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The
MERRY
MAGAZINE



Vol. IV Madras, 4th January, '36 No. 1

Thirupathi
A. A. Roland



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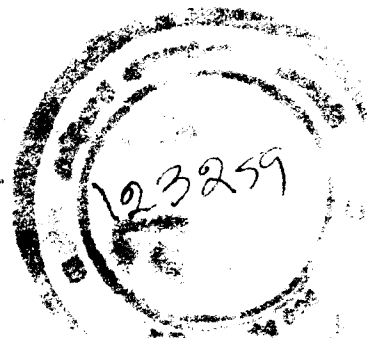
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**The Merry
Magazine**
—Editor & Staff

The MERRY MAGAZINE



Madras, Jan. 4, '36

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Thirupathi

The Banana Burglar

We have heard of many kinds of burglars, but never of a burglar who specialised in lifting bananas. Here is a story about one such, with a surprising denouement.

Mie

Cricket

But not on the hearth. This relates to the game. An impartial man sizes up the game from the lay-man's point of view. People who are ignorant of the finer points of this game will be benefited by this no end.

Artiji

Sightseeing in Killarney

That is the noblest bit of scenery in Ireland. Unfortunately it all resolves itself into a tough fight between a plate of cooked potatoes on the one side and the Congress on the other side, with the pilgrim in search of beauty hanging in the middle undecided.

Also

Embusque, A. T. MacNaughton Thomas, Sheik Iftekhar Rasool Etc. Etc.

SPARKS FROM OUR ANVIL

A Congressman charged with sedition was recently acquitted by a judge on the ground that the sentiments he expressed were hackneyed and trite.

Which shows how it is possible to excite contempt without hatred!

An English paper criticises the appointment of Mr. Eden as that of one with a fixed idea.

And now he gets a fixed place!

Speaking at a farewell-party, H. E. the Viceroy is reported to have said that his regrets were extremely strong that he would give up his office in a few months' time.

We wonder if he tried for an extension, and failed!

He however hopes to take up some other occupation elsewhere.

We shan't mind so long as it is not here!

Reuter reports that the Mediterranean powers have assured Britain of help in the event of hypothetical Italian attack.

No one knows what will happen in the event of an actual attack.

Mr. Ramsay Macdonald has been invited to stand for the Scottish Universities Constituency as a National Candidate.

We wonder if he is so demoralised as to accept the offer.

A notification issued by the local Government says that Government are not prepared to authorise expenditure of their tax-payers' money by local authorities on celebrations in honour of a political party.

May we hope that this consideration for the tax-payers' money will induce the Government to reduce the taxes?

Presiding over the annual session of the Liberal Federation, Mr. Venkatarama Sastri in the course of his address said that it would be unwise to refuse to accept office under the new scheme.

We wish he had not done so when he had the chance!

He further claims that his party never advocated secession from the 'Commonwealth'.

It is only obsessed with the idea of secession from the Congress.

The Mysore Durbar has prohibited the hoisting of the National Flag as derogatory to the sovereignty of His Highness.

Or rather the suzerainty of the paramount power!

In the course of his call to the country to observe the Jubilee, Dr. Ansari says that the Congress represents every Indian in the country.

Notwithstanding that many Indians misrepresent it!

Lord Chief Justice Hewart relates that when he first went to the House of Lords, Lord Sumner is reported to have said to him: "I'll say this about the House of Lords, and you'll find it yourself—they're damned fair."

Many others think that it's fairly damned.

From Mr. C. G. Macartney's running commentary: "No batsman on the home-side made any attempt to use his feet, and as a consequence aggression was a forgotten art."

But the feet were used all right to go back to the pavilion.

Sir Gordon Lowe thinks that the less one wears while playing games, the better.

In many cases that we know of, we can't say what the game is!

It is understood that the Nawab of Pataudi will lead the Hyderabad team against the Australians.

The future will alone show whether he will lead or continue to mislead.

Retrospect—And Prospect

THE shadows of 1935 are still with us, but, strangely enough, there is a general feeling of lassitude in the country, notwithstanding the customary expectations for the New Year, which an alien fashion has bidden us to indulge in. Reaction has thriven unchecked, and cynicism has been the guiding principle of action among rulers. The Italian adventure was but the most blatant symptom of that reaction. Coming nearer home, we have the spirit of Mussolini ranging abroad, but so masquerading under harmless forms that public opinion is unaware of the mischief that is being wrought. Our economic subjection to Britain, which was threatened by the Ottawa Pact, is now a painful reality. The sooner our gold exports come to a standstill, the better for the country, as nothing short of some such calamity would apparently give the public the needed momentum for restoring the course of trade to normal channels. Secondly, a special Tariff Board has been convened to oblige Lancashire, presumably as part of the price for Lancashire's support of the unwanted India Act. Our readers must have noticed how zealously Dewan Bahadur Ramaswamy Mudaliar pressed the case for Lancashire. A lowering of duties on British cloth may therefore be taken as a dead cert, before the next budget is presented. The results of these activities will unfold themselves in the coming months and years; and as usual with us, we may make a frantic attempt to lock the stable door after the horse is stolen.

Provincial politics are as stinking as ever. The Rajah of Bobbili is galloping the broad and easy way, promulgating laws and imitation ordinances with a sublime disregard of such a thing as Nemesis. His handling of local bodies reveals the temper of a disappointed tyrant, and the wounded vanity of a woman scorned. If the stakes were not so high, it would be amusing to watch his desperate attempts to hasten his political suicide! 'After me, the deluge!' said the most deluded of the Bourbons, and jested away the future of his race and the past glories of his line. An infant democracy at the mercy of a self-aggrandising clique is the worst possible beginning for representative institutions. And that is exactly our misfortune. The continuance of such an incubus drives the honest man into silence if not despair, while it provides the happy hunting-ground for men with an accommodating spirit. Mr. S. Srinivasa Aiyangar made a characteristic reference to this debasement of public life, in the course of his speech felicitating Mr. Vijayaraghavachariar on the record of his public service. He said that Mr. Vijayaraghavachariar had many a positive and one negative virtue. The latter was that he had 'never tampered with weights and measures'. The record of the party in power is summed up in that single sentence. The New Year imposes upon us this great responsibility; we must destroy this canker, and restore to public life, if not purity of the highest order at once, at least the ordinary rules and decencies. A clean-up and clean-out—this is the work that requires most urgently to be done.

The Two Sides of It



Boss: Personal appearance is an important factor in business success, my dear man!

Applicant: Yes—and business success is a helpful factor in personal appearance.

The March of Events

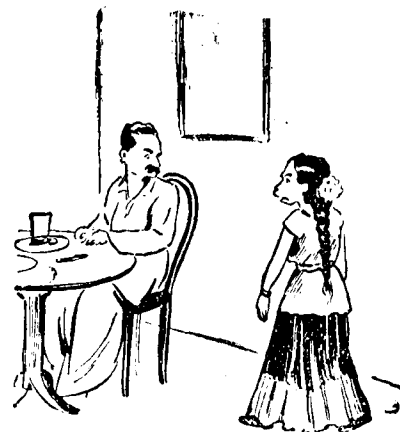
By The Man On The Move

The most important event of the week is the Congress Jubilee celebrations. Possibly with the exception of that melancholy minority in Indian politics 'with soul so dead', there was not one Indian who did not feel a rare thrill on the 28th of December. I began the Jubilee Day with a feeling of goodwill towards all, including my milkman whose idea of milk is an insult to every animal which yields milk. I had a brief siesta during mid-day. I dreamt that I was unanimously elected the President of the Fifty-first Congress. After the siesta I was so conceited that my aunt noticed my queer conduct and broached the subject of my marriage. I said with the dignity associated with a Congress President, "Woman, speak not to me of women, when the country is calling me." I dashed out of the house and almost became an angel. I ran into a motor car. I am now in hospital where I am rubbing into the nurse (only a figure of speech) the ethics of Satyagraha.

Dr. Eileen J. Macfarlane addressing the Madras Rotarians said that we were not descended from apes or monkeys though we had common ancestors with those animals. I differ from that view, not because I am pro-Darwin, but because of a deeper conviction born of years of observation. Monkeys plagiarise humans brazenly.

The other day I happened to have my lunch in an impromptu restaurant where grown up and not at all grown up girls waited at the tables. I ordered a *jilebi*, in Tamil. The little South Indian girl who fell to my lot looked pained and wrinkled her nose like a monkey. I repeated the order in Hindustani, and added a wink to it on strictly platonic

principles. She looked shocked, not at the wink but at the Hindustani. "What *exactly* do you want?" she said at last (in English).



"Korangu! Bandar! Monkey!" I shouted, and came away without eating the *jilebi*.

Now this girl must have been a monkey in the London Zoo. This monkey must have done a spot of good Karma, so that in her present incarnation she is born as a South Indian girl with a strong bias for English. How else, I ask Dr. Macfarlane, could one explain the phenomenon of a Tamil girl of a tender age speaking English?

Immediately after poor dear Sir Samuel Hoare (may Allah preserve the beauty of his aquiline nose) resigned the Foreign Secretaryship, six formidable names were bandied about as likely successors to that distinguished friend of India. One of the names was Mr. Neville Chamberlain, who suffers from sudden fits of a modern malady called Lake Tsana. What is the use of putting up a sick man against such befty chaps like Laval? I said as much in my application which I reproduce here.

Stanley Baldwin, Esqr., M.P.,
Prime Minister,
London.

Rt. Hon. Sir,

I am given to understand that a vacancy for the Foreign Secretaryship has occurred in your Honour's office, and I beg to offer you my services therefor.

As for my qualifications, I beg to state that I am a young man of a respectable family and completed the S. S. L. C. course.

If you are so kind as to befriend a deserving young man, Honoured Sir, you will have no occasion later to regret your action.

I know the geography and history of Europe and darkest Africa like a book. My health leaves nothing to be desired. If the worst comes to the worst, I am prepared to eat frogs to show Laval and his friends that I am a man with a grim determination.

I doubt not, Respected Sir, that you will consider my humble application favourably, for which act of kindness I pray for your long life and happiness.

Thanking you in anticipation,
I beg to remain, Etc.

Unfortunately for me, before my application reached Downing Street, Mr. Eden got the job. Am I jealous? Not at all.

Satyamurti says that our Ministers' salaries should be lowered to Rs. 1000/- so that there may be no temptation to stick to office. That is all very well. How on earth is a Minister to keep his dignity intact on just Rs. 1000/- a month? Never mind the Minister. What about his wife? You cannot expect a Minister's wife to fulfil her duties in an Ahmedabad mill-sari. A missus of a Minister must look her part,—in gold-spangled silk saris, pearl-fringed blouses, and whatever else a Minister's wife is expected to wear. All this means money. On the

score of chivalry at least, if on no other consideration, these subversive ideas should not be propagated. Loin-cloths and steel-framed spectacles may be all right for Satyagrahis, but they are hardly the goods for Ministers' wives.

Sir Daniel Hamilton asked at Calcutta the other day, why was India the minus instead of the plus Dominion. He further asked: "Why is India minus education, minus doctors, minus sufficient cool clothing in Summer and warm clothing in Winter, why so many of her people, are minus sufficient food and plus malaria, malnutrition, and unemployment?"



As nobody could answer such a formidable poser, he graciously answered it himself: "Because India is minus money." And why is India minus money? Because the Government of India does not understand the art of making money. Every man in the Finance Department, says Sir Daniel, must be a necromancer, must be able to produce chickens out of hats, money from empty pockets, taxes from the air, and gold from Bengal mud.

As the Government of India Finance Department, as at present constituted, does not contain a single necromancer, an expert in the art was brought over from England. He is giving lessons to

the Finance Department. The progress achieved in this short time is amazing. The Finance Member invited me and a few friends to tea. After tea I asked him to show us what he had learnt. Being a very modest man, he said, "Tut, tut." But when other friends evinced the same enthusiasm as I did, he blushed, and showed us some remarkable tricks.

He called me up to him and placing a finger on my nose he turned to the other guests.

"Now," said he, "here is Munusamy's nose. Watch me."

He caught my nose in his thumb and index-finger and gave it rather an unfriendly twist. Gold coins of the time of Samudra Gupta fell in a shower from my nose. Then he rumbled my hair vigorously. Currency notes began to flutter from the hair in all directions. He had all my pockets emptied, and produced from each a Corona. Each of us had a smoke.

Before long, I have no doubt, India will drop its minus complex and reach a state of absolute plus.

A 'record crocodile' measuring eleven feet was caught in the lower reaches of the river Godavari. It is said that there is an unceasing flow of tears from its eyes. Wanting to investigate this first hand I went to the place where the crocodile is, disguised as



a plump monkey. It was not a lie. Tears were flowing from its eyes like a couple of Mississippis. I asked the crocodile (in the monkey language) why it was weeping

in such a desolate way. "I am weeping," said the croc between sobs, "because, dear monkey, the future of the Justice Party is gloomy. Won't you come near me and comfort me?"

"Not I." I remembered that crocs are fond of monkey-liver. I took off my disguise, at which the croc was wondrous surprised.

A correspondent asks me to tell him (or her, I don't know, because the enquirer signs as 'horseflesh') the difference between an ordinary horse and a race horse.

The difference between the two, my dear 'horseflesh', is that while an ordinary horse has only four legs, a race-horse has seven legs. Of these, four are the usual ones given by its father. The fifth leg is the owner, the sixth one is the jockey who rides it and the trainer who trains it, combined.



That leaves one leg unexplained. That leg is not a thing of substance. It is an astral leg. If you do not know what an astral leg is ask any Theosophist. He will gladly enlighten you. It is on this astral leg that the chances of the horse in a race depend. If as a punter you suffer successive disappointments, you would probably want to put a bullet through your head. If you do that, you will become an astral body yourself; and nobody need explain anything to you.

Well, friends, cheerio. I am off to the races. I have spotted a cert this time.

(Last week the Congress completed fifty years
of glorious existence.)

