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MERRY

MAGAZINE

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SVELTE & DELICIOUS FIGURE

—P. S. Arlington

THE MONSTROUS MARQUISE

—Diana Don

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—H. V. Collett

TIBETAN MYSTERIES

—Auntie

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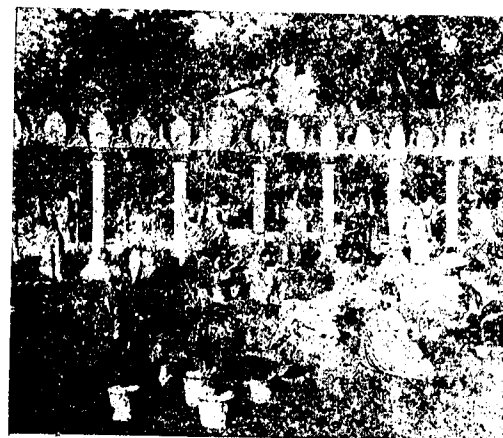
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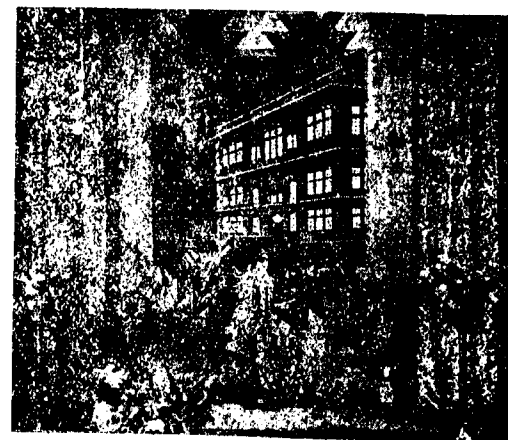
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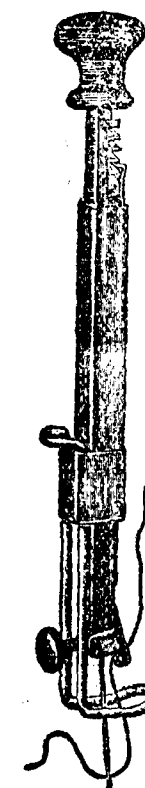
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The MERRY MAGAZINE



Madras, March 21, '36

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Thirupathi

The Birth-day Party

Symbolically, it amounts to two birds with one stone, or rather with one baby. And the police get all the bird!

Artiji

Art of Murder!

Don't edge away, please. This is a wholesome departure from the arid path of convention. Artiji touches the sublime, in places. When I told him so, he said, "Monsieur, you overwhelm me!" Good old chap! He is far too young and modest.

Albert A. Roland

Bachelors, Beware!

I have nothing much to add, have I?

★

Anyone of you remember your past births? Auntie says she does. Hear her tell it next week.

SPARKS FROM OUR ANVIL

In the course of the debate in the Assembly on the Frontier Forward Policy, Sir Aubrey Metcalfe declared that, though well-treated, the Afridis had not kept faith.

A convincing proof that they are being rapidly civilised!

* * *

Defending the Government, Nawab Ahmad Nawaz Khan claimed that the 'Forward' policy was in the interests of the Indian Empire, which was a bright jewel in the British Empire.

With the Nawab providing the foil to it!

* * *

General Blomberg says that the new Germany hopes that war will disappear as an instrument of policy.

But what it *has done* is suspiciously like the old Germany!

* * *

Reports of a truce in Ethiopia are authoritatively denied.

It is therefore satisfactory to note that the bombing of the civilian population is going on under proper conditions.

* * *

His Highness the Agha Khan, who recently sailed for England, does not believe there would be a war in the immediate future.

Herr Hitler too seems to have acted on that presumption.

* * *

Mr. Churchill thinks that Germany can neither go forward nor backward. It is therefore

most likely that it will remain where it is.

* * *

Defending himself, Herr Hitler has said: 'There would not always be a man in Germany able to offer peace for a quarter of a century on behalf of 67 millions.'

But we can always count on more than one to break it!

* * *

In the Assembly, Mr. F. E. James asked: 'What is British Imperialism? Could any one define it?'

We suggest that he should apply to Hitler or Mussolini for an answer!

* * *

Mr. Eden has suggested that German military occupation of the Rhineland should be merely symbolic.

Germany's reply is understood to have been a symbolic negative.

* * *

Referring to the suggestion that there should be a cut in the salaries of officials, Sir Charles Souter is reported to have said that if Hon'ble Members looked into his pass-book, they would speak no more of cuts.

Apparently, all his income passes through it!

* * *

Answering an interpellation, the Hon. the Education Minister admitted the over-crowding in the Mental Hospital, and added that if his visit to that institution would help anybody, he had no objection to doing so.

That would depend entirely upon the man who would act for him in his absence!

* * *

Speaking at the Annual meeting of the Y. M. C. A., H. E. Lord Erskine is reported to have said: 'I am a Conservative myself, but I am not the type of Conservative who desires to see nothing changed.'

Much consternation has, we understand, been caused by this declaration in Madras Ministerial circles.

* * *

Sir A. P. Patro assures the Bombay Non-Brahmin Party that the Justice movement is very active in the village parts in this presidency.

Yes indeed: it has been getting a move along in recent elections!

* * *

Sir G. S. Bajpai laid on the table a list of countries in which Indians were subjected to certain disabilities.

Curiously enough, there is no mention of India in the list!

* * *

The Secretary of State has approved of a scheme for a course of instruction in Japanese for Army officers in India.

We are unable to say whether this is to facilitate the British conquest of Japan or Japanese occupation of India.

* * *

In the course of his reply, Sir N. N. Sircar referred to Mr. Lalchand Navalrai, and said that there was a baseless insinuation about a ministership.

This is in accord with the proverb: 'One bad turn deserves another!'

The Vicious Circle

Hitler's action in precipitating a crisis has been followed by the usual fillip to rail, road and air-transport without, as yet, any tangible or concrete result. A bewildering number of conferences and conversations are being held, filling the columns of newspapers, but revealing nothing of importance. Even political Pharisaism is half-hearted in its denunciation of Germany's 'unilateral repudiation of obligations'. The truth is that each nation is to the others, what Nathan was to David. It is this sense of infirmity that is responsible, firstly for the loosening of the moral bonds of nations, and secondly for the paralysis of action. From the time of Japan's adventure in Manchuria to the invasion of Ethiopia, a series of shocks to the conscience of the world has been administered, until the reaction has become almost negligible. If there is no war straightaway, it is because the risks of the 'righteous' among the nations are far greater than those of the 'guilty'. Germany is spoiling for a fight as a way out of her own impossible position. If she can bully the others into a recognition of her necessities, she hopes to capitalise that recognition for another period of internal safety. If not she will certainly take the plunge, believing quite rightly that if again beaten, she could not be worse off than she has been. It is the courage of despair that prompts her in her present adventure; and all indications point to her being left alone more in sorrow than in anger. 'Defence' preparations will be redoubled in all the western countries, in anticipation of the day of reckoning.

It is further significant to note that Hitler has raised the question of colonies as a first

rate issue. One year ago, he publicly reproved a too eager henchman for making a reference to the subject. To-day, he puts it in the forefront of his demands. From 'down under', the Prime Minister of Australia has issued a statement indicating hostility to any return of the South Pacific Islands which formerly belonged to Germany. Constitutional pundits are anxious to show that mandated territories cannot be handed over without consulting the peoples and the League. All these forget that the present situation is one that transcends the jurisdiction of Law. There is in the background, the *ultima ratio* of kings—war as the supreme sanction. It accounts for the new-found respect with which the most uncompromising critic of Germany refers to her recent action. Our interest in the European situation may continue to be strictly objective, and amused. How Britain and France propose to pacify this new monster, avoid war, save their face and their far-flung empires—all at the same time, must surely afford one of the most interesting interludes in the muddled march of events.

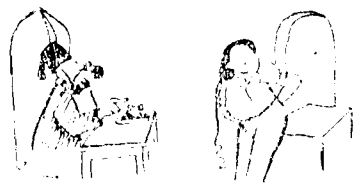
France wants sanctions; and wants them immediately, and fully. Now the boot is on the other leg. When the same question came up against Italy, her attitude was gingerly, if not disingenuous. Now she wants her pound of flesh, and flourishes all the pacts and treaties that have guaranteed her 'security'. Britain with her genius for waiting on events merely says that she takes a grave view of the situation. On all these divisions, Germany must have counted, and for the present at any rate, she thrives on them.

Cut Out That Stunt!



HOUSEWIFE (to tramp) :—Go away, or I'll call my husband.

TRAMP :—Oh, I know him. He is the little fellow who told me to clear out yesterday or he'd call his wife!



I rang up Sir Mohammed Zafarullah Khan on the trunk telephone. I frankly told him that I was disappointed with his budget. "But, my dear fellow," mildly protested Sir Mohammed, "after all a rupee is a rupee, and I can only go as far as the rupee can go."

Lack of enterprise, I call it. I admit a rupee is only sixteen annas, and a ten-rupee note is only ten-rupees. A man with a will and a ten-rupee note can go not only as far as the ten-rupee note can go, but also six annas beyond it. I did.

Yesterday morning I had to go to the other end of the city some seven miles away. I had a ten-rupee note on me and a rupee coin and some small change. I boarded an early bus. When the call went forth for 'tickets' I produced the ten-rupee note. "No change, sir," said the conductor. "Darn it!" I muttered, simulating mild indignation, and got down at the next bus-stop. Then I boarded a tram. I repeated the trick, and got down at the next stop. Then I got into a bus, and so on till I reached my destination. On the return journey, I produced the rupee coin which had a false ring about it. Each conductor of a bus or a tram-car returned it to me as a bad coin. I reached home, riding about fourteen miles and not paying a pie for it. What I say is, it is artful, strong-willed chaps like me that should run the State utility departments.



The other day Mr. N. M. Joshi gave a tea-party in New Delhi. Among the distinguished invitees were myself and Mr. Pelt, Director of the Information Section of The League of Nations, now in our midst. The purpose of the tea-party was:

- (1) To drink tea and eat a cake fashioned in the shape of the League Secretariat building, cooked on slow fire.
- (2) To ask Mr. Pelt questions about the League.
- (3) To go home or the talkies, whichever the invitees fancied.

We drank the tea and ate the cake, which was a lovely piece of craftsmanship. Many invitees asked Mr. Pelt many questions and he answered them very lucidly. Generally I don't ask anybody any questions; but this time, I thought, Mr. Joshi would be disappointed if I didn't ask any question of Mr. Pelt. So I asked Mr. Pelt: "In what way is the League useful to us? Is the League prepared to review Indo-British relations, at our instance?" Mr. Pelt blushed like a maiden of the spacious days of the Regency period. His confusion was charming.

"That is a very comprehensive question," said Mr. Pelt with a beautiful Kolynos smile. "I don't think I can answer that question without running the whole gamut of inter-Empire and inter-state relations. However, India can be reviewed at Geneva, provided the other party also is keen on the review. But then the League Machinery is very complicated."

"You mean?"

"I mean settlement of international disputes by Committees. In this case, considering the vastness of the country under review, at

least a dozen Committees, from a Committee of Five to a Committee of Sixteen, must go ahead and report to one another. It all means time, because the League is a great believer in TIME. Anyhow, by the time the Committees have finished their jobs, you, and possibly myself, will have been dead, so why worry?"

With a vote of thanks to Mr. Joshi and Mr. Pelt for a pleasant party, the party dispersed.



"How would you reject the Reforms Scheme? Is it by entering the Councils brought by it into existence, accepting Ministries created by it and working the reforms for all your worth or for all their worth?" That is the questionnaire posed by my friend Dr. Pattabhi.

Of course the answer is clear as a line-clear when the Viceroy travels on rails. We will reject the Reforms by accepting Ministerships for what they are worth. I guess a Ministership under the reformed



The March

by The Man

of Events

On The Move

constitution should fetch, apart from the plums and lemons and other perquisites that go with such an office, about six thousand rupees a month. Just imagine, Dr. Pattabhi, what a fellow could do with seventy-two thousand rupees a year. If I had that money I should go into training under Joe Louis on a special diet, and reject almost anything under the Indian sky.



In the Assembly, Satyamurti asked the Home Member whether apart from the proscription in India of Miss Mayo's book, *Face of Mother India*, the Government of India would approach the Secretary of State for India and request him to make representations to White Hall and bring gentle pressure to stop the circulation of the book.

Now there is an idea current in therapeutic circles, that apart from the curative methods employed in fighting a disease, its origin also should be probed and finding it, the said origin should be hocked on the knead—oh, I mean—knocked on the head. Every man in his senses will agree that that is a sound way of liquidating disease.



Now instead of setting in motion the whole diplomatic machinery of our glorious Empire to produce, probably, a dead cat, I suggest we invite Miss Mayo to India and apply the gentle pressure ourselves. We can always count on good old Satyamurti to put up Miss Mayo in his house as a guest on behalf of the Indian Nation. Anyhow, if the worst happens, the Indian Nation can always rely on me. Only, Miss Mayo may have to rough it out a bit if she comes to my home. I suggest further we feast her royally on goat's milk (Gandhiji will loan us a goat) and soya beans and ground-nuts and Nilgiri Coffee: brewed by a Kumbakonam Brahmin; that once a week at least we give her a bath in Ganges water mixed with Cauveri water. The cumulative effect of this hospitality will, I doubt not, soften all her assertive bad-smell complexes and convert her into a friend of India. Where now she smells a gutter she will smell a rose.

But I have a hunch that my suggestion is going to be a voice in the wilderness.



The proceedings of the local Council in connection with the consideration of the Hammond Committee Report reveal a last, and I hope, forlorn attempt to substitute the interests of a caucus for the impartial findings of an independent Committee. The leader of the Congress Opposition paid a tribute to the European member as playing the game in bringing up the subject for discussion. But he did not play the whole of the game, and selected only those portions which seemed obnoxious to him. It is however to be hoped that the Secretary of



State would give the proper value to the Council Vote, which, as was pointed out, is precisely nil. But one never knows what will happen in these days when there is a race all over the country to defeat the existing constitution by indirect means. If the reactionary recommendations of the Council are finally accepted, they will add to the obstacles already legally embodied in the new Act.



Mr. C. S. Rangaswami, Editor of *Indian Finance*, Calcutta, delivered a lecture at the Senate House on 'The Indian Money Market'. It was a thought-provoking lecture, though it didn't provoke any thought in me. All this talk about big finance leaves me cold. But the subject under comment is not Rangaswami's learned discourse, but Ramadas's concluding remarks. Mr. Ramadas, the great Co-operative expert, happened to preside at this meeting. He said that the greatest need of the Indian agriculturalist was how to get his finance cheap and how to sell his produce dear.

If that were true I should call the Indian agriculturalist a mean fellow. Since I dare not doubt so great a man as Mr. Ramadas, I have decided to boycott all agricultural produce and live on honey and locusts, as the Apostle John did. I might vary the menu once in a while with frogs and green leaves, which I am told the Mongols affect with creditable results.

Fun For All

"How the devil do you open this tin of malted milk?"

"There's full instructions inside the tin, sir!"

Employer (Furiously): Why hasn't this job been done?

Office Boy: I forgot, sir.

Boss: Forgot! Suppose I forgot to pay you. What would you say?

Boy: Nothing sir! I should come and tell you at once; not sleep over it a month and then kick up a row about it!

The Sergeant-Major was a wonder at drill but poor otherwise.

The men were forming up for pay parade, arranged according to the initials of their surnames.

A trembling recruit, a late arrival, was trying to slip into his place unobserved but was greeted by a voice of thunder.

"Say, what's your surname?"

"Phillips, sir."

"Then what are you doing here? The F's are on the other side!"

"There is nothing that causes so much misery as drink," states a teetotaler.

With the possible exception of thirst.

"Brown eyes denote faithfulness," remarks a psychologist.

And black ones mostly connote inquisitiveness.

"That remark of yours would mean a fight where I come from!"

"Well, why don't you fight then?"

"'Cause I ain't where I come from."

