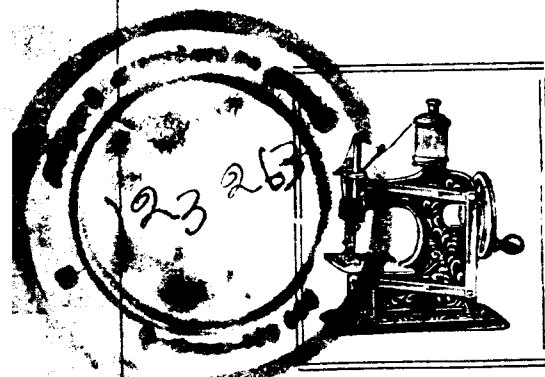


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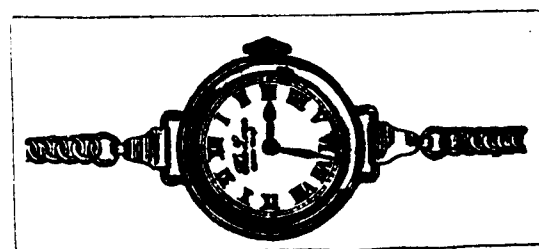
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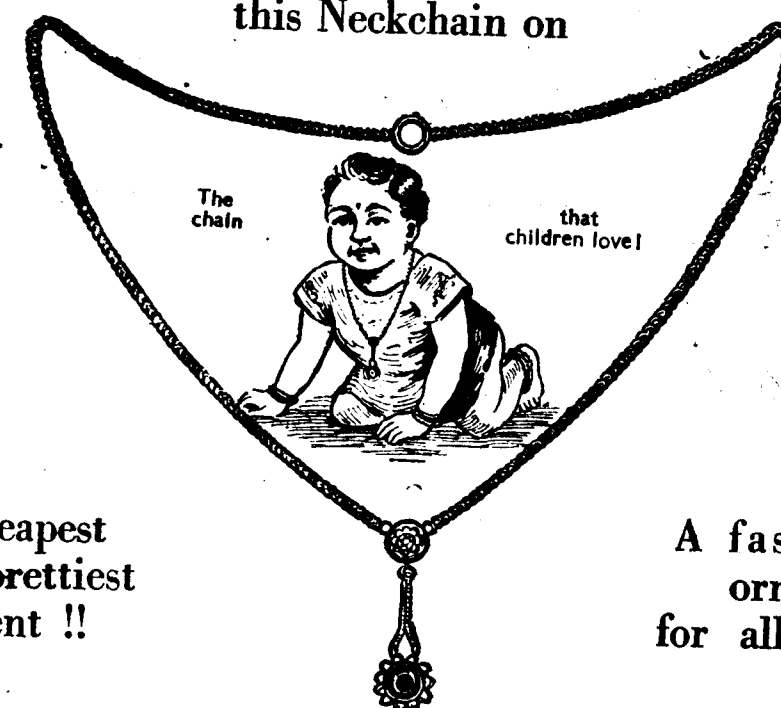
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Madras

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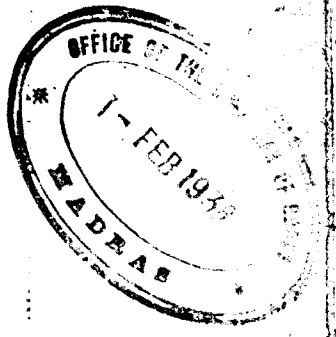
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3
The
MERRY
MAGAZINE



2078

Vol. IV Madras, 1st February, '36 No. 5

V. V. Narayanan
A. A. Roland
- Artiji -

**The Italo-
Abyssinian War**

- Embusque -
- Taurus -
V. Vyasa Rao

Joyfull Bids Farewell



Europeans in South India :

IT is a sign of the times that the European mercantile community is anxious to organise itself, and emerge on the political stage as a party with principles and a programme. So far, it has been tucked under the protecting wings of the bureaucracy by an essential identity of interests. Whatever the merits or demerits of the New Reforms, we may hazard the opinion that they promise a longer future to the trader than to the official. The permanent services are bound to be Indianised more or less rapidly; while the role of 'big business' has been specially safeguarded by the restrictive provisions of the Act. It is a master-stroke of policy on the part of its representatives to seem to fall into line with other parties in the country in a spirit of good-will to the new scheme of things. If other parties are hostile, they can raise the cry of expropriation, and bring into play the special powers of governors; but if they can coalesce with them, they can not only get all they want, but what is worse, put a spoke in the wheel of national progress. This is the inwardness of the latest move of the European community in South India to organise itself on a provincial basis. One of the speakers at the conference let the cat out of the bag by certain ingenuous remarks. We give him the credit for political prescience; but we venture to say that the underlying note of complacency is misplaced. He remarked truly enough that party-formations will assume new shapes, and will be based on more fundamental things than Congress and anti-Congress. The cleavage will be between the haves and have-nots. The change-over is bound to affect the position of Capital whether in the hands of Indians or Europeans. To visualise an alliance between capitalists of all colour would suit the extreme nationalist as apparently it suits the English business-men. It will reduce two struggles into one, and shorten the period before the Indian masses are allowed a sporting chance in the struggle for existence. The only question at issue is

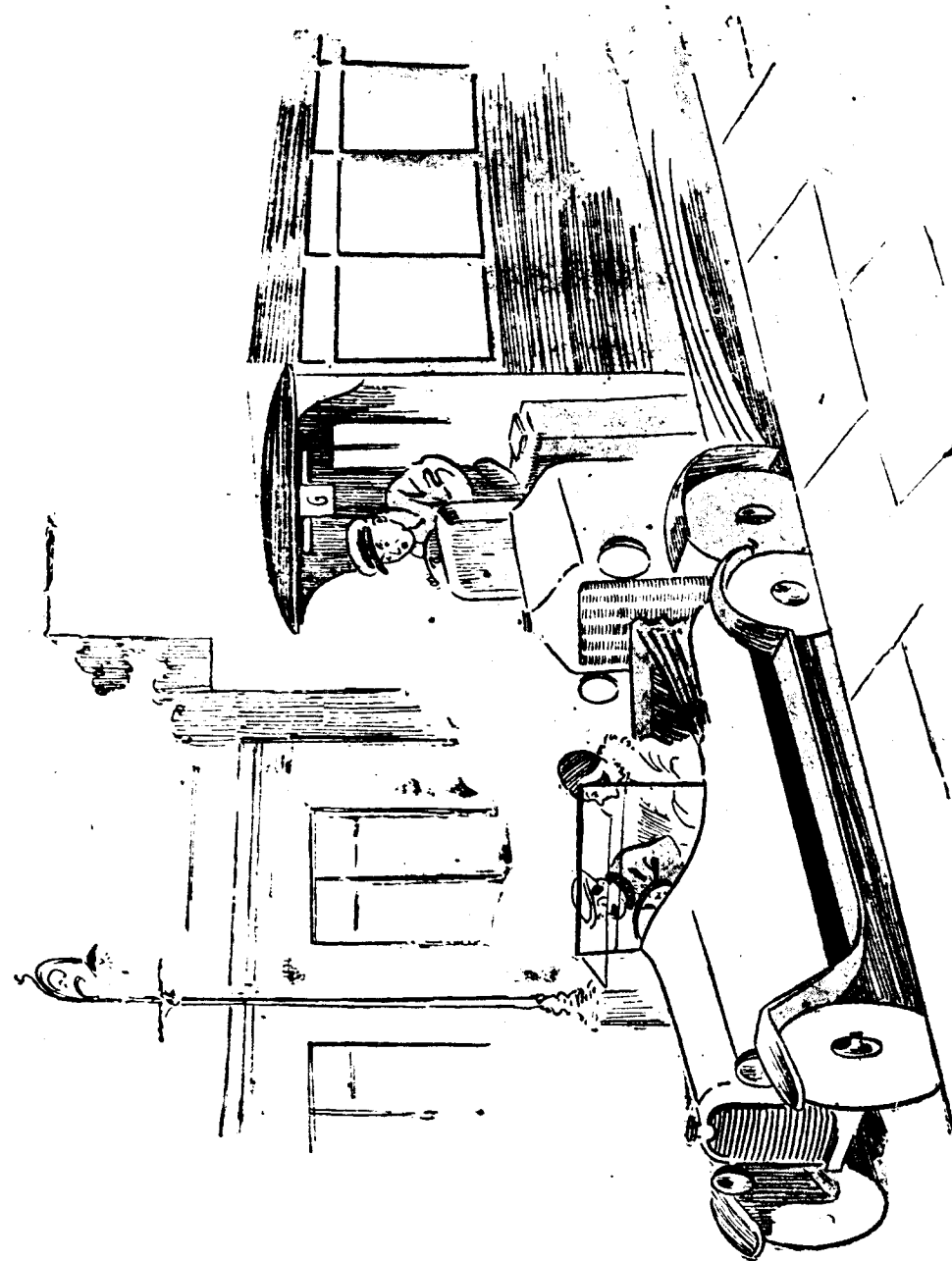
whether the struggle will be carried on with a minimum of bitterness. It is entirely in the hands of Capital. Seasonable concessions will go a long way to ease the situation as it develops. If the Englishman brought up in the admirable traditions of his country can inject into his 'spiritual associate'-to-be, that genius for compromise and practical good sense which have marked his own political and economic advancement, we may still live to congratulate ourselves on this seemingly selfish decision to join forces with the conservative elements in the country. All indications point to the likelihood of the European holding the balance of parliamentary power in his hands. In Madras, the European group has wielded such power; but has not cared to use it in the interests of healthy political growth. We shall be agreeably surprised if they use that power more honestly and resolutely in the future.

The late Mr. Kipling:

The sad demise of His Majesty King George V threw the death of Mr. Kipling into the back-ground. Both these however were symbols of the British Empire in different ways. King George was human in an abundant measure, and softened for himself, for us and for the rest of the world, the offending elements in the concept of Empire.

The British having 'blundered' into an Empire found in Mr. Kipling an impassioned interpreter of the significance of it to world history in terms of the British character. There is a strain of hardness in much of his work, as there is a strain of hardness in the basis of the Empire itself. But he blended that hardness with a Hebraic intensity of feeling, not wholly free from a touch of pharisaical self-righteousness that caused so much exasperation to his admirers. He had a devastating power of realism, which shone to advantage in the peculiar verse-forms in which he gave it expression. The most enduring part of his work is likely to be that in which he has appealed to the nature of children and—dogs!

One Thing at a Time



Wife (To hubby who had been addressed rudely by the lorry driver): Dear, surely you are going to say something to that vulgar man?

Hubby: Of course, dear, as soon as I get the car started.

The MERRY MAGAZINE



Madras, Feb. 1, '36

Contents

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	...	...	...	17
Joyfull Bids Good-Bye	...	...	...	18
Do You Know?	...	...	...	21
Auntie Awful	...	...	...	27
Star Snaps	...	...	...	37

SHORT STORIES Etc.

The Italo-Abyssinian War	By Bhaskaradas Vizagwalla	...	9
Readers' Forum—Auntie Replies		...	12
Sightseeing In Rome	By Artijl	...	13
We Must Worry	By V. Vyasa Rao	...	15
Vengeance Is Mine!	By V. V. Narayanan	...	22
Shirts—	By William	...	24
Impressions	By A. M. Menon	...	25
The House I Built	By Ver Du Cherie	...	29
Wonder Girl	By Albert A. Roland	...	31
Love more Vs. The Flitch	By Embusque	...	34
The Tale Of The Two Surgeons	By Taurus	...	38

Next Week: Adventure With a Mermaid—A. A. Roland



Embusque

The Cannibal Maiden

Admonitory Tale—1

The moral of this tale is, if you must fall in love with a cannibal maiden, don't choose one who is a good cook.

V. V. Narayanan

Cupid Gets a Smack

If you are a girl, what is the origin of your emotions which you could not or would not analyse? Is there a commonsense way out of the troubles of wedlock? The author says 'yes'.

Dewan Bahadur

K. S. Ramaswami Sastri

The Laws of Diminishing and Vanishing and Astonishing Returns.

As the title shows, the author discusses this much debated Economic Law in an eminently lucid way. This is another "Intelligent Guide" not only to women, but also to men. This is where Sastriji scores over Bernard Shaw.

Falling in Love

Shepherd of the Pot

It all amounts to this: Don't go falling in love with pictures of lovely girls in magazines. It is a futile business.

SPARKS FROM OUR ANVIL

In view of the confused political situation, Egyptian troops have been ordered to stand by at all important centres.

When in doubt, lead the trumps!

Mr. Roy Howard an American journalist touring in India is described as having great command of the English language.

Apparently an educated American!

A contemporary describes the Order-in-Council constituting the Provinces of Sind and Orissa as setting up a simple arrangement.

We ourselves fear that it is a sample of the arrangement under the new Reforms.

Asked for a message on the occasion of the Golden Jubilee of the Indian National Congress, Mr. Bernard Shaw is reported to have said that the Indian question was too big for messages.

His modesty prevented him from saying that he was too big to be asked!

It is pointed out that Sir Syed Raza Ali is the first Indian Agent in South Africa to marry a South African Indian lady.

However it was not as agent, but as principal that he has done it!

Reuter reports: 'The King's message to Parliament to-day created a precedent by using the first person instead of the third as hitherto.'

We think it very singular!

Dr. Mañan and the members of the South African Party walked out of the Cape Town Parliament when the address to the new King was moved.

It is however believed that South Africa will stay where it is for some time to come!

Speaking at the Annual meeting of the European Association, Mr. F. E. James is reported to have said: 'The Reforms Act is not a final settlement of issues between Britain and India.'

Nor even a preliminary framing of them!

Referring to the Italian invasion of Abyssinia, an Italian officer is said to have asked: 'If you found your suit too tight for you, would you not try to get for yourself a new one?'

This explains why Sgr. Mussolini was not satisfied with a strip of Abyssinia!

Explaining how she makes her amazing predictions, Madame Laila, the famous occultist now in Madras, says that it is a matter of intuition.

Still, we think she needs a little more tuition!

Dr. Natesa Mudaliar has promised that honours would hereafter be awarded according to the communal principle.

We hope he will issue orders to that effect!

India is represented on the sub-committee of the Naval Conference which is to decide on the size of war-ships.

It is to be hoped that the representative will be guided by the signs of India!

At a meeting of the Justice Party in the city, a speaker claimed that though the party is beaten at the polls, all new presidents of district boards were non-Brahmins and ex-Justices.

Which should prove that the Congress is not against non-Brahmins!

