"You scheming little she devil," he gasped between his clenched teeth. "You rascal, how dare you hand me over to the police—especially when I wanted to get back only what I had given you." And with his other hand he tried to strangle—no, not to the very

end. He never thought of murder. He just wanted to silence her for the time being so that he might get away from that wretched house with what he had come for.

But, just then, some heavy object fell on his head. Suddenly he became dizzy. His grip on Rajambal loosened and the next moment he was lying unconscious on the floor.

When Ragavan regained consciousness, he was horrified to find himself lying over Rajambal. She was dead—murdered. Her throat had been cut with a razor and the blood from her wound had clotted. There were bloodstains over his own clothes—bloodstains of Rajambal.

Ragavan was horrified to notice all this. He should have obviously killed her. He was not sure whether he had done so or not, but the conclusion was obvious enough. Otherwise how could she have been murdered? Why should bloodstains be all over his clothes? And last, but not least, why should he be lying sprawled over her?

To say that Ragavan was horrified is to say the least. Who wouldn't be at sight of murder, when circumstances pointed to him as the murderer? Ragavan cursed his fate and smote his head in great grief. What a downward plunge a man is forced to take when once he stoops down to folly!

Because of his questionable intimacy with Rajambal he had misappropriated Government revenue. Because he was afraid of the consequences of his misappropriation he had stooped down to robbery. And while carrying out the robbery he had planned he had committed murder.

Murder! Oh God! What a fool he had been! He had stooped down to robbery to escape a few years of incarceration. And in his attempt to do so he had committed murder—the worst crime in the eyes of God and man—an offence for which there was only one punishment—hanging!

Hanging! Yes, he would be hung and there were no extenuating circumstances which could be put forth to plead for mercy. He must escape that terrible end. Yes, he must cheat the hangman.

After all it would be easy enough. Now very few people knew that he had stayed in that house that night—in fact only two servants. He could bribe them to secrecy and silence. Then if he managed to hide away Rajambal's corpse no one would be the wiser.

But how to get rid of the corpse? He could not carry it openly and fling it away either in the sea or the Coorn. The sea might wash back the corpse and the river would certainly give it up. Then there would be the usual enquiry over the corpse, the police would find out to whom the corpse belonged and then they would put two and two together and arrest him. Afterwards it would be only a question of time. He would somehow confess the truth and be sentenced to death.

No, if at all he tried to get rid of Rajambal, he should send away her corpse to a distant place, where it would not be possible for anyone to identify her. He should so contrive things that the corpse should become unidentifiable when discovered.

What was he to do? Ragavan thought deeply for a few moments. At last he concluded that the safest plan would be to pack up the corpse, make it into a parcel of reasonable size and despatch it to a distant place. In the train no one would think of the parcel. Attention would be drawn to it only at the destination where it would remain unclaimed. And there no one would be able to identify it. He would disfigure the face so well that even if photographs were taken no one would be able to identify it as the corpse of the once beautiful Rajambal.

He stooped down determined to disfigure Rajambal's face. He saw the razor with which her neck had been cut lying on the ground. He took it up and gazed at it in the faint light that emanated from the dying kerosene lamp. It was besmeared with blood. Its bright edges were ruddy. Ragavan shivered when he beheld the knife.

Now where had he secured the knife? How did he cut her neck? He racked his brain, but failed to recapitulate having drawn out a razor. All that he remembered was Rajambal threatening him with a pistol and his subsequent attempt to strangle her, with a view to silence her temporarily. Then how did the razor come there? Had he really committed the murder? Doubt began to assail him but soon he set aside all his doubt. Between his attempt to strangle her and his subsequent discovery of her corpse there was only a blank. Perhaps in his unconscious state he might have picked up the razor from somewhere and committed the murder. Otherwise how was he to account for its presence there? And more important still, how did Rajambal meet her end?

Could anyone have entered the house during his unconsciousness—someone who had a grudge against her—and committed the dastardly crime and arranged things

so as to make it appear that it was Ragavan who had committed the murder? That seemed feasible enough. But the doors were all bolted inside. And Ragavan could not make out how that mysterious stranger had entered the house. And what was still more important, how he could have made his exit without leaving some door open?

But there was no time to be lost. The corpse was becoming stiffer and stiffer every moment. If he was to make her up into a parcel he should hurry up. Whether he had committed the murder or not was not important. Circumstances pointed to him as the culprit and he must somehow contrive things so that no suspicion might be cast on him.

And he took up the razor to disfigure her beautiful face. But as he brought it down, his nerves broke. He found that he could not do aught to mar the beauty of that lovely face—no, not even to save his own skin. After all he had lived with her for more than six months. He had loved her—nay, doted over her. And to suddenly make up his mind to mar the beauty of her face brutally, well, no wonder he quailed from the ordeal.

The razor lifted above her face, he stood there mutely gazing at her face. Yes, she was beautiful and it was her beauty which had been her undoing as it had been the undoing of several young sons. God who had blessed her with such a lovely face had not endowed on her qualities which would have raised her above the normal plane. He had made her a designing woman, with no sense of morality, and it was that that had brought about her fall. Had she been chaste, Oh, what a jewel of a wife she would have been! How blessed the man who could have claimed her as his own, his very own. But she had chosen the wrong path. She had proved faithless to her husband and subsequently to many young men to all of whom she had time and again professed life-long fidelity. Yes, even to him she had vowed in a like manner and he had been carried away by what she said. She looked so innocent and yet so charming on those occasions that he had never dreamt that such an innocent and lovely face hid a heart so foul, so cunning and so designing. She had lived only for money and had cared only for the luxuries of life!

There are hundreds of our sisters in India who lead a similar shameless life! Of course they may at first appear prosperous, but suddenly and most unexpectedly would come the blow. And it would be a terrible one. Shameless life is never paying—at least not at all paying in the long run, and ruin, utter ruin and disgrace

await them. Let them not crave for money. Let them not subordinate everything to cupidity. Let them give up the shameless life they lead, turn over a new leaf and prosper. They are all beautiful; they have the intelligence necessary to make them prosper. Why should they stick to a bad life, please?

Rajambal had been beautiful: she had also amassed wealth enough to keep her well off till death but look at her end! Murdered! Her throat cut from one end to another. Had she been faithful to her legal husband this sad end would not have overtaken her. She might have lived happily, blessed with a happy home, bonny babies, a loving husband—without cares and without any troubles. She could have lived straight instead of leading a double life.

Ragavan realised that he could not make up his mind to disfigure Rajambal's face. But he must not let anyone know who she was. And there was only one way of doing it. He should mask it—mask it so effectively that it could not be torn away without pulling out parts of the face. And this he effected by applying a thick coating of tar which was available in the house. It was a pasty liquid and so it easily stuck to the face. A piece of cloth torn from his shirt effectively covered it. Then he set about bundling her with a thick rope. First of all he had to double her body and then to tie up the hands and legs to the trunk so that the parcel might look round. A Brahmin by birth, he was unaccustomed to blood. Even the sight of a hen being slaughtered usually revolted him so much that he would vomit for days together. He would not bear to see even an ant die. And for him to do all these to a woman, whom in all probability he himself had murdered, well, words cannot describe how nauseating and revolting to his senses it would be.

But somehow he should get things done. Otherwise he would find himself dangling in air. And it was that fear that held him to this revolting work.

At last he tied Rajambal well enough. Then he had to think of the outer packing. He must procure some gunny bags or mattress. Where could he go for some at that hour of the night? No shops would be open. Luckily his eyes fell on the mattresses that were in the house. These just sufficed for the inner packing. But he had to secure a good palm leaf mattress for the outer covering. And to secure this he went to Kothwal Bazaar where coolies always stock them. A rupee and he had enough and to spare.

Hiring a coolie for carrying them, he returned home. And soon Rajambal's corpse was ready for despatch by Railway Parcel.

Chapter 3

The Parcels Clerk at Trichy Junction sniffed audibly as he opened his office room one memorable morning. He thought a faint yet noticeable trace of bad odour emanated from the room.

He was not sure what it could be. Probably some foolish merchant should have consigned some foul-smelling chemical and it should have arrived at his place over-night, he thought.

But as soon as he opened the door the smell wafted strongly against his nostrils—so strongly that he felt sure that there should be some rotten carcase inside. His imagination extended only upto rats. He called out his porter and said, "Porter, go in and find out what is wrong inside. I am afraid a dead rat should be there."

The porter also sniffed and nodded concurrence of opinion.

"This is the result of having sluggards like you in this station," the burly clerk raged. "You fellows never care to do your work and keep the room clean. If you had done so, there cannot be any rotting carcase here to greet you early in the morning."

"No, sir," the porter protested. "Only yesterday I cleaned the room."

"Then you would not have done it carefully enough. You should have left some corners with the result that I have to begin the day badly. I knew the moment a widow crossed me when I left home that something bad would take place. And this is the first effect of the evil omen. I don't know what more are in store for me and whether I would at all manage to return home safely."

"It was not my fault, sir. You could have come to the office under better auspices," put in the porter, who was obviously afraid of the fat clerk.

"I know that," snapped the clerk. "And don't stand there gaping like an idiot, and talking foolishly. Get in and remove whatever it is from which the dirty smell comes out."

The porter did not make any attempts to obey. There was plague prevalent in certain quarters of the city and he was afraid that the rat might have died from an attack of that fell epidemic.

"You must pardon me, master," he pleaded, "but I am afraid of going in. The rat might have died of plague and I am a family man with five children, one wife and an aged mother to support."

The clerk laughed at this excuse. But he was also equally afraid of contagion. He did not like the idea of forcing the unwilling porter to do the unpalatable work of removing the dead rat. In case it turned out to be a case of plague and the fellow caught the contagion, he would be blamed by one and all—and especially by the higher authorities for giving a dangerous work to an employee. Why, if the fellow died, some briefless lawyer might take it into his head to induce the widow to sue the Railway company for damages and that would mean further trouble. Why should he place himself in such an awkward position? There were the sanitary staff of the city to handle such cases and they would not only remove the dead rat but also disinfect the whole station and avoid all contagion.

Thus resolved he reported to the stationmaster, that a dead rat was in the parcels room and that worthy in turn 'phoned up the Sanitary Inspector of the division. A few minutes later the sanitary staff arrived at the scene, armed with buckets, brooms and bottles of phenyle.

They went into the parcels room, covering up their nostrils with kerchiefs or towels, according to their status, as the smell was so very repulsive. They moved the parcels that were lying there this side and that and searched all corners and crevices—but no trace of the rat could be found.

Yet they did not give up their search. That there was some carcase in that room was obvious and again they made a systematic search when they realised that the foul smell did not emanate from any dead rat but only from a bulky parcel.

The size of the parcel and the way it was packed made the Sanitary Inspector suspicious. He wanted to open and examine it, but the station-master told him that they could do so only in the presence of a police officer.

The Railway Sub-Inspector of Police was off duty as it was not the train time. A servant went to his house. Hastily putting on his dress he arrived at the scene and ordered that the parcel might be opened for examination.

And when the outer mattress was removed they found another binding inside, with mattresses and carpets forming the cover. This was also opened and oh! how describe the horror of one and all present when they saw the contents!

Inside was the corpse of a woman—in a highly decomposed state!

The fat clerk on seeing the corpse shrieked and fainted away. The Sanitary Inspector gasped in great wonder. The Station Master, a pious old gentleman, closed his eyes, covered his face with his palms and said, "Oh Lord!" Even the Sub-Inspector was shocked. As for his constables, they stood at attention, gazing at the ghastly sight with wide-open eyes.

The Police Officer was the first to recover from the shock. Throughout his long service he had not come in contact with murders and that this was a case of murder was obvious to one and all. He had had to deal only with pickpockets and occasional accidental deaths or suicides till then. But deliberate murder. God had spared him that sight until then.

Yet he knew what to do. He realised that as a Police Officer who had made the discovery first, he would be put in charge of the case—at least until the regular police took charge. Meanwhile he should inform higher authorities and carry out what investigations he could.

Accordingly he bawled out his order to his constables: "Keep all away from this room," he ordered.

All withdrew at once—in fact they seemed relieved to have been allowed to get away. But the officer had not done with them. He drew out his diary and jotted down the names of those present. "You must not go away, please, until you have made your statements. And then you would be required to give evidence at the inquest. So please be somewhere nearby and meet me when I send for you," he told them.

They all flocked away to the waiting room, there to indulge in their own conjectures. Some of the theories they put forth would have provided an Edgar Wallace with plots for several best sellers.

We need not enter into the details of the Sub-Inspector's examination. It will suffice for purposes of this story to give an extract from the report submitted by the Railway Sub-Inspector to his superior office.

(Continued on page 49)

Stolen Smiles

The wife wrote from fashionable hotel: "Dear John, I enclose the hotel bill."

John replied: "Dear Mary, I enclose cheque to cover the bill, but please don't buy any more hotels at this figure."

Wife (in the middle of the night): "Henry, you're talking in your sleep."

Husband: "Well, I must talk sometimes!"

A newly-married couple were entertaining, and amongst the guests was one whose conduct was rather flippant.

At supper he held up on his fork a piece of meat which had been served him, and in a vein of intended humour remarked: "Is this a pig?"

"To which end of the fork do you refer?" asked a quiet-looking man sitting at the other end of the table.

"Gracious," exclaimed the young father; "the baby has just eaten a lot of that dog biscuit."

"Never mind," replied the young mother; "it serves Fido right, for he has often eaten baby's food."

"The other day I found my little nephew in tears, because he had lost his pet cat, Tibby. 'Don't cry,' I said 'you will soon have your Tibby back. I am going to advertise in the papers for him.'"

"That's no use," he sobbed. "Tibby can't read."

Father—This thrashing I am going to give you, my son, will hurt me more than it hurts you.

Son—Then I suggest, Dad, that you be as easy as possible on yourself.

