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McRURY

MAGAZINE

IN THIS NUMBER

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Vol. IV No. 13

28th March '30

ANNAS TWO

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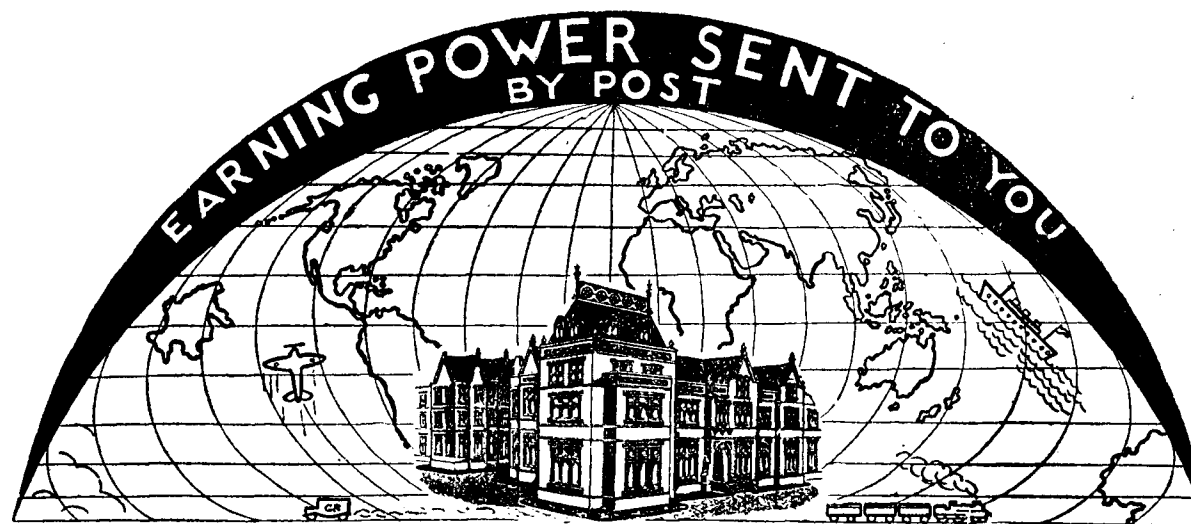
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OPEN LETTER TO PARENTS

Dear Sir or Madam,—When your children first arrived they brought with them a wonderful lot of sunshine. Later, you became proud of the intelligence they displayed, but, still later, you became anxious as to what would become of them in the future. Perhaps you were anxious when you visualised them as grown men and women. Even with plenty of money it is not always easy to select the right career, and a parent is sometimes inclined to ask advice of some relative, and in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred that relative knows nothing at all about the possibilities of employment.

Why not let me relieve you of some of your anxieties? In fact, why not let me be their Father?

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If you have any anxieties at all as to what your sons or daughters should be, write to me, or better still, let them write to me personally—Fatherly Advice Department—and tell me their likes and dislikes, and I will give sound practical advice as to the possibilities of a vocation and how to succeed in it.

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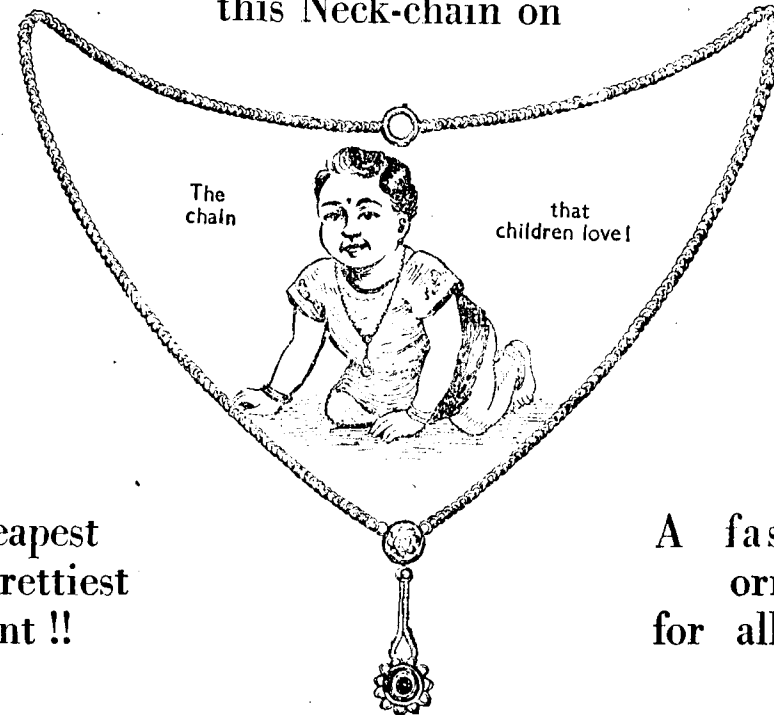
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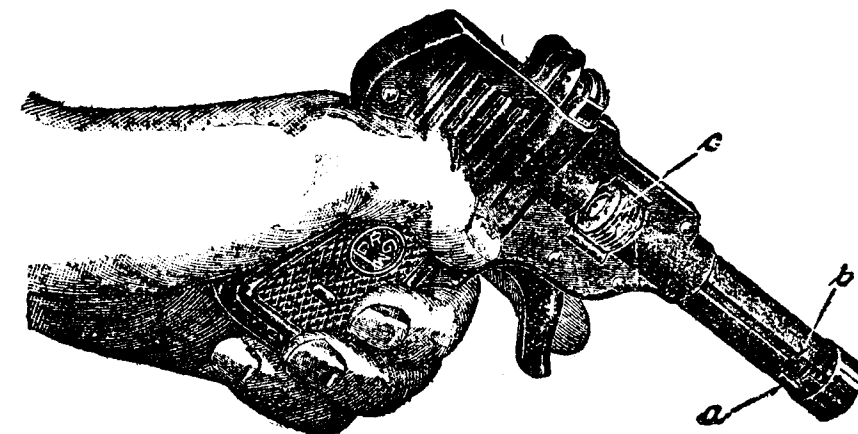
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The
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Madras, March 28, '36

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One That Has Suffered

Love & All That

It is true that 'romantic love' stands largely discredited, thoroughly soused in this deluge of modernism. Still, this Hydra pops up at unexpected and unsuspected corners, fully dried and all set for another go. Girls, here is a timely warning, trenchantly delivered. Boys,—well, all I can say is, don't make asses of yourselves.

V. Vyasa Rao

The Olive Branch

Egypt has given the world some remarkably brainy girls. This is the story of Nitocris who offered an olive branch to her enemies.

Embusque

The Conceited Tiger

The moral of this story is, if you want to be respected, don't take advice from a monkey.

V. V. Narayanan

A Close Shave

Nothing to do with a Gillette razor-blade, old or new style.



All usual features.

SPARKS FROM OUR ANVIL

Addressing a huge meeting at Frankfort, Herr Hitler is reported to have asked: 'German Nation, do you wish to bury the hatchet with France?' and was greeted by deafening cries of 'Yes, yes!'

This has however not allayed French uneasiness that the German nation is anxious to bury France with the hatchet!

A gossip-writer says that the King would like to see the return of ostrich feathers into fashion.

Specially, as we hope, on the ostrich!

Speaking at a farewell function, Dr. Chakravarti, (a Bengali) is reported to have said that the Madrasi was like the Englishman in some respects.

We think that this is *not* a novel way of indicating one's aversions!

Speaking at the League Council meeting, Sgr. Grandi of Italy declared that the peace of Europe was indivisible.

To our distant eyes, however, it seems invisible!

Asked by journalists if his report on the Financial position of India would be a bulky document, Sir Otto Niemyer is said to have replied: 'It will be a great deal shorter than the leaders you'll write on it.'

Another illustration of the Theory of Relativity?

Speaking on the subject of women as jurors, a judge asks: 'Would men be prepared to undertake the cooking, while their women served on the jury?'

It all depends upon who will make the worse mess!

Replying to the debate on the Finance Bill, Sir James Grigg elaborately contested the view that there was a golden age in India before the British came.

We have therefore decided to look forward to one after they leave.

In the Assembly, Sir Frank Noyce confessed that he himself was wearing Swadeshi shirts, socks and underwear, ate Swadeshi biscuits, drank Swadeshi mineral waters, and smoked Swadeshi cigars.

And, he might have added, all with Swadeshi money.

Sjt. Subhas Bose writes to an English paper saying that he has been informed that if he returned to India there was no guarantee that he would be allowed to be at liberty.

This, we think, is a seasonable reminder to the rest of us still living in this country!

In the course of his speech opposing the system of nomination of Indians in Fiji, Mr. P. N. Saprú contended that elected members would be more effective than nominated members.

The President: You don't think they have a conscience?

Sir M. Devadoss (a nominated member): They leave their conscience in the outer chamber.

It is good to know that they carry it at least thus far!

Answering a question in the Assembly, the Home Member admitted that the Government were aware that the Congress had its own flag.

Bitter though the admission was, we understand that the Home Member made it in the most unflinching manner.

In the Bengal Council, Sir N. Reid, the Home Member, stated that failing to salute the flag was not the only offence against certain persons.

We agree that such unpatriotic men should be punished!

In the course of a stirring address at Nasik, Pandit Malaviya exclaimed 'Hands off the Untouchables!'

We hope however he didn't mean what he said!

In the course of the budget debate in the local Council, the Law Member referred to the present Council and said: 'One more year and we finish.'

We must congratulate him for expressing, for once, the wishes of the people!

It is understood that the portfolio of the Chief Minister will be distributed between the other two Ministers during the absence of the former in England.

Let us hope that they will get the same kick out of it, as did the Chief Minister.

It is authoritatively stated that H. E. H. the Nizam's journey to Delhi has no political significance.

We are however prepared for a poetical significance thereto.

Explaining recent defeats of the Justice Party in elections, Mr. Sivaraj is reported to have said they were due to the fact that their best men were already in the Council.

Please note: *Their best—Not the best!*

The Assembly And The Salt Duty

The unreality of the mimic fights conducted by our constitution-ridden politicians was very well brought out in the course of the Assembly debate on the Congress motion for the abolition of the salt duty. Mr. Jinnah and his party stood neutral at division time on the score that the Opposition had not suggested an alternative means of raising the revenue which would be lost by the abolition of the salt duty. If Mr. Jinnah were the leader of His Majesty's Opposition in a constitutionally governed country like England with the prospect of assuming office in due course, it would be a perfectly valid objection. Even in such a case, the obligation to pull the ministerial party's chestnuts out of the fire is not cast upon the Opposition. The duty of an Opposition is to oppose, not merely for the sake of opposition, but to expose the badness of ministerial policy either wholly or in vital aspects. Our rigid constitution, contrived with the sole idea of imposing fetters on the Opposition, has provided no countervailing checks on the vagaries of the Executive. A spirit of accommodation is good, if it tends to effect alterations of a radical character and bring opponents to a middle view. The history of our bureaucratic administration is almost wholly barren of such helpful precedents. Further, the gulf separating the Government and the popular representatives is too wide to be bridged by unilateral forbearance and co-operation. And in any case, it is, we believe, common ground between Mr. Jinnah and the more extreme party, if the Congress is deemed such, that nothing of good can be expected from the present state

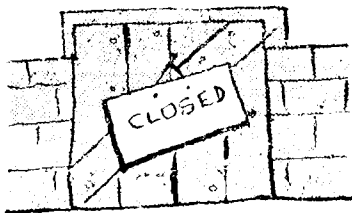
of things. Mr. Jinnah did, in fact, but the other day, thunder against the Executive and all its iniquities! It may be admitted that the adverse vote is not going to change the situation, and the Viceroy is ready to lay down his official pen with his last act of certification. But that is hardly a ground for pusillanimity of action on the part of the popular representatives.

Another fallacy in the argument of Mr. Jinnah may be exposed. He is understood to have remarked that the relief to the poor would be negligible. If fundamental issues involving legislation of a far-reaching character were proposed, we may expect him to raise his hands in horror at the enormity of the proposals. If, on the other hand, the proposals are modest, it is neither political courage nor common honesty to take refuge under the plea that they are of negligible scope. Between these two courses, what is left? Only uneven oscillation between two uncertain points that would be worse than rank reaction.

The best part of the joke however was the sense of responsibility which made Mr. Jinnah remain neutral. As for alternatives, there are a thousand; and we may expect them to be brought in when the country wakes up to a sense of its own urgent necessities. It must be to the interest of the superstitious among constitutionalists to show that the worship of the constitution is not incompatible with the initiation of policies intended for the benefit of the dumb, down-trodden millions at large.



"Men who submit to dictatorship are nincompoops."
 "That is a funny name for married men."



Alas the blinds are down. The footlights have faded out. The final bell has gone. By which dolorous word-images I mean the Madras Racing Season has gone west. I went to the last races, The Hunt Gymkhana Races, to bid the Season good-bye and wish it abiding health and a speedy return. As I flitted through the surging crowds, keeping a sharp look-out for the nimble-fingered gentry, like an earth-bound spirit (I had a large whiskey before I went there) I kept moaning: "Oh, God! My darling horses! How to pass the next nine months! Ah me!" It was a great wrench to part with the horses whom I came to love as my own uncles and aunts. As I walked in the first enclosure like Lady Macbeth after the Second Act, the Devil whispered in his sweet devilish voice, in my left ear: "I say, old chap, since you love the horses with such a pure passion, why don't you disguise yourself as a horse, call yourself Diomedes II or something, and go with the horses?"

"But my dear old Horns and Tail," I said, "suppose Havana II or some hefty horse falls in love with me? What then?" "What then?" sneered the Devil.

"Why, if some horse falls in love with me, that would lead to awkward complications, if you know what I mean. And, of course, you do, you Old Viper! Tempt me not, Satan, get thee behind me. Go to Hell!"

