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The MERRY MAGAZINE

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THE
MERRY
MAGAZINE

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The Editor of the Merry Magazine will be glad to consider Mss. offered for publication, but no Ms. will be returned unless it is accompanied by a stamped, addressed envelope. The Editor will take no responsibility for manuscripts lost. Payment for accepted manuscripts will be made at our 'usual rates'. Letters should be addressed to: Editor, The Merry Magazine, 2-140, Broadway, Madras.

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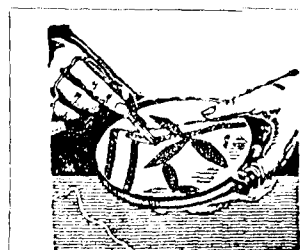
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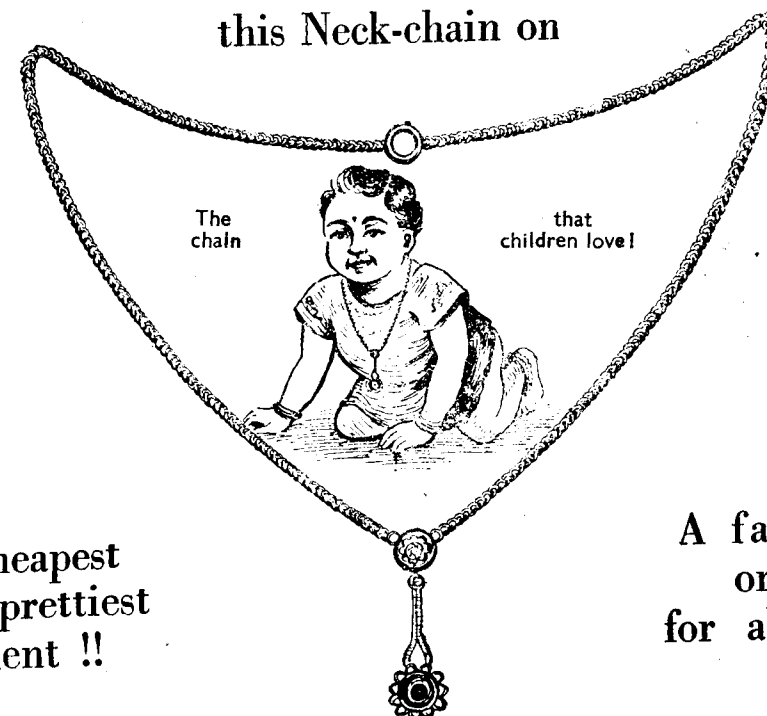


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The
MERRY
MAGAZINE



Madras, Feb. 22, '36

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Albert A. Roland

The Young Man With

The Grey Hair

Not much more than a boy, and he had grey hair! It was not a physiological error, however. The reason was a shock. Here is a spot of creeps, just for a change.

Bhaskar D. Vizagwallah

Sex-Metamorphosis

There is no accounting for tastes. This young man wants, of all things in the world, to become a girl! Hear him give his reasons.

E. L. Shipman

The Be-Quest

Dying people do have (sometimes) funny ideas of bequeathing their effects to their kith and kin. This bequest is the funniest you have heard.

Thirupathi

The Daggers

The story of the strange experience of a man who purchased a couple of daggers.

SPARKS FROM OUR ANVIL

Reuter says that Mr. Ramsay Macdonald was warmly congratulated by members from all parts of the House on the re-election of his son to Parliament.

We understand that he went through the ordeal with silent dignity.

Speaking at Edinburgh, Lord Linlithgow is reported to have said: 'I can conscientiously recommend any boy with adequate ability who may feel attracted by prospects of service among Oriental people to favourably consider the career of I.C.S.'

We wish we could be as sure of his lordship's grammar as of his sincerity!

For another thing, we doubt if the Scotchman requires any special inducements to leave Scotland!

In the House of Commons, Mr. J. H. Thomas declared: 'The Government has not considered and is not considering the handing over of British Colonies or territories under mandate, including Protectorates.'

In Nazi circles, much significance is attached to the absence of any assurance as regards the future!

It is understood that Marshal Badoglio is to be recalled with a view to the organisation of the military at home.

This seems to indicate that Mussolini's position is more desperate than that of the Italian army at the front.

Herr Hitler declared recently: 'The Jews are our enemies.'

The Jews are too polite not to return the compliment!

A Hollywood gossip-writer says that Mae West's income for 1934 was £68,000.

She can thus still claim to command a very good figure.

In the Legislative Assembly, the Army Secretary stated that the cost of the defence of the British troops in the Benda Raid Case would fall on the tax-payer.

This should serve to destroy the prevalent notion that the soldiers are here to defend the tax-payer!

King Fuad of Egypt has issued a Royal Decree nominating 13 members to negotiate a new Anglo-Egyptian treaty.

The choice of the number is no doubt designed to prepare the public mind for a possible breakdown of the negotiations!

In a farewell message to the country, Jack Ryder says: 'I hope that the tour will result in further exchanges of visits between teams of the respective countries.'

Our own hope is that the exchange of visits will be between respectable teams of the two countries!

From an account of the division on Mr. Das's Bill: 'The Official

members were so pleased with Mr. Lalchand Navalrai's timely help that the Finance Member later went to his seat, and spent some time with him.'

How we wish he had done so a little earlier!

Mr. Clow, an Official Member, characterised Sir H. P. Mody's amendment to the Wages Payment Bill as an astounding piece of moderation.

He was apparently so moved that he faltered as he said: moderation!

Speaking of parties under the new constitution, Sir A. P. Patro said that a great trust had been imposed on the people of this country.

There are many indications however that they cannot be imposed upon for ever!

Another member who remained neutral in the division on Mr. Das's bill was Gauba.

It appears that at the moment he felt neither like a Hindu nor like a Muslim!

The Maharajkumar of Vizianagaram has been elected to captain the Indian cricket team to tour England.

We are so pleased with a choice which deprives the Government in the Assembly of one vote!

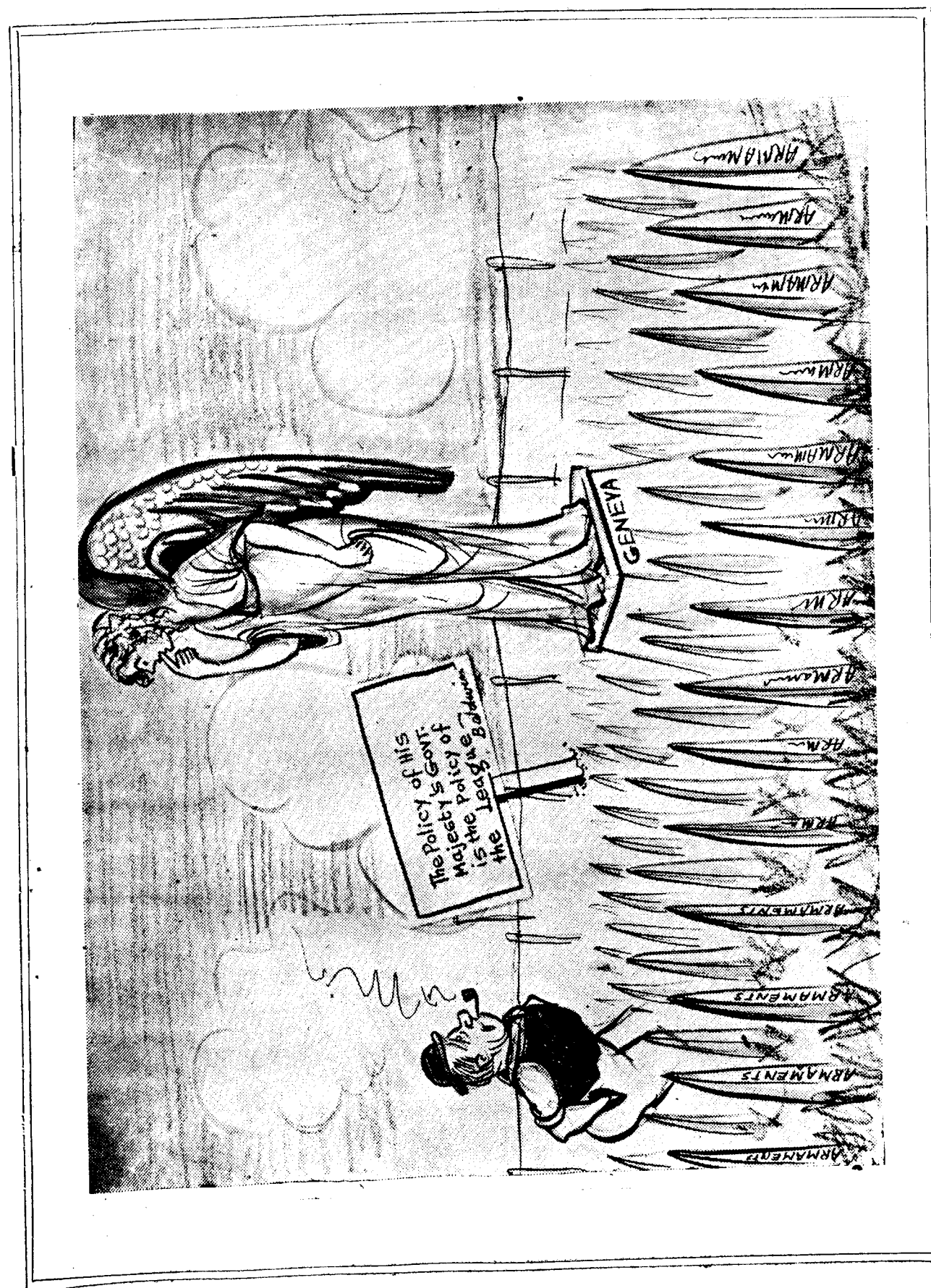
All Cry And No Wool

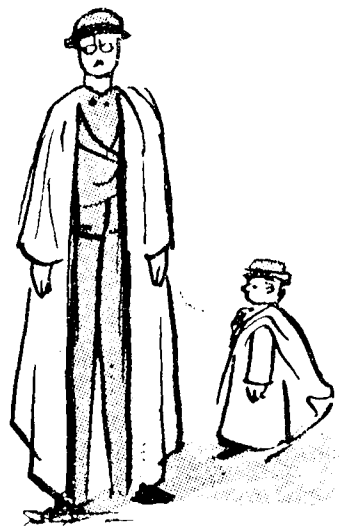
An untoward fate has overtaken Mr. Das's Bill for the repeal of all repressive laws. Not for the first time, nor, we fear, for the last time, has the popular cause been betrayed by popular representatives suffering from lack of discipline, or constitutional timidity or a parochial outlook. We are not so simple-minded as to think that if the Assembly had passed the measure, it would have become law. We are aware of the provisions in the constitution, designed on the analogy of a steeple-chase, which ensure that one obstacle or other will have the desired effect of arresting further progress. We knew for instance that it was certain to be killed in the chilly desolation of the atmosphere that broods over the Council of State. What was hoped for was to register the popular feeling, and expose the hollowness of the constitution which gives no loophole for the effective presentment of the people's views on major questions of policy. The relief of the Treasury Benches is surely exaggerated, for there was nothing to make them sleepless over this particular issue. They have swallowed camels in the past; it is surely incredible to suppose that they will strain at a gnat. The work of the Congress Party is however an object lesson, and has been highly educative. It is to be hoped that the electorate will learn to appreciate the value of discipline, and will insist on its representatives having some regard for it. The episode is also illustrative of another sad truth. With an irresponsible and irresponsible government, the efficacy of constitutional action is either uncertain or negligible. The danger of realising its futility is in direct proportion to the importance of the issue at stake. Looking at the history of the world,

one can say that constitutionalism has always been discredited not by the red-hot revolutionary, but by the wooden bureaucrat.

Saul Among Prophets

There is a certain candour about Sir A. P. Patro which, if not disarming, is at least interesting. His excursions into the field of political theory and practice are more wide than deep. The assurance of his manner coupled with the advantage of his having been a Minister makes him indulge in generalisations of a self-contradictory character. With his special pleading on behalf of the Justice Party, we are not concerned here. But he referred to the formation of parties, and made one fatuous remark which discredits his claim to any careful thinking on the subject. The Congress view on the question of parties is simple. Till we attain freedom to manage our own affairs, there is room only for a national party on the one hand, and a government party on the other. There is no necessity for other intermediate groups between the two; they are a positive hindrance to our progress towards the goal. Sir A. P. Patro said that under the new constitution, as the government would be by ourselves, it is not necessary for us to fight ourselves. If this were at all true, England and other advanced countries must have made a terrible mistake in having developed the party system. The best part of the joke is that Sir A. P. Patro soon after contradicts himself and says that we should have parties. This confusion can be only explained as due to the desire to discredit the Congress, and gather support for other groupings without the sanction of popular will behind them. Needless to say, they are foredoomed to failure.





Setting down his impressions of the recent cricket tour, Mr. Macartney says: "So many incidents have occurred both with us and the opposite side on this tour that I have come to the conclusion that most of the umpires are incompetent."

That is rather tough on us. But let us not be downhearted. Let us give our umpires a course of Pelmanism or some such training. I am sure the umpires will work wonders if they are equipped with the training indicated.

I have also noticed that some of our cricket umpires are ridiculously small, I mean in stature. We ought to insist on their elongating themselves before we allow them to get into the overalls.

Professor N. G. Ranga, M.L.A., was refused admission to the Y. M. C. A., Simla, on the ground, it is said, that he wore Indian costume. This formed the subject of a barrage of short notice questions in the Legislative Assembly. If the Assembly Members who are sore about this Simla Y. M. C. A. affair, know anything about Christian ideology, they wouldn't have said a thing about it.

The Y. M. C. A. is there to live and spread Christian brotherhood and charity. So when they told Mr. Ranga not to bring his dhoti-clad body into their midst, they were only doing their duty. For when the Simla Y. M. C. A. went and interviewed Christ after His Glorious Resurrection, He said unto them: "Go ye and spread

The March

By The Man

yourself unto the corners of the earth, wearing only pants and dinner-jackets. Blessed are they who wear trousers and dress-shirts, for theirs is the kingdom of earth."

Of course you won't find this in the New Testament. Possibly the Lord said it to the Y. M. C. A. in private. I have arrived at this idea via the inductive method, or what Socrates would call the dialectical method. Anyhow I cannot explain the action of the Simla Y. M. C. A. in any other way. Can you? If so, let us hear it.

The Great Unemployed owe a debt of gratitude of to Sir Tej Bahadur Sapru; and the United Provinces people seem to be stuck up about it. I met the other day a man from the United Provinces. He was going about with his nose so high in the air that he attracted much attention. I asked him if he was a star-gazer.

"Star-gazer?" he said. "There aren't any stars. Are you trying to be funny?"



