

567

The MERRY MAGAZINE

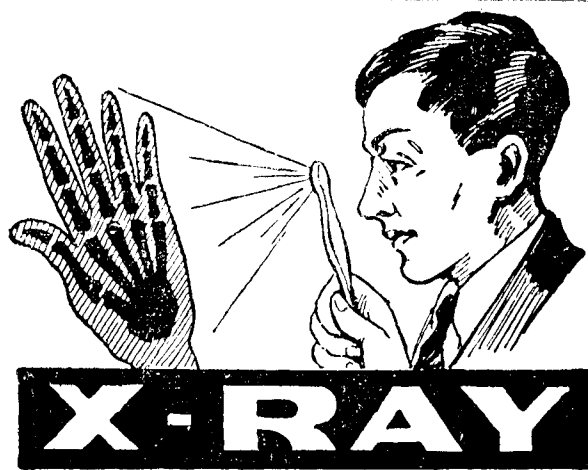


Vol. IV Madras, 18th January, '36 No. 3

Thirupathi
- V. V. R. -
- Artiji -

- Prakrit -
A. T. M. Thomas
- Embusque -





The Marvel of the Age

A mysterious scientific illusion
—A Six-in-one X-ray which
makes you see

The lead running
through a pencil.

The Rubber Tube in
a Fountain Pen.

The Bones, joints etc.
in your hands and
fingers and the interior
of a pipe stem, etc.

Includes—

Reading glass,
Ophthalmoscope,
Stencil cutter,
Mirror, Paper
pattern cutter,
Coin tester,
Excellent glass
cutter, etc.

Rs. 2/-
Per piece
Postage extra

THE ZIP STORES & AGENCY
Post Box No. 1358, G. T. Madras

OLD RECORDS MADE NEW
NEW RECORDS MADE NEWER



123261 You spend a lot of money on the
purchase of Gramophone records.
The records get worn out after
sometime. You do not enjoy them
as when you purchased them. But
smear a few drops of Zip gently on
the record with a little piece of soft
cotton. The record releases the
voice at once rich and original.

Zip is necessary for the new
records too. Frequent slight touches
of Zip make the records last a life
time. The voice is ever fresh.

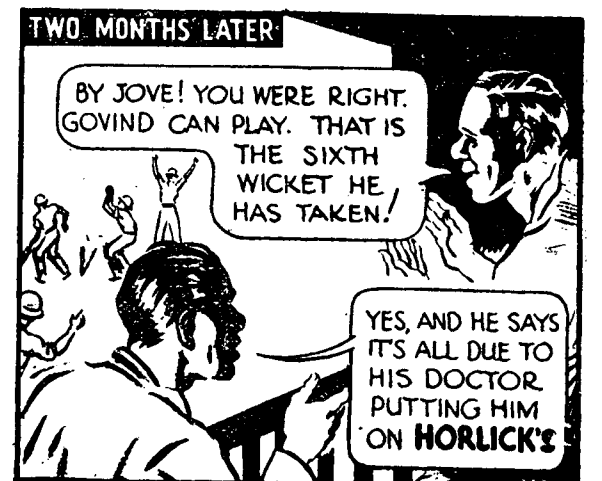
Zip is scientifically made.

Price per bottle Rs. 2-12-0

(Postage extra)

Directions sent with the bottle.

THE "ZIP" STORES & AGENCY
P. B. 1358, MADRAS



You can't do well if you're ALWAYS TIRED

IF you find that you're just too tired to exert yourself and do your best in work or sport, it's a sure sign that you're using energy faster than you can replace it. You are suffering from ENERVATION.

Doctors recommend Horlick's at bedtime because it guards against ENERVATION. Horlick's is 100% nourishment and quickly replaces energy. You wake feeling keen, vigorous and fit.



HORLICK'S GUARDS AGAINST
ENERVATION

The
MERRY
MAGAZINE



Madras, Jan. 18, '36

*C*ontents

FEATURES

Sparks from our Anvil	...	...	...	3
Mr. Merry, His Page—	...	...	...	4
The March of Events	By The Man On The Move	...	...	6
N. E. W. S.	...	...	...	8
Fun For All	...	...	...	9
Star Snaps	...	...	...	16
The General Alarm—Joyfull	...	...	...	17
Auntie Awful	...	...	...	26
Do You Know?	...	...	...	27

SHORT STORIES Etc.

Sight-seeing In Venice	By Artiji	...	10
Suicide!	By Thirupathi	...	13
The Knighted Buccaneer	By V. V. R.	...	20
A Lover Of Music	By Yen Kay	...	23
The Castor Oil Kid	By Pinch	...	25
A Bedtime Story	By A. T. M. Thomas	...	28
The Case of the Infatuated Duke	By Embusque	...	31
Menaka (Tamil Talkie)	By Prakrit	...	34
The General She-Election	By Old Soldier Jim	...	36
The Day's First Sight	By Cross S. Devasahayam	...	38
Pay Day	By M. N. S.	...	39

ILLUSTRATED JOKES

The Test	...	5
Wholesale Business	...	22
No Thorn But Has A Rose!	...	33



Omega

Bald Heads

Treated with sympathy—the subject we mean. This is an age of assertion, of communal and sectional representation. We are glad to see baldheads coming to the fore.

Artiji

Sightseeing in Naples

There is a saying about seeing Naples and dying. Nobody ever did it—the dying—and not likely to, as witness Artiji, who is very much alive and kicking.

A. M. Menon

Taking It By Storm

Which shows that most things could be taken if you are cheeky enough.

V. V. Narayanan

Hiralal Gets It

Don't be tight-fisted where your nephew is concerned, or you will get it as Hiralal did.

SPARKS FROM OUR ANVIL

According to a scientist, the music of the spheres has turned out to be a kind of jazz.

Another illusion gone; we had thought it was a kind of gas!

At a recent demonstration, the King of Italy was publicly seen in the company of Sgr. Mussolini.

This shows that monarchy in Italy not only lives, but moves!

It is thought that the Five-Power Naval Conference may become a six-power conference.

It is even likely to end in sixes and sevens.

His Highness the Agha Khan says that he's interested in racing only as an industry.

We hope he will give us tips how to succeed in it!

'Gandhiji's Health: Sceptic Teeth Pulled Out.'—says a headline in a local contemporary.

Believe it or not!

Speaking at a Durbar, a Bengal official is reported to have said that terrorism is the road to slavery, not to freedom.

Every detenu knows it, by now, to his cost!

It is authoritatively stated that Dr. Ambedkar's decision to leave Hinduism is not a political stunt.

Nor, so far as we can see, is it a religious hunt!

It is understood that our Chief Minister is to preside over a conference of District Board Presidents.

The Presidential address is expected to be a learned discourse on the mystic doctrine of Bifurcation.

Speaking at the Gokhale Hall demonstration against the policy of the Chief Minister, Mr. Reddy wondered if the civil servant was becoming a civil slave.

It is more likely that he is the evil master!

Speaking at a rate-payers' association, the Hon'ble Mr. Rajan said that there should be greater contact between voters and their representatives.

And, may we add, less of contracts between the ministers and their henchmen?

Sir P. Ginwalla, a former member of the Tariff Board, says that Lancashire cannot hereafter hope for a privileged position in the Indian market as in the past.

It remains to be seen whether Dewan Bahadur Ramaswamy Mudaliar will take up the challenge!

As a result of famine conditions in parts of Bengal, an additional commissioner has been appointed.

Strange that dearth should lead to a harvest!

The Liberal's Lament

*I am a candid friend,—
Not a mere sland'rer.
I see, but won't prevent
The bitter end.
I'm Cassandra.*

*I tell the Government
'You are not wise,
But full of folly.
I hold you so!
Then after certain years,
With tear-filled eyes
And melancholy
Sneers,
I add: 'I told you so!'*

*I tell my countrymen,
The ignorant masses:—
'You are but asses
And super-silly. Yes,
I hold you so!
Then after certain years,
With supercilious
Jeers,
I end: 'I told you so!
Amen!'*

The Moderate Pitt :

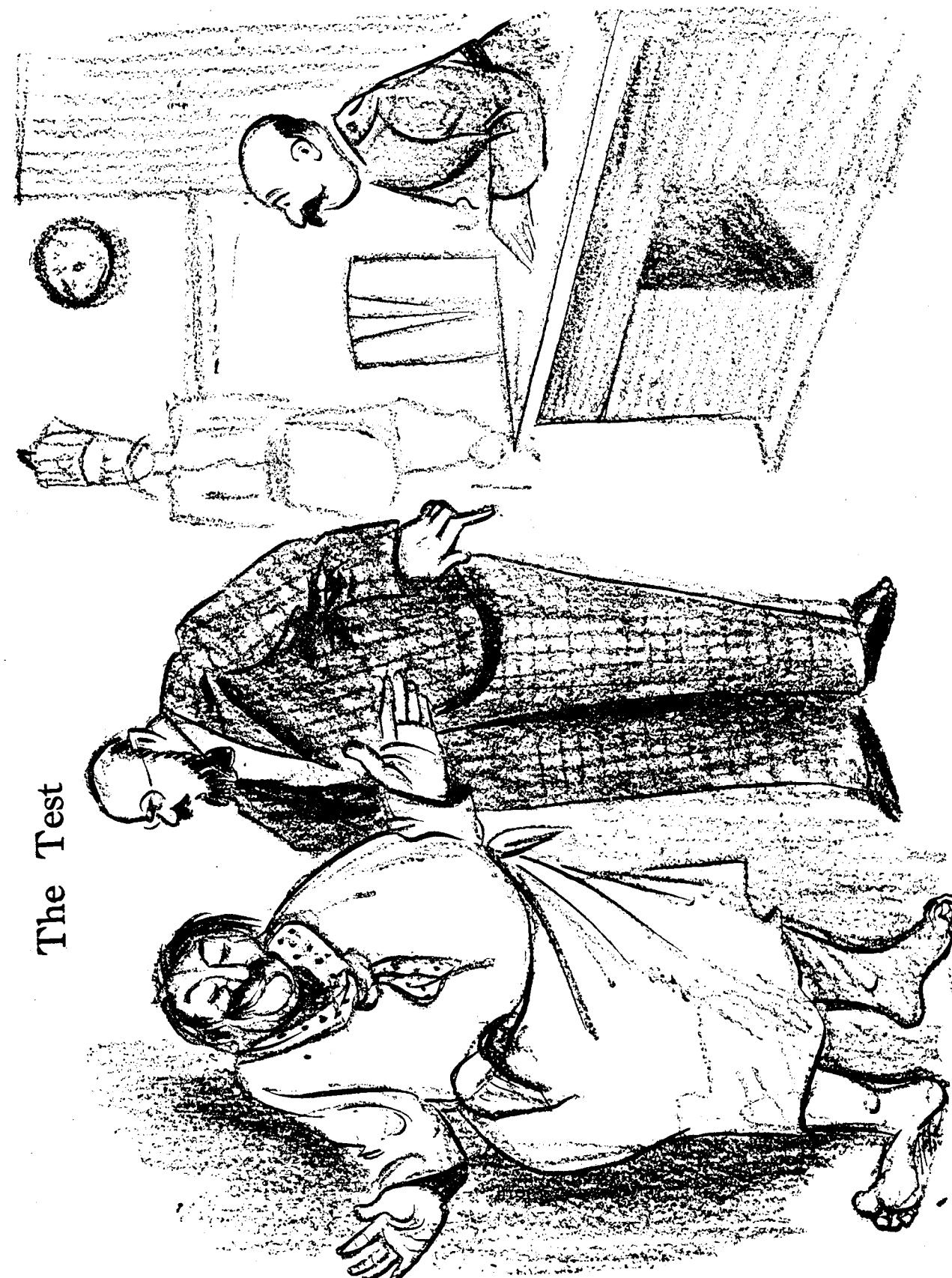
THE Rt. Hon'ble Mr. Sastri is always good copy. Alone among our publicists he has made a life-long sacrifice to the 'graces'; and has carved out for himself a respectable niche as a consummate speaker. He is master of the art of diverting admiring attention from what he says to how he says it. It is fortunate that in the prevailing placidity of the political atmosphere, an opportunity is being given to him to be heard. Unlike other Liberals, he has been growing all along, and has now reached a stage of mellowness of outlook which finds expression in a somewhat unctuous manner. We daresay, few of our readers remember a historic occasion when, speaking in a foreign land, he let himself down and his country by referring to Gandhiji as a madman. Now he is different; he recognises the might of the Congress, nursed through its nonage by the magic touch of that madman. He was a Congressman, and would like to be one again, if only it would or could shed its extremism. We shall not be so uncharitable as to suggest that this advice is inspired by the 'Safety First' principle. But the demands made are so exorbitant, and the prospect of unity offered so precarious that the offer can only be rejected out of hand. Granted that the creed is a stumbling block; how is it a bar to concerted action on a thousand other issues of practical politics? There are many odious things in the Reforms Act; and yet he says that we must work it with a view to neutralise its evil. Why not adopt the same attitude towards the Congress, and wean it from its destructive ways by the superior sway of your constructive effort? But no; the whole trouble with the Moderate creed is that it blights the heart, and palsies the hand, leaving barren intellect alone to register feeble protests and feebler affirmations. Young India pulsates with a new life and

energy which must fulfil itself through action. The Moderates have never offered us anything but a pose!

This does not mean that we scoff at unity; only it must be evolved, not artificially imposed from without. C. R. made an admirable remark in the course of the Jubilee Celebrations. If we emphasise points of agreement between groups and communities, there is a very good chance of organic unity being evolved. It is a good thing that the Moderate is now prepared to understand the point of view of the Congress; respect will in due course be born of understanding. In the meanwhile, it is also necessary to remember that the lines of cleavage will not be the same, but will change and shift with the changing conditions around us. Congress will no doubt seek alliances, if it decides on a course of action through the new councils; but it can never do anything to compromise its unassailable position at the spear-head of the national movement aiming at the completest national self-expression. The Congressmen of to-day are very likely to be among the Moderates of tomorrow. But the Congress will always be slightly in advance of the most advanced and eager spirit in the land. Otherwise, we perish.

The Lahore Test :

The Indians have after all had a slice of luck; and Wazir Ali has succeeded where more spectacular leaders have failed. He has achieved something more: for he has made the defection of Major Nayudu seem insignificant. The Indian team did better than usual, precisely because it was thought to be worse than it was. The majority of the players had nothing to lose, and everything to gain. So they went all out, and not only obtained victory, but deserved it.

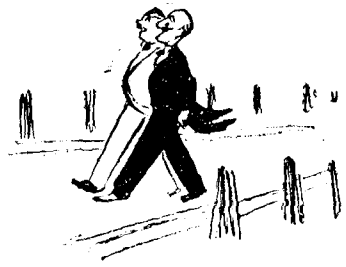


The Test

Doctor :—We'll soon see if you are sober; walk along that line.
Tanner :—Thasseasy—It's sho wavy!

The March of Events

By The Man on the Move



"Work and work with determination, think you are free and you will be free," said Babu Rajendra Prasad the other day at Bombay.

I am so glad Rajen Babu has echoed my thoughts. Imagination, if properly employed, is a potent antidote for the toxic ills of the world, not only in the domain of politics, but also in the larger domain in which man spreads himself.

They say that only poets, lovers and lunatics are endowed with imagination. I say, not at all. Any scallywag can imagine things. I can and do imagine a cartload of things between sunrise and sun-set, and even long after that.

Whenever I feel lonely, starved for good and cultured company, I imagine myself in the Viceregal Lodge. There in those beautiful Moghul gardens of the Lodge, I imagine Lord Willingdon and myself hand in hand slowly wandering about, talking in low tones of Gandhi's teeth and Hoare's nose and things of contemporary interest.