As I stood leaning over the rails, a beautifully-dressed woman came over and snuggled to my side.

"Don't you think," she asked me, in a tone which was not so much a tone as *Mohana ragam*, "it was a lovely season?"

"Nine months, madame, nine months!" I said. "Oh, Hell!" Can you blame me for it? We ought to have racing all the year round at Guindy, if need be under statutory authority.

I see that Mr. Papworth has covered fresh ground in the course of his speech at the Y. W. C. A. He said, *inter alia*, that he had been in the country for the last twenty years, and had come to like it enormously. That is the worst of it. Sir Charles Souter said the same thing in the Council the other day. I always knew that so many Englishmen and women would not stay here, earning a miserable, few thousands a month, and putting up with the heat and dust and smells, if they did not love it. They love it so much that they are naturally unwilling to leave! It would be a good idea if we could set up a counter-movement among the England-returned Indians to boost up England. More Indians would go to that country, enter the Army, Navy, the House of Commons, and other avenues for service. Then we can tell the English people what nice people they are, and what a beautiful country is theirs. It is not such an extravagant idea, as it seems at first sight.

Between ourselves, the English are rather slow, and might not understand our move till too late. Look, for instance at the way the Scotchman has ousted him in his own country. And a professor has already told us that we are like the English—he meant of course the Scotch! So there it is! Adventurous young men are advised to pack up their troubles, and write a fresh chapter in Indo-British history.

Mr. Papworth made another confession which touched me deeply. He said he liked the art of caricature more than anything else; and would have been a great caricaturist if only he had the talent! All of us would have been very famous in our own special lines if only we had the talent. As a matter of fact, my ambition was to be a Minister under the dyarchic scheme. But I was told that one had to possess a talent for spending a lot of money—either your own, or yours through borrowing. Neither of these talents was in me. The result is something of an anti-climax. Here I am, devilling away with proofs, and rack-ing my brain-pan for my weekly quota, while there is Mr. Papworth, wearing his heart on his sleeve, and perhaps unconscious that many of the hopeful young ones committed to his care are daily caricaturing him in a thousand phases and poses.

Sir James Grigg delivered a lecture in the Assembly on the Benefits of British Rule. Thirty years ago, it was a stock-subject for essay-writing in our schools and colleges, and there are, I daresay, many among the 100,000 C. D. prisoners who went to jail in the great struggle, who must have obtained the coveted medals



The March

by The Man

of Events

On The Move

and prizes awarded for them. British rule in India has gone through certain phases. At one time, we were overwhelmed by a sense of gratitude; then our gratitude was tempered by common sense, and like Oliver Twist, we began to ask for more. Delays led to disappointment; but in spite of it, we suppressed our impatience, determined to give our masters the benefit of our doubts. Then came disillusionment, and our doubts became certainties. Not until we are happy again, shall we ever speak of the benefits. At present, to speak of benefits conferred upon us, is to add insult to injury. If you claim further that British Rule has been entirely in the interests of India, and not in those of England, as did Sir James, it savours of a very poor joke indeed. And after all, who is to trumpet fourth the benefits—the beneficiary or the so-called trustee? The latter must remember the prickly truth of the saying: *S'excusez, J'accuse!*

The Beighton Cup Hockey Tournament which would come off somewhere in the middle of next month is going to be a swell affair. A larger number of outside teams have said: "It is O. K. by us this time," or words to that effect. Which means there will be quite a crowd of them in the scrum for the cup. It is learnt that the Bengal Hockey Association (who are the father and mother of this tournament) are likely to give financial assistance to first class teams coming down to participate in the tournament. If you boys (and girls) are thinking that first class teams mean fellows travelling first, I despair of your intelligence. Financial

assistance is always a silver-lining, figuratively and also not figuratively. This disbursing of largesse by the Bengal Hockey Association is a fine idea that ought to find wide emulation. With the financial assistance aforesaid, the competing first class teams are expected to buy for themselves backed peas and cucumbers which are always hawked in the Calcutta maidan. Calcutta cucumbers and baked peas are rather tasty.

In the Assembly, replying to Mr. Sham Lal, Sir Aubrey Metcalfe said that the Government would use for the construction of Quetta all materials which were available in India or could be manufactured in this country.

Swadeshi earthquakes should feel flattered at this beautiful gesture, and declare an indefinite armistice. I don't suggest for a moment that our Swadeshi earthquakes should fade out of the picture, for that would be disastrous to seismological science. The quakes may quake once in a while, to keep in condition, but not vigorously, at the expense of life and property. And remember, my dear God of Quakes, that you are going to have a Swadeshi Quetta. Even the Finance Member is smoking Swadeshi cigars and wearing a Swadeshi topi.

A few days ago Mr. A. B. Shetty said on the floor of the Madras Legislative Council that in the last Council they had a well-disciplined Congress Party. They kept the Government Benches alert. The proceedings were lively. In the present Council,

continued Mr. Shetty, there were too many groups. The Congress was not much in evidence, and so, said he, with a plaintive inflection to his voice, the proceedings were a bore.

I offer poor Mr. Shetty my sympathy. I admit, the presence of Congresswallahs at any function lends a peculiar charm and liveliness to the said function. To ginger up the proceedings in the Madras L.C. we do need Congressmen. To get these chaps inside, we need an election. And unfortunately, the elections are quite a little distance off. I sounded everybody from the Highest to the Lowest at the India Office. The India Office is adamant. So, might I suggest to Mr. Shetty and his comrades in legislative boredom to request the Government Benches to say in future, whatever they have got to say in song, set preferably to Carnatic music?

Re the last races of the season, I must record a sad incident. Sir Bangaroo Ramalinga Chetty who was consistently unlucky this season attended the last meeting in sack-cloth and ashes. Literally. The poor fellow came in a loin-cloth of sack-cloth. As the horses for the last event were being paraded in the paddock, poor Sir Bangaroo lost control over himself. He vaulted over the fence, faced the horses and shook his fist at them. One horse came forward and laughed derisively in his face; another horse sneaked behind him and kicked him on his seat. All which indicates that it is not a bit profitable to quarrel with horses. The trouble is elsewhere.



"Red" Romance!

Japan, 'The Land of The Rising Sun',
That laugh's at Hell-Fire's throes!
What marvels has she lately done?
(Music is proud to 'sing'—what she knows.)

Young Japan, whose Valour all burning
To exalt the Nation's pride,
But yesterday, staged a Sea-of-Blood "Churning!"
The mightiest lay low—and died!

"Killed!" he was; but came back—to life!
Prime Minister Okado!
A Brother gave her Lord—to a Wife!
In the "Glorious Land of Mikado!"

"UNTO THE LAST!" Emblazon, O Fame!
True, through life; in death, too!
Japan! Matsui's magic name
Through Time, will illumine you!

—G. K. Pillai

Fun For All



Pat worked in a factory where they encouraged the staff to think of ideas for the smoother working of the business. One morning he was shown into the office of the Chairman, and announced that he had thought of a way of ensuring that none of the hands would be late in future.

"That sounds good," said the Chairman, "but how do you propose to do it?"

"Sure, and that's aisy, sorr," said Pat, "the last man in blows the whistle."

An American was driving round a large provincial city in a taxi and making candid remarks about the size of the buildings. On the outskirts of the town they passed one that was taller than any they had seen previously.

"That's more like it," said the American. "We have hundreds of buildings like that in our cities."

"Yes. I expect you need 'em," remarked the taxi-driver. They drove on.

"Say, just what was that building?" asked the American.

"The Local Lunatic Asylum," was the quiet reply.

"Mary," said the father, "I've just had a visit from Harry, and I've consented to your marriage."

"Oh, but father," she protested, "I don't want to leave mother."

"Don't let that worry you," he replied, "you can take her with you!"

The latest arrival in the boarding-house was anxious to make a good impression, so he told one of his big-game-hunting experiences: "Once my servant and I were alone in the forest at night," he said. "Suddenly out of the darkness on my left came a noise. Scenting danger, I fired. On investigating, we found a huge lion—dead."

Asked one of his audience: "How long had he been dead?"

Husband: I've got a surprise for you—two tickets for the theatre.

Wife: Fine. I will start dressing at once.

Husband: Yes, do, my dear. They are for tomorrow night.

"Did that expensive treatment cure your husband's baldness?"

"Yes, when the bill came in he was able to tear out handfuls of hair."

A little boy was sent to a shop by his mother, and he wasted no time in getting there, since some friends of his were waiting to play football.

The shop was crowded with customers when he arrived, but he pushed himself to the front and said, loudly:

"I say, mister, will you serve me quick? It's for father's dinner."

"Well, what do you want, my little man?" said the grocer, leaving the customer he was serving.

"Two pounds of soap and a packet of washing powder," was the quick response.

"Did you hear about the awful trouble that has befallen Mrs. Gabble-Gabble?"

"Don't tell me she has lost her voice."

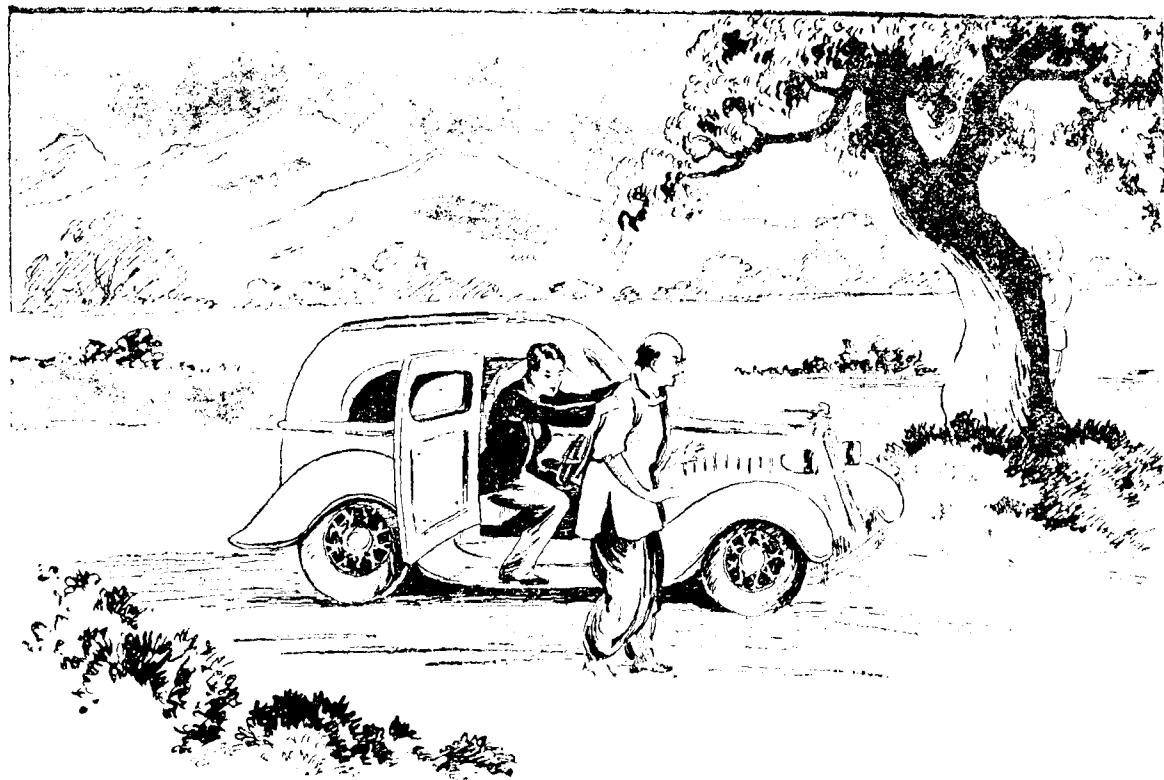
"No, her husband has lost his hearing."

Inquiring Old Lady: Tell me, how did you begin to be an aviator?

Aviator: I started at the bottom and worked up.

Aunt: Hans, you have been good all day to-day, so you can wish for something for yourself.

Hans: Then I wish to be allowed to be naughty tomorrow.



The Birth-Day Party

by Thirupathi

Reading Time • About 8 Minutes

OLD Ram Kishore Dey struggled into his tweed coat, and struggling, he looked out of the window at the fields and gardens that stretched away from his door-step as far as the eye could reach. The sun was radiating a golden goodbye; he was half down the hills to the West. Nature answered back with a gold-green, serene smile. Some of that pervasive serenity found an echo in the old man's heart. He smiled happily in gratitude at the Mother's bounty reflected in the emerald glory before him, breathing love and peace and life.

Life! Old Ram Kishore had something to do with life. In his day he brought safely into the world hundreds of lives. Some of the lives to which he acted as master of the ceremonies, announced their arrival with a timid tentative squeak; some with a lusty yell; yet

some others, as if bored at all the preliminary bother, with a flippant yawn.

Ram Kishore was a doctor; a specialist in Maternity. Some forty years before retirement into this little village, from a cottage window of which he was drinking in all that eventide glory, he started practice in Calcutta. His charming professional manners, his wonderful smile which half cured his patients, his great patience and finally his skill in his trade, attracted a large and extensive practice—so large in fact that his fellow practitioners, his seniors, gaped with envy and admiration at the rise of this star in their midst. Success, however, did not mean much to Dr. Ram Kishore; he lived for and in his work of ministration, of assuaging assuageable pain.

He lost his wife early in life. So he transferred all his love to his only son Nitin who, discerning people

said, would make as great a name for himself at the Bar as did his father elsewhere. On a certain Shivrathri day Nitin and his young wife went for an expiatory dip in the Hoogly. The tide was running high and fierce. Nitin overrated his powers as a swimmer. He struck out into the muddy, swirling, angry water, got entangled in the murderous current, and was swept out. His little wife who witnessed this tragedy stretched out her arms and plunged into the current after her disappearing husband. Her grief blinded her logic and commonsense. She died, too.