At the Mother's Feet

*Hail! Mother! Mother! Hail!
Thy three-hundred million sons
Salute Thee on this glorious day!
Thy fame eternally runs!*

*Hail, Mother! Mother, hail!
Look up, look up, and smile;
Hearest Thou not Ten-Thousand-Tongues
Resound in Jambu's Isle?*

*From the snowy heights of Himalayas
To the waves that wash Thy Feet,
O Eternal Virgin! Mother Ind! Behold!
Thee Thy proud sons greet!*

*Though wearing one-hundred patterned clothes;
Though speaking one-hundred moulds of speech;
All hail! Thou gracious Mother of us all!
We are Brothers, each to each!*

—A Son

Sightseeing in London!

(What To Do & Say)

by Artiji

Reading Time • About 7 Minutes



Point your nose

THE average student will have learnt from his Geography book or whatever else he cares to call it that London is the largest city in the world, that it comprises a population of a few odd million inhabitants and is the heart of industry, the hub of the Empire and the hunting-ground of Hore Belisha. No city in the world has the same sense of grandeur, the same coldness, the same reserve, and above all the same eloquent power. London is glorious, wonderful, magnificent. It is terrific. It is colossal. You cannot afford to miss it.

You will therefore have the decency to point your nose in the direction of London and proceed in the direction to which your nose is pointing. If your eyesight is not beyond redemption you will perceive that it is a large city and that compared to it you are in a state of relative insignificance. To remove this state of relative insignificance, take the third turning to the right, the fourth to the left and enter the palatial edifice of Austin and Reed.

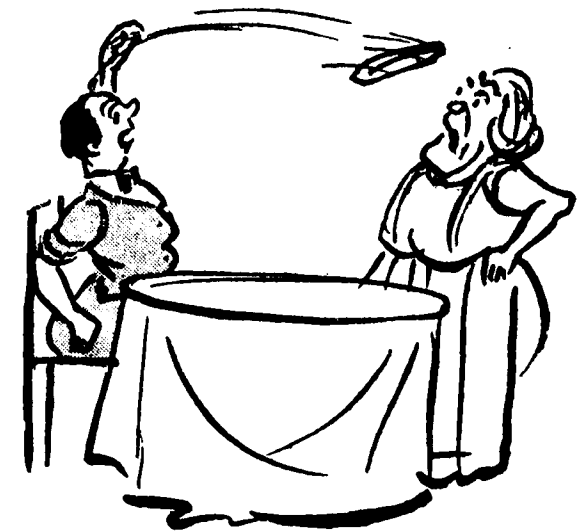
Austin and Reed are a set of English gentlemen whose manners are as impeccable as their finances. The way they make you spend next month's salary is an education which leaves no doubts as to what gave England a front seat in economics. Since you are in a presumably civilized nation you are sure however to get something in return; more often than not it is a tweed suit of aristocratic cut presented with the heartfelt compliments of Austin and Reed plus the seasonal regards of the Lancashire cotton industry.

A still better method of removing the inferiority complex is to meander in the direction of Hyde Park and ask a certain landlady for bed and breakfast. You will be entertained with a magnificent treatise on the superiority of the white race over the black. As a matter of patriotism retort with a few well-timed

comments on the probable conduct of her ancestors and the future behaviour of her descendants. On my behalf you could also decorate her with the quintessence of yesterday's breakfast.

Fortunately for you however the rest of London regards an Indian as a passable enough specimen of humanity. In other words you can stretch your legs and snore in comparative comfort.

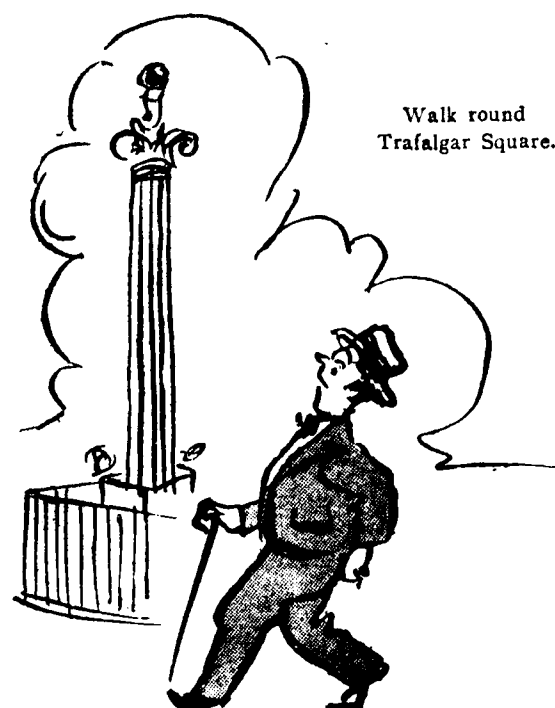
When the small hours of the morn approach and the sun elevates its rubicund countenance over the smoke stacks of the eastern horizon, leap vigorously from your repose. Damp your majestic profile with whatever water the landlady has forgotten to remove from your basin. When the brilliantine blooms upon your brow and your hair begins to assume the characteristics of a skating rink, sally forth into the street. Your daily exercise can be performed by running up a moving staircase which persists in going down. Soon the warm glow on your cheek, the perspiration on your forehead, and the language employed by the station-master will proclaim to the world your perfect physical condition. Then take the train to Picadilly. From Picadilly walk to Charing Cross taking care not to exceed the limit of 30 m. p. h. Beware, too, of



.....also decorate her.....

coming into contact with omnibuses, as this is likely to destroy the air of careful carelessness with which Austin and Reed have taken such pains to endow you. From Charing Cross stroll to Trafalgar Square. Walk round Trafalgar Square in a clockwise direction. Repeat the process in an anti-clockwise direction. Don't fail to notice the monument to Nelson. Continue to move round Trafalgar Square till you arrive more by accident than intention in the region of the National Gallery. Enter the National Gallery. Note the pictures on the wall. They are the criterion of artistic maturity. To cultivate artistic maturity stalk round the place with indigestion and a guide book. Every time you see a picture which looks as though it might adorn the bath-room window without giving your next door neighbour hysterics, turn up your nose and murmur something about its lack of perspective. And when you do come across a picture which makes you feel the urgent necessity for a couple of doctors and a Brighton holiday, stifle your feelings and indulge in the highest superlatives the dictionary provides. Remember it is the elemental strength of the picture which appals you. Like castor oil it can never be completely conquered, but it is vital for you to bring it under control. Go to the nearest Epstein opus. Grin at it; glare at it; stare at it. Look past the superficial ugliness of the exterior into the soul that lies within. Search for its grandeur—ruggedness—power. After a few days' repetition there is just a faint likelihood of your not getting delirium tremens.

If my memory has not deceived me there is a vegetarian restaurant in the vicinity. Since it must, as a matter of destiny, be seen by every Indian, I suppose I must liberate a few facts concerning it. To eat in an English vegetarian restaurant is an education only experience can provide. The European conception of a vegetable is so radically different from the Indian, that the gentleman who wangles a square meal off the *Table d'hôte* deserves to give J. D. Rockefeller a lesson in finance. You will also discover that the waiter is extremely polite, the cash memo extremely high and the manager masterfully decisive when it comes to a question of discounts. The extreme politeness of the waiter is a biological faculty peculiar to Western Europe and hinges on the fact that he expects ten per cent of the bill to support a wife and presumably starving children. The average Englishman however is too proud to mention the latter affliction. He demands ten per cent because ten per cent is his national inheritance and because it's about the only section of his revenue for which the income-tax does not provide.



As a sightseer of due distinction it is now your duty to manoeuvre your proboscis in the direction where St. Pauls is alleged to have its existence. St. Pauls, as you may or may not know, is a cathedral. It was designed by Christopher Wren and its chief pretensions to fame rest on the fact that its height lies in simple proportion to those of Snowdon, Ben Nevis and Popocatepetl. As an elementary illustration of the Theory of Relativity it is also exceedingly popular. Sometimes as a matter of ceremony it is used for a prayer service. Historical enthusiasts will be glad to know that it does contain the tomb of Nelson. Mr. Nelson's tomb may be seen on receipt of a small fee which I had neither the patience to determine nor the finances to accede to. I believe, in the circumstances, that it is made of white marble trimmed with tulle and gingham. The sacrophagus contains the bones of Nelson, an international code-book for his guidance concerning signals and the lounge suit he didn't wear at the Battle of Trafalgar. A comparatively new addition is the traditional telescope with which he declined to see the Hore-Belisha Beacon. It was made in Germany in 1926 from genuine antique gun metal edged with sable and ringed with platinum. It rests on an imitation silver plate surrounded by glass diamonds and wooden pearls. Sentimentally speaking its value is slightly less than that of the National Debt. If you are afflicted with kleptomania I may add that the Birmingham market stocks it at two and six.

No Hurry!



Kind Housewife: Here you are! A good shirt; needs only a little mending.

Beggar: No hurry, *amma*, I will wait till you mend it.

The Wager—

by Thirupathi
Sketches by Mali

Reading Time • About 10 Minutes

MR. Nityananda was not much to look at. But he used to think of himself as an Adonis. He was rich. How rich nobody knew with any precision. The fact remained that he was rich. All that everybody knew of him was that he was a confoundedly close-fisted fellow. He was a great miser. However, unlike other misers, he had one fatal failing. He was not crafty. He could not see below the surface of things. Absence of craftiness in him was not a virtue. The fates having denied him the native intelligence given to his class, he remained a mug.

He was so miserly that he shunned the glittering lights of high society. He shunned it because he viewed with something like horror the idea of loosening his purse-strings which his mixing with his peers would undoubtedly entail. He shunned society lest it should fleece him.

But he yearned for company, to shine as a dashing young blood, though the makings of a young blood were not in him. So, after a pitched battle, in which his reason and instincts ranged on either side, the better side won a nominal victory.

He joined the Town Club. This was the only opening for him to play at being a wicked, dashing devil of a fellow.

His advent into the Club was hailed with great satisfaction by the Club Committee. The Club was in a bad way. It was very short of funds. The tennis lawns were crying for repair. The billiards-table was clamouring for a pensioned retirement. Most of the Club furniture was chronically gouty and needed an expert's treatment.

One fine day the Club Committee of Ways and Means arranged a pleasant tea-party in honour of their new acquisition, Nityananda. Refreshments over, the best speakers of the Club got up one after another

and made nice speeches extolling the fine qualities of the honoured guest. The guest was greatly surprised at the fine qualities he possessed and of which he was unaware. After everybody had had his say, after all the storm of that fulsome praise, a speech was expected of Nityananda in acknowledgement of all the fine things said of him. He stood up. He started a speech, made an ass of himself and sat down very much damped down by the perspiration which his speech-making engendered. Apparently his friends were an easily satisfied lot. They applauded his reply to the echo. Everybody was satisfied with everybody. They dispersed in high spirits.

That was the first move.

The second move came the next day. The Committee of Ways and Means resolved itself overnight into the



Executive Committee and waited in deputation on an astonished Nityananda at his house. The Committee recited a doleful tale of the Club's finances, of the sad, neglected state of its various useful activities, of the virtues of the rich, and wound up with a request for a donation of Rs. 5,000.

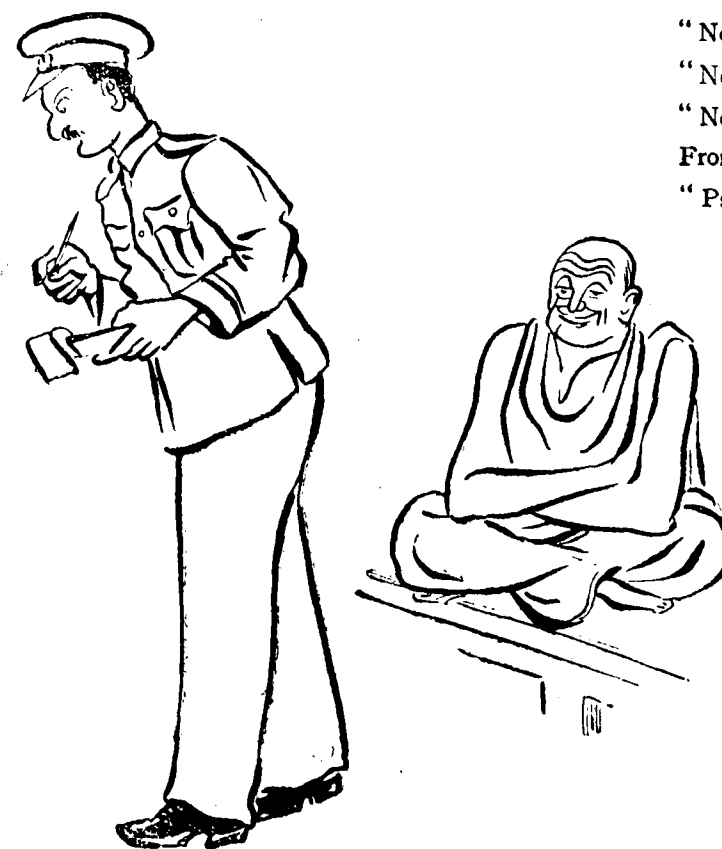
Poor Nityananda who owned some lakhs of rupees, sank back in his chair in despair. Five thousands! Donation! What next! Whoever heard of such a monstrous thing! He pulled himself together and related in reply an equally choice tale of the poor state of his own finances, of his meagre funds locked up in unrealisable securities, of this rotten depression and rounded it off with a wise discourse on economics in relation to Clubs and their management.

The Committee (wise fellows) thanked him for his courteous and patient hearing (the hypocrites) and came away. Before coming away the Committee said, "We put our trust in God."

"Certainly," said Nityananda.

God did help the poor Club.

That evening Nityananda swaggered into the Club house swinging a cane and humming a tune, very much



in the manner of the blades of the Regency. Every body had a bright smile ready for him. He lowered himself gracefully into a comfortable chair and began to retail a wicked yarn to a much too avid audience. The story concerned himself, an amorous atmosphere, a beautiful woman, a scoundrel of a husband, himself coming out of it all with laurels and smiles.