Whenever the mouldy, bare walls of my little room pall upon me, when my aesthetic senses revolt at the eternal banality of it all, I lie back in my bed, close my eyes and start a train of thought that has no end till my aunt butts in. I imagine myself as an Indian prince of the seventeenth century (after Christ) lying

on my couch of down, on a bedstead made of ivory, mother-of-pearl and gold, the whole lot studded with flawless brilliants. The time is dawn. Damask curtains on the windows to the east flutter in the gentle breeze. I yawn a princely yawn. Notes of heavenly music waft to my half-awake ears. Two half-nude slaves await my pleasure at the foot of my bed. I wink at the girls. They lever me up into sitting position. My Vazier comes in shaking in every limb on the urgent business which should have received my attention the previous day. One indolent glance at that poor chap; he shakes himself out of my presence, thanking his stars that he has got his head on his neck. My senior queen comes in, a swan in grace, an elephant in



majesty. She twiddles my nose playfully. "Get up, you brute! It is already eight," she says. I open my eyes. I see my dear old aunt staring benevolently at me.

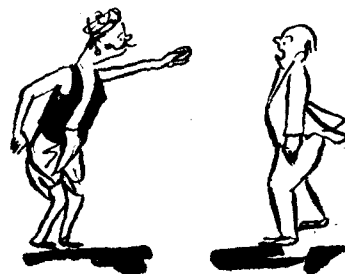
Or again when the unchecked wrongs of the world oppress me, I imagine myself a knight in shining armour, sitting on my noble steed, visor open, dilating my nostrils to smell evil fellows that might be lurking by. My Rosinante is pawing the earth, neighing an urgent invitation to get away. We roam by enchanted streams alive with fairy fish, by frowning castles in which hapless damsels are getting it hot, by mountain gorges peopled by many-

headed dragons, living on air, spearing to death malefactors. An unseen, wicked enchanter throws a spell upon me. I find myself in dhoti and shirt, my Rosinante metamorphosed into a dog with a wagging tail looking up lovingly at me. I chew my pencil savagely, thinking of what to write next.

Oh, it is a swell life, this life in imagination. Try this, my unhappy friends, those of you who feel unequal to facing the sombre realities of life, instead of throwing bombs at chaps who get on your nerves. Close your eyes and sit back. A happy world passes before you in a never-ending procession. No capital outlay, not a pie to spend.

The Officiating Controller of Currency, in his report for the year 1934-35 says that money was easy practically throughout the year, and the Government of India were thus able to borrow three months' money at an average rate of 1.58 per cent per annum.

All I can say is that the Government of India are extremely lucky boys to have been able to borrow money, and that at 1.58 per cent per annum. While money was practically easy for the Government of India, for me it was only theoretically so. I knocked at a number of Marwadi doors. They opened the doors



all right, but nothing much else. One chap with beard growing upwards shook his fist at me instead of shaking my hand, as the others did. In reply I read to him a page out of *Das Capital* and put out my tongue. At last I got at a noble money-lender who advanced me twenty-five rupees at seventy-eight per cent per annum.

How I wish I were Government of India, or at least a bit of it.

★

"Everywhere we go, the same ignorance of cricket knowledge exists which is regrettable..." says C. G. Macartney of the Aussie contingent which the princely munificence of H. H. of Patiala has brought over to this ancient land.

How unfortunate! In the art of government, we are not even novices. Everything has to be decided in England. In inter-provincial finance, we are nowhere. We always add up two and three and four and strike the total as eight. An expert, at great inconvenience to himself, has to come to us from England to adjust our finances as between the provinces and the centre. Of incometax and its assessment, we are neighbours to nothing. We cannot officer our own army. Why? Inefficiency. Most of us don't know the business end of a gun. And top of all comes "Governor General" Macartney with a wallop, calling us cricket ignoramuses. We are beyond redemption.

★

Speaking to an audience of over 90,000 at Atlanta City, President Roosevelt said the other day: "American life has improved these two years and a half, and if I have anything to do with it, it is going to improve more in the days to come."

It may savour of swank, but I must say I have something to do with the improvement in American life claimed by President Roosevelt. Improvement, when it is

not coupled with neurosis, appendicitis, diabetes and other diseases, can only come about with the inflow of money. I see a great many pictures of American origin, particularly those starring, Mae West, Claudette Colbert, Jeanette Macdonald and Loretta Young. The picture-houses I patronise hire the pictures I fancy and pay the producers through a number of middlemen. The producers pay my favourite stars. My favourite stars pay Federal income-tax. You see, therefore, part of my money goes into the U. S. A. coffers.

Of course others, too, pay as I do. But do they give a thought to the future of the money they spend over pictures? They don't. Whenever I buy a ticket at a cinema, mostly, I have the good of the great American Republic in mind.

I assure President Roosevelt that he can always count on my active sympathy and co-operation.

★

Over a little breeze over the invoking of Section 11 of the Madras City Corporation Act, Mr. Satyamurti asked the Commissioner: "Are you running a Corporation or a shop?"



If that is supposed to be ironic sarcasm or sarcastic irony or only a little hot cha thrown away at random, I ask Satyamurti, what is wrong with a shop? How is a Corporation (which means only a body) a superior thing to a shop? The answer to both questions is, of course, a lemon. If ever chance came my way, I would open a shop rather than accept the Commissionership of a municipal corporation.

Any harassed commissioner of a municipality can come to me with capital as my sleeping partner. I will open a shop and demonstrate to all and sundry that running a shop is more dignified than running a corporation. Look at England.



On the Diamond Jubilee of his beneficial reign, I send my respectful felicitations to His Highness the Gaekwar of Baroda. On that happy occasion the Viceroy said that the future of India was now in her own hands.

Those who are inquisitive about India's future would wish to know what their hands hold. To such I would say this:

Close your eyes, facing east. Join your palms before you in prayer. If you are an Atheist like me, think of something, anything, by which you set some store—your favourite film star or Satyamurti or Mahatma Gandhi or Maulana Shaukat Ali will do. Open your eyes and open your palms. Look at your open palms. At first you will see a velvety, purple nothingness. Slowly this nothingness resolves itself into a fast moving panorama. The *Burra Saheb* hangs about in the background with a sorrowful face. The panorama whirls on. And presently you will find a duck sitting on your palms with a golden egg under it.

Sinners need not try this experiment, for they will see nothing except the Devil.

N. E. W. S.

WILLIAM Maven Roman, a miner, eloped with the daughter of his friend, Richard Bradley, in October 1927. At that time, Roman was 34 and his girl, Dorothy, was 6! They were not to be seen afterwards until last year when they came back to pay Dorothy's parents a visit. Dorothy has come with an 'eighteen months' old baby. She married Roman when she was 12 and had the child when she was 13. The result is that Roman is now in prison for 'kidnapping his own wife!' This happened in Lewisberg, West Virginia. The pretty dark-haired, child wife told the judge who tried her husband: "I loved him and longed to go away with him wherever he went and I want to be with him always. Give me back my husband. I love him so!"

The jury is unable to come to a decision and the matter is pending a fresh trial.

During Christmas week, a backwoods mountaineer in Canada, a great number of years behind the times, chanced across a mirror, lost by a passing tourist. Looking into it, he was surprised at what he saw! "Wal, wal, if it ain't my good auld daddy! Blimey, I sh'd 'ave known he'd 'is pitcher took!"

He carried the mirror home and went surreptitiously into his attic to hide it. He didn't, however, reckon his suspicious wife. When he was deep in slumber that night, the wife found it and likewise, looked into it.

"Lor'!" she exclaimed in great consternation, "so that's the old hag he has been chasin'!"

Dr. Morris Fishbein of Chicago has stumbled upon a wonderful surgical method. By this discovery, it is possible to have zip-fasteners for sections in organs requiring frequent looking into. Now a doctor has to cut open the parts to see inside, every time it needs his attention. He performed this feat as an experiment when he was faced with the job of re-opening a wound many times to examine the condition within.

How many laws can a man break in one day? A Melbourne lawyer had done forty, and himself not being aware of it. These offences have cost him in fines amounting to £2550 and 75 years' imprisonment.

This is how, as he states, he has gone about the business:—

"For breakfast," he began the day with this, "I had a black duck which a cousin had sent me, (offence No. 1 against the Game Act.) After breakfast, I set a fox terrier on a hawker. (Offence No. 2.) My wife gave me a letter to post and when I demurred, she offered me a shilling for a drink and I accepted it. (No. 3.) In the train I bought a sweepstake ticket. By carrying a family heirloom sword to the cleaners I broke the Arms Act. I swore at a man who annoyed me, threw an empty cigarette packet on the pavement and so on and so forth. Altogether I had committed forty crimes for the day punishable as above!"

Wanted for a number of offences, Ivan Sleg, a Russian, was arrested and taken into custody in Ostrava, Moravia. Then he was photographed by the police. But when they developed the negative, it was *blank*. They tried a second plate and then a third with no better results. They made the tenth attempt with the same blank record and this started to worry them. They couldn't find any explanation for this phenomenon. They decided to ask the criminal himself and demanded an explanation from him. He said it was a secret and that he would divulge it if they would release him. The police refused to release him. Ivan is holding back.

After twenty-five years of utter blindness, Madge Brewer, of Calne, Wiltshire, curses her restored sight. After a series of operations, she is enabled to see. Seeing things in the light has strangely disillusioned her. In her mind's eye, she had been conjuring up wonderful visions of men and things she couldn't see and the miracle effected is not an unmixed blessing. Most of the faces she had imagined to be beautiful now appear ugly to her. The flowers, only the flowers, which she had known by their fragrance, have not disappointed her.

She learned Braille and knitting when she was blind. Now she has to learn to read from the beginning. Of her feelings in this new experience, Madge Brewer says: "Light tried my eyes at first but now I am getting used to it. I don't know if this is a better condition for me."

Having wheeled his wife in a wheel-barrow from Brisbane to Melbourne, a distance of 1,200 miles, Mr. A. E. Williamson, of Brisbane, now proposes to wheel her back again. He is now on his way, says *Austral News*. This is the longest barrow "Marathon" so far attempted.

Fun For All



Girl (Near Mistletoe): If you're hanging about for a kiss, young man, you're wasting your time.

He: Don't you want me to hang about?

She: No, I want you to start kissing and then hang about it.

"So you were at the wedding. Who gave the bride away?"

"Nobody said a word."

"You were right, John, and I was wrong."

"Forgive me, darling."

Small Boy: Gimme a penny-worth of bird seeds, mister.

Shop-keeper: Bird seeds?

Small Boy: Yes, I want to grow some birds.

Wife: I took great pains with the cucumber salad I made you last night.

Hubby: So did I.

"I say, I'm beginning to lose my memory. What shall I do?"

"Go round to all your pals right away and borrow as much money as you can!"

"How's business?"

"Same as usual. Nothin' doin' in the morning and slacks right off in the afternoon."

"Uncle, don't you think it would be rather foolish for me to marry a girl who was intellectually my inferior?"

"Worse than foolish, my lad, worse than foolish—impossible!"

The busy mother had sent the baby into the garden in charge of his brother and she was soon disturbed by loud cries.

2-18-1-16

"Jim," she shouted, "what is matter with baby?"
"I don't know what to do with him, mother. He's dug a hole in the garden and wants to bring it into the house."

Old Man (Lost in fog and hearing foot-steps): Can you tell me where I'm going?

Weary Voice (From darkness): Into the river. I've just come out.

Passenger: What's the matter, guard?

Guard (Tired of answering stupid questions): A signalman up there has got red hair and we can't get the engine to pass his box.

Customer (In barber's chair): Why in the world did you drop that boiling towel on my face?

Barber: It was too hot to hold, sir.

School Reports

First Term: Smith Minor is trying.

Second Term: " " is still trying.

Third Term: " " is *most* trying.

Kelly: "If I were you, Percy, I should tell him just what I think of him."

Percy: "How can I? The cad has no telephone."

"What is a debtor, pa?"

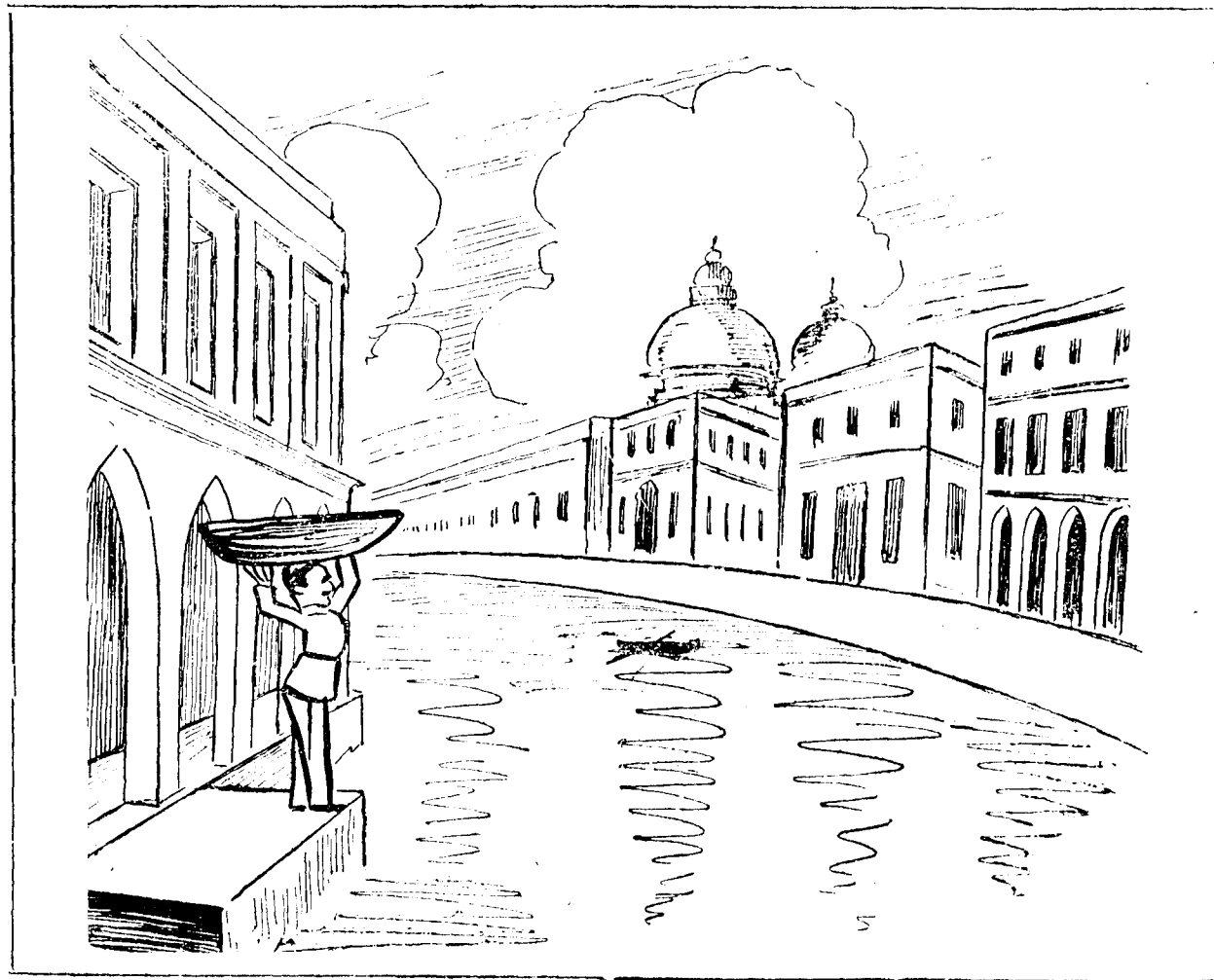
"A man who owes money."

"And what is a creditor?"

"The man who thinks he's going to get it."

"What happens to the horses you follow, Albert?"

"Oh, they usually follow the other horses."