An election meeting. A candidate was addressing his constituency. Came a voice from the back of the



hall: "I don't care what you say and I wouldn't vote for you if you were the angel Gabriel!"

Came the retort: "If I were the Angel you wouldn't be in my constituency!"

Judge: Have you nothing to offer the court before sentence is passed on you?

Prisoner: No, your lordship. I had ten rupees but my lawyer took it!

Diner: A glass of water, please.

Waiter: For drinking?

Diner (Sarcastically) No. I'm going to give a high-diving display.

A well-known judge attended a function and left his hat and coat in the cloak room. The attendant who knew the judge by sight did not give him a ticket. When the judge left, he was given his correct belongings.

"You did not give me a ticket when I came in but how do you know these things belong to me?" he asked.

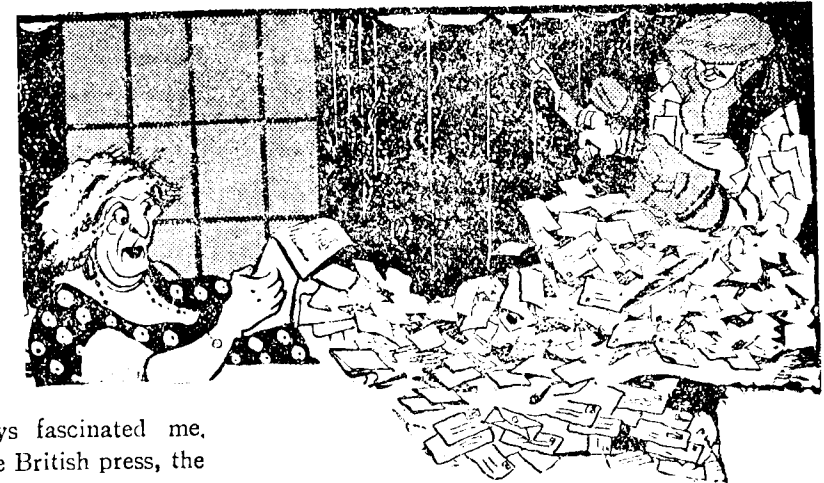
"I don't," replied the attendant. "I only know that you handed them to me."

"Well, my man," said the Irish doctor, "what's the matter with you?"

"Pains in the back, sir," replied the patient.

"I will soon put you right," said the doctor, handing the man a box of pills. "Take one of these a quarter of an hour before you feel the pain coming on."

Auntie Awful



TIBET, my dears, has always fascinated me. According to a section of the British press, the Tibetans perform such blood-curdling esoteric rites, that even the high-strung imagination of the toughest 'lifer' in the Waltham Lunatic Asylum cannot conceive. And, of course, the British press is the best-informed in the world.

The other day I was playing quoits with Uncle Ghastly. While we were deep in the game, the telephone bell rang furiously. Uncle answered the call, and said: "It's the Editor. Says it is mighty urgent. You'd better toddle along to Broadway. He sounds worried."

As I entered the Editor's sanctum, the worried man turned a wild eye on me without the least vestige of recognition in it.

"Here I am!" I said sweetly.

He gave a start. "Ah, Auntie, old girl! Sit down, won't you?"

I sat down and said: "Well?"

He plunged straight into the subject without considering my womanly feelings. "Auntie, have you ever hugged—er—a corpse?"

"A what?" I screamed, and thought of fainting right away. But it is awkward to go fainting in Editors' rooms, so I desisted.

"I mean—er—have you ever danced with a corpse as partner?.....No offence, Auntie, old dear. Answer me straight."

"I have not," I said with dignity.

"Nor have I," he said with a note of sorrow in his voice. "Here is a bit about Tibet which is news to me. Pretty exhilarating, I call it. Read it." He marked a paragraph in a Home journal open before him, and pushed it across to me. "Read it aloud; I'd like to hear it in your sweet voice."

The poor man must have been stirred to his depths. He never paid me any compliments. I acknowledged the compliment with a graceful inclination of my head, and read aloud the paragraph indicated, imitating the best platform manner of Sarojini Devi:

One hideous custom—the meaning and purpose of which remain obscure to Western minds—consists of resuscitating dead bodies and imbuing them with such monstrous, unnatural vitality that they sometimes destroy the magicians who perform this diabolical feat.

This is the method of producing these Frankenstein monsters: the sorcerer is shut up in a dark room with the corpse and repeats over and over again, a magic incantation.

With the mystic formula running continually in his brain, he lies flat upon the body, grips its arms, and presses his lips against the lifeless lips. Presently the body begins to move; it stands erect and tries to elude the grip of the magician.

If it escapes it will kill him! And it will escape if his concentration relaxes even for a moment.

It struggles more violently and careers round the room, leaping to uncanny heights. The magician must sustain his grip. His arms pin the body's firmly; his lips must press the monster's mouth.

Eventually the corpse's tongue protrudes. This is the crucial moment; the sorcerer

must act quickly or the awakened body will kill him. He seizes the tongue between his teeth and bites it off. The body immediately collapses—lifeless once again.

"What do you think of it?" asked the Editor.

"Quite interesting," I said.

"Look here, Auntie. How about you going to Tibet?"

"What for?"

"To verify that story."

I said stiffly. "Are you suggesting that I hug and kiss corpses?"

"Well, a journalist ought to rise above these petty prejudices. What is a corpse after all? I thought you were an adventurous girl, Auntie," he said sadly.

I don't want anybody to say that we Awfuls are not adventurous, so I said: "Very well. When do I start?"

"There is a good girl! Start right now. Charter a 'plane. Spend the night in Srinagar. You should strike Lhasa tomorrow noon. Cable the story with as few lies as possible."

I ignored the admonition about lies as unworthy of my notice, and came home. I packed my powder-puff, lip-stick, collapsible comb and midget-mirror and a change of clothing, relating the while to Uncle Ghastly the purpose of my mission in Tibet.

"But dammit!" protested Uncle, "you cannot go hugging and kissing corpses!"

"Why not, pray? It is all in the day's work."

"Suppose a corpse comes to life and takes a fancy for you, what then? I am coming with you, to chaperone you. I'll verify it for you."

So we chartered a 'plane, and eventually landed in Lhasa, in parachutes. We repaired to the Grand Lama's palatial rest-house and rested and refreshed ourselves. We sallied forth. Uncle Ghastly set afoot discreet enquiries. We got hold of a priestly magician who, for the small consideration of a tube of dental cream, promised to bring a corpse into our room that night and initiate Uncle into the mysteries of resuscitating it.

Night came on and the priest with it, bearing a dried-up corpse covered completely in a dirty bed-sheet.

The priest deposited the corpse in Uncle's bed-room and took Uncle aside. He whispered into his ear the terrible *mantram* that would make the corpse dance with life. All of us went back into the bed-room. On the floor lay the corpse. Uncle produced from his trouser pocket a whisky bottle and drank to the success of the experiment, thrice.

"Now, you two," said Uncle, a bit unsteady on his legs, "clear out into the next room." He took off his coat and smiled at me and the priest.

"But I want to see what you do to the corpse; and if the corpse gets the upper hand, I will be ready with the pocker." I suggested.

"Don't you worry. That boulder of a priest says this is a one-man job."

"Yes," attested the priest. "One man alone fight, yes."

So I and the priest went into the adjoining room. The priest busied himself with Uncle's whiskey bottle and I glued my ear to the key-hole. Presently I heard a musical chant from Uncle and the rhythmical step of fox-trot. I was all agog with excitement. In a couple of minutes I heard Uncle panting and heard unearthly thudding sounds. In another minute Uncle gave a fearful yell. The priest and myself rushed into the room. Uncle was struggling with a long object on the floor. It was a hat-stand of the time of the East India Company. Uncle was biting one of its top pegs savagely.

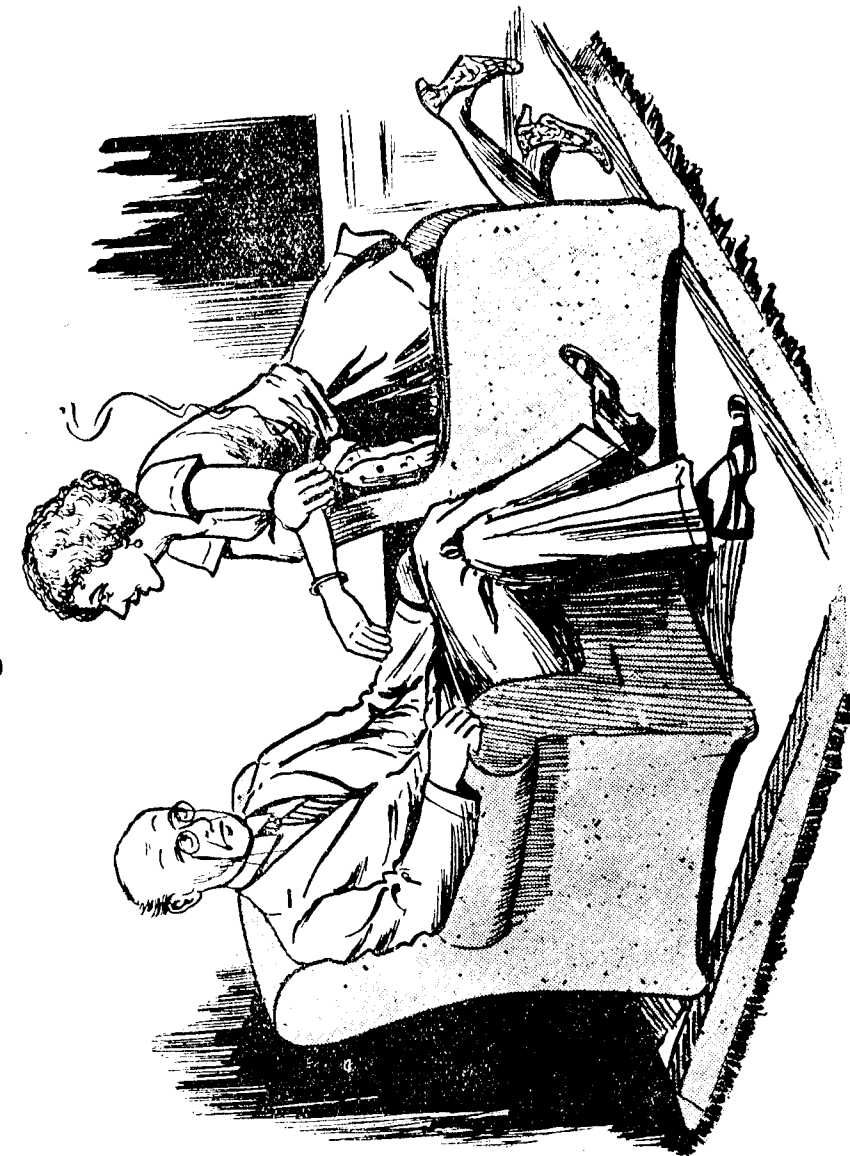
We separated the combatants with some damage to ourselves. Uncle, mopping his brow, looked down at the hat-stand and started. "Why, where is that corpse of mine—I mean the corpse I was fighting?"

The priest exclaimed in broken English that Tibetan corpses were artful fellows. It seems that whenever they come across a tough man they assume all sorts of odd shapes. And this was one such.

The priest said he had to perform some rite to make the hat-stand go back to its corpse condition. He rolled it up in the dirty bed-sheet and went his way, with our good wishes and a couple of whiskey bottles which Uncle gave him as mementoes of the visit.

Yes, my dears, Tibet is indeed a strange land.

Change Indeed!



Doctor: What you need is a change.
Film Star: A change! During the last eighteen months I have had six landlords, four cooks, five cars, three necklaces and four husbands. What more change do you suggest?

Theateur Amatricals

by Mie

Reading Time • About 10 Minutes

“WE must do something,” said Balan, “to make some money for the club. Something.”

Balan was the secretary of our local club, an enthusiastic, warm-hearted man. A good soul.

“But how?” I asked.

“Don’t ask me. I am asking you. And how? What about a sweepstake?” He paused and turned it over in his mind. “Exactly. The very thing. A sweepstake will bring in a lot of money and those who take tickets can hope for something. That will make them buy tickets. Why didn’t it strike me before?”

“Balan,” I said, “not a sweepstake. I am with you in robbing a bank. I shall co-operate in murdering a rich old lady. I don’t even mind waylaying little children who go to market to buy vegetables, but not a sweepstake. I am not with you there.” I spoke with emotion.

“Why not? Why this heat?”

I did not answer him; the memory of the previous sweepstake was too poignant.

“Of course it will work.”

“No, not a sweepstake.” I was firm.

“Oh, all right. You are a nice friend, aren’t you? Well, then, what else is there? Think of something, man.”

I thought.

“What about a play? Yes, a play it shall be. The play is the thing.”

I pitied my friend but I was touched by his enthusiasm.

“I suppose you have some idiotic objection against a play too?”

I hastened to reassure him. I am not a spoilsport: but the thought of disillusionment and disappointment coming to Balan made me reluctant to approve his scheme. Finally I said: “A play it shall be, if you wish. I am with you. But don’t blame me for the results.”

“Of course not. Results indeed! Why, I am going to make a net profit of Rs. 700 in this thing. I will send out girls to sell the tickets. Probably we could get Sir Raghava Rao to preside or something. Let us however get down to business. What play shall it be?”

I suggested bridge.

“Think you are funny, don’t you? Just wait until the money comes in and wait until the day. Here I am trying to do some honest work.....”

I apologised frankly.

“Say no more, old man. I understand.” He was a good fellow, was Balan.

“But what play?” he persisted.

“What about Shakespeare?” I asked.

“No good. No punch in him. No sex interest.”

I said: “You are mistaken. There is plenty of heat in Shakespeare even for your taste. Take *Romeo and Juliet* for instance.”

“Confine yourself to one man. You said Shakespeare just a minute ago and now you say Rome or something. Who is Rome anyway?”

I explained it to him, *Romeo and Juliet*, its authorship, its ‘argument’, its sex interest, its poetry; in fact everything.

Balan liked it. He looked at it from all angles and approved it. He said:

“Perhaps you are right. Moreover Shakespeare lends tone, doesn’t he? The older folk will be attracted. That is right. That is what I call a sensible suggestion. Now where can we get a copy of the play? And what about acting rights?”

I again explained to him.

“Good, see me at the club this evening. We will have an informal conference at 7 p. m. Don’t forget.”

That evening Balan told the boys.

“Shakespeare!” said Kannan. “Let us have a revue or something. Something emotional. What

about that play.....What’s its name?.....Some original thing.....frightfully clever I thought it was..... The Duke met a chorus girl.....”

I intervened. “If you don’t mind, Kannan,” I said sternly.

“Play! Pstchat!” said Ramanujam.

“I don’t know,” said Vasu.

“Good idea!” said Kumaran picturing himself wearing a sword and fighting legions of savages.

“H’m,” said Vasu.

“What part will you give me? I shan’t be a servant or bodyguard. I shall be the hero,” said Achuthan.

Nobody laughed. Achuthan was 40 and had been endowed with legions of chins, a man of substance both about his waist and bank balance, who was thickening perceptibly in his person every day and thinning on his crown.

I looked at Balan. He, poor soul, took it seriously. “That is right. Good man,” he said to Achuthan.

Later on when I accosted him about his principal character he said: “Well, the chap will cough up some money. We want some money to start with. Good looks? Pah! You can’t have everything.”

Which showed that I was wrong about Balan. He was shrewder than I thought.

Vasu suggested that we should have girls to play the feminine parts. That was characteristic of Vasu. Kumaran seconded the motion. That was typical of Kumaran. I was against it from the first for reasons which later events proved to be sound.

We went to Dewan Bahadur P. K. Pillai’s house. Pillai has daughters in plenty, all unmarried, of ages which indicated that there would be no difficulty either to get Juliet or the Nurse. Pillai however was not in. We met Mrs. Pillai.

We told her everything. Balan spoke about social life and club life and modern tendencies and equality of sex. He spoke really well.

“So you want my daughters to act opposite Achuthan, do you? You—you—”

We did not run, but walked suddenly. We ought to have realised that Achuthan had refused to marry Mrs. Pillai’s eldest daughter.