Without Comment:

Extract from an English paper: 'At a recent Cambridge Dinner in Calcutta, he (Lord Willingdon) described how he had failed to get a degree, how his tastes inclined him more to the life of a country gentleman than politics. "But," he added, "I married a wife, and here I am His Excellency, the Viceroy!"'

The March of Events

By The Man on the Move



In what the *Madras Mail* calls a thought-provoking article (with which view I cordially agree) contributed by Mr. I. G. P. Singh to the *Spectator*, there occurs a view which is—er—pregnant withbut here is what Mr. Singh says:

.....Although Beverly Hills cannot be identified with Mount Meru by any stretch of imagination, it is not altogether fantastic to contemplate the possibility of these luminaries of the screen being included in the Indian Pantheon at some not too distant date.

Mr. Singh is referring to the Hollywood luminaries, which is sad. He ought to have included like a good, patriotic Indian our local screen celebrities, too. Perhaps the alight is not altogether unmerited. We have not yet got into the Statute of Westminster,

as that Grand Old Man, C. Vijayaraghavachariar, says we should. I have no doubt that when we do get real *swaray* Mr. Singh will include our talkie girls in the Hindu Pantheon.

Patriotic considerations apart, I believe Mr. Singh has put his finger on the thing. As a man who felt his blood tingling in his aorta whenever he saw the Hollywood beauties in action, I am all out for the idea.

I think my miniature Pantheon in my little *pooja* room at home contains about fifteen gods with their divine consorts, excluding a few who are bachelors; bachelors by reason of vows of celibacy or just by reason of unreasonable misogamy.

When that blessed time arrives, when the Hollywood girls find a place in our Pantheon, I would appropriate Mae West and give her an honoured place in the row of my little gods and goddesses. One reason why I have listed so heavily for Mae West is that I am crazy after curves, and is there a chap living who dare say that Mae West lines are not gorgeous? If there is one woman in Hollywood who answers to the immortal Kalidasa's conception of beauty, it is Mae West. A further reason why I would deify M. W. is that I don't merely want to go up and see her sometime, I want to see her all the time.

The selection being settled, what form shall my Goddess assume?

Of all the Goddesses in the Hindu Pantheon, none appeals to my head and heart as Kali, alias Durga alias Shakti alias Bhavani, the Symbol Beatific, the Universal Mother, in whose all-absorbing ultimate bosom, all of us will find that eternal peace.

I would put round my Kali's neck a garland of human skulls,

tach skull represented by a head earned by Mae West.

Come, Hindu brothers and sisters, choose a Goddess from the Hollywood studios. If you lag behind, you will find to your cost the whole lot snapped up by enthusiasts like me.

★

Protection for Coconuts, says a headline. A man in a bus I usually travel by asked me today what that meant. Hadn't the coconut a protective cover already? A thick fibrous pad all around it and a hard shell beneath it?

As it is quite likely that that man in the bus represents a large number of ignorant folk, I am elaborating that headline.

I have noticed that of all the nuts in the vegetable kingdom the coconut is the most cruelly used. Everybody used to think, before Sir Jagadish Chandra Bose was born, that coconuts have no souls. But Science demonstrates the contrary. The cruel way in which we treat coconuts is particularly evident on the pavement before temples. I have noted with tears in my eyes what they do to coconuts on the pavement before a Pillayar temple in Triplicane. Each devotee goes inside the temple, offers a nut to the deity, brings it out, and what does he do? He bangs the poor coconut on the pavement. The poor nut spreads itself out on the road in a thousand pieces. Dirty street urchins grab the pieces up.

That is not how you should treat a coconut. You should tap it gently on its middle and part it into two nicely, with love in your heart. Then you must offer the two pieces to the deity and eat it reverently or give the pieces gently to dirty, howling boys who are mobbing the facade of the temple.

To this end a few kind-hearted gentlemen, including myself, have initiated a campaign in the press. Hence that intriguing headline.

★

Last week the first conference of the South Indian Branch of the European Association was held in the premises of the Burma-Shell Company. Mr. D. M. Reid was in the chair and conducted the proceedings ably. Winding up, Mr. Reid said:

We are Madrassis.

Now, that is news to me. I thought the delegates and the Chairman were Englishmen and Scotchmen. All the same, I am delighted to hear that Mr. Reid and his assembled friends are Madrassis. I am prepared to take Mr. Reid at his word and hug him as a brother Madrassi. But there are some chaps who want a demonstration by Mr. Reid, before they would welcome them into their midst.

I would suggest to Mr. Reid, therefore, to do a few Madrassi things as a good-humoured concession to popular prejudice. Mr. Reid should eat with me four Mysore *bondas* with two and a half saucers of hot *sambar*. He must chew a small bundle of Kumbakonam betel-leaves with a pleasant grin, as I always do, spreading the chunam on the leaves with his right index-finger. Finally he should dispose of the residue of the chunam on his finger as I do. He should select a nice lamp-post and wipe his chunamed finger on it.

This done, he will be a full-fledged Madrassi.

Most Madrassis I know will not be satisfied with that. But Mr. Reid may count upon my good-will and go ahead: I will prevail upon my fellow-Madrassis to take the rest of the things as performed.

N. E. W. S.

The tooth known as 'wisdom' tooth, whether it imparts wisdom or not, is a cause of insanity.

In a mental home in Birmingham, mental experts found that quite often 'wisdom' teeth were the cause of insanity. Of forty-eight patients whose 'wisdom' teeth were pulled out, thirty-seven were cured.

Russia is in for it. In the coming months, the world will hear a good deal about Valdimir Narashkin, who is to run the gamut of boxing and make a bid for world fame.

He is 7 ft. 4 in. in his socks—seven inches taller than the giant Carnera—and weighs 20 stone. His punch carries most of his weight.

Paris. An invalid husband in cure-less pain. A wife mad with grief. At the request of the husband Mme. Deletain killed her husband by turning on the gas and strangling him. She did not turn off the gas. She lay on the bed, leaving a letter to the police with money inclosed for the funeral of herself and her husband. When the police broke into the room, she was unconscious. She was rushed to the hospital and there she died, later.

"Sure, I've got two wives. That isn't all. I have also got One Thousand Five Hundred and Twenty sweethearts. I used to keep a list of them but as it got bulky, I gave it up."

That is what a Chicago man said at the Police Court where he was arraigned at the instance of his wife, who complained that he was spending his nights with a second wife. That chap must have been a pretty quick guy to have achieved all he claims.

The king of the jungle is not always the king of the jungle. At least not when the king happens to be doing 'time' in a zoo.

There are two cages, adjacent cages, in the Herne Zoo at Berlin. In one was a lion, in the other a bear. The door between the two cages opened accidentally. The lion sprang into the bear's cage to pull off a little king-of-the-jungle stuff. It was the bear, how-

ever, which exhibited the jungle stuff. It knocked out the lion with a mighty swipe. The keeper threw in the towel.

Two gentlemen staged a hold-up in the State Bank at Des Moines, U. S. A. After the get-away, the police came and questioned the staff. The girl book-keeper described them as "not bad looking."

The gunmen are grateful for the compliment. They sent the girl a note: "Thanks for the compliment. We will be still better-looking when we come back to see you. Going to take beauty treatments. Bert and Bill."

America's mind travels into the queerest channels and discusses threadbare questions concerning the most sacred things that had better be left alone, for their own good. One such question was *What Good Is A Husband?* Happily most of the answers were in the affirmative, with strong reasons in support of their opinion. Some of the amusing answers are:

"The world stands in more urgent need of mothers than of business women."

"My marriage is happiness in essence but I derive my greatest pleasure from my work. I don't think a husband is absolutely necessary for my happiness." How does her hubby take this?

"Every woman requires to be fussed over. The boss doesn't care if you are warm enough but the hubby does. Another thing, you can't talk back to the boss if he says something that doesn't just please you. But you can lash back your hubby if he begins to get a little nutty." A good use for a husband.

Now, this is the worm's turn, listen to him. It's the bachelor speaking:

"I am a bachelor and expect to remain one. (Fore-sight) I enjoy myself in my own way. You say, what good is a husband, do you? I say (Make sure the missus is not around. I have done so, myself) *What good is a wife?*"

The Italo-Abyssinian War

By Bhaskaradas Vizagwalla

(Our Cock-Eyed Historian)

Able Assisted by five War Correspondents

Reading Time • About 12 Minutes

Sketches by Mall

I am cock-eyed. This optic infirmity might seem ridiculous beside the shifting fortunes of the unholy carnage which the imposing title above represents. Still there is nothing droll about it, as you will presently see, as this discourse moves on to its grand climax like a meandering yet mighty stream, going to the bosom of its mother, the ocean. Incidentally it (my cock-eyedness) demonstrates the truth of the aphorism—Great things have small beginnings.

If you will pardon a digression, it is an atavistic tendency, my being cock-eyed. My grandfather was born with perfectly normal, beautiful eyes. He had a bad habit. He was rather fond of the girls. He would stare at every bucolic beauty with such a fixity of sight and purpose, that the tremendous strain on his retinas made him cock-eyed beyond cure. That defect is handed down to me. I didn't inherit the other tendency, though. I am not at all fond of the girls; that is to say, fond of them only in a non-sugary way.

Now, I wanted to see with my own eyes how the Italians and Abyssinians were going at each other. I wanted to chronicle the history of this war. So I purchased me a little dow. I dressed myself without ostentation in a bathing slip, told the customs chaps I was a fisherman, and set sail from Karachi for the theatre of war. I did not carry with me a compass or a Kodak, because if I carried them, the customs chaps would think I was a Russian spy, and that would make them very unhappy. I steered my little barque by the constellation of those seven stars which Hindu brides and bridegrooms are so fond of, which soul-less astronomers call the Great Bear. Being cock-eyed, the Great Bear appeared to me in the wrong place in the firmament. To my great surprise, I landed at the Cape of Good Hope. They thought I was Oscar Speck in fancy dress. The Agent to the Governor-General, in collaboration with the Union Government, was for according me a grand civic reception. I disabused them of their abused understanding by pretending that I was a dumb and deaf Vizagwalla, going to meet my Zulu fiancée.

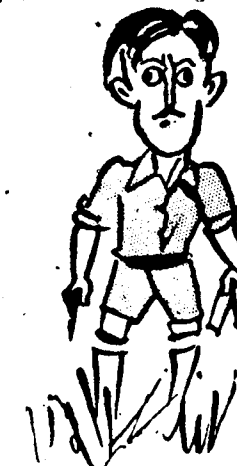
I hiked right across the Dark Continent, the hero of hair-raising adventures with lions, pythons, beetles, and Zulu and Hottentot girls who wanted to marry me. (I am not a bad-looking man. See picture.) At last I reached the war zone. What I saw didn't satisfy me in the least. My cock-eyes were a handicap.

I saw Count Ciano in action, and thought he was a crow carrying pebbles to drop in the jar in which, Aesop says, there is a little water which the crow's bill cannot reach. I saw Italian coolies frantically making roads, and thought they were a gang of Bernard Shaws. I saw the profile of the King of Kings at Dessie, and (God forgive me!) I thought he was my long lost uncle. I saw his imperial front, and (God forgive me again!) I thought he was Fredric March in make-up as Jean Valjean.

It was clear, therefore, my history of the war could not be an authentic affair, if I get my historic perspective all wrong like this. So I came away unharmed through the fighting lines, by subterfuge. I gave Ras Seyoum a talisman, made of rare Himalayan herbs and powerful spells, guaranteed to make Ras Seyoum the father of two lovely boys and give him success in litigation. In gratitude, the Ras gave me a mule and an escort. When I reached the Italian lines, I regaled the soldiers with lewd stories of old-world Devadasis. They gave me a cwt of spaghetti and took me in a tank up to Alexandria. Back amidst civilisation, I flew home by an Imperial Airways' plane.

But the ambition to record the progress of this strange war, as it was not so far recorded, still burned within me. Such a historic impulse, such a noble fire should not be given a cold bath, don't you think? I engaged four reliable special correspondents to cover this war for me. It may be asked: "Why four, when one or a couple of them would do?" Well, with the Calcutta Corporation imbroglio before me, I didn't want to bring about my poor ears a hornet's nest of communal discontent. Furthermore what about the Justice Party and the Non-Brahmin interests in South India?

I engaged a Brahmin, a Muhammedan, a Non-Brahmin and a Harijan, so that Raja Bahadur



Vizagwalla



The Brahmin

They reached Abyssinia.

My instructions to my special correspondents were that they should take each a different route and converge on Addis Ababa. They are converging.

The Brahmin reports from Bolgsdatmatch in the south-east of Abyssinia as follows:

Since leaving the coast I have traversed (Pillayar knows how!) an extraordinarily diverse terrain. I could not perform my daily *sandhyavandanams* enjoined by the ageless *Vedas*, because there is no water anywhere here. What little of it there is, is only used for drinking. If you so much as wiggle your toe in a wayside pool, you are hanged.

What adds poignancy to my unhappiness is the fact that the flask of holy Ganges water which I brought

Krishnamachariar, Sir Mohammed Iqbal, the Non-Brahmin Federation and Dr. Ambedkar may not accuse me of nepotism. As a last-minute arrangement I added an Atheist to the party to satisfy myself and World Opinion. I gave each a role of note-paper, a couple of pencils, a pen-knife (no lethal weapons because of the Arms Act) a water-flask, a palmyra punka (to swat the Abyssinian flies with, and also to wave the poison gas back to the Italian lines), a wad of international coupons to finance their travels and fill their tummies, and my sympathy.

Censor rather smartly. He bought a stuffed pigeon in Kenya and wrote his first despatch on its feathers in Pitman and Sloan-Duployan shorthand script. The pigeon being dead it reached me by post, naturally. This is the transcribed message:

I sneaked into Abyssinia, crossing the Kenya border when nobody was looking. I had the honour of meeting His Majesty Haile Selassie. I could not shake his hand, because he was standing two hundred yards away on his palace-steps, with his back to me. I was in the crowd.

There are no Brahmins in Abyssinia; consequently all are Non-Brahmins, which is all to the good. (There are lots of flies, though. The palmyra punka you gave me as part of my kit is coming in handy. Thank you ever so much, sir.) There is no communal G.O. here governing the recruitment to superior and subordinate services. It will be a long time before Abyssinian political life would approximate to conditions in Madras. I must voice a fear, however. The Brahmins might rush in and grab all the jobs going here. Please advise the Non-Brahmins in the old country to be prepared for this contingency.

It is dashed hard to get hold of reliable war news in this country. So till I get the hang of things here, will you please mail me the *Justice* and the *Pioneer*? Thanks awfully.

My Muhammedan special correspondent got into Abyssinia via Egypt, it is not clear why. He writes from somewhere near Adowa.