"Certainly not. But you are sticking your nose so high in the air that I—"

"I have good reason to. Our man, Sir Tej Bahadur Sapru, produced an Unemployment Report. What have you or other provinces done about your unemployment?"

It only serves to show that Madras is not getting its meed of praise. About a twelve-month ago The Oriental Cultural Academy (fine name, don't

you think?) of Madras made a powerful noise about what they called, I think, 'Survey of The Unemployed'. If as a result of that survey, our unemployed graduates have not become employed graduates, surely the fault cannot be laid at the door of the Oriental Cultural Academy. The fault lies rather with the unemployed graduates themselves. I firmly believe that their past Karma was bad. They are suffering the consequences of their bad Karma.

Only the other day Dr. C. Natesa Mudaliar moved in the City Council that Rs. 10,000 be set apart for relief of Unemployment in the City. Some ungenerous critics of Dr. Natesa Mudaliar were sarcastic about this Rs. 10,000. Their argument is, of what avail is this tiny drop of Rs. 10,000 in this tremendous drought of unemployment? Ignorant chaps! I say quite a lot could be done with Rs. 10,000. We could, for instance, gather all the unemployed of Madras in Fort St. George, or, if the military authorities object to it, in the M.C.C. Grounds and give each of them a cup of tea or coffee to cheer them up, so that they may suffer their Karma with fortitude. When the effect of the coffee or tea wears off, we can allot another Rs. 10,000, and give them a second course of tea or coffee.

So you see, we are doing our humble mite for the relief of our unemployed. There is no need for U. P. to be so darned superior.

It is learnt (through diplomatic channels) that the Italian Government had never given an undertaking to respect the Djibouti—Addis Ababa Railway in the course of military operations. The Italian Government say, however, that that does not necessarily

of Events

On The Move

mean that the Railway will be destroyed tomorrow.

I am in a position to vouch for the correctness of that statement. The Italians never treated the Djibouti—Addis Ababa Railway with respect. They always brushed past it with an insolent air, sticking their chins high up. They never said 'good morning' or its Roman equivalent to the Railway whenever they met it. It is partly so, because respect to the Djibouti—Addis Ababa Railway is nowhere mentioned in the League Covenant.

On the assurance that the Railway will not be destroyed tomorrow, the Railway authorities started the printing of "Go-As-You-Please" tickets; and all of them were sold out long before they were printed. The Fascist Grand Council are not such bad chaps as some journalists would have us believe.

The correspondent of *The Hindu* writing from New Delhi says:

"Discoveries of fresh lacunae in the India Act are in the process of being made and the question is whether some revision of the constitution will not be necessary."

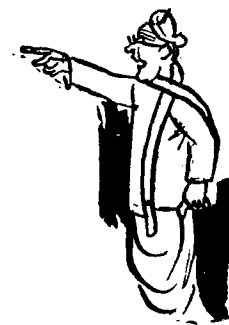
I was under the impression that 'lacunae' meant 'worms', and so I was shocked to read the above excerpt. My immediate thought was, why don't they give the Act a purgative, something like magnesium sulphate? It was with great relief therefore I learnt from Satyamurti that lacunae really meant something missing. Something missing is right. Quite a lot is missing from the Act. If the authors of the Act want honest chaps like me to look at it with a kindly eye, they should get busy with the process of weeding out all the lacunae in the Act. They might, for example, insert in the place of the lacunae some fresh jokes supported by appropriate

cartoons. That should make it a lively affair.

Writing editorially over the caption 'QUEER SUPERSTITION' the *Indian Express* says that the practice (which obtains in Madras) of naming streets after our big and small noises is more or less silly. It says that streets should be given numbers.

That is a corker of an idea. A peach in fact. But why streets alone? Why not extend the idea to our big and not so big noises? Just imagine the tremendous energy that would be saved in writing and pronouncing their names. This is, moreover, an age of brevity, as witness the baby cars on the roads, and the blouses of our girls, also on the roads.

We ought therefore to give our publicists and leaders numbers or symbols to go by. I suggest to the body politic that we make a beginning somewhat on these lines:



Satyamurti=A.I. O. A?, meaning rather hot on office acceptance?

Dewan Bahadur A. Ramaswami Mudaliar=o.k.?!*, meaning—but you can guess it.

Sir Tej Bahadur Sapru=10000000-S. Srinivasa Iyengar=1926!?!?! The Rajah Sahib of Bobbili=Dt. Bd. 1/2.

Dr. Ambedkar=H.I.C.D., meaning of course, *Hinduism Is A Contagious Disease*.



Sir Mohammed Iqbal=5t 3 cwt, meaning five tons three hundred weights, meaning weightage.

What do you think of it? I rather think it is the brainiest thing said in recent years!!!!*??*£!

A few days ago it was reported in the papers that idols from temples in South Indian districts were being stolen. It is believed that the idols are being sold in Pondicherry as curios and shipped to France, Germany and other countries. A Sanatanist says it is scandalous.

Well, I don't know about scandalous. But it seems to me that there is another side to the question. Good comes out of evil, you know. These idols, if there is any truth in what the papers say, will adorn the museums and drawing-rooms on the continents of Europe and America. Though there is no life (as we understand it) in these idols, they will be a living reminder of India's unapproachable past to all those who go into those drawing-rooms and museums. Who knows! Some of those people may be carried away by the beauty of the idols. Their Inner Voice may whisper hoarsely into their ears. In answer thereto they may embrace Hinduism and swell the Hindu fold, which is a good thing for the Hindu fold. You might well exclaim: "Who knows, indeed!"

N. E. W. S.

THEY do things over there on the other side of the big pond in a lively fashion. A lawyer pleaded his case ably in a Chicago court of justice. The opposing counsel argued his case a bit more ably. The first one lost his case. He was so annoyed at things that he whisked out a revolver and shot his successful opponent—dead. Then he turned his attention to the presiding judge, and had a couple of goes at him. The presiding judge gave up presiding. He ducked behind his bench and saved himself.

What's in a pin-prick? You'd say, nothing. You are wrong. A man set out for a trip in his car. He put his dog in the back seat. They spun along merrily. The dog shifted its seat to the other end of the cushion and sat on a pin. The shock of it made it jump. Jumping, it landed on the steering wheel. Then things got mixed up. The car ran into a lamp-post and was smashed. The lamp-post too got it hot. It fell down and all the lights in the town went out!

It is a good thing to have a friend who knows a lot of things. P. Faulkner and A. Underwood of Cleveland were friends. The latter is a doctor, a lawyer and a preacher. Faulkner fell ill. His friend Underwood attended on him. Faulkner died. Underwood preached his funeral service as pastor. As lawyer he settled his friend's estate. Finally he married his friend's widow.

If you are a burglar, avoid the dentist as you would the Devil. Henry Rogers broke into a dentist's surgery. Luck was against the poor chap. He kicked, inadvertently, a burglar-alarm. The dentist caught Rogers and strapped him to his dentist's chair.

"Well, lad, are you comfortable?" asked the kind dentist.

"Thank you kindly, sir," said Rogers. "Er.....I was.....er.....looking for a dentist when....."

"Oh," said the dentist. "What is the matter with you?"

"Teeth getting queer. Wanted to show you," lied the bad burglar.

"Which teeth?" asked the doctor.

"Centre six, top row."

The doctor got ready and pulled out all the six teeth without administering an anaesthetic.

So whatever else you may do, don't tell lies, especially to dentists.

Here, my hearties, is a good thing for you. Mr. Caleb Milne, actor and writer of creepy stories disappeared from New York in December last. His family received a ransom note demanding £5000. Later Milne was found beside a ditch tied up and in a gag. It all came out now. It seems Milne made a clean breast of it. He said he engineered his own kidnapping. Reason? Publicity of course.

Mr. Trotter of Natal owns a hen. The hen laid four eggs and sat on them. One day Mr. Trotter found his hen in a greatly agitated state. It was found on investigation that there was a Cobra in the hen's nest. The reptile had already swallowed three eggs and was getting ready for the fourth one. Mr. Trotter killed the reptile and ripped it open. He took out the three eggs from the snake's inside and placed them back under the hen. In the fulness of time the hen hatched her four eggs and brought out plump, healthy chickens.

How many known languages are there in the world? According to census reports there are no less than 4,000, a formidable number—just numbers to you and me. Not many people know more than two languages, their vernacular and English. Occasionally one gets to know a few words in Hindustani when one is being abused. But there is one man, rather a superman, Francis Sumner, Director of J. G. White Library of Foreign Tongues in Cleveland, Ohio, who knows, believe it or not, 3250 of these; and, not being content with this inconsiderable acquisition, this one-man Tower of Babel is sure of mastering the remaining 750 shortly (?) This giant of memory, forgets his telephone number and does not remember his birth-date. He began life on the German Rhine about 50 years ago. He knew fourteen languages before he was sixteen and served with the Russian Diplomatic Corps for 10 years.

Fun For All



A Scot-man and friends had just finished dinner in a swell hotel when the waiter arrived with the bill. "Give it to me; I'll pay it," came in loud tones from the Scotsman.

The next day the following headline appeared in a local newspaper: 'Scotsman Strangles Ventriloquist.'

Patient: Doctor, I'm bothered with queer pain. When I bend forward, stretch out my arms and make a semi-circular movement with them, a sharp sting comes in my left shoulder.

Doctor: But why make such movements?

Patient: Well, if you know any other way for a man to get on his overcoat, I wish you'd let me know.

While a farm girl was milking a cow, a bull tore across the meadow towards her. The girl did not stir, but continued milking. Observers, who had run to safety, saw to their amazement that the bull stopped dead within a few yards of the girl, turned round and walked sadly away.

"Weren't you afraid?" asked every one.

"Certainly not," said the girl. "I happen to know this cow is his mother-in-law!"

Judge (during an inquiry into a case of alleged bribery): You say you received £25 to vote for the Conservative and also received the same amount to vote for the Liberal?

Witness: Yes, my lord.

Judge: And for whom did you vote?

Witness: I voted, my lord, according to my conscience.

A farmer came upon a man fishing by a pond near his farm.

"Any luck?" he asked. The man shook his head in the way anglers do. A little later in the day, the farmer happened to pass the spot again, and saw the man still casting his line.

"Any luck?" he asked once more.

"No!" muttered the angler. "Are there any fish at all in this rotten pond?"

"Don't rightly know," mused the old farmer. "Pond wasn't there yesterday!"

Sandy M'Pherson was travelling to Glasgow and on the way he felt thirsty, so he took out a bottle and drew the cork. Just as he was about to take a taste, a fellow passenger in clerical garb addressed him.

"Excuse me, sir, but I am sixty-five years of age, and I have never tasted a drop of whisky!"

"Dinna worry yersel," said Sandy, "you're no gaun tae start noo."

Proud Mother: Yes, he's a year old now, and he's been walking since he was eight months old.

Bored Visitor: Really? He must be awfully tired.

South Seas natives beat tom-tom twenty-four hours when they want rain.

All we have to do is to go out without an umbrella!

"Well, Bloggs, did you get home all right?" asked Jones.

"Yes," replied Bloggs. "I got home safely; but just as I was turning the corner, a man trod on my knuckles."

The Confession—

Reading Time • About 6 Minutes

By V. Vyasa Rao

Illustrated by Varma

THE wood was two miles to the west of the zamindari village of Mirgad. On a tree in that wood, a flock of crows was crowing an infernal din. It was early morning. Two furlongs away was the main road. On that road was going, hunger in his eyes, Gopal, the beggar. He heard that raucous din, and wondered. He entered the wood to find out what it was. He reached the tree. He stopped. His bleary eyes widened with horror. Under the tree was a human form, apparently dead. Gopal wanted to turn back and run away. An unknown force impelled him forward. Perhaps it was the hunger consuming him. He stepped up to the corpse. It was a beautiful young woman. A dagger was in her breast, driven to the hilt. She could not have been dead for more than a few hours. Decomposition of the body had not set in.

Gopal looked at the corpse with dread and hope. Dread because he was in the company of murder. Hope because the corpse might relieve his hunger. He looked furtively in all directions. It was too early in the morning for anybody to be up and doing. He bent down and relieved the corpse of the few poor gold trinkets which it sported. Gopal slunk away hastily and tramped fifteen miles to a neighbouring town. There he sold the trinkets to a Marwadi who asked no questions, for one-fifth their price. That day he ate the heartiest meal he had tasted for months.

In the evening the police arrested Gopal on the charge of murdering Girija, the beauty of Mirgad.

Gopal pleaded and pleaded his innocence. He said, truthfully enough, that his only crime was theft of the trinkets on the corpse. She was dead long before he saw her, he wailed. Nobody believed him. The judge awarded him the extreme penalty of the law. It was later commuted to imprisonment for life.

The world whirled on for three years.

The zamindar of Mirgad lay dying. He was in the grip of typhus. He was a young man, this side of forty. A monstrous life of pleasure and perfidy was running to its close. He would not last the night, said the doctors. The dying man struggled for his life, but gave it up in despair. The approach of death turned his thoughts to his God.

He sent for his lawyer. The lawyer came to record the last Will and Testament of the zamindar. He sat by the bed and ordered out everybody from the room. The ebbing man opened his eyes and looked



at his lawyer with an attempt at a kindly smile. He spoke slowly and with effort.

"Beharilal, I did not call you to make my will. There is not much to will away. You know that. I want you to record a confession."

Lawyer Beharilal, if he was disappointed, did not show it in his face. He said: "I am at your pleasure."

"You know Girija?" asked the zamindar.

"Of course, I do. That beggar Gopal murdered her for a few worthless trinkets!"

The zamindar laughed. It was more a rattle than a laugh. "What a world, what a world! Gopal did not murder Girija."

The lawyer thought that the zamindar was lapsing into delirium. The latter continued: "I know what you are thinking. You think I am wandering. I am not."



"How do you know that Gopal did not murder the woman?" asked the lawyer indulgently.

"How do I know? Because I murdered Girija."

The lawyer held up a hand in remonstrance. "Rest is what you want, sir. I shall call later." He prepared to go.

"No, don't go," ordered the zamindar. "It is a fact. That evening, while out hunting alone, I came upon Girija in the wood, gathering firewood. I fell in love with her instantly, madly. She repulsed my advances. Nobody ever opposed my pleasure. She treated my abject pleadings with contempt. In a fit of rage, I stabbed her."

The zamindar fell back exhausted. The lawyer waited patiently. He was now convinced of the zamindar's crime.

"I am dying," resumed the zamindar. "I want to do the only good deed in my life. Draw up this confession and get that poor beggar out of jail."

The lawyer drew up the confession and called in the zamindar's secretary and his cashier to witness it. These two worthies, thinking it was their master's will, attested it. The lawyer delivered the confession to the authorities.