“Not a judicious touch of yours, was it?” I asked.

“That is right. Blame me for your—It was you that made the idiotic suggestion to go to the Pillais.”

We went to Mr. Reddy’s place. As usual we met Mrs. Reddy. We begged her to persuade her daughter to take part in the play. Her daughter was 25 years of age but would do for Juliet.

“Ask her yourself,” said Mrs. Reddy. This was encouragement.

The daughter came out and we made the request.

“But how old is Juliet in the play?” she asked.

“Fourteen,” said Balan. A good touch that. Very good indeed.

“Oh, la, ma! 14! Why I am nearly 15,” the daughter said giggling.

“For how long?—er—that is, when will you be 15?”

Rather narrow that.

We persuaded her that she didn’t look 15 and did exactly look 14.

“Who is playing the hero?” she asked.

“Achuthan, a fine actor. Very good on the stage,” said Balan.

“Oh! He is married and I don’t want a jealous wife to look daggers at me.”

“Nobody will be jealous with you,” assured Balan.

“What? How dare you!”

Once outside the gate Balan asked me what he had said that caused her to go off like that. I told him that every woman feels every other woman is jealous of her.

“Well, let us go to those new people. They will want to get known and be of help.”

We went there and told Mrs. Lalubhai that we would be immensely grateful if she persuaded her daughter to play the leading feminine role. We had heard she had a daughter.

Mrs. Lalubhai said:

“Certainly. I shall call my daughter.”

I looked at Balan. Balan looked at me. Here was luck.

Mrs. Lalubhai and daughter came out. We inspected the daughter for a long time. Words failed Balan. At last he said:

“Er—I was wondering whether you would play the Nurse in *Romeo and Juliet*.”

The mother said: “Nurse! Young man, you said Juliet just now.”

"Pardon me, I said the leading feminine role. In Romeo and Juliet—er—the main character is the Nurse. Juliet is undoubtedly a minor part. In fact Shakespeare meant it so."

"Who is the heroine in the play?" she asked.

Balan said: "The Nurse. Indubitably, undoubtedly. Isn't it so?" he asked turning to me.

I was not to be outdone. I said: "Why, yes. Juliet has nothing to do. She merely looks pretty. While the Nurse calls for some really good acting." I thought at the moment that it was a sound argument. Later I realised my mistake.

Coming back Balan said: "You are a priceless idiot. You ought to be exhibited. You as good as told them the daughter is plain. Acting indeed! As if that counts in a play!" I confessed my mistake.

"That means," Balan mused, "we will have to do with ourselves for the feminine parts."

"We could try at a few more houses," I suggested.

"If you imagine," Balan said, "that I am going on with this game, you are mistaken. I do not mind honest work. In fact I love it, but....."

"I say," continued Balan after a pause, "you are not so bad looking after all."

I was absurdly flattered. I forgot how Balan had described me only the day before, comparing me with certain vegetables. Probably, I thought, Balan had caught one of those girls looking at me a peculiar look. It might have escaped me. After all ladies were the judges.

I said: "Thank you, Balan."

"I think you would do for the Nurse."

"Oh! Nurse! You honour me. I am not worthy of it. It is above me."

"I suppose you are disappointed you were not offered Juliet's part?"

"On the contrary," I replied, "I am pleased."

I am not what you might call an all-rounder. I am good only for certain parts. The roles I am especially strong on are 'echo', 'chambers go off', 'enter soldier', and the bear in 'exit Antigonus pursued by a bear'. You will note that these parts call for some.....

"H'm, that's all right, old man. Don't be huffy. Anyway you are too valuable to be spared for these parts," said Balan.

I was again gratified. Little things like these please me tremendously.

The matter of the female parts was discussed that night at the club. Achuthan, the Romeo, was frankly disappointed that we didn't get the girls and blamed us for our tactlessness.

I suggested asking his wife to play Juliet.

"If you expect," said Achuthan, "my wife to take part in these things, you are vastly mistaken. It was sheer impertinence on your part to have suggested it. I have half a mind to walk out myself."

He was pacified.

We had no dearth of Juliets. The boys were all keen on it, especially the older ones. They thought it great fun. But there was difficulty about the Nurse's part, especially after I made a thoughtless remark about the Nurse being fat, old and ugly. Everyone gave the part the cold shoulder. They sniffed at it. Balan cornered me and said sotto voce: "You—I have half a mind to make you take the part. You with your remarks about the good looks of the Nurse."

I said: "Remember, you said I was too valuable to be allowed to take mere parts."

We at last secured a Nurse. Vasu signed up. Vasu was young and I had often been jealous of his good looks. That is how these things happen.

"Now, what about Montague and Lady Montague?" Balan faced the chaps again expectantly.

"Just a minute, old horse," said Kumaran. "I thought you said Romeo and Juliet. What have Montague and Chelmsford to do with it?"

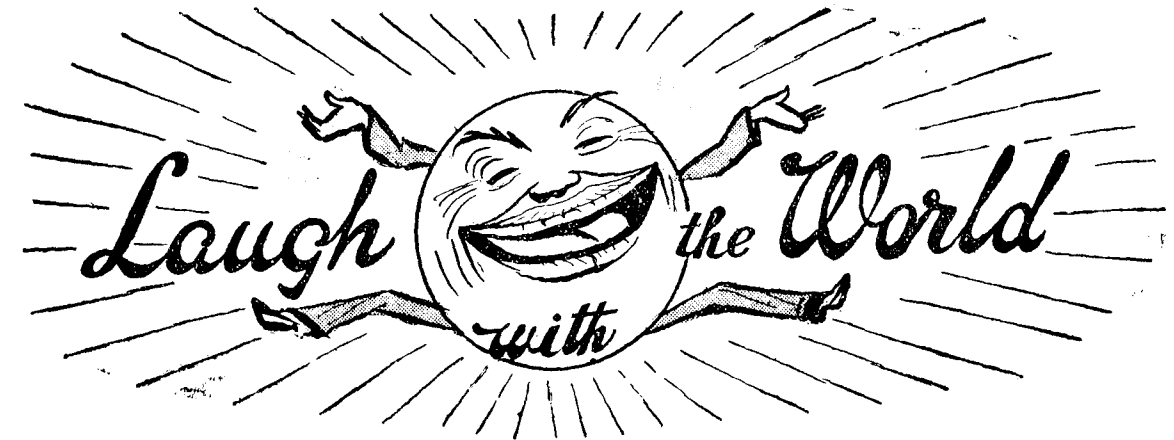
We again explained.

"I take it back," said Kumaran, handsomely.

"I understand. Of course I have read *Romeo and Juliet*. Used to be my class text but you know how one forgets these things."

We managed to sign the cast on. And what a crowd!

THE END



A hard-driving taxi-driver ignored a red signal, threatened the traffic policeman's knees, missed the street island by a hair, and lightly grazed a bus, all in one dash.

The policeman hailed him, then strolled over to the taxi, pulling a big handkerchief from his pocket en route.

"Listen, cowboy!" he growled. "On yer way back I'll drop this and see if you can pick it up with yer teeth." —*Legion Weekly*.

"What terrible crime has this man committed?"

"He has done nothing. He was merely an innocent bystander when Tough Jim tried to kill a man, and we are holding him as a witness."

"And where's Tough Jim?"

"He's out on bail." —*Boston Transcript*.

An Irishman hurried into the public-house and said to the bar-tender:

"A pint before the row starts."

He drank that up.

"Another pint before the row starts."

He drank that half-way.

The bar-tender asked: "What row?"

The Irishman said: "Here. I've no money." —*Answers*.

"Mr. Smith at home?" inquired the stranger.

"Which one, sir? There are two brothers here!"

For a moment the stranger was at a loss for an adequate description; then he had an idea. "The one who has a sister living in Liverpool," he explained.

—*Humorist*.

"Now," said the schoolmaster, "give me a definition of space."

Willie stood up, flustered and red. "Space," he began, "is where there is nothing. I can't explain it exactly, but I have got it in my head all right."

—*Sydney Bulletin*.

When War began, the O. C. of a British station in the heart of Africa received the following wireless message from his superior officer.

"War declared: arrest all enemy aliens in your district."

With commendable promptness the superior officer received this reply:—

"Have arrested seven Germans, three Belgians, two Frenchmen, four Italians, one Austrian and an American, please say with whom we are at war!" —*Tit-Bits*.

A young barrister, newly enrolled, was boring judge and witnesses. Citing case after case in tedious fashion, he so exasperated a businessman that the witness muttered: "Shut up, you young fool!"

The young barrister appealed to the judge: "My Lord, the witness is mumbling insulting remarks about me!"

The judge stiffened and with the ghost of a smile, said sharply: "Don't mumble; don't mumble."

—*Pearson's Weekly*.

"Am I the first man you ever kissed?"

"Why do you boys all ask the same silly question? Of course, you are, darling!"

—*New Yorker*.

Hitler Greets Europa (on the phone)

["There is certainly good reason for Herr Hitler's demand that the League must no longer be irrevocably tied up with the Treaty of Versailles. A broad view is essential."]—*Morning Paper*.

"New Germany hopes that war will disappear as an instrument of policy."—*General Von Blomberg*.

Good morning, Your Ladyship! It's Hitler speaking!
O thanks, very much, Bavaria did me good!
Old bottles?...Yes?...I know...But...who says?...Leaking?
We'll make up...sure...large stores...misunderstood!

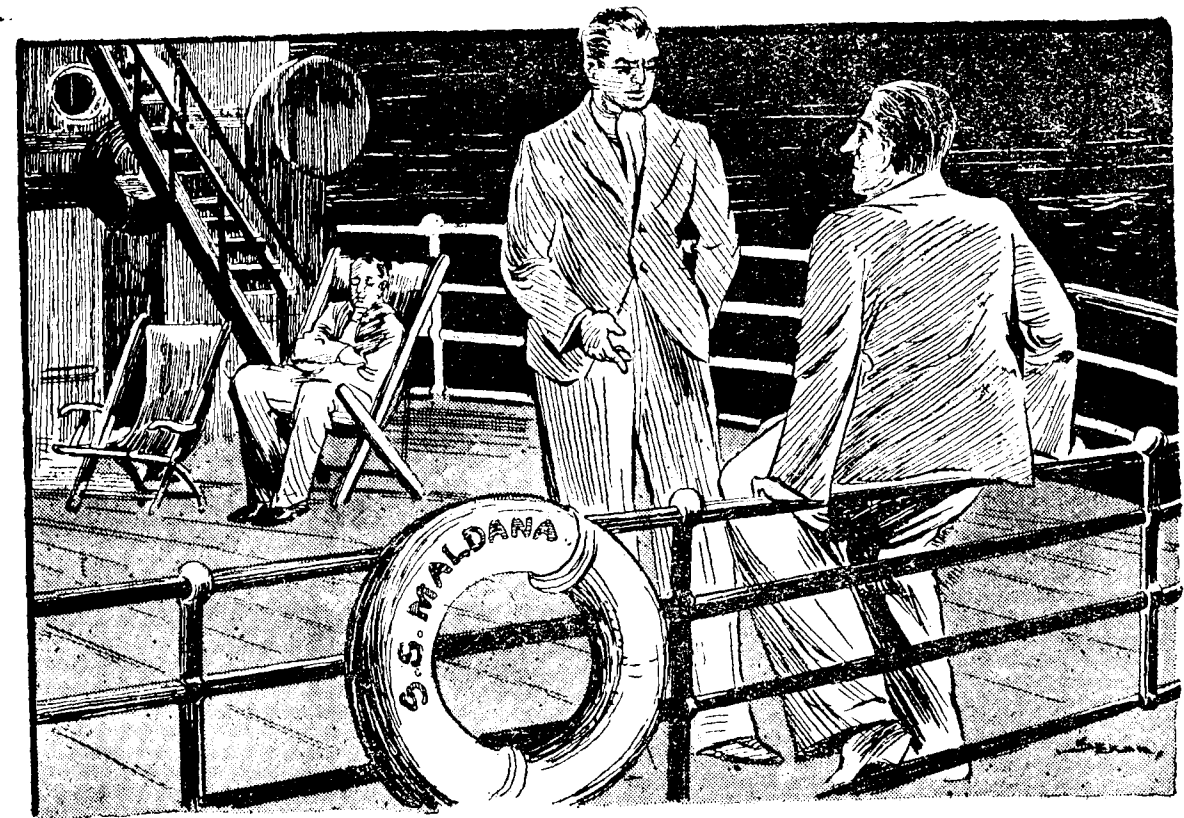
Beg pardon, Ladyship!...But, d'you approve...
This affair between "The Beauty and The Beast"?...
What?...you didn't?...I see!...a stealthy move?...
Japan?...Yes, heard!...I don't bother...about the East...

Business dull!...Just so!...It's overdue!
Versailles cracked!...Too weak!...Fresh German wine!...
Scratch!...Yes, scratch, I said!...but, really, you!
Just, let me explain!...please, a second, hold the line!...

Thanks! Ladyship!...We...are...quite...one at...heart!...
Our requirements same!...Good morning!...may I...now....
part?

(Click)

—G. K. Pillai



So Near,!

by V. T. Neelakantan

Reading Time • About 6 Minutes

UDLEY Newton idly watched the lights of Port Said disappearing one by one, as the land gradually receded into the darkness. His expression suggested that his meditation was of a gloomy nature, but not even the most morbid-minded would have guessed that he was contemplating the possibility of murder.

It seemed absurd to associate such a crime with Newton, whose good humour had made him, by far the most popular of the male passengers. It was rumoured in the Smoking Rooms that after having lost practically every hand, during five hours play, he had remained unperturbed, but it was also admitted that Newton was not usually unlucky; as a rule, good fortune favoured him, as his winnings would testify, and he seemed most fortunate when the stakes involved were higher than usual.

Yes, Newton was lucky at cards. It was fortunate for him that his opponents did not know that his 'luck' was manipulated by his nimble fingers, whose eye-baffling movements dealt him the necessary cards required to beat the highest opposition. While his victims remained ignorant of his art, he preyed on them with a feeling of amused contempt for simplicity.

Yet there was a certain gentleman on board who was aware of his ability to control the pack, and this menace to his security was the object of his black schemes. He trembled at the thought of his method of livelihood being exposed, and dared not dwell on the consequences of his activities.

Newton glanced at his watch.

Midnight: barely three hours since he had seen Crawford climb up the gangway under the glare of

the spitting arc-lamps. Reluctant to believe his own eyes, he had consulted the purser, only to increase his fear of exposure as the identity of the newcomer was confirmed.

The deck was deserted except for two men conversing in deck-chairs, and looking in their direction. Newton discovered to his horror that one of them was Crawford. Unfortunately, his enemy glanced up simultaneously, and as their eyes met, Crawford recognised the other man. Immediately excusing himself, he approached Newton, who retreated into the shadows, but finding escape impossible, greeted Crawford sheepishly.

"Hello, Newton," replied the other.

There was a short silence between them. "Won much?" Crawford asked suddenly.

"What do you mean?" the other queried, simulating bewilderment.

"What do you think?" Crawford's voice was harsh. "You're not travelling for your health. Been playing poker?" he asked.

"Yes—a little," Newton admitted, cautiously.

His companion laughed mirthlessly, and hoisting himself, sat on top of the rails, swaying precariously with each movement of the ship. This seemed to galvanise Newton's brain, for he started violently, staring first at Crawford, then at the swishing water below. Settling himself comfortably, the newcomer addressed Newton more pleasantly.

"Look here, Newton, can 'we do business'?" he asked.

"What sort of business?" Newton knew what was coming, but fought for time, praying that the man in the deck-chair would retire; then it would be simple. A push, and he could send Crawford toppling into the sea, thus ridding himself of the ever-

present danger of betrayal. The idea fascinated him. They were near the stern, so that the drowning man would not be seen by the lookout on the bridge; the thrashing of the propellers would render his shouts useless. He had heard that these waters were infested by sharks—it was all so easy. He edged closer to Crawford.

"I could tell a few things, y'know," the other was saying, "but if I keep quiet, will you make it worth my while?"