I crossed the border in a dazed condition, because, in Abyssinia, the Sun takes a different route in the sky to what it takes in India. In my bewilderment I blundered into an Italian soldier. He thought, probably, I was his mother-in-law's ghost. He threw away his rifle and landed a terrific whack on my nose. I roared, "Alla-ho-Akbar!" and kicked him in the pants. Before the Italian could say "Popolo d'Italia", I was off into the jungle like a baby whirlwind.



The Harijan

There are (Alla be praised!) a large number of people here who follow the Prophet (peace be on Him). There are, of course, mosques. But there is no music before mosques, because the Abyssinians are not musical. There are no communal electorates in Abyssinia, much less weightage. But it must be remembered that this is an uncivilised country. No doubt, as civilization advances, the Abyssinian Muslims will achieve what we in India have achieved.

I cannot send you any war-news in this dispatch. As I was nearing the war-zone, the rains set in. I got stuck up waist-deep in mud. Please convey my love to Mohammed Ali Jinnah. Has Dr. Ambedkar embraced Islam yet?

My Harijan friend got into the centre of things with no difficulty at all. Read what he has to say:

Disembarking at Zeila, I disguised myself as a *swamiji*, in flowing orange robes. I had my head tonsured with a blue-steel Gillette blade, to make myself more plausible. By God, it took on and spread! I say with Dr. Ambedkar, "Oh, Hinduism! You are not a religion but a contagious disease!" Preferably Kala-Azar.

As I passed the Italian lines the soldiers prostrated before me for my benediction. I administered it, just as Sankaracharya, Dr. Kurtkoti, would. I was reverentially greeted by Ras Seyoum and Dedjesmatch Ras Hailu, with whom I discussed the inner meaning of the Battle of Kurukshetra, and particularly the Karmic Theory adumbrated in the *Bhagavat Gita*.

The War? Damn the war! I am more interested in the socio-religious life of these people. However, I must say this. If Mussolini is trying to sleep on the Negus's bed in Addis Ababa, he will become a chronic insomniac. I wonder if that word is a correct derivative. I haven't got a dictionary in my kit. Anyhow, we get *maniac* from *mania*; so why not *insomniac* from *insomnia*? If it offends against Grammar, then English Grammar is an ass.

After that shave, I am feeling very pleasant all over my head.

The report of the Atheist is flippant as might have been expected. He says:

As my boat neared the Red Sea, I told the Master of the vessel that I was fed up with life, and so wanted to commit suicide. He offered me a whisky to cheer me up. A woman fellow-passenger kissed me with tears flowing copiously. The tears got in the way and spoiled an otherwise perfect Mae West kiss. As soon as the kiss was finished, I jumped overboard, dived and popped up at Berbera, because I didn't care to land on non-British soil. I went about the streets of

Berbera shouting, *Union Jack ki Jai!* As soon as I crossed the Br. Somaliland border I disguised myself as a Muharram tiger and saw from the bush the Italian and Abyssinian armies in a fierce engagement. Quite a lot of Abyssinians were dead. So were the Italians. At nightfall they hanged fire (!). The two companies mixed freely on the battlefield and sorted out their dead. When the Italians retired to their base, I sneaked up behind them and produced a blood-curdling whoop. My eye! You should have seen their faces!



The Atheist

I pinched a bag of fur from the Italian stores and disguised myself anew as a performing

baboon. I wandered unmolested everywhere.

The religion of these Abyssinians, as elsewhere, is the opium of their life. As you are aware, I am anti-opiate. I neither believe in the Immaculate Conception, nor in the Prophet, nor again in the Hindu Trinity. So I think I will stick on here and convert the proletariat to Reason and Marx.

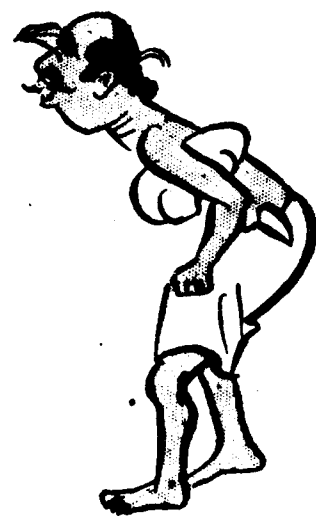
If you say that my hanging around here indefinitely is a breach of contract, you may go to the devil.

Anyhow I exchanged the water-bottle you gave me for a couple of nice Abyssinian girls. I am definitely not coming back.



The Muhammedan

The Non-Brahmin dodged the



The Non-Brahmin

Readers' Forum

Auntie Replies

Mysore, January 14th, 1936.

Dear Auntie,

After reading the article *About Fat Women* by 'Mea' in your Magazine, I feel like letting down my present lean girl and switching on to the fat one I was laughing at, because of her vast lines. The only fly in the ointment is that the lean one may land me in a Court of Justice. I am at my wits end. What am I to do, dear Auntie?

Your loving Nephew,
Mysorewallah.

Dear Mysorewallah,

I am so glad to hear, dear boy, that 'Mea's' article has revolutionised your outlook on life—represented by fat women.

Yes, fat women are manufacturing factories of joy. You are not alone in the boat. Take me for instance. (No, not that.) I am not exactly fat; just a fine armful of a woman; my one-time girlish lines tending

to a glorious *embonpoint*. Still, it is astonishing how lovingly impressionable middle-aged men look at me in public conveyances. And I am only plump.

I sympathise with you. But where is your chivalry? Scarecrow as she is, you should not let down your girl. You have got a base ready to hand. Build the desired superstructure and live happily in it ever after.

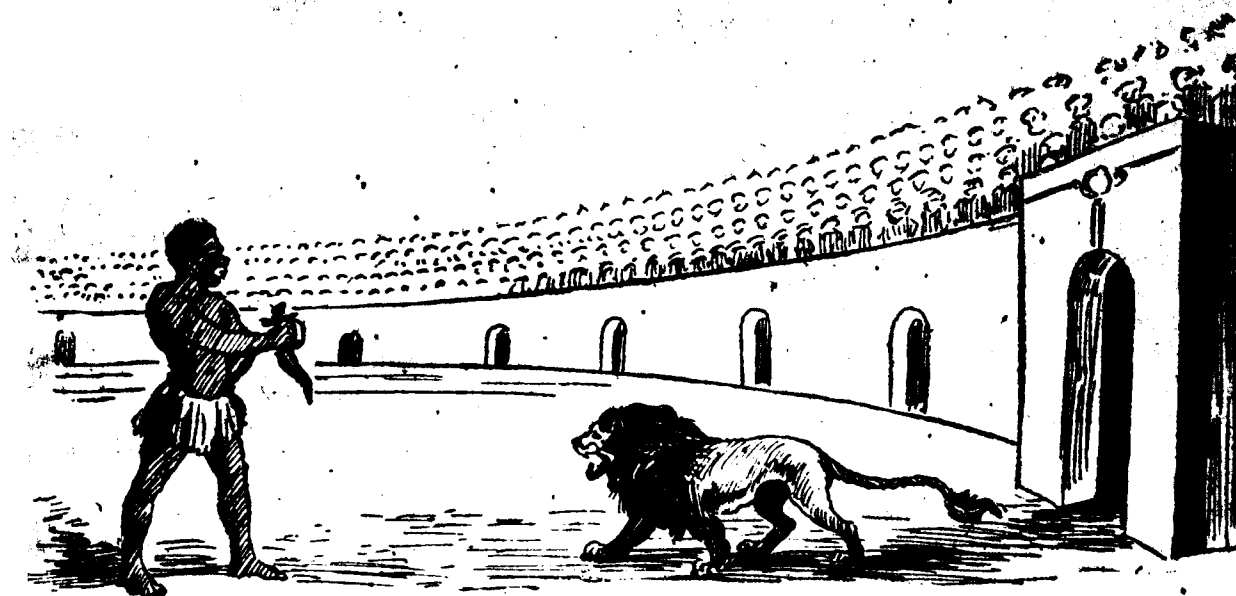
Put your girl on a diet of mashed potatoes, cream, butter and kisses. Make her sleep for sixteen hours a day. Tickle her at least twice a day, once after sun-rise and once after sun-set. If she objects to it as an unwarranted familiarity, get her little sister to do it for you.

At the end of six months she will gather so much fat around her, that she will occupy most of your horizon.

Write to me again six months hence, dear boy.

With all kind wishes,
Yours sincerely
AUNTIE.

★



Sightseeing in Rome

By Artiji

Reading Time • About 6 Minutes

Illustrated by Varma

ROME is the city of glory and glamour, the City of Seven Hills and a million inhabitants, of black shirts, of white cigars, of mystery, of wonder, of legend, of barbarism and, above everything, of spaghetti.

Its chief claims on posterity rest on one occurrence—its burning by Nero and the instrumental solo which ensued. I am able to publish for the first time an accurate and unprejudiced account of this remarkable performance. It is an event that has been mutilated, glorified and stigmatised by history. Posterity bedaubes it; publicity applauds it. It is up to the public to distinguish between sincerity and falsehood. What I present today is the truth, the whole truth, the absolute and unaltered truth, signed by Marcus Superbus and arranged by Horatio Banana.

In A.D. 64, Hiramüs Nichlebus met Brutus the Boar in a fifteen-round contest at the Coliseum involving the championship of Europe. Brutus won on a technical knock-out. Nero who backed Hiram at 56 to 1 lost a few odd millions as the result of his indiscretion. This agitated him so much that he dropped his Virginian Tobacco on the pavement, which as you all know is bad behaviour for an Emperor. The

tobacco set fire to the pavement and the pavement set fire to the street. The brigade who were having a pleasant argument with the Huns came out, poured some whiskey on it and retired. Nero decided that a fire on a cold day was not without its uses. He asked the butler to lay the dinner table, called in a couple of American sob-sisters, and settled down to his violin concerto. The sisters walked in, took a long, long look at his house of gold, called him a genius and removed a dozen bricks. Nero laughed, grinned, ate and forgot his music. The sisters removed another brick. The floor warmed up, and so did Nero. He seized the fiddle with the courage born of desperation and overheated slippers. Out of adversity cometh genius. The temperature increased with Nero's frenzy. The lady who was still trying to transfer the wall to her handbag burst into the highest F flat in Roman history. Her partner turned up with a tap-dance that made the Charge of the Light Brigade look like a study in still photography. From babel and chaos and murmur and anguish the monster of Jazz descended. Don't let anyone tell you it's a modern innovation. Dance music isn't called 'hot' without a reason.

I could tell you a lot more about Rome. The day when the prize gladiator was doped, for instance. Or the time when Gratzia, chariot champion, set up a record that was never since approached. Unfortunately I am here not to discuss the ancient but to explore the modern. The Rome of today if not quite so picturesque as the Rome of old, affords nevertheless a host of interesting experiences. St. Peters is perhaps the best known of them all. It is the largest church in Europe—with a dome that is higher than St. Pauls. In front of it stands the largest square in Europe. And above it the highest Cross in Europe. The most beautiful door in Europe leads to the finest floor in Europe, terminated by the largest Basilica in Italy and the finest statue in Rome. Add to that 284 pillars, 162 statues, a few thousand accessories, and you have a faint conception of St. Peters. The proportions are perfect—so perfect in fact that they make its size delusive. Nails from the Cross are housed in the crypt. To one side of the nave stands the statue of



The origin of jazz

St. Peters, its feet worn smooth by continuous kissing. That is not idol-worship; it is only kissing an idol's feet.

Another example of credulity is the foot-print of Christ which lies a few miles outside Rome and can be seen (as usual) on payment of a minor consideration. Judging from the evidence of this particular relic, Christ must have employed a size twenty-six in footwear.

The Vatican which lies to one side of St. Peters is a combination art gallery, papal residence, and museum. The best known exhibit is the Sistine Chapel conceived and executed by Michael Angelo. It is a triumph of crystallised reality, the climax of distilled impressionism, a magnificent tribute to a magnificent mind. The only thing it lacks is ventilation. However, the Vatican does possess a remarkable library and some outstanding examples of sculpture.

A second example of size is afforded by the monument to Victor Emmanuel. It measures 439 feet in

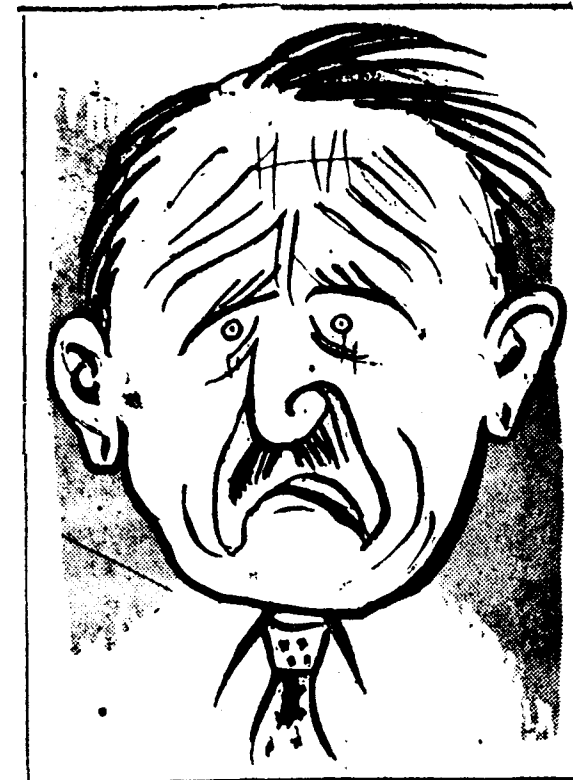
length, 416 in breadth and 257 in height. As a piece of architecture it is undeniably imposing. Its magnificence takes your breath away. But it is not pleasant to lose your breath. The monument contains an imposing equestrian statue and the tomb of the Unknown Warrior. A spacious square stands before it. The Forum is immediately behind, and its bedraggled condition forms a striking contrast to the memorial. I am not one of those fortunate gentlemen who can stand for hours looking at a piece of stone and build upon it the essence of a long past, a dilapidated glory. I can only see what is there to be seen. You may call me a sophist, an ass, a mate-

rialist, a cynic, a greedy embittered searcher after wealth, but the fact remains that I cannot build a cathedral from brick-dust nor an amphitheatre from an elephant's bone. Archaeologists may adore the Forum and giggling Americans can line up on either side and squirm in admiration. I prefer to be sincere, face criticism, call it a washout, and leave it at that.

To the man in the street the Coliseum is the only relic of ancient Rome that is likely to appeal. Its strength lies mainly in its grandeur, its size, its rugged pre-eminence over everything around. Nothing in the neighbourhood can hope to approach it. It stands alone—triumphant and colossal. Time cannot destroy its magnificence. There is something about the impressive solitude of that pile which strikes you, calls you, compels you, something eloquent of a long lost empire, something that calls back the floods of tradition, something that sharpens the edge of recollection, which makes you turn the dry leaves of history and alone in silence and stillness—remember.