Country Yokel (to policeman) "Excuse me, but is this Piccadilly Circus, please?"

Policeman: "Yes!"

Country Yokel: "Then do you know the time of the next performance?"

Walter Haggard wants to borrow £10 from me. Is he good for that amount?

Yes, with proper securities.

What securities would you suggest?

A chain, a pair of handcuffs, a padlock, and a watch dog.

He—You look sweet enough to eat.

She—I do eat. Where shall we go?

The big business man rang for his secretary.

"Take down a letter, Miss Jones," he said, fiercely. "Ready? Re, your final demand note for fifty pounds. I absolutely refuse to pay this infamous tax. You are a robber, sir, a rogue, and a scoundrel. You ought to be ashamed of yourself. You deserve a sound thrashing, and if — Taken all that down, Miss Jones?"

"Y.y.yes, sir," she gasped nervously.

The big business man breathed a sigh of relief.

"All right. Just tear it up and burn it. It has done me good dictating it."

"I was informed yesterday that they think of having the whole police force vaccinated."

"But why? They never catch anything."

"That's a fact."

"I don't think I like self-made men very much, dear."

"No, darling. I'd rather have one made to order."

The Railway Parcel Murder Mystery

(Continued from page 47)

The corpse is that of a woman aged between twenty and thirty. She should have been fair—but her face is not clear enough. Of medium stoutness, she is only 4 ft. 10 inches in height. Neck cut by a very sharp instrument—probably a razor. Obviously murder should have taken place at Madras or its suburb as the parcel was booked at Egmore by an Express train which stops only at Tambaram after leaving the metropolis. She is dressed in costly clothes. All new and no dhole marks about them. Obviously one who was well-to-do. Her dress and petti-coat and the way her hair is parted make one suspect her chastity. In fact she distinctly appears to be a professional woman. The murderer had coated her face with tar, obviously to make it impossible to identify her—but this should enable us to take a good photo of her face—as tar is a good preservative against decay. Packed in carpets in which dhole marks are visible. Should be a case of murder out of jealousy or revenge."

Chapter 4.

After he had packed up Rajambal's corpse Ragan became calmer. He realised that if he was caught or even suspected he would require a large sum of money to save himself from the gallows. He had nothing of his own and he knew quite well that his resources were so very limited that he would not be able even to retain an ordinary Honorary Magistrate Court lawyer to defend him.

Further, he might be put to the necessity of bribing anyone who shrewdly enough guessed that he was incriminated in the tragedy or who happened to notice him when he despatched the parcel containing the corpse.

In order to meet all such contingencies he must have enough money and this he made up his mind to provide himself with. He knew quite well that Rajambal had merely threatened him when she said that either the

SHORT-STORY WRITING
TAUGHT
BY
POST ONLY
IN
6 MONTHS
EARN WHILE YOU LEARN
THE
POPULAR SCHOOL OF JOURNALISM
41-42, Muket Nallamuthu St.,
G.T., MADRAS.

police or her servants would soon arrive there and march him to the police station for attempting to rob her. what she said was true they would have come immediately after his apprehension. Considerable time had elapsed since that fateful moment when he fell on Rajambal and tried to wrest away her pistol. And no one had come since then. That meant that no one would come for some time more—at least not until the morning when the servants would return to do their daily work. So he could ransack the house and carry away any loose cash or pronotes that Rajambal might have kept in her safe.

Accordingly he opened the iron safe and found about five thousand rupees cash. These he pocketed leaving some coins and pronotes in the safe itself so that his theft might not be discovered. As for her jewels, well, he should not touch them—not even with

a pair of pincers. Then he closed the safe, wiped out all fingerprints from the outside and then and only then attended to the removal of parcels.

In all big cities, and especially in Madras, there are coolies who specialise in the despatch of parcels. Just give them the parcel and ask them to despatch it either by goods or parcels trains, they would do so without committing any mistake, even though they may be illiterate. These coolies are mostly honest and can be relied upon.

But Ragavan was not bothered about their honesty. In fact, he wanted the services of a dishonest man and enlisted that fellow's services for the qualification and reputation he possessed for dishonesty. He asked him to despatch the parcel by the early morning train which leaves Egmore and gave him a ten-rupee note, with the order that whatever was left over must be brought back to him.

Of course Ragavan knew quite well that he would not get back the balance of the money due to him and in fact wanted that that fellow should prove a cheat. If he pocketed the balance then he would never come forward to give evidence about the despatch of the parcel and that was what Ragavan wanted and prayed for.

As we said already the parcel was despatched without any difficulty and was discovered with equal ease at Trichy. Having thus disposed off Rajambal's corpse Ragavan hired a taxi and hurried to his village—to prove alibi if occasion arose.

The taxi whirled him away fast enough so that he reached his village several hours before the train carrying the parcel and went about demanding taxes still in arrears, representing that he had spent the night there itself.

The villagers put different constructions to this earnest discharge of duty on the part of the village munsiff. Some thought that he had turned over a new leaf and that he had become reformed. Others who knew Ragavan better shook their heads wisely when they heard those who thought he had turned over a new leaf and said that this prodigal had returned not as a penitent and a prodigal, but merely as a money-grubber and that he would return to Madras immediately after collecting a fairly decent sum. Some of the villagers even asked what he wanted the taxes for and whether Rajambal was not satisfied with what he had

already paid her. Instead of feeling offended at these insinuations Ragavan merely laughed and said that they were all having a wrong notion about his cleverness and that though he had given that wench some money, he had done so only to gain her good-will and subsequently to squeeze out larger sums from her and that he was the richer for having contracted her friendship. They knew that if they pressed him for further details he would only snub them and kept quiet.

Immediately Ragavan's taxi stopped in front of their house, Kamala, his wife, ran up to the door and eagerly asked him if he had succeeded in his errand. And without waiting for his reply she proceeded to say that his face betokened affluence and riddance of all botherations.

But when, after Ragavan entered his house after paying off the taxi and went into his office room she

Free Entries and Handsome Prizes even for one and two error solutions.

WIN RS. 1,500 MODEL PUZZLE No. 5

Last posting date, 27th August 1935
Result to all entrants within 10 days.

Entrance Fee:—4 annas for each entry.

Special Concession. Entrants in previous Model Puzzles can send any number of free entries along with an equal number of paid entries. (Minimum 4 paid). Entrants in this competition will similarly be allowed free entries in Model Puzzle No. 6, etc.

Prizes. Rs. 800 for all-correct solution, agreeing with our sealed all-correct solution, thus:—First Prize, Rs. 600. Extra Prizes, Rs. 100 for a student or lady competitor sending all correct solution and Rs. 100 for senders of 10 or more paid entries including one all-correct solution. Second Prize, Rs. 400 for one error solution. Third Prize, Rs. 200 for two error solution. Special Prize, Rs. 100 for largest No. of paid entries. (Minimum 40.)

HOW TO WIN?

Rearrange the jumbled letters of each unit to form a correct English word. Proper Nouns being excluded. For example the correct word for No. 8 is Prize. Similarly obtain the remaining 7 correct words.

No.	Jumbled Units.
1.	NRU
2.	EAY
3.	DEAM
4.	ALEM
5.	LERA
6.	DAER
7.	PERA
8.	ERPIZ

Rules. Ref. Chamber's XX dic. Any No. of entries may be sent on plain paper with the requisite fee. Full address, No. of paid entries and Name of this Journal must be written in block capitals on entry paper. M. O. receipt and a self-addressed stamped envelope must accompany entries. Relatives and friends may send entries under one cover and remit entrance fees by one M. O. stating each entrant's share distinctly. Prizes will vary according to entries received. In case of ties they will be divided. Manager's decision is final, legally binding and is an express condition of entry.

All communications to:—THE MANAGER, MODEL PUZZLES, Sialkot City.

had occasion to look at him more closely. This closer observation made her realise that though outwardly Ragavan seemed to be happy and gay, they were assumed ones and that there was something that gnawed at his heart. Womanly instinct told her that her husband should have done something desperate and that it was fear that haunted him and marred his gaiety and geniality. But she had no time to question him. Immediately after entering his office-room Ragavan came out armed with the Bill book. Saying he would return shortly after seeing some of the defaulters he went out.

This, far from abating it, increased her fear. Why should he have hurried out to collect arrears, without even taking a few minutes' rest? The bill collection could have certainly been postponed a few minutes without jeopardising his position. Well: there should be some other reason except the desire to discharge his duties at once that should have prompted Ragavan to go out to collect arrears so soon after his return? What was that?

Had he not realised enough to meet the misappropriated amount or could he have gone out to prove an alibi? Yes: that should be the case. Otherwise why should he have returned in a taxi—especially when a train was due in a couple of hours? Yes, that should be the idea; and if he was eager to establish an alibi, it meant that he should have done something criminal. What had he done? Could he have robbed Rajambal or some other friend or acquaintance of his? That would mean greater ignominy, and longer period in prison. His misappropriations would be discovered in the course of investigations and he would be punished doubly on two counts, robbery and misappropriation. Further Rajambal was a professional money-grubber, a woman who would go to any extent to enrich her coffers. It was quite unlikely that she would suddenly become philanthropical and lend him the amount he wanted. Yes, it was clear that he should have robbed her. Otherwise how could he have got such a huge sum? How could he have travelled all the way from Madras in a taxi?

But would Ragavan commit robbery? Would he stoop to rob a woman? And the woman he loved, the woman to whom he had willingly presented what he wanted to rob her off. Though morally depraved Ragavan was born of a noble family and had inherited the good quality of honesty. No, no, he would

never have robbed Rajambal. He was above such petty thefts. She need not be afraid of his safety. She need not be anxious imagining things.

Yet, her heart would not let her await her husband's return with patience. Her imagination continued to function with greater vigour. Ragavan had left the place with nothing worthwhile mention in his pocket and had returned fairly affluent. That meant he should have made some money overnight during his stay in Madras. But no moneylender would give him that amount. And as far as she knew he had no friends or relatives in that city who would or could give such a big hand loan. Therefore he should have raised that amount from Rajambal. But Rajambal was not a woman who would do so even if she loved Ragavan with all her heart and soul.

So Ragavan should have raised the loan by violence. There were only two ways of using force: either by robbery or murder. Ragavan would not commit robbery. He was far too noble for that. Therefore he should have committed murder in order to get at her riches. Murder of all crimes! Oh, God!

We cannot describe the anguish with which Kamala spent the time until Ragavan returned after his peripatations. Every minute seemed an age and every new thought only increased her anguish and seemed to thrust one more sharp nail in her heart.

At last to her great relief Ragavan returned home with the usual paraphernalia of a south Indian village munsiff.

Kamala smiled him welcome—but there was no joy in her smile. It was plain that she was worried even as he was. When alone in the privacy of their room she asked him point blank whether everything was O.K.

YOUR LUCK

Simply send us a Post Card with the name of any flower together with your name and address. And we shall send you by V. P. P. for Rs. 1-4-0 only Postage extra a detailed account of your forthcoming 12 months, showing among other things profit and loss in business promotions, transfer and reduction in service, births, marriages happiness and other bodily ailments. Directions will also be sent to safeguard yourself from the coming evil influence of the stars. A trial will convince you of the accuracy of our prophecies. Correct answers to any five questions for Rs. 1-4-0 only. Postage extra.

Note:—A reward of Rs. 100-0-0 shall be awarded to any one challenging our prophecies.

PROFESSOR A. SHANKER,
Post-Box No. 1, KARAIKAL.

196262

செலவு ரூ. 600 000

The directness of her question and the anxiety in her voice threw Ragavan away from his guard. "Why, why do you ask that question?" he demanded.

"Your face and your joyless mirth tell me that you are assuming an out-ward cheerfulness to which you have no right," she said.

Ragavan scowled. He realised that even though he might hide his anxiety and the crime in which he had taken part from the whole world he would not be able to dupe Kamala.

Yet his mind revolted from confiding in her. When a secret is known to more than one it always ceases to be a secret and if the other party who is in the know of things be a woman, well, he could not think of a better form of publicity. No woman can keep a secret and he knew that quite well. No, he must not tell his wife what had taken place at Madras. And yet he must not allow her to suspect anything wrong. Of course it would be easy for him to snub her and ask her to suppress her inquisitiveness. But that was not advisable. She would be worried on his account and her anxiety will assume greater and greater proportions as days go by. She would put two and two together and construct her own story or, worse still, she would give flight to her imagination and might conclude things which might prove detrimental to his interests. The best course to follow was to appease her by some plausible story. And this he did.

He told her that he had robbed Rajambal and then proceeded to justify his act. Then he told her that thereby he had implicated himself and that unless he was very careful the Police might arrest him. In order to be on the safe side it was necessary that he must prove an alibi. He requested Kamala not to let anyone know whither he had been the previous night and if at all anyone questioned her, to say and even swear if need be, that he had slept overnight at her residence. "Tell them that I returned yesterday evening and that I did not stir out of this place," he advised her. "Stick to this story at any cost and don't waver," he added.

Kamala, as we have already noted, was a very shrewd young woman. She was able to see through his deception. Yet, in his deceit he had admitted that he had robbed Rajambal. "One seldom admits the commission of a crime under such circumstances unless the crime one confesses to be of a less heinous na-

ture. And so, since Ragavan had admitted robbery and since at the same time he was attempting to hide a crime he had committed the latter should be of a more heinous type. What is worse than robbery? Only murder. Other crimes more heinous than robbery do not fit with the circumstances. This realisation gave Kamala a terrible blow.

She was a duteous wife and she loved her husband as her life. She was not afraid of expressing her fears. But she should do that carefully—without letting anyone know what she wanted to ask. Silently she went to the front door and bolted it. Then she assured herself that no one eavesdropped. And when she had satisfied herself, she went to the kitchen, and carried in her hand two cups of strong and steaming coffee which she had prepared in readiness for her husband when he returned after his tax collection.