"Blackmail?" Newton snarled. "You swine!"

"Swine be damned. Your game is just as rotten. Now, what's your answer?"

Newton remained silent for a while.

"How much?" he asked at last, resignedly.

"Five hundred pounds—cash!"

Newton stepped back a pace, aghast. "Five hundred—pounds!" he ejaculated. "I haven't got that much in the world!"

"Then, win it. You'll pay me before we reach Marseilles, or else—" Crawford left the sentence incomplete, but it was

not difficult to guess the alternative. Trembling with rage, the gambler moved nearer his tormentor.

"I can't win that amount in such a short time," he whined.

"You must."

"Make it two hundred and fifty," Newton begged, still playing for time. "I might be able to get that."

Crawford remained adamant, and Newton, momentarily overcome by anger, moved to push the blackmailer overboard, but before he could execute his intention, he heard a cough. He stopped short, cursing himself. He shivered to think how close he had been to committing murder—with an audience. Why

(Continued on page 20)



Do Women Dress for Men?

by Mea

Reading Time • About 6 Minutes



EXCEPT those Puritans, whom we need not consider, I think most people will agree that it is the duty of a woman to try and look her best at all times and under all circumstances. It is her duty to the world in general, and to the society in which she moves in particular.

Nature does not treat us all equally in the matter of physical beauty, but there are very few of us who have not got some physical attractions, and the wise woman makes the most of whatever her particular assets happen to be.



The culture of physical beauty is older than the wearing of clothes, and through all the ages women have tried not only to make the most of those physical charms, with

which Nature has provided them, but they have also endeavoured, with varying success, to improve on Nature and to make good certain defects when Nature has been unkind.

Among certain African tribes, where prominent lips are considered beautiful, we find women inserting pieces of wood into their lips to make them as prominent as possible.

In China we have the compressed foot, and in Europe we have corsets to ensure the "wasp waist" and to emphasize the beauty of the natural curves. Are there not methods of developing lovely curves and for reducing surplus fat, in order to attain that figure which is considered ideal?

The advertisement columns of almost any paper or magazine are most illuminative on this subject. Again we have artificial hair and teeth to make good the natural articles, when Nature has failed us. Also we remove superfluous hair when Nature has been too generous.

Tattooing and the use of cosmetics are also older than the use of clothes, as aids to Nature.

There is ample evidence to show that clothes were not worn originally from any sense of shame, but in order to decorate the body and emphasize its natural beauty. They were for the adornment of the body and not for the purpose of hiding it.

It is only natural that a woman should like to be admired both by men and by other women. Most women like to think that their appearance is attractive to men in general. Some women want to appear attractive to certain men or to one man in particular.

Women do not dress primarily for men. If they did so, they would dress in quite a different way, regardless of fashions and at very small cost. So also they would endeavour to hide their failings by means of clothes. For example, a woman with good legs would wear short skirts, while her less fortunate sister would cover hers up. The fact that a woman with bad legs will wear a short skirt proves that she would rather be in the fashion than appear pleasing to the opposite sex.

The average man does not know the value of materials; all that matters to him is whether the effect is pleasing or not. To be pleasing to the average man a woman must look first of all feminine, then pretty; her clothes, the dressing of her hair and so on, must all go to enhance her beauty. It is the effect and not the quality or style of clothing that appeals to him.

THE END

SO NEAR,.....!—(Continued from page 18)

couldn't that fool go to bed? He glanced quickly along the deck, but apparently the third man was unsuspecting, for he sat gazing seawards. If he would only turn in—

Here was a murder he could commit a thousand times and never be found out—Crawford was in his power—so near, and yet so far, because of one man who insisted on staying up to some ungodly hour just to admire the view—damn him! He realised that Crawford was speaking.

"I don't intend staying to argue," he was saying. "You can give me your answer tomorrow morning."

With a final nod, he slid off his perch and strolled away, smiling.

In a daze, Newton heard him bidding the other man goodnight, and from the corner of his eye, saw him enter the doorway leading to the cabins.

He glared at the man in the deck-chair. If that idiot had only gone to bed! If—that little word which

A woman will make herself as attractive in the eyes of men as she can, consistently with being in the fashion. She is a slave to fashion and she must be in it even if by doing so she loses most of her natural attractions. Indeed she will risk being even repulsive to men rather than not be in the fashion.

Women know that in the matter of clothes they must expect the greatest criticism from their own sex, and when a woman dresses, it is the opinion of other women that she is thinking about.

Having first satisfied herself that she is smart and in the fashion and sure of the approval, or better still envy, of other women, she can then endeavour to make herself appear attractive to the male, but it is clear that it is the opinion of her own sex that counts.

Her jewellery, her dyed hair, her lipstick, her powder and paint and other little aids to beauty, may be for men, but her clothes are for women. If they happen to be pleasing to men at the same time, so much the better. If they happen to be repulsive to men, it is unfortunate but it cannot be helped; she will wear them all the same, and this proves that she does not dress for men.

[Thank goodness she doesn't!—Ed.]

THE END

is the fulcrum on which great issues balance—if.

Deciding that nothing could be gained by remaining on deck, he strode over to the door and was about to enter when the man in the chair hailed him:

"Steward!"

Newton stopped dead in his tracks,

"Do you mean me?" he asked, his anger rising to still further heights.

"Yes. Aren't you the deck steward?" the man asked.

"No. Do I look like one?"

"I beg your pardon," the other replied. "You see—I'm blind."

THE END

Vasu Goes Racing!

Reading Time

About 7 Minutes

by Zorawar

OF late I have not felt too well. I was off my food, and every time I licked a postage stamp I became bilious through over-eating. At first I thought I was sickening for something like girls or beer. I was not sure.

So I went to see my doctor about it and (being rather thin) as I walked in, he mistook me for a draught and told his man-servant to shut the door. He pulled out my tongue, looked at it, said 'Holy Smoke!' and then pushed it back again. I don't think he liked it.

Then he started punching me in the back. He kneaded me more than I needed him. He kept punching and asking if it hurt until I said it did, and then he seemed eminently satisfied. I don't wish Joe Louis any harm, but if some fight-promoter would fix up a bout between my doctor and the American boxer, it would be a labour of glove worth watching. My doctor asked me if I had been leading a gay life of late; and of course I had to tell him the truth. I told him I had been doing a bit of fretwork, that I played

dominoes every Wednesday night, and that one night I stayed out after nine o'clock!

This naturally shocked him. He had no idea I was a bit of a lad. What he would have said if he had known that I also collected cigarette coupons, I shudder to think. Indeed all this happened a week ago and I am still behind with my shudders, so that I shall probably have to take a week off and work off all the

surplus shudders remaining in the system. He told me to give up my bad habits.

It appears that all my nerves are going to bits and as it is no joke to have your nerves tied up with odd bits of string to keep them together, I felt it advisable to take the doctor's advice. I had been told to spend as much time in the fresh air as possible, and to breathe all the ozone I could get. Ozone (if you don't know) is the stuff they mix up with the air in order to put a good head on it.

Then just when I was on the road to recovery I had a relapse. I met with an accident. Perhaps I didn't meet it but I saw it coming up the garden-path. It was that doddering, interfering, old ass Vasu, the delightfully charming fellow who can always see the bright side of another man's misfortunes. As soon as I saw him I realised he was getting stout. Not just ordinarily stout, but fat, indisputably and undeniably fat, beyond the peradventure of a doubt. All his clothes seemed to fit him too late, and he had a terrace of extra chins that looked like the steps of a church.

"Good morning, old yegg," he shouted as he reached the door.

"Sorry," I snapped, "but we have no old clothes or bottles to give away. So please go away."

But he didn't. He simply walked in and I hoped he would get wedged in the doorway but there was no such luck.

"Well, you do look ill," said this cheerful idiot, and



then went on to remind me that my wife never would look well in widow's weeds.

"I've got an idea," he continued, but I stopped him at once. As soon as he mentioned his idea I seized the ruler and poised it well over him.

"Vasu," I said, "your ideas are always about as useful as a footwarmer for Old Nick. So cork it up."

I begged him to fade away while he had his health and strength.

"It's, like this," he went on, unheeding my remarks. "You want a good day in the fresh open air. Tomorrow we will motor to Guindy Races. I've had 'Shaky' overhauled, and she runs beautifully." ('Shaky' was Vasu's car. We had named her so, because—will she deserved the name.)

There was no getting out of it. It is easier for a camel to jump through the eye of a needle in a haystack than it is to go against Vasu once he is on the war-path. The next morning I heard a clatter outside. It sounded a mixture of a bear munching glass and the opening of a new tin-shop in the vicinity.

That was Vasu with 'Shaky', his two-seater. They were evidently quarrelling one with the other, for I saw that Vasu had the bonnet open and he was bending over and fiddling about with her intestines. Then he raised a spanner as much as to say that if there were any more back answers, then 'Shaky' would get it where the bottle got the stopper in the throttle.

I went out and patted 'Shaky' on the bonnet and, asking her to be good, got in.

Then Vasu got in and squeezed me out. It was easy to see that there wasn't room for both of us inside. 'Shaky' was one of those little two-seaters that won't leak unless they are carried upright in the pocket. Vasu had it made to measure before he put on

weight and now he finds her a bit tight under the arms.

At last we reached the course.

Vasu being a cautious man suggested that he should carry my money for safety's sake, because he had a secret pocket and he'd like to see the race-course thief who could rob him. I handed him my wallet. We entered the enclosure after paying a fiver each and a man started shouting at us that he would take ten to one 'Bahadur'. And judging by the look on his face he would have taken anything within reach. Vasu and that man were apparently pals. They embraced each other and rubbed their noses. Then we stood up to watch the races. My turban seemed to annoy the man behind so he flicked it off. I didn't say anything to him because we hadn't been introduced, besides which he was annoyed with Vasu who was so stout that he was blocking the view of quite a crowd. A man wanted to know what I meant by bringing the Ripon Buildings with me.

Vasu made a little speech to them and the next I saw of him he was getting up.

We both then went to Vasu's friend, the bookie, to lose a tennér. "Excuse me," said the bookie to Vasu, "just hold this satchel, old man, while I go and have one. Take any offers that come along. Here are the offers on each horse. I will be back in a jiffy." I was about to protest when Vasu cut me short and said: "Come on lad, let's be a bookie for once in our lives. It would be fun, won't it?"

Presently the first race was over and several men rushed to Vasu.

"Three to one 'Singapore' evens. 'Bright Eyes' four to—" went on Vasu.

"Never mind," said the crowd. "You

(Continued on page 24)



The whole mob fell upon us

This Budget Business

by Jan

Reading Time • About 7 Minutes

NOW that the proposals for the 1936 Budget of the Government of India have been published and digested and discussed and finally disposed of, it would, I'm sure, not be out of place for us to indulge in a short dispassionate discussion on budgets generally. This last Budget of ours, thanks to our Finance Minister (may his tribe increase), has been a wee bit brighter than some of its immediate predecessors. It has afforded the public some very timely relief in the matter of Income-Tax and Postal Rates, but then this is about all it has done. The duties on spirits and cigarettes and camphor and common salt, and other necessities of life—and death—still stand at practically their previous levels, the Army has still to be fed and clothed, and the Quetta card-houses have to be reconstructed.

Now then, before I am misunderstood, let me tell you that I have no intention whatever of railing against any particular Party. Nothing is farther away from my mind in this little discussion than the launching out of anything like a systematic campaign against the balancers of budgets. I have the greatest respect for the caretakers of the country's coffers. My only grouse against them is that they have too great a respect for the old-fashioned and out-of-date budget-balancing methods of their grand sires. They fail to realise that we are now living in an advanced and progressive age, and that advanced and progressive methods are required in this budget business. The days of indiscriminate taxation are gone, or should be. Taxes are a bar to progress; moreover, they defeat the very purpose they are intended to serve. Our financiers however have yet to realise this, but will they ever?

Take whisky. Oh no, I'm not inviting you to a drink—not by a long shot. May be I would if the price of a peg was not so prohibitive as it actually is. I say, take the case of whisky. There seems to be an ingrained belief among our budget-balancers that whenever there happens to be a budget deficit, whisky among other things must necessarily be called upon to fill the breach. This state of affairs, let me assure you, cannot go on for ever, and the time is not far off

when our financial experts will realise the fallacy of their methods.

Whisky is after all the elixir of life. It is one of those magic mixtures that can be counted upon to achieve anything from firing with courage a henpecked husband, to subduing to slumber a self-opinionated step-mother. In sickness or sorrow, in trouble or pain, it is to whisky that man instinctively turns. You lose your widowed mother-in-law or a superannuated maiden-aunt and take a liberal draught of the stuff, and you feel refreshed and consoled. Put yourself outside a tumblerful of whisky and there are few things that you will not be able to do. You can sing like Caruso or caper like a clown in a class circus. You can speak like the devil and dance like—well, like anything. Whisky, all things considered, braces up the body and brightens the brain, and makes men MEN. And now with this unreasonable and ever-increasing duty on spirits, the stuff will soon be inaccessible to the majority of men, and what then? Well, think!

Another commonplace in modern budget-balancing is the tendency to levy increasingly heavy duties on tobacco—a suicidal tendency, let me tell you. Smoking, it is commonly—nay universally—agreed, is one of the most effective stimulants to thought. Take away the cigarette and the cigar and the pipe and the *hookah*, and the link which Darwin missed will at long last be found—mankind will once more be reduced to the level of unthinking beasts. It is stated on reliable authority that a few months ago the price of tobacco had soared so high in Italy due to the heavy duties levied on it, that several notables in the land, among them Signor Benito Mussolini himself, had given up smoking. So there you have in a nutshell the main cause of the Italo-Abyssinian flare-up. A little right thinking on the part of the Duce might perhaps have saved Italy from the abyss in which it is now plunged. Think what a world of difference one little cigarette might have made in the destinies of that nation. Very probably the Kaiser was in a similar predicament when he conceived the quixotic idea of breakfasting in Paris and dining in London

one fine day in August in the year of grace One, Thousand Nine Hundred and Fourteen.

But this is not all the harm that the balancers of our budgets have brought on the world by their short-sighted policy. To what, I ask, can we attribute this modern trend towards nudism that is slowly but surely getting the entire world in its grip? Health and Hygiene—bosh! Think again. Take a cigarette and think. Ah, that is it—to the excessive and unreasonable duties on textiles and wearing apparel. The disease came on very slowly—most deadly diseases do. Men—I mean women—had to come to some sort of compromise between the fast mounting prices of dressing material and the serious shrinkage in their husbands' incomes. The solution was obvious enough: First came short sleeves, then sleevelessness, then abbreviated skirts, then bare backs, then closely-fitting and clinging gowns, and now, Holy Moses!—a sight to make even Father Adam blush.

So there you are. Half the world's ills and more can be traced back to our quasi-balanced budgets. Something surely must be done to remedy this state of affairs and save the ship before it is too late. My advice is, abolish the excise on wine and whisky and tobacco, and do away with the duty on fabrics. Relegate all taxes to the oblivion to which they rightly belong and begin afresh on lines better calculated to meet modern conditions.

And then—I nearly forgot—there's the Income Tax. Could human ingenuity devise a more unfailing means of killing the goose that lays the golden eggs? Our financial experts talk of business slumps and trade depressions, and in the same breath they call for surcharges and super-taxes on our incomes. Can't they see that it is their taxes more than anything else which are cramping business, choking industry and private enterprise, and delaying trade recovery. Scrap the Income Tax, give every man a chance of making as much money as he likes without fear of having to pay out a goodly part of his hard-earned gains into the coffers of the State, and then watch business go up once more like a bouncing India-rubber ball. Income Tax is, moreover, by its very nature, unfair. It sets a premium on idleness and indolence and demands a penalty from the honest and diligent worker. Now, if we are to preserve even a semblance of fair play in our budget, this tax must be the first to be favoured with our attention. A bold red line right across it is the least we can do and the sooner it is done the better.