The old man bore his sorrow bravely. The injustice of it oppressed him for a long time. Why had not God preserved for him, thought Dr. Ram Kishore, this one little life, his only son's life in which he had a proprietary interest, unlike the hundreds of lives whose advent he made easy? A kind fate, however, provided him with something to remember the past by, a living link with his dead son, and daughter-in-law. Nitin left behind a baby, a girl. They called her Swarup Rani.

Rani, now grown up into a young woman of aggressive beauty, was at college, fiddling with corpses and skeletons, as her grandfather had done fifty years ago. She was coming to this garden village to spend her Puja vacation with her grandfather. Her train was due to arrive at seven in the night. It was now six.

Old Dr. Ram Kishore was dressing to go out to the station two miles away, to receive his granddaughter. He buttoned up his coat, and rolled a thick muffler round his wrinkled neck. He came out of his cottage, swinging his walking-stick gaily, a song in his heart, a smile on his lips and a twinkle in his eyes. His servant who kept house for him said something about a *tonga*.

"*Tonga!* Why, I feel like walking fifty miles!" Dr. Ram Kishore laughed and walked with a light step towards the station.

He had covered half the distance. The shadows were closing in fast. The brisk walk exhilarated him. He took in deep breaths and hummed an old tune. The drone of a fast-moving motor car disturbed the progress of the old man. He edged away to the end of the road to let the car pass. It came thundering on. It stopped with a grinding of brakes, almost touching him. A door opened. Two lusty arms shot out and dragged the old man inside. The car sped on at the same mad momentum. Meanwhile the kidnappers gagged and blindfolded their captive.

The doctor reckoned mentally that they had covered about twenty miles when the car stopped. Still gagged and blindfolded, Dr. Ram Kishore was helped out of the car and bundled into a bullock-cart, which started almost immediately, and jogged on for about an hour, over very uneven ground, rocky in parts. By the oppressive silence around him, broken now and again by peculiar sounds, the doctor guessed rightly that they were passing through a jungle. The cart stopped in an opening in the jungle. The captive was conducted into what was once a temple dedicated to Kali, now the hive of miscreants, thugs and dacoits. Inside, the old man was placed on a wooden bench. They removed his gag and the rag over his eyes. A candle stuck into a bracket in the rocky wall threw a faint, fitful light. The doctor looked around, with a whimsical smile.

Three men came into the room. Said the man who was evidently the leader of the gang: "So we got you at last, Seth Narayan Lal? How about a lakh of rupees for your old sinful life? Eh."

Dr. Ram Kishore laughed. "I thought so. You have blundered, my dear fellow. I am no more Seth Narayan Lal than you are Nur Jehan's husband! I am Dr. Ram Kishore."

"Not Seth Narayan Lal!" gasped the dacoit. He came closer, removed the cap from the doctor's head, tilted up his chin to the light and peered into his face anxiously. "By Black Kali! He is right. It is not the Seth!"

"Well, what now?" asked the doctor, good-humouredly.

The dacoit scratched his head, thinking fast, but without result. "I ought to kill you. But I have never shed futile blood. Why the hell did you go and resemble that old robber Narayan Seth?"

"My dear fellow, I couldn't order my looks, could I?"

"I suppose you couldn't. But....."

A shriek ending in a painful whine came from the interior of the building. Another shriek followed immediately. The old doctor stiffened as he recognised that familiar wail of agony. He dashed in the direction of the sound, as fast as his old limbs would carry him. He reached the room. A young woman, barely out of her teens, was lying in a rough cot, writhing in pain and moaning piteously. The dacoits ran after him. The leader stood in the doorway, wringing his hands.

"Who is this woman?" demanded the doctor.

"My wife," said the leader. "Oh, what is it, doctor?"

"She is having a baby, you idiot, a couple of months before her time."

The doctor was in his element. He ordered one of the dacoits to remove his tweed coat and another to bring a basin of warm water. As soon as his commands were obeyed, he said gruffly: "Clear out of the room. And don't come here till I call you."

A quarter of an hour later the doctor came out, wiping his hands on a towel, smiling. As he entered the room in which the dacoits sat huddled, scared stiff, in a corner, he assumed a grim look and regarded them severely.

"Oh, doctor sahib, what happened? Is she alive? Has she.....?"

"Hush! You villain! You don't deserve such an angel for a wife. I gathered she is against your villainies. The precariousness of her life with you hastened an otherwise normal course of events. Yes, she was delivered safely enough. A lovely boy. But I can't say if they will live. You have led her a wicked, hectic life."

"Oh, sahib, save my wife! Save my baby! I will go back to my my old honest ways again."

"Swear it."

"I swear it by my baby, by my departed mother who gave that wife to me, by everything I respect and hold sacred."

"Good!" said the doctor. "They shall live."

Throughout the night the doctor waited by the bedside. He knew there was no danger either to the mother or her baby. He saw an opportunity of reforming an inherently good man, fallen on evil ways; and he exploited the opportunity successfully.

Morning dawned. The doctor pronounced the mother and child out of danger.

"You will remember your oath?" asked the doctor of the dacoit.

"Yes, doctor sahib."

He gave minute details about attending to the mother and baby and said: "Now, drive me home."

"You won't tell this to the police, doctor sahib?"

"Stupid! I am bound by an oath myself which I will respect till my end."

The dacoit did not understand what the doctor said about the oath. He drove the doctor in the same car to his village.

A small crowd hung about the doctor's cottage. As the car stopped in front of the cottage, Swarup Rani ran out and hugged her grandfather. "Oh, *dada*, thank God you have come back safe! The ruffians did not harm you, dear?"

"What ruffians?" the doctor said jocularly, stroking Rani's hair.

A policeman elbowed his way to the centre of the crowd. "Now, doctor sahib, what you have got to say must be said privately. Please come inside your house. Now, you get along, all of you," he commanded the crowd.

The doctor entered the house. The dacoit followed him.

"Now, doctor sahib," said the policeman, "tell us everything from the beginning. Every little detail."

"And who the devil are you?" asked the doctor.

The policeman was hurt. "It is my business, sir, to know all about this kidnapping."

"Kidnapping!" The doctor acted his part well. "Are you all mad? Why, this gentleman," he indicated the dacoit, "wanted my professional services. I went with him. A lovely boy!" mused the doctor, closing his eyes. "This gentleman is the father of a little angel."

"But, sir," protested the policeman, "farmer Bhikko saw you being dragged brutally into a car last evening!"

"Then, farmer Bhikko is an idiot. I tell you I have gone to assist at a child-birth. Leave me alone. Police indeed!"

THE END

ACKNOWLEDGEMENT

We have received a beautiful wall Calendar for the official year 1936-37 from **The Mysore Government Soap Factory, Bangalore.**

—Editor.

The Intrepid Hawker

by Prakrit

Reading Time • About 5 Minutes



HAVE you met Kandasami the hawker who walks along the street with a bundle of silk sarees on his head? He has a mild look, almost feminine, but he is man enough to use snuff. He is a great student of human character. What is more, he enjoys watching the game of women getting the better of men in all respectable homes. The men are of varying tempers, fierce, normal, or docile, but the women invariably have the better of them. There is Govindachari, nicknamed the Tiger. Obedience by woman is the strict rule in his house. He is a Muhammadan autocrat in his attitude to woman. They should never cross the doorway into the street, except with his permission. But all the time Govindachari's wife acts independently of her husband, and carries on numerous transactions with the outside world. Kandasami the hawker of sarees, is a constant visitor at her house. Being a connoisseur, she chooses sarees for her friends, besides buying them for her own family. Of course Kandasami knows when to enter the house. He watches to see the back of the receding rickshaw of Govindachari, to step into the house. But one day it happened that the Tiger remembering his snuff-box left on his table, returned home precipitately within five minutes of his starting out. Kandasami was in the hall, exhibiting his wares.

"How the devil have you dared to come into this house; who could have asked you in?" roared Govindachari.

"I—why, sir, it is my profession to enter every house to sell my sarees," replied Kandasami, who will not say that Govindachari's wife had asked him in.

"Look here, you may be entering other houses, but beware of entering this house. Clear out now, at once!" commanded Govindachari.

Kandasami rolled up his bundle at once and walked out nervously, but not without the secret sense of satisfaction that he knew when to enter the house and transact his business.

As Kandasami sees the world, tigers are rare among men. But men have an instinctive fear of accumulating bills. They like to feel that the house is free of hawkers and of the possibility of incurring tradesmen's bills. Vedam Aiyar, the doctor, has his consulting room in the front part of his house, and so succeeds entirely in preventing hawkers entering the parlour. Many a time Kandasami was summarily sent away from the door by the forbidding command of Vedam Aiyar. He had to retreat, humbled like a trespassing dog. Kandasami felt wounded by repeated failures, and he resolved to see to it that he was able to pass unhindered through the doctor's consultation room right into the women's parlour.

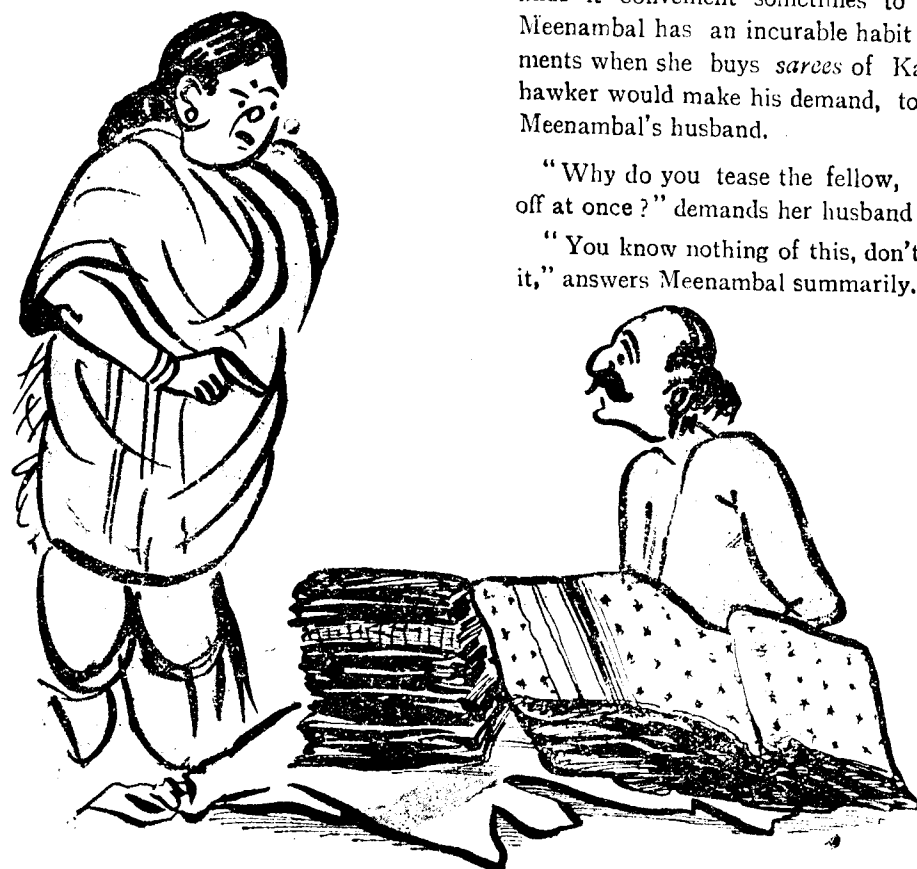
Neighbour Jayalakshmi Ammal is a busy-body. Her movements in and out of the house are unfettered by male authority. Her husband has immense confidence in her. She is known to be a charitable woman, a friend of the poor. She gives away things frequently to the poor and needy. It may be sweets or clothes. Her popularity is well established, and she commands easily the services of little boys and girls who have benefited by her kind gifts. She is equally liked among her friends. She is frequently

helpful to her friends in making purchases of brass vessels or of *sarees*. Whispers are heard that she is paid a percentage of commission from tradesmen on sales effected through her. But this must be a malicious lie. Who can think of a woman in her affluence fishing for tradesmen's discount? But to return to our story. Kandasami resolved to effect his purpose with the aid of Jayalakshmi.

He brought a couple of new patterns in *sarees* one day to be shown to Jayalakshmi.

"These are a bit more costly, madam, than the others, you know."

"Nonsense, you can't charge *me* the higher rate," protested Jayalakshmi.



"That is all right, madam, but you must render me an important service this time."

"What is it? I have not refused your requests."

"You should give these to the doctor's wife in the opposite house, and commend them to her. I shall see her later to conclude the deal," proposed Kandasami.

"That is easily done, Kandasami. You may see her tomorrow," replied Jayalakshmi.

The next day Kandasami appeared at the doctor's door and walked into the house.

"Stop there! Who is that entering the house?" challenged the doctor as usual.

"Why, I am going to see *Amma*," and he signified the lady of the house.

"But she never asked you to come in—"

Kandasami put on his best smile and answered: "*Amma* has with her two of my *sarees*, and I must settle the price today."

Vedam Aiyar felt crest-fallen. He waved his hand to let the hawker in. Ever afterwards, Kandasami visited the house freely, and the lady of the house made many bargains with him.

But men are not always hostile to Kandasami. He finds it convenient sometimes to invoke their aid. Meenambal has an incurable habit of deferring payments when she buys *sarees* of Kandasami, and the hawker would make his demand, to be overheard by Meenambal's husband.

"Why do you tease the fellow, why not pay him off at once?" demands her husband of Meenambal.

"You know nothing of this, don't you worry about it," answers Meenambal summarily.

".....you can't charge *me* the higher rate."

"How supreme these women are!" Kandasami tells himself, and he learns to be sparing of invoking men's aid in his interests.