Meanwhile Ragavan was comfortably seated on an easy-chair and was fanning himself.

Kamala placed the coffee before him and squatting on the ground began to cool the boiling beverage by pouring it from one vessel to the other. And even though it took nearly five minutes for the coffee to cool down, she did not open her mouth and speak even a single word.

For she knew quite well that the hungry are easily irritable. Her husband was hungry. And if she annoyed him with her suspicions he might become angry and either chastise her for her impertinence or shout out justifications or protest in loud tones. That might be heard by outsiders and land them in difficulties. And so she waited for him to finish his coffee.

When Ragavan had drunk his coffee and was chewing betel leaves, Kamala, who was standing close by and giving him the betel leaves after applying a thin paste of chunam to each, slowly introduced the topic which was gnawing her heart.

"Dearest, you have not yet told me how you managed to hoodwink Rajambal and get at ready cash," she began.

Ragavan looked up at her. "What do you mean? I just now told you all about my trip to Madras and how I managed to come away the richer by a few thousands," he protested.

Kamala pretended as if what he said was news to her. "What!" she reiterated. "You never told me

anything about your trip to Madras except that you were successful in it."

"No, I did tell you," said Ragavan emphatically.

"If you are so sure on this point then it is obvious that I must be wrong. I should have forgotten all about the account you gave me. Yet I cannot realise how I could have forgotten such an important story. If what you say is true then something should be radically wrong with me and it is high time I go and consult a doctor about the fickleness of my memory."

"I am afraid you should," retorted Ragavan. "Don't you remember the warning I gave you—to tell any and everyone who asked you that I had spent the night here? Have you forgotten my advice so soon?" asked Ragavan.

Kamala paused and thought for nearly a minute. Then she put on the appearance of one who suddenly remembered something that had slipped from his memory till then. "Yes, I now remember what you said," she remarked. "But the other details do not come back to my memory. Pray give me an account of your Madras adventures once again," she pleaded.

Ragavan complied with the result that there were several conflicting details between this version and the one he had given previously. Artfully Kamala recapitulated the old story and pointed out the discrepancies. And as she did so Ragavan visibly blushed. He realised that his wife had discovered that what he was saying was not the truth. He guessed that her forgetfulness was only a feigned one and that she had deliberately deceived him by complaining about loss of memory. If she had realised that what he said was not the truth and if she had taken so much pains to bring home to him the discrepancies between his two versions, he was perfectly justified in assuming that she should have also guessed that her husband was guilty of some worse crime than robbery.

Even as he thought so, Kamala removed all room for speculation by directly revealing her suspicion. "Dearest," she said, "why pervaricate? Why don't you tell me, your partner in life, the truth, the real truth. Why should you try to hide away from me what you have actually done at Madras to replenish your purse? I am afraid you should have gone to extremes to achieve your object. Can't you tell me the truth? Am I not your wife, your wedded life companion? Am I not legally and morally entitled to half

your sufferings? To whom else can you confide, if not to me? Pray tell me the truth, let us put our heads together and think of some really good way out of the difficulty.

Ragavan remained silent. This frank outburst of his wife had caught him when off his guard and he did not know what to tell her.

"My loving lord," pursued Kamala undaunted by his silence, "I guessed even when I heard your first story that you were trying to hide from me something. And since you admitted to having committed a robbery, you should have taken part in something worse than robbery. And in order to make you realise that I was suspecting you, and at the same time to convince myself that my suspicions were well founded I feigned forgetfulness and made you repeat your story a second time. You know quite well how much it differed from the first story you told me. So, will you be candid? Am I justified in concluding that you have committed some worse crime than robbery?" she asked.

Still Ragavan maintained silence.

Kamala went on. "Dearest, your silence is ominous and it is more than a confession to me. I am afraid my suspicions are well founded and that you have actually committed a worse crime than robbery. Please tell me that I am wrong and that there are no sufficient grounds for my suspicion."

But her pleadings did not open his mouth. His conscience pricked and he could not speak. He remembered all that had taken place at Madras and quailed from confessing his crime.

This confirmed Kamala's suspicion. She realised that there was no use beating about the bush. The

SHAKTI CHARM

Our world renowned "Shakti Charm" is invaluable to all those who desire to seek the affections of their loved ones. Your beloved will undoubtedly become attached to you, within the shortest possible time, despite being cruel-minded or staying at a far off place, and never leave you if you keep this wonderful charm with you constantly and at the same time think of the one you love best. This charm contains in itself very special qualities such as those which will win the favour of officials or masters and also to gain victory over the enemy. This is a sure and certain charm. Remuneration Rs. 1-4-0 only. Postage extra.

Note:—Rs. 100-0-0 will be awarded as prize to anyone proving it inaccurate.

Manager

THE SHAKTI ASHRAM

Post Box No. 21 DELHI.

earlier she knew the worst the better. She looked at her husband straight in his face. "Hubby dear, only murder is worse than robbery and you should have murdered Rajambal," she said.

On hearing this direct accusation Ragavan sat bolt upright in his chair. Suddenly before his mental vision rose a scene—Rajambal lying dead on her cot and he lifting up a razor to disfigure her face. At once he broke down. He lost his nerves and covering his face with his hands began to sob like a child.

Kamala at once nestled closer to him. Gently she stroked his soft hair and tried to lift up his face. The result was most unexpected. He caught hold of her and placing his head on his shoulder cried—cried as a wronged boy would before his mother. Kamala did not try any more to subdue his grief. Her worst fears had been confirmed by this silent admission. They must think—think coolly and face the future. This could be done only if Ragavan was calm enough. Usually people in great grief become remarkably calm immediately after an open display of their grief. Let Ragavan cry and cry to his satisfaction. That would leave him cool and collected. And so Kamala waited as her husband continued to shed tears over her shoulders.

This demonstration did not leave her unaffected. Of course since that morning she had concluded that her husband should be guilty of some grievous offence. But that realisation had not prepared her for this admission. It had not brazened her for this childish display of grief and penitence on the part of her husband. Further, no woman can keep her eyes dry when she sees some one else cry. And if it be some one near and dear, well, tears will automatically rise up in their eyes as well and it would be more difficult to console the sympathetic crier than the original individual. And so, it is no wonder that Kamala also began to cry.

Her tears, hot and burning, fell on Ragavan and roused him. He realised that there was no sense in crying as they did. He lifted up Kamala's face, gazed at her eyes steadily, and sobbed: "My darling, I have become the worst criminal in the world. I am a murderer."

And suddenly he jerked himself free from her clutches. "Yes, I am a murderer and I have murdered the woman to whom I professed life-long love. I murdered Rajambal. I took the life blood out of her. Now

the police are waiting for me. Let me go," he said and made towards the door.

Kamala had read enough and had heard enough about murderers to realise that persons in the mood in which her husband was would walk to the police station and calmly hand themselves over to the guardians of law—to be tried and punished as they deserve. She realised that if she let her husband go out, he would walk straight and hand himself over to the guardians of law, and at the same time make a clean breast of what he had done.

This is the worst with murder. Other crimes do not prey on one's conscience as much as murder. A robber or a felon might commit any act of felony and yet not feel the pangs of conscience. Or even if his conscience pricks him he will be able to suppress it and prevent others noticing it. But that is not the case with murder. A murderer must tom tom his crime. He must hand himself over to the minions of law. His conscience would not let him remain at peace even for a few moments. What gives this impulse to murderers is not known. But the fact remains and Kamala was aware of it.

She realised that she must keep her husband inside the house for a few days at least. She must give him time enough to recover from the shock he had received while murdering Rajambal. And she knew that bolted doors would not suffice.

Kamala dragged back her husband with super human display of strength and pushed him back in the easy-chair. She kissed him and gently stroked his face and chin—thus to impart a sense of nearness in him. And when again he strove to get up, she actually sat on his knees and prevented him from doing so.

"Will you get up and let me go out or not?" asked Ragavan.

Kamala laughed. "I will sing for you a beautiful song. After I finish it you can go," she said. And without waiting for his reply or permission she began a melodious song. She sang it putting her whole life in it so that Ragavan could not but forget for the time being all about his intended visit to the police station. In fact the music was so very exquisite that he even forgot about Rajambal and her murder.

Kamala thus succeeded in averting an imminent danger. But she knew quite well that the effect of her song would be only temporary and that Ragavan would

(Continued on page 65)

Miracle of the Infra-Red Eye

Bad for Burglars.

Pictures taken with an exposure of half a second in complete darkness, clear pictures of distant objects made through mist so thick that no human eye can see more than a yard or two, pictures which show the blank pages of old books covered once more with the writing that had faded into invisibility ages before—these are some of the marvels of the latest camera and of a wonderful new photographic plate. writes *Tit-Bits*.

These wonders are produced by what is known as infra red photography.

All of the colours that we can see are due to light waves of different lengths. The longest waves to which the eye and the ordinary photographic plate can respond are those which produce a dark red colour. Still longer than these and quite invisible, are infra-red light waves.

Pictures in the Dark.

Light waves are exactly like those of wireless, except that they are very much shorter. We can compare the eye to a wireless set which possesses only one set of coils, those which enable stations on the "broadcast" band to be tuned in. Such a set can never receive long-wave stations, for it cannot be tuned to them. In the same way our eyes cannot tune in light rays whose wavelength is longer than that of the colour dark red. Hence a room when flooded with none but infra-red rays appears to us to be in pitch black darkness.

The newest Ilford plate responds to these invisible light rays. With it, pictures sharp and full of detail are made in the dark. The camera sees clearly though man is blind. Once again Science has achieved the "impossible"!

And there is much more than this. Mist consists of minute particles of moisture floating in the air. These cause ordinary visible light rays to spread widely. If we can see at all through mist, objects appear blurred. But the invisible infra-red rays are not diverted by mist, which they pierce almost as readily as ordinary light travels through glass.

During recent experiments Messrs. Ilford took two distant photographs of Canterbury Cathedral on a day when there was a slight mist. In the first, made with an ordinary plate, the building appears as a faint blurred shadow. For the second an infra-red plate was used and the cathedral is seen as distinctly as if the day had been bright and sunny.

Since there is always a certain amount of moisture in the atmosphere long-range photography with ordinary plates is not satisfactory. With infra-red plates beautiful photographs of the Isle of Man have been made from Cumberland, more than forty miles away; every detail of the French coast is visible in photographs taken from Dover.

The new photography will be a very useful servant of mankind. It will be a powerful aid in the battle against crime. A burglar can be photographed automatically and without his knowledge in the act of rifling a safe, whilst the detection of forgeries and falsified documents is greatly simplified by the uncanny way in which it shows up erased writing.

Mapping and surveying used to be a long and laborious process. It is now chiefly done by means of photographs taken from aeroplanes.

The Air Survey Company recently accomplished in this way a survey of the Sudan in eighteen months. With ordinary ground methods at least ten years would have been required for the work. But aerial photographs to be of real use must be taken from heights of about 20,000 feet, and in many parts of the world have rendered it impossible to obtain clear pictures from such heights with ordinary plates. Tests with the new plates have shown that perfect results can be obtained.

Wanted candidates for Telegraph and Station Master class. Allowance Rs. 28. Uniform, passage and quarter free. Service essential. Rules and Entrance form on annas eight.—DIRECTOR, Royal Telegraph and Rly. Duties College, Bombay No. 20.

MY DREAM

It was a sweet morn
 When I the forlorn
 One was left alone
 To lament and moan !
 Sweet breeze was blowing
 O'er my sorrowing
 Beside a river
 In a fine weather.
 The green earth smiling,
 Bushes beguiling !
 All things unfolding
 Nature rich hoarding !
 Within my hearing
 All birds were cheering !
 O, what bright splendour
 All of us over !
 Flowerbuds peeping
 My ceaseless weeping,
 As if to enquire
 "Why grievest thou, Sir?"
 What magic transpired
 When as I desired
 From my heart's bottom,
 My love with freedom
 Came to pacify
 My affliction high,
 With her sweet presence
 And words of ripe sense !
 'Fore I untreaured
 My "Self" enraptured;
 Some most sudden force
 To all these closed doors !
 All the same, my woe
 Its end does not know !
 Aft' thinking I seem
 To know 'twas my dream !
 —S. K. Badsha Chishti (Kowtal), Adoni.

LAND WORTH 20,000 TO PARK ONE CAR ON!

One hundred and seventy years ago a member of the Portman family fell ill. The doctor ordered ass's milk as an essential part of the diet. So difficult was this to obtain, however, that the head of the family decided to keep his own asses.

He accordingly bought a farm. It cost £2,000, and stretched just north of where Oxford Street now runs. On it to-day stand the great squares of Marylebone, worth a king's ransom.

And so the estates of the family who have been called London's second richest landlords began.

Not far from Portman Square towers Mount Royal, 300 ft. long. One million pounds was paid for the land.

Only recently Mr. Hore-Belisha remarked that a car parked in a busy City street occupies land worth about £20,000 !

Who, then, owns all this valuable land which is London—hub of the world itself?

The answer is: about 40,000 people.

STAGGERING SUM.

A few of the great landowners are still individuals. The big trusts have not yet wrested the ground from under their feet.

Although the L. C. C. is easily the largest ground landlord, the Duke of Westminster's three-quarters of a square mile of rich Mayfair makes him one of the wealthiest men in England.

A pleasant little pasture land called "Ebury Farm," where the stately homes of Belgravia now stand, saw the beginning of the Duke of Westminster's vast estates in Elizabethan times. Cows grazed peacefully over the Grosvenor family's fields. . . . Those fields, Mayfair, Millbank and Vauxhall Bridge Road, fetched the staggering sum of £20,000,000 a few years ago.

The Duke is a kind and generous landlord. He proved this in 1929, when the Thames overflowed its banks.