And now, the question that will very naturally rise to your lips will be: "If all these fruitful sources of revenue are to be abolished, how will Government support itself?" Easy. Government could support itself in several ways. For one thing, how would a monthly State Lottery do? The public response to a State Lottery will, I feel certain, be wonderful. People like to get some sort of material return for their money and the crores of rupees that would pour in would put the finances of the State in an unprecedentedly sound position. The indirect benefits that would accrue from this system must also not be lost sight of. More money would mean more men to count it, and the surplus unemployed of the country will soon be absorbed. In all probability the revenue resulting from this system will so far exceed the State expenditure as to leave Government no alternative but to declare an annual dividend or bonus. The ideal state of government will thus at long last have been reached, and Everyman and his wife and child will be happy.

THE END

VASU GOES RACING—(Continued from page 22)

pay up ten to one 'Bahadur'. Pay up. We want our money!" they yelled, brandishing a forest of betting cards.

Vasu tried to explain that the man would be back later and that he was quite a stranger, temporarily helping the bookie.

Then somebody shouted "Thief!" and the whole mob fell upon us. They wanted to collect little souvenirs from us in the shape of arms and legs. We eventually escaped and managed to get away in 'Shaky'. If any person found a left ear on the course that day it belongs to me. On the way I said to Vasu that if ever he suggested another day out, I would murder him in cold blood. On reaching home Vasu said 'Shaky' did thirty-five miles to the gallon, but believe me, on that journey home, I did twenty thousand words to the gallon and they were all addressed to Vasu.

THE END

Smoking—

by T. N. Viswanathan

Reading Time • About 4 Minutes

AN authentic version of the history of cigarettes is not available. The folios are innumerable, the interpretations diverse and the records obscure. Much has been talked about and written on the subject, but little which touches the heart of the matter.

This elixir of human existence gives a final touch to a modern hall-mark, so to speak. Modern civilisation is essentially one of smokiness. The factories smoke, the steam engines smoke, the mills smoke, the the automobiles smoke from their behind—in brief everything modern smokes. No wonder modern men and women smoke, too. The cigarette is the supreme savoury in the menu of our civilisation.

Moreover, the cigarette is the outer symbol of the principles of 'Equality', 'Fraternity', and 'Liberty'—the darling mottos of the French Revolution. It is no respecter of persons—the high and the low alike inhale and puff out philosophical clouds of smoke. It breeds the right sense of equality, because the Prime Minister would not mind borrowing a matchstick from a poor artisan on the countryside. All great people smoke—financial magnates, ministers, members of Parliament and men of letters. Sherlock Holmes smoked scientifically and systematically and found a solution to many knotty problems in the blue clouds from his pipe. True, Mahatma Gandhi does not smoke; and is yet a great man. But exceptions prove the rule; and who knows but that Mahatma Gandhi might have been greater had he smoked!

Personally, the sight of the charming yellow coloured box—my favourite brand—overcomes the

inertia inherent in me. The magical word *Virginia* is rich with romance. It reminds me of that Golden Age in English Literature and of the Virgin Queen. The pompous magnificence of the Court, of the Maiden Queen with its innumerable Earls, flash before me. Visions of the Earl of Leicester, the Earl of Sussex, the Earl of Essex, and of the romantic and handsome courtier, Sir Walter Raleigh—the father of this earthly ambrosia—come surging to my mind. I think of the great dramatist, who knew 'little Latin and less Greek' and who in spite of that produced masterpieces, today three hundred and odd years old, yet is as young as fresh-laid eggs!

In spite of the uniform and universal popularity enjoyed by this offspring of Sir Walter Raleigh's curiosity, there is still a small section of people, which cries against this vicious (!) habit. Vicious—they call it! You can see them in front of you in tramcars, buses and railway compartments, cover-

ing their noses with handkerchiefs. As if this thin, fragrant odour were mustard gas! I pity them and mutter within myself: "Father, forgive them—for they know not what they do, nor what they hate."

The days of schoolmaster tyranny are gone. 'Spare the rod and spoil the child' is no longer the favourite maxim of schoolmasters and college professors. No longer do they confiscate the secret store; but 'spare the rod and share the spoil'. This transformation is to a great extent due to a wide diffusion of the smoking habit.

On one occasion a certain absent-minded professor of ours wrote on the black-board for full five minutes

(Continued on page 30)



A Svelte And

(For Gentlemen Only)

Reading Time • About 6 Minutes

[Winner, International Bathing Bull Contest 1921-34, Mr. America 1935, Runner-up in the Lovely Ankles Knock-out Tournament at Blackpool. Also holds the Festival Award of the Zoologists of Budapest for Distinguished and Symmetrical Thigh Development. That is what the author claims for himself, and we believe him—Ed.]

FOR the benefit of my millions of giggling admirers I have been asked to pen this little treatise on figure development. I should say at the outset that it is a usefully neglected science. Whatever little attention is paid it is monopolised by women. Men appear to radically despise it. They have cultivated a preconceived notion that beauty is effeminate. They turn up their noses when lovely necks are mentioned. They write odes about the universe and prussic acid but sniff when you glamourize a knee.

A prejudice like this is beyond my comprehension. If poets can dilate on rosy cheeks and flaxon curls, why, why should they overlook the claims of a gentleman's bicep? Is this a reflection upon my bicep? Let me inform you, sir, that the bun-makers association of Philadelphia considered my wrist a definite inspira-



tion. The secretary in reading out his annual report remarked.

(Here leave out the secretary's annual report which concerns itself mainly with the insufficiency of lunch at the bi-ennial convention.)

Thanks to my efforts matters are beginning to change.

People are realizing the commercial and artistic values of a well-developed form. International societies are being organized to stimulate the cause of masculine beauty culture. Competitions are held and scholarships awarded. Fake hair creams for the complexion have been shoved upon the market. A man with a good figure can be assured of a living and the matter does not merely confine itself to posing for insolvent artists. It has been estimated that the dimples on my back are responsible for ten per cent of the tourist population at Stockton-on-the-Broke. Under section L×P 2142 (subdivision Q) of the Revenue Act this entitles me to a total of 21365 farthing per head. Which in turn (thanks to mathematical tables and discreet bribing of the head clerk in the recording office) leads to an annuity of fifteen thousand pounds.

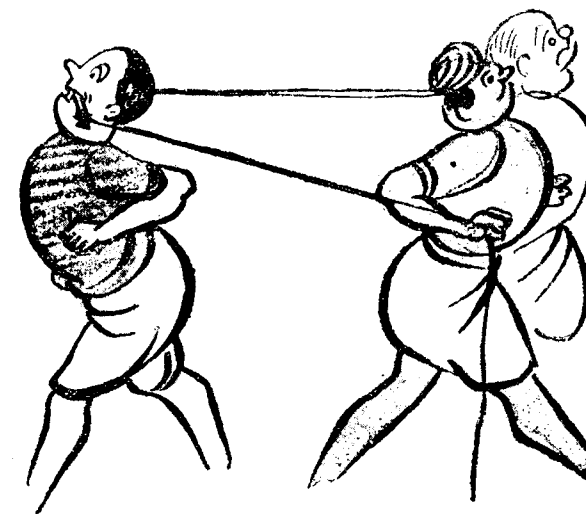
All of which proves that a good body can be a lucrative as well as an artistic acquisition.

I have subjected the development of figure to the most rigid, scientific analysis and deduced both logical and inevitable results. My methods are unspectacular but they are built on a basis of reason. They guarantee nothing sensational but provide for consistent improvement. The seal presses slowly upon the wax, but the impression produced is all the better for the care exercised in its execution.

To cite one example there is the leathery weather-beaten effect. There is a great deal of discussion as to how it is produced. Quite a few magazines have recommended sand. It is an absurd and idiotic lie backed by commercial tradesmen for the benefit of a

Delicious Figure

by P. S. Arlington



gullible humanity. There is one and only one compound that can yield the desired result—a mixture of boot polish and carborundum ground to a fine consistency and rubbed into the face in the direction of Uarnus. The substitution of mud for carborandum may be cheaper but the economy is only apparent. Instead of gaining the delightful softness of an Egyptian crocodile you must be content with the horny scales of a Malayan alligator. The one is aristocratic—the other is ridiculous.

And then there are the steely-grey eyes of the born adventurer. These, when you know how, are extremely easy to achieve. Just stand on your head, sing in Russian to the parrot and eat a raw tomato five and a quarter minutes after breakfast. If you don't have steely grey eyes within a week, I'll eat a non-existent hat.

People would like to know about the turned-down mouth, the type which indicates flair, sophistication, cynicism, chic etc. Stick in a couple of pegs on either corner of the mouth. Attach two long ropes with a sovereign at either extremity. Give one rope to your grocer, the other to your landlord (or anyone else to whom you are in debt). Then walk in the opposite direction.

The shape of the head can be controlled by introducing water into the brain (which, as it is already composed of mud, will easily dissolve) boiling and allowing to solidify in a convenient mould. Repeated

crystallisation like this helps to stimulate the intellectual powers.

To form the bulldog jaw for which the Britisher is famous, pull a steam roller across the railway bridge six times a day with your grinders.

Many people bewail their inability to sprout a moustache. It is an extremely simple business and an essential adjunct to charm. A moustache is like a plant. Its growth depends upon the soil. Now as you have doubtless heard a project was recently completed at Mettur with the aid of which a tidy bit of desert was turned into land fit for agriculture. Applying this principle to the upper lip we come to interesting conclusions.

- A dam should be built for the conservation of perspiration in the area of the proposed moustache.
- The reservoir must be completely covered to prevent escape by evaporation. A glass roof is preferable because of the partiality of plants for sunlight.
- Adequate ventilation must be provided.
- A mixture of my special 'moustache concoction' (for the nourishment and conservation of incipient hairs) should be introduced three times a day.

And now for the health aspect of the moustache. A plant, as you all know, gives off carbon dioxide. The release of a dangerous gas like this in the vicinity of the nostrils will lead to disastrous complications. As a matter of fact 90% of the so called common colds are due to the neglect of this elementary phenomenon.

The most obvious course under the circumstances is to remove the moustache. But I, with my customary ingenuity, have found a better method. Simply add to your face at lighting-up time Stetson's Patent Gas Absorber. It is a neat rectangular box embossed with filigree and an acquisition to any face. Using a clever system of chemical reactions the carbon dioxide is forced to combine. Oxygen is instead released which, as you all know, is a beneficial, life-giving, rejuvenating gas.

That, I believe, completes my Survey of the face. Other aspects will be considered in the due course of events. For the present I bid you goodbye.

THE END



New Year Resolutions

by H. V. Collett

Reading Time • About 8 Minutes

“NOW remember Henry,” boomed Mrs. Snips, shaking a finger at the nervous Mr. Snips, “no smoking, no football competitions, and no being ‘late at the office on business’.”

“Certainly not, my dear,” remarked Mr. Snips, blinking rapidly behind his spectacles. “I wouldn’t think of doing it after making New Year Resolutions. I—”

“Well, see you don’t,” remarked Mrs. Snips, grimly. “Goodbye.” She enveloped Mr. Snips in her arms and placed a kiss on his forehead. His hat fell off and he stooped to retrieve it.

“Hurry up! Hurry up!” said Mrs. Snips impatiently, “or you’ll miss your train.”

Mr. Snips stuck his hat on his head and dashed out of the door. He had only a few minutes to catch his train. He broke into a trot. He arrived panting and perspiring on the station just in time, and had barely ensconced himself in a third-class compartment when the train began to move.

He adjusted his hat and straightened his spectacles and glanced nervously round the compartment. There were only three people in it besides himself.

An old lady up from the country, judging from her clothes, sat in a corner gazing out of the window. Near him sat a large workman drawing morosely at a pipe, and beyond him a young lady who might have been a typist.

The smoke from the workman’s pipe curled gently round Mr. Snips’ nostrils. He breathed deeply. For two days now he had not touched tobacco and the strain was beginning to tell on him.

He leaned forward a little to bring his nose into contact with a small cloud of smoke that was drifting by, and inhaled deeply. He glanced nervously round to see if he had been observed, and caught the navvy’s eye on him. He blushed furiously and coughed, and leaning back he opened his paper and buried himself behind it.

“‘Ave a fill?”

He became aware of the navvy leaning towards him, a well-used pouch depending from his thick, blunt fingers.

“H’m—ah—er, no—thanks, thanks very much,” stuttered Mr. Snips, going hot and cold all over. “It’s very, very kind of you but—ah—you see I have made a New Year Resolution not to smoke. Of course,” he added hastily, “I like smoking, always did. What I mean to say is—”

“That’s orlright,” grunted the navvy, returning the pouch to his pocket and resuming his former silence.

Mr. Snips sat in uncomfortable silence. He picked up the paper and hid himself behind it. He hoped the man would not think him silly. Ridiculous of him to have leant forward like that to smell the smoke. But dash it all, two days was a long time in which to go without a smoke. And besides, why should he go without a smoke? That’s what he wanted to know. After all who the deuce was the fellow who had introduced this custom of New Year Resolutions? Possibly some dashed Abbot or other some centuries back in order to get the monks to refrain from indulging themselves too much, and and so save the money and victuals. Personally he thought that too much importance was attached to this puerile custom. For himself he didn’t believe in it. He—

His reflections were cut short by the navvy.

“Funny things New Year Reserlooshins,” he remarked, shaking his head sagely from side to side, as one who had given thought to the matter.

Mr. Snips looked up quickly. The workman was already raising his pipe to his lips, and was on the point of sinking back into his reverie. Mr. Snips leant across and spoke hastily.

“You are right; quite right,” he said earnestly. “They *are* funny things. And what I should like to know is, who was responsible for introducing them, eh?”

“Oo indeed!” replied the navvy.

“I will tell you,” replied Mr. Snips with heat. “I will tell you. He was a man who had no bowels of pity. He was a man without any of the milk of human kindness, or if he had any at all, it must have curdled. What is more, he should be publicly execrated instead of made a hero of. He should be burnt in effigy,” shouted Mr. Snips, appalled at his own words.

“Wot I’ve always said, too,” remarked his burly listener, meditatively.

“Yes, burnt in effigy,” said Mr. Snips, but in a slightly lower tone. He had seen the girl on the side looking at him, and her stare was a little peculiar.

There was a short silence.

“He will have a lot to answer for,” said Mr. Snips gravely, shaking his head. “Yes, a lot to answer for.”

“Ah.”

Mr. Snips leant back and considered the problem, what time his companion puffed slowly at his pipe, his eyes fixed thoughtfully on a spot just below the luggage rack overhead. The train thundered on.

“What would you do,” appealed Mr. Snips suddenly, turning to his companion, “if you had made a New Year Resolution not to smoke? If, for instance, you had to do without your pipe?”

“Oo, me?” inquired the workman in surprise. It was plain that Mr. Snips’ question had taken him off his guard. It was obviously one that he had not anticipated, and had certainly not reckoned on answering.

“Well, I’d—. You mean me?” he said again. It was apparent that he wanted to get this matter straight.

“Yes, you. What would you do, supposing you had made a New Year Resolution to give up smoking?”

“I’d never do such a thing,” remarked the navvy, with dignity. He seemed quite offended at the question. It was plain that he regarded it as being in questionable taste.

“Yes, but supposing, just supposing, you *had* made such a resolution, what would you do then?” persisted Mr. Snips.

“But I ‘aven’t,” declared his listener. “Why, I never ‘eard of such a thing. Besides ‘oo’d ask me?” he asked as an after-thought. “‘Ood ask me to do such a thing?”

"I don't know," said Mr. Snips, blankly.

"Ah. There ye are then! Tell me that, and I'd tell you what I'd do."

"Supposing, I had asked you," said Mr. Snips with sudden inspiration. "Supposing I had asked you to make a New Year Resolution to give up smoking, and you had done so. What would you do then?"

"Ho, and 'oo are you may I arsk?" replied the workman with heavy sarcasm. "'Oo are you to arsk me to give up tobaccor?"

Mr. Snips waved his hands in deprecation and annoyance. Here he was waiting for an answer to this vital question from this son of toil beside him, and all he did was ask silly questions in return.

"Never mind who I am. Supposing I had asked you to give up tobacco?"

"Why, I'd say you was barmy," returned the workman decisively. "Ah, barmy as barmy," he added to make his meaning clear.