As the lawyer left the zamindar's bedside, the doctors came in. They saw the patient's condition and shook their heads. A few hours, they said. He would be finished by the morning. The zamindar glided into sleep.

They waited in the adjoining room all through the night. Morning dawned bright and happy. The doctors and the zamindar's immediate servants tiptoed into the sick-chamber. They were surprised to see the zamindar still breathing.

The zamindar opened his eyes and looked blankly at the surrounding faces. Then he smiled. There was perspiration on his brow.

With a fast-beating heart one doctor felt the patient's pulse. Another took his temperature. Both were nearly normal.

"Saved!" said the doctors. "The zamindar sahib will live!"

"Too late!" said the zamindar.

They were all surprised at this funny remark.

They saw what the zamindar meant a few days later. A futile confession.

THE END

Limericks

The Limerick's a verse,
Epigrammatic, and terse :
It's point, a pun,
Of poetry spun,
And, its charms, more bewitching than Circe !

Wonderful Protoplasm,
Dupe of the Ape-man phantasm :
The 'fossil' I think
Is still the 'missing link'
That widens this ever widening chasm !

A lightning-speed reporter
Lov'd a certain man's daughter,
And to her he said :
Will you me wed ?...
She said : 'No, you're not as good a courter !'

The daughter of an Earl
Polish'd, and cold as pearl,
Having frozen every swain
Who sought her hand in vain,—
In spinsterhood, wedded, a churl !

A certain Mr. Boate
Many a Company did float :
When all of them fail'd
And the investors rail'd,
Said he : 'Gentlemen, 'gainst floating I make
a note.'

—P. M. Peters.



The Good Samaritan !

By V. V. Narayanan

Reading Time • About 6 Minutes

A GRAND garden party was in progress. The garden was a fairyland of scintillating lights. The enchanting notes of a far off orchestra came floating on the indolent air. There were well nigh five hundred guests, eating, chatting and laughing.

The party was given by a busybody in honour of Dewan Bahadur Krishnaswamy. The reason was Krishnaswamy was made a Dewan Bahadur. The fulsome praise and felicitous words and conventional nothings smothered the new-made Dewan Bahadur. He retired to a corner of the garden away from the rest. He sat in an arbour and fell into a reverie.

A few privileged guests of the busybody who was honouring the Dewan Bahadur, adjourned to the busybody's library for a quiet smoke. They discussed a number of things with refreshing candour. Presently the conversation drifted to doctors and their professional etiquette. The point at issue was, should a doctor in his professional capacity, knowing of a crime and the criminal who perpetrated it, hand over the offender to justice or not? The debate was getting hot.

At this point the Dewan Bahadur walked into their midst. He watched the fun for a few minutes. Then he addressed the most voluble of the debaters:

"I don't think you can arrive anywhere at this rate. Give them a concrete example to build upon. Now come along."

The company was silent. The vociferous person said: "What I say is that—er—that if—er—"

There was a general laugh.

"All right," said the Dewan Bahadur, "I will state the case, as I understand it. Are you all agreeable?"

Everybody was agreeable. All eyes were focussed on the Dewan Bahadur. He always compelled respectful hearing. That was one of the secrets of his success.

"Now," began the Dewan Bahadur and held the point of the debate poised in the air. He was a master in the art. "Now. There is a doctor. He is fresh from college. He starts practice in an out-of-the-way place, the reason being he could not hope to compete with his seniors in the city. The people in that out-of-the-way town, as of every other town, look askance at the new doctor. The doctor waits for a bit of practice which never arrives. He is almost starving. He is on the point of shutting up shop and making a move on. In this desperate state of affairs, one day, at dead of night, there is a violent banging on the doctor's door. At last! The doctor tumbles out of his bed and makes for the door like a champion runner. He admits the man who is banging on his door. The man admitted into the house is very young. His right arm is smashed up. The young man says that it is an accident. While avoiding a car he fell into a road-side pit. That is his story. The doctor knows it is a lie. However he does not say anything. He dresses up the arm. The patient pays well and promises something more if the doctor will allow him to stay on with him for a couple of days till he got better. The doctor agrees. The two or three days pass. The man's wound is cured. According to the contract the young man pays the doctor well.

"The doctor and the young man are shaking hands and saying goodbye. Casually the doctor mentions that he heard of a murder committed three days previously and looks squarely into the eyes of the young man. That was a bluff. The young man collapses into a chair. A guilty conscience. He confesses to a murder. He and a comrade were sharing money. They fall out. Blows, words, murder.

The young man carries the body into the wood close by and hurls it into an old well. That is his confession. Well, there is a proposition for you!" concluded the Dewan Bahadur. "Now fight it out. Should the doctor hand over the fellow to the police or should he not?"

"If you know a man to be a criminal," said one of the party, "and yet harbour him, you are a criminal in the eyes of the Law. I suppose they call him an accessory after the fact or something. The doctor's duty is clear as crystal."

"We are not concerned with the legal aspect of the question at issue," said the Dewan Bahadur. "I would rather you argued the ethical part of it."

"The doctor should keep mum. It is not his business."

"Not his business! Hang it sir, the fellow is little better than a murderer if—"

"Let the police find out for themselves. What are they for?"

Such and other opinions flew about. Finally one man asked the Dewan Bahadur: "What is your own opinion?"

"My opinion does not count, gentlemen. I just placed the matter before you."

Somebody filled the doorway. There was an immediate silence. All eyes were turned towards the new arrival. The new arrival was the famous doctor, Dr. Swami, noted far and wide, not only for his extraordinary skill but for his great humanity. All greeted him respectfully. The doctor made straight for the Dewan Bahadur. "Congratulations, my dear friend," said he, grasping the Dewan Bahadur's hand. "This day is a proud day to me as it is to you!" He turned to the company around him. "Gentlemen, my remark must have puzzled you. This gentleman was my first patient when I was a struggling young doctor far away from this place. That was years and years ago. He came to me one day at dead of night with his right arm badly smashed. I have prospered after that. That first treatment of mine will be a grateful and abiding memory with me to my last day."

THE END



The Road Is Closed

By John A. Henry

Illustrated by Sekar

Reading Time • About 8 Minutes

I forgot about the workmen this evening on Moorson Road as I drove my Bentley as fast as the traffic of Delhi would permit. Monica filled my thoughts—her desirable sweetness soothing the torment that had ached in my breast and brain during the past month. But I must be in time.

The first time I had held her in my arms, my heart mad, I had whispered brokenly to her the ugly incidents of my life before I had met her—of women who had meant nothing to me but in whose arms I had found temporary bliss. I had told her what I was—a moral weakling with the strength of my bodily wants above the strength of my soul and what I longed to suppress myself in order to be.

"But you're not the only man who—who has done these things," she whispered, her soft arms tightening

round my neck. "We're—we're all weak—little playthings of Nature—puppets being pulled about by things and emotions that are too deep and strong for us to control. Don't blame yourself, dear. We all try and mould ourselves into something better than what we are. You can do that too."

And madness, more sensual than spiritual, was in my soul as I pressed my lips to hers again. Then I said:

"I'm afraid—Monica darling—afraid of myself—of love. I don't know what real love is. I have lived a life wherein the body has been uppermost. Is this—is this love?"

Her answer was another kiss.

"In spite of all I've told you, you still love me?" I asked. "Knowing what I am—the fact that my emo-

tion now may be only passion without the sweeter, gentler emotion of love—you still agree to marry me?"

"If you were the beast you say you are," she whispered, "you wouldn't have told me of—of all those other incidents. You would have clothed yourself in a mantle of righteous deceit. You would have used that mantle to enable you to—to take me and leave me. Broken flower petals, Henry dear—broken petals. But you didn't. You asked me to marry you. You said you would fight yourself and wait—wait till God could look on us as man and wife. Therefore you must love me."

And the passion of my body became softened for a while by thoughts of romance, love and chivalry.

But away from her I found it harder and harder to fight the bestial longings of a pampered nature while my heart cried out for spiritual beauty and love as love should be. It became an awful enigma to me. Did I love her or did I love her lovely body? I confess all this because I want the world to know what I am behind my mask of decency. Closed walls and masks. Very much the same. They hide things—ugly things mostly. My readers know me as a wielder of an expressive pen. The romance of my writings has always been much of a sneer to me.

We were wont, when returning to Monica's flat on Moorson Road, to make the long, ten-minute detour necessitated by the repairs that were being carried out along the three-mile stretch of tarmac. And night before last I stopped the car suddenly, hell in my heart, the thoughts and memories of my ugly lifetime uppermost in me.

Monica laid a surprised hand on my knee and my whisper was hoarse as I swept her into my arms, my lips on her throat, her hair, her eyes.

"Monica—Monica darling—I—"

"Stop! Henry—this—"

But I was mad—mad as hell. I blamed her sweetness for my madness. The road was quiet. My senses swam.

"Monica, I want you so! Close to me—"

She stopped struggling for a moment, and then, with a lightning movement of her soft right arm, she slapped me stingingly across the face. And in that second, baffled, hating myself, hating her resistance, cursing my nature, everything seemed to become clear.

"Very well," I said coldly. "You played with me! You wanted thrills without anything serious! In

your heart you hate me. But I warned you of what I was. I can't help my nature. I've lived such moments before—hundreds of times. And I've hated all those women. *Hated* them! And now, I'll drive you home."

Not a word was spoken all the rest of the way, and I knew Monica was crying softly to herself. But I was numbed. I still didn't know whether I loved her—really loved her. I still blamed her in my heart for thrill-hunting.

When I stopped the car before her flat she looked at me in the pale moonlight. There was agony in her face.

"Do you love me, Henry?" she asked simply.

Tortured and still baffled, I shook my head.

"I don't love you, Monica. I don't think I could love any woman decently. It's in my soul—in my very being. Fate cut it all out for me long before I was born. I'll never be any different. Even if I married you, your life would be a hell. I would be seeking fresh fields to conquer after I had tired of you. Forget me—and don't worry yourself. Find someone who is more worthy of you. I still think you were thrill-hunting—I'm too rotten to think anything else—for it is impossible for you to love a beast like me. You'd better throw that engagement ring away."

Without a word she heard my toneless recital out. And then she turned on her heel and left me. I stood looking at the pavement for a while and then got into the car and drove away, still doubtful, still hating Monica's resistance and loving her at the same time for saving me, for once in my life, from the hell and perdition towards which I had travelled such a long way. And then, this morning, I got her note.

"I can't bear it," she wrote. "If you have worked things out and you know the difference now—the difference between love and—and that other emotion—come to me at four o'clock this evening. If you find that you didn't and don't love me, and that the impressions gained during our acquaintanceship are still those of that other emotion solely—then don't come. I shall love you always, even on the other side of the pale if that is possible. I shall wait till four o'clock, and, if you don't come, you'll know that I wasn't thrill-hunting and that I love you more than anything in this world—more than my life. For I shall be dead at one minute past four—I shall kill myself—I *swear* that, Henry. There will be no blame attached to you in any way."

(Continued on page 20)

Hitler

"Right is might; and might, the only right!"
A disdainful curl of lips—"All frothy talk!"
The White race was destined to rule; (for they can fight!)
The English taught the Indians how to walk!

"If Italy can 'civilize' Abyssinia
For the Roman Eagle to build her eyrie nest,
Why not colonies for 'Aryan' Germania
In Afric's torrid wastes—I am right, I trust?"

"Versailles!—is burned into me! Let Nations note!
I will avenge Versailles! I must, I swear!
To sail the stormy seas in a paper-boat!
Let Geneva's Gentlemen play—at splitting the hair!"

"The League! The Covenant! Ask Japan what she thinks!
Steel-helmets do not lend themselves for a laugh;
Scraps of paper are but cobweb-links;
Arsenals garner the grain; archives, the chaff!"

—G. K. Pillai



Mr. Merry's Test-Paper

By A. T. MacNaughton Thomas

Reading Time • About 8 Minutes

IN this enlightened age, when poor mankind is subjected to all sorts of tests—tests of temper in the home, in the office, in council, test-cases in law courts, test-matches on the cricket grounds, to say nothing of Endurance-tests, Intelligence-tests, Suitability-tests, Means-test, Medical-tests, Driving-tests, Vision-tests: etc—Mr. Merry feels that he will be behind the times if he does not institute a test of his own. Candidates aspiring for testamurs must answer successfully, at least, two-thirds of the questionnaire.

Time: Take a day off.

(1) Does Britannia rule the waves by her navy or by her hair-dressers?

(2) What do you candidly think of:—

(a) Editors?

(b) Insurance-agents?

(Answer the questions, carefully bearing in mind the Law of Libel.)

(3) Have you made the slightest attempt to understand:

(a) Relativity?

(b) Gold Standard?

(c) The Government of India Act?

(d) Dewan Bahadur A. Ramaswamy Mudaliar?

(4) Is Mahatma Gandhi worth his salt?

(5) "You flatter me," said Bernard Shaw with a blush, in a recent interview. Can this be also included in an anthology of modern fairy stories?

(6) Are there uncivil fellows in the Indian Civil Service?

(7) Psychology tells that people work harder under the influence of music. Does this mean that restaurateurs are justified in giving you tougher chops to the accompaniment of gramophone-music?

(8) Will Mr. Satyamurti be a success in a silent film?

(9) What do the engine-drivers do when they don't drive their engines?

(10) Recently Sir Samuel Hoare had his nose broken in a skating accident. Does that mean:—

(a) He can't make a long nose at Mussolini?

(b) He will not poke his nose in Indian Affairs again?

(c) He can't turn up his nose at the Labour Opposition?

(d) He will not allow himself to be led by the nose by somebody?

(11) How many blue beans make five white ones?

(12) Do girls lose their head when they keep it on young men's shoulders?

(13) A doctor says that an increase of sugar in the blood intensifies one's emotion. Is that the reason why you take chocolates when you call on your girl?

(14) If time is money, how is it that you cannot make your creditors believe this truth?

(15) Why is that amateur photographers have very few friends?

(16) How comes it that people who think they are in the van of industry often find themselves in the cart?

(17) Does a man weigh more when he has a heavy cold?

(18) Do you always smile—even if you haven't got the right sort of teeth for it?

(19) Annotate:—

(a) 'A thing of beauty has a boy for ever.'

(b) 'Never say dye.'

(c) 'Brevity is the soul of kit.'

(d) 'He jests at cars that never felt a wound.'

(e) 'Fools rush in where wise men fail to wed.'

(20) Is it true that the motor-car has done away with the horse—but not with the ass?

(21) "Every woman should cling to her youth," declares a beauty-specialist. Where do you generally notice this statement?

(a) In the back-rows of the cinema?

(b) At the beach?

(c) In the park?

(22) When a man boasts that he runs the things in his house, does he refer to:

(a) The lawn-mover?

(b) The perambulator?

(c) The errands?