Thousands of the Duke's Millbank tenants suffered heavy damage. Furniture was swamped, homes were flooded, and many families

had to evacuate for a few days. So the Duke repainted houses and replaced ruined furniture at his personal expense.

It you live in Wandsworth you may be interested to know that half a square mile of your fair borough belongs to Magdalen College, Oxford. Another college—Dulwich—possesses two whole square miles of London.

Yet London is a big place. Men like Lord Forester, Mr. H. T. B. Barron, Lord St. Germain and Sir Spencer Maryon Wilson, all own over a square mile and-a-half each. The values of their holdings fluctuate, but at any time would be big enough to start and equip a small navy.

£150 A FOOT!

Another peer, Lord Howard de Walden, sometimes called London's richest landlord, has an income of nearly £500,000 a year. When he sold only 40 acres of the West End recently he was paid something in the neighbourhood of £3,000,000. Yet a 40-acre garden in the country might only be worth a paltry £200.

However, huge as these figures are, a few years ago a square foot of Wall Street, New York City, fetched £150 !

A square foot; barely enough room to stand up on ! This is probably the highest-priced piece of land in the world.

A £30,000 Irish Sweepstake winner could not buy very many feet of London. For instance Regent Street, which is owned by the Crown, is worth some tens of millions of pounds.

We have been talking of one square mile and a fortune attached, but the Duke of Sutherland owns a thousand square miles of territory. Most of it, however, is moorland in the far north of Scotland, and its value is comparatively small.

You can buy beautiful land for a song there.

Yet a few London's biggest landlords could buy Madagascar, largest island in the world. It has been offered for £70,000,000.

Enormously rich minerals as it is, it is startling to reflect that one of our city's streets is worth more.

—"Everybody's Weekly."

OUR CINEMA PAGE

By M. RUSTOMJI

Where are the members of Hollywood's famed "Suicide Squadron" an organisation of movie stunt fliers originally called the 'Thirteen Flying Black Cats' and now more formally known as The Associated Motion Picture Pilots?

This was the question on every lip as dare devil flying stunts and World War aces assembled recently at Trimunfo airport for thrilling air battles in Paramount's "The Eagle and the Hawk."

A check by Captain Sterling Campbell, technical director for the film and noted flying Corps of the Royal veterans, revealed that fifteen of the original members of the corps had died since the production of "Wings," twelve are engaged in the filming of "The Eagle and the Hawk," and eight are present between pictures.

Some of those dead were Ross Cook, Leo Nomis, Al Johnston, Lyn Hayes, Roy Wilson, and Virgil Cline. Prominent living members are Dick Grace, president of the squadron, Ira Reed, Earl Gordon and Dick Rinaldi.

Engaged in the film of "The Eagle and the Hawk" are Bogaret Rogers, author of the screen play, Carlise Smith and Captain Campbell, technical adviser.

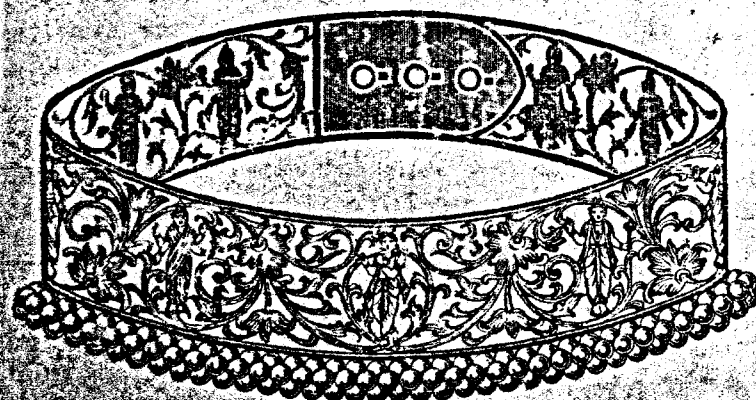
The story, Paramount's most famous and pretentious air picture, in some years, features Fredric March, Cary Grant, Jack Oakie, Carroll Lombard and Sir Guy Standing.

"Eskimo" produced by the American Pictures was filmed at the Arctic Ocean to bring out the full force of the snow and ice. The film "Street Scene" was the first picture to be produced at a stretch. Other

pictures have their end produced first and the beginning produced at the end. Glycerine has been used by American directors to bring out the real effect of the tears. Glasses have been forbidden by the foreign film producers for they have a tendency to reflect and spoil the scene. A special machine has been constructed to produce a gust of wind and this was made use of first in the film of "The Gay Madrid." Paramount produces 75 films a year and spends £ 45,000,000. after them. But they sit and consider what it would cost them to produce a certain film. The best music to be screened was in "King of Jazz."

Miss GOHAR

This actress of the silver screen was born on 19th February at Lahore. When she was young her ambition was to become a film star. She determined to go into training and engaged a tutor to teach her pure Urdu. This she studied for two years and then one day she decided to go and ask for a part in a local studio. With great difficulty she was able to obtain one. Her role in "Gun-Sundri" brought her in the public eye and she was recognised as a talented star. Her motto is "study the art and act." Some of her pictures are "Chandra mukhi," "Devi Devini" "Radha Rain." The role of a beggar in her recent film "Bhikharan" was considered as superb and excellent. Her acting in "Divani Delavar," "Rajputani" and "Mountain Maiden" have been praised beyond words by the film critics. Her latest film "Barrister's Wife" has broken early records for long running.



Scientific Gold Jewellery.

(Substitute for Real Gold)

Highly appreciated by High Court Judges, Ministers to Government and other Eminent Public Men.

New Catalogue Free.

THE

SCIENTIFIC GOLD BANGLES COMPANY, LTD.

Head Office:—43, Byragimattam Street,
Post Box No. 203, MADRAS.

NOTICE

The Editor will be glad to consider any Mss. sent to him. They should be original and as far as possible of light reading. They should be either typewritten or written legibly on one side of the paper only and should contain the name and address of the writer, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith. All Mss. must contain stamps for return in case they are found not suitable. The Editor wishes to inform his contributors that at his discretion payments may or may not be made for contributions. The contributors cannot claim payment as a matter of right. All Mss. must be addressed to the Managing Editor, "THE TATLER OF INDIA," 41-42, Muker Nallamuthu Street, Madras.

Articles published in this magazine become the copyright of the TATLER, except when otherwise agreed upon. But the Editor assures the writers that he would gladly consider any request for permission to reprint the same.

Neither the Editor nor the Proprietors hold themselves responsible for any infringements of copyright by their contributors as they publish every contribution in all good faith, nor do they take any responsibility for Mss. lost or mislaid or delayed, though every reasonable care will be taken.

Subscription Rates.

Single Copy	India			As.	2-0
	Foreign			"	3-6
Annual Subscription	India			Rs.	2-8
	Foreign			"	5-0

Specimen Copies Sent Free on Request.

Subscriptions are strictly payable in advance. No V. P. P. will be sent. Subscribers are enlisted at any time of the year and if desired and if available; back-numbers will be supplied to them.

"THE TATLER OF INDIA", 41-42, Muker Nallamuthu St., MADRAS.

CROSSWORD NOTE BOOK

Note books containing 100 pages, with 144 blank squares printed on one side of every paper, and well bound, of great help in solving Crossword Puzzles.

Price As. 2 POSTAGE One Anna

The Manager: TATLER OF INDIA,

41-42, Mukernallamuthu St.,

MADRAS.

ROMANCE OF 'THE DAILY HERALD'

Two Million Circulation

Twenty years ago Fleet Street saw a new daily newspaper launched on the flood of rival newsheets already competing for the pennies of the British public.

The 'Daily Herald' of those days could never have been expected to achieve the status of the first and only certified daily net sale of more than two millions.

When Long Acre, home of a great national Sunday newspaper and countless weekly and monthly papers took the "Herald" out of Fleet Street it was a little paper with a sale of approximately 230,000 copies. Mr. J. S. Elias, the presiding genius of Oldhams Press Limited, decided that it should emerge in its new enlarged form with a net sale of one million copies.

A little man, far-seeing, decisive with a gift for organisation. Such a description fits Mr. Elias. The modern Napoleon of the Press carried out his decision to the letter.

Steadily month after month the certified sales of the "Daily Herald" crept upward. It passed the "Daily Mail". The newspaper world gasped: Long Acre was calm. "On to the two million" they said. The "Herald" went on past more than the immensely popular 'Daily Express'.

The paper has won respect as well as admiration. In policy and presentation is intelligence balanced; in its news service reliable and sane; in its features and reader-attractious bright without being flippant or bizarre.

The paper used for a single issue of the "Daily Herald" would stretch half way across the Atlantic Ocean. Two hundred and thirty tons are used each roll weighing three quarters of a ton and being 5 1/2 miles long.

Add forty tons of metal and seven tons of ink and you have some little idea of the immensity of it all. And this for a sixteen-page issue.

only an increase to twenty pages or more compelling an appropriate increase in all supplies.

PALACE OF PRINT

But a word about the great "palace of print" in which the sovereign paper is born and reborn scores of times a year.

The "Herald" building is a masterpiece of modern methods, mechanism and construction from a day's emergency supply of water stored on the roof to lifts that fly at 300 feet a minute with loads of 4,000 lbs. without attendants. The whole site covers an area of nearly 12,000 square feet, with a floor space of nearly 50,000 square feet. On the fifth and uppermost floor is the process (or blockmaking) department; on the third and fourth the composing and moulding departments.

The Editorial offices branching off a central corridor on top second floor are models of space-organisation and efficiency. Double windows deaden the roar of the street and the creed and "tape" rooms and 'phone boxes are absolutely sound-proof.

On the ground floor is the warehouse with over a hundred feet of frontage and beneath this the press room, very much like the interior of a battleship constructed entirely of steel cheque plates.

Now in this massive home watch the "Daily Herald" go to bed!

All day long quickly efficiently. to-morrow's 'Daily Herald' has been planned. Reinforcements of paper, ink and oil—the ammunition of a two mill on circulation—have poured steadily in, convoy after convoy. Editorial conferences have been held; another of the year's nightly campaign decided on.

The feature pages are complete the early news pages arranged, the advertisements allotted to their positions. Reporters and photographers are out on their quests and errands. Special correspondents at home and abroad have received their orders by 'phone, wire and wireless.

The news floods in spurning space and distance crossing continents in its stride. China, Japan, Australia, India, Egypt they are as near to Long Acre as the house next door! Riots or regal pomp, murders or marriages, an earthquake or an abdication, if it happens the "Herald" hears.

The great news agencies, the Press Association, Reuter, Central News and British United Press speed their almost ceaseless messages from home and abroad. The 'Herald's' own correspondents, in the world's capitals in Britain's town and villages are likewise vigilant and alive.

An army of journalists are campaigning in earnest. Every issue of the 'Herald' must be the issue. Yesterday is dead and to-morrow is unborn! Every ounce of energy, initiative and vision is directed on to-day—on the minute that is in hand.

The News Editor a glutton for news never to be satisfied grasping in a flash all the world has to tell him—and bemoaning the lack to the little more! The Foreign Editor with his fingers ever on the pulse of events and people abroad.

And then the "Chief sub" presiding over his sub-editors—the men whose names you never will know—the men who sort and sift and shape the news you will read to-morrow giving it the headlines which will whet your appetite.

So the news steadily pours in—the news that is the blood in the veins of a great news-paper.

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.

But these rejection slips need not bother you. In an amazingly short space of time you can write stories that will be accepted if you follow our practical system, that will train you up to write stories that attract Editors—stories that are bound to find a market.

Only a few lessons—yet we will train you up, by offering you constructive criticisms and correcting your Mss. You are given only practical training and as little of theory as possible. Individual attention is paid on all points by the Principal.

Tuition by Post, only in Short STORY WRITING—for the amazingly low fee of Rs. 50/- for the full course or six instalments of Rs. 10/- each.

P. R. RAMA IYENGAR,
Principal

THE POPULAR SCHOOL OF JOURNALISM,

41-42, Mukernallamuthu St.,

G. T. MADRAS.

CONTRARILAND

Where Women Wear The Trousers

It is usually claimed that every fifth human being is a Chinese. Actually the proportion is greater, for the total population of the world is probably slightly under 2,000,000,000, whilst there are well over 400,000,000, Chinese. The Chinese are the world's mystery people. Though their members were probably almost as great hundreds of years ago as they are to-day, they have never colonized. Instead they built a mighty wall round their country and cut themselves off from the rest of the world.

This is just one of the contrasts that exist between the Chinese and other peoples.

Even in the time of Queen Elizabeth, when the population of our islands was little greater than that of modern London, our people felt the need of elbow room and began to colonize. The Chinese remained within their ring fence and until recent times no "Foreign devil" was allowed into their country.

Coffins Mean Comfort

Cut off from the rest of the world, the Chinese formed manners and customs that in a surprising number of cases are exactly the opposite of ours. Our doctors charge for treatment when we are ill, the Chinese doctor is paid to keep his patients well, and fees cease if a cold in the head or any other trouble develops.

The Chinese national costume is the reverse of that of the rest of the world, for the men wear petticoats and the women trousers. In the west we welcome our friends by shaking hands with them; the Chinese greet a friend by shaking hands with himself. We mount a

horse from the left side, the Chinese from the right. Our writing runs from left to right and from the top to the bottom of the page; the Chinese goes from right to left and from the bottom to the top. Gloomy black is our sign of mourning; if you meet a Chinese garbed completely in white, this indicates that he has lost a near relative. The surest way of comforting an invalid in China is to place his coffin beside his bed and to tell him what a magnificent funeral he will have.

Deputies for Death

A Chinese condemned to death can usually obtain an understudy, if he is wealthy enough. So long as somebody's head is cut off the law is satisfied. As an Irishman put it, the Chinese have got so used to being killed that they don't mind now.