Kandasami is fully convinced that woman rules every house in May Fair. When an old-fashioned woman tells him in all truth that she must get her husband's permission for making a purchase, Kandasami refuses to believe it. There are many points from which human society may be viewed, and not the least interesting of them is that of the intrepid hawker of *sarees*.

THE END

All About Shaving

by Omega

Reading Time • About 5 Minutes



BLESSED are the people who are not affected by the problem of shaving! Here again woman may snap her fingers in triumphant glee, for she is free from the slavery of the razor. I have often felt that God showed an avowed partiality to woman at the time of creation, and this is a potential piece of evidence which recurs again and again to our annoyance and discomfiture.

Where was the point, I ask, in disfiguring the face of man with such plentiful hirsute growth, not season after season, but day after day? I shall be told by some old-fashioned bearded fellows that hair over

the chin and under the nose is a mark of masculinity—the symbol of strength and bravery. It indicate the superiority of man over woman and are, in a way, veritable spots of beauty. With such arguments I have no patience. That is, I know, the familiar old trick of making virtue of a necessity. Ask the average man (and he forms 95% of the male population) what he thinks of his daily morning exercise with the razor and he will give you a piece of his mind. Is it a blessing or a curse? Over a vast area in the world moustaches too have gone out of fashion. Even those who do not 'wipe off the shoe-brush stuck beneath the nose' employ a pair of scissors to keep the moustaches well trimmed and in order. Nobody but the ante-diluvians countenance their wild and rank growth.

The keepers of beards are, happily, in a microscopic minority, and I have reason to believe that they allow their hair to grow more in a spirit of resignation and despair than out of genuine pride for the thing. If you could guarantee them a clean shave every day without expense or without an apprenticeship to the razor, they would certainly accept the offer.

What a nasty business it is to ply the razor up and down the cheek for a few minutes every day! When you get up in the morning you find short stubbles, all over the cheek, grown overnight and they must be removed before you can make your appearance in decent society. And so every modern gentleman has to keep a complete shaving set. There is the razor with its retinue of brush, soapstick, powder and cream. And if you wish to practise auto-shaving, you must be well adept in the art or else you might

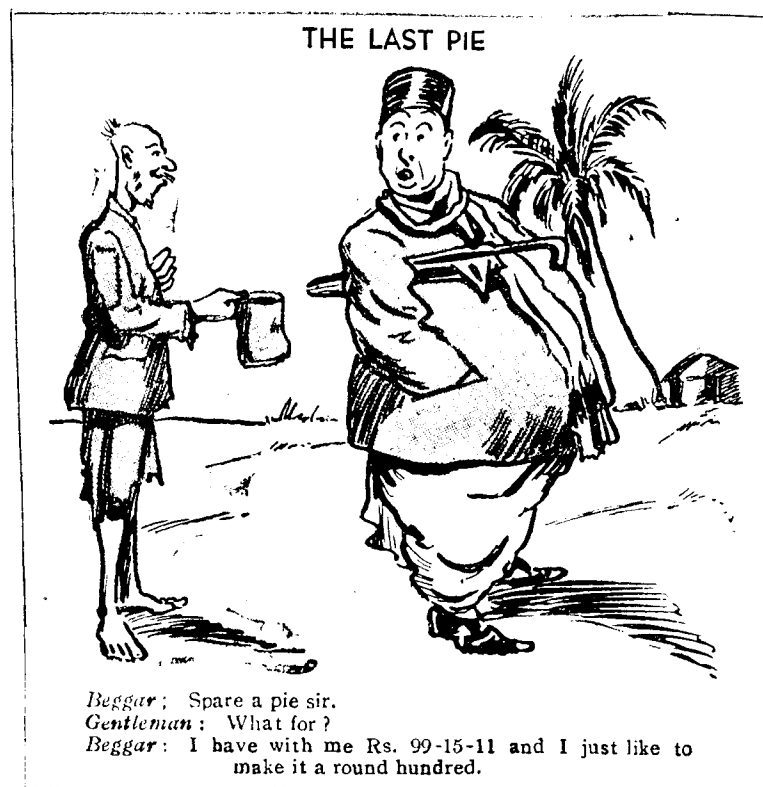


come to grief. A novice with the razor is likely to make a mess of the whole thing. If the razor is sharp, you always find one or two dark patches and crimson streaks. If the instrument is not up to the mark, you feel like Hodges who tried razors after razors and found 'all were impostors—not fit to scrape a hog'. Of the safety razor which has now got a wide clientele it is well to remark that though it may be 'safety' it is far from being a razor. The blades must be constantly changed while most of the so-called sharpeners are a joke.

If auto-shaving is risky and troublesome, a visit to the barber's saloon is even more dangerous and uncomfortable. The professional man does not use that dainty little instrument—the safety razor. He has a supreme contempt for it and for its users. His chief weapon of attack is a sharp razor which has reacted to several chins of all types in the course of one brief morning and which not unfrequently carries dangerous germs and microbes that give you what is known as the barber's itch. The barber is also a perfect chatterbox and has an amazing store of yarns which he repeats *ad nauseum*. Nor is he wanting, let me say, in a sense of humour. I am reminded of an anecdote referring to an American customer who entered an English saloon. Not to be outdone by the barber in talk he began to trumpet the achievements of his country. His pet theme was specialisation. Side he: "Ours is a perfect country. We have specialisation all over the land, in every branch of industry. Take any little machine and you will find that its different parts are manufactured in different workshops under expert control. That is the secret of our national prosperity. We delight in

specialisation and our dealers are masters of one rather than Jacks of all trades. If England could take a leaf out of the book of Americans, it would be a different country." While the speaker was waxing in this strain, the barber was raising a beautiful lather over his chin. And as he stopped, the barber also put down the brush and said: "Thank you, sir, my work is done. I am a specialist in soaping the chin and raising the lather. You may now go to another saloon for being shaved." This took the visitor's breath away and displayed the barber's sense of humour.

But talking of razors or barbers I feel that the lot of poor man is none too enviable. He had so many problems in life to face that he could at least be saved the trouble of a daily shaving. Scientists have discovered many ingenious drugs, lotions and powders. Can they not prepare a medicine which would end with this hirsute growth over the face—once for all? I fear the manufacturer of razor blades will pour forth vials of wrath over me for making this atrocious suggestion. But I have

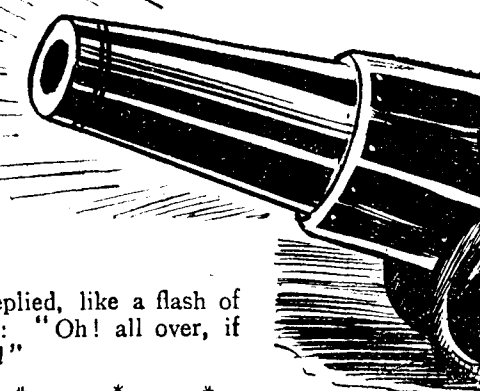


the right to give vent to my agony.

I heard or read somewhere that a machine for automatic shaving was under construction. It would be an excellent device. Put your face into a little box and in a trice you would get a perfect velvety shave without the least little inconvenience. Voltaire used to say that if God did not exist, he must be invented, and so do I exclaim that for the good of humanity, if such a machine does not exist, one must be invented—the sooner the better.

THE END

THE BOOM OF THE BIG GUNS



A tale about G. K. Chesterton when he lived in the peaceful village of Beaconsfield, Brooks.

A factory had just been built there, and certain of his neighbours were making an official complaint about the noise of it. To strengthen their case, they brought in their famous neighbour.

"Mr. Chesterton can't write," they said.

"No," said the official, blandly, "we know that."

(G. K. C. told this against himself.)

Sir J. A. Barrie was once asked by an admirer to give his recipe for successful writing. His reply was typical of the man, and, of course, it was scribbled on a crumpled sheet of tobacco wrapping:

Journalism:	2 pipes	: 1 hour.
	2 hours	: 1 idea.
	1 idea	: 3 paragraphs.
	3 paras	: 1 leader.
Fiction:	2 pipes	: 1 week.
	2 weeks	: 1 chapter.
	20 chapters	: 1 nib.
	2 nibs	: 1 novel.

* Lord Birkenhead had been assisting at a very strenuous election campaign. After a rather hectic meeting, one of the local supporters, becoming somewhat familiar, complained to Lord B. that he had "got an 'ell of an 'ead".

"I should take a couple of aspirates," said Lord Birkenhead, grimly.

While standing in the hall of his hotel, Nat Goodwin, the American actor, was beckoned to by a somewhat seedy-looking individual, who probably mistook him for an official of the establishment, and who said: "Here, I say, where can I wash?"

Nat replied, like a flash of lightning: "Oh! all over, if you like!"

Rudyard Kipling has told the following story against himself. During his stay in Wiltshire on Summer, he met little Dorothy Drew, Mr. Gladstone's granddaughter, and as he was very fond of children, took her for a long walk in the park, and told her stories. After a time, Mrs. Drew, who feared that Mr. K. must be tired of the child, called her and said: "Now, Dorothy, I hope you have not been wearying Mr. Kipling."

"Oh, not a bit, mother," replied the little girl. "But he has been wearying me."

Rochester's familiar gibe at Charles II:

"Here lives our sovereign lord, the King,
Whose words no man relies on:
He never says a foolish thing,
Nor ever does a wise one."

Charles replied: "My sayings are my own, my actions are my ministers."

A gentleman stopped the Iron Duke in the street—in Haymarket, saying: "Mr. Robinson, I believe?"

"Sir," said the Duke, "if you believe that, you will believe anything."

J. M. Barrie was asked whether some of his works did better than others. "I suppose they are not all great successes, are they?" inquired the fellow-diner.

"Oh, no," said Sir James, "some *petter* out altogether. Others *pan* out very well."



The Old Master

by Jyeshta

Reading Time • About 7 Minutes

ONE day I was having a cup of tea with Hiralal in the back part of his shop. Under the cloak of poverty, Hiralal did business in thousands. He was a dealer in curios, rare pieces of art, anything that gathered a fabulous price around itself either by influx of time or by its rarity.

Hiralal's only assistant was minding the shop. Hiralal, true to his tradition, was higgling with me over my commission in a certain deal that I put through on his behalf. While we were discussing business, we heard a mighty stir in the shop which adjoined the parlour in which we were swilling watery tea. We heard a commanding voice wanting to see the owner of the shop. The clerk requested the caller meekly to wait for a few minutes. Master was having tea, he said.

"Look here, you fellow!" boomed the voice of the caller. "I am not given to waiting the pleasure of dirty tradesmen. Get your master here immediately. I have brought you business.....thousands of it....."

When Hiralal heard the word 'thousands', he set down his cup hastily and ran into the shop. "Come

inside, huzur," he whined like a dog. "This way, huzur." A moment later he brought in a man with a commanding presence, obviously a Punjabi. The man oozed wealth. Somehow one got the impression when one looked at him that he was rolling in wealth. Hiralal indicated a comfortable cushion to the stranger to sit and poured him a cup of tea.

"I don't want your dirty tea," said the visitor, with cool insolence. Hiralal knew the type. He ignored the insult and fawned upon him. "What is your pleasure, huzur?" he asked almost with a touch of reverence in his voice.

The stranger opened the large leather wallet he carried and took out a parcel. He undid the parcel which was packed with extraordinary care in cotton-wool and held out before Hiralal a piece of glass about six inches long and five inches wide. He withdrew it immediately from Hiralal's gaze and looked significantly at me.

"That is all right, huzur," said Hiralal. "He is my closest friend. We are very private here."

Once more the stranger held out the piece of glass. We scrutinised it. On this bit of glass was painted with remarkable skill a giant of a man strangling a lion. A thick forest provided the background.

"Do you know what it is?" asked the visitor. Hiralal did not know. Neither did I. But Hiralal rubbed his hands and smiled non-committally.

"Why don't you say 'Yes' or 'No' instead of grinning like a goat?" barked the man. "This picture was painted by Niyamatulla the great painter who lived in the time of Jehangir. It depicts Sher Afghan, the first husband of Nur Jehan, killing a lion. Now there is another picture, a companion to this one, painted by the same master artist. In that the same hero, Sher Afghan, is shown fighting a tiger. It is exactly like this, only in the place of this lion there is a tiger. I have searched far and wide for that picture, so far with little success. The purpose of my visit here today is to ask you to locate that missing picture and get it for me at any price...understand? any price! Here is five thousand rupees. Take it for preliminaries. I mean business. If and when you produce the picture, I will hand you over ninety-five thousand rupees to complete one lakh. My address for the next one month is the Grand Hotel. Thereafter you can find me at Yeshpal. I am Rajah Dhanpal Singhjee. Communicate with me immediately you have anything important to communicate."

He left us as abruptly as he had come. Hiralal examined the wad of notes that the Rajah gave him. All the notes were genuine. Not satisfied, he rang up the Grand Hotel and was told that Rajah Dhanpal Singhjee had booked a suit of rooms for a month. "By Maheswar!" said Hiralal looking at me and rubbing his hands, "I will find that picture. It is a fortune!"

Twenty days later business again took me to Hiralal's. I asked him casually whether he had any news of the missing picture of Niyamatulla. "Not yet," said Hiralal. "But I will find it. I have a presentiment that my search for it is coming to a close, and it is going to be a successful search."

A couple of days later I went to the Metropolitan to see *Les Miserables*. A prosperous-looking man who sat by my side throughout the show accosted me in the foyer after the show and said with a smile: "You don't remember me? We met last year at the great garden party given by Rai Bahadur Rup Narayan."

I am not such an important person as to get invited to garden parties given by titled contractors. But it

tickled my vanity to be mistaken for somebody in the vast multitude of Calcutta's nobodys.