(d) Or what?

(23) When is a pumpkin not a pumpkin?

(24) Why is a guinea-pig sold for a shilling?

(25) Four wild ducks were swimming in a lake at the rate of 5 miles per hour. They were followed by a covey of snipes at a distance of 288 yards, which after 43 minutes overtook the ducks, whereupon, two of the ducks flapping their wings at the rate of 21 times a minute, reduced their speed to 4 miles, 4 furlongs, per hour. A man took a shot at the two ducks and found he had killed four fish. Now:

(a) What is the name of the man?

(b) How many snipes were in the covey?

(Work it out with an x. Full marks will be given if steps are shown correctly.)

(26) Who is Sir Mohamed Usman?

(27) Is South Indian history any the poorer by the expunction of the proceedings of the Justice Council Party, dated Dec. 11, 1934?

(28) Who is Mylapore Mussolini?

(29) What is wrong with the South Indian films? Do you think there is too much:

(a) Bad photography?

(b) Melodrama?

(c) Music?

(d) Tripe?

(e) Chatter?

(f) Dearth of talent?

(g) Directorship?

(h) Inco-ordination?

(30) "Wealth is a disease," says an American millionaire. If so, are you, like most of us, in the best of health? If not, may God protect you!

(31) Does the H. H. before the Agha Khan indicate His Holiness or His Highness?

(32) You are given a corpse—fictitious, of course. Can you write a first-rate thriller on it (which must run into thirty-six editions) without bringing in Scot-

land Yard, mysterious Chinamen, revolver-shots, elusive motor-cars and flashlights?

(33) Describe without vulgarity *either* a Taximeter, a Gasmeter or a Watermeter.

(34) Whom do you think will be the best qualified man for the directorship of a large travel agency?

(a) M. A. Jinnah?

(b) Sir C. P. Ramaswamy?

(c) The Rt. Hon. Srinivasa Sastri?

(d) Sir Tej Bahadur Sapru?

(e) The Maharajah of Patiala?

(35) Does Greta Garbo always have a film before her eyes?

(36) Try your hand at the following:—

(a) A biography of Sir R. K. Shumugam Chetty.

(b) A palinode for Shaukat Ali.

(c) A problem-play relative to the Harijan Uplift Movement.

(Act II must have algebraic signs.)

(d) An elegy on the hibernation of S. Srinivasa Ayyangar.

(e) A tragi-comedy on the recent re-union of the Justice Party.

(f) A choral anthem or a dithyramb on Lord Willingdon's Viceroyalty.

(g) A critique of the Tobacco Tax.

(37) Write a letter of helpful advice to:—

(a) The Rajah of Bobbili.

(b) Lord Zetland.

(c) Signor Mussolini.

(d) Dr. Ambedkar.

(e) The Indian Cricket Board of Control.

(38) Why is it that British India has not been granted Dominion Status when the Nizam's State is enjoying the same?

(39) What is your candid opinion of the Examination System?

(Only candidates for distinction should attempt this question.)

(40) Ask one yourself.

THE END

THE ROAD IS CLOSED—(Continued from page 16)

Throughout the day I wrestled with myself mentally, losing all sense of time, praying to God above to show me my inner mind—to show me whether I loved Monica or whether I loved her body alone.

And then strangely, in a flash, I knew—suddenly—almost uncannily. It was love. I loved her—loved her with all my rotten soul. I wanted to cherish her, take care of her, for the rest of my life! For, if I hadn't loved her, I would not have tortured myself with questions and counter questions. Other women had killed themselves because of me. I know Monica would do the same if I did not go to her. And, if I had not loved her, I would have let her destroy her sweet body and gone on my way myself with a smile of flippancy—as I had done before, many a time.

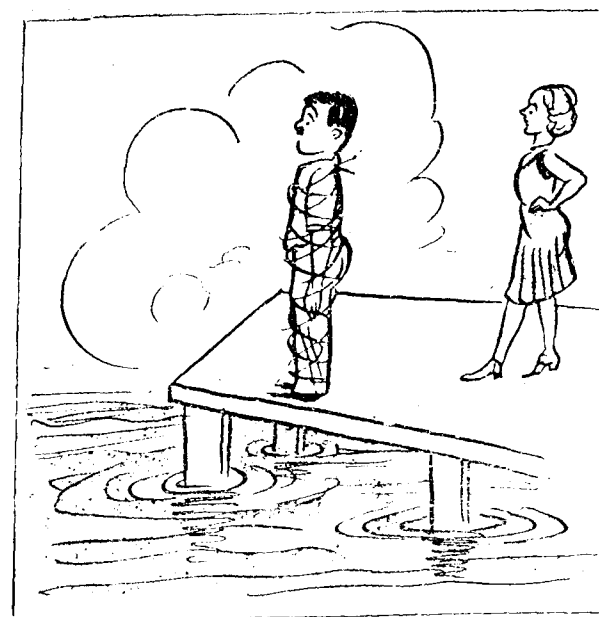
I looked at my watch. As I looked at the watch, I started. It was ten minutes to four.

I drove as madly as I dared, the guiding hand of some Supreme Being shielding me from accident. I could just do it! I'd get to the flat, by the shortest route, at about one minute to four.

With a screech of brakes I suddenly pulled up at the head of Mcorson Road, my body suddenly icy cold. God had shown me—*what*? I sat staring at the hands of my watch while they crept round to four o'clock—all thoughts of telephoning Monica in those desperate few seconds swept out of my brain. Her flat was over three miles away down this road. I was paralysed, or I would have dashed into the nearest house and telephoned.

"You'll have," said the gang foreman through the window of my car, "to make a ten-minute detour, sir." The pick-axes of the road-menders rattled out their song of death. "You see, sir, this road is closed!"

THE END



ONCE there was a wife who was very dissatisfied with her husband, and told him to go and drown himself in the sea. The husband said he was willing to oblige her, but feared he would not have the necessary strength of will to perform the act by himself, as a long experience of connubial bliss had sapped his determination. His wife agreed that the objection was a very proper one, and consented to come along and supervise her husband's efforts.

When they got to the end of the pier, the husband said he had better be tied up; otherwise he might struggle in the water, and fail to drown himself. The wife considered this very probable, remarking that he could never be trusted to do anything properly. So she took a length of rope from a life-saving box, and tied him up.

The husband stood trembling on the brink, and his wife asked what he was waiting for. The husband begged pardon, and said would she mind giving him a push, as he did not feel equal to taking his life without some encouragement.

As is usual in such cases, the husband was a very large person, while his wife was small and wiry. She would need a lot of momentum in order to project her spouse into the sea, so she withdrew a few paces, and rushed smartly towards him.

As might be supposed, the fellow bungled things. Just as the impact was due to arrive, the husband felt a twinge of cramp, and moved slightly to one

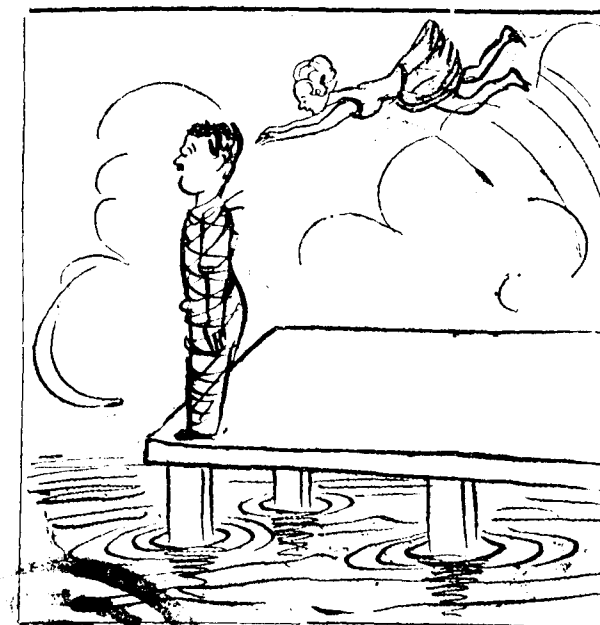
The Dissatisfied Wife

By Embusque

side. His wife hurtled past him, and fell into the sea.

Upset by this turn of events, the wife called loudly to her husband to save her; but, being tied with ropes, he was unable to do so. Some time after his spouse had disappeared beneath the waves, he released himself, and went home and drew the insurance-money.

And the moral of this story is, if you are dissatisfied with your husband, put powdered glass in his dinner.



THE END

Readers' Forum

Auntie Replies

DEAR MADAM,

If one man can condemn another to death with impunity, why may not a man cause his own physical dissolution? if his conscience or reasoning prompts him that that is the best course to take in the peculiar circumstances in which he is placed. Haven't many martyrs courted indirect suicide, and been praised for it? Isn't it one man in a million who has the courage to court death voluntarily?

Would you justify this general condemnation of suicide?

Whatever your reply, I am sure your reply will be really enlightening and forceful, as in the case of your serious replies already published in the *Merry Magazine*.

Yours truly,
"KAYNAM"

DEAR KAYNAM,

Superimposed impersonal justice is something totally different from self-immolation. In the former case the state egged on by society sits in judgement over a chap; in the latter a chap kicks himself in the pants. It appears to me, therefore, that the postulate you assume has no bearing on the discussion on hand. Let us look at it in the nude (not ourselves! but the other thing.) Adventitious thingummies would only cloud the issue.

This question of suicide was ever a perennial chunk of carrion for jackals to bite.

As a joke, this breezy disposal of a suicide by the phrase—"while of unsound mind" has become vapid. They ought to start thinking of a better one.

Broadly, suicide has its origin in despair of a superlative brand; sorely wounded vanity; fanatical zeal and convictions, religious, political etc.; or morbidness.

A young woman, say, with a couple of children, is widowed. Her husband did not or could not make any provision for his family. The poor woman has no relatives to help her; or, if she has, they will not say a word to her. She

is prepared to accept menial work; in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, nobody would have her. She has self-respect enough not to stretch out a begging-bowl. What then? There is the State responsible for her. That is yet a theory. So she dumps her two children into a well and follows suit. Every year hundreds of such suicides are happening in this country.

A young man is 'ploughed' in his exam, or he is thrown over by his girl. The idiot forgets his troubles in the temple tank or in an overdose of strychnine.

Young wives take their lives, because their love is burning on the pyre, or is consigned to the earth.

Then there is the young man to whom *swadeshi* is more than a religion. He sprawls on the road to block a heavy lorry laden with bales of *videshi* merchandise, inviting certain death. This zeal has myriad manifestations.

Lastly, there is the man brooding on wrongs, real or imaginary, against him or his clan or his larger social order. The thing grows and blocks his whole horizon. He arrives at a stage of despondency when there is no way out for him save suicide.

What most of these unfortunates suffer from is not an unsound mind but an astonishing clarity of vision. The cruel goddess of their reason refuses every offering but a blood-sacrifice.

If you kick aside the cant and humbug that has gathered around the discussion of this question all these years and put on the spectacles of pure reason, you will see suicide as the supreme expression of bravery. No craven could step over that awful precipice.

It is cowardice, possibly, in the case of the rebel, the unbalanced

idealist, who will not find a synthesis in the cruel struggle of life. I shouldn't call it cowardice. If that chap is so sensitive that every contrary breath of air bangs him about cruelly, I suppose he has got a right to get out of it all.

There is the cheat, the rogue—fellows floating fairy companies and their ilk—who, to escape a penal hell, kicks himself conveniently out. That is hardly suicide. That is the crowning swindle of his life.

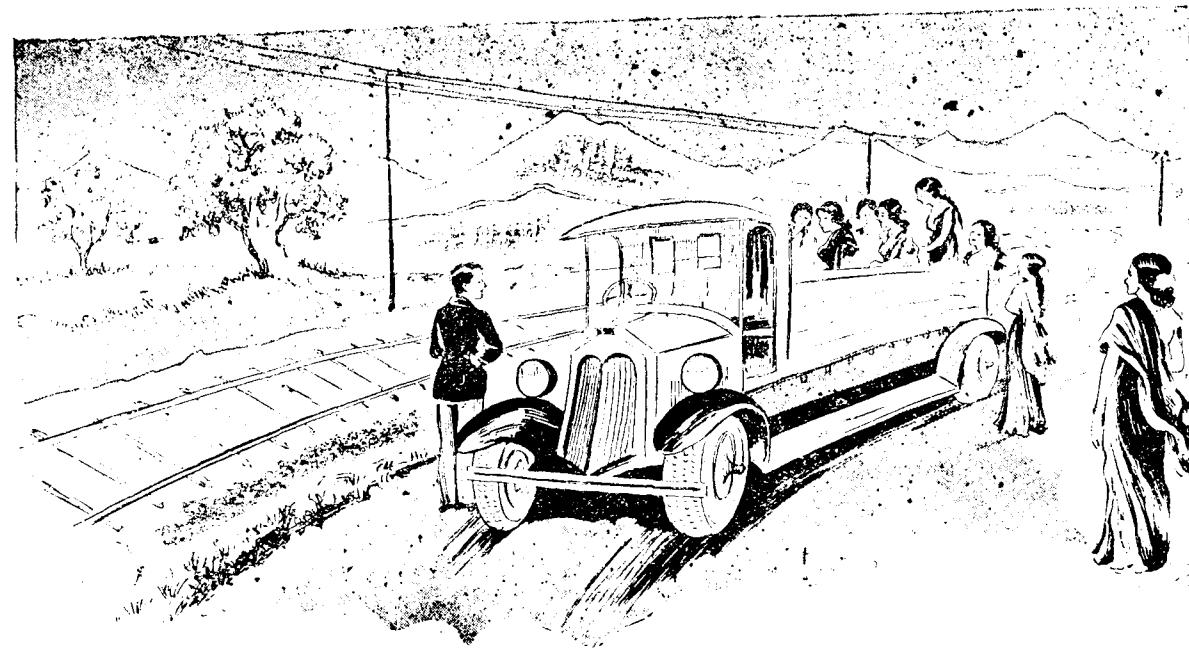
Yes, martyrs, have passed into apotheosis by courting 'indirect suicide'. But is the world any happier for all the startling sacrifices of these rare, if sometimes mistaken, men and women? The answer is around us. And that is not a cart-load.

It is the height of impertinence to link suicide with temporary insanity. It is equally foolish to condone it. It could not be condoned except perhaps in the case of the widow I cited, or where it serves as an escape from an unbearable, incurable physical pain.

The world, dear Kaynam, is a bundle of inequalities and iniquities. The riddle and purpose of life may never be satisfactorily solved. So let us laugh our way through. Brooding over ills not immediately curable would only drive us crazy.

If the choice were ours, like Amb dkar, we would have refused to come into all this thundering folly. But having come in, we have got to play the game and accept the concomitant limitations, however irksome. That, as I so often said, is the ultimate test of character. Let us dedicate our lives to an effort at rounding off all the monstrous angularities of life.