Thank you, ladies and gentlemen. I am afraid I was getting sentimental. If ever you feel the same way, go along and take a look at the Tiber 'to whom the Romans pray'. Also ask for the bridge which Horatius kept. Then try to decide if it was worth the keeping.

THE END



We Must Worry!

By V. Vyasa Rao

Sketches by Mali

Reading Time • About 5 Minutes

OF all human emotions, psychologists will tell you, worry is a queer proposition. A glut of brains, a keen thinking and deductive faculty could be directed in two opposite channels, happiness and misery, crime and its antithesis. In the same way, worry can be a pathological defect, a 'darned' nuisance or a stepping-stone to something worth while, something worth attaining.

If it is left unchecked, if goaded on by your morbid brooding, worry will land you in a mental home. Conversely, properly employed, it will key you up to a potency that has ever been the prime mover in men's affairs, an incentive to attain heights worth attaining. It all depends on how you worry.

If you go on worrying, groping your way out of a dark hole out of which there is no apparent way, you just go in a circle, touching repeatedly the place you started from. If you lose purpose and look at the dilemma in dismay, it will numb your senses; you get confused, you are lost. On the other hand if you apprise all the extraneous conditions, the calamities lurking in the shadows, the crouching treacheries inherent in the situation you are confronted with, you can and will see a way out.

An impersonal, collected state of mind, will accept only reasonable contingencies. Worry run riot will only reveal unreasonable fears and dangers that are not there. In the life around us, most things that hap-

pen are lamentably unreasonable. Accepting that limitation in the plan of things we should worry ourselves out intelligently.

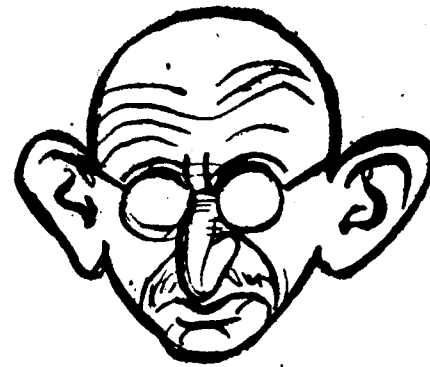
Those who worry in the right way, understanding the unreasonableness of things around them, making provision to vitiate the 'exotic accidents' of life, will come out with laurels on their brows. The world calls such men lucky. Really, however, they are the people who have understood the finer points of worrying.



Studying the lives of great men who accomplished feats outside the capacity of the common run, those that touch a thing and leave the aroma of their personalities on it, one is struck with the amount of worrying—in the right direction—they did.

Mahatma Gandhi, in spite of his aggressive, chronic cheerfulness, did and is doing a powerful amount of worrying. The great actor Forbes-Robertson worried about his acting and scored successes vouchsafed to few men. It is recorded of John Galsworthy that he worried about his writing. His was a ceaseless toil to improve his writing! Abraham Lincoln got a few extra furrows on his broad brow just because of his intense worrying.

Physical pain is at once a warning and an outlet, a preventive. Mental worrying is precisely the same. To go back to Gandhi, India would not be what it is if that superman did not worry for us in a truly



supermanly way. It would be idiotic to suggest to anybody not to worry.

If your wife is worrying over the preparation of a curry to which you are rather partial, don't assume a superior air and lecture to her on the virtue of having a cool head. If you leave her alone, nine times out of ten, it would do your palate, and your stomach further down, great good. She will produce masterpieces of cookery.

Let us worry. But let us worry in the right way. If we get on the wrong side of worry it will cloud our heads.

As a homely illustration, I have worried for well over an hour over this article. My mother was advising me to leave the thing alone and retire for the night. I did not. This is the result.

Worry has made us what we are. It will make us what we will be.

Let us therefore worry.



THE END

Fun For All



The manager of a touring theatrical company wired to the proprietor of the theatre in a small town where his company was due to appear:

Would like to hold rehearsal next Monday afternoon at three. Have stage manager, carpenter, property man, electrician and all stage hands present at that hour.

Four hours later he received the following reply:
All right. He'll be there.

"Hist!" exclaimed the villain in the play, "are we alone?"

"Not quite," said the solitary occupant of the pit, "I am here."

Jack: An explorer has discovered that an African tribe beats the ground with sticks as a sign of anger.

Jones: Well, well, fancy golf spreading to equatorial Africa!

"What are those queer-looking statues over there?" asked the visitor to the city.

"Those aren't statues," said the Madras, "they are workmen busy on one of the new Government jobs."

Subbu: I shall be everlastingly indebted to you, old man, if you will lend me a tenner.

Kittu: Yes, I know. That's the trouble.

Two young Irishmen in a Canadian Regiment were going into the trenches for the first time and their captain promised one dollar for every one of the enemy they killed. Pat lay down to rest while Mike watched. Pat had not lain long when he was awakened by Mike shouting: "They're coming! They're coming!"

"Who's coming?" shouted Pat.

"The enemy," replied Mike.

"How many are there?" asked Pat.

"About 50,000," replied Mike.

"Begorra!" shouts Pat, jumping up and grabbing his rifle, "our fortune is made!"

"I cannot understand," said the Vicar, "why so many of the congregation go straight from the church to the public-house."

"Oh," said the bright Curate, "that is what they call 'thirst after righteousness.'"

Smith was walking up a dimly lit street when a man moved out from the shadows and stood in his path.

"No need to get scared, mister," the stranger said. "I'm only going to ask you to give a subscription to my Christmas club."

"Your Christmas club?"

"Yes; have a look at it."

Smith glanced at the stout stick the man brandished and gave the subscription.

First Golfer: Confound it, sir, you nearly hit my wife!

Second Golfer: Did I? Well, have a shot at mine!

"If I had a wife like yours I'd stay home every night."

"I'd say you would, or you'd get your neck broken!"

"Who was that lady I saw you eating with last night?"

"That was no lady, that was my knife."

Short-sighted Sportsman: Keeper, count your beaters. Are they all here?

Keeper: Yes, sir.

Sportsman: Then you'll find a dead stag under that tree.

The thousands of readers of this magazine who enjoyed reading Joyfull for well over two years, will learn with great regret that the writer of these delightful weekly letters is no longer in India. This is his last letter.

The soul of the Englishman in India presents three aspects—the commercial soul of Clive Street, the official, ma-bap soul of New Delhi and last, which unhappily for us is not so evident, the soul which reflects the higher humanities. It is given to Joyfull and the woeful minority he represents to give us a glimpse of this third aspect.

Wherever the exigencies of service take him, our kindest thoughts go with him.
—Editor.



Joyfull bids good-bye.

Joyfull Bids Good-Bye

Reading Time • About 10 Minutes

Madras, 1st February, 1936.

DEAR MOTHER,

YOU will scarcely believe your eyes when you get this letter. For some time, you have been asking when I am likely to come home; but I did not want to raise your hopes. It seemed as if I was more likely to go to Abyssinia or somewhere. However, if all goes well, I shall be home almost as soon as you get this letter. The troopship will be chasing the mail-boat all the way through the Suez Canal, with your loving son putting coal on the fire to make the ship go faster.

The British army is such a small one that practically every soldier has to take his turn of duty in India. I suppose there must be ten thousand young and innocent lads who make the voyage out every year. Ten thousand more, older and wiser, return homeward. I do not think the Indian people realise the important influence these lads have on India's destiny.

These boys are all from working-class and middle-class homes. They are chaps with democratic sentiments. They have no love for lords or *burra sahibs*. Before coming to India, they know very little about the country. They have heard in a general way that the Indians are getting self-government, and of course they are pleased to hear it.

The last draft we had from home were fellows who had been to the Saar last year. They told us about the Saar. The day they marched into the district, the Germans stood in crowds on the pavement, and glared silently at the passing troops. After a day or two, the troops began to understand the customs of the country. The first custom was to say 'Heil Hitler!' instead of 'How do you do?'

When they went to the cinema in the evening, the troops said, 'Heil Hitler! Two seats, please. How much?' The proprietor was astonished. He expected the seats to be confiscated by the brutal foreign soldiers.

The other inhabitants heard about this, and when the troops went into a cafe, the Germans said,

"Heil Hitler! Have some coffee!" and the troops said, "Heil Hitler! Thank you, let us pay." They spent the evening with the Germans, and the Germans explained why they wanted to vote for Hitler, and be re-united to Germany.

In a few days, the troops got to know the Germans quite well, and went to tea-parties in their houses, and heard all about Hitler. These young chaps started to write home and tell their relations, and their Socialist pals, why the Saar should go back to Germany.

Up to this time, most of the people in England thought that France should keep the Saar. They thought that the Hitlerites were bullying the Saarlanders into voting for Germany. But when practically every household began to get letters from the Saar painting quite a different picture, there was a great change in public opinion. At every anti-Nazi trade-union lodge and Socialist meeting, somebody would get up and say: "Well, I've had a letter from young Bill, and you all know him. He says—" And what young Bill says is much more convincing than any propaganda in the capitalist press.

The press soon felt the difference in public opinion, and the anti-Hitlerite articles stopped. Even before the election took place, all the papers realised that the vote would be in Hitler's favour. Public opinion was prepared; so when the result of the vote was known, there was an immediate generous impulse to implement it. No obstacles were placed in the way of the incoming German officials, and the troops marched out peaceably, followed by the cheers and good wishes of the Saarlanders.

When these lads heard that their next trip was to India, they congratulated themselves. "It won't be like the Saar," they said. "The people will be friendly from the start. They are a British people, the same as ourselves. What are the words for 'How do you do' in the Indian language?"

Some chaps thought it was *Mahatma Gandhi hi jai*. Others said this was out of date, and the correct greeting was *Bande Mataram*. So the fellows

imagined themselves saying *Bande Mataram* when they bought tickets at the cinema, or met an Indian friend.

They expected that when they got off the boat, there would be a great crowd, and a deputation of the leading citizens with an address of welcome, and hundreds of Indian ladies putting garlands round their necks. There were two or three men known to be blackguards, and these were threatened by the rest, and warned not to be familiar with the ladies, or try any rotten tricks.

You can imagine the disillusionment that awaited the lads. The very first thing they noticed was that India is a country where everyone is harsh to everyone else. The whole country is split up into hateful factions, each bent on humiliating all the other factions. Every person in India is a member of at least three or four factions. He belongs to one faction by reason of his race, to another by reason of his religion, to another by reason of his family, to another by reason of the colour of his face, to another by reason of his employment, and to another by reason of his salary.

This interlocking caste-system affects everybody, from the highest European officials to the humblest labourers. The European officials are rude to the European non-officials. The light-coloured Anglo-Indians are rude to the dark-coloured Anglo-Indians, and both are unutterably rude to Indians of all colours. At the bottom of the scale, the low-class labourers are rude to the untouchable labourers. As for soldiers, everybody is rude to them.

Mere rudeness would not be politically fatal to a country. The rudeness is translated into action. Each faction tries to increase its importance at the expense of the other people. A hateful desire to down the other fellow affects every activity. It works socially, in business, in the administration, in the schools, in filling even the humblest vacancies for employment, and even in religion. The official Europeans commandeer the only decent club in a place, and try to keep everybody else out. Business firms tolerate ghastly inefficiency in their affairs, for reasons of nepotism. The administration is racked and thwarted by sectional hatreds and communal rivalries. The schools are hotbeds of faction. The very fountains of water, the public streets, and the places of worship, are the subjects of deadly strife and sordid political manoeuvres.

It is impossible for a soldier to take a walk in a town, or a journey on the railway, without seeing evidences of this poisonous partisanship, and experiencing a good deal of rudeness and imposition himself. The average soldier has to guard himself by adopting a protective pugnacity and rudeness, quite foreign to his character.

The tragedy is that the Indians are the kindest and politest people on earth. Their pugnacity and rudeness are protective, too. All the same, I think that the present tone of Indian life is absolutely fatal to Indian political aspirations.

At the same time, European rudeness is the cause of the Europeans' loss of the people's confidence out here. Every decent Indian who is insulted by a European, becomes an enemy of the British connection for the rest of his life. Indians more or less expect traditional acts of ill-manners from a certain type of their own race; but between Indians and Europeans the only possible basis of co-operation is mutual respect. Sometimes I have wanted to become a *sadhu*, and go round India preaching to all classes and races that politeness alone will save the country.

Common politeness is the great solvent of human strife. It is impossible to hate a man who always treats you with consideration. Politeness works in the other direction, too. If out of common decency you have to be polite to a man you despise, you will soon cease to despise him.

All the great religious teachers give this advice. Mr. Gandhi wants Indians to love each other. The Bible says, 'God is Love'. Hinduism tells us of the great unity of all living things. I am only a soldier, and mystic words like 'love' are too hard for me. But I know that in practice it simply means common politeness. Not many of us are great enough to 'love' everybody; but we can all be polite. Politeness can save India. I would like to see a club, the Hindu members of which will swear to be polite to cow-eaters, and the Moslem members of which will swear to be polite to idolators. I would ask for no great and false oaths. I would just want a sincere promise of unfailing politeness to everyone.

As things are, you can imagine the fatal impression made on those ten thousand lads who go home every year, and spread to every corner of the United Kingdom. The common people are not much influenced by newspapers, as many great newspaper-owners have found to their cost. But the British proletariat is

greatly influenced by those of their own kind who have been to India. At every Socialist meeting I have ever attended, there has been some gentle idealist who has got up and advocated immediate Dominion Status for India. At once some middle-aged working-man, a known democrat, takes up the tale. "Look here, mister," he says, "I am a firm believer in self-governing institutions, but I served in India while I was in the army. You don't understand what it is like—" and he tells them, damagingly.

If two ladies start talking about Indian independence in a bus, the bus-conductor is almost sure to be an ex-soldier. "Well, mum," he says, "I'm an out-and-out radical myself, but all the same, my experience of India is—" and the ladies are amazed and sorrowful, and go and vote for a candidate who stands for a suspended judgement regarding India's destiny.

I think this is the true explanation of the doubt and indecision of Parliament about India. Parliament really does represent the common people, and it reflects the common people's good-will towards India, and the common people's doubt and indecision regarding specific measures of reform. Almost everybody in England is in favour of encouraging the aspirations of the Indian people; but there are thousands of working-class lads with experience of the facts of Indian life, and what they say gives rise to perplexity and a spirit of caution.

It is no good saying that the ex-soldiers tell lies. They don't. The trouble is that the ex-soldiers, when in India, never had a chance to see below the surface, or to understand the real virtues of the Indian people.

In my politeness-club, I would ask for a small concession of politeness to soldiers, the representatives of the British working-class in India. Every soldier who learns to love India, becomes a missionary for India's progress.