The climax of the yarn was greeted with awed admiration. Then conversation became general. Suddenly a man reading a paper in a corner said, "I say you fellows, don't you think this thing is becoming a scandal?"

"What is?" asked five voices at once.

"Why, the number of fellows travelling without tickets on the North East line. Between Waltair and Madras. This is the seventh case I am reading this week."

"Don't bother about those blighters," said the Secretary.

"I am not bothering. I am only wondering how these chaps do it. Travelling without tickets over such long distances! Takes a lot of nerve. I can never do it."

"Nor I."

"Nor I."

"Nor I."

"Nor I."

From every corner of the hall.

"Pshaw!" said Nityananda disdainfully. "Anybody could do that."

"Can you?" asked the Secretary point blank.

"Of course I can."

"I bet you can't."

"Can't I? Come, then. What is the bet?"

"Anything," said the Secretary lamely.

Nityananda laughed derisively.

The Secretary looked hurt. "All right," he said, "I will lay an even five thousand."

"Oh, get away. Don't be silly," said Nityananda. He knew that the Secretary had never had ten rupees to call his own.

"What do you mean?" the Secretary waxed indignant. "You think I could not afford the bet, do you? Wait a moment."

He borrowed somebody's car and drove away at a furious speed. He was back at the Club in ten minutes. He approached Nityananda. "Well, are you still open to the bet?"

"Of course I am," Nityananda could never associate the Secretary with five thousand rupees.

The Secretary took out his purse and extracted from it five crisp notes of Rs. 1,000 each. He placed them before Nityananda.

To say that Nityananda was astonished would be to under-state the position. He was flabbergasted. Presently his astonishment gave way to his cupidity. He thought rapidly.

"But this is silly," he said. "Anybody could travel without a ticket."

"No," said the Secretary. "Everybody cannot. You cannot. If you are backing out, please yourself. But don't brag of things beyond you."

"Look here, my dear fellow. You want me to travel on the North East line between.....between..."

"Between Waltair and Bezwada."

".....between Waltair and Bezwada without a ticket?"

"Exactly. I want you to cross the ticket-barrier at Bezwada without a ticket in your possession."

"After that? If I am hauled up before the Magistrate? I will be obliged to pay up, with the usual penalties. Would I loss the bet?"

"You don't. All that is required of you is that you should travel in tomorrow's mail up to Bezwada without paying for it, either at the commencement of the journey or *en route*."

"Then I will take the bet."

He sat down and wrote out a cheque. That and the other five thousand rupees were placed with the Club Treasurer who was unanimously elected umpire.

Next day at noon the mail bound for Madras was steaming out of Waltair platform. Nityananda detached himself from the crowd and boarded the train in motion. He got into a second class compartment and settled himself for the long journey of over two hundred miles.

At the next stop an elderly gentleman, charity and benevolence visibly oozing from him, got into Nityananda's compartment. After the usual polite

exchanges about nothing in particular, each kept to his own corner.

The mail rushed on. It was eight o'clock in the night. A travelling Ticket Examiner appeared on the floor of the compartment. The elderly man showed his ticket.

Nityananda had nothing to show. The Ticket Examiner took out his receipt book to make out an excess fare receipt.

"Wait a minute mister," said Nityananda. "I have not any money on me. I will pay up at Bezwada"

"Suppose you slink away before we reach Bezwada?"

"He won't," said the benevolent old man. "You see, he is my nephew. He is a lunatic. He thinks he is the Traffic Superintendent. I just humour him. Poor fellow! Make out the receipt. What is the amount?"

The Ticket Examiner looked sadly at the poor lunatic. He made out a receipt for twenty-five rupees, received the money from the benevolent old gentleman and went away as he came.

The benevolent gentleman beamed upon Nityananda.

"I.....I.....I....." spluttered Nityananda. "What is the meaning of this?"

"Nothing, my poor mad nephew. Don't worry."

The mail glided into Bezwada platform towards midnight. The Secretary and the Treasurer were waiting on the platform to receive Nityananda.

Together they walked to the ticket barrier. Nityananda still regarding the benevolent old gentleman in an awed sort of way, handed over his excess fare ticket and passed out.

"So that was the mean trick you played on me?" said Nityananda with tears in his voice.

"What do you mean?"

"That old rascal paid for me."

He indicated the benevolent old man who was still hanging around them.

"Why, that is the mad Zamindar of Rajahbudry. Isn't he, Mr. Ticket collector?"

"Yes, sir. He is a lunatic mug all right." But he winked at the ceiling.

Fun For All



"Yes my friends," said the local preacher, "some admire Moses, the great law-giver; some Paul, who spread the Gospel. But which character in the Bible has had the largest following?"

A voice from the back of the hall: "Ananias!"

Jones: (offensively) Didn't I see you going into a low-down public-house the other day?

Smith: Coming in.

Sarveyor: We wish to run a railway through your barn.

Farmer: Not likely. Do you expect me to get out of bed at night to open the doors every time a train comes?

Patient: My wife tells me I talk in my sleep, doctor, what should I do?

Doctor: Nothing that you shouldn't.

Caller: Is your mother engaged?

Little Boy: I think she is married.

"What would you do," asks a magistrate, "if you opened your front door and were faced by two six-foot burglars?"

"My estimate is I would do about 15 miles an hour."

"I know now why it is that you

English people are so fond of tea," said the German. "Why is it?" asked the English friend.

"Because I have just tasted your coffee."

"How late do you usually sleep on Sunday morning?"

"It all depends." "Depends on what?"

"The length of the sermon."

"Do you drink anything?"

"Oh, yes; anything."

Mother: (To little boy sitting on the bank of the river) What are you waiting for?

Boy: Father was showing me how he won the diving and swimming contest and I haven't seen him since.



1st Washer-Woman: My husband always thinks of me. Even when he's working.

2nd Ditty: Yes...yes...I saw him beating the carpets.

Henry Christophe—

Reading Time • About 7 Minutes

HOW would History read if all the bloodthirsty demons that fouled its pages never trod the earth? It must be a colourless affair.

There is a saying that evil must be suffered if virtue were to be appreciated. Thus the evolution of man from his primitive animalism to something hazily resembling the ideal set up by Christ and Buddha can only be appreciated through the perspective opened by the monsters that flit in and out of world history.

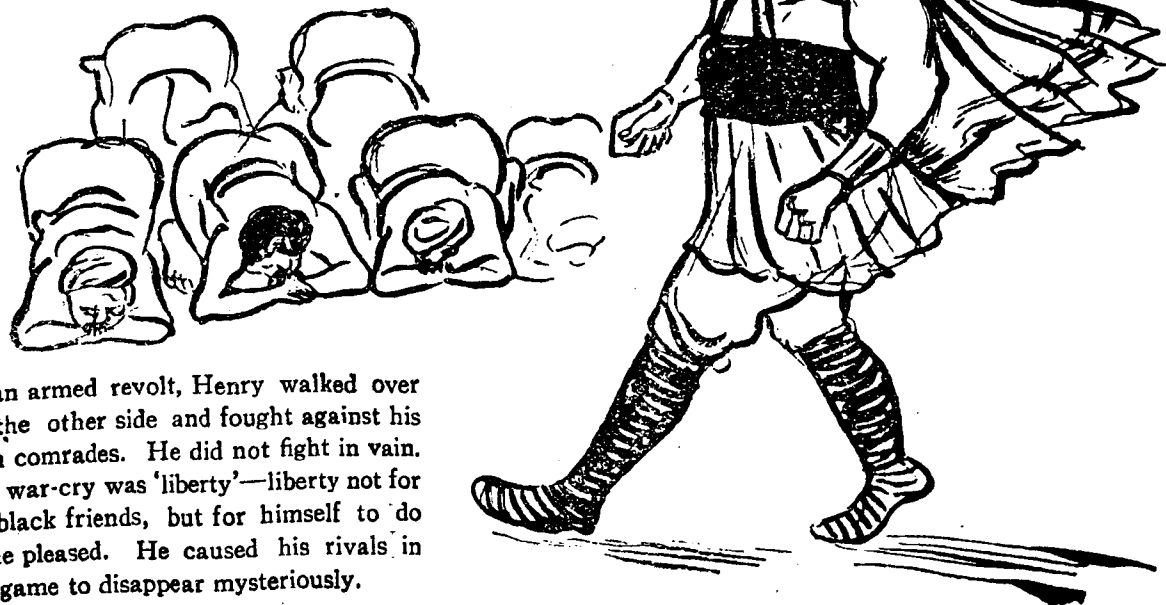
One such bad character was the man who came to be called Bloody King Henry of Haiti. His demonic cruelty, the cheapness at which he assessed human life, his comic yet outrageous vanity are so revolting that one reading over his exploits after nearly a century and a half since West Indies history was polluted by this foul man, would feel a cold shudder down his spine.

Built on large, powerful proportions, a slave of a French planter in Haiti, Henry dreamt of liberty and grand things to follow. He put by some money by bootlegging liquor. Eventually he purchased his freedom and joined the French army. His reckless bravery marked him out from the crowd. He won many distinctions. At the age of thirty-two he was gazetted as General of a brigade.

Native discontent against the French rulers was brewing; and when that discontent manifested itself

The French withdrew from the field. Henry proclaimed himself, in 1807, President of Haiti and Generalissimo of its army. His power-tipsy brain nurtured a crazy idea. He said that the blood of the Pharaohs ran in his veins. Four years later he got his henchmen to proclaim him King of Haiti.

There was the fear of the French returning. So he fortified the heights of Haiti. Fort La Ferrier, the rheumatic battlements of which are now crumbling to dust, was Henry's handiwork. Up those steep rugged heights the building material for the Fort was carried through a trail of blood and murder. Thirty thousand men forfeited their lives in building a monument to this bloodthirsty upstart. Labourers struggling with impossible burdens upon their backs along the treacherous slopes of the heights of Haiti, slipped down to yawning abysses below, succumbed to the heat, exhaustion, fever. They died like rats.



as an armed revolt, Henry walked over to the other side and fought against his own comrades. He did not fight in vain. His war-cry was 'liberty'—liberty not for his black friends, but for himself to do as he pleased. He caused his rivals in the game to disappear mysteriously.

King of Haiti ^{by} V. V. R.

Nearly four hundred guns were hauled up to the fort in that dizzy height. One of the guns, a particularly heavy piece, was being hauled up by a gang of one hundred men over a steep incline. Henry watched them at work. They tugged and strained at the ropes. The gun would not budge. They threw down the ropes. A hopeless job. Henry stood the gang in a row and had every fourth man shot. The gang with twenty-five percent of its strength depleted was ordered to heave the gun. They tried. They failed. Once more Henry lined them up and had every third man shot. He warned the remaining lot that unless they heaved the gun into position he would have every one of them shot. Such is the awful power of suggestion, the remaining fifty of the gang heaved the gun up into position!

Henry hated white men. Yet he was obliged to hire German engineers to design and supervise the building of his fortifications. The engineers did their job and requested permission to leave that torrid clime for a well-earned rest at home in Europe. Henry accused them of espionage, cast them into the very dungeons they designed, starved them and quietly 'bumped' them off.

A European ambassador at Haiti during Henry's reign one day started an argument with him on the question of military discipline, over a glass of wine. The black king maintained that there was no order from him which his troops would not obey. He proved it. He led his distinguished guest to the top of the citadel and drilled a company of his soldiers. He manoeuvred them to the edge of the precipice. He roared an order, "March forward!" The company marched,—down a void of one thousand feet.

Henry supervised the enforcement of his own laws. Every citizen was to work fourteen hours a day. Any one who infringed his laws or displeased him in any way met with a sudden and oftentimes a brutal death.

A workman at La Ferrier overcome by the heat dozed under one of the guns. Henry came upon him. He ordered a passing sentry to wake him up with a bullet. The poor man woke up in another world. A servant of his at Sans Souci stole a small quantity of fish. He was stretched on the floor and hacked to pieces.

Once he was absent on a campaign to capture Port-au-Prince. He returned to his capital, foiled. He

learnt that the women, in his absence, flocked to the cathedral and prayed to God to prevent the black monster's home-coming. He set his ruffians loose. They combed every house and butchered any woman they found.

His method of purging the public services of abuse was rather smart and original. He would put the offending staff in a boat and send it out to sea, one fine evening. The boat would return to port next morning less its human cargo, an army of sharks following in its watery trail.

His palace at Sans Souci was frequently ablaze with scenes of gorgeous splendour, when Henry regaled his guests—merchants from abroad who purchased his stocks of coffee, sugar and cocoa—to choice food served in plates of gold. He had a magnificent library fitted up. He could not read a single book in that great collection of tomes. Such was the vanity of the ex-slave Christophe.

He held that what the white men could do, his black subjects could and must do. He would place a fine piece of furniture made by master-craftsmen of France before a set of his workmen and order them to produce a replica of it within a fortnight. If they failed, they would be shot down.

Whenever he passed in the streets his subjects should kneel down, head bent in reverence. If any one raised his head or looked at his king's face without permission, death was his portion.

Such an awful reign of terror, a crying sin against God and man could not last long. He cowed his people by brutality rarely equalled in history. But his account, on the wrong side, was accumulating with interest.

His blacks were biding their time.

Henry was down with partial paralysis. Word flew around the city. Men and women looked at one another's face with a single unspoken thought. The storm burst. The pent up misery of years exploded at last.

Henry, half his body helpless, heard the mob at his door. He ordered his personal attendants to place him in a comfortable armchair. He had two pistols loaded, with gold bullets.

Outside, down in the street, they were screaming for his blood. He discharged the two pistols simultaneously. One bullet of gold shattered his brains; the other pierced his heart.

When the Speaker Speaks

by C. V. Narasimhan

Reading Time • About 6 Minutes

Sketch by Mali

DARLING SAROJA,

HERE I am at last in London. London is having one of its best 'particulars'. If you don't know what that is, don't bother. I'll tell you all about it some day.