Sight-seeing in Venice

by Artiji

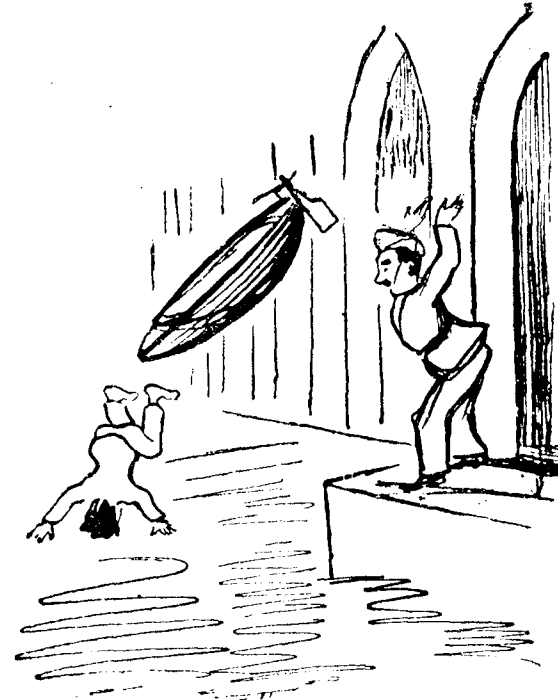
Reading Time • About 7 Minutes

VENICE is intellectually known as the Queen of the Adriatic. It lies in the north eastern coast of Italy and commands neither the Blue Sea, the Red Sea, the Black Sea or the Yellow Sea. People call it the city of a hundred canals. A more appropriate epithet is—the-blooming-town-where-yon-blasted-Italian-munches-his-blithering-spaghetti.

There are four ways of reaching Venice—by land, by sea, by air, or by cadging on the generosity of a wealthy acquaintance. The last method is preferable because it is economical. Seasoned visitors to Venice also carry a certain amount of loose change to warm the

hearts of the Customs officials. I also recommend scrap-iron to be presented on Mussolini's birthday. The finding of a hotel is left to your discretion. I must add however that the Bank of England would go insolvent paying for a bedroom upon the Grand Canal.

Next morning you get up with the lark, yawn, snort, grunt, and stretch your superbly muscular form out of a set of antique pyjamas. The dear old college-tie adorns your immaculate shirt-front, your hair flows neatly back from an intelligent forehead, and you begin to look like a gentleman of fashion after a six-hour doze in the backyard. You reach the entrance



by the simple process of putting your left foot before your right and your right before your left. With a smile for the proprietor and a tip for the waiter you sally forth into the street. A couple of urchins decide to form your guard of honour, inspired, no doubt, by your resemblance to Primo Carnera. You are naturally flattered at this tribute to your personal attractions. Your chin cleaves the air at a new and unnatural angle. The retinue swells to six and then to twenty. Your chest begins to displace an appreciably greater quantity of the Venetian atmosphere. The crowd grows, but its attitude changes from friendliness to a vague hostility. Apprehension comes upon you. Your jaw returns to its original position. In vain you plead, flatter, cajole and protest. Nothing can shake off that cold remorseless stare. You praise, honour, glorify them. No answer. You offer to bring the full force of your influence against the appeal of Economic Sanctions. Only a derisive hiss from the back. You tender some of Mussolini's iron. You hand over your pen-clip for the salvation of the Italian nickel industry. Silence and only silence. Your cigarette end falls to the ground unnoticed and forlorn. There is a rush, a scream, a battle, and above all, a raging yell of triumph. When you recover your senses the crowd has disappeared and so has the cigarette.

A little chastened, you stroll along in the direction of the Grand Canal. It is sunny, wide, open, and the best of its kind in Italy—which isn't saying much,

More by accident than design you find yourself in a rusty gondola. The gondolier bears no resemblance to Clark Gable though he can be likened to Charlie Chaplin. He persists in looking at his reflection (which is not handsome enough to merit the attention) and his utter disregard for traffic signals brings its own inevitable reward. Your gondola comes into violent contact with another. The two boatmen stand upon the prows, swear pleasantly at one another and then depart on their respective missions. When your gondolier's head intercepts the lower section of the railway bridge he proves again the essential self-command of the Italian. He delivers a stirring, well-timed oration on railways in general and offers a few constructive hints for the edification of the Transport Department.

A resume of traffic regulations in Venice is likely to be of more than passing interest. Below is a copy certified by the Society for the Preservation of the Safety of Italian Waterways.

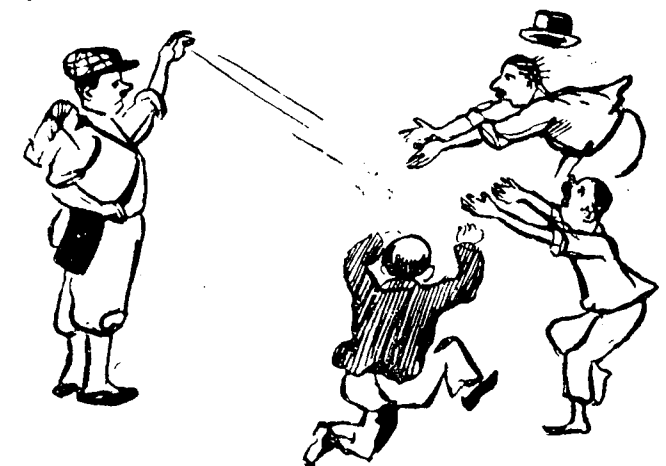
Each gondola shall keep to the right except when overtaking other gondolas which must always be done on the left.

A turning gondola shall signify its intention by pointing the oar in the direction of progression.

No gondola shall proceed at more than 5 m. p. h.

No gondolier shall disregard the directions of the policeman who will be attired in a red bathing suit treading water at the cross canals.

No gondola can anchor on the head of a policeman. Gondolas cannot park opposite business institutions.



Each gondola shall be fitted with a claxon horn and two electric head-lamps.

Gondoliers may not discuss their family history during traffic jams.

Gondoliers who wish to argue with their clientele on the question of fares may do so on the sidewalk.

Gondoliers cannot dump passengers into the canal when the policeman is on duty.

Disregard of these rules will lead to an infliction by the Supreme Court of Justice.

And now to return to the subject under consideration. After traversing the length and breadth of the Grand Canal (and being none the wiser for the process) you alight at the Square of St. Marks, your pockets considerably lighter for the removal of a definite quantity of silver. St. Marks is a cathedral of Byzantine origin which is another way of terming it florid, inartistic and occasionally ridiculous. Entrance to the interior is free—admittance to the crypt is definitely not. The floor is decorated with mosaic *lapiz lazuli* and inquisitive tourists. As for the renowned

square (or piazza if you persist in being authentic) its chief properties are size, space and a comparative freedom from water. The campanile stands in a corner. It is approximately two hundred feet in height, moderately elegant in design and affords a view of every section of Venice except the canals. An interesting compromise between a prison-house and a lunatic asylum is afforded by the Doge's palace which lies immediately to the right of St. Marks. Messrs. Tintoretto, Raphael and Titian have obviously been busy on the inside, but spared the dungeon the expression of their talents. The largest fixed oil painting in the world leads a belated existence on one of the walls.

Apart from the Grand Canal there is very little of interest in Venice. The remainder consists of a hundred and fifty canals, each one narrower than the last. The chief products are spaghetti, spaghetti, and spaghetti. The main industries are the collection of cigarettes and the swindling of inquisitive tourists. The Lido, a couple of miles out, masquerades as a pleasure-resort compounded of a 90 m.p.h. cyclone and a pier that looks like Christmas Day in Alaska. The chief problem so far as Venice is concerned is the method of exit.

THE END

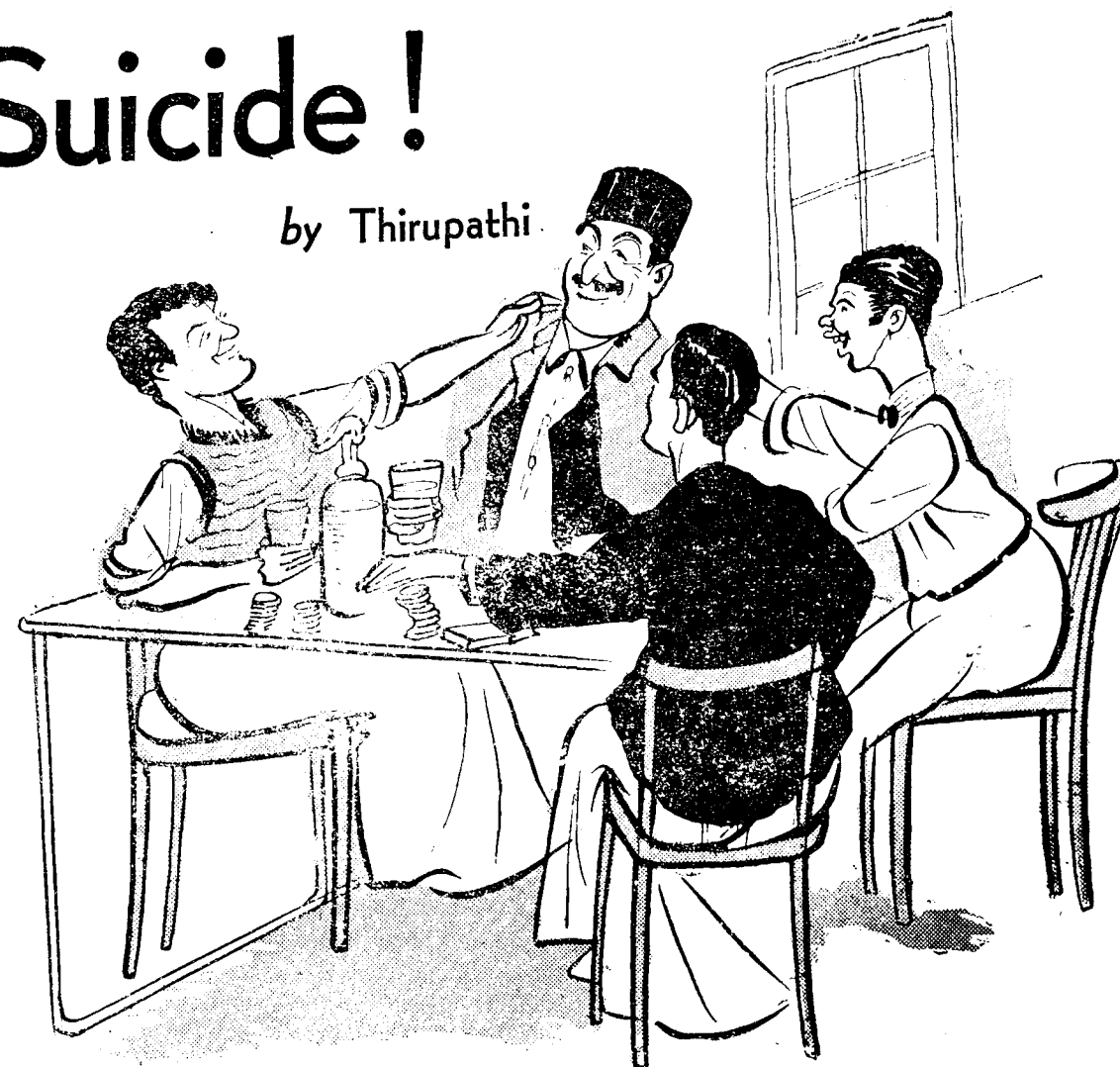
To Contributors

Who send us their literary efforts with breezy instructions to return them immediately if found unsuitable, the Editor wishes to say that unfortunately the Postal Department is not a free service, and that those who want their rejected Mss. back may kindly remember to inclose a self-addressed *stamped* envelope.

—The Editor.

Suicide!

by Thirupathi



Reading Time • About 9 Minutes

ONCE upon a time there lived in Komalpur City three young men. They were inseparables. Their ruling rule of association was like the four heroes of Dumas, One for All and All for One. They appeared in fine clothes; they were to be found in every resort fancied by fashionable folk: they dallied with their lunch in the best restaurants. In theatres and cinemas, their beautifully dressed bodies graced the top classes.

To be leading such a care-free pleasant life they must be rich. They *were* rich. Were they engaged in profitable business? Not exactly. Not in the sense that the word business usually conveys. Did they inherit property from fathers and uncles who

had toiled before them? Not a pie. Then how the devil did they come by their riches?

They were swindlers. They cheated at cards. They haunted likely places to pick up plump chickens. They did pick up the chickens, and they did pluck their feathers in a masterly way.

Except the plucked chickens (and even not all of them suspected anything wrong) nobody knew anything bad of them. Except, of course, the police who smelt a bad odour about the three young gentlemen. And even the sensitive-nosed police did not know precisely the source of that dirty smell.

The three *beaus* being endowed with great powers of observation knew that the police were sniffing at their heels in an unfriendly manner. So they steered their adventurous barque with fine seamanship between the police Scylla and the magistrates-court Charybdis.

Their names by the way were Narayan, Shankar and Brahmananda. The blessed names of the Hindu Trinity. But nothing blessed beyond the names.

In that City lived a young rich Bania, on whom his parents bestowed the fine name of Murahari. He worshipped from a distance this triune with a devotion tinged with admiration worthy of a dog. He followed them about sometimes admiring their graceful gait, the fine cut of their clothes, devouring the scraps of conversation and fashionable scandal that reached him. The apogee of Murahari's worldly ambition was to move as an equal in their charmed society. But how?

On the other side, the three worthies found out long ago how affairs stood with the Bania. They were wise men. They never hustled things. Like the League of Nations they were believers in the potency of Time.

Time moved on. And one fine day Murahari realised his life's ambition. He thrilled to the thought of claiming the privilege of slapping the trinity on their back and calling them, "H'lo, you fellows!"

The trinity were evidently foundlings. Each lived all alone, not counting the manservant, in small bungalows outside the city limits. Brahmananda's house was their rendezvous. This house was fitted out luxuriously like an expensive Club. A billiard table, a library, a smoking room, a cards-table and a gymnasium and a tennis court in the grounds of the bungalow. Of all these appointments in the economy of Brahmananda's bungalow, the cards-table was of course the centre of gravity.

One night the four,—the Bania, and the trinity—sat around the cards-table. Each had at his elbow a glass of soda-softened whisky. Each had before him a pile of money. A game was in progress. How did the Bania, with prudence and discretion running in his blood, come to sit at a table holding cards and staking money? That is a question of psychology. The trinity was a great hand at psychology.

It was all new to him, to Murahari, the cards, the betting, the whisky and the thrill of it all. He gained somewhat at the early stages of the game. Towards the end, he lost all that and the entire contents of his purse. He stared at his new-made friends with a silly glare, smiling in a self-conscious way. They replenished his empty glass.

"I say you fellows," said the Bania, "I am washed out. Will anyone of you lend me a little?"

"Bless his dear old heart!" the trinity said. "What a fellow he was!" Of course they would lend him. "Just a formality you know," said Brahmananda as Murahari put his signature to a demand note for five thousand rupees.

An hour later that five thousand was a thing of tipsy regrets. They separated with protestations of friendship. They were to meet at the urgent request of Murahari next night at the same place and continue the game.

Next night came round. They came round too. Each of the trinity flourished wads of notes amounting in all to over a lakh of rupees. Murahari was impressed. He had but a modest fifteen thousand. All of them were in high spirits, Murahari in particular. The game commenced. The trinity did justice to the liquor. Murahari said it got into his head, and only sipped a little now and anon.

Before midnight the Bania was cleaned out. He was a brave fellow. He bore his losses smiling. He signed off successively half-a-dozen demand notes of five thousand rupees each in favour of one or the other of the trinity. By three o'clock in the morning he had but a couple of hundred rupees left before him.

Narayan shuffled the cards and commenced dealing them.

Murahari rose with a weary smile. "Stay on, old chap. I will just run up to the terrace for a breath of fresh air and come back."

"Of course, of course," said the trinity.

The Bania ascended the terrace, alone. The trinity looked at one another a little anxiously. Brahmananda shook his head. "Bah. He lacks the nerve to do it." At which the remaining two-thirds of the trinity sighed happily. They filled their glasses and toasted the health of the absent Murahari facetiously. They raised their glasses to their lips. They never drank the contents.