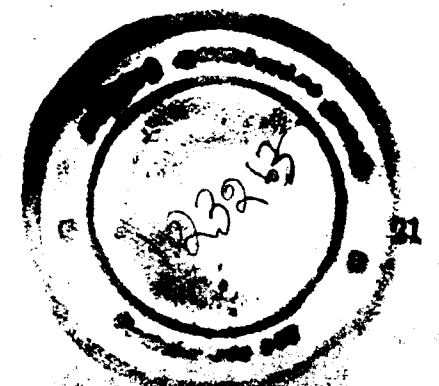
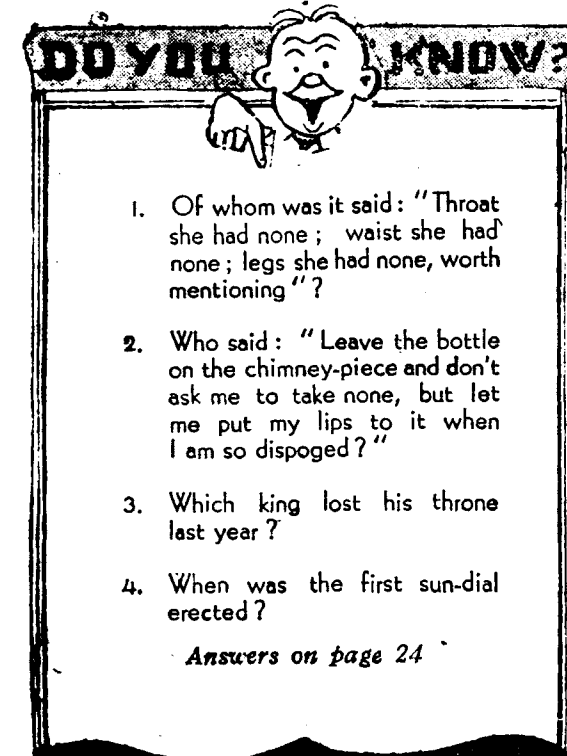
I shall always be one of those missionaries. I cannot pretend I am sorry to leave India, but there are many things I will always be able to look back on with kindly thoughts. India has taught me a lot of things.

And so I come to the end of my accounts of this strange country. wonder if you will miss my stories of Boggins, Tiny Hopkins, Fred Stokes, Useless Eustace, the Human Bean, and all the others. If the Indian characters I have encountered have not figured so prominently, it is because of the tragic lack of opportunity to know much about them. I have met many remarkable and admirable representatives of this ancient race, but the encounters must always be brief—a glimpse of another world, a hint of a deep and stirring

life I can never enter. Then back to the narrow banalities of European India.

Anyhow, I have glimpsed enough to acquire one abiding conviction—a conviction of faith in this great people, and in its ultimate future; and with that statement I will bring my letters to a close. It is always sad to say 'Good-bye', but one can always add, 'Good luck!'; and that is my last wish to the people of India.

Your Loving Son,
OBEAH JOYFULL.



Vengeance

Reading Time • About 8 Minutes

CHEKKARGAD, in the good old days, was a small principality in Rajaputana. Adjoining it was a bigger principality, Juggalpore. This bigger principality was mostly desert. Consequently its revenues were meagre. The rulers of Juggalpore found it rather hard to maintain their princely dignity. However, they were good rulers; so they did not marry many wives, as other opulent rulers around them did. Nor did they change their beautiful, silk turbans every day, as the neighbouring princes did.

Chekkargad, though smaller in extent than Juggalpore, was considerably richer than the latter. The reason was, it was not a desert. The whole of that principality was under profitable cultivation. The kings of Chekkargad though not quite affluent to maintain a plurality of wives, they did change their turbans every day. At least it is on record that they changed them five days in the week. It was so because, perhaps, even in those benighted days, Saturdays were half-holidays and Sundays full holidays.

These two principalities lived on amicably, exchanging greetings and presents every Deepavali Day. While the rest of the land around them was enjoying the princely sport of internecine war, the peace in these two little kingdoms got the Devil's goat. He wagged his tail and cast about for ways and means to correct this sad state of affairs in Chekkargad and Juggalpore. Before the Devil could perfect a workable scheme, the stars or destiny or whatever it was, solved this painful problem for him in a very obliging way.

The King of Juggalpore died suddenly. A posthumous son was born to him. In due course the court astrologer got busy with his work on casting the future King's horoscope. The astrologer was a mighty learned man. He studied the position of the stars when the baby was born, carefully. He worked out problems in mathematics, adding, subtracting and dividing. He got the result. He shook his head. He went over the whole field again more carefully this time, throwing in an extra

prayer to God Ganapathi. But he came to the same conclusions about the baby king's future.

The stars said that the baby would develop into an atrocious cad. The astrologer not being a star, he did not record what the stars said. He had a pardonable weakness for keeping his head on his shoulders. So he said that the baby was the greatest King born in Juggalpore, kind, noble and all that. The queen-mother added a few more acres to the astrologer's *jagir*. All was well.

The child grew up to man's estate. He also grew a beautiful beard. Amidst great rejoicings in the state, he was installed on the *gadi*.



Is Mine!

By V. V. Narayanan

Illustrated by Varma

Whereas his forbears were satisfied with one wife or at most with two, this king developed a taste for a harem of diverse beauties. Being a prince of great determination, he did collect a harem. The maintenance of the harem made the Juggalpore budget unsteady. As successive finance members of the state failed to present a balanced budget, their heads were chopped off, to the great delight of Juggalporeans.

The King was also a dandy. He was strong on changing his turban every day, including Saturdays and Sundays. This made his budgets still more unsteady.

Thus, within a few years of his accession to the throne, his kingdom was faced with bankruptcy. Government loans and national debts were unknown in those days. Something had to be done, and quickly too, to find money. But what, and how?

The King called his *vazier* and commanded him to find a way out within a fortnight, or he would have to manage without his head in future. The *vazier* thought and thought. Luckily for his head, it produced a brainwave. He came upon his King and presented him with the solution of his financial troubles. The solution was the adjoining state of Chekkargad.

Meanwhile the Kings of Chekkargad upheld the sober traditions of their house. They and their subjects lived in contentment. The state's granaries were full, its Banias were rich, its fields were green and gold.

The King of Juggalpore invaded Chekkargad without official declaration of war. His numbers being superior, he annexed Chekkargad to his state. He also annexed all the celebrated beauties of Chekkargad to his harem. The King of Juggalpore was a wise man. To avoid irksome complications on a future day, he hanged the only son of the Chekkargad Raja who was a tender lad of sixteen years. The deposed king, with a few faithful retainers, managed to escape into the forest. As there was no Riviera in those days where



(Continued on page 33)

Shirts —

By William

Reading Time • About 3 Minutes

FASCISTS, Italian and British, wear black shirts; Hitlerites wear brown shirts; certain political parties in Spain and Ireland adopted blue shirts and some men in Soviet Russia and the North West Frontier Province have been wearing red shirts.

This is general knowledge, but, the unknown quality is—my shirt—it hasn't got a colour, so it cannot give away my political feelings; provided I do not let it get too dirty.

Don't misunderstand. I have more than one shirt but "my shirt" means my own favourite underwear. My other shirt, or rather my other ex-shirt, which still performs the duty of underclothing, is also without colour. It consists of one inch strips of what was once khaki *crepe-de-chine* (you will gather from this that I was once a boy scout) upon which are super-imposed two-inch horizontal straps of an attractive azure blue cloth (no, I have never been an Irish or Spanish blue shirt.) These straps were collected from some of my wife's old dresses—she used to be a blue bird—she still is a bird—but not blue.

As I have a chest measurement of 36 and a shoulder to hip measurement of 68, it is not particularly a useful garment for Christmas wear (unless I spend my Yuletide holidays in Australia or South Africa). However, in extreme emergency, I can perhaps borrow an overcoat and wear my No. 2 shirt on festive occasions. (To avoid any misunderstanding I find it convenient to call my shirts by their respective numbers.) What used to be my shirt No. 3 is now a pyjama jacket. In the dark ages it used to be a football shirt, but it took part in so many international affairs that I had great difficulty in preventing the League of Nations claiming it.

Shirts are far more important than legal documents, so sensible people, like myself, keep a record of them. It is carelessness to lose trace of a shirt; whatever it may become.

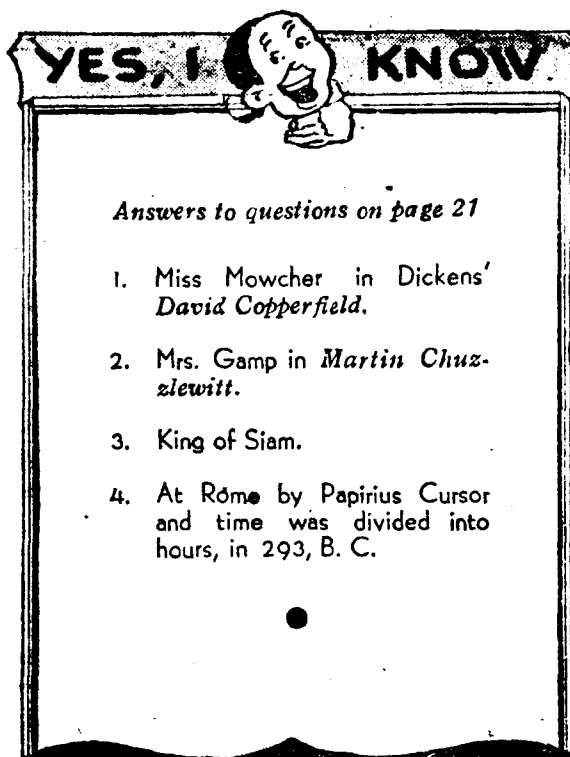
My old No. 3, a war veteran, is still functioning as a dish cloth. No. 4 is the lining of my dog's Sunday coat and No. 5 is doing its bit disguised as paper mache.

The army accounting system is detrimental to the welfare of shirts; for every shirt is considered to have a certain period of "life", none being permitted to live for ever (officially—but, of course, the majority of army shirts start a new life once they are discharged from the Service.) I quite realise that shirts cannot have everlasting life but they can be expected to continue their existence in various forms over a considerable period. I am going to publish a new guide book:—"Guide for the Employment of ex-Regular Army Shirts and Methods to be adopted for their Preservation in Extreme Emergency."

The Preservation of ex-football and ex-hockey shirts is not so important, as their design permits their continued use in many forms in many countries. I have a suspicion that many of the famous National flags of today are merely grandfathers' shirts misappropriated.

Having concentrated on this subject while wearing my No. 1. I must now retire to rest between the converted remnants of father's and grandfather's Nos. 1 to 6; which together constitute a complete set of bedding; and meditate on the method of obtaining my No. 6. without causing any bad feeling among my earlier numbers.

THE END



Answers to questions on page 21

1. Miss Mowcher in Dickens' *David Copperfield*.
2. Mrs. Gamp in *Martin Chuzzlewit*.
3. King of Siam.
4. At Rome by Papirius Cursor and time was divided into hours, in 293, B. C.

Impressions

By A. M. Menon

Reading Time • About 6 Minutes

The Brute presently made his appearance. His appearance put pepper on our highly wrought nerves, our temper and on our gloomy outlook in general.

"Look at his nose!" said my wife, with pronounced distaste. "Like a—like a—"

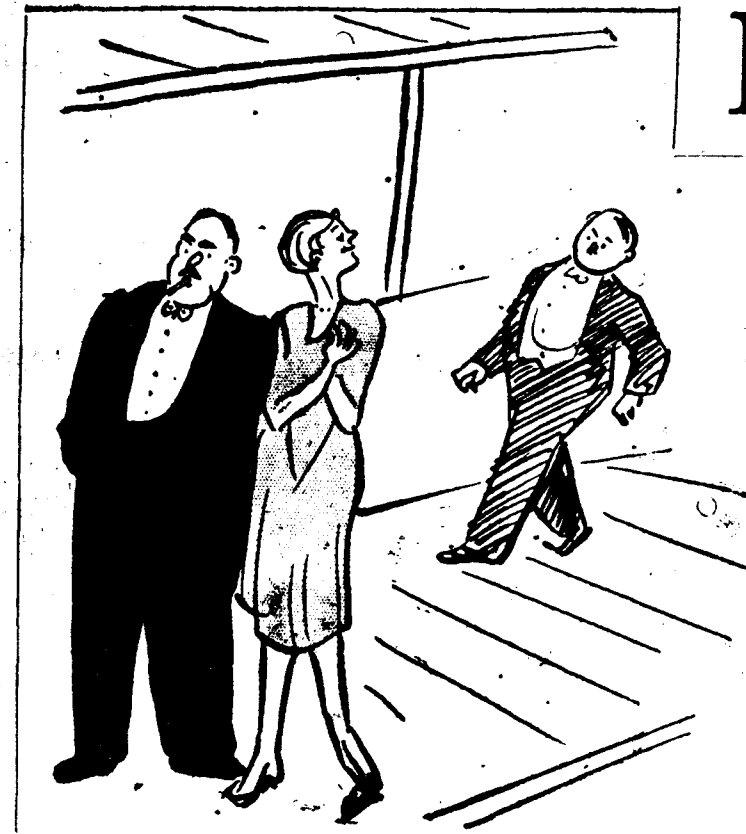
"—fried potato—" I helped her, with gusto.

"And his eyes," I added, on my own, "are like—like a—"

"—like pools of gingely oil with mashed pepper seeds in it," finished my wife.

I wouldn't have gone so far, but I agreed, on the whole.

The Brute swept past us, on his way to the dining room,



WE were in a bad temper. There was no doubt about it.

My wife and I, I should think, are the two greatest tennis enthusiasts in the country. And fancy missing the opening day of a historic tennis season!

And yet that is exactly what happened. Some stupid delay had occurred, and we were able to arrive in Madras only a day after the matches had started.

But, thank our stars, we hadn't missed much. Our hero, Radhakrishnan, was to play only that day.

We were standing outside our suite of rooms, in the verandah of the hotel, idly looking at the pictures on the walls.

Suddenly, a most raucous and disturbing voice assailed our calm. My wife actually winced.

"What a brute!" she cried.

I looked in the direction whence the voice had come.

It was somebody chiding his servant, or something.

"Brute! Yes," I agreed with my wife. Surely, no one had a right to tear the peace of the morning into tatters by ungainly bawling.

"Good lord!" cried my spouse, in horror. "Are we to understand that we have to share this hotel with this specimen?"

"I suppose so," I commented, sourly. "And look! Note how the wretch walks—or, rather ambulates! Like a—like a—"

"Like a—" began my wife.