"Why should I be—er—barmy?" inquired Mr. Snips, with pardonable surprise. "Surely I can ask you to make a New Year Resolution?"

"No, yer can't. You don't know me."

"Well, er—of course there's that," said Mr. Snips, a little lamely.

"O' course there is; it's wot I beeu tellin' yer," said the other triumphantly. "'Ere," he said, merciful in his triumph, "'ave a fill," and once more he held his pouch out to Mr. Snips.

"But how can I?" wailed Mr. Snips in anguish. "Don't I keep telling you, I've made a New Year Resolution not to smoke?"

"That's orlright, no one ever keeps them reserloo-shins," said the man indulgently, shaking the pouch under Mr. Snips' nose.

"You mean you wouldn't keep one if you had made it?"

"Course not. I'd be a fool and no mistake. The chaps wuld larf if they ever 'eard of me doing such a thing."

At last the precious information for which he had sought so diligently was his. Mr. Snips leaned back with a sigh. He became aware of the pouch before him, and he felt his scruples beginning to fade.

"But I haven't a pipe," he exclaimed, his eyes on the pouch.

"That's orlright, I always carries a spare one," replied the other easily, and reaching into an inner pocket produced the brother of the pipe he was smoking.

For a moment Mr. Snips wavered. How far the appearance of the pipe was to blame for this can never be known, but he wavered.

He thought of his wife Martha and what she would say if she came to hear of it, and now that he came to think the matter over, he discovered it was Martha who was chiefly responsible for getting him to make the resolution. Just like a woman, he thought bitterly.

And then he looked at the pouch, and from that to the pipe. It didn't seem such a bad pipe now that he examined it closely. A sudden surge of longing overcame him.

"Give me that pipe!" he said, reaching out and taking it, and beginning to cram tobacco into the bowl. The navvy held a match, an indulgent smile on his homely features.

"Take it easy," he advised, as Mr. Snips puffed luxuriously.

Mr. Snips leant back and expelled a cloud of smoke ceilingwards.

"Ah!" he said peacefully.

THE END

SMOKING —(Continued from page 25)

with a cigarette, thinking that he was using a piece of chalk. When he discovered the mistake, he was so tickled with the ludicrousness of his bloomer that, instead of lecturing us on the philosophy of Browning, he switched on to a discourse on smoking.

To the hearts of rich and poor alike, for the wounds that will never heal, and for the pangs of grief that 'tempt the spirit to rebel' the cigarette is an assuaging balm.

Kipling's 'soldier' after serious deliberation came to the sensible and philosophic conclusion that "a woman is only a woman, but a good cigar's a smoke!"

And I would reverently add: "O Cigarette! none but thou shalt be my paramour."

THE END

Rain! Rain!—

by Mariann

Reading Time • About 5 Minutes



A glance at your calendar, or if you haven't one yourself, a peep at you neighbour's almanac, will tell you that the monsoon will soon be starting its work. If you gaze up into the sky, you will discover that the horizon is slowly but surely darkening with huge, black clouds. (Note: Please do the gazing in a quiet country spot, and not in the middle of a busy city street. There is every danger of an automobile or other vehicular projectile barging into your trousers seat and giving you quite a disgusting pain.)

Now that the monsoon is upon us—or very nearly—what are you going to do about it? I will tell you. If you care to, you may listen. If not, please do not bang the door as you go out.

My first question is: "Are you prepared for the rainy season? Have you got an umbrella?" If you haven't got an umbrella, you must buy one. You

can do this at any shop, but please make certain it is an umbrella shop. Owing to stringent trade union regulations, umbrellas cannot be sold either at book shops or at the jeweller's. It is not very difficult to discover which shops sell umbrellas and which do not, and a man of average intelligence and observation can spot the correct place at a distance of five or even more yards, even though he may never have had a Pelmanism lesson all his life.

When you have once entered the shop, you must ask in a refinedly modulated tone of voice that you would like to be shown a—ahem—a few umbrellas. The attendant will have already divined your intention by virtue of some occult power or other which all shop attendants seem to possess, and will ask you in a voice more refinedly modulated than yours to 'step this way please'.

He will then commence showing you quite a number of umbrellas. There will be fat umbrellas, lean umbrellas, silk umbrellas, corduroy umbrellas, Buff Orpingtons, and extra-special-hard-wearing-patent-processed-water-proofs. You will be allowed to make your own choice, save only that if you asked for Buff Orpingtons you will be quietly but firmly pushed out of the shop. Buff Orpingtons are really a variety of poultry, and I mentioned them in this list out of sheer cussedness. I don't like Buff Orpingtons.

Ordinarily, one umbrella is sufficient for the purpose of protecting your person against the rain, but you will be told by the suave shop assistant that a considerable discount (often as much as one-half per cent) is allowed to purchasers in bulk. You may therefore buy a few dozen, because it is always a wise

policy to be economical, and besides you never know when your umbrella gets stolen or elopes or something so that it is wise to keep a few in spare.

It used to be believed (and by quite intelligent people too) that umbrellas had only one use: that of keeping rain off the person of the user. But subsequent research by a famous Bengal scientist has proved this view entirely without foundation. Umbrellas can be used in a number of other ways as well, by the initiated. Open, and held upside down, it serves as an excellent receptacle for things thrown from the third floor window. Closed and folded, it can be used as a weapon of offence; the ferruled end, when thrust into the eye of the opponent having disastrous effects. The cover may be painted in striking colours and used for advertisement purposes. Don Juans may make their exit hurriedly and safely out of the fifth storey window by opening an umbrella and holding it parachute-fashion, if surprised by the irate husband. The crook of the umbrella handle may, if occasion occurs, be thrown round the neck of a hastily disappearing pick-pocket, and his arrest brought about with dispatch and certainty. That was how I got nabbed once—but we won't go into that. And last though by no means the least, the tassle



may be pressed into service as a moustache when you intend to impersonate a Viking at a fancy dress ball.

During the rains, outdoor games are impossible, and in order to while away the long hours of monsoon days you may indulge in some indoor game. Cards



must be severely left alone, because that sort of thing always leads to blows and broken furniture. You may play quoits or dominoes or any of the other familiar indoor games, but I think the game I suggest below will be found to be of more interest.

I have called this game T. N. T., but you may give it any other name you like, always bearing in mind that there are ladies present. Any number of players can play at it. The players are divided into two equal groups, but if owing to an odd number of participants, this is not possible, one of the players to be selected by ballot may be kicked out. (Note: This operation must be performed by a qualified goalie after a mild administration of chloroform, otherwise much unpleasantness may result.) One of the sides then goes out of the room and the other smokes cigarettes provided by the host. Nothing happens for six hours and if in the meantime, some of the players are hungry and want to go home, they may be allowed to do so after paying a fine (sum to be determined by the host) to the host. This game is considered as absolutely necessary for any well conducted party, and it helps the host afterwards to meet his bills with more good cheer.

THE END

The Monstrous Marquise

by Diana Don

Reading Time • About 7 Minutes

MADELEINE d'Offemont was the daughter of the Civil Lieutenant of the City of Paris. In 1650, at the age of twenty-one, she married the Marquis de Brinvilliers.

Madeleine was small and dainty. She resembled a pretty doll, with pink cheeks, wavy brown hair, and china-blue eyes. This delicate exterior concealed a formidable personality. For all the sweetness and timidity of her appearance, Madeleine possessed indomitable courage and a ruthless spirit. In her life she paid scrupulous respect to the forms of religion, and preserved an air of gentle childishness, while pursuing a course of horrible crime.

The marriage-settlement of the Marquis and Marquise provided a contribution of forty thousand livres from each of the two families. But the Marquis was a gambler, and was soon neglecting his wife and dissipating his fortune.

Madeleine had no intention of permitting her husband to squander the dowry. She sought the assistance of Captain Sainte-Croix, one of her husband's gambling-associates. At her instigation, Sainte-Croix arranged legal proceedings for the partition of the dowry, whereby the Marquise was granted her portion for her own use.

As promised, Madeleine rewarded Sainte-Croix by making him her lover. The husband was indifferent; but owing to the publicity of the court-proceedings, all Paris knew the story. The Lieutenant of the City was horrified at his daughter's disgrace. He threw Sainte-Croix into the Bastille.

In the dungeons of that gloomy fortress, Sainte-Croix was associated with an Italian, a professional poisoner. Sainte-Croix taught the Italian how to cheat at cards, while the Italian taught Sainte-Croix how to poison people.

The Marquise de Brinvilliers was deeply interested in her lover's new accomplishment. She determined to study the art for herself. With characteristic thoroughness, the pretty little woman went to the greatest chemist of the day, and charmed him into making her his assistant.

When there was nothing more to learn in the laboratory, the Marquise put her knowledge to the test. She assumed the character of a Sister of Mercy, and went round the hospitals of Paris, consoling the patients, and giving them nice things to eat. Her charitable offerings contained carefully-graduated doses of various poisons. By observing the effects, she soon became highly skilled. As a final experiment, she poisoned her own maid.

She was now fully equipped to carry out a grand project—to secure the release of her lover by poisoning her father. The Lieutenant of Paris fell mysteriously ill, and died; and the *lettre de cachet*, under which Sainte-Croix was imprisoned, consequently lapsed.

The Lieutenant disappointed his daughter by leaving the whole of his fortune to his two sons; and the Marquise de Brinvilliers was short of money. She asked Sainte-Croix to poison her brothers. He agreed, in return for a promissory-note of three thousand livres. Sainte-Croix introduced one of his minions as a valet in the household of the two brothers; and they died. Thus Madeleine inherited her father's wealth.

Sainte-Croix had grown ambitious. Madeleine was a Marquise: he demanded she should introduce him into her society. She agreed, provided Sainte-Croix would become her husband. Marriage, however, did not appeal to Sainte-Croix. Nevertheless, Madeleine administered poison to the Marquis no less than five times. Each time, Sainte-Croix gave an antidote to the unwitting husband, and threatened to expose his lover's activities.

By this time, Madeleine was using poisons and antidotes on all and sundry, under the most frivolous pretexts. She began to poison her own daughter, simply because the girl did not seem very intelligent; but she repented in time. She made away with servants, friends, and associates, slaying and sparing as fear or caprice dictated.

Suddenly, Sainte-Croix died of apoplexy. His effects were taken into official custody. Among them

were papers showing that he carried on a wholesale business in poisoning. Among others, the Marquise and a man called La Chausee were particularly implicated.

La Chausee was captured, tried, tortured, and broken on the wheel. In his agony he made full confession, further incriminating the Marquise.

Madeleine escaped to England, and then to Holland. There friendless and destitute, she accepted an offer of sanctuary in a convent at Lille. But Lille was in French territory, and the offer came from a police agent. Louis XIV, alarmed at the existence of a gang of poisoners whose operations extended even to royal circles, had ordered the hounding down of the miscreants by any means.

Confronted by the examining judge, Madeleine maintained an obstinate silence, and in virtue of her rank claimed the right of trial by her peers. The right was acknowledged, and she was sent to Paris.

The trial was very prolonged, for the prisoner stubbornly denied every accusation. When questioned about various documents and circumstances, she constantly repeated that she remembered nothing.

The court was puzzled and disconcerted. In spite of the most vigorous measures, no witness was found who could give direct testimony against the prisoner. It seemed incredible that this pretty, charming, sweet little woman, with her innocent air and gentle courtesy, could be a monstrous parricide and a wholesale poisoner. Yet the documentary evidence was damning. After twenty-two days, the judges returned a verdict of guilty.

The Marquise was sentenced to be taken to Notre Dame in a dung-cart, there to be disgracefully exhibited in her shift, while she publicly acknowledged her crimes. Then she was to be put to the torture ordinary and extraordinary, until she revealed her

accomplices. After the torture, she was to be again exhibited to the crowd. Then she was to be taken in the dung-cart to the Place de Greve, and beheaded. Finally, her body was to be burnt on a bonfire, and the ashes cast into the sewers.

Throughout these dreadful rites, the demeanour of the prisoner was sweet, modest, and devout. When asked what she required for her last meal, she said: "It will be a day of great fatigue for me; but I will have only some broth—perhaps a little stronger than usual, please." The jailer wept; yet his pretty little prisoner had made most cunning efforts to make him eat powdered glass.

The Marquise suffered the shame of public exposure with a modest resignation that affected all beholders. At the last, hoping to escape the torture, she wrote a minute, scrupulous, and exact account of all the poisonings she could remember. Her description of her father's dying pangs was a masterpiece of scientific observation.

However, the confession did not reveal the identity of the surviving members of the poison-gang, and the

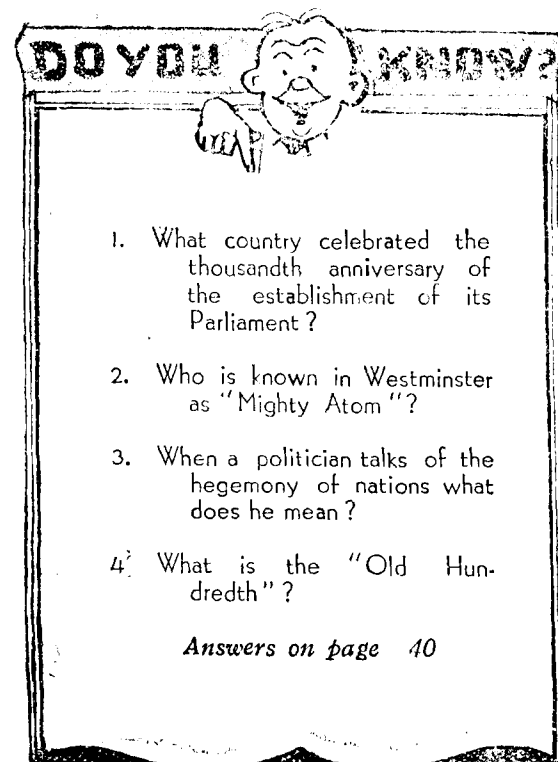
King ordered the sentence on Madeleine to be carried out in full. The executioners began with the ordeal by water. When she saw them filling the three huge buckets, she exclaimed brightly: "Gentlemen, are you going to drown me? I am such a little person: I shall never swallow all that water."

But she did; and suffered many other terrible things before her agonised body, still conscious, was again exhibited to the crowd. After she had made the last dreadful journey in the dung-cart, she was kept kneeling on the scaffold half-an hour, until the headsman arrived.

She passed the time reciting prayers with an air of the most beautiful devotion.

So died one of the most terrible women in history.

THE END



The Punishment of Brown

by John A. Henry

Reading Time • About 8 Minutes

IT'S fellows like Brown that make the world go round. Not literally, of course, because the only thing,—about the only thing, I should say,—that Brown can really make go round is something that he looks at when he is drunk or perfectly tight. But I like Brown—or rather, I liked him—as much for his generosity as for himself. And he used to be exceedingly generous—so generous, in fact, that he always used to be getting into the most unholy and ghastly predicaments with girls.

I told him one day that he'd be landed like the fish he was and that his flirtation days and days of generosity towards the opposite sex would come to an abrupt end with an engagement ring and then a plain gold one. But he was quite unimpressed with my dire prediction, even having the temerity to laugh. And when Brown laughs, he forgets to stop. As a matter of fact, Brown forgets a lot of things at a lot of times. That's why it's fellows like him that make the world go round. If it wasn't for the Browns of this little old globe, no one would be able to laugh when crying seems to be the order of the day and the Italians are making everyone weep—even themselves.

I was reading something in the newspaper one day—a professor's article on the science of absent-mindedness and the strange phenomena that gave rise to and came out of forgetfulness, when Brown entered the Club room and sat down before me. He always came to me for advice. He doesn't come now, but, of course, that's something for you to read about. I think he used to come to me so as to get his money's worth—the money he used to lend me, I mean, and which he usually forgot to take back.

"Smith," he said, and then, after a short breathing pause, during which he inhaled sufficient air to let out again from his mouth, he gave a positively sepulchral groan that reminded me of a bison with a

a cough. Apparently, unless I was mistaken, his usual cheerfulness was absolutely *non est*.