Yesterday I witnessed a picturesque ceremony.

You know, Saroja, what the House of Commons is. If you are irreverent, you would say that it is: "A neo-Gothic structure situated on the banks of the Thames, which may properly be described as a cathedral with knobs on, or as the only social club of any distinction outside the Oxford Union, which provides a debating chamber for the use of its more politically-minded members." These political debates are conducted under the watchful eye of the Speaker. You laugh? Perhaps you are thinking of that chestnut about the Speaker, the man who never speaks. Well, that is just your ignorance, Saroja. The Speaker does speak, once, and that is when a new House of Commons meets for the first time.

Perhaps even you have heard that quite recently there was a General Election in the United Kingdom. The first business of the new House of Commons was to elect the Speaker, because unless there is a Speaker you can't catch his eye, and unless you catch his eye, you can't get the ear of the House. How do you think they go about

this job of electing the Speaker? "Just gather round and agree to call one of the company the Speaker" you say? I am sorry I have to contradict a lady, Saroja, but that is only what common folk like you and me would do. You must know that the House of Commons is different.

First of all there is the Black Rod. Now don't run away with that woman's imagination of yours, Saroja. The Black Rod has nothing to do with the Cheka or the Zik or the Mafia or even the Red Circle. It is not a secret society. On the contrary, like the Gold-Stick-in-Waiting (now, don't snigger), it is an ancient and honourable office. The Black Rod comes to the House of Commons to summon the members to the House of Lords, in order that His Majesty's commission charging them to elect a Speaker may be read out. You would expect that he would be

welcomed with open arms. I am sorry I have to rub it in, Saroja, but that again is just your ignorance. Actually the door is slammed in the face of the Black Rod, who has to knock loudly thrice before he can be admitted. There ensues a procession to the House of Lords and back, and then the Clerk of the House points an accusing finger at one Hon'ble (?) Member, whose task it is to propose the Speaker.

It is usual on such occasions, Saroja, that you must say very nice things about the Speaker. You must endow him with vari-

ous imaginary qualities, and end up by calling him a superman (with apologies to Mr. Shaw). And then you must get someone to second you. It is traditional that there shall be no opposition. So you will think it is all over—as the vulgar phrase goes—*bar the shouting*. I permit you the use of that vulgar expression, Saroja, because with a woman's instinct you have hit the bull's eye. There is still some shouting to be done.

First of all, the Speaker-elect. I told you that this is the one occasion when the Speaker speaks. Is he at all grateful for the honour done to him? No, bless your dear heart, Saroja, no! He is not like you and me; he is a very ungrateful man. He says: "It may be presumptuous on my part to take the opportunity of these occasions to make remarks and perhaps give advice on the conduct of our debates. Some years ago, Honourable members will remember, that I made some reference to the advisability of shortening speeches in this House. Most of the effect of that advice seems to have worn off. I am going to give the House another little bit of advice...I want to tell the House that a debate ought to be a debate...It should have the qualities of the cut and thrust of debate. I have noticed, I think, a growing tendency in our debates for them to become the delivery of a series of set speeches. That is not carrying out debate in the true sense of the word..." And so on. These words are greeted by vociferous but uneasy cheers. And then, proposer and the seconder leave their places and go to the Speaker-elect, who must show reluctance to accompany them. But they are strong and brave and willing men, and taking his two hands they drag the unwilling Speaker-elect to the Chair.

It is not over yet. The Leader of the House and the Leader of the Opposition are the first to congratulate the newly elected Speaker. Then a man rises (guess who it is?) who begins by naively calling himself 'the oldest inhabitant' of the House, and proceeds to say: "There are

two interpreters and guardians of our Parliamentary tradition. One is the Speaker, and the other the Leader of the House. We are not concerned today, Sir, with the functions of your co-trustee....." (What a spiteful old man!) And then he adds his felicitations. Finally Jimmy Maxton gets up and says: "Perhaps I am the only one among those who have spoken today, who has in recent years incurred your wrath. On more than one occasion it has been my misfortune to have broken one or other of the many

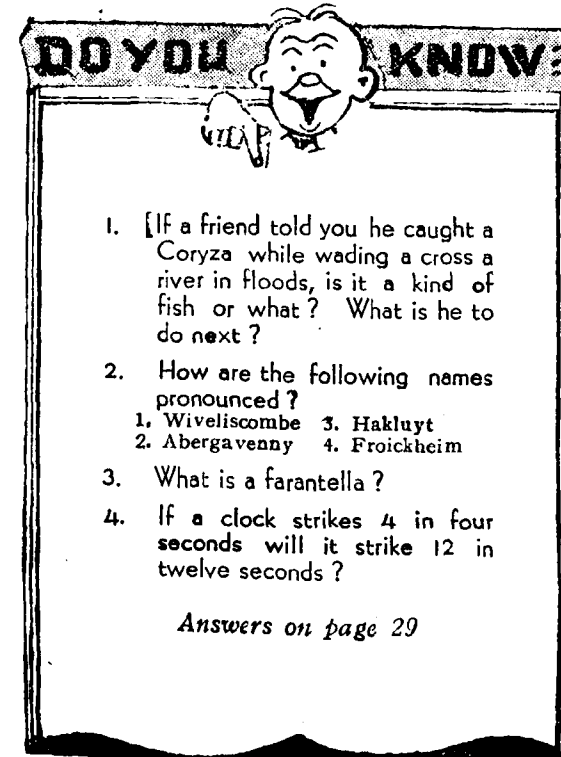
rules that govern our procedure here. I cannot stand here and promise that they may never occur again. I think that Parliament is at its best whentempers are lost and hot words pass. But..... although I cannot promise to walk a dull, dead line of Parliamentary respectability and rectitude, I think I can say that your authority will ever be recognized as the last authority in the House, and that quarrels in the future will only serve to make us realize, as they have done in the past, that in dealing with you we are dealing with a man of very great stature."

Now, Saroja, you can have your sigh of relief. It is all over and the House is adjourned.

P. S. I am sure you will be tickled to read this, Saroja. A chap writes in the *Daily Mail*: "The present Speaker however has one qualification which, I believe, has not been possessed by even the most distinguished of his predecessors. He is said to be the best Judge in the country of short-horned cattle." This judicial ability (!) was rightly remarked upon by Sir G. (eorge) C. (ourthorpe) when he proposed Captain F. R. for the Speakership at the beginning of the last Parliament. Now then, believe it or not.

P. P. S. I saw a lot of girls on the Embankment. I compared them with you mentally. They suffered in the same way.

Yours ever,



The 1936 Calendars

by A. T. MacNaughton Thomas

Reading Time About 7 Minutes

THOUGH I have not been asked by the League of Nations or by the Parachute-jumpers Union or by the Society for the Improvement of Feeding-bottles to write an article about this year's calendars, I have resolved, nevertheless, to do so, for, there could be no more fitting subject at a time like this, when the hunt for calendars is in full swing.

The bissextile year of grace has found me, at the time of going to press, with twenty-three calendars, which I regret to say, is two down compared with yesterday's. Probably, I am down on my luck. Some envious reader—after having worked it out with an *x* on his cuffs—may ask how I managed to get myself swamped with twenty-three

calendars, when he would consider himself lucky if he had only half that number. Well, my dear sir or dear madam, if you please, all I wish to say at the moment is that no hunter of Burchell's zebra on his *safari* would have spent more sleepless nights and penetrated through more impassable barriers than Yours Truly in quest of calendars. If I had

known it was such a tough job, I would have employed a detective to do it for me. My calendar-hunt began as far back as September and if I have come by twenty-three calendars, it is all in the day's work or should I say months?

But to return to my mittens. The pictures on the calendars this year are quite attractive and progressive. The motif (as we say in deep-sea diving circles) seems to be a riot of colours which betokens cheerfulness. From this it follows, as the dog follows the meat-vendor, that we have turned the corner; that we have steered through the doldrums; that the ghost has been laid low; that DEPRESSION has lifted up; that the mists have cleared away;

that the clouds have rolled by; that—the reader can complete the sentence as darned well as he likes.

For instance, Tarachand & Moolchand (Soap-makers by appointment to His Excellency Chin Ling Soo) showed last year a lovely girl with pale rosy cheeks, which, we were informed, was the school-girl complexion one got by regularly using T & M's



products. Now the same girl is billed to appear with a rosier hue which, I take it, must be the college-girl complexion. No doubt, things look rosy for Tarachand & Moolchand. Shamsuddin (Gents' Tailor—Deferred Payment) makes a brave show with Her Naked Majesty Venus, emerging from the sea-foam in all her loveliness. Last year it did good work for Subbiah Chetty & Sons (Grocers, Estd. 1804). Then again, there is Diana with a borzoi keeping her company instead of the familiar deer. This is featured by Goofly & Woofly (Stationers and Printers. Trial Order Solicited) in the *series A* of their calendars. In the *series B*, they have Psyche (or is it Hygeia? Anyway the figure is in altogether) wearing a wrist-watch and looking as pleased as if she had tucked in Norton's Nutritious Nervine Nectarean Nonesuch Nutmegs. K. K. Swamy, who is a regular reader of magazines, tells me that the Diana with the borzoi and the Hygeia (or is it Psyche?) are the enlarged reproductions of the pictures that Goofly & Woofly snaffled from one of the back-numbers of the *Nudist*.

Natesa Iyer & Sons (Dealers in Old Curiosities. Distance No Object) have come this year with the God Ganesh, who, with his elephant-trunk and multiple arms, is watching with a critic's eye, the attitude of his lady-attendants, as they each stand balancing on a lotus. Artistically it is such a fine performance that I lay ten to one that these ladies can walk into any circus and name their own terms as equilibrists.

I don't know why the Himalayan Tooth-Paste Co., Kesav Bros., (Ophthalmic Opticians. Free Sight-Testing) and Mody & Dinshaw (Oilmen) have featured the same Bengali girl, who looks coquettishly at you. Probably because she has chiselled features and looks so winsome. Anyhow, the three firms have gone potty over her.

Take this girl, again. (Take her all, if you like. I want none of her.) She has such a lot of sex-appeal radiating out of her that in the next year, I bet that more than half-a-dozen firms will be featuring her on their calendars.

The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals will be considerably pained to know that the cobra which was in a furious mood with its expanded hood in 1928 for the Amalgamated Hotels, Ltd., and in 1932 for the Goldfish Export Syndicate, Ltd., is again in the same stance for Gopinath & Saranath, Ltd. (Wireless-sets. Money Refunded If Not Satisfied.) Why the cobra is sporting an expanded hood is not clear and even snake charmers were at a loss for

an explanation when they were shown the picture. After all, a cobra knows his own business best. But I have discovered that there is some inexplicable connexion between cobras and "Ltd." and that the cobra loves appearing on the calendars in a leap-year.

On going through the list, I find that Chuckbuck & Buckchuck (Confectioners) have omitted to send me their calendar, all because I got my Christmas cake from their rivals—Woozy & Spillkins. Probably when they read this article they will be sorry. Chuckbuck & Buckchuck, I want none of your crocodile tears or for that matter, your alligator ditto. Make it up with two tidy calendars for the year 1937. Understand? You Goosefoot (Tobacco-nist. Guaranteed Satisfaction) have a down on me, all because I said you stuff your beastly cigars with duck-weed. I care two hoots for you, my dear tobacco-nist. I know your firm is shaky.

Coming to the calendars themselves, I find that April, June, September and November have thirty days each, which bear out what that old nursery rhyme has it: "Thirty days hath September, April, June and November." etc.

This poem can be recommended by the Board of Education without any scruple to all children to be safely mugged up. Again, all the months are in complete agreement. If you look at January 1936, in Viswanath & Sons (Haberdashers) it is similar with January 1936, in Goop & Nipple (Motor-car Suppliers) in that they both have 31 days and 5 Fridays. Take it from me, the calendars are correct for this year.

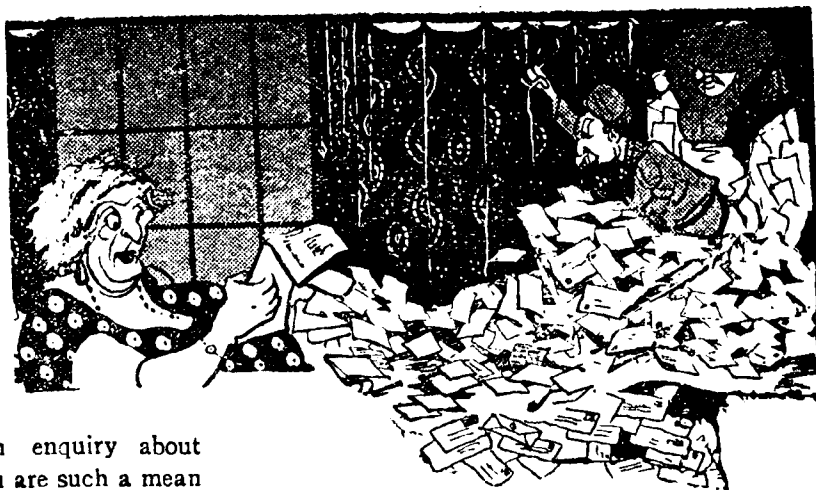
This is a leap-year. According to the Western custom, girls take advantage of this year to pop the question. Bachelors, beware! The spinster is on the march. I ask all the bachelors to look slippy and not allow themselves to be trapped by the wily spinsters, who lie lurking about the country, busily contriving their capture. Once you are caught, you are finished. No more perfect freedom in buying your socks, in choosing your ties, in wearing your suits and that sort of thing. BACHELORS, YOU HAVE BEEN WARNED!

If you view the 1936 calendars in the light of past year's achievements, present progress of printer's art, pole star, aurora australis, Indian glow-worm, African fire-fly, Mount Road traffic-light or phosphorus, you will find them to be a definite advance on last year's—chronologically.