Yours sincerely,
AUNTIE



A Jolly Trip

By Koch

Illustrated by Varma

Reading Time • About 6 Minutes

THE joy of excursionist students is unbounded. Once they start they see only the brighter side of things. They easily forget or ignore all the inconveniences that crop up all the way. There were about a dozen of us bound for an excursion to Vandalur, our aim being the study and collection of rare plants. For days before and after we could think of nothing else. This trip to Vandalur comprised all the pleasures in the world to us.

corners of the bus. The cursing grew stronger and the pushing more violent.

When the bus unloaded us at Chetpet station, a noise similar to that made by an engine steaming into the station, was heard. Yet no such thing was visible. I thought then that one of the fat tyres of the bus might have died with a sigh. It was nothing of the kind. It was the crowd in the bus giving out a sigh of relief in chorus.

One Tuesday morning, quite early, we were very busy in the College hostel, running here and there, getting ready and packing things and the lunch basket. At about seven in the morning we trotted forth with baskets and hand-bags, chatting and giggling. The cavalcade moved on with occasional shouts from the professor in charge. She wanted us to walk on faster if we did not wish to postpone the trip, for the bus would not wait for us. At last we were safely packed into the already fully loaded bus. men and women alike cursed us for squeezing them. We were jolly, you know. We didn't mind the curses. Loud songs and conversation began from all

The electric train glided into the station and the girls began to shout for their missing friends who had gone to buy tickets. A few minutes passed and they did not return. The guard, a formidable-looking fellow, drew himself up trying to look more terrible, marched up towards these noisy birds and bellowed out that it was time for the train to leave. The allotted three minutes had long since passed and travellers were not supposed to stand there holding the handle of the door with one foot inside the train and one on the platform. Only that morning a serious accident had happened, the guard said. The girls nearest him shouted, so that their voices may reach the ticket-

buying girls. The poor Guard gave such a violent start that I doubted if he had the strength to shoulder the responsibilities of matrimony. The dignified gentleman having lost all his dignity, turned round and marched back with a long face that reached down to his knees. He made a wry face at a passing porter and growled to him to fetch those silly girls who had gone to buy tickets; and from the other end of the platform he glared at his fair tormentors.

The lost ones returned and we jumped into a large Third Class compartment. I suppose you know excursionist girls never occupy Ladies' compartments. They always prefer mixed company. The room soon became very lively, for some of the fair ones began to sing as loudly as their voices would allow. I am rather silent by nature, and generally derive more pleasure from watching, than in taking a hand in a spree. The other passengers, I mean the non-students, were able to do nothing but sit and gaze and wonder at the boldness of modern young women. There was a little beggar-boy who wanted to sing a few sad tunes and collect a few pies. He made a few attempts but soon lost nerve at finding himself unable to raise his voice higher than that of the girls.

One young chap who sat in a corner thought of the superiority of his sex and wished to outwit the weaker ones. Then collecting all his courage about him, he shouted out a bit of a song. It was heard and appreciated. Loud guffaws and hi-hi-hi's filled the place and so many pairs of laughing eyes were rivetted on him, that the poor fellow gathered up his things and slunk away to another compartment.

At Tambaram we bustled out. The passengers in the compartment brightened up as 'sunshine after storm'. We then wondered how to proceed. The electric train would go no further and its steaming companion was due only after an hour or two. So we had to make use of our legs. We dragged ourselves for a mile or so and stopped, unable to proceed any further. Then the hoot of a horn and the purr of an approaching car broke the silence. "What a hell of a noise that car makes!" remarked one. But the thing turned out to be a lorry. The Professor, equally tired, assumed an imposing air and waved her fair arms to make the driver chap stop. But he was not to be so easily won. The lorry rushed on. Out jumped Jolly Jane right into the middle of the road and flinging her arms wide, cried lustily: "Stop! Some-

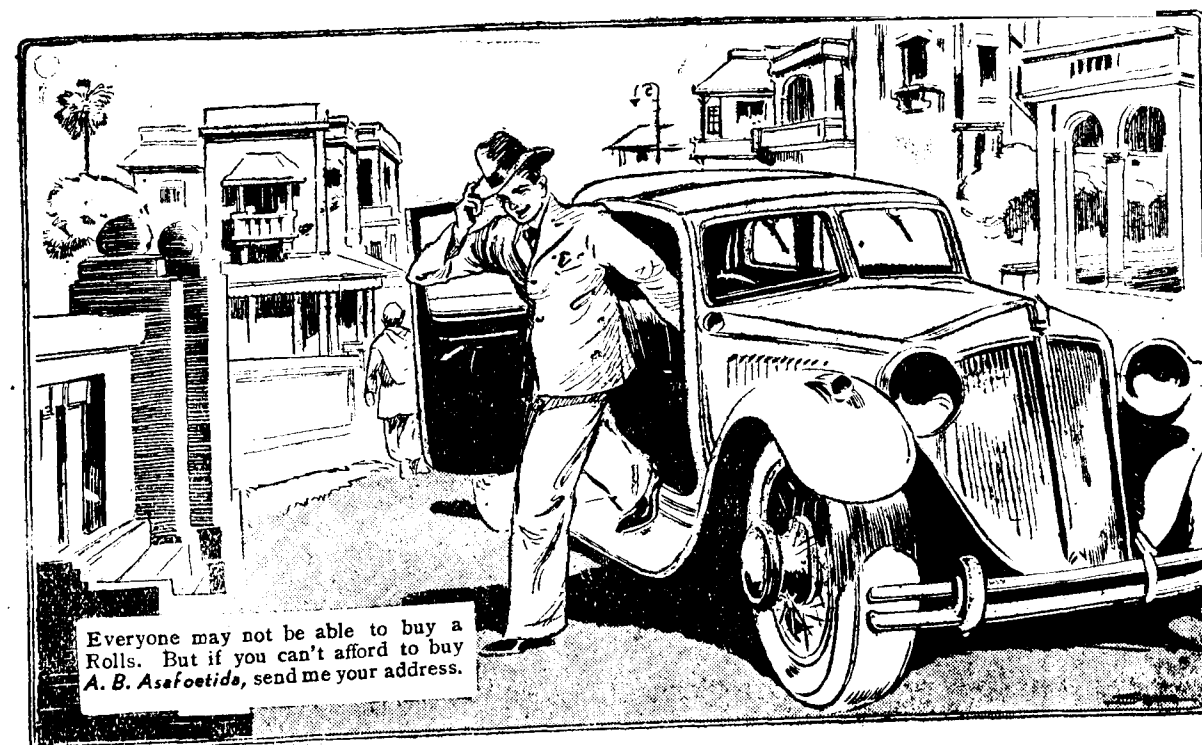
thing serious has happened." The lorry came to a stop. The driver chap thrust his head out and demanded what the matter was. She began to explain - about the weary travellers—and ended with an appeal to carry us to Vandalur in that jolly truck of his. But the man shook his head and muttered his inability. Then meaning glances passed between the girls and Jolly Jane, and before the fellow could realise the situation, the fair ones were already climbing on to his vehicle. With a yell he jumped out. But the lovely vision that met his eyes at close range turned his wrath to extreme gallantry. With so much beauty around, the man lost his head and made a thorough ass of himself. He ran hither and thither, got excited at our proximity and in a confused language said that he was only too happy to oblige us. The Professor resented the familiarity and roared out that she would much rather walk. A unanimous protest rose from us all and the gallant driver changed his tactics and began to converse as one whose dignity was offended. We girls unable to be indifferent to his adoring glances put on our best smiles, and I suspect one or two of the girls closed one of their eyes. "Charming!" said the driver involuntarily. The Professor was startled and rigidly began to question him as to his sobriety. Gopanna, that was the driver's name, was righteously offended and still gazing at us, replied that he had already lost much of his precious time and that she had insulted him for his courtesy. The Professor duly made her apology and clambered in for fear of being obliged to walk. The Professor glaring all the time, the driver helped each girl into the lorry. Which finished, he forgot himself and stood inert on the road. Being reminded of his duty as driver, he left this pleasant occupation and began to drive in a dreamy sort of way.

"O what a jolly trip!" we cried and made ourselves comfortable on dirty tyres and empty cans. But Gopanna was sad. He had his back to the lovelies. He had lost his heart to all of us and there was that ugly rigid thing—the Professor—guarding her treasure like a dragon.

One of the girls took pity on poor Gopanna and kept on peeping into the small mirror attached to the wind-screen. Gopanna drank in that coy reflection, which cheered him up no end.

So we reached our destination.

THE END



So This Is Sales Psychology!

By P. P. Samuel

Illustrated by Sekar

Reading Time • About 7 Minutes

"PATRIOTISM," snarled Dr. Johnson, "is the last refuge of a soap-maker." Or words to that effect. I was reminded of the snarl of the literary bear, the other day, while I was lazing through a half-page advertisement in my evening paper. The advertiser had made a soul-stirring appeal to the boys and girls of India (old and young) to rally round Swarna's Swadeshi Skin Soaps. It was all so charming. The Swadeshi girl in the picture, in almost *pardeshi* nudity, was captivating enough to sell a 1915-model car to a Nawab.

But soap-makers appeal to my patriotism in vain. I had, a week before, read the same advertisement, expanded my chest and gone out and bought a box of the Philanthropic Brand made in India for Indians by Indians, and promptly lost what little faith I had in all advertised goods.

Of course, I had only a little faith (about so much) in stuff boosted up by the newspapers, having been disillusioned in my early youth by a Matrimonial advertisement. "Tall, fair, beautiful, accomplished girl of seventeen with social reform views. Studio photograph sent. Correspondence confidential." A photograph in hand, as every sage knows to his delight, is worth two in the studio. I jumped at it, but when the photograph of the enormous angel duly arrived, with a coy but weighty request for mine in exchange, I confess I didn't quite know what to do. I couldn't swear if she was fair, beautiful, accomplished or seventeen; but I knew it in my bones that if she had any 'social reform' or other views, she was enormous enough to translate them into action. So I spent a sleepless night and in the morning sent her a snapshot of Mahatma Gandhi at forty-two and slipped the collar before it was too late. But it

shook my faith in advertisements, advertisers and their goods.

It all happened a couple of decades ago when newspapers were newspapers and not a mere medium of advertisement for hair-growers, hair-destroyers, slimming tablets, psychology courses, talismans, ju-jus and similar junk. But, nowadays, if one wants to dodge Minister's Advice to Students, Munuswamy Plays a Captain's Innings (whatever it means), The Latest Peace Proposals of the Committee of Ump-teen or a powerful article against Birth Control (by a Celibate), one has to take refuge among the *bric-a-brac* so temptingly displayed by the advertiser who often knows his job and your psychology from A to Z.

It is his knowledge of human psychology that has given rise to the artistic advertisements of to-day. Pictorial Advertising, in which the artist and the photographer vie with each other in imparting liveliness and loveliness of presentation to the advertisement, often strikes a heavy blow on your attention and sweeps you off your feet, so to speak.

Generalities are always dangerous, but the G. C. M. of modern advertisements seems to be the pretty-pretty girl in stunningly filmy dress. Pseudopsychology, no doubt; for the average wage-earner just can't resist the blandishments of a bonny girl—a weakness so thoroughly exploited by the fair flag-sellers who waylay peaceful citizens in the main roads at alarmingly frequent intervals.

But the picture apart, advertisements resolve themselves into:—

- (a) Verse.
- (b) Humour.
- (c) Puerility.
- (d) Unsolicited Testimonials.

Verse is becoming increasingly popular as a means of inducing the victims of Diplomacy and Exchange to loosen the purse-strings. Who, for instance, can resist the vivacious verse of the British Bath Balls Ltd., The Bakri Beedies or The Amalgamated Asafoetidas? None, Brutus, none. Here is a 'little effort' picked at random from to-day's paper:—

*If the girl you wish to marry
Is making eyes at Major Hari,
Send her a dreamy silken saree
From the stores of Simhachari.*

This, coupled with the sex-appeal of the picture, should be able to work off the most stubborn stock of

drapery, almost as effectively as a series of humorous advertisements.

In these days when august Ministers of Local Governments and antagonists of Birth Control attempt to be humorous in public it isn't quite surprising that shopkeepers and salesmen take postal courses in the art of mirth-making. "Get the lad to laugh—and yoho into his ribs," seems to be the motto of the very modern salesmen and saleswomen. Consequently compositors, proof-readers and sub-editors of the more popular newspapers are given generous doses of anti-laugh before they are let loose among the advertisements. It is much more economical (say the proprietors of journals) than paying heavy compensations to their legal heirs.

The most popular type of humorous advertisement is perhaps the 'Tabloid'. Something like this:—

"I. S.," said the Brahmin.

Meaning:—*Idli* and *Sambar*.

"I. S.," said the Motorist.

Meaning:—*Itmobile Seven* for me!

Or this:—

For an A' people BEEDIES are best!
(Released by The Amalgamated Beedies)

The former is dashed humorous, no doubt, because it gives a jolly jolt to the non-Justice man; but you may well want to know where the humour lies ('sits', if you are a purist) in the latter. For the life of me I can't tell either, except perhaps that it is rather humorous, when you come to think of it, to print 'beedies' in such big types. Anyway, it excites your interest and scores a bull's-eye.

Unlike the puerile advertisements. Perhaps the only thing that strikes you here is the sheer idiocy of it. Why on earth, you wonder, should folks squander money (about Rs. 150/- a square foot) just to advertising ideas. I remember a particularly silly one which appeared in a local Daily on New Year's day, though it could very well have waited till 1st April. It was a quarter-page picture of Ronald Colman or Maurice Chevalier or Myself at 25, stepping out of a Rolls Royce, with the legend:—

Everyone may not be able to buy a Rolls. But if you can't afford to buy **A. B. ASAFOETIDA** send me your address.

I gave him my address—and wasted a sheet of paper and an envelope. Of course, I was too shrewd to stick a stamp on it.

(Continued on page 30)

Some Tendencies

By A. K. Rowe

Reading Time • About 7 Minutes



TENDENCIES—especially. What every bloke worth his pipe and a few etceteras strives for is to hang or swing on tendencies. They are the sap and life of this mundane world, and without them one is a chicane and a dud. As for me, I have had that smell in my nose for years, and I may assure you I make no bones about it—the matter. So don't hum and haw when I boil down to sheer tendencies.

You may drop off when I say that some of us are born tendentious; some attain tendencies before making advances to their *ayahs*; and some have tendencies thrust upon them, as they do at the pictures. Oh, laddies, what fun!