In that cold silent air, a pistol shot rang out from the direction of the terrace. As one man the trinity ran up to the terrace.

It was a dark night, darkest before dawn. The light from the stars was but feeble. They made out

a human form spread out unnaturally in the middle of the terrace. They rushed to it. The form was Murahari. His discarded coat was lying away from him. A pistol still warm from discharge was on one side of him. On his back, below the neck, was a dark patch. Under him was a little pool gaining volume from the free out-flow of blood. In his right hand, held tight, was a scrap of paper. The suicide was breathing in spurts and letting out gurgles.

Brahmananda, the boldest of the trinity, knelt before the dying man and released the scrap of paper from his hand. He struck a match and shading it with his palm, read the scrawl on the paper. He shouted, "God help us! We are done!"

That cry of despair was justified, for the scrap of paper contained a confession and an accusation. It said:

To the Police—

I should not have gambled. But these three scoundrels Narayan, Shankar and Brahmananda decoyed me here. They cheated me at cards. They have robbed me of all I am worth. So I end my life.

Murahari.

"W—a—t—e—r" said the sprawling form. Narayan rushed downstairs and brought up a glass of cool water. They held it to Murahari's lips. He sipped at it avidly.

"But Murahari!" wailed Brahmananda, "we did not murder you! God, what shall we do?"

"Oh fa—ther—oh my lit-tle wif-e!" breathed Murahari in a tragic whisper.

The trinity wrung their hands. They invoked The Trinity in this their dire hour of need. Brahmananda knelt down again beside the ebbing man. "Save us, dear friend," he said praying, "we will not cheat anybody again."

The Bania gurgled horribly and whispered painfully in broken words a compromise into the ear of Brahmananda. Perhaps Murahari did not want to leave the world with a lie on which three lives trembled.

The burden of his whispering was that the trinity carry him to a lonely place in the Park and dump the pistol in his hand; that the trinity place all the money with them in Murahari's pockets as an act of expiation; that they forthwith destroy the

demand notes he had given them—that in return he would write a fresh confession to the police absolving everybody of the act.

As the only alternative to a swift hanging job, the trinity agreed. They placed in his pockets wads of currency notes neatly folded totalling over a lakh of rupees. The compromising demand notes given by Murahari were torn to small pieces. To be on the safe side, Brahmananda ate all the pieces. Shankar did his bit. He chewed and swallowed the dangerous scrap of paper in Murahari's hand. The trinity rushed a piece of paper and pencil to the suicide. His hand trembling, his face working in agony, Murahari wrote thereon:

To my father, wife and the Police,

I am unhappy. I am disappointed in life. I destroyed myself. Nobody is to blame. Good-bye.

Murahari.

The trinity took particular care to place the bit of confession in the dying man's purse. They carried the body to the car in the garage. They drove to a bleak spot in the Park and placed the still warm body on the grass.

Murahari smiled wanly. But it was lost in the gloom. He tried to raise his hand in farewell. His body sagged suddenly, the rattle of death shook his frame. He was dead. The trinity scrambled to the car and drove away.

* * * *

Dawn was breaking over the trees. The trinity sat tense in Brahmananda's bungalow for news of the discovery of the body in the Park. They waited the whole day for news. The suspense was driving them crazy. Desperately they got into the car and drove into the city. As they passed the building where Murahari assisted his father in his banking business, they thought they saw somebody resembling Murahari over the counter. They stopped the car.

Murahari came out with a wonderful smile of welcome. The trinity stared at him with bulging eyes.

"Hello old chaps!" said Murahari in great good humour. Then he whispered. "I did the job well, no? You forgot I am a Bania. Sorry if I gave you a fright. Cheerio. No more fashionable society for me!"

THE END

Star Snaps



Boris Karloff

While making *The Milky Way*, which has given rise to quite a number of piquant situations, Harold Lloyd had a funny scene to do in which he was to run around with a colt tucked under his arm. A colt was procured, quite suited and young enough for the purpose. But before they could shoot that particular scene some delay was engendered and a few days elapsed. So that, when it came to Harold Lloyd to dash around carrying the colt, they found it grown into a pretty hefty horse much too big for Harold to lift. So they had to start all over again!

Melvyn Misses His Ice

There is many a slip between the cup and the lip, isn't it? When there is a slip, the result may be funny—sometimes but not always. A bath-tub scene was being set in *Lone Wolf Returns*. Melvyn Douglas was sitting in a steaming, milky bath. He was also hungry. Camera angle was signalled O.K., the set was all ready, and only the take was to be done. Just then the ice-cream man popped in unexpected like. All hands stopped work abruptly and made a dash for the ice-cream-wallah. Melvyn was dying for some eats and what with feeling hot inside and out, he thought the cream was a godsend. He was trying to dart out when, Oh! two lady visitors came in, rather inopportunely to pay him a visit. He couldn't get up. They stayed on till the ice-cream was finished and Melvyn was stranded in the hot bath unconscious!

The Toll of Film Fame

The foregoing is nothing compared to the torments the stars undergo for the sake of that exacting customer and elusive thing, Fame! The film-actors will put up with any kind of torture if it will ultimately bring them the admiration of their fans. Such is the cost of popularity. They don't say a word about it. It simply isn't done.

Kind Karloff!

You all saw and shuddered at the amount of torture Boris (Frankenstein) Karloff was inflicting on his victims, both by his hideous appearance and his cruelty. But you didn't see nor could you realise the untold torture Boris Karloff himself was enduring with the necessary make-up that pulls and tears and stretches his face into the all sorts of shapes.

Personally, he is one of the most kind-hearted fellows going and cannot stand, in actual life, the hurt of so

much as a small fly. He is a darn good cricketer, too. There is a scene in *Frankenstein* in which the man-made monster kills an innocent, confident child, craftily leading it to a lonely, secluded spot. The terrible realism of the scene was telling on those who saw it. Boris happened casually to see that scene, himself, later. He couldn't sleep for weeks afterwards. The mental agony was too much for the actor of the psychological roles. "The most unbearable cut of it all is that my cruel parts are hailed as my best!" In *Lost Patrol*, he had to walk in the sweltering heat through the sands of the Yuma Desert, with a sharp-shooter deliberately spraying bullets all round his foot-marks from such a dangerously short range as twenty yards! The scene finished and the actor finished too, crumpled up quietly into the hospital! These chaps literally go through fire and water.

Beery Burnt

Viva Villa required real local colour scenes. To get such effect, a huge company had to go to Mexico. When they reached as far as Teatlalayac, a place 150 miles from Mexico City, they discovered that their food, blankets and furniture had been held up in transit. It was awfully cold over there. Over fifty members were down with dysentery owing to lack of proper food. Then it fell to Wallace Beery's lot to suffer the most. He went there along as the star of the picture and underwent star suffering. In the big battle scene, Wally came up against the "Blank cartridges" used and prepared by the wild (genuinely wild) Mexican troops. They inserted plugs instead of cottonwool wads and these produced terrible powder burns and wounds serious enough to send anyone to the mortuary. But there was not a word said about it all but silently endured. The filming went on. When the picture was completed, Wally was one of the thirty cases admitted to the "accident" ward of the emergency hospital.

The Treasure Island where Wallace Beery was doing the part of *Long John Silver*, his leg (the wrong leg of course first and then the other—these taking ten days of six hours each in the change) had to be done in a manner and tied up to make him look a real lame man. It must have been very pleasant experience to be limping for days on end with one leg bent and crushed up!

How the other stars are playing this dangerous game of film-acting will follow.



Wallace Beery

The Letters of Private Joyfull

Reading Time • About 10 Minutes

Madras, 18th January, 1936.

DEAR MOTHER,

SERGEANT-Major Quirt has a terrible cold, owing to the drenching he got from Spouting Susie, the fire-engine. The day after the inauguration of our platoon as fire-fighters, he was sitting in his office, snuffling and wheezing, with red eyes and streaming nose. He was alleviating his misery with frequent sips of hot whisky-and-water.

"Well, my boy, what do you want?" he croaked, like a sick lion feeling too unhappy to roar at the sight of his accustomed prey.

"Please, sir, Sergeant Oldbold sent me to get instructions for the practice fire-alarm to-day."

"Don't mention that damned fire-engine to me!"

"Please, sir, have you got a cold?" I asked, sympathetically.

"By the knobs on the knees of the great two-horned nanny-goat!" howled old Mossy-Face. Then his voice cracked, and the awesome roar broke down to a mere whisper. "What do you think I've got, boy? Tennis elbow?"

"Please, sir—" I began.

"Stop!" he moaned. "I know what you are going to say. You know a good remedy for a cold, I dare say?"

"Yes, sir," I replied, in some surprise.

"And I expect it is a family secret, handed down to you by your dear old mother?"

"Why, yes, sir," I stuttered, quite astonished.

"All right," said Mossy-Face, with resignation. "Write down your remedy on this slip of paper, and get out of here. You are the eleventh person to come here this morning with an infallible family secret for the curing of colds. If the others don't kill me in the meantime, it will be the turn of your remedy next Thursday week."

I thanked the Sergeant-Major for his kind condescension, and returned to Sergeant Oldbold. I said it was unlikely there should be a fire-alarm that day.

"All the same, we'll take no chance," declared the Sergeant. "Are all the hoses ready, connected-up, and the straps loosened, the shed unlocked, and the engine full of water?"

"Yes, Sergeant."

In fact, all was prepared for one of the famous surprise-tests that we have in the Army. For instance, a notice appears in Orders that the Inspector of Cookery is going to pay a surprise visit in ten days' time. The whole battalion is put on short rations for a week, so there will be plenty of funds for a splendid dinner on the day of the inspection. During the intervening period, the meals are cooked in old, discarded utensils, because the regular ones are being re-tinned and specially polished. It is quite impossible to eat in a civilised manner, as the tables are being treated with caustic soda, to make them as white as the driven snow. Expeditions of luckless punishment-men are sent far afield, to gather flowers for the dining-hall. Everything that can be whitewashed is whitewashed, including the men who do the whitewashing. Platoons of talented artists decorate the whitewash with pretty designs. For a while we have cold meals, because the cooking-ranges are being burnished.

On the appointed day, all the cooks are in shining white uniforms. The Orderly Officer is there wearing ceremonial uniform. The troops are in newly-starched suits, with their hair neatly parted, and their faces rosy with much scrubbing. Just by accident, all the senior officers happen to be loitering around the cook-house.

When the Inspector suddenly drives up in his car, everybody looks most surprised. They declare they have been taken completely unawares, but of course they are happy that the Inspector has come to see the Messing arrangements. The Orderly Officer pretends that he has never heard of an Inspector of Cookery.

In a somewhat similar manner, we were all ready for the surprise fire-alarm. As a final precaution, Sergeant Oldbold's bicycle was kept waiting outside

the bungalow, for a fellow to dash to the water-tower and increase the pressure in the hydrants, the moment the alarm was given.

Unfortunately, our antics had created great amusement among the next platoon, and a couple of jokers tampered with the bicycle. This was not discovered until the alarm arrived. About half-past ten, an Orderly brought a letter to Sergeant Oldbold. It was heavily sealed, and enclosed within two envelopes. The message read as follows:

'Secret. There will be a fire in the swimming-bath at 10.30 hours this morning.'

"Fire in the swimming-bath, lads!" shouted the Sergeant, looking at his watch. "Hurry! It has been burning for two minutes already!"

Tommy Mann rushed out of the bungalow, and fell on to the Sergeant's bicycle. A second later, with a yelp off alarm, he fell off again. There was something distinctly wrong about that bicycle. The practical jokers had put the handle-bars on the rear of the frame, and the saddle on the front forks!

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared our neighbours. "Go on, Tommy, ride it backwards! Why don't you join a circus?" And they pretended that we weren't a fire-fighting platoon, but a lot of clowns practising for a circus-act.

Their laughter was cut short by the blare of bugles. It was the general fire-alarm. Sergeant Oldbold evidently considered that a burning swimming-bath would require the attention of the entire garrison.

We were on the spot almost at once. A trail of great puddles marked the progress of the over-full Spouting Susie from her shed to the swimming-bath. I thought it was like taking coal to Newcastle. However, we soon had a grand stream of water splashing on the roof of the building, and descending as rain on the passers-by in the road on the other side. The clerks coming in to business put up their umbrellas, and remarked that the weather was most unseasonable.

Meanwhile, the picquet had surrounded the scene of the conflagration. With fixed bayonets, they were determined to sell their lives dearly, in the event of any marauders trying to loot the burning swimming-bath.

On the sounding of the alarm, the Guard at the main gate closed the doors, and stood to under arms. No sooner had they done so, than a high Government official drove up in his car.

"What is the meaning of this?" he demanded. "Open the gate at once!"

"Sorry, sir, you can't come in," replied the Corporal of the Guard.

"How dare you close the gate against me? The Home Member will hear of this!"

"All right, sir," said the Corporal. "I hope you won't take it any higher than that, or the Sergeant-Major might get to know of it."

"Open the gate at once!"

"Really, I can't, sir. The Sergeant-Major would be frightfully annoyed."

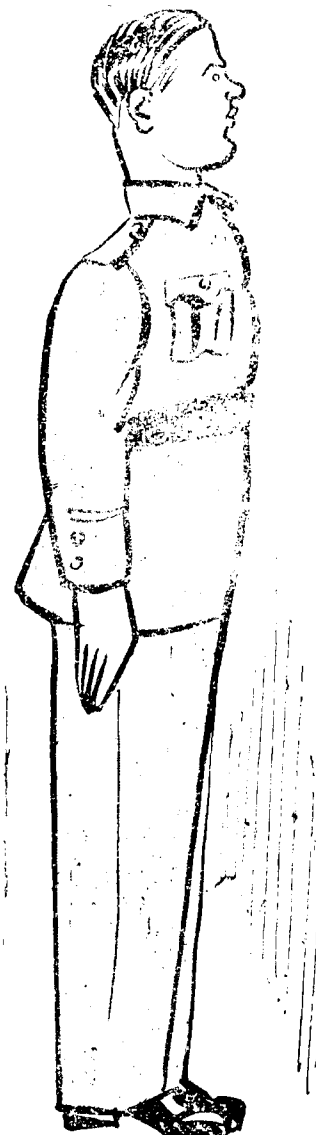
"Will you obey my orders at once?"

"Sorry, sir; it can't be done. We are having a fire in our swimming-bath."

"A fire in the swimming-bath? Are you mad?"

"Only as mad as the regulations permit, sir. It's a matter of red tape. You understand how it is," continued the Corporal, pacifically. "It is the same kind of thing as you put in your Office Orders."

The gentleman looked as if he were going to have apoplexy. Fortunately, the Adjutant made an appearance just then, and ordered the gate to be opened. He explained to the gentleman that it was only a practice fire-alarm, and the Sergeant in



charge had been over-zealous. The gentleman, however, was not very mollified. As the head of an important department, he considered it his privilege to give inconvenience to others; not suffer it himself. He said that the Corporal was a crass jack-in-office and an overbearing military bully. This was quite funny, as the Corporal happened to be George Tadpole, the leading light of the Christian Meekness Society. We have all kinds of chaps in the Army.

Meanwhile, Spouting Susie was being rapidly emptied, and for some reason, no water was coming from the supply-hydrant to replace what was being pumped out. A messenger was sent to see what Tommy Mann was doing at the water-tower. "The Adjutant will be

here any minute," said Sergeant Oldbold, anxiously. "He's got to find the engine in full operation. Something must be done."

He cast his eye feverishly about the scene, and was struck with a brilliant idea. "Stokes!" he cried to the man in charge of the suction-hose. "Quick! Run the supply-pipe into the swimming-bath."

In a few moments, Spouting Susie was rapidly emptying the swimming-bath, and pumping its contents on to the roof. This operation was proceeding with tremendous efficiency when the Adjutant arrived.