"Why, to be sure!" I said beaming on him. "How do you do Mr—er—"

"Sampatlal Thopa. You live down Chowringhee way, don't you? Come, I will give you a lift."

He whistled for a taxi and we got in. It was a funny situation. Having lied once, I had better sustain the lie, I thought. Presently the taxi stopped before a small bungalow. Sampatlal took me into the hall which was comfortably furnished and placed a comfortable chair beside a table. "Excuse me a moment," he said. "I will bring you a cool sherbet. After that, I will drop you at your place. Sorry, my wife is away at her mother's and my servant is sick in hospital. Bad thing for a house not to have a woman presiding over it, what?" He laughed and disappeared into the house. I looked around me. As my gaze swept over a table in the left-hand corner of the room, my heart fluttered wildly. I approached it and looked at the object on the table keenly. It was the other painting of Niyamatulla, Sher Afghan fighting a tiger. I did not notice the entry of my host into the hall. So I was startled when he said over my shoulder: "Ah, does that interest you? No wonder. It is a priceless relic of Moghul India."

We sipped our sherbet. "I was on the look-out for that picture's companion for some years past. I failed to get at it," sighed my host. "I tried to sell it, but nobody would pay the price."

Throughout I assumed a slightly bored look. "And what is the price?" I asked in a lazy tone.

"Sixty thousand rupees. That is the least I would take. I paid seventy-five thousand rupees for it. Sounds mad but it is a fact," he laughed.

"That is a tall price. But I think I can get you a possible purchaser, that is, if what you say is not the final word."

"Nothing is final in this world, my friend," he said. "But don't you trouble yourself. Nobody, unless he is an art-maniac like myself, would purchase it. But you may bring along your friend to look at it whenever you like."

I pretended to think. "Would tomorrow morning nine o'clock suit you?" I asked him.

"Any time, any time," he drawled breezily.

He dropped me at my place and shook my hand effusively.

(Continued on page 22)

The Art of Murder

by Artiji

Reading Time • About 7 Minutes

MURDER, as you know, is a fine art. Thomas de Quincey said so, and I heartily endorse his opinion. In these days of materialism and machinery when art of any type is rare and fine arts are rarer still, the advent of manslaughter should come as a welcome relief. The pity is that no one has attempted to utilise the facilities of today for the maintenance and development of this ancient profession.

In the first place murder must be put on a sound commercial basis. It is time too that the bumper off was accorded a definite station in society. The Chicago gangster, I am aware, has a pet place in the hearts of a few odd American millions, but the Chicago gangster is an amateur, not an artist. He dabs with a heavy brush in cheap colours on a coarse and unnatural canvas. He has neither artistic freedom nor artistic taste. His perspective is too limited. His views are too constrained. When it comes to a question of revolver bullets, he is more or less at home, but his strength is the strength of competence, rather than brilliance. He is solid and efficient—but not creative. He was born to follow—not to lead.



The screen antics of Messrs. Karloff and Lugosi give us something better to hope for. But even these gentlemen cannot fully appreciate their science. They have worked with intelligence, but not with discretion. Viewed in the cold glare of modern cynicism, their methods are hackneyed, synthetic and unoriginal. People are tired of seeing the heroine locked up in a cage with a ferocious gorilla and the sight of the hero being chewed to death by a battalion of synthetic alligators does not, in the least, appal them.

A new school of murderers must arise—a school that has no parallel in the annals of days gone by.

The murderer of the future must be benign, educated, affable, and even poetic. He will be regarded not as an outcaste, but as an essential factor in the social system. His life will in no way be different from the lives of others. He will breathe the same air, share the same luxuries, have an office, a secretary, a fan mail, and a dainty visiting card with: 'JAMES ALLEN—MURDERER' embossed in capitals in the centre and a charming framework of skulls around the sides.

Apart from that he will meet a rising necessity occasioned by present-day conditions. Disease is Nature's antidote to over-population. The murderer is a more artistic and discerning solution to the problem. Illness strikes blindly, fatally, insanely. The murderer will kill with judgement and precision, aided by modern science and backed by public opinion. There are plenty of old idiots today whom the world can manage without. They could be disposed of with neatness, artistry and convenience. The proposition you will observe is neither indecent nor immoral. It is for the good of humanity and humanity is, after all, the only thing that matters. Individual inconvenience cannot be considered after general opinion has pronounced its own decree.

The possibilities my idea evokes are intriguing, unconventional, and definitely attractive. Imagine for instance an advertisement like the one below:

Messrs. Allen & Co., Ltd.

(Founded: 1939)

Murders executed with promptness and convenience.

Have you a husband you could manage without?
Do you think the disappearance of your wife would lead to an improvement in your existence?
We solicit the favour of your attention.
Our estimates are modest—our execution superb.

We have behind us the solid guarantee of nine years practical experience. Every craftsman in our service is a master of his art. Even the office-boy has the elements of greatness. Try us. You will not merely be satisfied. You will be elated.

Remember we are the only firm to attend to all aspects of the murder question.

Our special symphony orchestra is famous for its execution of funeral marches and our epitaphs are composed by the finest poets of the realm.

If the conception is extended a little further, situations like the one below will ensue.

SCENE.—A large mansion in Somerset.

[Lady Beaumont Fletcher Harrison having entered her husband's office, discovers a gentleman performing peculiar operations, on the latter's neck.]

Lady H: If it is not too much to ask for, may I know what you are doing?

Murderer: (with a delighted smile breaking on his ingenuous countenance): I'm a murderer, madam—

Lady H: Really? How delightful!

Murderer: And I've decided to murder your husband.

Lady H: Oh? How charming! I really don't know how to thank you.

Murderer: Only a trifle, madam, only a trifle. I assure you there will be no trouble whatever.

Lady H: Do be quick about it, though. The old fogey's left me a fortune in his will and there's that new hat in Selfridge's—only 6 guineas with an artificial rose bouquet. Could you think of a better bargain?

Murderer: I am a murderer, ma'am, not a fashion authority.

Lady H: Well, you needn't be so infernally curious about it.

Murderer: I hope you realize the dignity of my profession.

Lady H: I do nothing of the sort.

Murderer: Allowances must be made for my artistic convenience.

Lady H: Certainly not. Why, you big ape, you're not fit for decent society.

Murderer: In that case, madam, I must express my dislike of your figure.

Lady H: Of all the impertinent cheek!

Murderer: I cannot appreciate your fat and flabby face—

Lady H: I warn you, I'm not going to stand this much longer—

Murderer: And I see no cause for self-congratulation in the carrotty hue of your profile.

Lady H: Get out of this house before you're thrown out!

Murderer: Certainly, madam. I shall be glad to leave the vicinity of your obnoxious presence. (Departs).

Lady H: Hi, you, I didn't mean it. Come back, will you? Come back at once. Why, you big stiff you've only half-killed my husband. One hundred thousand pounds—and that big hat in Selfridge's. I promise you I'll never speak a word again. I'll be quiet and restrained and impossi-



Lady H: Do be quick about it, though.

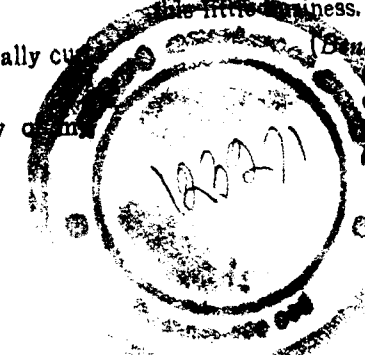
bly polite; only come back, come back, and for God's sake finish off my husband.

Murderer (returning): You asked for me, madam.

Lady H: Yes, I want to offer an unconditional apology.

Murderer: Thank you, madam. And now about the fitted guiness.

Bends down, applies chloroform to the husband and, with an ingenious suction pump, gradually exhausts the blood from the latter's system.)



Murderer: There you are, madam. Quite a simple job when you know how to set about it!

Lady H: I congratulate you! A perfect murder! Bloodless, neat, and entirely artistic.

Murderer: You overwhelm me, madam.

Lady H: I can never praise you enough.

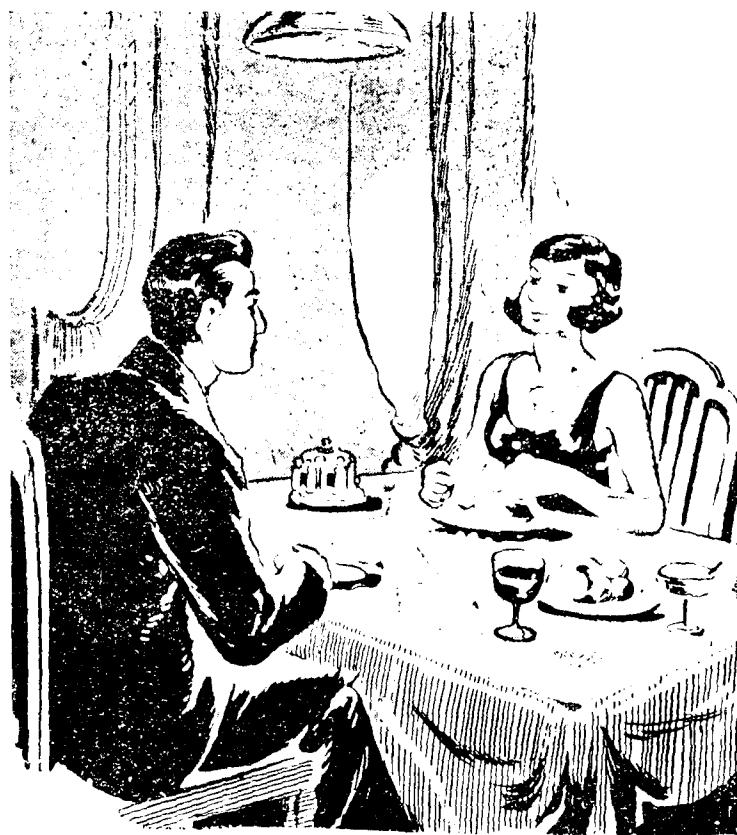
Murderer: If there is any other matter in which I can be of service—

Lady H: Why, yes, there's my mother-in-law, an interfering old—

Murderer: Ah, yes, a mother-in-law. A common phenomenon, madam, and one which can be easily dealt with. Now on the financial side—

Lady H: Would a hundred pounds be sufficient?

Murderer: Madam, you overwhelm me.



Madam, you overwhelm me.

Lady H: The operation will be over tomorrow?

Murderer: To your entire satisfaction.

Lady H: Then do come in to tea on Monday. It's a long time since we've had a murderer's company at table (points body). Let me congratulate you again—a remarkable performance.

Murderer: I take some pride in it myself.

Lady H: Words are totally inadequate.

Murderer: You flatter me, madam.

Lady H: To express the supreme artistry of a murder that is redolent of genius.

Murderer: Madam, you overwhelm me.

(CURTAIN)

THE OLD MASTER—(Continued from page 19)

Next day I took Hiralal to Sampatlal's bungalow. A war of wits began. Finally the former agreed to part with the great painting for fifty thousand rupees. Hiralal counted down the money in one thousand-rupee notes and took the picture home. That was the twenty-seventh day after Rajah Dhanpal Singh-jeo interviewed Hiralal. Hiralal phoned for the Rajah Saheb at the Grand Hotel. The Rajah Saheb said he would be coming round at six o'clock in the evening.

For some reason the Rajah did not turn up to keep the appointment. So next day Hiralal and myself went to the Grand Hotel. The Manager told us that the Rajah Saheb left for his place the previous day. That sounded fishy. Hiralal wired to the Zamindari town of Yeshpal, and learnt that the Zamindar's name

was Khatri Singh. Immediately on receipt of this news we motored to Sampatlal's bungalow. We raced up the steps into the hall. Swindled! The hall was as bare as a new-born babe.

For a worthless bit of painted glass and a fairy story, Hiralal was out of pocket for forty-five thousand rupees!

As an epilogue to this story I might mention that a couple of months later business took me to Bombay. I came across 'Rajah Dhanpal Singh' and 'Sampatlal Thopa' lunching on the terrace of the Taj Mahal Hotel. They were evidently in high spirits. No wonder. Clever rogues. Their swindle was so clever that the arm of the law could not reach them.

THE END



THE latest craze around us, my dears, appears to be remembering past births. Little Shanti Devi Mathur of Delhi started the craze and hundreds of would-be Shanti Devis are breathlessly trying to pierce their not only dead but also buried or burnt past.

"Auntie dear," writes a dear niece from Jhansi, "you are such a startling old darling that I shouldn't wonder if you remember one or two of your past lives. As a matter of fact I was expecting all these weeks to hear you relate your experiences beyond the barrier of your present birth. Surely, you can recall at least one past birth, can't you? Be a darling and let us hear what you've got to say."

As it happens, my chickabiddies, I do remember quite a few of my past births. If I have been reticent about them, it is because I cannot adduce proofs; as Shanti Devi did. Little Shanti Devi has the advantage over me in that her husband in her last birth is still living; while the incarnations I remember happened a few thousand years ago.

Long, long ago, probably what time Sir Galahad, pal of King Arthur, was going after the Holy Grail, I was an inmate of the Seraglio at Constantinople. I was one of the Sultan's wives. For something I did, I don't remember exactly what, they put me inside a nice sack and quietly dumped me into the Bosphoros. I went straight to heaven, sojourning according to rules for a while in the astral plane. I used to be rather friendly with a soul who was much later to

catch and hold the admiration of the world under the name of Shakespeare. In those etherial regions there are no sex-demarcations, no family nor communal bonds, as we know them down here. For instance, Sir James Grigg, the present Government of India Finance Member, if he feels that way, can marry Maulana Shaukat Ali or Mr. Satyamurti, provided the latter are not averse to such a union. Or a man after getting there might get to know his mother-in-law better, in a truer perspective as it were, and, to make amends for his one-time mundane lapses, might want to marry her. And quite often they do. To such souls, the boys and girls over there give three cheers and a pat on the back; only the pat doesn't produce any sound. What Shakespeare meant, when he wrote that cryptic truth about there being more in heaven than your philosophy dreamt of Horatio, was this facility of a chap marrying his erstwhile mother-in-law.