"No," I said, firmly. "Let me finish this. Like a giraffe who is behind time with his breakfast toddling for the nearest tree."

—We waited enough to give the Brute time to finish his coffee. Then we went in.

But the one and only Brute was there.

We met him at dinner also.

The pest was almost spoiling our holiday. And we thought we had come to enjoy a nice, sensational round of tennis matches in the city.

"Did you notice how the Brute eats?" asked my wife, as we were getting ready to go to the M. C. C. grounds.

"How?"

"He eats like our cow in Tanjore."

But the Brute couldn't possibly spoil our two hours of bliss, watching some of the finest tennis I have seen yet.

Towards five, our old friend Ramesh hailed us from a seat a couple of yards away.

"Just arrived. By the Express," he said.

"Which hotel?" we asked.

"Modern Hindu."

But at this juncture we were arrested in our dialogue.

A board had been put up.

Radhakrishnan
vs
B. T. Boles

SINGLES
(3 sets)

I gulped. And I am sure my wife too gulped, for Radhakrishnan was our hero—the shining star of our tennis firmament. This was our first meeting. It was not before they were through their first two games that the truth slowly dawned on us.

Radhakrishnan!

Why, that was the Brute!

THE BRUTE!!

"Who," my wife asked Ramesh, in a hiss, which sent four of our neighbours writhing to the back of their seats, "is that man—Radhakrishnan?"

Ramesh blinked.

"Why, of course—haven't you seen him before?"

"No," I said.

Remorse gripped our soul. I could read a harrowing pain in the features of my wife.

To have wronged our hero as we did in the morning! Brute, indeed!

The ANGEL!

Radhakrishnan won, 6—3, 6—2.

At the hotel, we were seated for our supper.

Ramesh entered.

"Splendid, wasn't he?" he cried.

"Who?"

"Why, Radha—"

"Oh, of course," both of us cried, shamefacedly.

We had not told Ramesh of our inner ordeal. Presently the Angel—the Brute that was, I mean—entered.

The meal progressed.

The meal was over.

Ramesh, my wife, and I adjourned to the terrace, into the moonlight for a quiet cigarette.

"How the darling eats!" whispered my wife in ecstasy.

"Who—oh! Of course. He eats like—like—"

"—like Napoleon after Marengo," said my wife.

"And his eyes,"

she went on, quite lyrically, "are like glints of blue steel, at the same time like those stars!"

"As for his nose," I concluded, "it is like a—like a—"

"—diadem," finished my wife.

"Did you notice," I asked her, "how the Angel walks—when he entered the room?"

"Oh!" my wife cried enthusing.

"He walked up to the table like Caesar after—after—"

Her history was a bit weak. So I chimed in with: "Like—"

"What are you people talking about?" said Ramesh, striding up from the other end of the terrace.

"Why, we were discussing Radhakrishnan! Didn't you notice him in the supper hall?"

"Who? Where?"

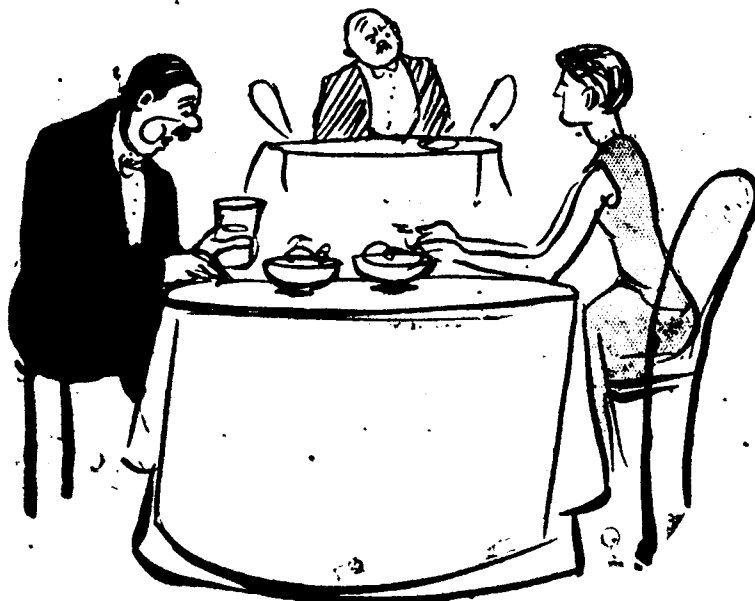
Ramesh was so stupid!

"Oh, Ramesh! Didn't you see Radhakrishnan sitting almost opposite to our place?"

Ramesh stared at us stupidly. Suddenly his face lit up.

"Phew! You mean Coomaraswamy. Ha! ha! That's Radhakrishnan's twin brother. Ha, ha! Radhakrishnan, indeed! He is staying at—why, he is being feted at the Madras Club!"

THE END



Auntie Awful



ONE of our nephews has just returned from a short sea-voyage. "I wish I'd had some of your glorious ingenuity to help me through the customs," he says, most handsomely. "Dear Auntie, I have never experienced such an ordeal. I had to pay duty on all kinds of things."

Auntie modestly admits to a certain *savoir-faire* in matters like getting through the customs. The last time Auntie came to India, she had a suit-case full of pretty-pretties, presents from her dear friend Gabitha Gumboil. It might be urged that the pretty-pretties were articles of wear for present use; in which case they were duty-free. Auntie thought, however, that it would be discreet not to seek a decision on the matter. The interpreter and executor of the law would be one and the same person, and in such a case the person generally puts himself on the safe side, and decides in his own favour. So Auntie left the pretty-pretties in her cabin for the time being.

Auntie went on deck with the empty suit-case and a plateful of fish-bones. The fish-bones were for the purpose of luring the ship's cat. When pussy was unsuspectingly munching the tasty bones, Auntie suddenly seized the animal, and popped it into the suit-case. Then, with an air of rectitude, Auntie passed down the gang-way.

Auntie's boxes got safely past the lynx-eyed examiner; then his glance fell on the suit-case in her hand.

"What is in there?" he said.

"Oh, you cannot open that," cried Auntie. "I have a cat inside this suit-case, and if you open the case, the cat will escape."

"Oh yes?" said the examiner. He rudely seized the case, and snapped the locks. Out sprang the cat, and streaked off back to the ship.

"There!" said Auntie, indignantly. "You wicked man, how dare you? Now I shall have a dreadful job catching the cat again." And she went back to the ship, and filled her suit-case with the pretty-pretties.

When she approached the examiner some time later, he was most apologetic. "Did you recapture the cat, madam?" he asked.

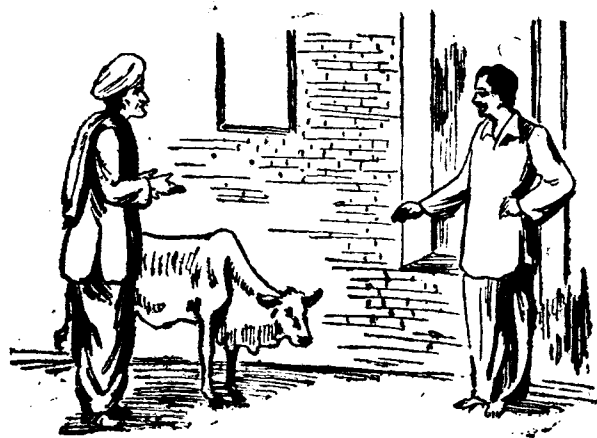
"No, thanks to you!" barked Auntie, pretending to be a high-class lady; and passed out with her suit-case of pretty-pretties unexamined.

Auntie had another adventure with a cat quite recently. She was taking her evening exercise on the outskirts of Vepery, and was just passing an opulent-looking house, when she saw a handsome Persian tabby mewing disconsolately in the roadway. "Poor pussy, are you lost?" cried Auntie, and took the dear little thing in her arms. The cat had a ribbon round its neck, and attached to the ribbon was a medallion. The medallion bore an address in Cathedral Road.

Auntie surveyed the opulent-looking house with indignation. "You live in a fine new red-brick house," she muttered. "Yet you allow a poor lost pussy to sit mewing outside your very gates!" And Auntie decided to be a good Samaritan, and take the cat back to Cathedral Road.

It was quite dark before she reached her destination; but Auntie was buoyed up with the consciousness of a good deed well done. "There, pussy," she said, comfortingly, "you will be soon among friends again."

Auntie entered the gate of the bungalow indicated on pussy's medallion; but to her dismay the place was in darkness. "They have gone out for the evening," she muttered. "Well, the servants will be somewhere about." But there seemed to be no servants, either.



whole show. And then there was the Corporation with its rules, regulations and town-planning schemes. I used to wake up at dead of night and see visions of bricks falling and houses flying.

But to return to my tale. When the house was at the basement stage, my mother-in-law came on the scene. Result. Slice the hall and provide a strong-room (without windows or ventilators) for my wife to keep her valuable jewels, *sarees* and the household cash (if there was any to be kept). A little later, my father-in-law sailed in and added one more room upstairs. ("You want a decent guest room, you see, to accommodate people, me for example," was his argument.) How can you demur when one-sixth of the money was his? And when all but the house was complete, my father came in and managed to insert a special room for *Puja*.

Thus when it came to the terrace, I was bankrupt, all my six thousand gone and the house without a ceiling and the first floor yet to be built. What to do but mortgage the house to the Mylapore Fund and borrow two thousand and complete the structure. Another five hundred in electrifying the same and the coping stone to this folly was a grand house-warming ceremony at which I had to invite all my friends, and my wife invited *her* friends, of course.

And when I thought I had seen the last of this, my uncle presented me with a cow, saying that now I had my own bungalow, it was a shame I should not have good milk, and milk-products. What does a bumpkin who lives in the country know of the woes of feeding a cow in Madras? The cow brought in its wake a cow-boy but fortunately, unlike the *sanyasi* in the tale, it stopped there. Only it meant the addition of a cow-shed plus a plentiful supply of flies and mosquitoes provided free by Mother Nature.

Now daily my wife has an argument with me about properly furnishing the house and buying a car and building a garage to keep it in. As for me, I, who always looked forward to the first of the month as the most interesting day because it brought my cheque, now think of the day only with disgust. For it means repaying my uncle, the Fund, interest and more interest. And every day we still find that the house requires additions here and alterations there. I have to lay the garden, flower-garden in front and a kitchen-garden at the rear. My wife says it will save expense over vegetables!

It is twelve months since I moved into the house. The latest craze is naming the house. My mother expects me to name it after her, while my wife and her parents are strongly putting up the opposite case. My mother's name is *Rajammal* and when I say that I propose to call the house *Rajalakshmi Vilas* you might guess what Lakshmi stands for, and compliment me on my tact, which is probably worthy of Geneva.

This is between ourselves. I have applied for a transfer to the mofussil. And when I get it, I shall be justifying the old adage: 'Fools build houses for wise men to live in'.

THE END

The Retort Courteous

Cohen and his wife had lunch at a crack restaurant for the first time.

Their bill was handed to Cohen after the meal. Cohen studied the bill and sent for the manager. "Look here," he said to the latter, "you've charged us for dessert. We didn't eat it."

"Whether you ate it or not," replied the manager, "it was there for you."

Cohen paid the bill and prepared to go. The manager counted the money and found it was four shillings short. When this fact was made known to Cohen, he said, "That four bob was for kissing my wife."

"Great Scott! But I didn't kiss her!" protested the manager.

"That is not my fault, is it? She was there all the time."

Wonder Girl—

Words and Pictures

By Albert A. Roland

Reading Time • About 8 Minutes

DO you subscribe to the view that the fair sex is responsible for most of the troubles of this world?

Are you one of those who, the moment they read of a sensational suicide, a mysterious murder or a political assassination, trot out the phrase: *cherchez la femme*?

Then believe me, it will give your misogynistical heart a shock to read this story.

It is the biography of an amazing girl—a girl who never gave a moment's trouble to anyone.

* * * * *

As a baby, she never cried at nights, or in the day-time either, so that her parents' rest was never disturbed, and her father, who was really quite fond of walking, had to do it in the day-time.

She was such a kind and considerate little baby, too, that she never embarrassed or incommoded persons holding her, but always gave ample warning by raising one chubby hand and making mysterious gurgling noises which said as plainly as words: "You'd be wise to put me down now."

In her early childhood, she never got into mischief, was utterly unselfish, sharing all her toys and goodies with others, was never greedy at table, and always went to bed early and slept soundly all night.

As a schoolgirl, she never played truant, she learned all her lessons, never quarrelled or told tales, left the boys severely alone, and wouldn't dream of hinting for presents on her birthday or at Christmas.

She was always very careful with her things, and if accidentally she happened to tear her dress or anything, she always sat down immediately with needle and cotton and repaired the damage herself.

On her holidays, she was a great help to her mother in the house, and made a great fuss if any money was spent on her. She had to be positively coaxed, in fact, to go to the pictures or other entertainments.



An Amazing Girl—

As an adolescent, she was extremely grateful for what her parents gave her in the way of dresses, shoes, toilet requisites, etc., and would as soon think of asking for a new hat or bottle of perfume as she would of going to the pictures three times a week or to every dance that was held in the station.

In order to assist her parents, she started work early. She became a stenotypist, and as such, she worked hard and conscientiously, read no novels during office hours, exchanged no Mae West stories with the other girls, and never sat on her boss' knees—or on anyone's knees, for that matter.

She disdained rouge or lipstick and scorned figure-improvers, especially those which claimed to build up fascinating and irresistible curves. As a matter of fact, nature had endowed her with all the delightfully alluring curves anyone could wish for, and the loveliest face and complexion, too. The only artifice she permitted herself (as was only to be expected in one of her exquisite daintiness) was in the matter of super-lubus hair.

She never flirted, and had no favourite film actor.

She disliked crooners.

She turned off the radio set early, so as not to disturb her neighbours.

She wasn't interested in the nudist movement, not even to the extent of scrutinizing illustrated nudist magazines.

She did not smoke nor collect cigarette coupons, neither did she look on the wine when it was red, or any other hue.

She kept up her instalments on the radio, paid her income-tax before the second reminder came in, and never owed her boss anything after the third day of the month.

She eschewed politics, and didn't go about saying Gandhi was the white man's enemy, and that Mussolini and Hitler were the cat's whiskers.

When one day she fell in love, it was with a most eligible and personable young man of sober, steady habits and possessed not only of a charming nature that endeared him straightaway to her parents, but of a very comfortable income.

But though he had lots of money, she insisted on his spending only a very modest sum on her engagement ring, a simple affair of nine-carat gold and culture-pearls.

She never 'showed off' her 'catch' to her friends, wasn't jealous or exacting, and a lover's quarrel was something she knew nothing whatever about.