Despite all I have written, I still feel sore about the number of calendars I have. I am wondering how on earth to make up the deficiency!

Now, dear Editor, what about sending me one?

Auntie Awful



A facetious nephew makes an enquiry about Auntie's nationality. "You are such a mean old thing," he says, "that you must come from Scotland." This is a new theory, my dears. The last one was propounded by a missionary, who said that Heaven was Auntie's home. "Good gracious!" said Auntie, "I'm a terribly long way from the ancestral mansion!"

While not a native of North Britain, Auntie has sentimental affinities with the canny Scot. Auntie's old friend, Gabitha Gumboil, actually married a Scotsman. Which reminds me that dear Gabitha recently sent Auntie a little present—a Scotch pencil.

Auntie's Scotch pencil is twenty inches long, and as thick as your thumb. It has solved a most pressing office problem. Until lately, Uncle Ghastly frequently sauntered into Auntie's den, and demanded a pencil to make a note of something. A few minutes later, he sauntered out again, with Auntie's pencil behind his ear, or absent-mindedly thrust into his breast-pocket. In short, Auntie was his private pencil-mine.

The day after Gabitha's present arrived, Uncle came in with the usual request, and Auntie solemnly handed over her new pencil. Uncle looked at it in a dazed manner, but eventually put it to use. The writing completed, he tried to thrust the pencil behind his ear, but only dealt himself a crack on the head. Impatiently, he jammed the pencil into his pocket, and tore the lining of his coat. Finally, with a rude word, he threw the pencil on Auntie's desk, and stalked out of the room. Since that day, no one has tried to borrow Auntie's pencil.

I was telling you, my dears, about Gabitha Gumboil's Scotch husband. He was a fancier of homing-pigeons. He had birds that could be sent as far afield as France or Spain, and the moment they were released from the basket, they made straight for home. Mr. Gumboil won many prizes for long-

distance flights with his message-carrying pigeons. The birds would often fly three hundred miles in five hours. They were worth over a thousand rupees each.

A rich female relative came to visit the Gumboils. As the time approached for the guest's departure, Gabitha impressed on her husband the advisability of weighing in with a handsome present. The idea was oppressive to the Caledonian spirit of Mr. Gumboil; but at last he had a brilliant idea. He gave the old lady a pair of homing-pigeons!

The rich relative departed, and a few hours later, Mr. Gumboil was frequently going outside the house, and anxiously scanning the sky to the southward. But the two pigeons did not come flying home, either that day or the next. At last, Mr. Gumboil could stand the suspense no longer. He sent a diplomatic letter to his relative, hoping that she had arrived safely, and that the pigeons were a present to her liking.

"Dear Cousin," wrote the rich relative, in reply. "Thank you for your kind enquiries. I arrived quite safely; and be assured I greatly appreciated your present. I am so fond of pigeon-pie!"

Bijili (Oddigudam). "When a man talks to himself, what is it a sign of?" It is a sign, dear boy, that he thinks he is Mussolini making a speech to the Italian Government.

Mislaid (Big Street). "What should I do to recover a small oval lady's wrist-watch, lost outside the municipal offices?" Advise, dear sir. Auntie hopes that this will enable the small oval lady to recover her property.

Petty Larceny (George Town). "It has been discovered that one of my employees has been stealing small sums from the cash-box. What should I do?" Be lenient, dear sir. Remember that as a businessman you started in a small way yourself.

Infuriated (Vepery). "What should a chap do when he loses his only collar-stud while dressing?" The first precaution, dear boy, is to order the children out of the room. It would also be as well to remove the parrot's cage.

Polygamy (Rawalpindi). "Can you quote any authority in Holy Writ by which a man should be restricted to one wife?" Yes, dear boy. 'A man cannot serve two masters'.

Decorum (Mudud). "Would it be correct to throw flowers at a high official when he takes his departure from the railway-station?" Yes, dear sir; but remove the flowers from the pot before throwing them.

Financial (Bombay). "What is the meaning of a report in the paper, 'Cotton weaker'?" It means, dear boy, that there is soon going to be a great fall in trouser-buttons.

Archaeologist (Madras). "It is said that in an ancient burial-place in the heart of the city, sweetmeats have been discovered that are four thousand years old." Yes, dear boy; Auntie has been in that restaurant, too.

Short Stature (Panipat). "Please tell me the best way to grow tall." Upwards, dearie.

Researcher (Ramnad). "Art needs no help from Science. I challenge you to mention any piece of poetry that makes use of scientific terms like *analyse* or *anatomy*." My dear boy, both of the words you mention occur in that famous ballad, dealing with a lover who yearns for his absent sweetheart:

"My Anna lies over the ocean:
O bring back my Anna to me!"

Investor (Kumbakonam). "Kindly inform me why a broker is so named." He is called a broker, dear sir, because he breaks the news that you have lost all your money.

Early Riser (Satara). "A young man whose habit it was to rise very early in the morning, found a

purse of money in the road. Thus was virtue rewarded." Indeed, dear boy. What about the man who lost the purse? Surely he must have risen even earlier?

Film Fan (Lahore). "I have just been seeing a film where a mob calls for the death of a tyrant. These mob films are done much better in European studios. There were thousands of people most realistically expressing hate and bloodthirstiness. Can you tell us how it is done?" Certainly, dear boy. When a director wants a mob to display the utmost ferocity, he makes them raise their arms, contort their faces, and constantly cry, "Rhubarb! Rhubarb!" The effect is both sinister and terrifying.

Ambitious (Sekoni). "Do you think that motherhood is the best career for an educated woman?" Yes, dear girl. It is the one vocation in which there is no male competition.

Virtuoso (Lucknow). "I am sure you are musical. Please tell us which music you think is the most enchanting." Personally, my dear, Auntie loves to hear the sound of a fiddle being broken over the performer's head.

Matrimonial Jar (Park Town). "I said something to my wife the other day, and she has not spoken to me since." What did you say to her, dear boy? Please write down the formula carefully on one side of the paper, and send it to the office by registered post. Auntie has quite a number of correspondents who would be glad to know of it.

Pollyana (Nasik). "I have been reading that we are a nation of pessimists. Does it mean the same as a nation of agriculturalists?" Perhaps it does, dear boy. An agriculturalist is a man who is always grumbling. If things are going well, he grumbles that there is nothing to grumble about. A pessimist, however, need not be an agriculturalist. A pessimist is a man who, when faced with two evils, chooses both.

Rectitude (Salem). "I have only ever gambled once. I once bought a ticket in a raffle for my wife." How interesting, dear boy. Auntie has often wondered how some men got their wives.

Newcomer (Poona). "Are Sikhs clean-shaven?" Yes, dear sir, except for whiskers, beard, and moustache.

THE END

The Letters of Private Joyfull

Reading Time • About 10 Minutes

The Renegade

Madras, 4th January, 1936.

DEAR MOTHER,

B OGGINS and I have spent another very enjoyable afternoon, paying a visit to Corporal Bangs. This aged veteran is a marvellous old chap. His wife is an Indian lady, nearly as old as her husband. It astonishes me to think of the old couple, who belong to a by-gone India, surviving into another century. It is like the wonder of seeing ancient things miraculously preserved.

When we entered the bungalow, Mrs. Bangs silently arose, and presently brought cups of tea. The old corporal had some broth in his huge moustache-cup. "No shouting," said the old lady to him. "No fighting old battles once more. Make you cough too much."

"Ah, boys," said the old corporal. "When you get married, choose a wife like that. A good one she has been to me, these eighty years." And he told us once again the romance of his marriage with the ward of Swami Dubash, the great man who swaggered about Fort St. George in those far-off days. "The respected friend of all," said the corporal, "from the Governor in his council-room, to us boys of Neill's Lambs, the Madras Fusileers. Proud of us, the people were, and we proud of them. Aye, they put up a statue to old Neill by public subscription; so they did."

"He too old," interrupted Mrs. Bangs, as if her husband was talking nonsense.

"Me old?" cried the corporal. "Why, in my day, there were serving soldiers older than I am now."



"Why didn't they get discharged to pension?" demanded Boggles.

"There were no pensions in those days," said the corporal. "We served until we died. When fellows were too old to march and fight, they were put on the Invalid Establishment. They doddered about at small jobs in half-ruined forts and deserted cantonments, and died in harness, like worn-out horses."

"Yes, corporal," said Boggles. "I have read of those old cantonments, tragic little centres where a handful of invalids tried to stem the tide of the Mutiny."

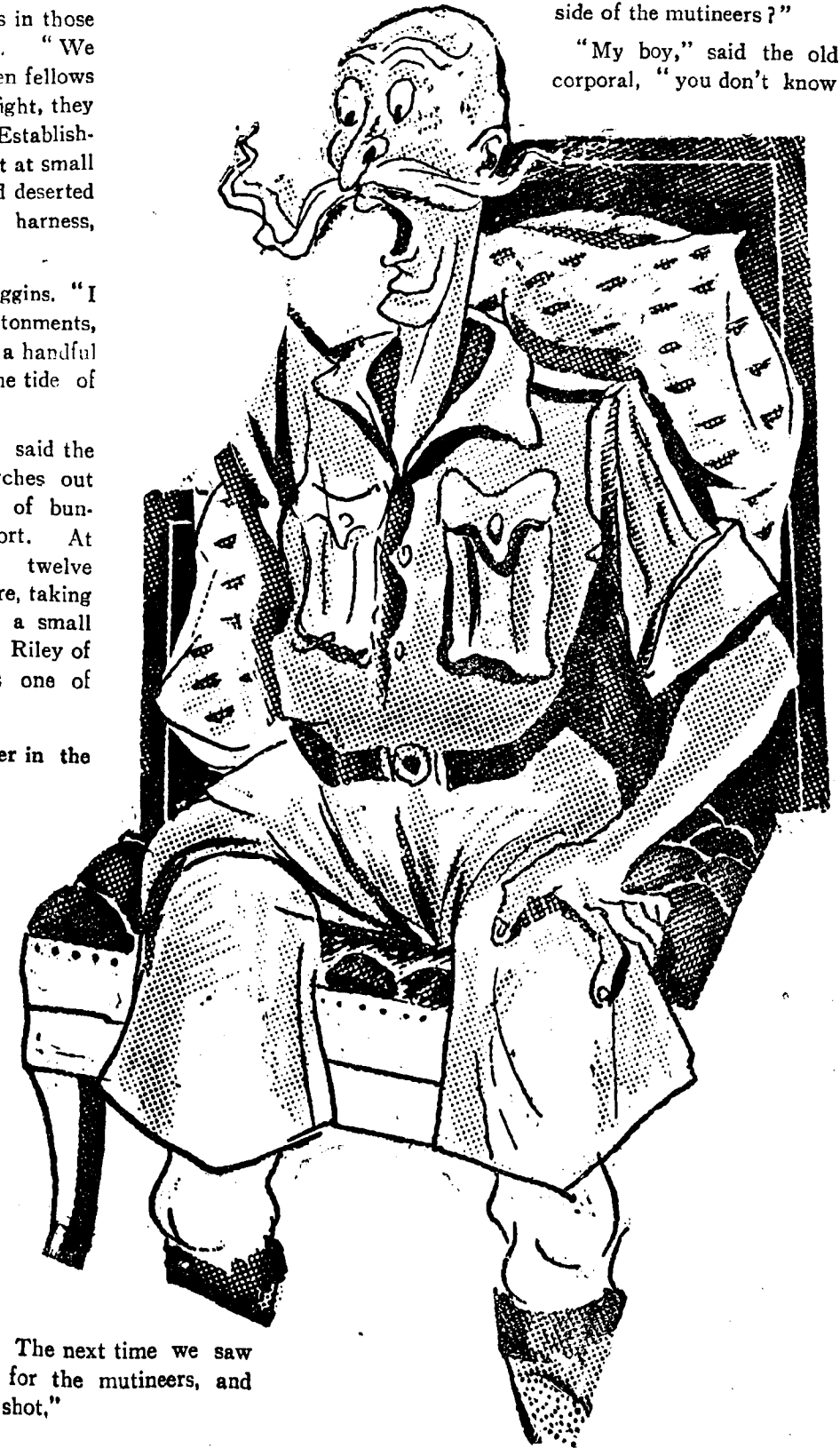
"I know such a place," said the corporal. "It is two marches out of Allahabad. A handful of bungalows, and a tumbledown fort. At the time of the Mutiny, twelve invalids were stationed there, taking care of a few old guns and a small magazine. Master-Gunner Riley of the Madras Fusileers was one of them."

"What, corporal, a gunner in the Fusileers?"

"Certainly, my boy. A section of us Blue-Caps were trained to supervise the guns of Fort St. George, that were worked by the Portuguese lascars. Riley was fifty-eight years of age when he was invalided. I remember the old chap being carried out of the Wallajah Gate in a palanquin, and his family following in litters—black little rascals, they were—and half the population of Madras hanging garlands round the departing master-gunner, for he was a well loved old man. The next time we saw him, he was serving a gun for the mutineers, and hitting the target with every shot."

"What!" howled Boggles. "Are you saying that a British soldier, one of Neill's Lambs, fought on the side of the mutineers?"

"My boy," said the old corporal, "you don't know



the India I know. It was a friendly place to us soldiers, but the land was full of violence and strange crime. There were many powers, great and small, and many masterless adventurers of many races, Indian and European; and deserters and renegades; and others who had become natives. Things were more mixed-up like. Customs hadn't got rigid, and the Europeans and the Indians were on closer terms, both in good and evil. Why, do you know the first person to be hanged for the conspiracy among the sepoys at Meerut? It was a European woman, the mistress of a subedar of the Third Cavalry. Aye, she plotted the murder of her own countrywomen, and the little children, and the foolish trusting officers."

We gasped with astonishment. "But a Blue-Cap fighting for the mutineers!" persisted Boggins. "I cannot believe it."