For many years China has been convulsed by civil wars. Soldiers of all armies wear the same uniform, the distinguishing marks being coloured armlets. This idea makes it easy to be on the winning side when the battle is over or even a little before.

When a Chinese dies he must be sure of taking with him a house, a retinue of servants, as well as furniture, horses, and money for use in the other world. Elaborate paper models are burnt at the graveside as well as sackfuls of paper or cardboard money. The age of a Chinese is reckoned from nearly a year before the time when he makes his appearance in this world and he is not regarded as dead until three years after he has passed away.

Shear Robbery

At an hotel in a popular holiday resort, ministers are allowed special rates during certain periods of the year.

One minister was somewhat surprised on arriving at the hotel not to see any brother clerics, and asked a maid if there were any in residence.

"Yes, sir," she replied, "there are several ministers here, but they just look like gentlemen."

He—"This is a quiet spot. I'd like to pause here and park."

She—"You mean you'd like to park here and paw, but you're not going to."

As soon as Mr. Jones saw Mrs. Chippleigh coming up the garden path, he fled to his study and left his wife to her fate. Half an hour later hearing a door shut, he went down and put his head inside the drawing-room.

"Has the old crow gone?" he asked.

"Yes, dear," said his wife. "About an hour ago, and now dear Mrs. Chippleigh has called. Isn't it sweet of her?"

"Let me kiss those tears away, sweetheart," he said, tenderly.

She fell into his arms, and he was very busy for a few minutes. But the tears flowed on.

"Can nothing stop them?" he asked breathlessly.

"No," she murmured. "It's hay fever; but carry on with the treatment."

Clara (a dentist's daughter)—"Well, dear, have you asked dad for my hand yet?"

Henry (very bashful)—"No Every time I step into his office I lose courage. To-day I allowed him to pull another tooth."

"You know the smallest thing upsets my wife. Why, last night she was doing a crossword puzzle and she said to me, 'Jim, what is a female sheep?' I answered 'Ewe,' and she immediately burst into tears!"

A clergyman noticed a woman pushing a pram up a steep hill and volunteered his assistance, which was gratefully accepted.

When he had pushed the pram to the top of the hill he said: "No thanks at all. I'm delighted to help you—but, as a little reward, may I kiss the baby?"

"Bless the boy, sir," said the woman, "it isn't a baby—it's a dozen of stout!"

She came to her husband in tears. "I've been insulted!" she sputtered. "Your mother has insulted me."

"My mother?" he exclaimed. "But, Alice, she's miles away."

"I know. But a letter came for you this morning addressed in your mother's handwriting and I opened it."

He looked stern. "I see. But where does the insult come in?"

Alice wept all the more. "In the—the postscript," she answered, "it said: Dear Alice, don't forget to give this letter to George."

"My wife is always pleased with the latest wrinkle."

"So is mine—provided it isn't on her own face."

Do you take interest in Competitions?

YES?

Then

Read

MONTHLY

"JOLLY MAGAZINE"

It contains solutions to almost all puzzles
now appearing in Magazines

BESIDES

Funny Articles, Free Competitions

More than 45 Pages

YET YOU WILL GET IT FREE!

**September Issue will be sent free to all
who write a post card for the same before
25th August '35.**

Earlier the Better

ADDRESS TO:—

MANAGER,

Jolly Magazine

P.O. Kalavad Dt. KATHIAWAR.

The Railway Parcel Murder Mystery

(Continued from page 54)

soon remember all about the crime he had committed. In her heart of hearts she thought and hoped that her husband had not actually murdered Rajambal. Ragavan might have become a moral bankrupt. He might have stooped down to any crime—but no, not to murder. He was a Brahmin—a Brahmin born of a noble family—a Brahmin with a soft heart—a Brahmin in whom even the sight of blood generally produced nausea. Such a person would never commit murder. And Kamala hoped that that would be the case with her husband.

Therefore she wanted to hear what had actually taken place. She wanted to find out whether there was some way of explaining away the crime—if at all a crime had been committed in reality. The slightest discrepancy and she would make it assume an enormous size and convince her husband that he was innocent. Even if she failed to find out a good ground for explaining away the crime, the narration would ease her husband a bit and thereby divert his thoughts from the police.

Accordingly she squatted firmer on his knees in spite of his protestations and requested him to narrate the whole story.

Ragavan did so and Kamala shrewdly realised that there was a very big flaw in the story of the crime. Her husband had become unconscious while he was trying to wrest away the pistol from Rajambal's hand and had regained conscience only after she had been murdered. Of course the circumstances pointed to Ragavan as the criminal. In a court what he had done would have sufficed to convince even the most hard-boiled jury. But he was not then before a tribunal of justice. He was only before his wife, discussing with her about his crime. And the story he narrated convinced her that Ragavan had not committed the murder.

"I am sure you are not guilty," Kamala told him. "You were wresting away the pistol from Rajambal. And while both of you were struggling, something heavy fell on your head and rendered you unconscious. What that heavy thing was you cannot say. You did not notice it when you received the blow. Neither could you find any trace of it after you regained your conscience. That thing could not be a brick or beam or

iron rod that had become dislodged suddenly from the building or from where it was kept. Therefore it should be something wielded by human hands. And immediately after rendering you unconscious that intruder murdered Rajambal, put your body over her and then with his heavy weapon made good his escape."

"How can you say he is the only person responsible for the murder? Could not I have done it while I was unconscious? What about somnambulists? They do wonderful things in their sleep walks," protested Ragavan.

Kamala smiled. "You were not asleep, my dear, when the murder was committed. You were only unconscious. Unconsciousness is quite different from somnambulism. A somnambulist may walk or murder or do anything. But an unconscious person can do nothing. In somnambulism only the senses are unconscious but the limbs are awake. In fact, even the senses are only partially asleep then. But in an unconscious state everything except the heart ceases to function. You could not, therefore, have committed the murder while you were unconscious."

Ragavan was really surprised at his wife's versatility and ingenuity. Till then he had never had occasion to notice and admire these. Now he realised how clever she was and regretted very much that he had not consulted her earlier. There was both wisdom and truth in what she said, "No, certainly he could not have murdered Rajambal. He was sure of that."

But he had been an accessory to the crime. He had tried to dispose off the corpse without bringing it to the notice of the police, which every layman is expected and munsiffs are bound to do. He had abetted the crime and even though he might escape punishment under the first count, he was sure to be convicted under the second item.

Ragavan realised the foolishness of what he had done only when it was too late. Of course he had taken all the trouble to dispose off the body only because circumstances were against him and pointed to him as the perpetrator of the dastardly crime. In fact, he had himself thought that he was the guilty party—

that he himself had committed the murder. It was this fear that had prompted him to disfigure Rajambal, disfigure her face, pack her and send her away as a parcel to Trichy. But what was the use of thinking what was past? If he were destined to undergo imprisonment on some count then he would certainly be forced to undergo it.

But in his gloom came a ray of hope. He had feared that he might be sentenced for misappropriation. That danger was averted. He had made good the amount he had defalcated. Subsequently the fear that he might be hanged for murder worried him. In the light of what his wife said he concluded and felt confident that he would escape the gallows. Two dangers, two convictions he had or rather his Fate had induced him to get over. Now there was only the third offence. Perhaps Rajambal's corpse might not be discovered or the police might fail to trace to him the parcel. In that event it would be possible for him yet to cheat the gaol.

These thoughts and the realisation that he had not committed the murder removed his mad desire to rush to the police and inform them of what had taken place.

Kamala was glad that her efforts had borne some good effect. Now that she had pacified her husband and brought him under control, she could devise some means of safeguarding him.

She thought that her husband could not have committed the murder. Of course circumstances pointed to him as the culprit—yet, the charge against him could not be proved. But what were they to do at this juncture?

The two put their heads together and thought for a long time. In circumstances like these the safest course to pursue is always to make a clean breast of the whole affair to the Police. But how can any one make up one's mind to go and hand himself over to be locked up? Liberty is sweet and human beings are always eager to retain it. Further there was a ray of hope—though a vain one. The corpse might not be discovered and even if it be discovered it might not be identified. In either event suspicion would not fall on him.

After hours of furious thought both Ragavan and his wife concluded that the safest course to pursue would be to remain silent until the corpse was discovered and to await further development.

Neither had they a long time to wait. A few days later the Madras newspapers gave an account of the

discovery of the corpse parcel. They concluded their report with the statement that the corpse had not been identified and that investigations were proceeding.

The very next day came the long-awaited blow. The corpse had been identified as belonging to one Rajambal—a professional woman living atSt., Madras. The police had strong clues and hoped that they would be able to make an arrest in a few days.

Ragavan realised that the cat had been let out of the bag. Soon he would be caught and put in gaol. As we said, the circumstantial evidences against him definitely pointed to him as the murderer, and once caught he was sure to be hauled up on a charge of murder.

Could he give himself up to the police? It was now too late to do so. If he had been wise, if he had only retained his mental equilibrium he should and would have made a clean breast of the whole affair to the police immediately after he had discovered the crime. But since he had packed and despatched the parcel, that would be a foolish course to pursue. He could not deny complicity—at least not in the disposal of the corpse. There were sure to be finger prints on the corpse and perhaps on the rope with which he had bound it. Further, it would be easy enough for the police to trace out where he had purchased the mattresses with which to pack up the body. And strongest evidence of all was that of the coolie who had despatched the parcel. The Parcel's Clerk at Egmore would early give information as to which coolie had despatched the parcel. Then it would be easy enough for them to trace out the fellow—in fact quite easy as the Parcel's Clerk would certainly know and remember a notorious client. Once caught the coolie would certainly give Ragavan away.

Yes, the police would soon place him under arrest. There was no sense in giving himself up without a struggle. He must fight for liberty, sweet liberty. Luckily, the Revenue Officer had come and gone. The account had been straight and he had expressed satisfaction at the efficient discharge of duty on the part of Ragavan. He had no work for another three months. The best course to pursue was to run away and hide himself in some safe place.

Kamala thought likewise. Ragavan knew that if he was caught with the money he had robbed Rajambal of, it would go worse against him. And what was worse, it would be confiscated. He must keep it for future use—for his defence and the like, if he was apprehend-

ed. Retaining only a few rupees for his immediate pocket expenses, he gave the rest to Kamala. "Keep this amount with you in a place where the police cannot lay their hands. And use it for my defence, if I am arrested," he said. "I will make myself scarce—it may be for months, or years as is necessary. I will not seek to communicate with you unless I am sure my hiding place would not be found because of that. But if anything bad happens, you will certainly hear from me. As long as you don't receive any letter, you may rest assured that I am safe. You can utilise as much as you like for your maintenance. Now, let us part."

The parting scene was a heart-rending one. Kamala and Ragavan had not been on good terms for a long time. He had preferred the companies of immoral women to that of his wife. At last, suddenly, he had realised the worthlessness of such company. He had begun to realise the value of his wife. He had understood that she was as intelligent as she was charming and was glad that he had been blessed with such a jewel. But the realisation had come rather too late. Just when he longed to live with her, just when he had become penitent for his disloyalty to her, had come the necessity for separation. And his heart almost broke at that.

As for Kamala, she felt the blow more keenly than even her husband. Of course it was inevitable that they should separate. But had they not been brought together before this, they would not have felt the severity of the blow so keenly. To be parted just when they had made up a long quarrel, just when they had begun to appreciate each other's company, Oh God, it was unbearable.

Ragavan ardently embraced his wife and gave her a long and memorable farewell kiss. Kamala had never before been kissed and this opened to her a wide vista of connubial bliss. She clung to him feverishly and kissed him with all the pent up love of a virtuous young wife. She could not brook to part from him.

Then and only then did Ragavan realise the nature and sweetness of a real kiss. Of course he had been kissed before, several hundreds of times, but they were all given to him by professional women. They lacked the tint of love which alone can make a kiss sweet and enjoyable. They had been bestowed on him, not out of affection, not for his beauty or strength or love, but for his money, and they had the tinge of falsehood about them. But Kamala's kiss was pure, sweet

and motiveless. And he kissed her back with greater ardour than before.

Thus they kissed each other several times until only a few minutes was left for the next train. Ragavan freed himself from Kamala with great difficulty and giving her some parting advice took leave of her. But while at the door he turned back and, lo! the next moment the two were again inter-locked in a warm and loving embrace.

At last it was Kamala who realised that this should be brought to an end. Her husband would miss the train and that should not occur. She was afraid that any moment the police would arrive from Madras and arrest him. She dried the tears that were profusely falling from her eyes and said, "Now, my loving lord, you cannot wait any longer. We will meet under happier circumstances, if God wills it. Good bye." And saying this she gave him a last kiss, which was duly reciprocated.

Then Ragavan took his leave.

Closing Date, 29-9-35.

Resulting Date, 3-10-35.

Win. Rs. 10,000

1st Prize Rs. 7000 (all correct)

2nd Prize Rs. 2000 (one error)

Special prizes of Rs. 1000 for the first 20 all correct solutions posted.

1. XOWRAH.	4. DXXXXI
2. AXXX	5. MXXXXX
3. PAXXX	6. NAGXXX

ONE PHIAL GRAMOPHONE RECORD RENEWER
Price As. 8 free to every competitor.

Rules: Replace the cross in each by a letter to get six Indian Railway Stations. An entrance fee of Rupee one is payable for each entry by money order or Postal order. Entries accepted in plain paper. All correct solution is that which agrees with the Secretary's sealed one. Prizes will vary as entries permit. In case of ties prizes equally divided. Other rules as usual. The decision of the Secretary is absolutely final and legally binding.

The Secretary,

Hindusthan Industrial Syndicate,

Sarat Kutir, Purulia, India.

Kamala stood at the gate and watched him 'rush along' towards the Railway Station until a turning in the road hid him from her view.