When she married him, she said she didn't want any grand affair that would cost a lot of money, but just a quiet little wedding. So they got married with as little fuss and expense as possible, though no one could say she begrudged her guests the loveliest reception, with the best of refreshments, speeches and music.

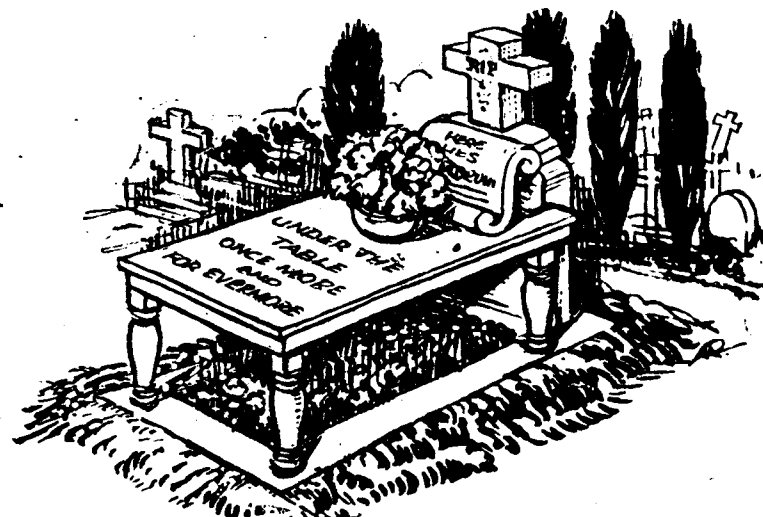
She was overwhelmed with gratitude for the good wishes and presents she received, even though the latter included seven butter-dishes and nine cruet-sets, and declared quite openly and earnestly that she was the luckiest woman in the world.

She was punctual at the ceremony, delaying it no more than the few minutes demanded by convention, and though she insisted on the word 'obey' being retained in the marriage service, she didn't bother about the phrase concerning his 'endowing' her with 'all his worldly goods'.

She did not join in the tears and sniffles contributed by her lachrymose female friends and relatives to the happy occasion.

For the honeymoon, she was content with a simple excursion to a nearby hill-station, declaring that a long journey or voyage was as expensive as it was unnecessary.

She proved herself an ideal



An Appropriate Epitaph

wife, combining the attributes of romantic idealism, understanding and commonsense in a most enchanting and satisfactory way.

She was so efficient a housewife, too, that her husband hardly realised he had two mouths to feed instead of one, or two bodies to tend and clothe.

She was no less successful when, following a visit from the stork, she presented her delighted partner with a sweet baby possessed of all those virtues which had characterised her own babyhood.

Pa, ma and the baby seemed well set for a long and happy life, when the inevitable business slump set in, and the wolf started prowling about outside their door.

When however, the depression hit them, she never complained, but on the contrary cheered her hubby up no end, and if he occasionally tried to drown his troubles with extra pegs and wandered home at two in the morning, she never grumbled or hit him on the head with a rolling pin, but tried to comfort him and help him fight his weaknesses and his battles, like a true wife and worthy partner.

Oh, she was wonderful, was this girl, and it was only right and proper that bad times should pass and good times return. But the depression seemed well set for a long innings—

So one day hubby considerably drank himself to death, and his insurance money saved the situation, for it was to the tune of forty thousand rupees.

But the money did not go to her head.

She might have been expected to lavish some of it on herself, after the woefully thin time she'd been having. She might have accepted one of the many proposals of marriage she received from admirers. She might have earned for herself the sobriquet of 'The Merry Widow'.

But she did none of these things.

Instead, she put up a unique and lovely, though not extravagantly costly, tombstone (inscribed with an appropriate epitaph) over the cause of her recent tribulations, settled up all his bills and debts, and invested the balance for the benefit of her daughter's future.

Then she found work for herself again, and lived very frugally and modestly until a ripe old age.

As was only natural, she died at last, with many grateful grandchildren round her bed, and believe me, no one regretted her passing more than the writer of this biography, who usually writes humorous yarns, but who has always cherished the desire to try his hand one day at turning out a really convincing and beautiful fairy story.

THE END

Vengeance is Mine!—(Continued from page 23)

kings without crowns could live in peace, the Chekkargad Raja and his few followers turned dacoits and lived in reasonable comfort.

Seventeen years passed.

A fair, young hunter of sixteen years was riding in the forests of Juggalpore state. In the heat of the chase, he was separated from his friends and lost his way. He wandered far away from the camp. The sun was going down. The tired lad alighted under a tree and sat on a boulder puzzling his little head what he had better do.

From the thick jungle-growth around, a band of ten men appeared as if they came out of somebody's hat,—or rather turban, as hats were unknown in India in those days. They were dacoits, our friends the late Raja of Chekkargad and his followers.

"Who are you?" asked the leader of the gang.

"I belong to the King's army," replied the young man.

"Which king?"

"The King of Juggalpore."

"Kill him!" said the Chief dacoit. The Chekkargad King killed every soldier of Juggalpore that came his way.

They threw a rope over a branch and ran a noose round the boy's neck. All was ready for a good hanging. The boy held up his hand. He addressed the Chief robber.

"If you must kill me," he said, "kill me as I deserve to be killed. Use your swords, friends. And please send word to my mother."

"Who are you?" shouted the Chief robber.

"I am the Prince of Juggalpore."

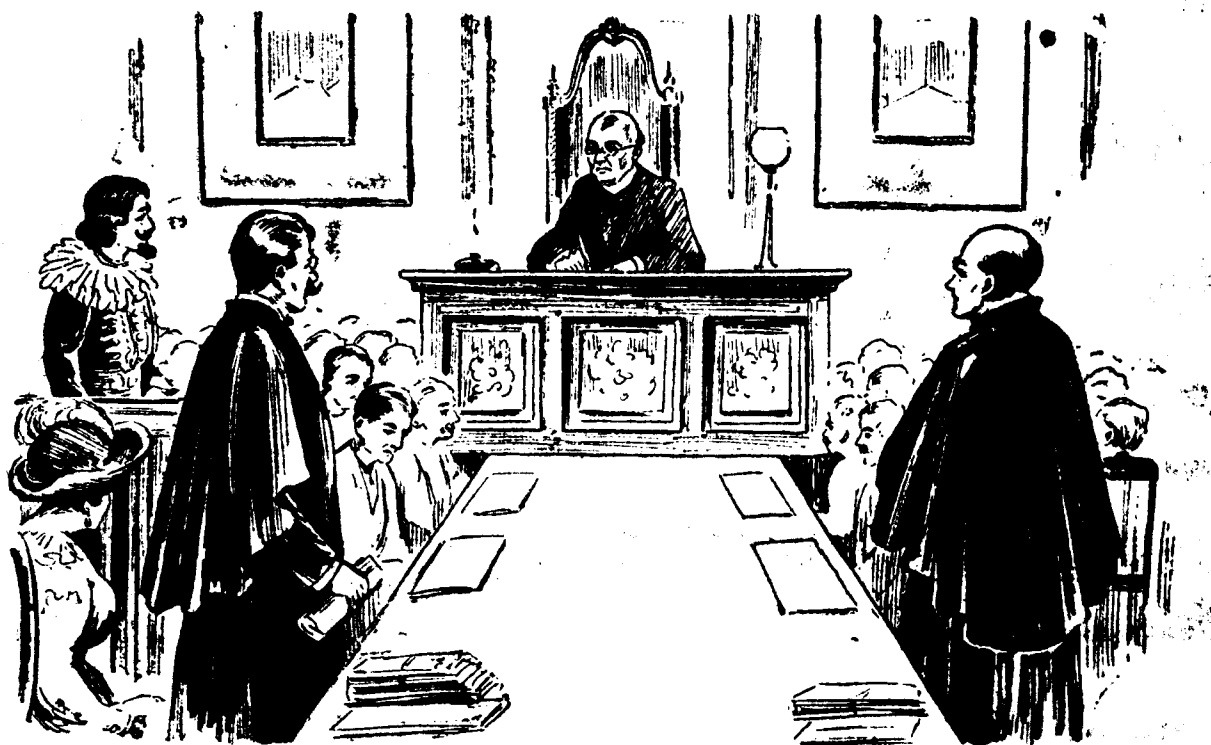
Here was the only son of his mortal enemy. The robber Chief's face worked horribly with the hatred nursed through weary years. He raised his sword to strike the lad the blow that would wipe out his dynasty.

"Won't you let my mother know?" the little Prince pleaded.

The wronged King's up-raised hand fell limp by his side.

"Go, boy," he said, "vengeance is not mine. Tell your mother that you saw the King of Chekkargad."

THE END



Lovemore vs The Flicht

By Embusque

Reading Time • About 9 Minutes

Illustrated by Varma

THIS was an action for the recovery of a flicht of bacon from the heirs and successors of the Abbot of the Priory of Dunmow in the county of Essex. The plaintiff, Edwin Lovemore, relied on a deed executed in the fourth year of the reign of Henry II, and still subsisting. Under the deed, any freeman of the parish of Dunmow might sue for the grant of a flicht of bacon out of the revenues of the Priory; but he must prove in open court that he had lived with his wife in perfect harmony for a year and a day.

The President, in opening the eight hundred and twentieth session of the annual Leet Moot, observed that it was his privilege to conduct the last surviving example of the mediaeval Courts of Love. The regulations for the trials, the form of oath, and the

procedure for selecting a jury, were extant in documents at least seven hundred years old. The proceedings of this very court had been described by Chaucer, who was thus the earliest police-court reporter on record.

The jury of six bachelors and six spinsters were selected in accordance with the ancient ceremonial, and their virginity vouched for by a panel of matrons and elderly gentlemen. The proclamation of trial was made. Counsel for the plaintiff entered an appearance, and proceeded to open his case. In associating himself with the remarks of the learned President, counsel said there were many courts that dealt with the unhappy aspects of married life. Cases arising in such courts were given undue prominence in the press, and an impression was created that the

state of matrimony was a holey one, rather than a holy one. It was counsel's privilege to appear before a court that was concerned, not with the minority of unhappy marriages, but with the vast majority of happy ones.

President: Good gracious, Mr. Snooks, how many cases are down for trial today?

Counsel: Only one, m'lud.

President: Where are all the other happily-married couples in the parish of Dunmow?

Counsel: May it please your lordship, they are probably occupied in—er—connubiality.

Continuing, Mr. Snooks emphasised that only unhappy marriages were subject to notice in the press, in the ordinary way. He was therefore particularly gratified to present to the jury a case of abnormally felicitous wedlock, a happy mating of twin souls, a conjunction so auspiciously perfect, that not the slightest jar had disturbed its supreme beatitude for a year and a day. He proposed to call his clients to relate the details of their blissful conjugality.

Counsel for the Flicht, in reply, said that a heavy luty rested upon him. The largesse of the worthy Abbot was not to be lightly bestowed. Plaintiffs were going to swear that they had lived in perfect harmony for a year and a day. Was such a thing possible? It was common experience that marriage was a mirage. Whom God had joined, bad cookery put asunder. Why was there no marriage in Heaven? Because no married man ever went there. Many a girl married a struggling man; but after the ceremony he soon ceased to struggle. In short, the claims of the plaintiff must be regarded with the utmost suspicion.

Edwin Lovemore was called, and deposed that he was an unemployed poet. He loved his Angelina with a devotion that made the seas run dry, and the stars stand still in their course. Before marriage, he often suffered from lack of nourishment; but now he subsisted on the food of love. His love for Angelina might be compared with a tidal wave, a cosmic earthquake, or an erupting volcano.

President: Dear me! Do these potent manifestations cause your wife any discomfort?

Plaintiff: On the contrary, my lord, she welcomes them. I may say she encourages them. Our love is like the rocking of a mighty ship in a great tempest—

President: Quite so. Now, Mr. Browbeat.

Cross-examined by Mr. Browbeat, deponent admitted that on the day of his wedding his funds amounted to three postage-stamps, partly used, and a French

halfpenny. He sometimes supported his wife, but generally his wife supported him. This, he maintained, was quite satisfactory in the case of a couple whose love was like the rocking of a mighty ship in a great tempest.

Further questioned, witness agreed that besides the food of love, he sometimes partook of other sustenance. Angelina was most anxious to maintain his bodily strength, and served him with three hearty meals a day, and a snack at bed-time. It was between meals that he was fortified with the food of love.

At this point, a lady juror fainted, and had to be carried out. On her return, she declared she was only suffering from indigestion of the imagination. She was well able to continue her duty in the jury-box. In fact, she was most anxious to hear more.

Angelina Lovemore was now called. Witness, a young woman of a sleek, satisfied, and well-cared-for appearance, stated that her love for the plaintiff exceeded the love of a miser for his gold, the love of a steed for its rider, and the love of a child for luscious sweetmeats. As the earth throbbed to the music of the embracing spheres, so did witness throb in the arms of her Edwin.

Cross-examined by Mr. Browbeat, witness stated that she was an amateur musician, and a dexterous performer on the flute. Asked whether this pastime did not conflict with her husband's practice of poetry, she replied that the two things went very well together. She agreed that she was married on All Fools' Day, but did not consider the fact to have any sinister significance. She likened her love to a house on fire, and her husband to the fire-brigade that attended to the conflagration.

Counsel: Then you admit, madam, that your love for the plaintiff has been extinguished?

Witness: Oh, no! The more he plays his hose on the fire, the fiercer it burns.

Counsel: Is it a fact that your husband beats you?

Witness: Frequently.

Counsel: Ha! Tell the court how he beats you.

Witness: Well, we play draughts.

Counsel: Yes?

Witness: In the middle of the game, he straddles me at the most unexpected moments, and I am lost.

President: You are a cheerful loser, I should imagine?

Witness: Oh yes, my lord. The love that I bear

Edwin is like—

President: Thank you, madam.

Counsel: I call Mrs. Crawley Creep as a witness for the Flicht.

Mrs. Crawley Creep stated that plaintiff and his wife lodged in her house. He owed five months' rent. He never went out to work, and was always muttering to himself. He went and locked himself into a room at all hours of the day. He frequently attempted to borrow small sums from witness, and had once attempted to kiss her.

Under cross-examination, witness admitted that a man was not necessarily unhappy because he lived rent-free and never did any work. When he locked himself up in the room, his wife accompanied him. Further pressed by Mr. Snooks, witness agreed that the muttering might be verses that the plaintiff was in course of composing.

Counsel: He is a poetic gentleman?

Witness (producing paper): Him, poetic? Why, our cat could write better poetry. Harken to this:

Every Eskimo and Bedouin

Envoies Angelina's Edwin

For there's nothing could be finer

Than to be with Angelina.

If I had to be a miner, I would mine my Angelina

On a train without a diner,

I would eat my Angelina.