"Yes?" I said, and seized the opportunity to borrow five rupees from him. He is well-known in Delhi for lending people five rupees—especially me. He handed a five-rupee note over absently, and I coughed in my best advisory parent manner.

"Tell me all about it, son," I said gently. "I can see by the haggard look in your eyes and that strange



noise you made just now that you are worried. Spill the artichokes!"

He began to spill the artichokes, and I was astounded that this thing should have happened to poor old Brown!

"She's not bad looking, mind you," he said after he had given me the gist of the yarn, "but she weighs about fourteen stone. I had no *idea* she was so seriously minded! I thought she just wanted a good time like all the others. And believe me, Smith, nothing short of an engagement ring would please her after I had kissed her once! Told me quite coldly and seriously that if I didn't do something in the engagement line, she'd knock my block off! And, by gad! I'm scared—scared stiff!"

"Did you get the ring?" I asked, and almost jumped through my newspaper when he nodded.

"Yes, I sent it to her by post. Couldn't bear to put it on her finger myself. She might have wanted to kiss me again. And besides, I can never remember which is the engagement ring finger and which the one for the jolly old wedding ring. It embarrasses me at times to confess that—especially after all the practice with girls that I have had. I—"

"But look here," I put in, secretly bursting with merriment, "I thought you said you'd *never* be caught by any girl—even if she was Cleopatra and Elissa Landi, all rolled into Greta Garbo?"

"Yes, but—but—oh come on, Smith! You've got to get me out of this hole! What can I do?"

"Well," I said, putting the tips of my fingers together, "you're a man of leisure—of independent means—and you can afford to cast her off and take your medicine."

"But she's promised me something about a breach of promise suit or something and all—er—that if I give her the slip. I don't mind paying up—I've already offered a large cheque—but it's the awful feeling that one gets when one is looked down upon by everyone in the court room. I tell you, Smith, I'm scared!"

"Have you told her anything about whether you are already—er—attached to another girl or not?" I asked.

"No," he said dismally. "I wish I'd thought of that! By Jove! Well—er—but I forgot. And anyway, it would have been telling a lie, and I don't like lies."

"But that would have been a white lie, surely?" I asked. "Especially from your description of your

present fiancée. It would have been such a white lie, in fact, that you wouldn't have been able to tell the difference between it and a white cow." I broke off as I saw that the word 'fiancée' had quite upset him. "Now," I went on, looking at him seriously and hoping to pull him round again, "amongst all the other girls who is the best and most sporting?"

He scratched his head.

"I—er—just forget now," he said dubiously. "There've been such a lot and—and some of them have been almost as bad as this dame, but I could always manage, somehow, to shoo them off with a final and legally binding parting present."

"Well, try and remember," I said, and, rising, piloted him towards the telephone. "Phone her up and ask her to meet you somewhere this evening at—say, six o'clock. Then phone up Fourteen Stoner and ask her to meet you at the same place at 6.30. Flirt with the other girl till you spy Fourteen Stoner in the distance, and then place an engagement ring on the other girl's finger. When Fourteen Stoner comes along, point out to her that you were already engaged to her—this girl, I mean—but that you had forgotten all about it until she reminded you about it. Fourteen Stoner may be a bit huffed, but she is bound to see the uselessness of kicking against the prickly pears."

"But I don't think it will make any difference with her," he almost wailed. "She'll make a devil of a row. I'm scared of her, that's the trouble. You don't seem to realise that, Smith!"

"Well," I said resignedly, "it's the only way out that I can think of. Go on, try it."

I left him tremblingly phoning up several of his old flames in succession, trying to remember which was the best and the most sporting.

* * * *

When he came into the Club room next evening, he looked more miserable than he had done on the previous one.

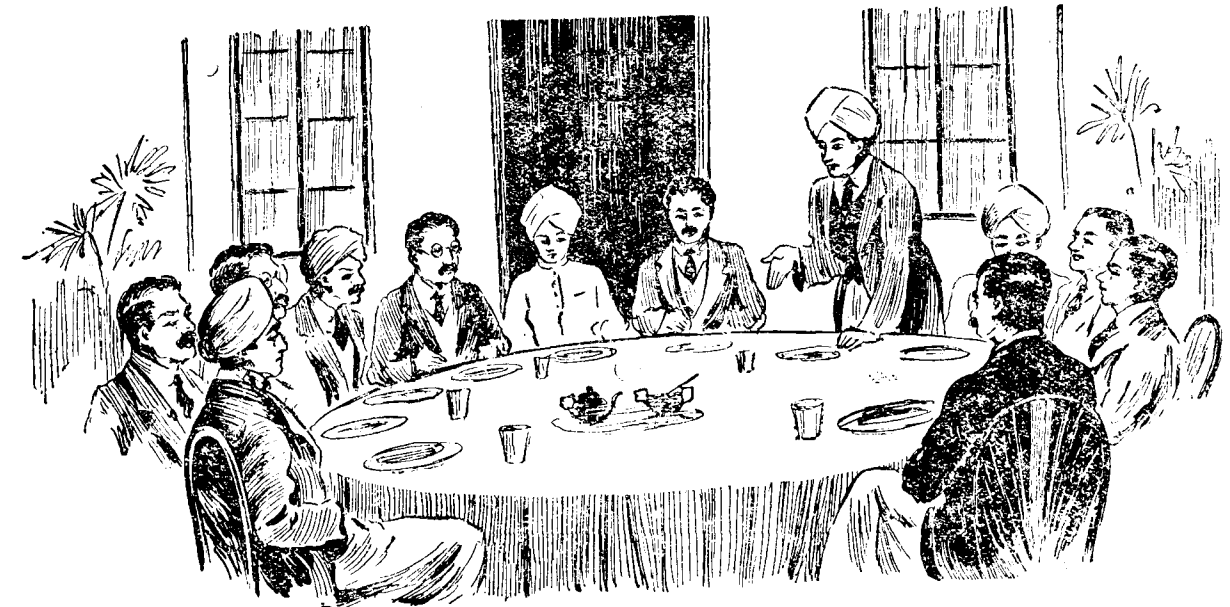
"What—didn't it work?" I asked as he sat down disconsolately.

"Oh, yes, it worked all right," he said, and gave what is commonly called a hollow, mirthless laugh.

"Then what the devil do you mean by looking so down in the dumps for?" I asked, surprised.

"Well, Smith, you see—er—it's like this. First of all, I made a mistake by being drunk before going along to the trysting place. Dutch courage, y'know!

(Continued on page 38)



Eating and Drinking

An After-Dinner Speech

by Rajaram

Reading Time • About 5 Minutes

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,

WHEN your Secretary suggested that I might participate in your dinner, I greedily (glutton that I am) jumped at the idea. But soon he told me that I shall have to speak also! My brow clouded. But really there was no escape. And thus you find me before you, desperately trying to make a speech.

The three parts of a speech like this have been analysed by the Lord Chief Justice of England: (1) the lecturer explains how 'great' the subject he has chosen is; (2) the lecturer explains how 'small' a man he happens to be; (3) he says something, if possible, about the subject itself.

The subject is 'Eating and Drinking'. Surely, it is a subject of momentous significance. And I am such an insignificant, harmless, innocent, obscure scribe! Well, Ladies and Gentlemen, there are some idiots who profess not to care for eating. They are fools or knaves or both. In this connection, let me quote the celebrated Dr. Johnson who was a better critic of eating than of literature:

"Some people have a foolish way of not minding, or pretending not to mind, what they eat. For my part,

I mind my belly very studiously, and very carefully. For I look upon it that he who does not mind his belly will hardly mind anything else."

That is clinching; we should eat, and we should be proud that we eat and drink!

The question next arises: What shall we eat and how we shall we eat? I have believed and Mr. K. S. Venkataramani agrees with me (or rather he believes and I agree with him) that Man celebrated his emergence from the forests with the twin arts of cooking and clothing. Cooking is the prime sign of civilization and it is as great an art as music. The culinary exhibition in Paris every year (in summer too) is opened by the President of the Republic who repeats the formula: "France is celebrated throughout the world for her literature and her arts, for her girls and her wine, and above all for her cookery!" I am sure the President has not tasted Indian curries. Mr. Norman Douglas (whose *How About Europe* was perhaps the best 'reply' to Miss Mayo's *Mother India*) has remarked: "Curry is India's greatest contribution to mankind." It is true. I have seen Europeans swallowing our red balls and brown balls and white balls with evident relish and disarming candour!

So far we are agreed that we should eat and eat fine cooked food and rich delicacies. But how? Let me quote some lines of poetry :

"Eaten I have ; and though I had good cheer,
I did not sup, because no friends were there,
Where mirth and friends are absent when we dine
Or sup, there wants the incense and the wine."

That means a friendly company is of the very essence of eating. In brilliant or homely company, eating acquires a spiritual character. It is then we feel with the poet, John Davidson: "We eat and drink and are the Universe."

The menace to good eating comes from the doctors, I am afraid. Cooking as an art and the human taste as an aesthetic pleasure are now pitted against the Hygiene-mongers, Vitamin-hunters, Queer-dieticians, and Raw-vegetable-eaters. Besides, there is the fear that the Government may one day legislate what the citizens should normally eat. Some stupid nations are restricting drink, and tomorrow, wiseacre dictators may restrict eating. I hope in the interests of humanity better sense will ultimately prevail.

I must say a word about tea (having taken three cups here so far); not that I like tea half as much as coffee. But, then, coffee-making is an esoteric mystery revealed only to a few Madrasees, and I have always felt that it is better to drink any tea rather than bad coffee. But I do advise our politicians to take a little more coffee, for as Alexander Pope says:

"Coffee that makes the politician wise
And see through all things with his half-shut eyes..."

The Coffee Houses of the eighteenth century were responsible for the refinement and balance, the beautiful mobility and limpidity in the prose style of the period. Besides it is an ambrosial beverage! But tea—it is cheap and so easy to make!

Well, Ladies and Gentlemen, I could go on like this quoting authorities on the value of drinking and eating, till I transform you all into gluttons, but my five minutes are over and I should stop. I shall conclude by quoting a few aphorisms of a Frenchman, Professor Brillat-Savarin:

"The destiny of nations depends upon the manner in which they eat.

Tell me what you eat and I will tell you what you are.

The discovery of a new dish does more for the happiness of the human race than the discovery of a new star.

They that bring upon themselves indigestion or drunkenness know neither how to eat or how to drink.

The Creator, while compelling man to eat to live, invites him to it by Appetite and rewards him with Pleasure.

Animals feed; Man eats; but the Man of Taste knows how to eat."

Let me thank you all, Ladies and Gentlemen, for giving me this opportunity of associating with you in this truly wonderful business of eating and drinking. Thank you!

THE END

The Punishment of Brown—(Continued from page 36)

Error No. 1, that was. Error No. 2—I made a mistake with the other girl. She wasn't the most sporting. I should have called up Maisie, and then it would have been O. K. Or was it Daisy? I forget which. Anyhow, that was error No. 2. Error No. 3.—I bought a wedding ring instead of an engagement ring, being slightly confused at the time. Error No. 4—when I put the ring on Mary's finger as Fourteen Stoner came along, I forgot the engagement ring finger and placed it on her wedding ring finger!"

"Good Lord!" I was genuinely sympathetic.

"But, much to my surprise, when Fourteen Stoner arrived, she was all apologies when she saw the ring, and she returned me mine quite pleasantly, even wishing us the *best* in the world! Yes, your plan worked splendidly, Smith."

"Then what's all the blather about?" I asked. "What—" but he cut in.

"Well, the whole damned trouble is that I forgot Mary weighed thirteen stone and that she was the worst of the lot—after Fourteen Stoner, that is. That wouldn't have been too bad, but Mary said as Fourteen Stoner had seen the wedding ring on her (Mary's) wedding ring finger and obviously thought we were married, she was so badly compromised that we would *have* to get married—otherwise—" his voice tailed off into a hoarse whisper.

"So you once more came to me for help?" I asked cheerfully, getting ready to borrow another five-rupee note from him and extending my right hand for the largesse.

"No. I almost forgot to tell you. It's too late. She *made* me marry her this morning. And, Smith, I'm scared!"

I put my outstretched hand back into my empty pocket.

THE END



The Humour Of Football

by Sheikh Iftekhar Rasool

Reading Time • About 5 Minutes

FOOTBALL is the pursuit of blown leather by blown humanity. To the player its humour does not greatly appeal; it hurts too much. But the spectator when not sneezing or blowing on his fingers, or throwing bad words at himself for forgetting his muffler, can now and again squeeze in the cynic smile or the metallic laugh. The game is recommended by the medical faculty, several of whom are always in attendance; but if you mention it before the agent of an Insurance Company, he will throw his cigarette and quit the room.

The football player does not set up as a scholar till he starts in to write on the game. Then he becomes profound. From the way he stretches out and gallops through the classics you would lay your last penny that he had knocked all the best players and lamed them for life.

I wonder if you know how the game started. Baghdad was the place it originated from, though the date is obliterated. I translate the document:

"And thus it came about that the city council were equally divided, those from the North being of a mind to present to the Caliph the memorial for the removal of the impost; but those from the South being vehemently opposed thereto, arguing that evil would befall. From this a great scandal arose; for as those from the North bore the memorial towards the palace, certain of the other party came upon them to stay them.

"And as they strove together, butting with their heads like rams, the report was carried through the city, so that the people came running together to see what was toward. Whereon certain of the vulgar openly rejoiced at the sight, clapping with their hands and urging those who strove to greater deeds. And when an officer of the Caliph pushed into the press, crying that they should cease the contest and grant him the right to referee in the matter, the populace were angered, and pursued him, so that in the end he took refuge in a pavilion that stood near,

rom which he was forced to escape by the roof, vowing that he would report the offenders and have certain of them suspended, whereby it may be taken that he had in his mind to hale them to the gallows.

"In the meantime, those who strove swayed backward and forward like to a tree beaten by the wind. At last certain of the Northern party who were the most forward, being unable to force a way, passed back the memorial to one who waited behind, and he started a speed, skirting the press. And of a surety he would have come to the palace, but that a man, wiser or perchance older than himself, fell in his path, and catching him by the legs, pitched him so hard on his head that he no longer preserved an interest in these strange happenings. Yet did not this guile prevail, for another of the Northern party, who had followed him up closely, raised the memorial and speedily distanced those who, with much panting pursued.

"Now, when tidings were brought to the Caliph of the doings in the city, he was angry, placing guards at the entrance of the palace, so that when he who bore the memorial arrived, he could not force

his way over the line they held. Whereupon he cried to them to let him pass, as he was assured that the Caliph would be touched by his efforts to reach the goal of his desires. Yet the Captain of the Guard would have none of him, for he remembered that it was for a remission of imposts that the young man came, and answered that his great master did not desire to be touched either as to his generous heart or—wherein the Captain did plainly speak truth—his royal pocket.

"And while they spoke roughly to each other in high debate, behold the Caliph himself came into the

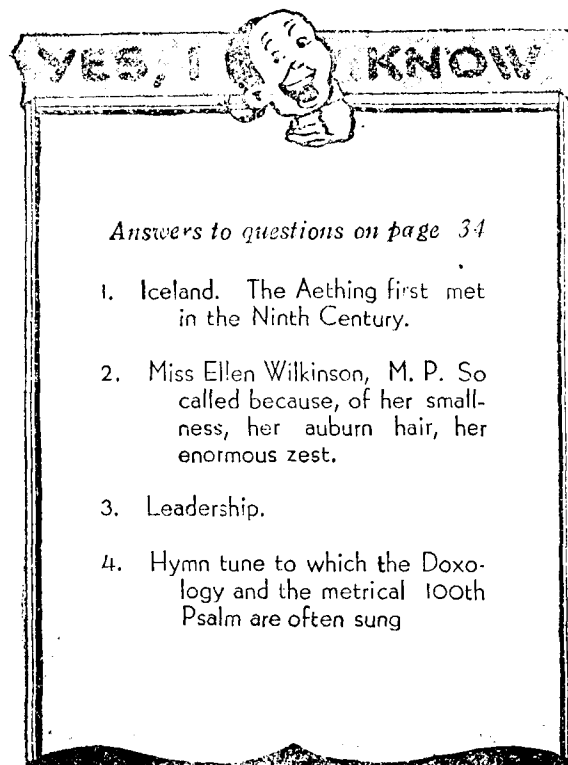
courtyard! Whereupon the young man dropped the memorial to the ground, and with wondrous force kicked it with his foot over the heads of the soldiers (though, indeed, they ran out from between the gateposts to stay him) so that it fell even into the lap of the master of them all. Now of what occurred it is not lawful for me to speak. Yet may I say that the deed is not forgotten; for amongst the children of the city a game has arisen which is called sometimes the North against the South and sometimes Rugbai

after the name of him who did the deed."