Then she returned to her kitchen and prostrating before the picture of Rama, which she worshipped daily, prayed for her husband. On a previous occasion also she had done so and her requests had been heard. She prayed that the same leniency might be shown this time as well.

Prayer finished she sat down in a corner and looking wistfully at the picture of Sri Rama she cried and

cried and cried—cried as if her heart would break. And all the while before her mental eyes stood the figure of a young stewart Brahmin youth fleeing from justice. It was the figure of her Ragavan, her husband her own dear husband.

Yes, he was hers. No woman could wean him away from her side in future. He had learnt a bitter lesson—a lesson that he would remember throughout his life—a lesson that would keep him away from all women in future—a lesson learnt at what a cost, Oh God!

Chapter 5.

That day passed and so did the next one. Nothing untoward happened; yet Kamala remained a prey to anxiety. She did not know what had befallen her husband. In fact, she did not now whether he had disguised himself effectively enough and made good his escape.

According to plan both Kamala and he had concluded that the safest place to live without arousing suspicion was Madras. In fact for any criminal or fugitive from the long arm of law is the scene of crime itself. The long arm does not fold itself and search in the neighbourhood of the scene of the crime itself. It usually casts its nets widely, confident that it could search nearer places later. Further it is human tendency to be as far away as possible from the scene of a crime. Of course we cannot say that this policy is a wrong one to pursue. It succeeds better than a search in the neighbourhood of the crime. But to criminals who think deeply before they plan their future movements this affords an easy means of escape, though not always.

Kamala was sure that Ragavan was hiding somewhere in Madras. As he had said she need not have worried herself as long as she did not hear from him. But women have a tender heart—and they always worry themselves, even if it be over nothing. So, naturally enough, Kamala was worried. And this increased in days passed because no police officer turned up either to question Ragavan or arrest him. To what could she attribute that silence? It seemed ominous enough and she instinctively realised that the Police were giving Ragavan a long rope so that he might play into their

hands lulled into false security by their silence. It worried her all the more.

But luckily she had not to worry long. Three days after her husband had disappeared. Inspector Saranathan of the C. I. D. came and began to ask her all sorts of questions about her husband and his movements.

"Where is Mr. Ragavan?" he asked.

"I don't know," replied Kamala truthfully enough. "He left this place three days ago. But who are you and what have you come for? If you leave your name and address I will ask my husband to meet or write to you as soon as he returns," pretending as if she did not know that he was a police officer. Why should she tell him that she knew quite well that he was C.I.D. officer and that she had guessed what his business was. In fact she should not let him know that. That would give room for suspicion. Only criminals or persons who have been privy to crimes would recognise a police officer immediately he arrives, as they would be expecting him. He might have the cut and physique of a police officer. But even a layman can possess a strong constitution without being a policeman. So, it would not be wise to volunteer information or say anything incriminating.

"I am a police officer, madam," Inspector Saranathan introduced himself, "and I must ask Mr. Ragavan some questions in connection with an important case. I have come all the way from Madras with this object."

"In that case I am very sorry you have troubled yourself unnecessarily," sympathised Kamala.

"Of course it is bit of a disappointment. But I will make the best of a bad job. Having come here I should not go back without doing something. May I ask you a few questions?" he requested.

"Certainly you can—not a few questions only, but as many as you like," Kamala replied.

"But let me first warn you to be careful in your answers. I propose to use what you say as a statement in a case."

"Never mind that, Officer," Kamala told him. "You need not worry about that. Whatever statements I make will be true to every word. I cannot and will not utter a falsehood. Whether you warn me or not neither of us need worry. I'll tell you the truth and you may rest assured that whatever I say shall be true to the minutest detail. Now out with your questions please. I am eager to avoid delaying you as much as possible."

"Thank you, madam, for your courtesy and kindness," replied Inspector Saranathan. "I seldom meet with such a treatment in the discharge of my duties. In fact people take us for dangerous persons to deal with and hamper us in the discharge of our duties as much as they can without realising that we are out only to prosecute and not to persecute offenders. They don't even take us for human beings. They take us for goblins and cower before us."

"Only the guilty will be afraid of you, Inspector, and naturally enough they avoid all contact with you. Surely innocent persons do not cower before you, do they?" she asked.

When a woman is bent on making a good impression, well, she can do so in no time. Mr. Saranathan was obviously impressed by what she said and she knew that that good impression would go a long way to help her husband in case he was in need of help. In fact

Those who send 10 or more entries in this competition will be allowed concession in our next "Rs. 10,000 GUARANTEED in ADDERS" Competition which will be announced shortly.

Rs. 10,000 Guaranteed

In "MISPRINTS" COMPETITION

First Prize Rs. 7,000

Second Prize Rs. 2,000

Rs. 500 for Correct Solution received on or before 17th August, 1935.

Rs. 300 and Rs. 200 for the senders of largest number of entries.

MINIMUM AWARD OF RS. 300 GUARANTEED TO EVERY SENDER OF CORRECT SOLUTION

Last Date for RECEIVING Entries:—24th AUGUST, 1935

WHAT YOU HAVE TO DO

In this novel and simple competition each puzzle consists of a word containing "ONE" misprinted letter followed by a short clue to the word as it should have been printed.

Thus puzzle one is "BOWZER"—"One who bowls." The letter "Z" here is an obvious misprint for "L" and the Correct Answer is "BOWLER". Now complete the remaining 9 Misprints.

PUZZLE No.	MISPRINTS	CLUES	PUZZLE No.	MISPRINTS	CLUES
1.	BOWZER	One who bowls.	6.	MATLER	A wooder hammer.
2.	PIME	A coin.	7.	SEAT	A sharp blow.
3.	SILTER	Money.	9.	LENT	Wound dressing.
4.	AOON	Immediately.	8.	BATL	Used in cricket.
5.	BASK	A vessel.	10.	CLASH	A kind of cloth.

Rules in General:—An entrance fee of RUPEE ONE must accompany each entry by M. O. or Crossed Indian Postal Orders. Entries are to be sent on plain paper, and any number of entries may be sent with the requisite fee. A first Prize of Rs. 7,000 will be awarded to the competitor who sends in an all-correct solution and which agrees with the Competition Editor's sealed solution kept in safe custody with the Central Bank of India Ltd., Agra. A winner in the first prize will also get shares in the second prize. The prize amount of Rs. 10,000 will not be reduced under any circumstances. In case of ties prizes will be equally divided, but a MINIMUM AWARD of Rs. 300 is GUARANTEED to every sender of a correct solution, no matter whatever be the number of correct solutions received by us. The result will be sent to all enclosing two half-anna stamps. The decision of the competition Editor is final and legally binding and is an express condition of entry. Address entries and fees to:—

"Misprints" Competition,

THE NEW ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY OF INDIA

AGRA, (U. P.)

she felt sure that the Inspector would trust every word she said and she felt sure that the alibi they had planned upon was as good as established.

"I presume you are Mrs. Ragavan," began the officer.

"Yes, I am."

"Do you know whether there was any friendship between him and a professional woman called Rajambal?" he asked.

At the mention of the name Rajambal, Kamala pretended to be offended.

Inspector Saranadan noticed it. "I beg your pardon, madam, for talking about Rajambal. I know quite well how you would feel about her. No wife can brook another woman in her place. But I am sorry I cannot finish my questions without bringing her in."

Kamala suddenly cooled down. "That's all right, officer," she said. "I was a fool to have given vent to my feelings as I did just now. But that need not hinder you in the discharge of your duty. What is the use of blaming either you or anyone for that matter when my own husband dotes on her and worships the very dust on which she treads."

"Have you ever seen her?" asked the Inspector.

"Yes, on one occasion—in the Beach at Madras. Both she and my husband were walking hand in hand as if they were wedded to each other. How that cunning devil smiled at my husband! I wanted to spring on her and pull out her eyes or scratch her face beyond recognition but desisted from doing so. The cat deserved all that and more," she said.

"Can you recognise her if you see her photo?"

"Certainly. I will recognise her anywhere. She had stolen what is more precious to me than my own life—my dear husband—and do you think I will forget that wench's face? No, certainly not. It is engraved in my heart—nay, it is scalded deep in my heart and that face will die only with me."

Inspector Saranadan fumbled in his pocket and drew out a photo which he handed over to Kamala.

Kamala gazed at it fixedly for a minute. Then she turned and said to the Inspector, "Can this be true? Am I awake or am I dreaming? Rajambal a corpse! No, no, I should be dreaming. She cannot die. The wench is worse than a cat. While the cat has only nine lives she has nine hundred lives—I mean Satan. God

will not allow her to die so soon. She must live to spoil several hundreds more. If she dies Satan will lose a powerful weapon."

"Madam," interrupted Inspector Saranadan, "Rajambal is dead. She was murdered a few days ago."

"Murdered!" ejaculated Kamala. "Oh God, I realise you are still alive. She has met with the end she so richly deserved. She should not have been murdered suddenly. She should have been hacked or torn to pieces bit by bit and made suffer untold agony before death relieve her."

"Last Thursday night her throat was cut and the corpse was packed and sent by Railway Parcel from Egmore to Trichy by the murderer," the Inspector volunteered the information.

"Thank God for the mercy He had shown me," said Kamala and prostrating before a picture that was in the hall she offered her thanks, muttering some prayer.

To say that Inspector Saranadan was very much impressed by this act of devotion is to say the least. Kamala had made up her mind to deceive him and make him go away with an erroneous idea and she had succeeded beyond her expectations. She knew that the Inspector would take anything she said for gospel truth.

The Inspector waited for her to finish her thanksgiving prayer. Then he commenced his interrogations.

"Where was your husband last Thursday night?" he asked.

Kamala pretended to recapitulate the answer. "Yes," she replied at last. "He was here that night."

"But evidence shows that he had spent the night with Rajambal," protested the Inspector.

"How can that be?" Kamala said. "I distinctly remember that he was with me that night. He returned home at about mid-night and wanted coffee. There was no milk and when I said that it was impossible for me to get him coffee at that belated hour he became wild and abused me. When I further protested saying that he was not justified in beating me as it was not due to any fault of mine but to lack of milk that I could not get him a cup of coffee, he became furious, called me an impertinent chatterbox and pushed me against the wall with the result that two of my teeth broke." And she displayed a tooth that had broken on

that memorable evening, when Ragavan manhandled her.

"But Rajambal's servant says that he saw both of them together that night," added the Inspector.

"Then it should be 'my husband's double,'" said Kamala. "How can a man be present at two places simultaneously?"

"I do realise the force of what you say," the Inspector admitted. "Yet....." He could not finish the sentence. He did not know what to say.

Either Kamala or the servant ought to have told a lie. As for the servant, well, his evidence was worse than useless. Leading a wretched profession, living as he did on the earnings of a woman, he was a man with no character. For but a cup of coffee he would gladly tell a hundred lies and it was probable that he could have lied in this instance as well. But at the same time he must realise that he had given evidence before a Police Officer and persons of his type seldom lied to the Police. They always feared law and strove hard to avoid getting into their bad looks.

Further, Kamala's evidence was an interested one. She was the wife of the culprit or suspected murderer and she would certainly go to any extent to safeguard his position and interests. Yet she looked perfectly straight and innocent. How could that beautiful and pious young lady tell lies? She seemed to be far above such a plane.

"If you think that my words have greater weight than that of the servant, you are at liberty to trust me. If you think otherwise, well, I have no objection to your distrusting me. Whose words are more reliable—mine or that of the servant? Which of us would you believe?" she asked.

"Of course your, madam," said the Inspector. "But, at what time did you say Mr. Ragavan arrived here from Madras?"

"I don't know from which place he came—whether it was from Madras or Cuddalore or Himalayas. All that I know is that he arrived here at about midnight."

"How did he come?"

"I don't know. I did not ask him."

Mr. Saranadan took out a pocket Railway time table. He studied the timings mentioned therein for a little while and at last heaved a sigh of relief.

"I think both of you are correct," he said. "Mr. Ragavan was seen by the servant only at about 8 p. m. and he could have subsequently returned from Madras. There was ample time for him to catch the last train and arrive here by midnight."

Kamala was relieved when she heard this. This gave her a ray of hope.

"Do you think that Rajambal and Mr. Ragavan were on bad terms?"

"Certainly not."

"What about your husband's financial condition?"

"I don't understand you."

"Was he hard pressed for money?"

"As far as I know, he was not."

"Is it a fact that he had handled the monies he had collected as taxes and given them away to Rajambal?"

"Certainly not. I was having the Revenue. Every day after taking accounts and receiving the monies from the clerk he would hand them over to me for safe keeping."

"But rumour in the village says that he had mis-spent the taxes collected."

"Rumour can never be relied upon, Inspector. Further how are the villagers to know what takes place between my husband and myself?"

"Were you and your husband on good terms?"

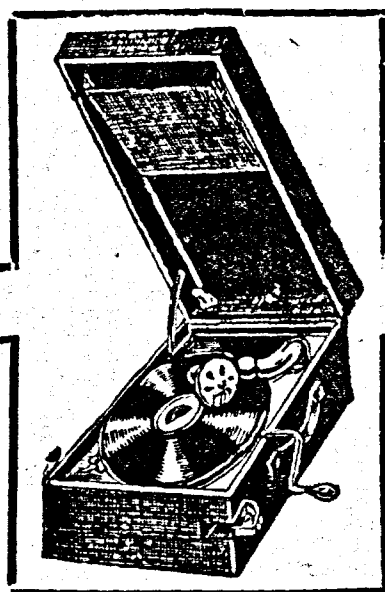
(Continued on page 73)



Amrutanjan

BEST INDIAN PAIN BALM

THIS Portable Gramophone



"A" Model, Double Spring, in pleasing colours. Life-like reproduction, Handy and Ornamental. Railway Freight Extra. Packing Free!

Note: Send 50% advance with order.

GOVIND & Co.,
75, Ramaswamy St., G. T., Madras.