I used to know a man there who, I am inclined to believe is, what the world now calls, George Bernard Shaw. But I am not quite sure of the identity. Of this man, I will tell you next week.

* * *
Blissful (Narayanavaram): "At last, my Susila said 'Yes'. I hugged her. Oh, the bliss of it! Don't tell me, old Auntie, it is all a dream."

Certainly not, dear boy. But just to make sure, get somebody to give you a hefty kick. If you feel any pain, it is not a dream.

Tommy Awful (Fort St. George): "Give us lads an illustration of the beautiful saying—'It is a memory to be cherished rather than an experience to be repeated!'"

The smell of the Cooum river round the Southern end of Fort St. George.

Numismatist (Patiala): "Collecting old, old coins is a fascinating hobby, don't you think?"

Yes, dear sir; but collecting the current coin of the realm is a much more fascinating hobby.

Finance (Rawalpindi): "How to tell a rotten egg?"
One way is to marry him.

Country Gentleman (Anakapalle): "Urban motorists are missing something grand by ignoring the beauties of our countryside."

Not a doubt about it, dear sir. But the poor men are not to blame. Their wives accompany them into the country.

Little Parvathi (Periyakulam): "Our teacher asked us today, 'Which African bird cannot fly, though it has wings?' Nobody could answer the question. Won't you help me, Auntie dear?"

Certainly, darling. It is a dead bird.

Anti Colour-bar (Dacca): "Hitler says that by the historic conception of life, the white race is destined to rule. Is it true?"

Absolutely true, dear chap. Being essentially shop-keepers, they are destined to rule off their accounts every half-year in their ledgers.

Furniture Collector (Ramnad): "An auction notice says: 'Period furniture going cheap'. To what period does the auctioneer refer?"

No particular period, dear sir. It is the sort of furniture you pay for by monthly instalments.

Midget Housewife (Bilaspur): "Our house is so small that we can't get a cow in. And I don't care to buy the dirty milk of the place. What shall I do?"

Use condensed milk.

Shop-keeper (China Bazaar): "I insured my new shop for Rs. 10,000 yesterday. What do I get if it were to burn down tonight?"

Five years C class and no buttermilk.

Anti-Mother-in-Law (Loyola College): "I just read of a chap in Polynesia who ate his mother-in-law. What do you say to it?"

I should say, dear boy, that he lives on his wife's relations.

Byramshaw (Crawford Market): "I received a letter last week. When I opened the cover there was nothing inside it. Whas does it mean?"

Nothing, dear sir.

Aristocrat (Coimbatore): "I offered my blood for transfusion. But the doctor refused it. The cheek of the fellow!"

It is not cheek. Being an aristocrat, your blood is blue; and those doctor chaps want only plebian red blood.

Doubtful Daisy (Visveswarapuram): "What exactly is Relativity? I don't want you to humbug me with technical gibber. Give me an honest-to-goodness reply."

Very well, dear girl. I cannot do better than repeat what Einstein himself told me when I interviewed him for the *London Lyre*. He said: "When you sit with the man you love for two hours, you think it is only one minute; but when you sit on a red-hot stone for a minute, you think it is two hours. That is Relativity."

Cousiner (Ambala): "Whom do you call a cousin twice removed?"

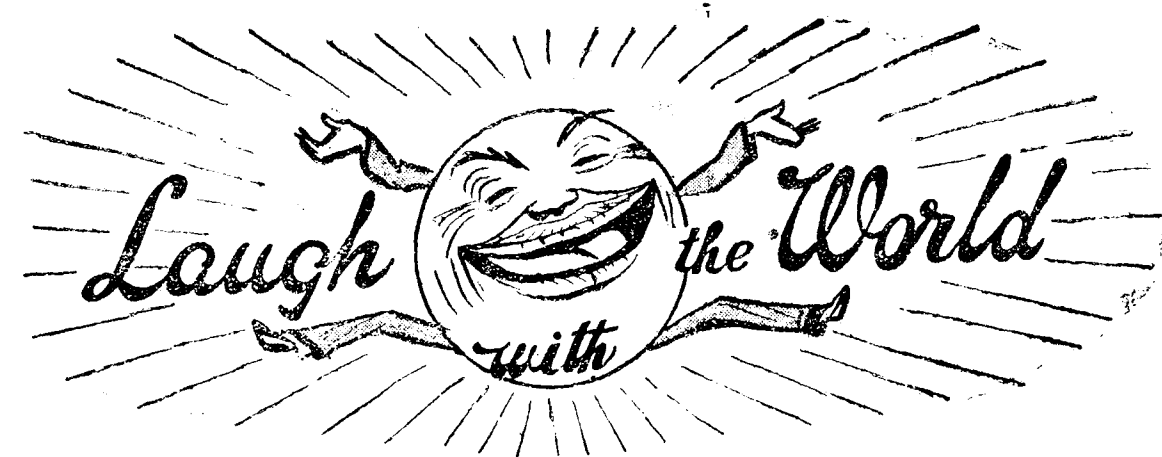
The cousin whom you kick out of your house two times.

Determined Wife (Ambala): "It is quite easy. I lead my husband by the nose."

Yes, madam, you use a strong perfume in your toilet, don't you?

Old Teacher (Tiruchendur): "I don't care for these new-fangled ideas. A judicious use of the cane makes my boy smart."

Of course, on their pajama-seats.



"You go into a tobacconist's shop," bawled the anti-tobacco crank, "you place sixpence on the counter, you get a packet of cigarettes—and you get more! For in the wake of those cigarettes come beer, wine, whisky, brandy and—"

"Lummel!" interrupted one of his audience; "who's your tobacconist, guv'nor?"

—*Birmingham Post*.

"I had wonderful luck last night. I saw a dark form in the window—I shot—then I got a light and found that it was my own coat I had seen."

"But why are you lucky?"

"Well, suppose I had been wearing the coat?"

—*Lustige Kölner Zeitung*

"Sambo, you're very late this morning. Any reason?"

"Well, sah, it was like dis. When Ah looked into de glass dis morning, I couldn't see maself there, so Ah thought Ah must hab gone to work. It was two hours after dat Ah discovered de glass had dropped out ob de frame."

—*Pearson's Weekly*

A seafaring man was getting down after a journey in an old-fashioned tram-car.

"Thank goodness the worst part of my journey is over!" he muttered.

Conductor: Where are you going, mister?

Seafaring Man: China!

—*Pearson's Magazine*

"Where's Washington?"

"Dead!"

"I mean the capital of the United States."

"Oh, they loaned it to Europe."

"Do you, then, purpose to support the Constitution?"

"Me? How can I? I've a wife and six children to support."

—*Western Truck Owner*

A wealthy woman complained to a Bishop that her domestics showed a strange indifference to their fate in the next world.

"I don't think they care whether they go to heaven or not," she said.

"I suppose you have assured them of your hope to be there?" asked the Bishop.

"Assuredly."

"Then do you not think that may be the precise reason for this indifference?"

—*Tit-Bits*

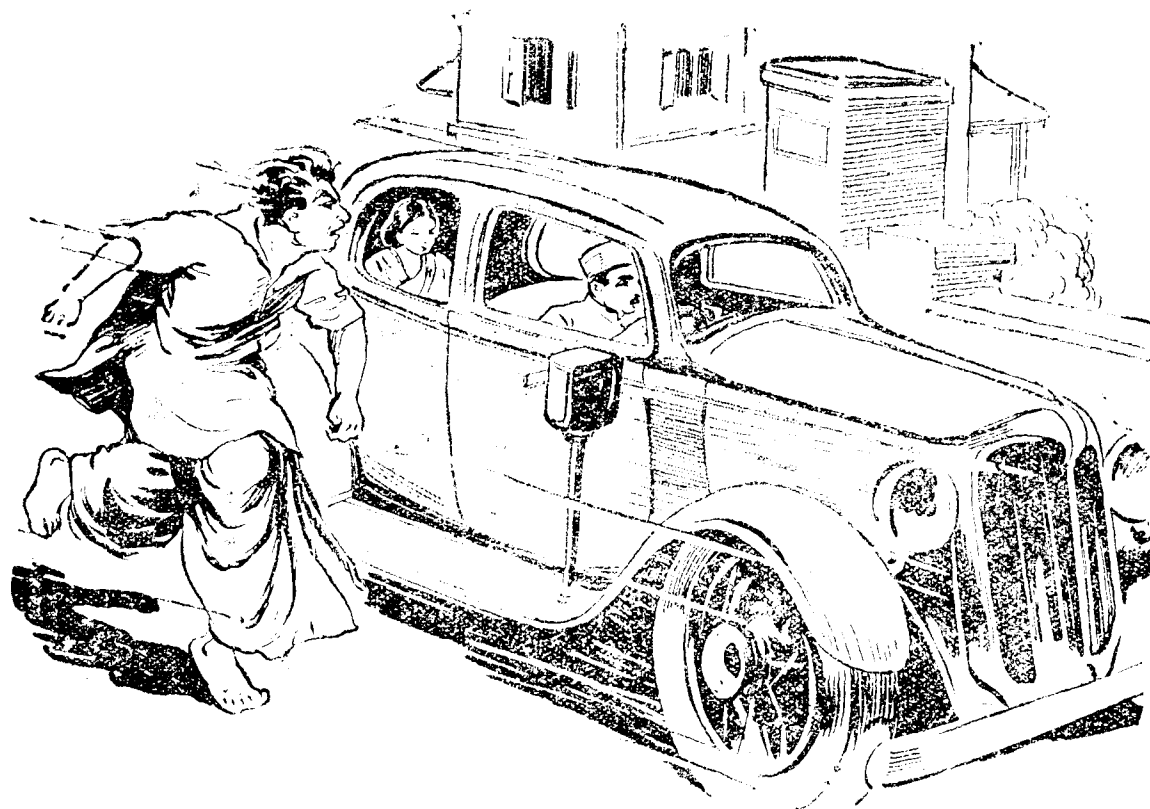
A businessman went to his club every afternoon and ordered a glass of whisky which he drank with closed eyes. This eccentricity struck the members' fancy.

One of them, a little impatient, approached him.

"Every afternoon you order a glass of whisky. But what stumps me is, why do you close your eyes when you drink it?"

"Well," was the reply, "it's like this. When I see a glass of whisky it makes my mouth water and I don't care to dilute it."

—*Arizona Tanker*



Yasoda Wins A 'Baby'

Reading Time • About 5 Minutes

by M. K. Srinivasan

MICKY (short and sweet for Meenakshisundaram) sat like a man who had lost three ships in an Atlantic storm. I don't know whether you have seen men who have lost ships in an Atlantic storm. If you haven't, you will have to imagine the looks of a man who has eaten rotten eggs. I don't wish you to experience this yourself. For, to be frank, it is not pleasant. It makes you look like a misanthropist. Micky wore that expression.

"Llo! Micky, what's turned turtle?" I asked him as I entered his 'den' and patted him on his back. He turned his head and sighed. Poor Micky! It was not like him to be so tragic.

"What's turned turtle!...Better ask me what's not," he replied.

"Oh, ho," I said, not knowing what to say to one whose everything seemed to have turned turtle.

"Where is Yasoda?" I began again, hoping to brighten up things. As the name escaped my lips,

his face contracted more than ever before and a deathly paleness set into it. I was rather shaken.

"What's the matter, man? Are you suffering from Jhinjhinia or what?" I asked, a little put out.

Micky was hurt.

"What would you do, you old fool, if you were me? Would you sing tra-ra-la-la and jump with joy and arrange a party in your wife's honour if she began hissing like a pair of punctured bellows, all over a silly Baby car?" he asked in one breath.

I could not help laughing at the poor fellow's ill-luck. "There is only one way out, Micky," I said.

"What is it?"

"Buy it."

His face fell again. "What! She will want a Baby car today, a Mount Everest tomorrow, an okapi, a peacock throne, an Egyptian pyramid...where is the end for all this? I ask, where is the end?"

It was an impressive speech that would have moved a mob. But Yasoda was not one among the mob; she was his better-half. She controlled his destiny and domestic peace.

"That sort of stuff doesn't go far, Micky!" I said. "If you want a little quiet at home, your tea in the morning and dinner at ten, buy the darned 'Baby' and be happy. I tried this stuff and had to give it up."

"Tell me what happened to you and how you came out of it; especially, how you came out of the tangle," he asked.

"Susila casually remarked one day that diamonds were pretty things. I said: 'So are butterflies', and began to discuss the causation of colour in moths and butterflies. Soon she changed her tactics. That night, holding a cup of milk before my cheerless face and wearing a charming *saree* and a smile, she asked me how she would look in her lace-bordered silk *saree* (with blouse to match) tucked up at the shoulder with a diamond-studded gold pin. 'Charming,' I replied, but soon gaining lost ground asked her, 'who would paint the lily.' Her vanity was tickled, of course, but not sufficiently to abate her love for diamonds. She said, 'they almost murmur in the Ladies' Club that a professor's wife should go about without so much as a diamond pin. That is a reflection on you, you know, and I can't bear it and I won't!'

"It was her turn to tickle my vanity but I exercised that iron self-control which, you know, you so much admire, and said it was silly to attach any importance to diamonds. I explained that diamond was a base allotrope of carbon, that end product of animal katabolism, and proceeded to describe an experiment to prove unequivocally its low-down origin. She lost both interest and reason by now and turned away throwing a cold glance at me. That cold glance meant—but you know cold glances, don't you?"