"It is a very sad story," said Corporal Bangs. "It happened when we were on the way to Allahabad. Neill was leading us, sixty men, marching to the rescue of an Empire. Two days out of Allahabad, we came to this small, half-ruined fort."

"We heard the guns in the distance. 'They are holding out!' cried Neill. 'Lambs, put your best foot forward!' And we did, though we were all sick with heat-stroke. We swung off the road, and marched up to the fort from the open country, to take the mutineers in the flank."

"We got to a mango-tope on the right of the rebel position. There were two regiments of them, in full regimentals and their band playing English patriotic airs! In the centre of the line was an eighteen-pounder gun, and it was hitting the crumbling gate of the fort with every shot."

"The longer you look at it, the less you'll like it," said old Neill. "Stormers to the front, charge!"

"We let out a roar, and began to roll up the line of rebels, like rolling up a strip of carpet. We had them at a disadvantage, and cut into them like a knife going through butter. Those we didn't kill, threw away their muskets and fled. And so we reached the gun in the centre."

"Neill leapt on to the gun. 'Bayonet the gunners!' he cried, and calmly took out his little telescope, and closely examined the regiment on the far side. It was drawn up in order of battle, and the sepoys looked dazedly at the fierce little Colonel standing on

their gun. The rebel officers were shouting to their men to form flank and charge, but the regiment began to break, and at our next volley they scattered. There was one bandsman encumbered with his big drum, and he squealed to his comrades to release him, till a Blue-Cap cut him down. It was a massacre."

"As Neill stood on the gun, the broken gate of the fort was opened, and out marched eight old military invalids, twelve Madrassi gun-lascars, five civilians, and two boys; the most rag-tail army you ever saw, with bandaged wounds, and their faces black with gun-powder. We gave them charge of the prisoners, of whom there were over two hundred."

"Blow the prisoners from the gun," said Neill. He was a merciful man, but he had sworn to execute every rebel taken in the Queen's uniform, with arms in his hand."

"The gun was piled with dead bodies, and we had to remove these first. Underneath the piece was a European in military trousers, senseless. 'Saints preserve us!' cried Fusileer Harris, a comrade long since in his grave, 'It is Master-Gunner Riley!'"

"And so it was. We stood round, stupefied, wondering how he got there. We could not believe he had been fighting on the rebel side. 'Take him into the fort, and I will hold an enquiry,' ordered Neill."

"Two of the sepoys were also kept back for enquiry. They said they were not rebels, and belonged to another regiment, and were forced to be slaves to the mutineers. The rest of the prisoners admitted their guilt, and we blew them from the gun in batches of eight."

"The old master-gunner was so weak that a couple of Blue-Caps had to support him to the fort, where he was put into the guard-room. When we marched into the fort, I was put on sentry over the prisoners."

"Everybody soon knew the facts about Master-Gunner Riley. In this little place, the mutiny began with the sepoys firing the bungallows, and massacring the residents. A few escaped into the fort, and at once the gallant old invalids and the handful of lascars armed themselves, and marched out to fight the rebels."

"They were a poor lot to give battle to two regiments of sepoys, flushed with successful murder. The old chaps got a hiding, and had to retreat to the fort. In the fight, the master-gunner and three other invalids were surrounded."

"Three invalids were hacked to pieces, but the sepoys saved Master-Gunner Riley, as they needed a gunner. They brought up an old eighteen-pounder, and Riley directed its fire."

"When Neill heard the the story, he raved. 'One on my Fusileers!' he wept. 'Curse the black-hearted renegade! Why didn't my Lambs bayonet him along with the others? By the Lord above, I'll blow him from his own gun in the morning, with the greatest ceremony.'"

"All this time, I was standing guard over the unhappy man. He walked to and fro in the cell tottering on his aged feet. 'Master Riley,' I said, feeling sorry for him, 'why don't you sit down and rest? Sure, it will give you strength in the morning, to bear your death like a man.'"

"My dear boy," says he (for I was only a boy then), 'I cannot sit down, and death will be easy to bear after this.' He took off his shirt, and his back was a ghastly sight, ribbed with torn and bloody flesh from top to bottom."

"Then he told me the way of it. When the rebels planted their gun, and told him to work it, he refused, and said they could kill him. Instead, they lashed him to the gun-wheel, and flogged him till he fainted. Then they rubbed salt and chilies into his wounds, for the agony to revive him; and told him to work the gun. He refused, so they flogged him and salted him again."

"It was more than anyone could endure. He loaded and lay the gun, and fired it. But the shot went wide, for he had purposely aimed badly. So they tied him up, and flogged him again. Every time a shot missed, they tied him up and flogged him."

"And so Master-Gunner Riley battered down the gate of the fort, and finally fell under the gun, senseless."

"When I was relieved from sentry-go, I went straight to Colonel Neill with a petition. It was late at night, but in those days any soldier could go to his Commanding Officer with a petition at any time. If it was a bad petition, the petitioner could be flogged."

"I told the Colonel the story of Master-Gunner Riley. Neill sat on his camp-bed, rocking his head in his hands. 'My boy,' he said, 'the prisoner worked

a gun for the mutineers. I have sworn by Almighty God that he shall be blown from that gun in the morning. He is in God's hands. If God does not will I shall keep my oath, so be it. Now let me sleep, for I am racked with all this tragedy.'"

Boggins and I sat silent, overcome by the dreadful-ness of the drama."

"God intervened," said the corporal. "That night, the cholera came into the fort."

"In the way of cholera, it struck down its victims at random, taking one man, and leaving the next unharmed. Nine died in the fort that night, and

one of them was Master-Gunner Riley. When I stood sentry at day-break, there were two gibbering sepoys in the guard-room, and a stiffened corpse."

"The first thing in the morning, the two sepoys were tried, and their innocence was proved. I was glad of it, for I was sick of violence and slaughter."

"Before we marched away, we buried poor old Master-Gunner Riley, with all military honours. You can see his grave to this day."

Your Loving Son,
OBEAH JOYFULL.

YES, I KNOW

Answers to Questions on page 21

1. His catch is a common cold and so he must go to bed with it.
2. (1) Willscombe; (2) Abergenny; (3) Hakelwit; (4) Free-cum.
3. A whirling dance supposed to be based on the movements caused by the tarantula's poison.
4. It will take fourteen and two-third seconds, allowing for eleven intervals of one and one-third seconds between the strokes.





The Wise Man

by Embusque

Illustrated by Verma

Reading Time • About 7 Minutes

ONCE, in the village of Bagalegaon, there lived a marvellous man called Babu Bewakufi. He was famed far and wide for his extraordinary wisdom. So great was his sapience, that the villagers reckoned him the most precious of their gifts from Heaven. To prevent any of his emissions of divine sagacity from being wasted, he was kept carefully corked up.

It happened one day that a certain housewife made some sweetmeats. This housewife had a very greedy son. When the youth saw the sweetmeats cooling in the pan, he asked to be given a handful. The mother

brought the pan to him. The son, on account of excessive greediness, took a double handful.

The son was lying on a cot behind one of the pillars of the house; and he was lazy as well as greedy. To take the double handful, he stretched one arm round one side of the pillar, and one arm round the other side. With both hands full of sweets, he could not withdraw his arms. When the youth realised his predicament, he began to bellow for help.

"Quick, mother!" he cried. "Release me from this pillar!"

The good woman was sorely perplexed, and went to fetch help from the neighbours. Meanwhile, the roars of the frightened youth brought all the village to the house. The elders held a consultation; but none of them could suggest a means of liberating the unfortunate young man. Finally, they decided to seek the advice of Babu Bewakufi.

The wise man was seated under the accustomed tree outside his residence. He was of rotund and benign appearance, almost bursting with accumulated wisdom. The villagers carefully uncorked him, and explained their predicament.

"The only thing to do," said the wise man, belch-ign freely, "is to remove the roof of the house, and hoist the young man over the top of the pillar."

"O marvellous wisdom!" cried the villagers.

"Cork me up, quick!" said Babu Bewakufi, reprovingly.

Having replaced the corks in the repository of wisdom, the villagers departed to perform his behest. They removed the roof of the house, and erected a scaffolding, and brought a pair of strong bullocks, and a pulley, and a well-rope, and triumphantly hoisted the young man over the top of the pillar. Unfortunately, the bullocks jerked on the rope just as the young man's arms were free, and he dropped all the sweets into the dust. However, everyone agreed that the episode was yet another striking instance of the miraculous sagacity of Babu Bewakufi.

Shortly afterwards, it chanced that the Raja entered the village in the course of a hunting-expedition. The villagers introduced to their ruler the famous Babu Bewakufi, while others brought presents of white brinjals and purple brinjals, for which the district was particularly celebrated.

When the wise man had been uncorked, the Raja praised the offerings of the villagers, saying he was particularly fond of white brinjals.

"O Master of the Universe!" replied Babu Bewakufi. "Your wisdom compared with mine is like the blazing of the sun compared with the light emitted by a putrid fish of insignificant size. Certainly, the white brinjal is the noblest of all vegetables, a celestial food fit only for your sacred lips. Let Your Majesty make an edict that none but members of your illustrious family shall eat white brinjals in future, for they are infinitely superior to purple brinjals."

The Raja was annoyed to discover that the famous Babu Bewakufi spoke nothing but base flattery. "Did I say I liked white brinjals?" remarked the Raja. "I despise them. What I meant was, I prefer purple brinjals."

"O incomparable wisdom!" cried Babu Bewakufi, unabashed. "Dazzled by the awe of your glorious presence, my worthless tongue stumbled. Of a surety, purple brinjals are the most divine of the fruits of the earth. From this day, let purple brinjals be Raja's food, while the common herd nourishes itself with the inferior white variety."

"Indeed?" said the Raja. "Surely your wisdom is inconstant. When I said I liked white brinjals, you praised them. When I said I did not like white brinjals, you decried them."

"Ruler of the Earth!" replied Babu Bewakufi. "Am I the servant of your Highness, or am I the servant of a lot of brinjals? Cork me up, quick!"

It chanced that soon after this, the Raja was troubled by a problem that confounded all his pundits. "Tell me," he said, "why is the palm of my hand hairless, while the back of my hand is covered with hairs?"

None of the pundits could suggest a reply that was agreeable to his Highness, so they were deprived of their revenues, and dismissed from the palace in disgrace. "What is the use of my being a Raja," muttered the potentate, "when I cannot get a pleasing



answer to a simple question like that?" The Raja could not sleep for mortification.

Finally, it was suggested that the Raja should send for Babu Bewakufi. A messenger was accordingly dispatched, and the wise man brought to the palace, securely corked up.

"Uncork him," said the Raja. "Now tell me, why is the palm of my hand hairless, while the back of my hand is covered with hairs?"

"Bestower of Munificence!" replied the wise man. "Your august palm is hairless because you are always bestowing wealth on your faithful and admiring subjects."

"Not bad," said the Raja, grudgingly, "but not good enough. Are you putting me on a level with the common people? I am informed that my subjects also have no hair on the palms of their hands."

"Master of our Destinies!" replied the sage, promptly. "The hands of your people are hairless through constantly receiving the bounty of your Royal Highness."

The Raja was still dissatisfied. "What about those who have forfeited my princely favour?" he demanded, frowning. "Even they, I am given to understand, have no hair on the palms of their hands."

"If that be so, O Rewarder of Virtue, it is because such miserable and misguided wretches are eternally wringing their hands."

"Good," said the Raja. "Cork him up. Henceforth he shall be my chief adviser."

Now the Raja had a daughter, and it came to pass that a dwarf and a giant demanded her in marriage. The Raja did not care for either suitor, but owing to political considerations, he had to take one or the other. He sent for Babu Bewakufi, that he might judge between the two candidates in full darbar.

"Uncork him," said the Raja, when the wise man was brought. "Now, behold these applicants for my daughter's hand. Which of them shall I choose?"

"Has your Royal Highness any preference?" enquired the sage, cautiously.

"Both are equally undesirable," replied the Raja. "The giant demands one of my subjects for dinner

every day. Not that my subjects are of any importance; what I object to is the inconvenience. As for the dwarf, he insists on casting spells on my women-folk, and interfering with the processes of nature. The giant and the dwarf are equally powerful. Whichever one I choose, will cease his own nefarious activities as far as I am concerned, and prevent his colleague from annoying me. Which of them shall I take as my son-in-law?"

"The dwarf," replied Babu Bewakufi, without hesitation.

"Why?"

"Because, of two evils, one should always choose the lesser. Quick, cork me up!"

"You need not trouble to cork him up!" roared the giant, in a rage at having the case decided against him.

"Why?" asked the Raja.

"Because, of two fools, one should always choose the greater." And, taking Babu Bewakufi by the ears, he swallowed him in one gulp.

"Ah, well," said the Raja. "The fellow's wisdom wearied me, anyway."

THE END

Song of the Vagabond

I am a vagabond but never ask me

From where I came,

I only know that I came like a shadow,

I'll pass like a flame.

Everyone that you meet on the roadway

And in the street,

Without his knowing hides a great vagabond's

Tune in his feet.