For Rs. 25 Only.

The Railway Parcel Murder Mystery

(Continued from page 71)

"What can come between me and my husband? Of course he was sometimes short-tempered and would scold me. Once or twice he even beat me. But I would never allow these to stand between us. I would forget them immediately and so would he."

"Do you think that he used to give presents to Rajambal?"

"I think he has spent some considerable amounts on her—but I would not appear to take notice of them as mention of such presents would make him angry and bring about ruptures in our family."

"You admit he should have made presents to Rajambal. You say he never touched a pie of the revenue collected. How could he have paid huge sums to Rajambal? After all his monthly salary was only fifteen rupees."

"I don't know. People nowadays do not depend entirely on their salaries. He might have had other sources of income as well."

"For example.....?"

"I cannot enlighten you on this point please. He never confided in me all these things."

The Inspector who had all the while been noting down her answers thought for a while, then deciding he had no further questions to ask, closed his note book and rose to go.

"Madam, let me thank you for your kindness and courtesy. You have saved me a lot of trouble and labour. To be frank, I never thought it would be such an easy job interviewing you and taking down your statement," he said.

The Inspector had only extracted information from her and not revealed anything. Kamala was eager to learn all that the police had found out.

"Inspector, you have discharged your duties as a police officer, but have not told me anything about Rajambal or her murder," she said. "If you don't mind, please tell me all about the murder."

"Well, Rajambal was murdered last Thursday and the murderer packed her corpse and sent it by Railway parcel to Trichy. The last person to be with

her was Mr. Ragavan. Naturally enough we have to suspect him and secure his statement. That was why I came down here."

"Are you in charge of the investigation?"

"Yes, I am."

"Have you discovered nothing else?"

"Yes, I have."

"Do you mind telling me all that?"

"Certainly. Your husband was seen at Kothwal Bazaar purchasing mattresses—the very ones with which the corpse had been bundled. He had further handed over a parcel answering to the description of the parcel received at Trichy, to be booked at Egmore and the coolie who booked the parcel has furnished with a description of the person who had enlisted his services. The description tallies with that of your husband. I am afraid your husband will have to explain away a lot before he will be able to satisfy us."

"So suspicion against my husband is very strong, is it?"

"I am afraid it is," admitted the Inspector.

"But do you think my husband could have committed the murder?"

"I cannot answer that question, madam, even if I had known him since childhood. The evidences are strongly against him."

Kamala was lost in thought for a while. "The evidences against him are firstly that of Rajambal's servants which could be explained away; secondly that of the mattress seller and thirdly that of the coolie who despatched the parcels. Am I right, Inspector?"

"Yes, you are right, madam, but I have strong hopes that it would be possible to explain them away. God is great, madam, and if your husband is innocent, he will be free from all troubles."

With that the Inspector took his leave.

IT PAYS TO ADVERTISE

IN

THE TATLER OF INDIA

(Now Issued Every Fortnight)

Chapter 6

Ragavan was once again travelling to Madras. Perhaps it might be his last journey made while free!

It was the same train—26 Up according to the christening by the Railway Officers. The compartment was empty but for him.

Ragavan remembered the various journeys he had made to Madras by that very train and of the whole lot of them the last one came back to his mind vividly.

Yes, it had been only a few days before. He was then travelling from his village fearing incarceration. He had misappropriated the Government Revenue and afraid of the consequences he had travelled that day to Madras to make good that amount.

Then Rajambal had been alive. Now she was dead and gone, probably ashes to ashes, dust to dust.

Then the only crime he had committed had been misappropriation. But now he had as good as committed murder.

Then he had feared gaol. Now he was afraid of the gallows.

Gallows—Yes, that was what awaited him if he was caught.

And he should not allow himself to be caught.

According to the plan laid down by his wife and of course approved of by him he was to go to Madras and remain there disguised. For the safest hiding place for a criminal who is running away from justice and law is the scene of crime, especially if the scene be a city.

But in carrying out this plan one fear caught hold of Ragavan. Rajambal's corpse had been discovered and identified a few days before. And the Police might have already begun their search for him without taking the Press into their confidence. In that case the C.I.D. people would watch for him at every junction and more especially at all the Railway Stations of Madras. If they did so, then they would certainly arrest him easily if he alighted as he was.

Yes, he must arrive in Madras perfectly disguised. The best form of disguise to assume he and his wife had already hit upon. He should put on the appearance of a Muslim. And as he did not know Urdu language he should appear as a Tamil Muslim.

But to do that he must get rid of his tuft and that he must do at some intermediate station. His choice fell

on Chinglepet and there he had his tuft removed, a small beard affixed and dress changed to that of a Muslim.

But even these did not suffice to keep him free for a long time.

For as he feared that the moment he set his foot in the Park Station a loiterer on the platform took a sudden interest in him, and without letting Ragavan know that, followed him.

Ragavan's first objective on reaching Madras was Rajambal's house. It was an irresistible impulse that dragged him then. He wanted to know how far the Police had progressed in their investigations and hoped that he would be able to get an idea if he went there. Further, he felt he must have a look at the house—one little look and that would be enough.

Rajambal's house was locked and sealed. Outside a Police Constable with a baton was patrolling. Of course there was the usual crowd of sightseers and Ragavan mingled with them and tried to overhear what they said. Apart from the fact that the resident had been murdered by her paramour he learnt nothing.

Who could that paramour be? Certainly they should be meaning him. And this set him a thinking. Slowly he walked away from the place to a little park in the neighbourhood. There, seated on a wooden bench he began to think. And unseen by him his shadower watched him from a vacant shop close by.

The police had traced Rajambal. They had spotted out the murderer. Otherwise how could the idle sightseers say that Rajambal had been murdered by her paramour. In fact one of them even said that a Brahmin was responsible for the crime.

That proved beyond a shadow of doubt that the Police had discovered all about his complicity in the murder of Rajambal. How could they have found it out? The only person who had seen him in the company of that woman prior to her death was her servant. He recollected what the servant had told Rajambal about his affairs on the night of his murder. That fellow was a dangerous witness and he must buy him. Further there was the coolie who booked the parcel to be considered. The coolie's evidence would be more damning. If he could get rid of both of them, or at least if he only ma-

naged to buy them, then the police would have nothing to build their case upon.

Yes, he must interview the servant first. Of course that fellow was a man of no character—one who would do any thing for money. A hundred rupees and a promise of a few more hundreds and that fellow would certainly be induced to forget Ragavan's visit to Rajambal that memorable night.

As for the coolie, no such heavy bribe need be paid to him. A rupee now and then to enable him to get his toddy without fail and things could be arranged to his satisfaction.

Thus making up his mind Ragavan, disguised as he was, proceeded to Rajambal's servant's house. There he asked Munusamy's (that was the servant's name) wife where her husband was. She did not reply to him but burst into a sudden loud lamentation.

Ragavan could not make out why she had taken to this demonstration of grief. He spoke to her in kind voice and prevailed on her to tell him the reason for her lamentations. Amidst sobs she said that her husband had been taken and retained at the police station in connection with the murder of Rajambal.

"But why should he have been retained at the station? Was it not some one else who committed the murder?" Ragavan asked.

"I don't know," she confessed. "The other day suddenly half a dozen police officers came here, ransacked the house, took some small bundles that my husband had kept hidden, and then marched him off to the gaol. I also went to the Police Station, but they drove me away. They would not tell me anything and I don't know what to do. I have been telling my hus-

band not to have anything to do with Rajambal or others of questionable morality—yet he would not listen to me."

Ragavan realised that there was some new mystery in this and would have given any amount to know why the servant Munusamy had been arrested. But he realised that his wife, an illiterate woman, could not tell him anything more. If at all he wanted to get further information he must try elsewhere. Giving her a rupee for her expenses, Ragavan took his leave, assuring her that soon things would become all right and that her husband would be let out. He ignored her questions as to who he was or what he had come for.

His plan to bribe Munusamy had been foiled by this arrest. He could now square up only one chap—the coolie. Ragavan went in search of him.

The shadower who had taken such a keen interest in Ragavan perhaps realised that it was worth while shadowing him further. For, he followed him now also.

The hunt for the coolie proved to be a tedious one. Ragavan did not know his name and that fellow had no residence of his own. Somebody said that he could be found in Kothwal Bazaar and another said that he had gone to the Railway Station. Ragavan tried his utmost to find him out, in vain.

Meanwhile his shadower, who had observed all his movements and actions found occasion to phone up somebody and while Ragavan returned to Kothwal Bazaar to renew his search for the coolie, with as little fuss as possible four police officers closed on him and marched him to a prison van which was close at hand.

Chapter 7

The very day that Inspector Saranadan had interviewed her Kamala was fated to receive shocking news.

It came from Madras—sent at the request of the arrested Ragavan. It merely stated that he was in custody and would be kept in prison pending investigation, in connection with the murder of Rajambal.

The telegram was a blow to Kamala. She had hoped that her husband would escape arrest if he remained disguised and hidden in Madras. But now there was no use crying over the past. She must act and act at once.

Kamala was sure that her husband was not guilty though he had been foolish enough to pack up the corpse and despatch it to Trichy. The murder should have been committed by some one else and foisted on him. Who could that person be?

Her duty was to investigate and find out the real culprit. And at the same time she must take steps to defend her husband. Luckily she had plenty of money to do that. She would engage the best criminal lawyer to defend him—even if that meant all the money her husband had given her.

As for investigations, well, there came the real difficulty. Unlike western countries there are no private detectives in India. Retired Police Officers, after their period of service, think it best to spend the remainder of their days in some village, far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife, as the poet said and seldom think of setting up practice as private detectives. In fact, by the time they retire, they become so aged and physically unfit for the strenuous work of a private detective that this novel profession does not strike them. If only they would start private detective bureaux and train up our enthusiastic unemployed young men, several would be able to find a living.

Kamala realised that if at all she wanted to find out the real murderer she should do it herself and that she could not depend on the help of outsiders. But she was a handicap. She was a woman and she realised that she would attract the attention of one and all if she carried on her investigations in the garb of a woman. For, in spite of the great progress our sisters have made in various fields, they are not yet free like their sisters of the west, and still retain the taciturnity and shyness common among oriental women.

Supposing she disguised herself how was she to proceed. Where to commence her investigations? Kamala had no clear idea as to how to make a beginning. Of course her investigations should commence at Madras. It was there that Rajambal had lived and hired young men. If at all she had created enemies, it should be only in that city. Well, she would go there, engage a lawyer to defend her husband and proceed as circumstances dictated to her. There was no use racking her brains and trying to think of a way of starting her investigations. Chance had made several detectives. Why not that very chance or luck come to her aid?

Accordingly Kamala proceeded to Madras. There she briefed a prominent criminal lawyer and through him learnt that her husband had been remanded pending investigations and that as yet no charges had been framed against him.

She also rented a small building and with but an old and trusted servant, whom she had brought from her village, to keep her company, lived there, going out sometimes as a young man and sometimes as a woman as she thought fit. In fact she carried on her deception so well that her neighbours thought that two persons, brother and sister, had come to live there.

Ragavan was chargesheeted. All his efforts to buy away the servant and the coolie proved futile. The servant especially was obdurate. He would not even listen to the various requests Ragavan's emissary, Kamala made. That chap seemed bent upon getting Ragavan convicted. "He murdered my mistress, my benefactress and I will avenge kind Rajambal's death. He must be hanged like a dog. If you have come to induce me not to give evidence against him, you had better be careful as to what you say. I will tell the Magistrate of your attempt to corrupt me and that will make things appear look blacker against Ragavan," he said.

Kamala, however, was undaunted. "Why are you so very angry with my husband? What harm has he done you? If he ends his days in the gallows what would you benefit thereby?" she pleaded.

This brought forth a fresh outburst from Munuswamy. "Gallows—he must not be allowed to end his days in the gallows. He must be tortured to death—hacked to pieces bit by bit—until every drop of blood that fell from Rajambal's throat is avenged. Now will you please go away or may I go and report to the Police that you are annoying me and that you are trying to corrupt me with promises of bribes?"

Kamala realised that Munusamy was bent upon seeing that Ragavan was hanged for the murder of Rajambal. His desire was so very keen that it gave room to her for thought. Munusamy was a man of no character. He would do anything for the sake of money. And for him to refuse to even consider or listen to her proposal—well, there should be some stronger motive for his stubbornness. Well, what could that be?

She learnt that Munusamy was at first arrested by the Police and subsequently set free. Why was he arrested at all? There were two reasons. He had some of the jewels of Rajambal in his house. He said that Rajambal had given them to him as she had no cash, with the request that he should dispose them of and give her the sale proceeds for pocket expenses. Why had he not handed them over to the Police when he learnt that Rajambal had been murdered? Well, he had concluded that the absence of the jewels would not be discovered and he had hoped to retain the sale proceeds for his own pocket expense.

These explanations seemed feasible enough and the Police could not shake him from his story. Therefore,

they had concluded that he was telling them the truth and had let him off. To the police his story might have carried conviction—but not either to Kamala or Ragavan. They knew quite well that at the time of her death Rajambal had plenty of money—loose cash—and that there was no necessity for her to sell some of her jewellery and raise funds for expense. In fact, it was only out of her iron safe that Ragavan had stolen the five thousands of rupees in silver and small currencies. It was her money rifled out of the safe that had got Ragavan over the trouble of misappropriation. Therefore Rajambal at the time of her death was flush with ready cash and there had been no necessity for her to dispose of her trinkets.

Again, even granting she had such a necessity Rajambal would be the last person to raise funds by handing over her jewellery to her servant for sale. If at all she had to do so, well, she would herself go to Sowcarpet and dispose them off without letting any one suspect she was handicapped for finance. She was a proud woman and her pride would never have allowed her to confide in her servant. In fact all those months when Ragavan and Rajambal had moved intimately she had never done that—at least not to his knowledge. She had not ever told Ragavan that she was handicapped. When she was too proud to reveal her financial position even to an intimate friend like Ragavan, would she confide in her servant?