To wit, very few of us feel cushy to appreciate the immaculate tendency of 'powdering' 'fair backs' as an indispensable asset to staggering beauty. If only you had the necessary imagination, you'd have prodded up that this inexplicable tendency at the 'back' of all 'fair things' is to leave a scented trail in their wake, simply to put the unleashed lovers-at-first-sight on false scent. As it is an all too common tendency, it is rather sloppy to expose it to public scrutiny.

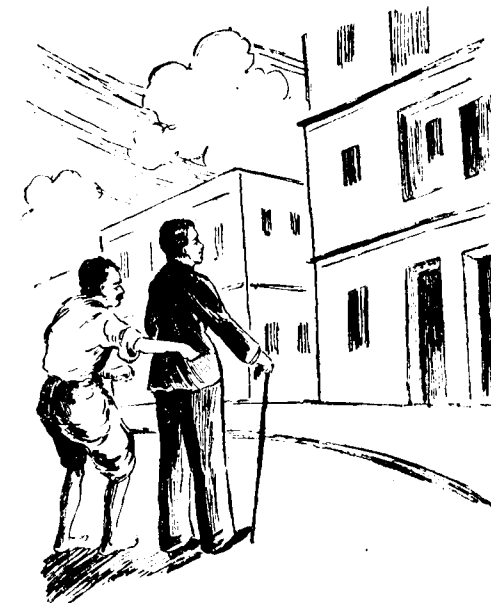
And, why is it an over-grown lad or lassie suffers from an irrevocable tendency to shrug shoulders, stage eye-plays, and finally fall flat in love by fits and starts? It only tends to show that that blessed spoon is born tendentious, and nothing whatsoever under the sun could put the sufferer in proper gear.

As a matter of tendency, have you ever realised what a guy—clad in Sunday best—feels like when he's caught purse-handed for a wee reason that he's relieved a smutty lob of his purse without giving any previous intimation? Surely I can't find a thing the matter with the purseless blighter raising Cain. Poor pinching lad!

Not infrequently we encounter some dashed odd tendencies. A generous gent deliberately takes up considerably more than his share of the seat in any automobile. This annexing tendency simply lubricates our tongue.

Again, another shiny bloke has the low tendency to pull his damned hat down over his blinking eyes, and, putting his nose in mid air, to pass himself off on a wretched man who lent him a bob or two in 55 B. C. i.e., when Julius Caesar, telling the League of Nations to go to Lahore, invaded Britain. Of course there's no good reason why a man should not keep his crater in the air and breathe fresh ether for tendency's sake. But, oh no, not mannish; not at all.

More often than not we hear of 'borrowing' tendency. Especially borrowing books, having no tendency to return them to the rightful, fagged owner. This tendency can easily be spotted out in



ex-librarians, their off-spring or main springs, as the case may be. To be point blank, whenever a pal is resolved to relieve you of a *livre*, exhibit at once symptoms of the hysterical tendency. Ah, that's a peach of an idea that ever saw sun-light!

It is quite the queerest one, this low-down, 'haven't-we-met-before' tendency. A cranky cove espies a Miss Flirt on a public pavement, and, raising his hat with an idiotic glee, accosts her—tho' he'd be wiser if he knew her from Eve—with the tendentious slogan of "Haven't we met before? How heavenly to see you again!" The impish girlie swings on him with a mischievous tendency, and snubs him good and hard. "You've made a mistake, sir. I think something is wrong with your blinking head-piece, sir. I'd advise you to consult a brain specialist, sir!"—all in one breath. And this brings a lump to his throat. If he still persists in his strange advances, in a canter you'll perceive a glorious outstanding lump, just like the upper half of the dome of St. Paul's, on his forehead.

It would but flavour Bohemia not to belch something about the Editorial tendency, the worst of all tendencies I can think of. I suppose many of us know it too well. It is hardly more human than the Income-tax-tendency. But there it is, a tendency very potent and final. The funny side of it is, the Editor lad is always miles off from anywhere. If only—but, have a heart, Editor, have a heart!

May be you'd rather appreciate the bare tendency of nudists (have you ever met one—or you'll presently) and take off your hat with: "May your tribe increase!" But if I had my way I'd sit down on your beastly idea—don't get huffy, for tendency's sake!—for it is cloakless and delicate. So long as they are under my nose, I just can't do a thing. Moreover, I don't find any sane logic in exposing beauty-spots to scorching Sahara Phoebus. What the dickens do they gain by boycotting all draped sons of Adam, and taking shelter in bee-ful groves, I wonder! It's a rum thing, this nude tendency. So, bottle it up in a refrigerator, and what I say goes.

Now it so happens that some 'frauds' pinch with a plagiaristic tendency other worthies' tendencies under a pseudonymous garb. With set teeth they resolve to get ahead of others. Despite their deplorable trend I admire them, for they are the real bunnies that keep the Editor at sixes and sevens.

A new tendency has lately sprouted up. Why a bloke feels puffed up when extending his palm to any and every old hag beats me. This insatiable tendency



to know one's future is really tendentious! (Bravo, scribbler, what clarity!)

"Has my fiancée got a mother?"

"Would the Editor accept my MSS hereafter?"

"Can I get through the Public Service Commission exam?"

"Under what Zoological—oh, excuse me—Zodiacal constellation was I born?"

His one omnipotent tendency is:

"Tell me what my fate shall be,

And send me your book."

Post free, and free of cost, of course! Another sweet thing croons:

"Guardian of my destiny,
Let me my future fiancée view,
Hoping this night my true love to see,
I place my shoes in the form of a T."

The result of all this rant is more likely to be a crop of syntactic epithets, and many!!!!!!

Furthermore, why should a tram car, 'crawling like a snail' under the weight of genuine masculine gender, fly like blazes when the self same burden is slightly modified by the addition of a wee bit of Fair Sex? Where in all the world does that impetus come from? Certainly the tram car must have had that tendency thrust upon it, and when you come to think of it, you sort of go off your knob. And—

Jumping hats! Here's a shock. At this moment I'm in a dither, and have a dank tendency to put my head in an ice-bag, for the growth of the Tendency gland, if ever there is one, in me is awfully shocking. But before I go off—

Genteel reader, honestly now, do your neighbours find you tendenciless, or tendenciful?



My Fortune—

By Sheikh Iftekhar Rasool

Reading Time • About 5 Minutes

Illustrated by Sekar

THERE is more in this palmistry business than I thought. I was, I must confess, a complete sceptic until my hand was read at a Christmas fete last year. One must do something to pass the time at such a fete, and to have one's hand held by a pretty damsel is as good a way of passing the time as any other.

This was organised by Mrs. Wrinkle-Winkle for the Railway Institute. I don't quite like her method of selling tickets. Almost anybody can sell me tickets; but wild horses would not drag me to the functions concerned. Mrs. Wrinkle-Winkle, however, extracts a promise with each slip of pasteboard she sells that we shall come, and come early.

Personally, I prefer to arrive after the silly little games are over, and the people have begun to mix a little. One can then stroll round the grounds, shake hands with the hostess, and slip off home for a quiet reading. Last year I was not so lucky.

"There you are!" exclaimed Mrs. Wrinkle-Winkle as soon as I entered. I could not deny it.

"Weren't the games lovely? You were in time to see the rabbit-chase, I suppose? Oh, what great fun we had! By the way, have you had your palm read?"

"Not since I was in England," I admitted. "Then it was all wrong."

"This won't be," she assured me. "We've the cleverest palmist here," she whispered mysteriously. "She tells me that all the Maharajas and Nawabs consult her."

"If she tells you that, what romance will she tell me?"

"Romance?" she echoed archly. "You bad boy! Come along."

I followed meekly at her heels like a small child. At the entrance to the tent she paused dramatically.

"She will tell you everything," she whispered hoarsely. "Nothing is hidden from her."

"In that case," I protested timidly, "I would rather go home, if you don't mind. I hardly feel strong enough to hear everything—"

"Rubbish!" she said. "Go along."

"Must I cross her palm with silver?"

"Of course. Just a rupee would do, but you can give more."

"I don't want any more truth than that."

She gave me a slight push, and I stumbled into the presence of a dainty little lady, who was wearing the costume of a gypsy girl, with a handkerchief round her head and a sash round her narrow little waist. I didn't know what was the correct thing to say to a palmist, so I wished her a happy Christmas and looked round for a mistletoe, but there wasn't any.

She swept these irrelevances aside with a disdainful gesture.

"Give me your hand!" she commanded, in a Greta Garbo voice.

I handed it over.

"Why have you come to consult me?" she asked.

"Mrs. Wrinkle-Winkle brought me," I explained. "So I had to come."

"What do you want to know?"

"Any old thing you care to tell me," I said stoutly.

"But not the past, please. No good raking up the past, is it?"

"Your Life Line," she proceeded, tickling me a little. "is long and unbroken. You will live to a ripe old age."

"Thank you," I said. "My last palmist killed me in my youth!"

"Hush!" she commanded, tickling me horribly.

"The Heart Line is the most important of all. By the relative distinctness of this line and that of the Head, we form an idea of the balance of the intellectual and emotional qualities. I see you have an affectionate nature which spends itself recklessly....."

"Yes," I murmured, thinking of my one rupee.

".....in helping others," she concluded.

"Quite right," I agreed. "That's why I'm here."

I heard a lot more about my character, and then I broached the subject of money. Apologetically, I explained that, in these hard times, money was awfully important.

"Of course," she said. "You will receive a great deal of money soon."

I was glad to hear that, for I had just lost my one and the only rupee in my pocket.

"Quite soon," she added.

"Thanks," I said quickly, before she could find another Line which would contradict it.

"I hope you are right. I expected to lose some more that afternoon. Christmas fetes are like that, aren't they?"

But she was right. As soon as I blinked in the sunlight, Mrs. Wrinkle-Winkle pounced on me.

"We're letting people in at four annas now," she gasped urgently. "And that tiresome husband of mine has left me in the lurch. Do come and take the money at the gate."

Yes, I received a good deal of money that afternoon.

THE END

SO THIS IS SALES PSYCHOLOGY!

(Continued from page 26)

Perhaps the silliest advertisement ever printed since the first empire-builder landed in India was the one which appeared a month ago in *The Communalist*. It pictured a husband beating his wife with a walking-stick because she said an Abdulla Sahib Umbrella wasn't better than an Abdulla Khan Umbrella.

The next day I wrote to the wife-beater what I thought of it. Quite a long letter, with enough acid spray to make the stoutest curl up and die. And I concentrated the venom in the tail. "For sheer stupidity," I concluded, "your advertisement is far and away the best I have ever seen."

Abdulla Sahib replied promptly in the pages of *The Communalist* as follows:—

What prominent men say about:

Abdulla Sahib Umbrellas

(1) Mr. P. P.——

Advocate.

".....far and away the best."

N.B. The original of this Unsolicited Testimonial (open to public inspection) is kept in our Darjeeling office.

THE END

Auntie Awful



AN admirer remarks that Auntie always has a ready reply for her nephews and nieces. "You solve all our problems with a stroke of the pen!" he exclaims.

Alas, my dears; it is not so simple as that. Some of Auntie's answers involve quite a lot of correspondence; and even then the solution does not always work out as she expected.

A little while ago, a gentleman from up-country consulted Auntie. He complained of insomnia. Well, my dears, this trouble has many causes and a number of remedies, so Auntie asked the gentleman to supply fuller particulars.

In reply, the gentleman said that he slept with his wife in a glass-enclosed verandah. She used to rouse him during the night, and ask to be told the time.

At Auntie's suggestion, the lady was supplied with a luminous watch. This, however, made no difference. She still woke up her husband, and insisted on being told the time. The poor man applied to Auntie for further advice. Auntie thought that the gentleman might sleep in another room, but he said this would not do at all.

Considering the circumstances, Auntie wondered if the glass-enclosed verandah had anything to do with it. On first getting into bed, the gentleman always went to sleep immediately. After a little while, his wife would wake him up, and want to be told the time. After being awakened, he could not get off to sleep again.

This, my dears, seemed to be a case of intolerance to light. Once awakened, the shine of the moon or the gleam of the dawn was sufficient to keep the gentleman from further slumber.

Auntie suggested that the verandah should be made permanently dark. This could be done by covering the glass thickly with black paint. As the gentleman was extremely tired after so many nights passed in telling the time, Auntie advised the gentleman to go to bed very early when the change was effected, and enjoy a long night's sleep behind the darkened panes.

Now comes a letter relating the sequel. Auntie's correspondent applied the black paint inside and out one Sunday afternoon, and went to bed very early, in anticipation of a long sleep. In fact, he retired before the sun had set; yet the room was so dark that he could not tell that it was still daylight outside.

Presently he was disturbed in his slumbers by his wife getting into bed. "Tell me the time, dear," she murmured.

In the pitch darkness, the gentleman reached out for the luminous watch. "Ten o'clock, my dear," he replied, and was soon fast asleep again.

After some hours, he felt a nudge, and the question was repeated. It was three o'clock.

When next he told the time, it was only a quarter to four; yet the gentleman seemed to have been asleep for hours. "That was jolly good advice Auntie gave me," he reflected. "No sooner have I told the time, than I am off again, like a log. I expect the moon is shining; but it might be the sun for all I can tell." And he composed himself again.

At the next awakening, it was six o'clock, after which he thought he would indulge in a last little nap. Even his wife seemed to appreciate the new arrangement. She said she had never experienced such pleasant slumbers.

In due course, the elbow of his spouse restored the gentleman to wakefulness once more. Automatically, he grabbed the watch. "Goodness gracious!" he cried, without waiting to be asked. "It is half-past nine; I shall be late for the office!"

His wife seemed a little disappointed. The gentleman had to hurry off. As he entered his place of business, the door-keeper accosted him. "The boss wants to see you," said Cerebus.

In the private office, our nephew began to make his excuses. "Please forgive me this time," he said. "I have been suffering from insomnia. Thanks to Auntie Awful, I have discovered the remedy. I have had a wonderful rest, and I shall always be on time in future. I am sorry to be a few minutes late this morning."

"This morning!" howled the boss. "I don't want to know anything about this morning! Where were you on Monday and Tuesday?"

* * *

Gainsborough (Yeravada). "I went to an expensive photographer to have my portrait done, and now I do not like it at all. I look like a monkey." Well, dear madam, you can hardly blame the photographer for that, can you?

Soldier Poet (Jubbulpore). "I intend to get the regimental printer to publish these verses under the name of Private Smith." Auntie thinks that is hardly fair, dear boy. Consider the thousands of innocent men who will be suspected.

Riddle (Ramnad). "A Marwari borrowed a rupee from a Multani. What happened?" The Marwari died of lead poisoning, my dear.

Schoolmaster (Tirur). "I asked one of my boys whether he would rather be Shakespeare or Charlie Chaplin; and to my surprise he said Charlie Chaplin." Auntie is not surprised, dear sir. After all, Shakespeare is dead.