The Officer noted the arrangements with great approval. We were like a hive of busy bees. No swim-

(Continued on page 24)



The Knighted

Reading Time • About 5½ Minutes

ONE fine day in 1668 a young man sailed at the head of six ships laden with loot into the harbour of Port Royal, the nest of pirates, when piracy was a lucrative and comparatively safe game.

That young man was Henry Morgan, the buccaneer, the biggest of the 'Big Five' of the pre-Georgian era who infested the Spanish Main, looting precious cargo.

Unscrupulous, cruel, perfidious and traitorous, he came over from England to the Indies as a bond servant, as so many people did in those old days. He served his time with a master in Barbadoes. On attaining freedom he signed on with a pirate ship as a man before the mast. Serving under privateers, he made money on his own. A day came when he had enough ill-gotten wealth to own a sloop of his own. His reckless bravery was something un-human. Each successful freebooting exploit of his pushed him up a rung of the ladder. A day came when he was the master of Western waters.

The Jamaica of those freebooting days was a respectable British colony—dominated by pirates. The governors of that pleasant place were very accommodating gentlemen. They got ten per cent of the loot from Spanish treasure ships brought into Jamaican harbours.

Porto Bello at this time was the clearing house for the treasures of Peru. The treasure arrived by pack mules to be shipped into galleons waiting in the harbour.

Hearing that great wealth was being warehoused in the the Forts of Porto Bello, Morgan equipped a fleet of nine vessels. He manned them with five hundred desperadoes. He launched an assault on Porto Bello. A brief and fierce engagement and the Fort was taken. Morgan locked up all the surrendered defenders of the Fort—officers and men—in a room in the same Fort and blew up the room with gunpowder.

Morgan turned his attention to the other Fort in Porto Bello. Here the governor

the Fort and his men learning of the terrible fate of their comrades in the other Fort, fought with a bleak courage. This Fort too fell after a day-long battle. Then commenced an orgy of blood-spilling. Every Porto Bello citizen who fell into the hands of the pirates was tortured and killed.

Now for the search of the secreted treasure. Morgan's favourite method of obtaining information about hidden treasure was burning the feet of his victims.

Though in 1670 the Kings of Spain and Great Britain solemnly put their hands to a treaty called the Treaty of America, by which both the Kings agreed to stay the depredations of their buccaneers, Morgan, after his successful loot of Porto Bello, set upon another daring exploit, which in daring and strategy was never excelled by any privateer.

Morgan's objective was Panama.



Buccaneer

by V. V. R.

Illustrated by Varma

His fame as a successful leader spread far and wide. All the disreputable scoundrels on either side of the Atlantic flocked into his service. He picked two thousand cut-throats from this criminal jetsam. They got together thirty-six ships, and set out on an adventure which for naked bravery must hold the world in admiration for ever.

Part of the way to his objective lay through tropical jungle. The Spaniards were already warned of Morgan's coming. They removed all stores of food and domestic animals from the route which Morgan would take. In that bare jungle Morgan's men starved. A lesser man than Morgan would have thrown up the sponge. Morgan whipped his men forward by the impelling force of his personality. Rations, that is, what little they carried, gave out. Short of eating one another, they did everything to appease their cruel hunger. They boiled their boots, to soften the leather. They beat the softened leather

into pulp. They ate it. Had the march continued a few days more, they would have eaten one another.

Thus when this murderous riff-raff sighted Panama, they were the fiercest men, raving with hunger, that engaged an enemy.

The Spaniards had in the city twenty thousand heads of cattle. Most of them were wild bulls. They released that sea of fierce cattle into the ranks of the advancing horde. They thought that these wild animals would gore Morgan's men to death. However, these wild, death dealing bulls were less wild than the inhuman beasts advancing against them. A weary march through hot jungles, and the horrors of hunger made them demons. They waded through the wild bulls, slaughtering them and eating them raw.

Their stomachs full of gory beef, the pirates attacked the city. Fighting against impossible odds, with less than a hundred of his men lost, Morgan entered the city, victorious. Before many hours passed, Panama was a gigantic flame against the dark sky. The city, or most of it, was a heap of ashes before morning.

Morgan returned to the Coast with millions worth of loot. He cheated his men when it came to dividing the spoils. He paid them much less than what he promised them to pay. They grumbled. Morgan sensed mutiny. At dead of night he gathered a few faithful followers, loaded the loot silently in three vessels and weighed anchor. Dead drunk with wine, his men were in a state of coma.

With probably the richest loot ever filched by a pirate, Morgan returned to Jamaica.

His political opponents, perhaps out of envy, denounced him of piracy to England. Morgan was taken to England for trial. He was acquitted to the accompaniment of a nation's plaudits.

On acquittal Morgan was dubbed a Knight by Charles the Second. By Royal Decree he was sent back to Jamaica as Deputy Governor of the Island with injunctions to clean up the Caribbean waters of piracy.

THE END



Wholesale Business



Nervous Suitor: If I give you an anna, will you tell me what your sister says about me?

Little Brother: Make it two, mister, and I'll tell you what father is going to do to you!

A Lover of Music

by
Yen Kay

Reading Time
•
About 6 Minutes



Good Music



Bad Music

At the sight of every musical instrument, however it looked and whatever its promise, I felt like melting into a haunting melody and becoming a coil of coloured notes forming a halo of enchantment around me. And snugly focussed therein, I shone like a star overborne by its own glory. If ever a singer sang and I heard him, I at once became a figure of speech, a fiction of vapour, sweetening the atmosphere with the shadow-perfume of sublimated life. Such was I, alas no longer, but two years ago.

We reckon without the host, Time, the Deceiver and Disillusioner. Time gives the lie to every truth in the world, changes the unchangeable and slaughters the imperishable. And this snow-headed, stone-hearted, manufacturer of changes and surprises touched me with his art and behold! I had become a liar unto myself. For what I am and what I used to be are poles apart, unimaginably different, so that the two can never meet nor see even in the flash of a fancy wherefrom they had sprung.

Today, when I hear music, my stomach surges up in a mighty eruption of revulsion. My ears fill with the rattling of iron-bars. My heart thunders angrily. My eyes lightning and my conscience stings as though I had let myself down to the bottom of degradation. I run away faster than my legs would have me do, my mental stare flying before my imagination in search of some holy pool in which to plunge and purify myself. You may think I am being extravagant, but you know

that the men of this world often strain at the most elementary fact and swallow the most audacious lie.

Well, be that as it may, but my fate as it unfolded from day to day revealed more and more frightful terrors, for the world grew more and more musical. I could hear nothing but music, the clamour, the corroboree, the crying, the weeping and wailing of distilled noises and voices installed in every nook and cranny of human existence. I saw fountains of music springing from shop windows, torrents of song pouring from upper-storeys, squalls of melody rudely awaking the stillness of midnight and my tortured and martyred imagination saw crows, eagles, bulls, buffaloes and pigs, thunder and earthquake, nay, even the ever-silent sun, moon and stars, close their ranks in an unholy conspiracy against my present state of disgust, revulsion and indignation against any and every sugar-coated collocation of sound. I began to live like one fallen among thieves, robbers, swindlers and savages, running from one terror of musicality only to bump against and be knocked down by a worse surrogate of song.

When I was a student, reading in a college where I bartered my mother-wit for lifetime's make-believe of enlightenment I had a companion with whom I used to live hand-in-glove and whose only qualification for friendship with me was his innate and incurable hatred of music, whereas I could preen myself on my being such a connoisseur of song and

(Continued overleaf)

switch him with my cultivated and cadenced superiority over his dull, drab and ditchwater life. My mind instinctively recalled him in my present plight and away I went seeking him like one flying from a pursuing conflagration to a secluded stretch of cool wind and water that one has seen and knows is not far off. As the speed of my flight was not much less than the glance of my mind I soon reached his house, and he, who had not seen me for several years and who did not recognise me probably on account of the wild and desperate condition in which I had arrived at his door, was standing in front of a box with his five kiddies, tuning themselves up and breaking into dances in a cloud of enchanted gestures, as the music wheeled and gurgled, bubbled and shrilled and flowed forth from that wooden and varnished container! I turned tail, in the twinkling of an eye, and flew, thinking for sure that there was no longer any place for me in the sun. What a change, ye gods and little fishes! I cried, and ran, not knowing whither, or where to stop.

The sun was setting. Clouds wandered listlessly in the sky. A few early stars twinkled. A gibbous moon was showing herself in the East, waiting for the scattered light of the sun to subside to unveil herself and display her argent breast to the dark-haired spirit of night. My eyes loitered wistfully to this reposeful field above, but as I still continued to run in my fear of my friend's performance I presently came to a tent in front of which a troupe of drummers and pipers were setting forth their utmost capabilities. I thought there was no hope for me in flight and that I must either break or be brave. I stopped and surveyed the lay of the land, and then I was consoled to find that wisdom was not without its fruit. It was a cinema-tent, so it seemed and so I decided. I bought a ticket and went in, chewing the cud of my prudence and licking my chops in anticipation of the silent and songless entertainment that I was so soon going to taste. By and by, the hall filled with people, the lights were switched on, an engine or something started somewhere and a bar of light fell on the screen, conjuring up a choir of pretty damsels. I sat up in a wild fit of hunger and leaned convulsively forward to reach that table of delicious silence. The four damsels postured and the profound stillness touched my senses as if with a magical balm. And then, all on a sudden, the choir burst into sound, it was a thunderstorm of singing accentuated by the silent nothingness from which it swirled across and swelled.

I did not know what I was going to do, but I burst across the hall, like a bull in a china-shop, producing a great hue and cry in the wake of my career. I did not take a single look behind, fearing that the whole crowd, the shamiana and that diabolical machine, were giving me chase, nor did I halt anywhere till I reached my house and, in a spasm of horror that the singers might return to the charge in my own house, till I had dived into an assemblage of blankets to stop up my hearing and safeguard my senses.

(Yours is a sad case, Mr. Yen Kay—Ed.)

THE LETTERS OF PRIVATE JOYFULL

(Continued from page 19)

ming-bath would burn for long, the way we were tackling it. Then the Adjutant's eye wandered to the vibrating suction-pipe which snaked its way from the door of the swimming-bath. He entered the building, and observed the horrible truth.

"Sergeant!" he cried. "What is the explanation for this?"

"There's no pressure in the hydrant—" mumbled our wretched Sergeant.

"Nonsense! Connect your supply-hose to the hydrant at once! There's got to be pressure. Do you realise that the Colonel will be here any moment?"

This is what is known as the Chain of Responsibility in the Army. If anything is wrong, the Colonel has the Adjutant on the mat, and the Adjutant gives a terrible wiggling to the Sergeant-Major, and the Sergeant-Major gets one of the Sergeants into hot water, and the Sergeant sends for his Corporal and tears him to pieces, and the Corporal finds some unfortunate Drummer-boy to bear the brunt. Hence it is better to be a Colonel than a Drummer-boy.

Praying that the man at the water-tower had found the right pressure valve at last, the Sergeant ordered the suction-pump to be restored to the correct source of supply.

"Right!" howled Fred Stokes, when the connection was made. Boggins and I braced ourselves, and steadied the nozzle of the hose. A small stream of water trickled forth, at a very suitable volume and force for the filling of a small tea-kettle. The Adjutant jumped about, and began to call on Heaven for somebody's blood. The Colonel was coming round the corner.

Just when everything seemed hopeless, the hose gave a terrific kick, and a perfect Niagara of water smote the roof of the swimming-bath with full force. The Colonel paused, and surveyed the scene with approval. Everything was exactly as it should be. "A very fine exhibition of fire-fighting," he remarked to the Adjutant, and took his departure.

"Quite a good show," said the Adjutant to Sergeant Oldbold. "You can pack up now, and give your men the rest of the morning to themselves."

"Well done, lads," said Sergeant Oldbold. "I'll let you off extra drill this evening."

When we got back to the barrack-room, we asked Tommy Mann how he had increased the pressure at the last moment.

"I couldn't find the right valve in the water-tower," replied Tommy, modestly. "I telephoned to the town, and asked them to cut off all supply outside the Fort for ten minutes. I hope nobody in Madras was having a bath at the time."

Your Loving Son,
OBEAH JOYFULL.

ne Castor Oil Kid

by Pinch

Reading Time

About 3 Minutes

I once had a child. I tried my best not to have one, but somehow it happened. I never yearned for a baby. In fact, I did not earn enough for myself. I never prayed for one, nor did I ever even dream of doing penance for being blessed with one. Blessed! You will see presently what it is to have one of them about the house.

In fact, ever since my marriage, which was my first false step, I endeavoured hard to avoid another. I tried to put off baby for quite a while. You think that a sin? Well, I don't. But although I took all precautions against an accident, you know how, it somehow sneaked into the house.

The very day of its arrival trouble began. I was for giving it milk straight away. The old folks on the other hand, were all for castor oil for three days. I said that would be worse than giving the baby a pure culture of cholera germs. I said they must give it some milk. The mother said, "I haven't any; you do."

Same with washing: they wouldn't so much as wipe the oily muck on the dirty brat till the chord fell off and left a sore; wouldn't even wet a cloth and clean the kid's mouth or eyes. Soap, they were afraid, would blister its skin, and powder they said would ultimately produce patchy leucoderma in late middle life.

In fact they believed only in castor oil and they used it on the kid in plenty. They mixed it with his milk, they gave it to him raw. They forced it down



his throat, they rubbed it on his head, and they soaked his eyes with it. Grandmother frequently shoved a castor oil dripping finger up its leaky nose; and once a week they bathed the brat in pure castor oil.

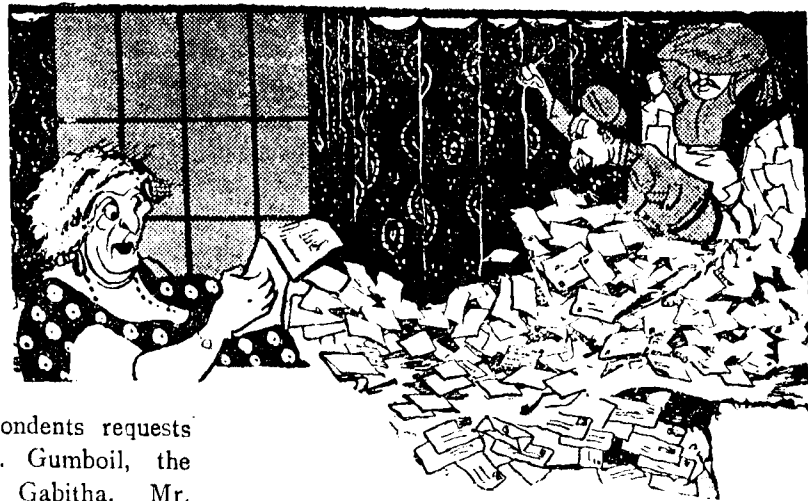
They gave it castor seeds to play with, and a castor leaf was laid near the door to ward off the Evil One.

The mother had to eat garlic fried in castor oil, and her pan-cakes were greased only with that panacea. Twice a week she took a tumblerful of cold drawn oil, and she thrived on it! And whenever she felt any illness or indisposition she took two tumblers, and she was all right in two ticks!

And when the mother's milk ran dry they fed cows on castor oil leaves and drove them with stalks of castor oil plants. They tried to strangle the kid out of the fibres of the stalk, and when they snapped, they made two collars of the bark, two cows.

(Continued on page 30)

Auntie Awful



ONE of Auntie's valued correspondents requests further details about Mr. Gumboil, the husband of her old friend Gabitha. Mr. Gumboil, you will remember, is a Scot who keeps homing-pigeons.

The first time Auntie went to stay with the Gumboils, she quickly noticed that the master of the house had a peculiar habit. When going up or down the stairs, he always took two steps at a time.

"I am wearing a new pair of shoes," said Mr. Gumboil, in response to Auntie's enquiries. "By taking two steps at once, I am saving unnecessary wear to them."

"What an excellent idea!" said Auntie. "You have long legs, haven't you, Mr. Gumboil?"