From Baghdad the game has spread all over the world. England ran it as an exclusive feature for a time. Then the Americans took hold of it, put in complicated machinery, increased the pace, made a trust of the best players, and generally showed themselves so inventive that we can scarcely recognise it. Now that the French Government have made up their minds it is not a political demonstration, it is doing better in that country.

The game is surely a very interesting one. The referee is the Tsar of the football field. His rule is a despotism tempered by the fear of assassination. Few men are suited for the post. He who will face a democracy who have had their money on the losing side must have the speed of the rabbit as well as the boldness of the bulldog.

The captain has the pull of the rest. To break a plate glass window or a large mirror may add to the humour of the thing but must be discouraged from the financial standpoint. He should speak with that modesty which suggests that he knows how good he really is.



Answers to questions on page 34

1. Iceland. The Aething first met in the Ninth Century.
2. Miss Ellen Wilkinson, M. P. So called because, of her smallness, her auburn hair, her enormous zest.
3. Leadership.
4. Hymn tune to which the Doxology and the metrical 100th Psalm are often sung



Merry's Filmfolio

PADUKA PATTABHISHEKAM (Tamil)

Producers: Sri Krishna Talkies, Madura

Showing At The Broadway Talkies, Madras

Reviewed by K. A. P.

A really respectable slice of the great epic, this is a 'musical' which begins with the preliminaries of Sri Rama's coronation and ends with the installation of his Sandals on the throne. Running for two and a half hours, most of the picture is covered by songs, some beautiful, a few good and the rest, well, not so good. In the circumstances, if I had to have somebody bothering a picture with music, in Tamil, I don't know anybody I'd rather have doing it than M. R. Krishnamurthi singing Karnatak music. Not that he cares, but I came awfully close to coming over to his camp, when he plays the part of Sri Rama even though he indulges in *raga alapanas*, and is not endowed with the physical attributes of Sri Rama—the paragon of masculinity. But he does possess and uses well, too, his consoling, yet reassuring smile. His bared chest does not do credit to his part. But then, with the exception of Mandara (she is not hunchbacked!) and Dasaratha, who did the best acting, the Puranic Pundits in general might sniff at the cast. Let them sniff!

However, if you like to get yourself a red, sniffling nose, and swollen eyes, carry a big handkerchief, go see *Paduka Pattabhishekam* and let go. If it seems somewhat familiar in theme, that is because it has been done before on the stage innumerable times, but you will still yearn to boo-hoo your heart out. That is again because the story drags the actors in its teeth quietly and sincerely and smashingly until the end. Produced at the Saraswati Cinetone, Poona, the technical crew, the musical score by K. V. Santhana-

Dasaratha (P. B. Rangachari) and Kaikeyi (T. D. Rukmani Bai)



krishna Naidu, photographed by S. D. Patel, and directed by Murugadasa, *Paduka Pattabhishekam* is, among other things, photographically and technically an important Tamil Talkie.

Given a long, and sometimes tedious and diffuse puranic theme, the director has tried his best to make the actors move; but he has not been able to move one immobile player in this picture—T. D. Rukmani who plays Kaikeyi. The balance to her credit in the balance-sheet is not spectacular. Her 'Chandramathi' business is done to her own disadvantage. But a discussion of individual players may lead me astray—actually the players are not important; but the story is. One wonders if the saris and blouses worn by the girls in this picture were really in vogue in good old Ayodhya. I am afraid the apparel worn is an anomaly.

The most telling scene where Bharatha meets Kaikeyi before going to meet his brother, has not been given proper attention. Bharatha speaks his lines twice each time. In spite of these lapses, *Paduka Pattabhishekam* is a picture which, on account of all the skill and finesse and good taste evidenced, will have an influence on the future of our movie production. It is worth seeing and you can see it without fear of the movie industry doing justice to the characterisations of Valmiki—poor man, who had no designs on the screen. Lakshmana is a freak and his counter-part is Satrugna. The photography is good, scenes charming and the sets generally of a high standard. Sound recording is good.

Hot from Hollywood

by Yankee

Eddie Cantor's *Strike Me Pink* will be shown in Madras shortly. In this picture film-lovers and Cantor fans will find the latest lot of Goldwyn girls, giggles and the pop-eyed poppa's puns. But, beyond all these, they will see a stage-door Johnnie, bouquet in hand, in a scene. He speaks no words but simply bows—that is all. Most film-goers—even the 'regulars'—would not be able to realise that this man was an idol of the film public not so long ago. Remember the heart-throb of Juanita Hansen in *The Brass Bullet*? It is the self-same star. He was then earning 4,000 dollars a week. Now, for this part he received 15 dollars. His name, my friends, is Jack Mulhall.

Strange, that someone sows for someone else's harvest. Walt Disney, when receiving the Legion of Honour from the French Consul in Los Angeles, mentioned that the 'father of the animated cartoon' was not himself but another man, living in France. He added also, that his name was Emile Cohl. But what Disney did not say and apparently did not know was that while he was making his modest pile, the 'originator' Cohl, now aged eighty, is living in Paris, on 7 shillings a week relief!

Mae West has definitely decided to stay on with the Paramount lot, setting at rest all rumours of her quarrel with them and quitting. She has, in fact, signed a two-year contract.

On the other hand, Marlene Dietrich has thrown up her part in her latest film *I Love A Soldier* and is leaving Hollywood immediately. This, in spite of the inspired report that the studios, impressed with her *Desire*, were trying desperately to keep her on. Marlene's trunks are packed for Europe. She is stated to be dissatisfied with the role she is at present playing. There were quarrels between her and the studio cameraman, director, producer and others culminating in her departure. Now Merle Oberon is to take her place. Luck!

John Barrymore came to India and then went back last year. Nobody knew the object of his visit. He visited, when in Madras, the Wellington Talkies when it was showing the *Roman Scandals*. Now he is coming back to India, after Completing the M. G. M. *Romeo and Juliet*, in which he is playing the role of Mercutio. This time, he is to make a film here. John will play the part of a Rajah. Another man, who will accompany him, is Reginald Denny.

John's brother Lionel, incidentally, celebrates his twenty-fifth anniversary as a screen star. He has played no less than three hundred roles, over one hundred of them being starred ones.

G. B. S. is on a holiday to Hawaii. This is what he said of Hollywood's treatment of plays and playwrights. Draw your own conclusions!

"The American cinema hires bell-boys instead of dramatists to write for them; their productions are horrible. They don't use dialogue; they just converse in sub-titles. Were I to show a movie-producer how to make a thousand-dollar scene for ten cents, he would think me 'cheap skate'; but if I show him how to make a ten cent scene for thousands, he would say that Shaw was a marvellous fellow!"

What would he say if he knew that Hugh Walpole is busy on the scenarios of Rudyard Kipling's 'Kim' and that Freddie Bartholomew is playing the lead in it!

A Visual Wonder!

Alexander Korda, gambling a £260,000, has produced a miracle, a visual wonder. It was his intention to make a film unlike any other ever seen, and who is better-fitted to supply the imagination and ideas than H.G. Wells? Wells receives £10,000 and 10 percent of the gross revenue. This film is named *Things To Come* and is packed with new screen personalities. This shows what the world will be in the next hundred years, scientific and ruthlessly realistic. It predicts another war; barbarism will supersede civilization; then progress will come again and science will rule. Man will go on searching in the infinity for wonders. This will be a vivid presentation of probabilities, some frightening, some thrilling but all possible.

The theme is of importance naturally to all thinking people—'whither mankind'?

According to this picture a war will rage the world in 1940 and the warlords will rain death from the skies for 25 years.

Somewhere in the Orient are scientific men determined to rebuild this shattered world. Then, finally, there will emerge a new world.

Television will be a commonplace and wireless telephone of less importance than wearing a wrist-watch. With artificial sunshine and 'conditioned' air, and there will be no cold.

Around The Studios

by The Runarounder

Devadatta Films, who have purchased the film rights of Bankim Chandra Chatterji's masterpieces *Rajani* and *Indira* are going into their production along with their maiden talkie in telugu.

National Theatres, are shortly releasing *Derby Ka Shaikar* and the Shree Bharat Lakshmi Talkies, Calcutta and some of the important centres of North India. They are now busy with their thriller *Queen of Hearts*.

ably assisted by Hafisji and Raja Pandit in important roles.

Imperial: *Jungle-ki-Rani* and *The Pride of India* are in their making and a strong cast and the story ought to make them worthy of their respective names.

Navabharat Movietone is busy with *Mark of Zero* at Paramount Studios.

Film City: *Chand Bibi* has been completed.



A Scene from *Bhakta Kuchela* of the United Artistes Corporation

Manohar Films, are ready with their social talkie *Nasib-Ka-Chakkar* starring Miss Akhtari, Miss Angurbala, Rajamani, Md. Ishaq, and Lachmandas.

Damle and Fattal are jointly directing *Tukaram* their first Maharashtra Talkie. The scenario and dialogue are being done by Mr. Shivram who did the scenario for *Chandrasena*.

Woman's Challenge is to be Master Vithal's next vehicle with Ratan Bai playing opposite. He will be

These studios have produced the first telugu picture of Lakshmi Films Ltd., *Droupadi Mana Samrakshanam*, *Manohara* for Bharat Films of Coimbatore, and *Raja Desinghe* for Payeswari Talkies.

Radha Films: *Lanka Dahan* with C. S. Natesan, Gurumurthy and Dasan Koti Ratnam, is completed. Distributing rights are with Aurora Films Corporation.

Universal Talkies: *Ali Badusha* is being shot with Miss Pankajam, Selvaratnam Pillai, etc.

Murugan Talkies: *Madurai Veeran*, *Manju Cosha* and *Thulasi Brinda* are scheduled for production.

Oriental Films: *Garuda Garva Bangam* is nearly completed at the Pioneer Studio.

Sundaram Sound Studio: *Krishna Naradhi* almost complete. Miss T. S. Velammal and N. M. Sundarambal play leading feminine roles. They have taken up also *Nalayini*.

Sri Ram Talkies: *Sri Rama Jananam* scenes are being shot.

Vel Pictures: *Pattinathar* awaits release. *Sampurna Mahabharatam* of Tamil Nadu Talkies is being shot here. *Maya Bazaar* in Telugu is progressing. Devi Films are shooting *Samsara Nowka*.

National Movietone Co.: Mr. Altekhar is now busy shooting their *Parvathi Kalyanam*. *Seemanthini* with T. P. Rajalakshmi and M. R. Krishnamurthi and Directed by Ellis R. Dungan is now on.

Venkateshwar Films: In progress: *Rukmani Kalyanam*. The grandeur of Oriental monarchs has been brought out in this film, including a thrilling chariot race. It is directed by Baburao Penderkar.

Universal Talkies, Tiruppur: Have completed *Ali Badusha*, ready for release. Forthcoming films *Rajasri* and *Kala Chakram*, are to be taken up by the beginning of April.

United Artists Corporation, Madras: These are producing at East India Film Company, Calcutta, *Bhakta Kuchela*, with Papanasam Sivam as Kuchela, a thoroughly suited part for the player. S. D. Subbulakshmi plays the part of Sri Krishna and Kuchela's wife.

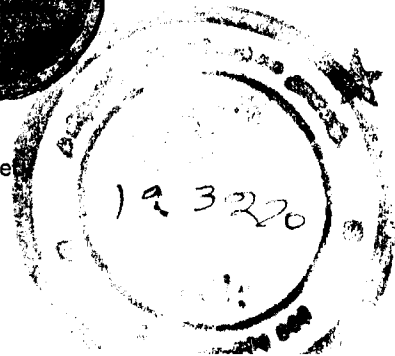


A Scene from *Chandrahasa* to be released at Gaie Talkies next week.



New Talkie House for Madras

The Chamria Talkie Distributors, Madras, will release shortly at The Minerva Talkies, Davidson Street, a new Talkie house for Madras, two of their Telugu pictures *Sati Anasuya* and *Dharma Vijiam*. These are directed by C. Pullaya and star Miss Gopalan, Master G. N. Swamy, A. Narasimha Rao and Miss Krishnaveni, Miss Sundaramma, Master Prakasa Rao and Suryanarayana Rao respectively.

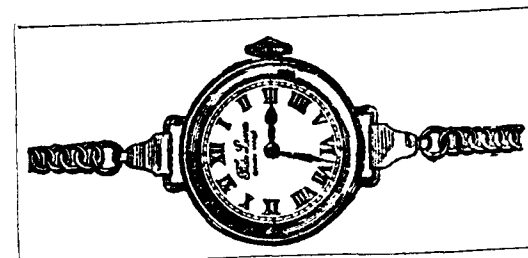


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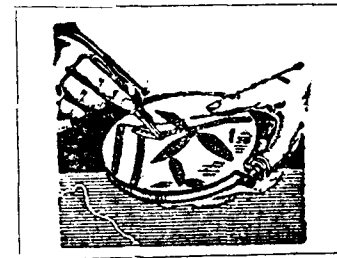
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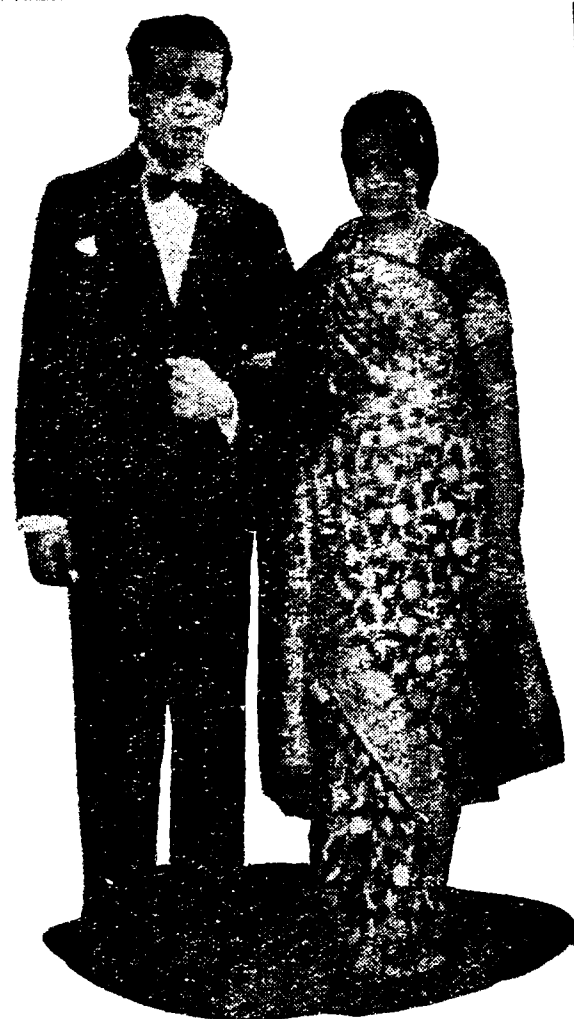
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any picture of its own class**

P. SAMBANDAM

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Madras, 21st March 1936.

It gives me great pleasure
to witness a performance of the Tamil
Tollies entitled "Sathi Leelavathi". I am
glad to note that special attention was
given to making the work as the theme
and a difficult part was undoubtedly
I am glad to note that the work was
from the paper plane viz. a sub-plot
one. I should like to congratulate the
Tollies - especially considering the fact
that Tamil is a foreign language to him
- as he extremely intelligible work.
In fact I should like to say a word of
praise to the Tollies, as the style
the Tollies have been produced

Sambandam