Micky's interest redoubled at this point and he pricked his ears. Even his face had relaxed a bit. "Come on, you ass, what did you do, at last?" he asked.

"It took me three days of tireless cringing and persuasion, Micky, to bring her round. And finally

when I did bring her round, it was to NAOROJMAL & SONS, Diamond dealers." Thus I finished my tale.

Micky brightened at a sudden idea.

"Suppose I shed crocodile tears and cringe?" he asked.

"Give it up," I said.

"Why?"

"They have exchanged notes—your Yasoda and my Susila."

"Oh, damn!"

"If you like, you can threaten her and say, you were fed up with life, that you would become a *sanyasi* and go away to the Himalayas. That might knock some sense into her."

"That is an idea!" he enthused. "I'll do it."

Just then a taxi drove into the portico. We peered out to see who the arrival was. Soon the swish of silk was heard, and Yasoda came towards us.

"I am going. Good bye," she said.

"But where?" asked poor Micky.

"That's my business, thank you," came the reply from the fast retreating Yasoda.

The maid who was standing near us said. "*Anna* is going to join the Saradha Talkie Company."

"The what Company?" yelled both Micky and I.

Micky and I ran after Yasoda.

"Hi! Wait a minute!" shouted both of us.

* * * *

Ten minutes later, the scene changed to Messrs. Timpson and Co.

"You didn't believe that I would refuse you a Baby car, Yasoda?" said Micky. "Silly!"

"And you? You believed that I would join up that beastly film company? Ugh!" said Yasoda.

"What a darned fool!" I said, looking at Micky.

"Who is a darned fool?" asked Micky glaring.

"Nobody in particular."



Anne of Austria

by Diana Don

Reading Time • About 7 Minutes

ANNE of Austria was a girl of fourteen when, in 1615, she came to France as the bride of the young king, Louis XIII.

Vain, selfish, cold-blooded, and indolent, Louis treated his marriage as a tiresome necessity. During the service, he chatted and postured with his courtiers, completely disregarding the solemn ceremony. After the wedding, Anne was relegated to the gloomy loneliness of the royal bedchamber, while the King passed the night in his snug bachelor apartments.

For the next ten years, the young queen suffered every humiliation and neglect. Nobody paid any attention or showed any consideration to the powerless girl who wore the crown of France.

Then the Duke of Buckingham came to Paris. His errand was that of an ambassador. He had to conduct the sister of Louis XIII to England, where she was marrying Charles I.

The magnificent procession set forth. Anne of Austria accompanied her sister-in-law as far as the coast.

On the way, the Duke of Buckingham plied the neglected queen with every homage. His motives were political; but he was the handsomest and most cultivated gentleman in Europe. Anne was deeply flattered. She was made to realise she was a queen, and a beautiful young woman. To the astonishment of the courtiers, she began to assert herself; to assume an air of command, and to require deference from those about her.

Some such development had always been feared by Richelieu, the crafty Chief Minister of France. Richelieu had encouraged the weak young king in his indifference to Anne of Austria, and had engineered many calculated slights upon her. If the queen gained an ascendancy over Louis, her power would become a focus for the party inimical to Richelieu's supremacy.

Richelieu's programme was to keep the government in his own hands by preventing the queen from possessing any influence. Buckingham, on the other

hand, desired the formation of a Queen's Party, to counter the anti-English policy of Richelieu.

The marriage-procession halted at Amiens. The evening was warm, and the queen desired to walk in the garden of the mansion where she was lodged. But alas! no one could find the key. In her new imperious mood, the queen insisted she must enter the garden.

The courtiers stood dismayed; but Buckingham stepped boldly forward. Drawing his sword, he broke the lock of the gate with a single blow. Then, offering his arm to the delighted queen, he led her into the seclusion of the garden, leaving the courtiers aghast.

In the garden, Buckingham overacted his part. He threw himself at the feet of the Queen of France, and passionately avowed his love for her! Anne was startled. She cried aloud for help. The courtiers came running.

Realising the scandal she had nearly created, the queen recovered her presence of mind. She said she had been startled by a nocturnal bird. The courtiers withdrew, sniggering among themselves.

Soon, Richelieu's spies were sending daily accounts of the indiscretions of the queen with the Duke of Buckingham. Richelieu retailed these stories to his master, who was in a fury. The affair was never anything more than the flattery of a neglected girl by an accomplished diplomat; but it changed Anne's life.

On her return to Paris, the humiliations heaped upon her by Louis and his Minister inspired a lifelong campaign of revenge, waged by Anne against the two men who treated her so shamefully. She plotted with Buckingham for an armed invasion of France. She plotted with the Comte de Chalais to assassinate the King. But Buckingham's expedition was defeated; and Chalais was taken and executed. The all-powerful Richelieu knew everything, and check-mated every move.

In 1630, Louis XIII fell ill, and the queen intrigued for the removal and disgrace of Richelieu. The great

Minister seemed doomed. All the courtiers abandoned him, and flocked to the queen's apartments. But at the last moment the King recovered, and Richelieu was saved. This was the famous 'Day of Dupes'.

Anne's next attempt was to seek help from Spain; but all was known to the crafty Minister. In 1637 he suddenly revealed—with full proofs—the whole of the queen's traitorous correspondence. He demanded her trial for high treason.

This time there seemed no escape. The queen was forced to sign a long document confessing all her disloyalty; and she was confined in the Louvre. Anne was at the end of her tether, facing death or disgraceful imprisonment. She had not a friend left. She could only pray to God for deliverance.

Her prayers were answered in an almost miraculous manner.

The phlegmatic Louis had at last succumbed to the charms of a woman. In a court swarming with frail femininity, he must needs become infatuated with a girl as virtuous as she was beautiful. This was Mademoiselle de Lafayette. This young girl-regarded her royal lover with a noble and tender admiration; but her integrity was invincible. After an affecting scene with the love-stricken monarch, she announced her resolve to retire from the world. Despite every dissuasion, she took the vows of a nun, and entered a convent in Paris.

The King hurried from Fontainebleau to Paris to beg a last interview with the girl who was lost to him for ever. She granted the interview; but only in order to express a parting wish to the King.

"I have prayed to God," she said. "It is God's will that you should remember your duty to France. Assume your proper obligations to the queen as her husband. Give your people an heir to the throne. As you hope for salvation, do this."

Even as the girl was speaking, there was a dreadful crash of thunder. A terrible storm broke over Paris. Anne of Austria, trembling in her apartments in the Louvre, thought that the storm presaged her own end. But Mademoiselle de Lafayette was transfigured. "God has given you a sign!" she cried, to the hesitant King.

There came a knock at the door. It was the king's valet. "Sire, the storm," he said.

"What of it?" demanded the distracted monarch.

In those days, when the King of France travelled, his bed went with him, in a huge open waggon. "Your Majesty's bed," replied the valet. "It would be most imprudent to expose it to the elements on the long road to Fontainebleau. Will it please Your Majesty to stay in Paris tonight?"

Mademoiselle de Lafayette sprang to her feet. "God has arranged everything!" she cried. "Take His Majesty's bed to the Louvre. Tonight he will sleep with the queen!"

And so Anne of Austria, expecting the steps of the executioner, heard instead the steps of a dozen panting lackeys. Without a word they set up the great royal

bed in her apartment, and withdrew.

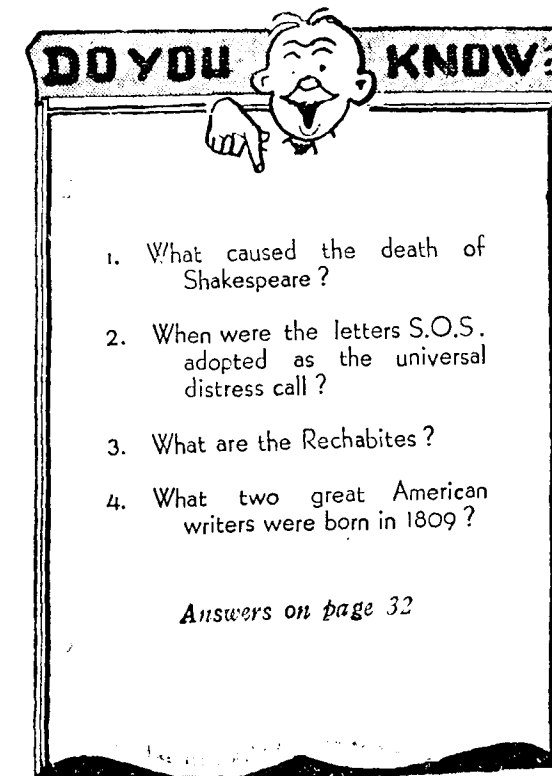
Thus, after twenty years, the marriage of Louis XIII and Anne of Austria was consummated.

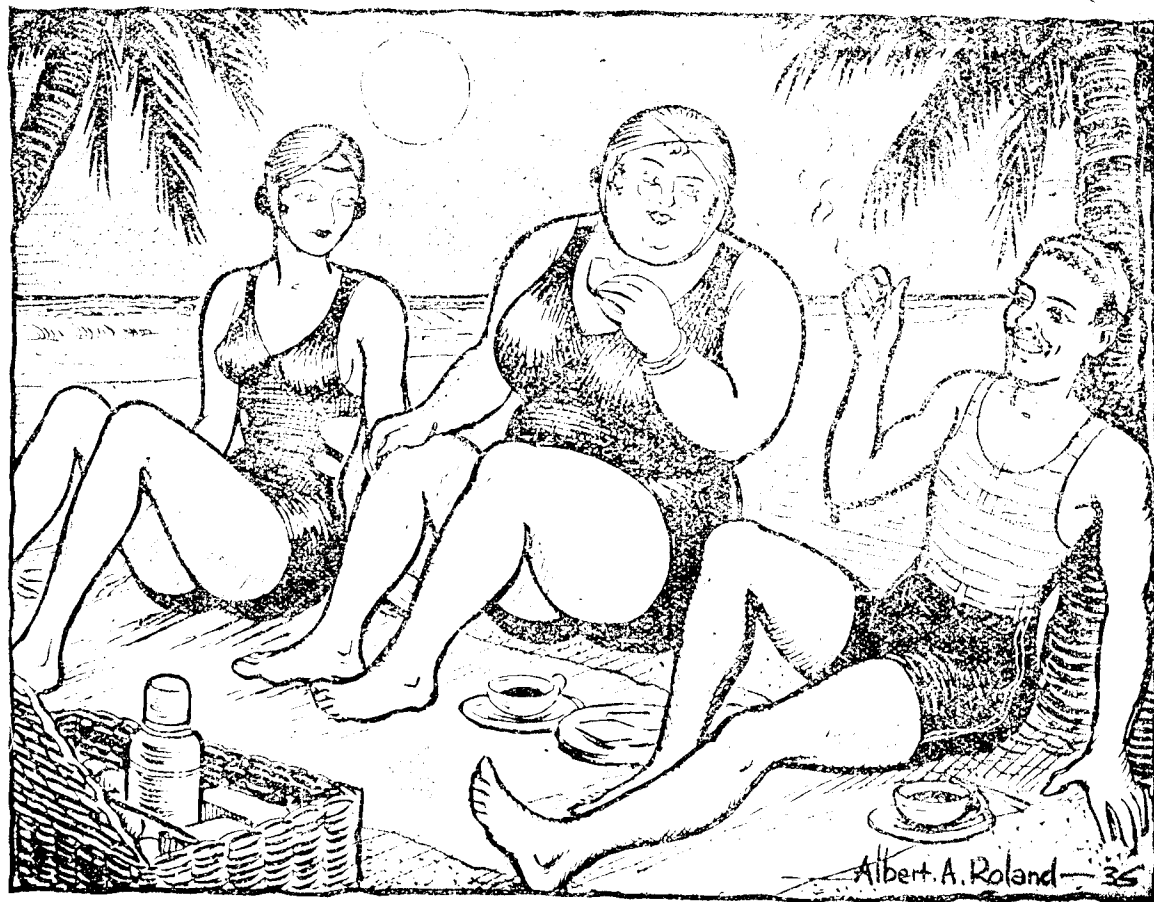
In 1639, a son was born. He was destined to be the Grand Monarch, Louis XIV, under whom France achieved its greatest power.

Louis XIII died in 1642. During the long minority of his son, Anne of Austria ruled the French nation, and guided it towards supremacy in Europe.

Mazarin, the great minister who succeeded Richelieu, was secretly married to the queen. When Mazarin died in 1661, Anne of Austria ceased to be interested in the affairs of this world. The government was now in the hands of her brilliant young son; and Anne passed the remaining years of her life in religious seclusion.

THE END





Take a 'Hamper' with you.

Bachelors, Beware!

Words and Pictures by Albert A. Roland

Reading Time • About 9 Minutes

This is the Voice of Experience, as the Sultan said when broadcasting from his Harem.

We're not a Sultan, boys, but we really do know what we're talking about. And we've got the courage of our convictions.

Which reminds us that we were once convicted for bigamy. But how unfair the social system is! Our punishment was five years' hard labour. Yet when we came out, it was to find all our 'wives' waiting for us at the prison gates—with lathis!

It was a nasty experience. And we decided there and then never to get married again. Further, we took a vow to do all in our power to help other young men. Especially during Leap Years.

We do our best. But it isn't easy. Against the wiles of the 'enemy', young men, and old men too, are so pitifully helpless.

Single men are much worse off than married men, in a sense. The married man fears only one woman. The bachelor fears them all. So hearken to our advice, all ye single men. It is to fortify *you* that this article has been written!

File it carefully with your most important documents. And when some damsel begins casting her spell over you, rush back to your files and read these notes again.

Well, boys, most people have told you that love makes the world go round. We don't say it *doesn't*.