Further, if Munusamy had been in service for several years, this might be deemed feasible. But he had become her servant not even forty days before her murder. And she had always strenuously attempted to replace him.

And last but not least was the proposed affection of Munusamy for his mistress. A servant who had not put in even forty days of service would not behave as he did. He would not be so much bent on avenging his mistress.

All these pointed to one fact—that Munusamy had some other motive in getting Ragavan entangled. What could that motive be?

Ragavan and Kamala recapitulated the chamber of death. Rajambal's throat had been cut and Ragavan when he came back to consciousness found himself lying sprawled on her. Further he had been cossed on the head, which meant that a stronger or third party had been present there and that that party desired to incriminate Ragavan very keenly.

Now, why not Munusamy by that third party? He had come to Rajambal's house that night and instead of going away as he pretended to do, he could have remained behind. Then when Rajambal and Ragavan were quarrelling he could have sprung on Mr. Ragavan and rendered him unconscious. Rajambal would have taken his sudden appearance as a God-send. She would have concluded that he had come there only to help her and would not have doubted the object of his sudden appearance. In her joy at the fact that help was close at hand, she might have forgotten to find out how the chivalrous servant had managed to gain an entrance. Then Munusamy could have cut her throat and placed Ragavan's unconscious body over her corpse. Murder finished and having made it look as murder by Ragavan, Munusamy might have made good his escape with some of her jewellery.

This explanation so well fitted in with the case and Munusamy's undue display of zeal to avenge Rajambal that Kamala and Ragavan realised that it was very well worth an investigation. Accordingly

Pioneer's Commonsense Crosswords No. 1

Remember it is guaranteed. Only try and you will win.

Rs. 225 in Cash Prizes

Last posting date 24th August '35. Results on 31st August '35

Entrance Fee:—Annas four only for a single entry or Rupee One for any number of entries.

Prizes:—Rs. 200 to All-Correct Solution and Rs. 25 to Correct Solutions posted on or before 19th August, 1935.

1	A		2	A
3	A			
				A
4	A			

Clues Across:—

- FATHER.
- INSTRUMENT.
- VESSEL.

Clues Down:—

- STRIKE.
- DISTANCE.

N. B.—Sole Ref. Chamber's XXth Century Dictionary and all forms are treated as direct. A, An, Any, The, To, are omitted in the beginning of the clues. Bracketed words are not used. Entries on plain paper. Fees in one anna postal stamps or by Money Orders. Name and address in block letters. First Prize to all correct agreeing with Sealed Key Solution deposited with TATLER and will be divided in case of ties. Prizes are GUARANTEED and will NOT be reduced under any circumstances. Other rules as usual. Manager's decision absolutely final and legally binding. Enclose one anna stamp for results. Entries and Fees to:—

Manager,

THE PIONEER PUZZLES
(C. W. 1)

Frere Road, Fort, Bombay.

Kamala made up her mind to begin her work as a detective by following and spying on Munusamy.

Luckily for Kamala who had to play the detective in the garb of a young man, a room in one of the houses opposite to that in which Munusamy lived was available for tenants and she hired it. From this place she watched Munusamy keenly.

The first day passed off eventless. Far far into the night Kamala kept her vigil, and yet Munusamy did not come out. She became despondent. Her reasonings might be wrong. Munusamy might have resolved to give evidence against Ragavan either out of love of justice or love of Rajambal. That was enough to make him remain stubborn and to induce him to resist all the temptations that money could hold forth.

But yet, well, in her heart of hearts she thought that Munusamy could never be so oblivious to the charms of life—that he would not barter thousands of rupees for vengeance. Vengeance is of course sweet, but it is certainly not sweeter than wealth. Yes, she would continue her vigil for two more days and await developments.

If she likes a woman can outstrip any animal including man in patience. Once determined to continue her vigil until something turned up, Kamala sat at the window, watching the front door with unwinking eyes and shadowing him whenever Munusamy came out. But Munusamy either had no friends or had nothing to do with the outside world. Or he might have realised that it would be dangerous to meet his confederates or friends since the suspicion against him had not been rooted out as yet.

That night, or rather, early the next morning, Kamala was still seated at the window and overcome by the long vigil was dozing, while still in a sitting posture. She had put out the lamp in her room so that she was not visible to people in the street.

Suddenly in her subconscious state she thought she heard some one stealthily open the front door of the opposite house. Shaking off her drowsiness she opened her eyes and was overjoyed to see Munusamy come out. He stealthily looked this side and that as if to find out whether he was being spied upon and at once Kamala realised that what she had waited for two days was about to take place and that Munusamy was going out to see some one connected with the murder of Rajambal. Hastily putting on her disguise as a youth, she also noise-

lessly left her house and without letting Munusamy suspect it, and keeping as far away from him as possible shadowed him.

Munusamy, without suspecting that he was being shadowed, proceeded along several small streets, taking several sharp turns, which made Kamala realise that he was intentionally doubling often to throw any one who might follow him off the scent.

This only increased her vigilance. Stealthily yet quickly, she went after him, turning through several dark alleys and hiding whenever Munusamy turned to see whether he was being spied upon by any one. The walk was a tedious one, but Kamala did not feel tired as she was carried off by the excitement of the chase and the hope that she might come across some clue which would help her to spot out the real murderer of Rajambal and thereby enable her to secure her husband's freedom.

At last Munusamy came to a narrow blind alley and stopped before a gloomy-looking huge building in the neighbourhood of the Madras harbour.

Then instead of knocking at the door, he proceeded to the very end of the alley and again returned to the house—obviously to make sure that everything was O. K.

It evidently was. For, he stopped before the house and knocked at a particular spot in a peculiar way—which Kamala could neither see nor overhear as the alley was dark and as she had to keep away at a distance to avoid detection.

She thought she ought to take some risks now and so, edged nearer the particular house keeping well behind in the shadows.

A panel in the door opened and some one looked through it at the intruder. Then the panel closed and the door was opened. Munusamy entered. Immediately the door was closed again and Kamala heard the bolts shoot into their sockets.

Now Kamala knew for certainty that the clue to the mystery murder could be found inside that house. It had all the appearance of a house of mystery—a place which crooks would pitch upon as their head quarters. Kamala wished that she could enter that house and find out who were present there and what they were doing. The door was locked and entrance that way was blocked. She looked at the building keenly and found a drainage pipe, coming from the top-most floor right to

the very ground. It passed a window and luckily it had no iron bar. Neither were the doors bolted. She made up her mind to take the risk and climb up to the open window throwing away her sandals. She negotiated the distance with some ease as the drain pipe had plenty of constrictions which served as footholds.

But even though Kamala had all possible facilities for making her climb easy being delicate she found the exertion hard enough and stood quiet for nearly five minutes recovering her breath after landing in the room adjoining the drain pipe. Meanwhile she listened for any sounds that might come from the inmates.

She heard voices talking somewhere inside and cautiously and making the least noise tiptoed towards that place. Luckily for her all the doors were either ajar or closed without being bolted. The voices emanated from a hall in the ground floor, Kamala at first thought she should go down thither, but gave up the idea as the voices were now clear enough. If only she could find a window over-looking the hall, it would be easy enough for her to see the gangsters and overhear their conversation.

She walked from one room to another looking out for a likely place whence to watch, until, to her great joy she came across a ventilator. Putting her head through it she looked down at the hall.

Inside were three persons seated around a table and smoking foul-smelling cigars. In the thick cigar-smoke which enveloped the room they looked like veritable goblins.

One of them, who was evidently the leader, was not so bad to look at as the others. He was aged about forty, and was dressed as a well-to-do rich man. He was obviously angry with Munusamy, for the latter cowered before him at a respectable distance.

"You had no business to keep some of the jewels at home," the leader bawled out. "I gave definite instructions that you should bring away whatever jewelleryes you lay your hands on directly to the Club. And for the active part you had played in this affair the Club would have given you your share."

"I did, boss," Munusamy replied. "At least that was what I wanted to do. After ransacking the iron safe, I tied up all the trinkets in a bundle and carried it home, intending to hand them over to the Club at the next opportune moment. And when I got the chance,

at once I hurried to this place—without even waiting to examine the contents of the bag. In fact, until the police laid their hands on them in my house, I had no idea that my missus had taken away some of them without my knowledge. I never wanted to cheat the Club, boss, for I did not intend to do so," he pleaded.

"Even then your actions are unpardonable. First of all you should never have taken the loot to your house. Secondly you should never have handed them to your wife for safe keeping. And lastly you should have taken care to see whether all the jewels were intact before taking them from your missus. By having taken into confidence your wife and enlisted her services you have broken the fundamental rule of our club—not to have anything to do with women—at least as far as the affairs of the club are concerned. How do you meet these charges?" he asked in his stentorian voice.

"Guilty, boss," admitted Munusamy.

"For disobedience our Club has only one punishment—and you know quite well that it is death by slow

"This is a publication that would be eminently useful to puzzle enthusiasts, as a ready guide to help them in their struggles. The Hindu.

Now is the time to buy

PUZZLE DIGEST

The Book of the Hour and the Talk of the Day



A veritable treasure house of clues for all puzzles. Don't be sad any more. PUZZLE DIGEST will dispel all your gloom. Buy a copy and earn a fortune. Price Rs 2/- only.

It is a superb puzzle dictionary without an equal in the field containing exhaustive lists of puzzle terms with complete alternatives for solving Missing Letters, Cross Words, Tails, Heads, Add-a-Bit, Give and Take, and etc., all in classified headings. Chapters on Indian Cities and Towns and Cities of the World are specially interesting and form an outstanding feature. No necessity to rack your brain. PUZZLE DIGEST has solved everything for you.

Buy a Copy and Make a Fortune.

Price Rs. 2] [Postage As. 8 (Extra)

For copies apply:

MILLER & JONES,
5, BASHYAKARALU NAIDU STREET,
C. T. MADRAS.

torture. If I am not wrong you have yourself meted out this punishment to other delinquents. Now you will have to suffer the penalty for disobedience, unless my brother judges think otherwise or want to show mercy to you."

At this the other two members stood up in their chairs and seemed to become suddenly galvanized into action. One of them cleared his throat and addressed the other judges, occasionally looking at Munusamy.

"Brethren," he said, "I admit the accused has committed a grievous offence and had disobeyed the Club rule. It is also well known to us all that there is only one punishment for offenders—death by slow torture. But before sentencing Munusamy to undergo this punishment, we must consider whether he had any motive or object behind in breaking the Club laws. We find he had not any. He had to play for safety and he did what seemed to him the best way out of the difficulty by handing over the jewelleries to his wife for safe custody. Women have a sort of mania for such trumperies and if at all his missus kept back some of our property without her husband's knowledge, we should attribute it to a common human failing and excuse her and Munusamy. Further we must remember and take into account the services rendered in the past by this delinquent. Even if we ignore the past, the meritorious service and the uncommon display of commonsense on his part deserve a better reward. He had first of all chosen a very opportune moment for putting our plan into execution. He had chosen the particular moment when Ragavan and Rajambal were actually fighting by stunning that chap. After that he had cut Rajambal's throat and had placed Ragavan on her corpse."

"This plan of his alone deserves our praise. Further, his foolishness has not landed us in any grave difficulties. The police of course suspected him at first but Munusamy has somehow managed to convince them that he had nothing to do with the murder. He had continued to escape and has even taken the steps necessary to drag down Ragavan deeper and deeper, into the mire—without letting slip even the slightest hint as to our Club and its operations. The police believe that Ragavan and Ragavan alone should have committed the murder. They do not suspect any one else. That being the case why should we apply our laws so rigidly and that on a faithful servant? It is better to commute his sentence from death by torture to a more humane form of death."

On hearing this, at first Munusamy had been hopeful. But the verdict was a shock. What did it matter to him? He met his end, as long as he was to meet it!

After this member had finished his arguments, the third judge began to explain his opinion on the affair. "Brothers," he said, "our learned member's speech was exquisite and the arguments he had put forth were convincing enough. Yet we must remember that our rules have no halfway about them. Either death or complete pardon and no via media."

"Therefore I suggest that his mistakes be excused out of regard for past and present services rendered."

The president or rather the Boss was the last to speak.

He said: "Munusamy, the Judges of this club are inclined to show mercy to you. Your faults and transgressions are pardoned—but not completely. It will not be conducive to the welfare and discipline of our club to let you go scot free—especially when you have taken into your confidence a woman. Our motto is to fight and kill as many women as possible—especially professional women. We have succeeded till now far beyond our expectations. Several immoral women have been killed and robbed under our auspices and guidance. The police have not as yet traced those murders to us. Even in this case they would not have associated even you with the murder of Rajambal, if only we had not let Ragavan dispose of the corpse. If he had only succeeded in getting rid of her body as we have done in several cases, no one would be the wiser about Rajambal's death and you would never have been suspected."

"But that need not bother us much. As my learned friend had said what is past is past and luckily for us it has not brought forth insurmountable difficulties. Though we scarcely expected it, Rajambal had enough jewelleries to satisfy us and they are with us. And all the members of our gang are beyond suspicion."

"Yet, as I said, you should not be let off unpunished. That would mar the discipline of our unlawful forces. But at the same time it is not to our interests to mete out exemplary punishment to you. Of course you have committed a grave offence by giving your wife the jewelleries you had stolen from Rajambal after murdering her. Yet, out of regard for your past services, I propose to detain you and keep you in custody for some months. This would also put you away from the Police whom it is to our interests you should avoid for some time....."

Suddenly there was a scuffle upstairs. Two people were struggling and it did not require a good stretch of imagination on the part of the judges of the gang to

(Continued on page 9)

1967/6

1967/6