"What of it?" said her host, blushing slightly. The Scots are a reticent people, and do not like to mention legs in mixed company.

"I merely thought that the saving would be greater, if you took three steps at a time," replied Auntie.

"There's a woman for you!" exclaimed Mr. Gumboil, approvingly. "Gabitha, my dear, take a leaf from your friend's book. She is a real careful, thoughtful lassie."

The grateful Scot immediately began to put Auntie's suggestion into practice. He went to the stairs, and began to mount them three at a time. There was a rending sound. In his energetic efforts to save shoe-leather, poor Mr. Gumboil had split his trousers!

After the evening meal, the head of the house reverently produced the whiskey-bottle, carefully measured a small peg, and mixed himself a hot toddy. "I will not ask you to take a dram," he said to Auntie. "Gabitha tells me you have joined the Temperance League."

"Indeed, I have not!" replied Auntie. "I have joined the Purity League!"

"Excuse my mistake," said Mr. Gumboil. "My memory is not very clear. I knew you had given up some thing."

Mr. Gumboil had a nephew who worked as a caddie on the golf-links. He made quite an income out of finding golf-balls before their owners had lost them, and selling them back at cheap rates. Eventually, someone discovered the secret, and the young man went and joined the Army. In accordance with the saving methods of the family, this nephew wore no shirt under his tunic. According to regulations, he should possess at least three shirts.

One day there was a kit-inspection. The officer carefully checked each item of Private Gumboil's kit. "How many shirts have you?" he demanded.

"Three, sir," replied the canny Scot.

"Where are they?"

"I have one on, one at the wash, and one lost by the dhobi."

"Show me the one you have on."

"Please, sir, that is the one the dhobi lost."

Scots have a lot of self-confidence, especially when approaching a free-lunch counter. They are very conscientious, too. One day, Mr. Gumboil had a severe cold; but he insisted on going to work just the same.

"Stop away for once," urged Auntie. "They can get along without you."

"I know they can get along without me," said the careful Mr. Gumboil. "But I don't want the boss to find out."

* * *
Campaigner (Lallaguda). "The first thing we require is a good speaker, supported by a strong

platform." Auntie particularly recommends the strong platform, dear sir. At the last meeting she attended, the speaker was of a weight calculated to be ruinous to the owners of anna-in-the-slot machines.

Art Aspirant (Udumalpet). "I am hampered in my studies by lack of boards and paper on which to draw. Please advise me what I can draw on, as I am penniless." Auntie thinks, dear boy, that like most youthful artists, you will have to draw on your father.

Race Fan (Second Enclosure). "What do you say, Auntie; would you sooner own a horse or a motor car?" A motor-car, dear boy. Most people can back a motor-car successfully.

Spaghetti (Kasaragod). "The papers talk as if Mussolini was an idiot. Actually, he is a very clever man. Besides his own language, he can talk fluently in English, French, and German." At least, that is how Auntie has deciphered your letter, dear boy. Your method of scrawling the middle of words makes your writing indistinct. Did you say 'fluently', or 'flatulently'?

Disappointed (Bangalore). "I was eagerly expecting the return of my wife after an absence of two months, when she was delayed on the railway. She sent a wire, 'Cannot come. Wash out on line'. Imagine my feelings." You should have wired back, dear boy, and told her to borrow some clothes and continue the journey.

Short Story (Karaikudi). Thank you for your 20,000-word romance, dear boy. The editor thinks it is a trifle too long. Why did the heroine bend 'A supple brassie round the bewitching contours of her glorious figure'? It must have been somewhat inadequate as a garment, for a brassie is a kind of golf-club. Did you mean *brassiere*?

Indignant (Adyar). "Have you ever read the Christian marriage-service?" Yes, dear madam. It begins with 'Dearly beloved', and ends with 'amazement'.

Sports Girl (Poona). "I am glad to see that the Hockey Association has put its house in order at last. Mrs. Smallman has been appointed Dress Censor of the Association. Divided skirts are allowed, but shorts are banned. Disciplinary action will be taken against offenders." And quite right too, my dear. For years, certain shameless sirens have appeared on the field, flashing their massive legs at male spectators, and driving them insane by the fatal beauty of their knobby knees. But Auntie foresees trouble. At

exactly what point does a divided skirt become a pair of shorts? However, the shorts will be a great convenience when it comes to administering the disciplinary action at which the Association so darkly hints.

Lexicon (Hosur). "An English paper says that a certain musician gave a public organ-recital in a cinema. What is an organ-recital?" An organ-recital, dear boy, is what a rich and imaginative patient tells the doctor.

Beauty Culture (Calcutta). "I am bothered by my shiny nose. No powder is of any use. How can I eradicate this blemish?"

Have you tried sand-papering it my dear?

Traveller (S. India). "Have you seen that a man has been fined for leaving a train while it was in motion?" Yes, dear boy; and Auntie thinks that the magistrate might have taken a lenient view of the case. After all, as it was a passenger-train, the offender probably did not notice that it was in motion.

Forgetful (Rajkot). "Please advise me how to cultivate a good memory." Lend money to all your acquaintances, dear sir.

Discharged (Balepet). "What is the origin of that doleful idiom, 'to get the sack'?" The phrase comes from Turkey; dear boy, and was first mentioned by Kinglake. When the Sultan was tired of a lady in his harem, she was put in a sack and dropped from the seraglio walls into the Bosphorus. Hence, when you are given the sack, you are decisively discarded.

DO YOU KNOW?

1. Where is the North Magnetic Pole?
2. What was the original meaning of salary?
3. Who was four times Prime Minister of England?
4. What does a man do who is given to cachinnation?

Answers on page 32



A Bedtime Story

by
MacNaughton Thomas

Reading Time • About 9 Minutes

ONCE upon a time, it little matters when, there, lived a king, it little matters who, in a magnificent palace, it little matters where, built in the Neo-Post-Victorian-Gothic-Rococo style, it little matters how. He had four sons. (Reader: Hold on for a moment! Let me adjust the pillows... Thanks. Now carry on.)

Albert, the crown prince, was a poet. He was undoubtedly very clever, with the result, he would reel off poem after poem extempore, to the immense delight of the *literati* gathered at soirees given by the society ladies. Albert belonged to the Free Verse School and therefore, wrote his mystifying mystic poems in *vers libre*. Generally, he sought communication with his muse via a glass of cocktail and jotted down the verses as they came surging, on the starched front and cuffs of his dress shirt. I shall quote one of his extant poems:—

*When heart's searchlights rayed the ins-
pissated noetic gloom,
I sang to zebras and zebus,
Hoping epexegetically that Love
Would edulcorate
The Truth—
The oecumenical truth—
For the benefit of the monocotyledon You.
Oosh!*

*My bleeding heart
Lies*

*Shredded,
Tattered,
Fluttered,
Flustered,
Battered,*

At the hypotenuse of your guttate Soul.

William, the second son, was noted for his riddles. He had the Oedipus complex, if you know what I mean. He would spend the whole day inventing such riddles as: "When is a goldfish not a milk-jug?" or "What is the difference between an elephant's tail and a tube of tooth-paste?" or "My first is my mother-in-law's nose, my second is a cow-walrus and my third is a Mysore sandalwood soap. Tell me what am I?" And then, he would bite his nails, tear out his hair and chew his pencils in finding out answers for them. When he succeeded, he would 'phone his private secretary to fix up a dinner with one of the Upper Ten, where he would set the table in roar by producing his jewel of a riddle.

Edwin, the third son, was a prince among wits as he was a wit among princes. His wit was as sparkling as the champagne with which he constantly irrigated himself. He was greatly sought after, as could be judged by the three motor-vans that daily delivered invitation-cards to

dinner-parties only. He sharpened his wit on every body he met—from his pet grasshopper to the court chamberlain. Poking his fingers into the ribs of the court chamberlain, he would playfully exclaim: "I say, Lord Goosecap, why shouldn't we give the Eskimos an extra month of daylight by putting forward the calendar by four weeks just as one of our colonial Viceroy's is doing by putting forward the clock?" No doubt, he was a clever fellow, was our Edwin.

The youngest of the lot, Henry, was as imbecile a prince as ever wore mercerized socks. He was neither a poet nor an Oedipus nor a wit but decidedly a chump of the first water. Whenever he opened his mouth, he said commonplace things, such as: "I guess, it will rain to-day," or "The Ink-bottle has no chance of winning the Kashmir Plate," or "This evening I'm going to see John Coppermore in *The Secret Sin*." No wonder, being a dull dog that he was, even debutantes wrinkled up their pretty powdered noses at him.

One day the King looked worried and flurried, after he had a long-distance telephonic communication with the King of Zenobia. The princes and the courtiers were alarmed and they wondered whether any great Power had taken upon herself the self-imposed duty of civilizing them by sending aeroplanes and tanks to the frontier. These fears, however, were unfounded as were evidenced next day in the talk which the King had with his four sons.

"Boys," the King said, "I heard from that fat buffer—I mean the King of Zenobia—that his only daughter, Princess Magnolia, has sunk, unexplainably, into melancholic stupor. She has got the blues. She won't speak to anyone—"

"Why didn't they give her Evan's pastilles? That would have cleared her throat," suggested Henry.

"Shut up, you blithering idiot. She won't smile—in fact she has been behaving like this for the

past one month. They have taken her to a cocktail-party, they have driven her to a women's debating society, they taught her to play hoopla. They took her to the present-day problem-pictures hung at the Royal Academy, which I think, should excite laughter even in a cockroach. They showed her the Laurel-and-Hardy films, Mickey Mouse cartoons, and that rollicking farce, *The Cat wants Fish Instead*. They have read to her the funniest works of Wodehouse and played to her the most amusing parts of Gilbert and Sullivan. She was not a bit amused.

"The king has resigned himself to despair. He has issued a decree stating that whosoever makes his daughter laugh shall not only marry her on the spot but also become the future King of Zenobia. Yesterday he rang me up, asking whether my sons would try their luck. I said I would inform them. Now, boys, you know the scenario. Take the first mail-boat and do your best. Good-luck and bon voyage!"

The princes, highly excited, went first into their sisters' bed chamber to talk things over.

"I believe, Princess Magnolia's eyes are of the colour of the coralline sea-weed found in the stalagmitic caves of the Pacific Ocean," said Albert the poet.

"Have you ever been in the depths of the Pacific?" asked Henry artlessly.

"Shut up, you nitwit. If you are a poet, you'll know how to imagine things," replied Albert sourly.

"I see! This is what they call poetic licence," ventured Henry, a trifle meekly.

"I shall get her," declared William, confidently. "My riddles will make her think first and then she

will burst into laughter. If I say, 'Why is a cycle-pump like a woman's nose?' she is sure to fall for me."

"Shucks! On the contrary shall get her," retorted Edwin. "My face has a Ramon Novarro cut and my witticisms are as sharp as the Madras tamarind."



"Edwin, you know we don't get tamarind here—let alone the Madras variety," protested Henry, naively.

"You dry up there! If I tell her that 'trunk-call' has nothing to do with telephone but it is the noise made by an elephant and similar sparklets, she is sure to laugh. She will run into my arms."

"As for me—" began Henry, at which, all the brothers guffawed. "I have no objection to try my luck," continued Henry, "but I hate sea-voyages. They give me sea-sickness. I think, I must have a plentiful supply of sherry because the Royal Physician has recommended sherry for sea-sickness."

"Port is better still," suggested Edwin tartly.

The four princes, when they arrived at the Court of the King of Zenobia, were shown into an antechamber. All the four were tremulous with excitement. They were splendidly attired and had done not a little to enhance their personal adornment save Henry, who was content with a dowdy check suit and a sprig of bamboo leaves in his button-hole.

At last a pompous-looking individual, who to all appearance, looked the King, preceded by a quantity of shiny buttons in the shape of a lord-in-waiting, who was none other than the Rt. Hon. Sir John Okay, arrived upon the scene. The King then announced that His Royal Highness Albert should have the first chance. He was shown into a room where sat the divinely beautiful Magnolia, Princess of Zenobia. Albert quoted at her his gems of thought and imagination. Magnolia listened to them absolutely unmoved. He then rhapsodized on her beauty, then extemporized madrigals, and then fell back upon some reliable chaps like Shakespeare, Homer, Virgil etc., but all to little purpose. He came back, his features illustrated with blank despair.

Then William went in. Ten minutes later, he was heard to tell his valet to pack up his suit-case and be quick about it. Next Edwin was granted admittance. Witticisms, quips and jests flew from his lips like barbed arrows, but they left Princess Magnolia untouched. On the contrary, she eyed him sorrowfully. Laying aside his sparklets for the nonce, Edwin, now in despair, essayed his suit with her in the highest type of Greek eloquence, but his efforts availed him nothing. He came back and inquired His Majesty whether he could charter an autogyro for him so that he might reach his home as speedily as possible.

Now Henry was ushered into the room. Hardly had the doors closed upon him when those outside

heard a series of musical gurglings, succeeded by mirthful titter, girlish giggles, hilarious shrieks and uproarious laughter. The astounded company unconceremoniously pushed open the door to find the wondrous Magnolia in the arms of Henry, laughing away like mad.

"How did you bring off the trick?" the King asked.

For an answer, Henry kissed his bride on her cherry lips and did something in her costal region, whereupon Magnolia, who seemed to be at full-cock, went afresh into fits of boisterous laughter.

"How? How? How?" chorused the astounded brothers.

"I tickled her under the fifth rib," said Henry.

GOOD NIGHT.

THE END

The Castor Oil Kid—(Continued from page 25)

But one day my baby swallowed a castor-seed they had given him to play with. The old ones said the kid should get a dose of oil.

For once I agreed. But by that time the seed went the wrong way. The seed stuck. The child choked. The child died.

They rubbed his limbs with cold drawn oil; they put some warm oil in his eyes: they crushed a few seeds to a paste and poulticed his chest with it; and a man who knew *mantrams* flicked him fast with a castor oil leaf.

But all to no purpose.

I knew the child was dead: and would never live again.

They all said I had killed the child.

I vowed I would never more have any child to consume their cursed castor oil. I wrote to Marie Stopes. The letter miscarried. So I divorced my wife; and when she sued me for maintenance, I gifted her my backyard where they had reared some castor oil plants.

I don't mind if I die of constipation.

Damn castor oil!

THE END

THE CASE OF The Infatuated Duke

by Embusque

Reading Time • About 7 Minutes

THE Duke of Cumberland was the younger brother of George III, and the second gentleman in the land. He was said to be of not very great intelligence, though a passable sailor. He was Admiral of the Fleet.

In 1770, London was startled by a trial, in which the Duke was accused of adultery. The injured husband was Lord Grosvenor.

One afternoon, Lady Grosvenor was walking in Kensington Gardens with her friend, Lady D'Onhoff. They encountered the Duke at the turn of a narrow path. The parties were not previously acquainted. It was a case of love at first sight. The Duke, fascinated by her ladyship, detained her in polite conversation. From that day forward, he took every opportunity to attend social gatherings at which his charmer would be present. His absurd efforts to monopolise her company made him the laughing-stock of polite society.

Lady D'Onhoff was called as a witness at the trial. At first, she supposed that the Duke's passion was unrequited. She was undeceived when, one day, a naval messenger brought her a heavily-sealed official dispatch. The contents proved to be a letter for Lady Grosvenor. Envelopes had not been invented in those days—a letter formed its own envelope, sealed with wax. Lady D'Onhoff read the letter. The Duke could not address his lady-love direct, so he had sent the letter to one whom he supposed was her ladyship's confidential friend. The letter was produced in court.