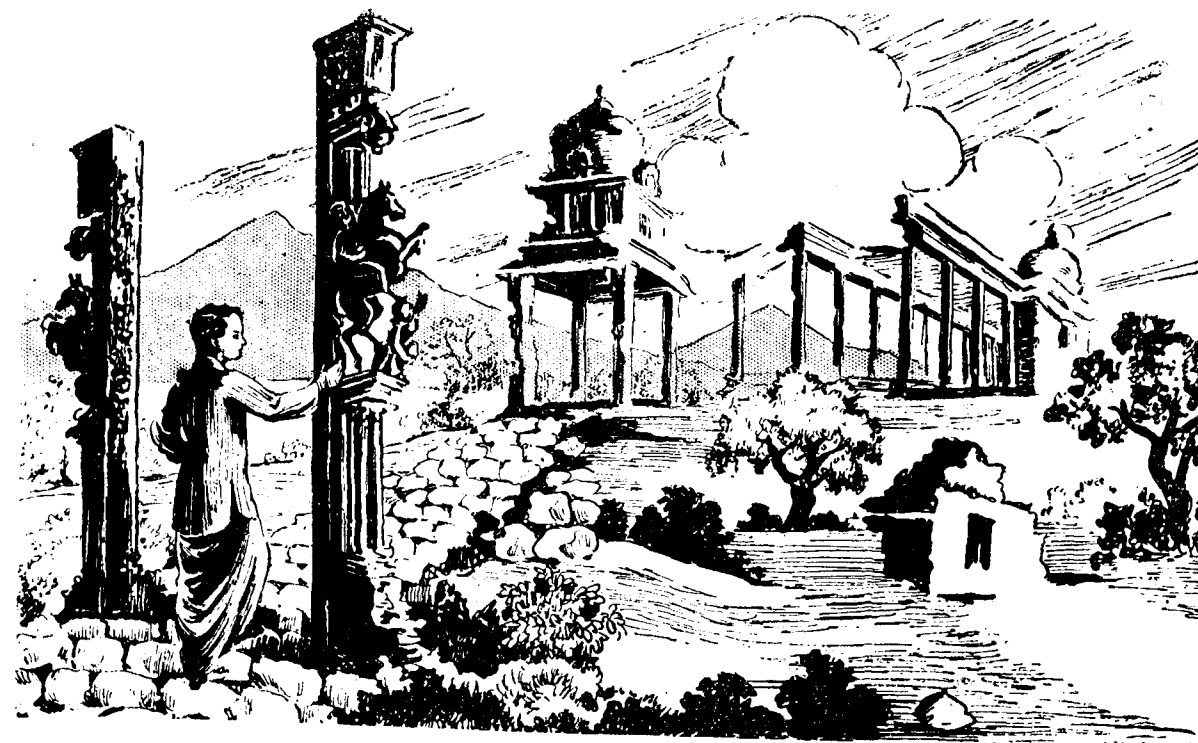
What is the sun but a vagabond's laughter,

What are the stars but a vagabond's tears?

And the wide world is a wandering vagabond,

Looking for someone through the long years.

—Harindranath Chattopadhyaya



The Lunatic—

P. K. N.

Reading Time • About 8 Minutes

Illustrated by Varma

THE incident (he began) happened nowhere round here. It was in the Vindhya hills. I don't know whether you know that district. The hills are nothing so high as these, but there is a lonely world, an eerie atmosphere about them. Dreary, perhaps, but fascinating. You feel as though you might suddenly come upon a race of prehistoric people somewhere in the folds of those hills. I had set out one fine morning in very early spring for a day's hiking. I soon left the little town I had started from, far below me, and then leading the road, struck off on to a narrow moorland track which seemed to lead right into the heart of the hills.

It was about an hour later I remember that I stopped to light a cigarette and stood for a few minutes looking round. I had just come over the shoulder of a little bluff. Below me, the path plunged steeply down between high banks into a narrow valley. All round were fold upon fold of grey hills and jungle. Not a house, not a sign of civilisation. The sun was bright in an almost cloudless sky, but even this somehow

seemed to make the scene more gloomy. Not a bird—no sound but the wind.

I was soon at the bottom of the hill, where the track crossed a little stream by an old stone bridge. I was not a little surprised to see a fair-sized house, hitherto hidden by a bend in the road, standing about fifty yards away on the further side. It was of grey stone, a farm-house evidently, but probably long deserted, for it had the air of a place forgotten.

I was curious to discover what forgotten haunt I had lighted upon, and pulled out my map. I soon found the place. Ratnapuri Jemindari it was called. A little higher up a temple was marked. Strange to find a temple in this out of the way corner of the world.

As I drew near I saw that it was even more dilapidated than I had thought at first. The windows were dirty and broken. Tiles were missing from the roof. It was evidently years since the place had been inhabited.

As I paused for a moment at the gate I was considerably surprised to see an old man coming out of the side door of the house. He was a very old man, with a long white beard and wrinkled face. As he came towards me, with slow steps and bent figure, he looked as though he might have been Father Time.

I gave him *namaskar* thinking that I might enquire from him the history of that deserted place. The old man looked at me. He was dressed in old-fashioned clothes, rusty, almost rags; and his face had a curious expressionless appearance. Except for the eyes it might have been cut in ivory.

"Good day to you, sir," he said. His voice seemed to come reluctantly from some depths of his body as though it had long been stored away unused. "It is not often that we have a stranger here now-a-days. Perhaps you'll be wanting to see the temple. Come with me, sir, I'll show you round."

I thanked him and said I should be very pleased to do so. As we walked together up the hill, I tried to question him about the place, but he seemed not to hear. He simply shuffled along, his eyes on the ground and making muttered exclamations I was unable to catch.

The temple soon came into sight. It was set on a little eminence and surrounded by a grove of stunted *Tulsis*. It seemed completely neglected. The gate through which we passed had rusted off its hinges. The granite pillars were fallen and dilapidated. The entrance porch of the western door was ankle deep in old dry leaves.

My guide paused before the door and after some fumbling in the recesses of his clothes, drew forth an ancient looking bunch of keys, one of which he fitted into the iron-bound key hole. The door swung open at last and the old man motioned me to enter. The interior was dark and cold. Inside, there was nothing of interest. The usual brasses studded the walls.

There were no idols. The only remarkable thing about the temple seemed to be its presence in that forgotten wilderness.

The old man touched me on the arm. "Come and see the vaults now, sir," he said, and it struck me that there was an ill-concealed note of eagerness in his voice. I was beginning to tire of the gloomy atmosphere of the whole place and should have preferred to get back into sunshine again, but it seemed discourteous to refuse the old man when he had been at such pains to show me the place. So I followed him. We went out through a small door at one end

of the temple into what appeared to be the store room, from which a further door opened on to a flight of narrow stone-steps descending into blackness. My guide took a candle from a crevice and lit it with trembling fingers, and began to descend the steps. I followed cautiously. The stairs were very old and worn and

the walls were damp and lichen stained. Our descent soon stopped before another heavy door which the old man unlocked and pushed slowly open. Holding the candle aloft he motioned me to go in.

The flickering light of the candle was reflected from groined arches and heavy pillars. We were in a fair-sized vault. Turning round to my guide I remarked: "An interesting place. What was it used for? Surely it has some history?"

"Dark things happened here, sir. They say this temple was used by the fleeing Marathas, when they were being hunted by the soldiers of Delhi. A long time ago that would be, sir. They say that one day the Mohammedans came here and caught them at it. The soldiers seized them and threw them in the vault here and left them to rot. The skeletons of near a score of men were found here when it was opened. That was not more than a hundred

years ago. I've often heard my grand-father speak of it.

"But blacker deeds have been done here since then," he added suddenly, in a strange, choking voice. He clutched my shoulder, and in the uncertain candle-light, his face seemed to be working horribly. "Aye, and blacker deeds are going to be done. A place of blood this has always been and a place of blood it always will be." His voice rose to a shriek, echoing and re-echoing through the vault. Before it had died away and as I stood uncertain hardly knowing what to do, he raised the candle high above his head and sent it flying to the opposite wall. En route it was extinguished. Then, through the awful blackness rang a shriek, terrible in its intensity; there was a shuffling of feet, a dull thud as the heavy door swung to. Overwhelming, all-pervading silence.

It had happened so quickly that I must have been mentally stunned. It was some seconds before I recovered. Then I groped my way over to the door, only to find it fast bolted on the other side.

I don't mind admitting that I felt frightened. My friend with the white beard was evidently a dangerous lunatic, but this reflection did not help matters. Here was I penned up in that ghastly vault, full of dead men's bones, without food, without water, miles removed from any possibility of help.

After the melodramatic beginning I am afraid you'll find the sequel rather tame. If this had all happened in a magazine story, I suppose I should have been rescued just as I was on the point of expiring, or else I should have performed some wonderful acrobatic feats and climbed out through a hole in the roof. As it was I simply walked out. Still it was quite exciting enough for my taste. You see, I managed to find the candle, lit it and proceeded to make a thorough search of the vault. Eventually, I found a small door-way blocked up with stones and rubbish, which after some trouble I managed to clear. It led into a second vault, which had been probably as strong as the first originally, but which had fallen into complete ruins, so I was able to pick my way over the debris, and emerged into the light of day just behind the temple.

I say 'light of day', but as a matter of fact, it was growing dark. If the scene had been gloomy at mid-day it was ten times more so now in this eerie twilight. I hurried out on to the road, but before I had gone more than a dozen paces, something prompt-

ed me to turn and look back. There, not twenty yards behind, hobbling towards me with ghastly eagerness, one hand outstretched as if to seize me, his beard and face showing white against the gathering darkness, was the old man. I have fairly steady nerve as a rule, but it had been strained too much that day. I turned and ran, blind, terrified, not caring where I went, so long as it was away from that accursed spot. I must have gone a couple of miles before I pulled up and managed to compose myself. Then I went on at a more moderate pace and soon struck the main road. A quarter of an hour later I had reached the Traveler's Bungalow and was resting myself in an easy-chair.

A good dinner soon drove away all the superstitious fancies I had been indulging in. When it was cleared away, I told my story to the genial old watchman, finishing up by asking him who the dangerous lunatic was who inhabited the hall at Ratnapuri Jemandari.

"Well, sir," said the watcher, rather hesitatingly, "it's queer, but the old man you've been describing might be old Ram Kishore, the Zemindar who used to live at the hall there. Poor man, he saw his only son run over and killed by a motor lorry and went mad."

"And the poor chap lives all alone in that miserable place?"

"Old Ram Kishore committed suicide ten years ago," he said at last. "His body was found with the throat cut in that vault you've been talking about."

THE END

Pubs Ki Jai I

"I regard the pub as a valuable institution—politically a centre of sanity, socially a common ground for the classes, and for temperance purposes an instrument of control,"—says A. P. Herbert, M. P. for Oxford.

A Wife Repents

There is now a case before the French courts. A woman who sold her husband to another woman for 7500 francs fifteen years ago, has repented of that transaction and is praying for a declaration that Robert Maxwell Granger is her legal husband, and that the other woman has no right to him. One of the exhibits produced is the bill of sale 'conveying' Granger to the other party.

That Rainy Day—

by Koi Hoi

Illustrated by Sekar

Reading Time
About 5 Minutes

FOR the fifth day Roland Barton was about to start job-hunting in the city, and he was in a black mood. Even Sybil, who had been his wife for some seven months, failed to cheer him.

"I'm *not* looking on the black side of things," he said. "A nice state of affairs, this! Married well under a year, and here I am, out of work, two months behind with the rent, and scarcely a bob left. I don't mind for myself so much—it's you!"

"Don't bother about me," said Sybil. "It wasn't your fault the beastly firm went smash. If we can only hang on for a month or so that man Lawson will be back from London. He said he'd always give you a job if you needed one. I believe your uncle Sam would, too."

Roland grunted. "Him? Why talk nonsense? I'm an architect—not an umbrella-maker. Besides, what sort of treatment d'you think we could expect from him after the wedding present he gave me? One of his own umbrellas. Think of it?"



He prides himself on his sense of humour, so I suppose he thought it dam' funny to give an umbrella to a man who has always hated 'em. And when I was a kid I used to think he was generous!"

"You're talking nonsense," Sybil told him. "And, by the way, take the umbrella with you to-day. You've never taken it yet, but it's bound to rain. The weather forecast says so."

At first Roland refused. He hated the bother of carrying an umbrella. But Sybil was insistent.

She looked at the stand where the umbrella had rested, handsome but untouched, save for an occasional flick of a duster, ever since uncle Sam sent it.

"To please me, dear," she begged. "You can't wear your heavy overcoat to day, and it is going to rain,

See! It's starting now! It would be silly to get soaked, and perhaps get pneumonia or something horrible like that, and be a lifelong invalid, or die without paying up the rent, or before Mr. Lawson gets to Bombay again."

"Oh, all right," Roland said. "Hand me the wretched thing. But for heaven's sake don't open it indoors. They say that's bad luck, and we don't need any more. You've been darn good about everything, Sybil. Some girls would have started to scratch and rave, or gone squalling back to their mothers and fathers. Come on, then; I'll shove off."

"May be, you shouldn't go at all. It's starting to pour. Besides, what difference does one day make?"

"You never know; it's dogged men who get a good job eventually."

He opened the door, and gazed resentfully at the sky; then took the umbrella from her, removed its protective cover, and opened it.

"What was that?" he asked. "I thought I saw something fall. Did you?"

Sybil was already swooping daintily down on a roll of paper. There were, indeed, two pieces of paper. One was a cheque for one thousand rupees payable to Roland and signed by his uncle, Sam Salter. On the other, in his scrawly handwriting, were these words:

"A little something to cheer you up when you meet 'that rainy day.' S.S."

Roland and Sybil went back into the house. They were very happy.

Roland said, "We'll 'phone for a taxi and go to the Marina."

"And we'll call on your uncle to thank him," said Sybil. "And you'll take the umbrella with you, of course. Your uncle's marvellous!"

THE END



The Sins Of Sunday

Reading Time
About 5 Minutes



And only luck has saved me from the gallows.

ONCE, many years ago it seems, when Sunday morning dawned, I'd briskly rise up from my bed, and when I'd stretched and yawned, and used my Tek and Lifebuoy Soap (which claims to be the foe of that distressing social fault politely termed B. O.), and done my "daily dozen," and quaffed a cup of tea—I'd straightway hie me off to Church, filled deep with piety.

But now, alas! since I've become a wicked dabbler in the Disrespect-for-the-Sabbath craze my Sunday's full of sin.

My Sunday now will often find me perpetrating crimes such as I never would be guilty of in olden times.

Take Sunday morning golf, for instance.

I could blush for shame whenever I recall the words I utter in this game. And not just words,



Whilst wifey paddles near the shore.

but deeds! I lose control of speech and head. I burst blood vessels, break my clubs and the grinning caddy's head. I cheat, I move the ball and add no strokes when no one sees. And only luck has saved me from the gallows at the tees.