Poultry-Keeper (Arkonam). "Could you please tell me what is the matter with my hens, and suggest a treatment? Almost every morning I find one or two stretched out stiff." Your hens, dear madam, are suffering from death. The usual treatment is burial.

Furious (S. India). "A local paper referred to me as the well-known light-weight champion, when they are very well aware that I am a ghee-merchant." Well, dear sir?

Little Basu (Salem). "My father told me to send you a letter, and ask what water is." Water, my dear little chap, is the stuff that goes black when you put your hands into it.

Student (Madras). "My friend and I are very conscientious. We think that study and amusement should have equal claims on our time. Even if we want to go to the theatre or the cinema, we submit the decision to the chance of spinning a coin." Auntie understands, dear boy. If it comes down heads, you go to the theatre; if it comes down tails, you go to the cinema; while if it stands on edge, you stay in and study.

Insurance Agent (Calcutta). "A client of ours insured a consignment of tobacco, and smoked it. Now he has put in a claim, saying the tobacco was destroyed by fire." Obtain from your client an affidavit regarding the circumstances of the fire, dear sir, and then prosecute him for wilful arson.

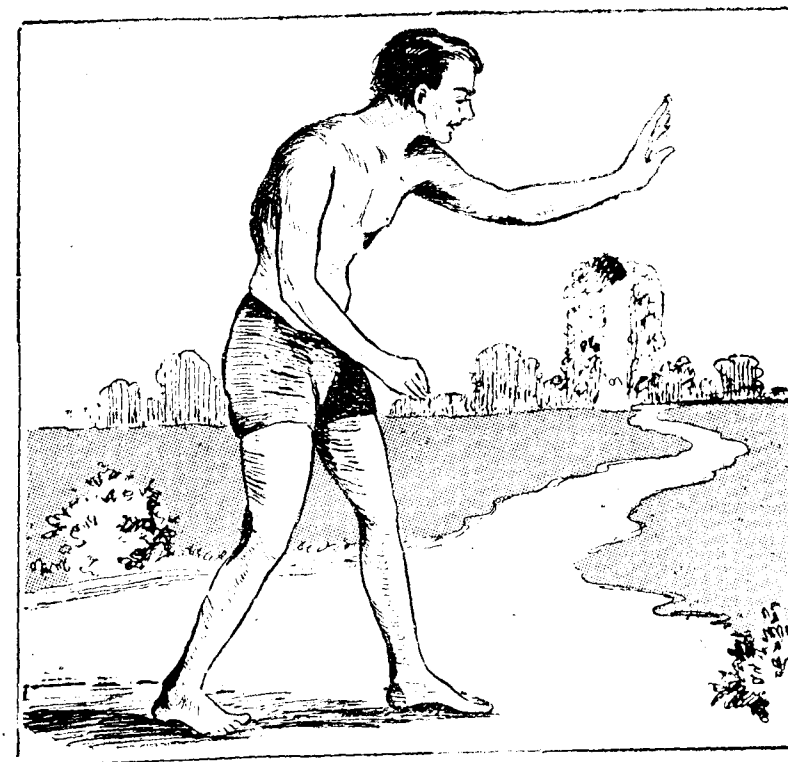
Newlywed (Vizagapatam). "Do you think that a husband should tell his wife everything?" Well, dear girl, some husbands do not know everything.

Henry Harry (Golconda). "What is an agnostic?" An agnostic, dear boy, is a man who asserts that he knows nothing; but he gets very angry if you agree with him.

Debater (Deccan College). "Please give me some advice about speeches and their delivery." A speech, dear boy, should be like a lady's dress—long enough to cover the subject, and short enough to be interesting. The best way to deliver it is to get it printed, and have it sent round by hand.

Social Welfare (Mambalam). "In many parts of India, a man does not know his wife until after he is married." Do not worry, dear sir. The same thing applies in European countries.

Guard (Belgaum). "The train halted between two stations, and one of the passengers asked sarcastically if he could get out and pick some flowers. The laugh was on him, for there are no flowers near that section of the line." Yes, dear boy; but perhaps the passenger had a packet of seeds?



To Whomsoever It May Concern

I take this opportunity of expressing a plea on behalf of the masculine fraternity. We have a life to live, a glory to embellish, a destiny to trace. The world understands it and the world provides for it. There are courses personal and impersonal to suit every pocket and every taste, facilities for every demand and a supply for every necessity. We can master the intricacies of geology, theology, physiology, biology, cosmogony and the breeding of boa constrictors. But where precisely in this welter of modern knowledge is the avenue for the development of our romantic appeal?

Without personality a man can accomplish nothing. The only thing he is likely to receive is a bi-weekly kick in the pants. Talent is an extremely praiseworthy possession but it is useless unless backed by something more substantial. The man who succeeds today does so on the essentially modern principles of ballyhoo, publicity, bamboozling and bluff. You may not have romantic appeal, but it is up to you to acquire it. You may despise glamour or you may adore it but the fact remains that you have to make it part and parcel of your existence.

I fail to see why women should have the advantage in this respect. It is invariably the woman who gets publicity. They occupy ninety per cent of the average monthly. They write weird and wonderful

Glamour

By
Julian Adolphus
Higgs

Reading Time • About 7 Minutes

articles on cosmetics, perfumery and slimming exercises. They discuss the advantages of a raw beefsteak over a baked tomato, and solemnly propound the effects produced if applied to the waistline in the counter-clockwise instead of the upward direction. They run amock. They wear trousers. They lose their jewels. They are found picturesquely murdered with one leg on the dressing table. They

insult newspaper reporters, swear at critics and rave about the freedom of the soul. All this may be sense or it may not be sense, but it certainly is publicity. Why should not men be similarly treated? After all, if woman will imitate man in the trouser department, man has a perfect right to assume the characteristics of woman. The results of such a move would be not merely stupendous, they would be colossal. We could acquire glamour, poise, hair-oil and meditative allure. We could stop writing puerile rubbish about the Abyssinian War, and discuss the infinitely more sensible problem of he-mannism *versus* culture. We could lose our cigarette cases in Western Alaska, survive an attack of pernicious anaemia, and finally get strangled in an empty sandbag suspended from the end of a flagstaff. We could be sophisticated, worldlywise, innocent and sentimental. We could discuss divorce and alimony, whether a green tie would go with a yellow coat, and whether a brinjal is really more suitable for the complexion than an over-baked tomato.

Looking with my magnificent eyesight into the dim and distant future, I already perceive the following announcements. I observe a gigantic and far-flung campaign, a campaign without a limit, a campaign extending to the utmost reaches of male humanity, a campaign that glorifies, exaggerates and exalts.

For instance consider this report from the *Seattle Tribune*, November 26, 1939:

"Mr. James Rudolph Stratton, the 'it' boy of the American screen leaves for Southampton tomorrow. We wish him the best of success. Mr. Stratton, who by general vote is the most popular gentleman north of the Mexican border, uses Invicta Shaving Cream for his complexion. An authoritative account of his career will commence in this paper from tomorrow."

Or from the *Portsmouth Observer*:

"The wedding of Henry Grierson the well-known entertainer and Clara Sheridan of social fame took place at ten o'clock this morning. The bridegroom wore an informal tweed suit, an *outré* handkerchief and a scarf of unusual and elegant design. A garden party will shortly be held in their honour. Mr. Grierson's life-story begins in this paper today."

And now an extract from the *Philadelphia Reporter*:

"Jack Pest, the gentleman who made *I'll be seein' yer*, the best known catchphrase in modern history, was robbed in Jermyn Street this morning. He lost his temper, his pocket book, his automobile and a couple of teeth. Mr. Pest's biography begins in the evening edition. No reader can afford to miss it."

From the *Kinema Kritic*:

"The management is proud to announce the greatest scoop in motion picture journalism. Mr. Beaumont Ladarro the mystery star of Hollywood has consented to write a series of articles beginning with next Saturday's issue. Mr. Ladarro has been misjudged by critics and public alike. It is only right that the truth be known about a man who is not merely an actor but also a gentleman. In the series announced he leaves nothing to the imagination. Every detail of his career—his success and his failure—has been revealed. If this series can in some way

remove from Beaumont's head the stigma of notoriety, we, the propounders, rest content."

From *Man and Beauty*, a monthly journal in genuine photogravure:

"Bertram Dufresne, world-famous artists' model, has consented to pose for a series of photographs, beginning with this issue. Mr. Dufresne has long been acclaimed the possessor of the world's most perfect figure. But he has more than mere perfection.

Over and above the gifts a beneficent Nature has vouchsafed him is the ageless insight of artistic genius, the fire, the sincerity, the ardour, the intuitiveness which makes his interpretations so full of true poetic charm. The reproduction opposite is an eloquent index of his supreme ability. It shows off his legs to particular advantage. Mr. Dufresne's legs are insured for £ 20,000 with the Floyd Security Co. They are magnificent specimens of masculine development. In the circumstances only the finest hose can suit them and Mr. Dufresne has done very wisely in making Vestors Woolen Socks his exclusive choice. An arti-

cle by Mr. Dufresne on the advantages of Vestors wool will appear in the supplement tomorrow."

I hope you understand the principles involved. Aided by glamour and assisted by allure what can we not accomplish? I propose to start a column which will assist in the development of this undoubted essential of masculine success. As a recognized expert upon the matter you can have the utmost faith in my decisions. I will be broadcasting between 6 and 6.15 on Sunday, so now you know when exactly to turn the wireless off. If ever you feel any difficulties on the subject of glamour, drop me a line on a post-card (preferably stamped).

Roll up, gentlemen, and confide your troubles in Julian Adolphus Higgs.

THE END

NEXT WEEK

ALBERT A. ROLAND

BHASKAR D. VIZAGWALLAH

E. L. SHIPMAN

Make sure of your copy of
the Merry

Training Schools—

By Dorothy A. Scott

Reading Time • About 8 Minutes

I have seen so many advertisements lately of various Tutorial Institutes that I begin to think there must be some money in running one—a snug income, in fact. But what stumps me is why all the founders of these colleges don't think up something original to teach. As far as I can gather, there are hundreds of these mushroom schools teaching English, Journalism, Shorthand and Music, and the keen competition between them must, of necessity, lower their profits.

So I sat me down to think of some new lines of training which would not only benefit the organisers by giving them competition-free business, but would also be a great boon to those who use them. These suggestions may be put into practice by anyone who cares to open up such Training Colleges, for a very small fee to be paid to me through the Editor of this Magazine.

A *College for Canvassers*, for instance, is a much-needed institution. Their aim would not be to teach people 'Salesmanship'. To learn this, you only need to go to several shops, and soak yourself in the lying atmosphere there. No—the College would teach ambitious young canvassers the athletic feats so necessary in the execution of their duties—sprinting, high-jump, long-jump, and the canvasser's special down-the-stairs rapid glide. These qualifications would be of immense value when dealing with short-tempered customers of good physique, and powerful kicking apparatus.



Dealing with short-tempered customers

A *College for Landladies* would, I think, be specially welcomed—by landladies, if not by the rest of the public. They would be given courses on how to present stale meat, vegetables

and fruit in appetising forms to their unsuspecting boarders—on the best ways of serving up shoe-leather—on how to make a mountain out of a molehill with their dishes,—and so forth. They would also be given a system of arithmetic whereby, when totalling their bills, they may add two and two, and make five.

P. S. On second thoughts, two things occur to me which might possibly stand in the way of such a college attaining success.

- (1) Most landladies seem to know all this instinctively, without needing tuition, and
- (2) The police are always nosing about, ready to take up the cudgels on behalf of other people, and suppose any boarders appeal?

A *Finishing School* has not, I think, yet been established. No, no, I don't mean the kind you get on the Continent, where young ladies are taught to swoon gracefully into their lovers' arms on the appearance of a rat, and are shown the correct angle at which to turn a cold shoulder on someone—no, the finishing school I have in mind concerns those who want to finish themselves—or, in common or garden English—commit suicide. One reads of suicides by the dozen in the daily newspapers, some resort to fire, some to water, and others to the rope, or drugs. Now these people who want to hasten their inevitable departure, might at least do the thing gracefully. There is nothing that offends the aesthetic sense more than the sight of an untidy suicide. The finishing school would alter this untidiness. Jilted young men, for example, would, after attending this school, know exactly how, when and where to make their final bow,



Add two and two and make five

while murmuring: "Open my heart, and you will find two words written—Mabel and—er"—well, anything else, but it had better not be another female name.

The T. I. S. G. would meet with a very special reception. The initials stand for the "Tutorial Institute for Spreading Gossip". It may, perhaps, be argued that such a course of teaching is superfluous, particularly for women. But no. There are several—even female gossips, who either add too much or too little to the rumour they have heard. Either spoils the story. If Mrs. A. tells Mrs. B. that Miss X went for a walk with young Y, it is not artistic enough if Mrs. B. merely tells Mrs. C. that Miss X. is seen very often with young Y. On the other hand, it spoils the delicious flavour of the story if Mrs. B. takes too big a jump, and says that Miss X. is practically defying convention in her relations with young Y. No. That part must come later, perhaps from Mrs. P. to Mrs. Q., after the intervening stages of the gossip have been repeated—the lonely walk together, the lonely hike together, the week-end together, etc. Until at last the walk has been transformed into a flouting of convention. The gradual widening of the rumour, besides being more thrilling, also gives a larger number a chance to add their quota of fiction to the story.

A College of Courtship would, I feel sure, meet with great success. There are six courses in this field of tuition:

- (1) *How To Tell True Love* includes diagrams of heartbeats, records of blushing, charts showing the daily loss of appetite, sleep, etc.



Swoon gracefully into the lover's hands

- (2) *The Introduction* gives useful information on how to get to know the unlucky girl who has been chosen. The course gives also an original method of slipping on a banana skin, and landing in front of her.

- (2) *Anniversaries, Letters for the Post etc. How to Remember.* This embraces also, how to acquire a perfectly blank look of injured innocence, when such things are forgotten.

- (3) *The Mother-in-Law—How To Treat H.R.* A wide course, ranging from 'How to become mother-in-law's darling' to subtle methods of poisoning.



Slipping on a banana skin

- (3) *Stages of Familiarity*, including the wink, the squeeze, the kiss circumspect, the kiss direct, etc.

- (4) *How To Win Her*, instructing the young lover in what girls like to find in the moral make-up of their husbands—to be, and how to appear as though he possesses all these characteristics. This course also contains information on how to conduct the proposal—

kneeling, sitting, over the phone, early Victorian-ishly, don't care a-damnishly, and so forth.