"My dear little angel," began the royal infatuated Admiral, "...I got to supper about nine o'clock, but I could not eat, and so got to bed about ten. I then prayed for you, my dearest love, kissed your dearest little hair, and lay down and dreamed of you; had you on the dear little couch ten thousand times, in my arms kissing you, and telling you how much I loved and adored you; and you seemed pleased. But alas! when I woke I found it all delusion, nobody by me but myself, at sea. I rose betimes at half past five, and went on deck...By nine I began to exercise the ships under my command until twelve. It is now one, and when I finish this letter to you, my

dearest love, I shall dress and go to dinner at two o'clock...I am sure this account of to-day's duty can be no pleasure to you, my love, but as I promised you always to let you know my movements and thoughts, I have performed my promise this day to you...O my love, I am mad, and happy beyond myself, to tell you how I love you, and have thought of you ever since I have been separated from you.....I will all the while take care of myself, because you desire it, my dear little friend. Angel of my heart, I pray you take care of yourself, for the sake of your faithful servant, who lives but to love you and adore you...I told Barrington I would anchor, so I could send one of my frigates in, for I had dispatches of consequence to send to London. I need not tell you there are no dispatches, for God knows I write to no one but you, nor shall I to any other but the King. God bless you, most amiable and dearest little creature living."

When the court had sufficiently savoured the idea of the mighty fleet of Britain being brought to anchor, that the Admiral might send a love-letter to London by his fastest cruiser, a number of inn-keepers were called. These proved that the Duke and Lady Grosvenor had travelled together, and stayed at inns, as man and wife. The Duke was always disguised, but was very clumsy and foolish-appearing. He was several times suspected of being a highway robber in company with his moll.

Several peasants from the neighbourhood of Eaton Hall, her ladyship's country residence, were next called. It appeared that the Duke, under various disguises, had stayed at common ale-houses in the district, in order to be near his beloved. As her ladyship was well-known to the tenants for several miles around, she could only meet the Duke by stealth during the afternoon, in lonely fields and thickets. Nevertheless, quite a number of rustics seem to have witnessed the bucolic transports of the loving couple.

On one occasion, Lady Grosvenor risked a midnight visit to the Duke at a local inn, and this episode gave rise to suspicion which led to discovery.

The inn-keeper deposed that, on the day in question, three horsemen came riding to the inn. The principal

of them was called the Squire. He was dressed in loutish clothes, wore an ill-fitting wig, and had his face half-covered by a handkerchief. His clothes, his wallet, and his horse-trappings were all brand new, and he had a purse full of golden guineas—too much money for so badly-dressed a man. Witness now identified the Squire and the Duke of Cumberland. The Squire's companion was called Farmer Tush, but he swaggered like an officer in the Guards. They were accompanied by a servant named John. The Squire's manner was strange. He was too familiar with his servant John, and too imperious with his friend Farmer Tush. They had five hats and four coats between them, and sometimes they changed hats and coats with each other. Witness thought they were a gang of robbers, so next day went to the Hall, and reported the matter to Lord Grosvenor.

The serving-maid at the inn declared that at midnight she heard a noise like the rustling of clothes outside her door. Then she heard the door of the Squire's room open and close. She thought that the Squire was an idiot, and he had been wandering about the inn in the middle of the night. She was not alarmed, but decided to lock the door of her room. She went to the parlour of the inn to get a key. As she passed the Squire's door, she heard him whispering to someone, and the bed was creaking.

In the morning, the Squire and his companions went away before daylight, but witness was not alarmed, as the Squire had paid handsomely in advance. Presently she went to make the Squire's bed, and tidy the room. The bed was very much rumpled and tumbled. She called the inn-keeper, and said that the Squire must have been struggling in the bed all night. The inn-keeper replied that the Squire was surely an idiot, for two persons had slept in the bed, so he must have slept with his servant. Witness discovered a lady's undergarment in the bed, and then she was certain that the Squire was an idiot.

Lord Grosvenor deposed that, on receiving the report of the inn-keeper, he suspected that the visitor was a nobleman in disguise. When he was given the details of the Squire's appearance, and particularly the description of a mole on his face, his lordship guessed that the 'Squire' was none other than the Duke of Cumberland. This led his lordship to suspect his wife of an intrigue, for he had found her ladyship's bed empty in the early hours of the morning. Lady Grosvenor's explanation was that she could not sleep, so she had gone walking in the park. His lordship pretended to believe her, and made an excuse to send her to London immediately. He believed that the Duke would follow her, and endeavour to meet her on the way. He sent for John Stephens, the Adjutant of the local militia, and directed him to keep watch, and discover what happened when Lady Grosvenor stopped for the night.

John Stephens was the last witness. On the last stage to London, he said, her ladyship put up at the *White Heart* at St. Albans. At about ten at night, the gallant Adjutant entered the inn, and went and listened at the door of Lady

Grosvenor's bed-chamber. He heard the voice of a man and a woman. He could not hear very well, as he had a cold, probably contracted through listening at numerous key-holes *en route*. He sent for his brother, who had served with the Duke of Cumberland; and the brother came and listened, and positively identified the Duke's voice. The brother further declared that, by the sound of things, the guilty lovers were in exceedingly compromising circumstances.

They decided to break down the door, and brought their servants to assist them. But the door was strong and did not burst open at the first impact. When they entered the room, the Duke was in his night-shirt, looking very frightened. Lady Grosvenor had fallen down some steps in an attempt to escape into an adjoining room. The Duke protested that he was innocent.

Lord Grosvenor received £10,000 damages.

THE END

No Thorn But Has A Rose!



"Do you like school, my little nephews?"

"Of course we do, auntie. No school, no holiday!"

Menaka

(TAMIL TALKIE)

by Prakrit

Sketches by Mali

THIS picture has been drawing immense crowds to the "Crown" for several weeks now. The cause of the attraction is easily explained. The story is modern and realistic. Familiar social life is naturally interesting to readers and theatre-goers, and the clever novelist and the clever cinema-composer must take full advantage of this.

Mr. Doraiswami Aiyangar, the novelist, has built fame on his ability to seize the most fruitful situations of domestic life in developing his story. The young wife is the victim of tyranny by her husband's sisters, especially when these have become widows and have no separate families of their own. But even these sisters of a husband are human and must have motives to explain their conduct. The superior artist will develop with care the natural conflict that arises between a young wife and her husband's sisters.

The author first endows Varahaswami's sisters Perunthevi and Komalam with monstrous villainy and associates them further with a nefarious pimp, Sama. The limits of credibility are strained considerably when the author makes the two sisters-in-law of Menaka, in association with the notorious Sama, plan to sell Menaka for Rs. 5000/- to a wealthy Muhammadan youth of pleasure, Naina Muhammad. Menaka is carried by Perunthevi to a palatial house belonging to the rich *roue*, on the pretext that they are to attend a drama at the place. Naina makes his overtures to the virtuous lady, which she rejects. Just when she is about to commit suicide with a dagger in hand, Naina's wife darts in and saves Menaka.



The Thahasildar

Sama's activities occupy a considerable part of the story. Perunthevi wishes to get a new wife for her brother, and

Sama is to arrange for this. He has fixed on a bride, but the bride's parents want that Varahaswami should own a bungalow, and Perunthevi decides on the purchase of one. Sama is entrusted with some thousands of rupees. He travels to Tiruvalur with the money for the purpose. In the train he comes across a bewitchingly beautiful dancing girl, and she gives him an invitation to her house at Tiruvalur. While he is at her house, the courtesan arranges for robbers to give Sama a good thrashing. He is reduced to unconsciousness, and she appropriates his money bags. Sama is packed in a gunny bag and laid on a railway line, whence luckily a kindly gate-keeper of a level-crossing removes it and saves Sama from being crushed under the railway train.

It is when Varahaswami is away from Madras on a professional engagement that the abduction and sale of Menaka is managed. When he returns home, the sisters cook up a story about Menaka's disappearance. They first state that her father has taken her away. When this is denied by a telegram from him, they report that an actor-lover of hers, in the guise of her father, met her and carried her away, and they substantiate this with some letters fabricated by them and placed in Menaka's box. The husband is now infected with the idea that his wife has been unfaithful to him. He develops the idea that the entire race of woman is not to be trusted, and walks along the Marina road in Madras in a distracted condition. He beholds Menaka riding in a car, and wrathful with the supposition that she is with her lover, wishes to fling a large stone at her, when an accident occurs, and a car passing over him causes him serious injuries.



M. S. Vijayal Menaka

Menaka's father is the Job of the story and has an extraordinary burden of misfortunes to bear. His daughter's whereabouts are not known, the son-in-law lies wounded in the hospital, and he loses his government job as Deputy Collector. His Tahsildar is a villain and poisons the ear of the Collector against the Deputy with false and damaging reports. When Sambasivayyengar leaves the station, the Tahsildar organises a band of robbers to enter his house and remove all the valuables therein, belabouring severely the wife and other inmates of the house. The wife Thangam is in the hospital and a large sum of money is needed to give her surgical treatment and restore her to the normal conditions of her body. When with difficulty Sambasivayyengar raises a loan mortgaging his mother's lands, he loses it by a theft at the railway station. This fills the cup of his misery and he turns mad.

The Deputy Collector has a faithful servant, Rangaraju. In him appears:

The constant service of the antique world,
When service sweat for duty, not for meed!

The troubles and misfortunes that befall the master affect the servant equally. He and his family are ready to make any sacrifice in the interests of his master and his family. When for the medical treatment of Sambasivayyengar's wife a large sum of money is required, and the husband has been prevented from producing it, Rangaraju takes upon himself to procure the money, resorting to the strangest of methods of raising money, by pledging to offer his daughter in marriage to a vicious old man.

The resolution of the story is now at hand. The father of Nurjahan (Naina Muhammad's wife), who is a Member of Council, employs a private detective to get at the villain who is at the bottom of the abduction of Menaka. Sama is apprehended by the police. Menaka disguises herself as a nurse and attends zealously at the hospital on her own husband, and he is gradually disillusioned about the accusations against his wife. Perunthevi is bitten by



Sama

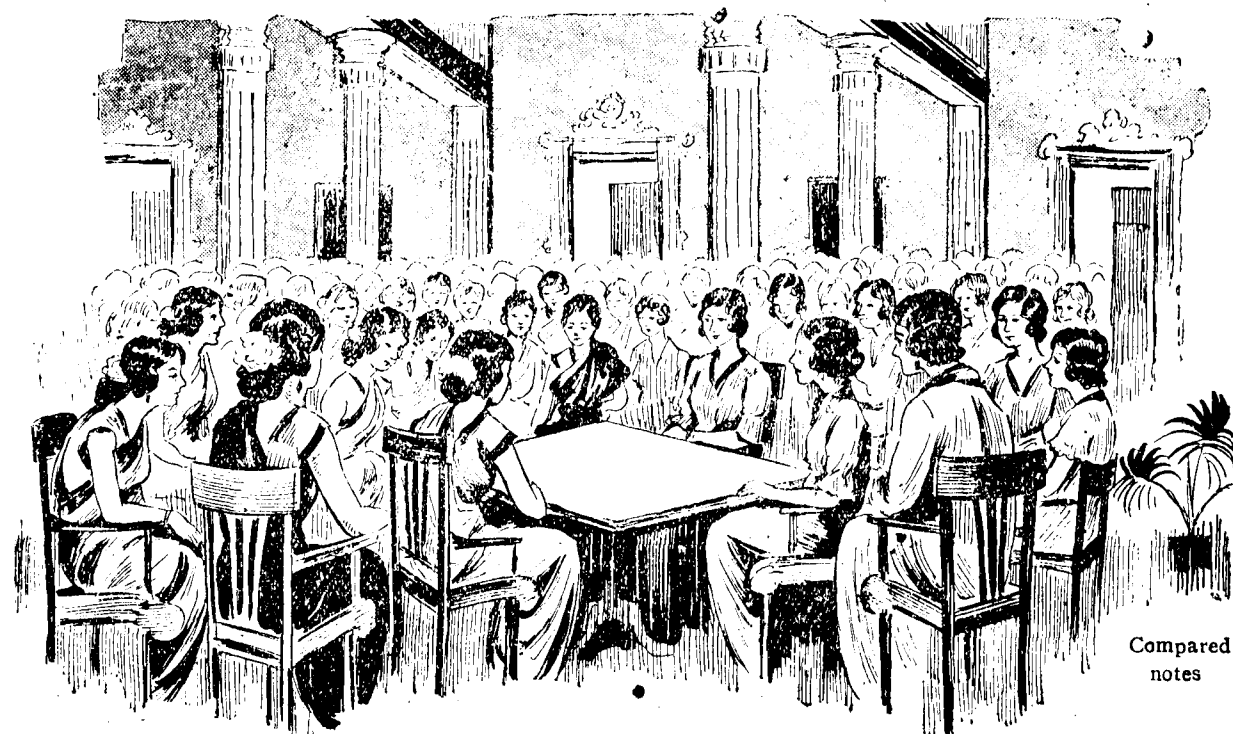
a serpent and confesses on her death-bed that Sama had persuaded her to practise the diabolical act against Menaka. Varahaswami and his wife are restored to happiness, Varahaswami being also provided with a Sub-Judgeship. Sambasivayyengar is not only restored to office but also promoted to be the Collector of a district.

I have retailed the principal details of the story as they appear in the film. It is easy to pick out the situations which are potent with dramatic appeal. I have already remarked on the characteristic tyranny exercised by the husband's sisters on a young wife. Naina Muhammad who is perpetually hunting for women is of course a perfectly understandable type. It is piquant irony when he declares to his wife that he has known no woman other than her, while he is actually in the middle of a plot to acquire a new girl to gratify his pleasure. Sama is the arch villain of the story, and the Tahsildar the secondary one. It is true that a discontented or over-ambitious official will intrigue, even from pure malice sometimes, to bring about the ruin of an official above him. But in representing this, delicate handling is requisitioned, and the lack of it results in crude and melodramatic effects. In real life we know that a Collector cannot dismiss a Deputy Collector with the quickness with which it is represented in the picture. In these days of public hospitals, no patient is likely to be neglected with danger to life for the lack of money paid for treatment. No member of council can dispense patronage summarily as in the story. Yet we must remember that the screen is very different from the novel or even the drama. Apparently we excuse many appearances of crude and rapid developments of action on the screen which we cannot in a novel or on the stage. Indeed, we are told that the novel by Mr. Doraiswami Aiyangar reads much more convincing than the picture on the screen.

The resolution of the story is more startling than the earlier part. To be in consonance with truth our authors and composers must make their villains sufficiently clever; the struggle between good and evil is in the world a prolonged struggle, and the victory for good must arise from some little loophole by which evil allows itself to be crushed eventually. When once the loophole is betrayed, what once had appeared impregnable, topples down like a castle of cards. Our local artists have unfortunately not grasped this truth.

THE END

The General



Reading Time • About 4 Minutes

UNOBSERVANT people might think this general election stunt in England doesn't concern India. They do not realise that the result of the recent election is a glaring example of that old saying "The hand that rocks the cradle rules the world." Look at the figures—out of about ten million voters over two-thirds were women. True there are fewer Lady M. P.s; but this is a further illustration of the power of the female.

Women don't vote for women; they vote for nice men; because they *are* nice men; or for old blighters; because they *are* old blighters. Whoever women vote for are subdued servants of the females, and will do as they are told.

In actual fact women have at least two votes each. A married man votes as his wife orders (he's not properly married if he doesn't). A single young lady can get dozens of her best boys to vote as she wishes.

I know there's secrecy at the polls; but what daring male would have the courage to put his XXs

on a slip of paper that might be seen by his wife's best boy or his girl's boy friends.

The beauty of it is that the feminines can do as they like at the Polling Booth. They give their X X X's to anyone they like without the slightest compunction.

All this is going to happen in India in the near future, too. The feminines of India have already made the necessary arrangements.

Some Indian Ladies visited some English Ladies and compared notes. Their conversation was something like this:—

Indian Ladies: "It is wonderful to see how nicely you keep your menfolk in hand. How beautifully submissive they are! It really makes one feel that we females *are* really the superior sex. How do you do it?"