And later at the nine teenth hole, that Mecca of the links, I tell amazing bare-faced lies, and sink unnumbered drinks.

Sometimes, the aftermath of following the King of Sports (or Sport of Kings), on Sunday morn I'm filled with murderous thoughts. The favourite always fails when on its back I stake my shirt. And if I back a long-shot, I enervate its spurt. I ask an owner: "Will it win?" "Of course, my lad," says he, "it'll walk home." But it doesn't. And the walk-home's done by me.

So Sunday finds me short of cash and short of temper too. The income-tax remains unpaid. The rent is overdue.....

Now that I mention rents and taxes, here's another sin for which my Sunday often finds me lightly going in:

Though well I know I shouldn't work nor let my wife work too, nor even servant, ox nor ass, nor yet the stranger who invades my gates, I must confess I give them lots to do. 'The stranger in my gates' is my poor landlord who is *always* 'strange' with me because he climbs

Sunday

by Albert A. Roland

Sketches by the Author

so many stairs on Sundays, then is asked to call again—or take the chairs.

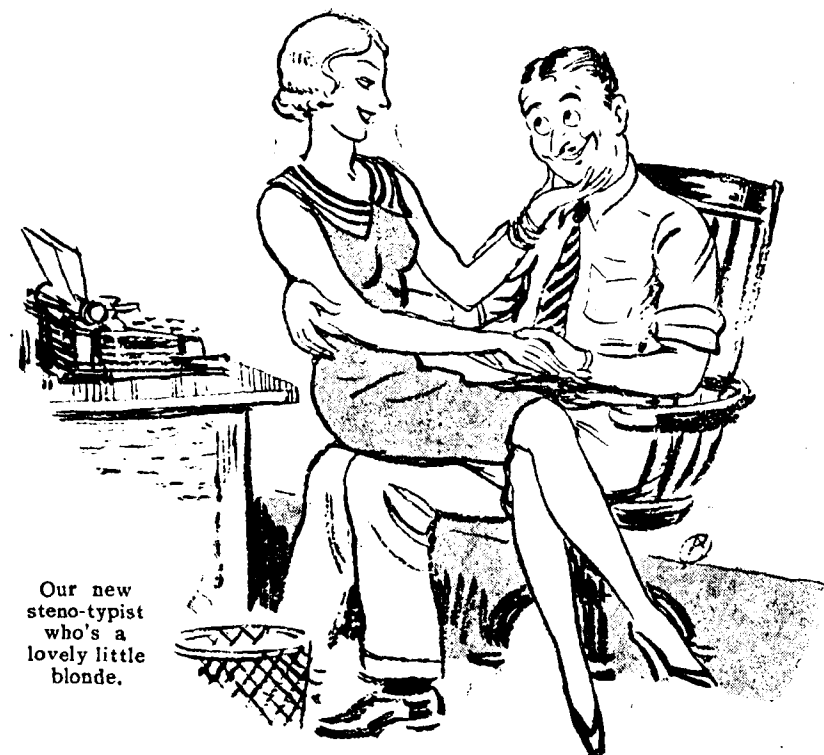
My servants have a busy time with wifey whose one aim is tidying up and hiding things I'll never find again. I have no ox nor ass, unless that term could be applied to wifey's mother who lives here, a thorn within my side.

Then sometimes in my office I'll spend an afternoon. "Arrears of work," I say. But I'll admit it's just to spoon with our new steno-typist who's a lovely little blonde, and who of me (and of my presents) is plainly growing fond.

Sometimes the blonde and I will go to movie matinees—half price on Sundays. (Save for gambling, I've some thrifty ways.)

Then I indulge in bathing (mixed) at Puri's charming beach. This in itself is no great sin, but there I like to teach my girlfriend how to swim, whilst wifey paddles near the shore. And when the moon comes up (or doesn't) who could ask for more?

And oft into the country, braving dust and bullock-carts, I'll drive my ancient car, first

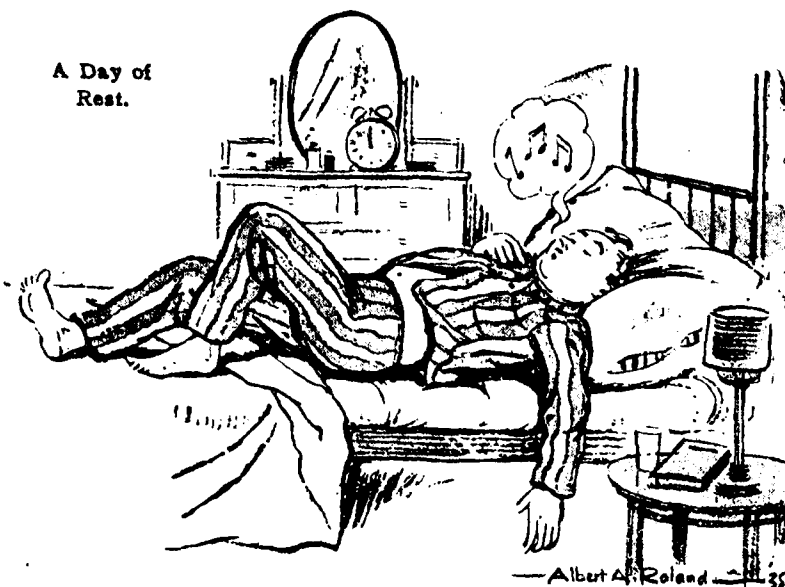


Our new steno-typist who's a lovely little blonde.

making sure I've got spare parts. Like Johnnie Walker, car and wife (who sometimes comes along) were born in 18-something; but, unlike him, not going strong, except for making lots of noise and causing me to lose my patience and my temper and for driving me to booze.

But greatest of my Sunday crimes, I think you will agree, is reading English Sunday papers which are rightly said to be replete with scandals, crimes and murders of first degree—and other thrills which shouldn't appeal, but somehow do, to me!

My only Sunday virtue is, I often do my best, by rising say at twelve, to make this day a "Day of Rest."



A Day of Rest.

THE END

—Albert A. Roland—

ITS FUTURE USE !



Mother (To Music Teacher): What do you think of my daughter's voice ?

Teacher: Powerful. It may come in handy when she would be having a row with her mother-in-law.

Star Snaps—

A Gable Fraud!

A young and enthusiastic Gable fan crossed a thousand miles on rail to speak to Clark Gable and, incidentally to get his autograph. She reached Hollywood wherefrom she went to Catalina, not a long distance considering the thousand miles she had already traversed, where Clark Gable was on location. She asked an electrician to point out Gable to her and he did. She went over to the man indicated. It was Gable but he was in costume without make-up and with his usually slicked hair falling in his eyes. The fan was doubtful if that was her star. She asked him how Gable would feel if he knew that a girl-fan had travelled over a thousand miles to see him. "Dreadfully flattered," replied Clark.

"Do you want me to believe you are Clark Gable?"

"Yes, lady, I am," came the reply.

She almost bowled him with: "You should be ashamed of yourself, trying to pass off as Clark Gable. You're probably his stand-in—I doubt even that. I'm going to report you to Mr. Gable when I see him and you will see what happens to you." And with that she stalked off!

The Real Patrons.

Who are the chief patrons of films? How many times per week do cinema-fans go to pictures? This was an investigation conducted by London Film Productions. The results showed that the business and the clerical classes form over 75 per cent of the film-goers 'regular', and they go twice a week. The questionnaire was distributed widely and no less than 10,000 picturegoers answered it. Neither the youngsters under 15 nor oldsters over 60 form any considerable proportion of the 'fans'—150 under 15 and 400 over 60, in the ten thousand seeing pictures.

Sixty percent of the picturegoers are between 22 and 45, while fifteen percent are between 46 and 60 and 18 percent between 15 and 21 years of age.

The occupational analysis (percentage) is as under:—

Clerical 22.4; Home duties 16.7; Professional 15.0; Industrial 9.4; Scholastic 6.6; Employers 4.35; Independent Shop-Assistants 4.0; Arts and Crafts

3.37; Civil servants and municipal employees 3.5; Independent shop-keepers 3.39; Transport Workers 1.7; The Service 1.6; and Agriculture 1.2.

The figures show that people attend the cinema in this fashion:—Daily 153; four times a week 113, three times a week 819 twice a week 2,760, once a week 3,792, once in 10 days 260, once a fortnight 314, and once a month 416.

Those who saw films only "occasionally" numbered 824.

In India, the 'home-duties' and 'agriculture' can be omitted and the analysis will be much the same.

Making Money By Making Noises

Making noises is a profession in Hollywood.

There are about 25 people going through life making noises, and making fortunes at the same time.

Their names are never shown on the screen, and nobody outside the studios knows who they are. Yet the films would be a great deal poorer without them.

This group of noise-makers is almost a closed corporation. No others can gain admission for the purpose of imitating birds and crying babies or for screaming, grunting, neighing like a horse or mooing like a cow.

Pinto Colvig is the voice of Pluto the Pup and other characters in the *Mickey Mouse* cartoons.

When hiccupping was needed on the set of *The Milky Way*, Ruby Ray was secured.

Miss Ray, singing in grand opera last year is now Hollywood's leading bird-imitator and artistic whistler. She whistles in her money now.

Tommy Carr, a wireless performer, became a stutterer in *It is a Great Life*.

The best and the most expensive stutterer in Hollywood is Roscoe Ates.

Hollywood's best baby-crier is a man! Name, Eddie Delmar.

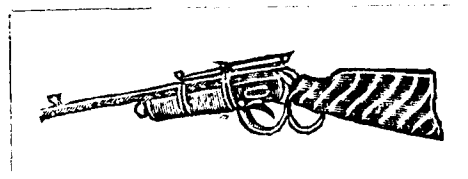
Claire Vincent is the leading screamer.



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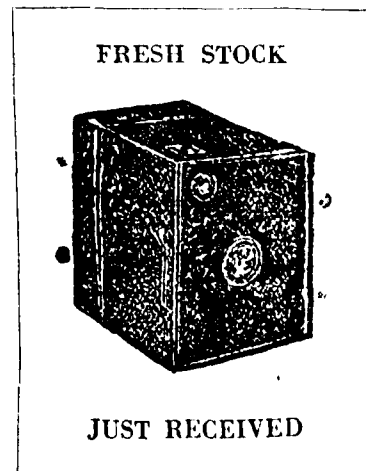
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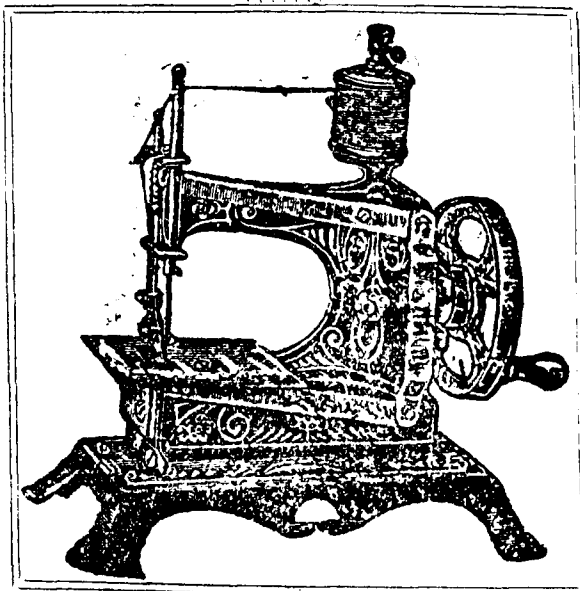


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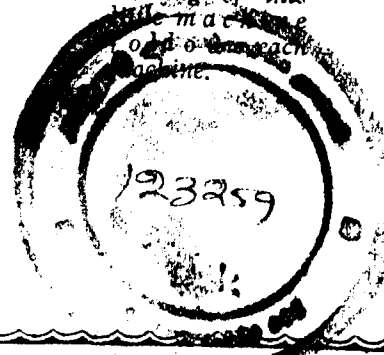
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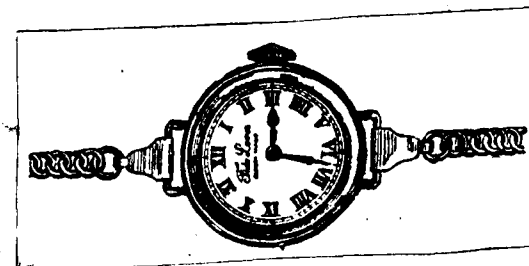
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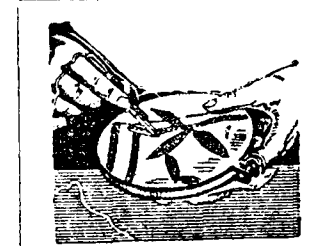
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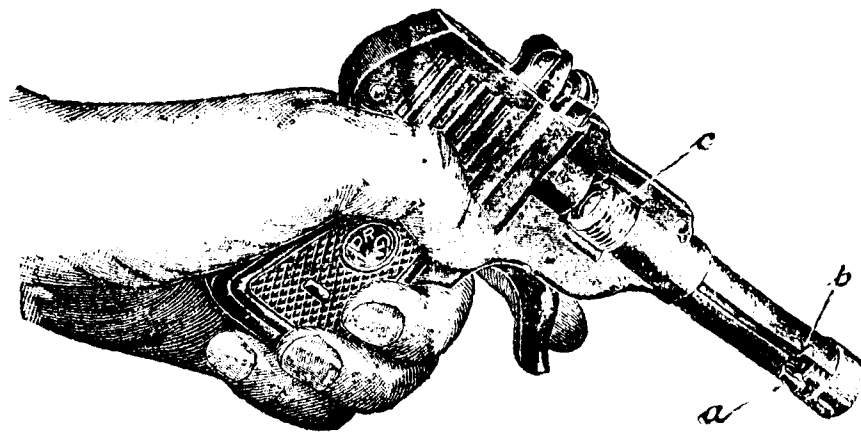
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