And, with nothing in the bread-tin,

Angelina would eat Edwin.

Counsel: It may not be good poetry, but it is excellent evidence. Now, madam, you say that the plaintiff once attempted to kiss you?

Witness: Yes, he threatened to kiss me with his hand. It was doubled up at the time.

Counsel: Is that how your eye became inflamed?

Witness: No; I got that looking through key-holes.

Counsel: Have you ever looked through the key-hole of Mr. Lovemore's apartment?

Witness: Lots of times.

Counsel: And what did you see?

Witness: You'd be surprised.

This concluded the case for the Flitch. The President summed up, and delivered the historic charge to the jury. The jury consulted without leaving the box, and decided for the plaintiff immediately. They added a rider to the effect that Mr. and Mrs. Lovemore deserved every bit of their flitch.

President: Approach and keep silence while I deliver the verdict of the Court. It is found, presented, and adjudged, that Edwin Lovemore, poet, of the parish of Dunmow in Essex, and Angelina, his lawful wife, by means of their quiet, peaceable, tender, and loving life, for the space of one year and one day past, are fit and qualified persons to receive the ancient and accustomed oath, whereby to entitle them to have the Bacon of Dunmow delivered unto them, according to the law of the Manor...Kneeling then, on this great stone, do you swear that you, being free from nuptial transgression, have not in the period aforesaid, by household brawls

or contentious strife, or otherwise at bed or board, offended each other in deed or word?

The plaintiffs having duly sworn, the President announced that they had saved their bacon, which was delivered to them by the Constable of the Court. After which, all having been done in seemly manner and accustomed form, the Court was declared closed until that day twelvemonth.

THE END



Star Snaps

A Grand Triangle Drama

William Powell, the suave, gallant, subtle gentleman-personality, is in for it. He is holding in the balance two great actresses in *The Great Ziegfeld* a Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer picture—rather an embarrassing situation for him. A sigh, or the batting of an eye-lid of his, may swing the feminine end of this picture in the direction of either and he is fond of both of them in a platonic way! The actresses are Myrna Loy and Luise Rainer and their roles will be two desperately played ones. This drama depicts the colourful life and loves of the great glorifier of American beauty; the emotional response of Mr. Florenz Ziegfeld to the impulsive, warm, tempestuous, child-like charm of an irresistible French star named Anna Held, who, like the Roman Empress of old, bathed in pure milk. It portrays in similar fashion his sincere love and mature devotion to a loyal, noble, understanding woman named Billie Burke—the perfect wife of his. William Powell is cast to play Florenz Ziegfeld, Myrna Loy as Billie Burke and Luise Rainer as Anna Held.

According to the story, the roles of Myrna Loy and Luise Rainer are so equal in actual length, power and sympathetic appeal that this casting cooks up a delightfully intriguing drama. A spectacular triumph in this particular picture is vitally important to both.

Myrna Loy was Bill Powell's first screen-love. He felt a pang of honest regret when she walked out of *Escapade*, rather abruptly. She couldn't fancy herself in the part which she felt was the direct antithesis of her type.

Then, just as soon, Luise Rainer, the melting Viennese beauty with her wonderful eyes, walked in and won his affections. She adored him. Bill gave her, like the gallant gentleman he is, all the help, including the big boost. He, in fact, acted the whole story with her, in all detail.



Myrna Loy.

Now, this is Myrna Loy's come-back-to-be picture, after an absence which was regretted all round. On the other hand, to Luise Rainer, this is a challenge role. After her sensational success in *Escapade*, Rainer has to prove she isn't just a shooting star.

There is bound to be, therefore, an almost primitive and exciting drama-struggle between these two stars who haven't met each other till now. There will be no quarter given, as there can't be.

Myrna Loy will fight it out, in her usual, smooth, sophisticated, mysterious, quietly devastating manner.

And Rainer, wistfully bewitching, naively disarming, and sweet, will play her best.

There are two scenes in particular, which are likely to spot the winner.

One is the scene where Anna Held, tells Flo Ziegfeld how glad she feels that he is married to Billie Burke. A poignant situation, this, of a hurt woman fighting back tears, trying to be brave the threatening clouds—her bid for sympathy.



Luise Rainer.

The other is where Billie Burke finds her husband financially desperate, slipping with his back to the wall, fetches her all, and puts them in his hand. This scene is an expression of wifely loyalty and devotion epitomised.

Luise Rainer has been preparing for her part in her quiet, earnest way.

An added advantage is that she is now, as Anna Held then was, the seductive, attention-demanding beauty.

Billie Burke, is the more real, poised and stable woman.

Both strike accurately with the original.

If ever a man was in a definite and delicate fix between two beautiful women, Bill Powell certainly is in one now. He cannot afford, even subconsciously, to show the slightest preference, by word, act or gesture. One or the other of the two, deep down in her heart, will never forgive him, if he did!

An ordinary fellow, under the pressure of this supreme test of tact and sophisticated adroitness in the affairs of the heart, might take to strong drink. But Powell is different. If he can carry it off with the delicacy it demands and for which he is justly famed, he deserves a grand pat on the back for being the one gentleman for discreet manoeuvring.



William Powell.

The Tale of the

Reading Time • About 7 Minutes

THE short lanky man and the tall stout man, at the time this little tale opens were engaged in looking at each other. I admit it was not a thrilling occupation but then they had none else to look at in that consulting room of theirs unless you include the skeleton.

They were bachelors, twice over, if you see what I mean. They were M.B., B.Ss., medicine in bachelors, no, Bachelors in Medicine and in Surgery. Though one was dark and the other was—yes, you are right—fair, they both had white hearts and also bees in their bonnets. With the bees in, it was no wonder they were full of beans. Their business flourished as the green bay tree.

They were not of course bachelors in the other sense. They had two wives, no, not that way, but one for each. Sita and Radha were little dears. Not that they were particularly little or particularly dear. On the contrary, they came with their purchase prices and fat they and their prices were. In the circumstances, as is to be expected, home-rule was the order.

"Ram," called the short one—not so much for calling the other man as for the benefit of the reader—"what happened at the Court yesterday?"

"Krishna," replied the tall one, thus subtly informing the reader that the other one's name was Krishna, "you know, dear fellow, when that crusty old beak

on the Bench asked me to swear by God, my God, I gave it to him like He—"

"You did, did you? That's great! Now, how about the case in which you gave evidence? What happened to the accused?" interposed the other quickly.

"What happened to the accused! Why, nothing much except that he was sentenced to be hanged."

"Hanged?"

"Yes, that's it. Got it right the first time. Hanged, it is."

"Hanged by the neck?"

"Hit the bull's eye again. Hanged by the neck, it is too."

"Till he be dead!" gasped Krishna.

They fell silent for a while and, as soon as that while had expired, they were at it again.

"You know, my boy," said Krishna, "I'm just thinking—"

"Well, if I don't hear the rusty old machine creaking

below me—"

"Why do they say 'till he be dead'?"

"That's an easy one," replied Rama. "To make him die, presumably."

"I wonder if a man could live after he is hanged," pursued Krishna.

"I would wonder if he does."



Two Surgeons

By Taurus

Illustrated by Sekar

Then they put their heads together and talked of this and that in technical parlance too difficult for me to put down.

I shall—and that is all that is relevant to this story—only record that the upshot was they struck a curious bargain with a stranger, who said: "Yes, sir, certainly, sir, sure thing," as he departed with a smile.

Creak! Creak!! And more of it. It was only a jutka

pulling up opposite Rama and Krishna's house. They lived in the same house as I think I have told you. If I have not, you may take it now from me as a bit of inside news straight from the shoulder. There was a tap at the door. The door opened and Rama's head peeped out.

"Bring it in, why late?" he murmured in a manner audible only to the party concerned and to the reader.

"One had to be cautious, sir," replied the other, cleverly indicating to whomsoever it may concern that that 'one' was none other than himself.

"Why, anything the matter?" asked Krishna, whose head had meantime joined in.

"Nothing at all, sir," assured the man—it was only a man—"but still one should be cautious, sir, shouldn't one?—and the Police were about."

Two sacks, and heavy they were too, were brought in and deposited carefully in the room.

"Just hanged?" inquired Rama.

"Fresh, sir. Just this morning."

"Bodies still warm?"

"Quite, sir. Quite like living."

As Krishna placed ten tenners in his hand, he said: "Good-bye, sir. Anything else doing, I am your man, sir. Be careful, sir, even though dead, they are rogues."

"Feeling equal to it?" asked Krishna—as you have no doubt noticed from the question mark—after the bolts were fastened.

"No, are you? Too darned drowsy."

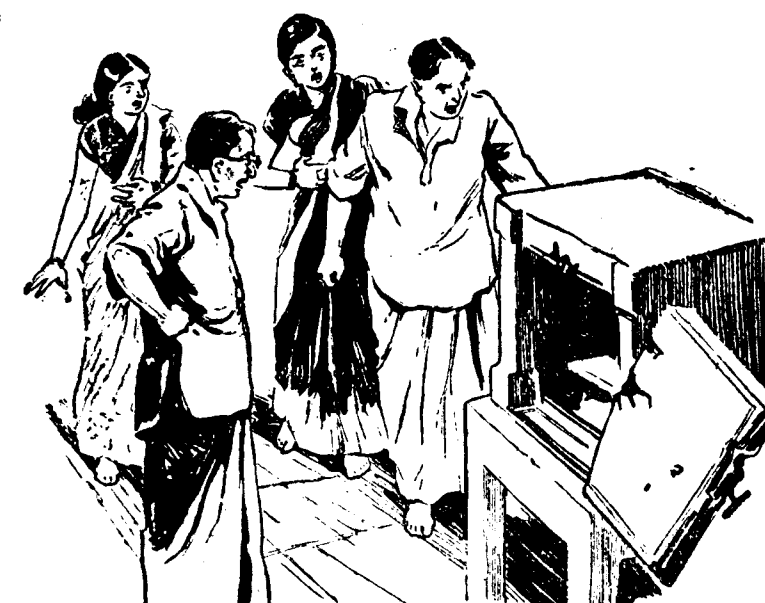
"We shall do it first thing tomorrow morning. Sleepy, yes," said Krishna, and produced a yawn in proof.

So, next morning—not a fine morning whatever writers may say to the contrary of

days when their stories pan out—Rama and Krishna were up, and down into the consulting room with sharpened knives, forks and spoons or whatever thingummies doctor chappies use.

You have no doubt seen through their trick. If you have, kindly check up on the facts as they were, and if you haven't, I'm telling you.

It was one of those 'ologies'—putting the needle and so forth up the vein and down the muscle of dead bodies to resusci...never mind, you get the general lay-out, and if that fails—as a second bow, or is it



arrow—to give the once over to the billows and hollows of a criminal's brainpan.

"Eureka!" cried Krishna in a deep bass—no, not what you wet the tonsils with, but the other thing.

"What is it?" asked Rama, in a thin tenor—no, not one of those things which blokes are constantly touching you for but the other stuff.

"Look how the bodies have shrunk! Dead bodies if kept over have a habit of contracting, I should think."

They were not left to pursue this interesting theory. The course of true science never runs smooth.

A cry disturbed them. I'm sorry. I have made a typogr—oh, dash it—I am only saying I have made an error. It was not one cry. Two cries and pretty loud they were. The two husbands recognised the organ of issue as that of Sita and Radha.

They rushed, collided in the doorway, gave each other such a hot look that they had to join a nudist camp to cool off, and after untwisting themselves fled upstairs.

"What is the matter?" questioned Rama.

"What is not the matter?" countered the spouse.

"What has happened?" asked Krishna.

"What has not happened?" quired the wife.

Rama and Krishna could not answer these. They were struck dumb, but being medicos, they quickly treated themselves and recovered.

"I see," said Krishna, slowly, to which Radha said: "What do you see?"

They were taken to the jewellery box. A nice box. Done in velvet, mind you. The box was empty.

"Do you mean to say there is nothing there?" asked Rama, pointing to the jewellery box. It did not improve matters exactly, I am bound to confess.

"Where are the jewels!" the ladies exclaimed.

"WHERE ARE THE JEWELS!!" chorused the men.

"Stolen!" suggested someone.

"Burgled!" said another.

A moment's pause and an 'Eureka!' rang out in the air.

"I have got it!" affirmed Krishna. The ladies pounced on him with two 'wheres'.

"No, not the jewels. But I could think of you how they were stolen," he said, as he led the party downstairs.

He screwed his moustache at that precise moment. I don't suppose I told you he had one. Ah, I like to have a surprise or two up the sleeves.

They found the sacks empty. Not quite empty, though. There was a note in each, wishing the doctors the best of the new year and hoping they would not grudge the corpses having their best of the year.

"The bodies were alive! Thieves!" cried Rama. He screwed his lips as he placed this discovery for what it was worth or even less before the party. That was simply because he had no moustache—I mean his screwing the lips.

The Police Inspector arrived. "We are bungled!" shouted Krishna.

"No, Inspector, he is bungling," said Radha. "We are simply burgled!"

"I'll catch them," swore the Inspector, and he tapped his chest.

He is still catching them.

So, if you come across these chaps who did this dark deed, kindly hand them to me. I am sorry I cannot give you their description as I have not had the pleasure of their acquaintance. My purse is getting thin, like Pharoh's kine and—just between you and me—I'd like to go into partnership with those folks.

THE END



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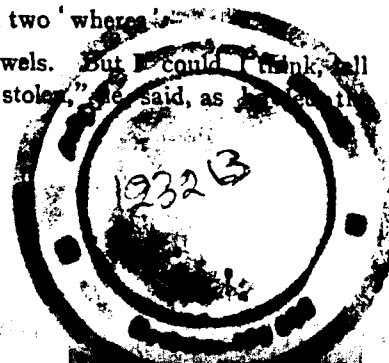
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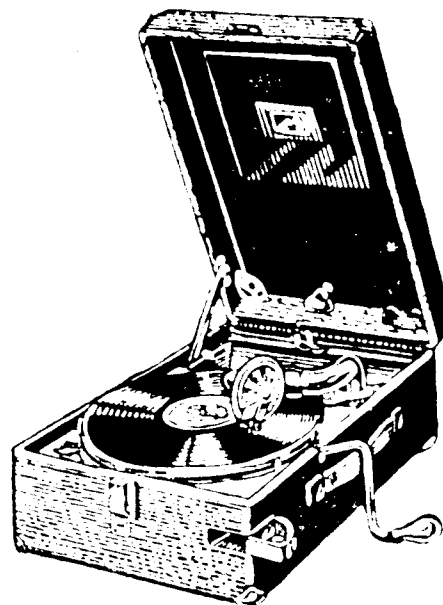


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