English Ladies: "Of course we *are* the superior. Man was made before woman so that he could prepare

She-Election

by Old Soldier Jim

Illustrated by Varma

things for us and arrange for our comfort. Men today obey women, and the poor ignorant beings think they are the masters. As they have not sufficient thinking apparatus there's no harm in that. You Indian Ladies do really rule your menfolk but do not realise you are doing so; but no doubt you should have more sway in the government of your country. We'll have to see if we can assist."

Indian Ladies:
"We shall be so grateful. How do you propose to begin? Will you visit us in India?"

English Ladies:
"We might visit you to see how things are progressing, but we don't do the dirty work. We'll send some of our men along. They'll be delighted to think they are doing something to improve the conditions of their brothers in distress; they won't realise that they will be working for the Superior Sex."

Thus was the Simon Commission instigated. The White Paper and the India Bill were sequels to it.

Men of India! Your subordination is at hand. You will soon be voting for your wife's best boy or your girl's boy friend. You will soon be voting for

somebody who wants your wife to have all your money.

Women always did have a way of getting everything they wanted. Now they want the whole world and are going to get it.

Democracy! Self-government! Independence! Freedom! Equality! and similar high sounding words have been the cries of politicians for centuries. Politicians are like all other men—they do just what the ladies want them to.

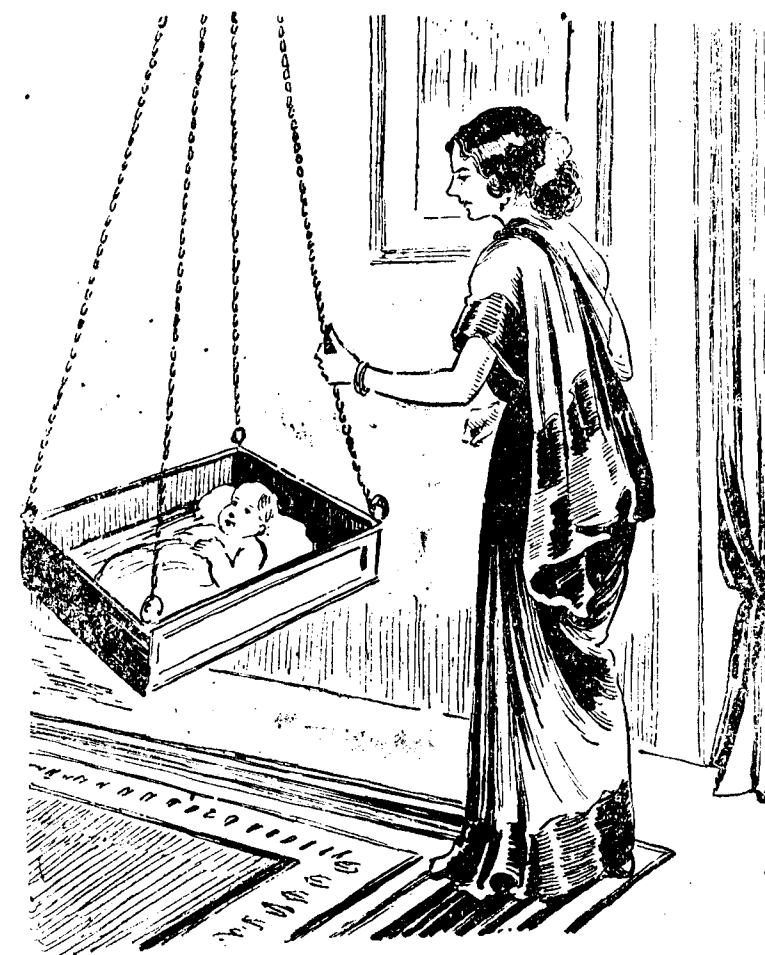
NO MORE WAR! is the latest slogan. Why? Because there are not enough men to go round.

The League of Nations is out to stop war—because the females of the Nations haven't got enough men to

bully. When there's surfeit of men there will be some more wars. Just like other administering arrangements the League of Nations is working for the majority; and the majority of human beings in the world are females, and always will be.

I know this is all correct, because my Missus told me.

THE END



The hand that rocks the cradle



The Day's First Sight

by Cross S. Devasahayam

Reading Time • About 3 Minutes

Illustrated by Varma

IF we are to judge the daily life of our Rajahs by the Indian film versions, we have to take it that for these Rajahs waking up in the morning was ever a happy event which they looked forward to eagerly all through the night.

In every Indian film, these Rajahs are depicted as rising up from their downy bed to the accompaniment of enchanting music, to look into the eyes of scantily clad but gorgeous girls dancing divinely before them. They have only, we are led to believe, to rub their eyes and, behold! ripping cuties in all their glory met their gaze.

If that was what our Indian Rajahs saw first thing in the morning, I would, for that one thing alone, if

not for anything else, willingly exchange for their crown my fountain-pen and ten years of my life.

It is interesting to note how, that aspect alone considering, the lives of ordinary mortals like us present a vivid contrast to the Rajahs.

All husbands know, of course, what it is to rub their sleepy eyes of a morning and encounter, like fate, their wife, or the youngest specimen of their own production.

To boys in boarding schools, there is nothing more bitter than the sight near their beds in early morning, of their so-called Senior Monitor whose function it is

(Continued on page 40)

Pay Day

by M. N. S.

Reading Time • About 3½ Minutes

HOW many of us look forward with pleasure for the pay-day? I do not know. But speaking for myself, I do not belong to this lucky class.

This may appear strange, if not ridiculous. For on pay-day I receive the reward for my labour, my sweat is converted into money. I must be mad if I do not think of pay-day with some elation.

My wife is herself a terror (or terrier) on that day. She would kindly ask my money-sucking creditors to come on that day of days. But my thin purse cannot meet all of them at once. So I simply follow an old practice, a legacy from my forbears, to choose three of my creditors and pay them—and that too only partially—and ask the humbler creditors to go to hell, which they never do.

"What about the washerman? Pay him something," my wife would argue.

"What about him? If I don't pay the milkman, how about my morning coffee?" I would reply, unable to hide my weakness for coffee.

"But who will wash the cart-load of clothes," she would ask and then answer the question herself.

"Of course, I. Who else? For what else have I married you if not for this—" Then there would be the usual curses accompanied by the usual exercise of anger on the utensils, on the innocent children and on all the things she lays her hands. But through all these she had never once cursed me. At least not to my face.

* * * * *

My wife has a grievance—my pay-day falling on the fifteenth of the month. I don't see what difference it



His wife's face appeared

makes so long as the pay-day falls once a month. But my wife feels grievously insulted, by my employer, that her husband should receive his salary only on the fifteenth whilst the neighbours' husbands get it earlier.

Some are fortunate to have the last day of the month as their pay-day. Others like me are less fortunate. For them, the pay-day falls on the first, the fifth, and so on till you reach the other extreme where you don't know what a pay-day looks like at all. For your employer does not pay you at all, at least for some months at a stretch. All the same you have to work.

The only relief, if there is really one, is the extra smile, I call it the pay-day smile, which the wife bestows on the weary husband as he reaches home, in a depressed spirit and with a heavy heart, in spite of his heavy pockets. But husbands know what danger lurks behind that smile. They do not smile back.

(Continued overleaf)

My friend Seenu belongs to this class. Every pay-day he would enter some cloth shop or other with the idea of replacing his buttonless, tattered coat, and, dhoty, full of, what his facetious friends called 'post offices'.

Last pay-day Seenu entered a shop and gazed at a ready-made well-cut coat with a fast-growing desire. Still looking dazedly at the coat he put his hand in his pocket to pay for it. All at once he stifled a cry and stepped back. For, his wife's face, with an ominous scowl, appeared where the coat was. He lost nerve and came away, the coat remaining an ideal to be attained.

His wife was awaiting his arrival.

"I tell you, I can't stand this any longer. I must have a new coat, dhoty and turban," he said desperately.

"Certainly; but you know we simply cannot afford it—at least not this month."

"Oh, hell!"

"Don't swear. The Chetty was here this morning."

"Which Chetty?"

"Why, the Chetty who sells saris. Who else? The last instalment for the last saree you bought so long ago—some six months back—has to be paid this month—" She paused. Seenu gulped.

"It was a nice saree, the one he brought today, and very cheap. Of course, he understands our position and was willing to give it for Rs. 35/-."

"You do things in an economical way, dear," said he sarcastically.

She beamed on him.

My advice to you, poor quill-drivers, is, don't marry, if you cannot get a Zamindar's daughter with bullion oozing from her.

THE END

WHO WAS THE ASS?

An unknown young man sent the great Dumas the manuscript of a play he had written, and proposed that they collaborate in the work.

Dumas, very much incensed at the nerve displayed by the youth, returned the play accompanied by a curt note.

"How dare you, sir," wrote Dumas, "propose to yoke together a horse and an ass?"

By return post he received a reply. "How dare you, sir, call me a horse?"

The retort so pleased Dumas that he again communicated with the young man and asked him to send his play for his reading.

THE DAY'S FIRST SIGHT

(Continued from page 38)

to see that no chap gets more than the regulated eight hours' wink.

The frightful bloke at the Mission Boarding School that I had the ill-luck to be in, employed a method to do his duty, that was at once sickening and devilish. At 5 A. M. sharp the fellow would step into our dormitory and begin—what do you think?—clanging a bell and blowing a whistle.

It is impossible to imagine anybody who could be snoring while that infernal din was going on. Inside two minutes every boarder would be on his legs.

Our lot was, perhaps, better than that of the poor but fair inmates of a Girls' Boarding School which was next to ours. Their matron had hit upon a more effective way of making the girls jump out of their beds in a flash. It was to pour a drop or two of cold water into the ear of a sleeping girl!

The only pleasant waking up that ever happened to me was, of course, in college when the noise made by dispersing class-mates announced to me the end of a boring lecture and the beginning of the evening tennis.

It is true that boxers can never tell when next they will be going to bye-byes. But, invariably when they wake up, it is a sure thing that their half-closed eyes meet either a grim chap counting one to ten briskly or a pretty nurse bending over him anxiously, who is, after all, not a bad thing, considering.

The same holds good in the case of even a married boxer, belonging to the so-called civilized western countries. He scarcely wakes up to see his wife by his bed-side, mainly because there is no wife to see any more. For, ten to one, she would have eloped with her husband's victorious opponent immediately after the boxing contest was over the previous night.

It is even believed that some boxers abroad get themselves knocked out, solely with a view to get rid of their wives.

But I cannot vouch for its veracity—the same as I cannot for the fact that Editors—

Well, well, I want this to be printed and not be thrown into the W. P. B.

So, for the sake of this will do.

THE END

Solved!

the Problem of
making good
blocks whether for
Newspapers,
Magazines Folders,
or any printed
matter.

Tell us what you
want—we will do
the rest.

Phone

8251

or write
to

VISVA & CO.,
MAKERS OF GOOD BLOCKS
50, Wallajah Road, Mount Road,
MADRAS

THE ROYAL ASTROLOGER 1,000,000



& more clients have had our remarkable foretelling Family fame of 25 generations in Astrology. Medals and Certificates from Maha Rajahs and Zamindars Annual life reading weekly details Rs. 2. Answers for 5 questions about futurity Re. 1. State birth details or writing time V. P. extra

Pandit N. AMIRTANANDA
M 2,29, North Mada St., Mylapore, MADRAS



Head Office:—

43, Byragimatam Street,

Post Box No. 203, Madras.

The Spiciest News of The Day

The discovery of RETARDEX B.
"Vitality Retentive pills" (with antidote)

A real wonder of the age—Marketed for the first time—No medicinal taste and effects—No milk necessary as for the others—Blended with gold and pearls—Very powerful and yet absolutely safe—Extremely fragrant—Can even be chewed down in pansupari, but not spat down—Best by test—Antidote very simple—Better think twice about it—You must be convinced—Give real control so desired by ambitious men. A novelty among novelties. Staying quality.

Price Rs. 3- per doz. pills-phial.

DIXON TOILET COMPANY (Dept. M), BEZWADA

Nothing to Compare the Modern
Marvel of Chemistry!

OHIO The best
Hair-Removing
Cream

Price per tube Rs. 1-8. Special rate for Three
Tubes Rs. 3-12. Postage free.

Stockists:— **SRI DHANAM & Co.**
BROADWAY, MADRAS.

Are You Reading The 'Merry' Regularly?

If not, you are missing a delightful weekly entertainment.

It provides interesting stories, chaste humour, clean sarcasm by some of the finest writers in India and abroad. Beautiful pictures and cartoons give it a charm and distinction all its own.

It is a class magazine.

Each issue is being sold out.

BE SURE OF YOUR COPY.

Place a standing order with your news-agent or send us a year's subscription.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

12 months	Inland Rs. 6	Foreign	Rs. 10
6 months	" 3	"	5
Single copy	" As 2	"	As 4

Subscriptions are payable in advance either by M.O. or B.P.Os. and may commence from any week.

THE SUBSCRIPTION MANAGER
The Merry Magazine, Broadway: Madras



Amrutanjay

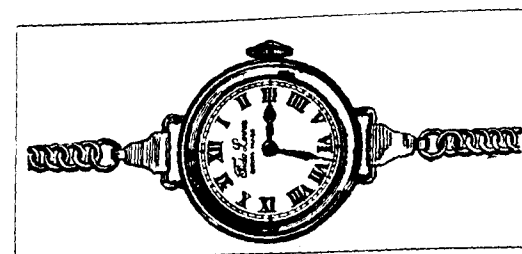
FOR ALL ACHES & PAINS



Four—

Reasons why you should choose the
"Fido" Lever Wrist Watch

- It is most durable and lasts longer than any other similar watch.
- It keeps accurate time always and in all climates and is suitable for one and all.
- It is the cheapest for its price of Rs. 5-14-0 only (postage free) with a gold-plated wrist chain free.
- No worry of repairs, as in cylinder watches, when you possess the "Fido" lever.



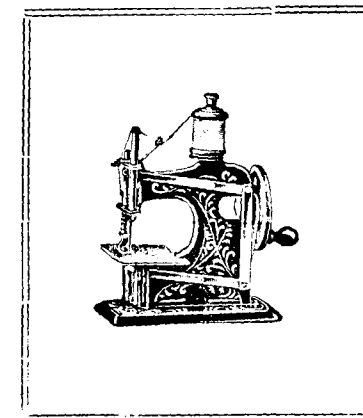
Buy one to-day.

THE GENUINE WATCH CO.,
P. B. 119 Madras

Make tailoring a fine art!

THE FAMOUS HAND SEWING - MACHINE

WILL SOLVE YOUR PROBLEM



Just imported, measurement over all 6" x 6" x 3", made of sheet metal throughout, black Japanned with litho decoration, steel and nickel-plated parts and attachments and so scientifically constructed as to make it do the actual sewing, like big machines. Can stitch bed-covers, cushions, window curtains, cloths, flags, shirts, underwear, jackets etc. Can be fastened anywhere. Every machine tested and ready for use. Simple enough for a child to operate. Each in a box, complete with one reel thread, screw-driver and fixing clamp. Your children and ladies need this, if you wish to have a lively home.

Sent with full instructions.

Price (Postage paid) Rs. 3-10-0 only

THE KRISHNA AGENCY,
(IMPORT DEPT.)
P B 119 MAD AS.

"His Master's Voice"

LEADS IN DRAMA RECORDS!

Choose

Your New Year's Entertainment

from these :

TAMIL

Chandrakantha (Set No. 62)
Chandidas (" 67)
Mira Bai (" 74)
Thyagaraja (" 77 & 80)
Thondaradippodi (" 97)

TELUGU

Prahlada (Set No. 57)
Kuchela (" 61)
Draupadi (" 68)
Manasamrakshan (" 78)
Viswamitra (" 81)
Gayopakhyanam (" 88)
Mira Bai (" 88)

LOOK FOR THE RELEASE OF

NEW KATCHERI SET

ON FOUR 12" RECORDS

Hear These Now At Our Dealers

THE GRAMOPHONE Co., Ltd.,

45. South Parade,
BANGALORE.



28. Rampart Row,
BOMBAY.