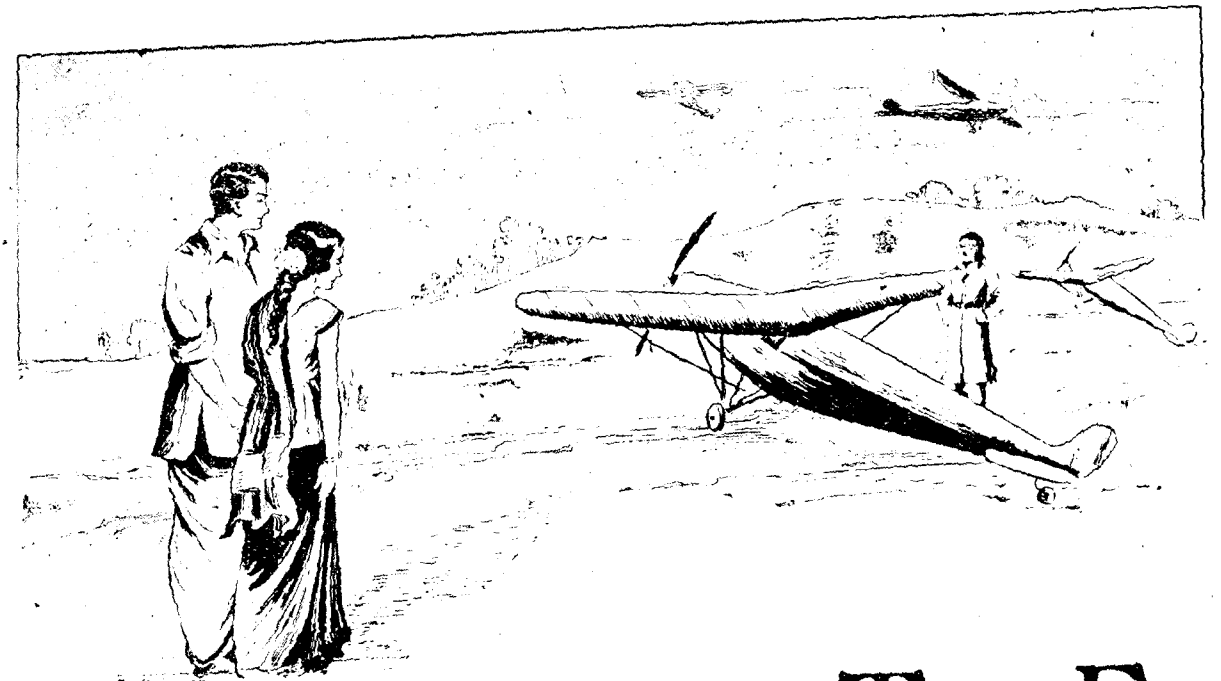
- (5) *Getting Out of It.* How to escape discreetly from the chains of matrimony, when, on closer view, they seem less attractive. Or, alternatively, when there's a prettier girl in the offing.

- (6) *Love-Letter-Writing Made Easy.* Expert tuition on the formation of sentences in such a way as to convince the girl of true love, and yet avoid giving evidence for a breach of promise case.

The Compleat Husband allied to and succeeding the former set of courses. Here also there are six departments, and the ambitious young husband can take all of them, or choose the ones he wants. In the latter case, of course, he will not be a 'compleat' husband.

- (1) *The Husbands Confession.* In which he pours out to his wife the story of his not-so-murky past. It includes chapters on how petty his faults were, how he was more sinned against than sinning, etc.

(Continued on page 39)



How It Feels To Fly

By Yen Kay

Reading Time • About 7 Minutes

Illustrated by Varma

It is no doubt a little late in this season of miracles in the meridian of its glory to think of writing about how it feels to fly; but then I am a tremendously timid and involuntarily unmoving human being. In fact I was born so long after my time that I am constantly reminded that my children and grandchildren are more illuminated and sophisticated than I, that even the wee chickabiddies in my neighbourhood are ready to pull my nose and say right-about-turn to me whenever the shadow of a chance looms in the offing of their imagination. And, to give away the whole truth, I have not grey hairs enough to command their respect even when they remember the old proverbs, since my peculiar talent for keeping behind the times not only applies to my experiences and advancement in knowledge but also to the matter (though that is not very important) of my growing old.

The reason why I made up my mind to fly was that a doctor, after overhauling me for an hour to get to the bottom of a headache I was intermittently suffering from, gravely opined that my condition was owing to my chronic affixture to my house and that the only

remedy for it was a pleasure-trip in the air. As we know, the doctor's words are always sibilant with the ring of destiny.

Having thus decided to fly, I asked all and sundry how it would feel. One put forward the theory that it was like sitting on the top of a house. Why should I sit on the top of my house instead of under its roof for curing my headache, I wondered. But another confidently pointed out that it was very much like a fish swimming down-stream. "It feels like a bird riding out a storm," explained a somewhat neurotic neighbour. My temples throbbed and fear with its tawny fingers began to play on the key-board of my mind. "Pooh, it's nothing, but just being safely stored in a box afloat in the air," reassured another, bravely. I plucked up courage. Finally a man came in the attitude of a friend-in-need society and informed me confidently that flying in the air was just the same as being carried on the talons of a prehistoric bird. Oh poor me! I trembled like an aspen leaf. My heart thumped hard. My ears buzzed. But I had to fly nevertheless. The doctor had said, and I had decided I should.

Seeing me thus bent upon the aerial jaunt and apprehensive of what might happen, my wife, the custodian of both my safety and timidity, would by no means have me go alone. But she did not put it exactly that way. On the other hand, she remonstrated that she could enjoy a piece of aviation even as I, and that in fact if I went alone, unmindful of her desire, it would be but yet another proof in her repertory that she was no more to me than a toy to a child. This timely interposition of a figure of speech that lets tongues loose at feminist meetings nowadays won the point for her. Not that I was unwilling that she should accompany me. A plucky wife is an earthly paradise for a pusillanimous husband; but for the sake of my authority over her, it had to seem that I was half won over and half yielded chivalrously.

So she and I, toggling ourselves in our best dresses, went to the aerodrome. I had previously armed myself with the information that the fare for a ten-minute cruise was five rupees per head, and I had accordingly taken ten with me. We found the taxiplane in good form and the pilot ready. "Good," said my wife and "good," I echoed, only I knew how half-heartedly. To be plain, face to face with the ordeal, I began to realise what a fool I was to have made up my mind to undergo it; but fortunately my wife did not perceive the perturbation, as she was now visibly warming to the impending adventure, having nearly forgotten in her present self-absorbed mood her real intention in accompanying me.

We had now only to pay the fare and get into the 'plane. At this tense moment, I and my wife were dumbfounded to be apprised of the startling fact that it was not five but ten rupees per head! We looked each at the other in mute despair. I need hardly confess that the surprise had not stunned me inwardly, though I did my utmost to prevent betrayal of the secret.



"Let's return!" cried my wife, when she had gathered herself up.

"Who'll come again?" I objected.

"Where's the money for the luxury?" observed she sagely.

"You take it then," I chimed in nonchalantly.

"What a thing to say! I to fly and you to keep back!" she cried with true wifely feeling.

"When you fly I will fly too. You're myself for me, more than myself in sooth," said I expansively.

At this, my wife's eyes glanced this way and that, as if searching for an answer, and her face flushed with a prettily mingled colour of perplexity and pleasure, which was very charming to look at.

"How can I, how can I!" she exclaimed with shrill affection in her tone, "take this joy-ride, leaving you kicking your heels in this bleak waste? How on earth, am I to eat the fruit of your loving self-denial?"

"You please go up," I expostulated calmly, "for if I do instead, what will men think of me? How could I esteem myself? And what will you think when you look back on it? Please don't try and make me selfish. Come, get in and behold

the earth from heaven, while I will await your landing again to hear you tell how you felt it. There isn't much difference after all between standing here and sitting in the 'plane."

This and, probably more than this, her own eagerness, which had evidently worked itself up to a high pitch, persuaded and converted her.

The pilot did something to the 'plane's nose. The whole blooming fishy affair from tail to snout shook and whirled, as if a violent fit of ague had seized on it suddenly. "Ha! My poor wife!" I thought.

The 'plane took off, rose higher and higher, wheeling round and round, like an eagle in the bosom of a cyclone, and rising higher still, flew diagonally over

the City, now verily like a bird of prey over a populous poultry-farm.

My poor wife had vanished into the air. The hungry bird was holding her so closely pressed to its breast that I could not, look how I would, trace a sign of her!

My heart trembled. My eyes became glassy. I felt I was going to pieces. That speck of steel floating under the sky in the upper blaze of the sun bearing off my wife, staggered my imagination and paralysed my thoughts.

How many minutes passed thus I cannot guess, but when I found myself in my equilibrium again I was happy to see my wife by my side, the same guardian angel that had stood by me in all the perils and trials of my life.

Now that the incident is over, I do not feel sure at all in my mind whether I or she had flown. But whichever actually levitated and vanished, I can now tell, whatever else it might feel like to fly, how it surely does feel like flying out of oneself.

THE END

TRAINING SCHOOLS—(Continued from page 36)

- (4) *Marriage Without Tears.* A valuable booklet on how to deal with the 'other woman' so as to enjoy both marriage and a quiet philandering.
- (5) *Ready-made Excuses for All Occasions.* The title of this course explains itself, and it will, I think, be welcomed by every husband.
- (6) *Balancing the Budget.* A mine of information on how to spend Rs. 200/- out of a salary of Rs. 100/-. It includes various arguments to be used when the wife wants a new hat, etc., as well as methods of avoiding the tailor, landlord, and others.

The few examples of Colleges I have mentioned will serve to show how originality may be brought into the Tutorial Institute business. Here's luck to those far-seeing people who adopt my ideas!

THE END



THE EXPERT: So madam, if you want to get thin you must eat only fruit, toast, some such light things, and drink orange juice.

THE FAT ONE: Before or after meals?

Star Snaps

Stars and Superstitions

Many of the film-stars have strange manerisms and superstitions. Reginald Denny would not face a cat, while the howling of a dog would keep Maurice Chevalier awake for nights. Boris Karloff, is nervous about sleeping in a dark room! You can never make Bill Robinson part with his rabbit's foot, the heirloom, handed to him by his father to whom it was given by his father. Meal-times, or bathing, sleeping or walking, the rabbit's foot is his constant companion on which he would bestow an occasional kiss.

Gary Cooper has a strange superstition which is closely connected with a large and battered Stetson hat. He started wearing it—it was not a good-looker even then—when he went to see the casting director of his first film. Because of it, he says with awe, he landed that job. Ever since he is wearing the hat, if not while making a new picture, at least a little while before starting to make it!

If

If the films had not absorbed some stars, they would be adorning the ranks of professions as far removed from the silver-screen as the North Pole is from the South.

Greta Garbo, for example, would have been rotting in a barber's shop, in Sweden, lathering faces, but for the producer who spotted her.

Spencer Tracy might have been continuing as a tommy and Fredric March a struggling, hack journalist. Clark Gable should be drilling oil wells and Wallace Beery, training elephants, lions, tigers, monkeys and bears in a circus.

Robert Montgomery would have been a pedagogue, in a village school, using the long end of the cane, and Charles Laughton, the winner of the 1934 Motion Picture Academy Medal, a henpecked quill-driver in a Metropolitan store. Lionel Barrymore too must now be a fireman. William Powell, not so bad a profession for him, would have been a full-fledged barrister!

Darla-Hood

The latest child-star attraction in Hollywood is the smiling, four-year-old gold-locks Darla-Hood. She made her screen debut in *Our Gang Follies*. Hal Roach has signed her on a seven-year contract at a



Gary Cooper

weekly salary ranging from 75 to 750 dollars.

Harlow's Hair

With *Riff Raff*, Jean Harlow's hair will revert to the natural hue, forsaking its present blondeness. The original colour is, or rather was, something half-way between yellow and brown, called 'Brownette'.

The Martyr

Samuel Hardy, while working on the sets of Eddie Cantor's new feature film *Strike Me Pink* was suffering from acute appendicitis. The doctors warned him against working in that condition but he wouldn't hear of any delay on his account. He was told that an immediate operation was imperative. He was adamant and continued his role rather than cause an expensive delay to the company.

For three days he went through his work facing the cameras standing a gnawing pain inside him. Finally he collapsed and was taken to the hospital where he was found to be beyond medical aid.

Triple-Tax

George Arliss is subject to three income-tax levies. —British, American and Californian—when he makes pictures in Hollywood. This means a loss quite out of proportion to the actual salary he makes out of his pictures. So the veteran has decided to do all his pictures with the Gaumont—British in Britain only until such time as the Californian Legislature repeals the newly enacted state tax on earning. When he works in his native-land, he has to pay tax only to Britain.

Peter Lorre, the sensation of *Crime and Punishment* is now in London doing *Secret Agent* for the Gaumont-British. The story was written by Somerset Maugham.

The War Spoils It

The Ethiopian war has altered the plans of many Hollywood celebrities. Fredric March has postponed his visit to Italy to feature in *Christopher Columbus* financed by the Il Duce. Cary Grant is throwing away a £12,000 role in a British picture. Rod La Rocque and Vilma Banky have cancelled their journey to Budapest and have booked for Honolulu. Rosalind Russell has elected to holiday in South America instead of her originally planned trip to Paris.



George Arliss



Chas. Laughton



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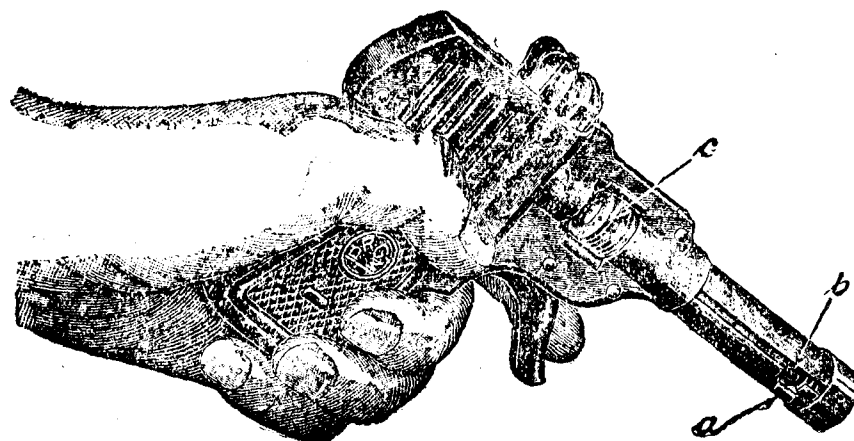
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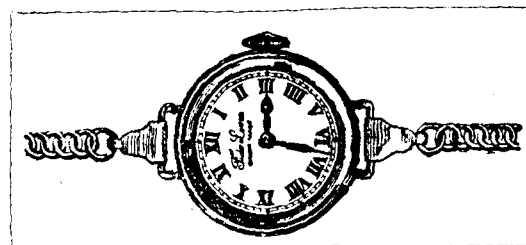


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