It does. But, unless you cut out the giddy stuff it makes the world go round so fast that you lose your balance—at the bank.

Oh yes! If you've got money to burn, you'll soon meet your match in some fortune-hunter. Even an old flame can burn it up pretty fast.

In these days of Leap Year Proposals, what you need is 'horse-sense': i.e., you should know when to "nay".

If your girl-friend proposes, turn her offer down firmly. Even if she looks wistful and entreats you to "Come on, dear, and be a Sport!" What she really means is: "Be a Support."

If you think you see the love-light burning in your lady friend's eyes, let her see the 'Stop'-light burning in yours.

A good way to stop a girl's proposal in mid-air is to tell her she's a 'shining angel'. She'll think you're referring to her nose. And while she's getting out her powder-puff, you'll have the chance to make yourself scarce.

Here's another way to damp her ardour. If she asks you: "Do you think you could learn to love me?" Answer thoughtfully: "Well, I learnt to drink castor oil."

Keep a very careful check on your tongue. If, for instance, you're telling a girl you'll speak to her about something later on the 'phone, never say (before witnesses) that you'll 'give her a ring'. She might keep you to your word, and insist on one with diamonds and rubies in it.

Avoid flattering a girl. Flattery is cheap. So is dynamite. But in either case a little carelessness may cause a whole lot of trouble.

Beware of moonlight picnics. Many a man has lost his heart, sense and liberty through romantic picnics-for-two. If you must go a-picnic-ing, never fail to take a 'hamper' along with you in the shape of a chaperone.

Do you play tennis? If you wear shorts, and have well-formed

calves at which you catch a girl throwing admiring glances, look out! The probability is, it's not just calf love!

Are you interested in boxing? Well, bear in mind that marriage is like most boxing programmes. The preliminaries are usually better than the main bout.

Have you ever received a powerful electric shock from a switch? Marriage is like that, too. It makes you dance, and you can't let go!

Do you admire beautiful things? The girl you are interested in may have a lovely, slender figure now. But will she be the same after many years of marriage? Take a look round at the Matrons—would you admire her just as much with a figure like theirs? After all, you're supposed to take her for better or for worse—not for thicker or thinner.

And remember, you take her not only for better or for worse, but for good.

When your wife asks you in years to come: "Am I as dear to you now as in the days before we were married?"—what guarantee have you that your answer won't be: "Can't say; I didn't keep an account then!"

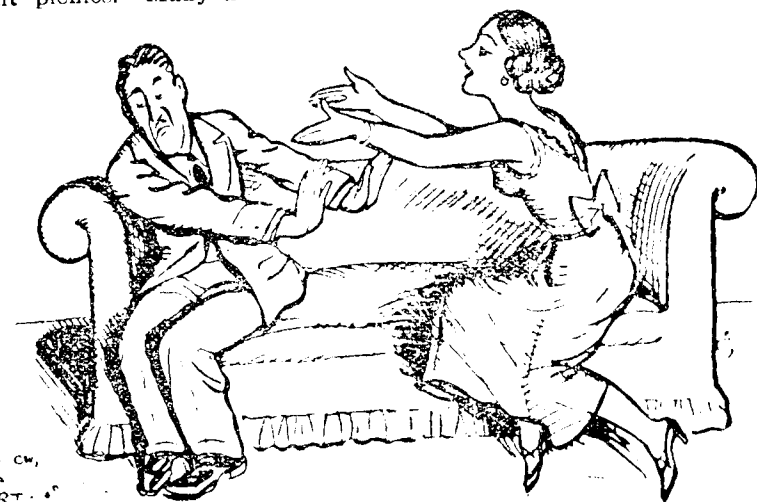
And now let us warn you against shapely, attractive arms. Nice, alluring arms can 'get round' almost anyone.

Girls with bobbed or shingled hair are dangerous. They know that many a close-cropped head has turned out to be a 'short cut' to romance.

Avoid at all costs the girl with soft, white hands, and beautifully manicured finger-nails. She has the gentle art of flirtation at her finger-tips. You'll always be strongly tempted to ask for such nice hands in marriage. And if she gives you a free hand, you'll end by placing a ring on it!

Look askance at the girl who goes in for skipping. She knows the ropes too well.

Keep far away from the damsel who wears her hat at a fascinating angle. She's probably an expert at setting her cap at the men.



COME ON, BE A SPORT!

If you see a girl with lovely silk-clad legs, don't take to them. Better take to your heels. And don't pay any attention to her smart little shoes, even if she looks a girl of polish. They're not called 'court shoes' for nothing.

The girl with infallible poise and style is a real menace. Her belief is that if she walks with an air, she'll end by walking with an heir. Preferably a millionaire.

If a girl decides on a home before it's even built, you can bet it's a case of love at first 'site'. And if she shows you the architect's plans, you can assure yourself she has designs.

Don't think just because a girl is small and dainty, she's an ideal little mate. Many a diminutive wife goes right through her husband's pockets every night.

Avoid the girl whose father exhibits violence when you speak of marrying his daughter. Though as a matter of fact, most fathers-in-law's violence takes the form of nearly shaking your arm off.

Never marry a girl considerably older than yourself: i.e., an 'old girl'. If you're 20 and she's 75, remember that when you're 50, she'll be 105. We don't agree with those people who say that where there is real love, age doesn't matter. If she also happened to be rich, you'd always be tempted to get the latest information on ground glass or smothering.

Don't trust any girl too far. Or too close, either.

Don't think for one moment that there's any truth in the saying: "Marry in haste: repent at leisure." You never will have any leisure.

You've noticed those Before-and-After advertisements in the newspapers, lads? Compelling, aren't they? Well, we've collected a few Before-and-After-Marriage notes, which we advise you to read. They may help to strengthen your resistance.

Before you're married, you think you can't live without your girl. After you're married, you know you can't live with her.

Before marriage, you take your girl by the hand. After marriage, you take her by both hands, so she won't hit you.

Before marriage, you've hardly a button on your shirt. After marriage, you've hardly a shirt.

Before marriage, you swear you wouldn't marry the best woman on earth. After marriage, you discover you haven't.

Before marriage, every present you give your sweetheart brings happiness to you both. After marriage, you know the only present that will ensure peace and happiness in your home is her railway ticket back to her mother.

Before marriage, she'll laugh if she hears that you mutter in your sleep. After marriage, she'll be

worried. She'll consult a doctor about it. She'll find out if something can't be done—to make you speak more distinctly.

We could put down a lot more, boys. But this should be enough to go on with. And we don't suppose it would make any difference to you if we filled a dozen pages.

For no doubt in due course your wives will be celebrating their Silver Jubilees—when, that is, they've reigned over you for twenty-five years.

YES, I KNOW

Answers to Questions on page 29

1. It is generally conceded that he died from what is known as Typhoid fever.
2. At the International Radio-Telegraphic Convention of 1912.
3. Members of a Society of Testotellers founded in England in 1835.
4. Oliver Wendell Holmes and Edgar Allan Poe.



The Disillusionment

by T. C. Thomas

Reading Time • About 2½ Minutes

THE sad and distressing experiences of many of my educated friends turned me off the portals of a College. Besides, my natural propensity to sloth and procrastination never functioned as an incentive to my none too enthusiastic parents. Amidst several lucrative businesses around me, I pitched upon the more remunerative profession of Dentistry. At the close of a comparatively short period of training with a qualified Dental Surgeon, I had the flattering distinction of being acclaimed a Doctor, while the Medicos, however brainy, could aspire to that appellation only after full five and a half years of arduous and strenuous study.

My advent as a Dental Surgeon in one of the mofussil towns of Nellore opened a new era in my life. Expediency in my technique and very moderate charges were the determining factors of my unrivalled success. Medical men and women had the unique privilege of being treated gratis, an act which served as an ameliorative link for the better

understanding between individuals of an allied profession.

The idea of matrimony which I had long cherished, was enlivened by the opulent circumstances in which I found myself. It struck me as a very laudable idea—my marrying a medical-woman, with the possibility of setting up a combined practice. But for a man of my credentials, the prospects seemed rather gloomy. You see, I was not a B.A. But all my hopes and ambitions seemed to take shape in a moment, when one day going through the pages of *The Hindu*, I was attracted by an advertisement: "Wanted—A fair young man to marry a lady-doctor well settled in life."

What happened in the two months following is not your concern.

Amidst scenes of ostentation and joviality our wedding took place. I could still remember her blithe

(Continued on page 37)





Might And Main

by E. L. Shipman

Reading Time • About 9 Minutes

HIS heavy club lying within reach of his hand, he had thrown himself down in an abandonment of melancholy, though ever on the alert to discern the approach of any of the larger carnivora. His single garment consisted of a rough, partially cured skin. Thus lay Beno, the son of Gatto, sorrowing for love of the fair Deli, the daughter of Medruno.

Reader, blame not the maid. When marriage is by barter, and the whole art of wedding consists of stunning the adored one by a shrewd blow with a club, ere carrying her off, what could a poor girl do, however lost in admiration of any officially unfavoured suitor she might be? Was not that mighty hunter, Freddo,

the son of Basto, even now bargaining with her sire for her hand, a difference having all along persisted between them as to the relative merits of a dozen tiger skins and a ton of dried mammoth meat? More than once during the preceding week, so hot had the debate become, it had seemed to her probable that either she, herself, would be rendered fatherless, or that the renowned Freddo would be flung as carrion to the beasts.

"I ask you," was her father's constant query, "what good would tiger skins be at my age? Can you fancy me in stripes? I hope you don't think I love my fellowmen so dearly as to make a show of myself for their amusement?"

"Tiger skins," argued Freddo, "are valuable, and look at the kudos you would get if you had a dozen of them. If you think, though, that any girl is worth the trouble of cutting up and curing a mammoth, all I can say is that you've no idea how tough a mammoth's hide really is."

"That's your affair," responded Medruno, "and you could probably get someone to do the cutting up for you if you weren't so stingy. Anyway, I tell you that I won't go around looking like an alcoholic dream."

"How about leopards, then? I could do you two dozen of them."

"Spots, my lad, are worse than stripes. Unless you can propose something much better, mammoth it will have to be."

"Of all the cross-grained, obstinate old men—"

And thus had this battle of cross purposes raged for more than a fortnight past, neither showing any willingness to give in to the views of the other. Beno, the son of Gatto, was, himself, far from eligible as a bridegroom. Though strong and fully able to slay any of the smaller animals, he lacked the cunning and resource that alone could have put him in the front rank as a hunter. Nor did mere industry on his part seem likely to get together an acceptable marriage price in the short space of time before his rival and Medruno could arrive at a compromise. Could his sorrow, then, be other than paramount?

An hour or so of his purposeless reclining, and then his lovelorn musing gave way to resolution. Rising to his feet and picking up his club, he turned and loped easily and rapidly over the few miles that lay between him and the residence of his beloved.

Deli, the fair one, sat on her haunches at the entrance to her father's cave, industriously gnawing a large bone, when Beno appeared on the scene. Glancing coyly at him out of the corner of one eye, she continued with the task in hand and awaited developments.

"Deli," cried Beno fervently, "would you brave your father's wrath to become my bride?"

"Why put it up to me?" she suspended operations to enquire. "If you can't catch mammoths, try and think of something better, and go and cut out Freddo while he still harps upon his tiger skins."

"Dear one, you know that I would if I only could," replied Beno miserably, "but my trapping pits never

seem to be properly built. At any rate, no animals ever fall into them. I've made suggestions to your old man until I've been nearly blue in the face, but all to no avail. Unless I lay him out, how can I get his consent?"

"You touch my dad, and I'll scratch your eyes out," warned the maiden fiercely, and thereupon wrathfully transferred her attention to her bone.

"Oh, I say, Deli," protested her lover, "you don't think I really meant to hit him, do you? That was only my joke. I wouldn't hurt such an old man, even if he wasn't your father."

"Never mind whether you meant it or not," she retorted, "I tell you that I won't have anything done to my dad."

"All right, dear, don't get wild about it," said Beno, soothingly. "I couldn't do anything to him, anyway, as he's one of the elders of the tribe."

Pending the abatement of her ire, Deli regarded her would-be spouse in silence, which silence Beno continued to respect until the play of emotions on her features gave promise of a more accommodating mood, then:

"Look here," he said, "we'll have to settle this matter. You don't want to marry Freddo, do you?"

"Why not? He's quite good looking."

"Oh, I say!" cried Beno, in apprehension. "You wouldn't go and let me down like that?"

Now, what maiden, having her lover, metaphorically speaking, prone beneath her feet, can resist the unholy temptation of trying to stamp the life out of him? At all events:

"What good are you," she cried, "a man who can't catch anything but porcupines? Porcupines, bah! I want a man who can give me something worth eating now and then."

"Darling," pleaded the scorned one, "I can get you all the meat you want, except mammoth, and even that I could manage with you to help me."

A silence, grimly foreboding in its seeming, alone answered this protest. In mute appeal, Beno awaited her reply, until, his patience at last giving out, he turned sadly from her with a sigh, to seek his homeward way. Now Deli, though thus coquetting, had no intention whatever of losing him. Seeing that she had perhaps gone a little too far, and in sudden anxiety lest he should really be going:

"Come back," she cried, "I was only playing with you!"

Slowly, and apparently unheeding, he moved away, though both his ears were strained to catch any further evidence of her real desire.

"Come back, come back, Beno!" she cried again, tears now commencing to stream down her cheeks and reflect themselves in her voice.

Swiftly he turned, and, in two strides, had her in his arms. After a brief, but ardent embrace, he again released her, and, the advantage now all upon his side:

"Come, Deli," he commanded, "either you come now or not at all."

"But I can't go yet, I'm not ready."

"All right, then, stay at home and marry Freddo."

"Oh dear, oh dear!" she sighed, "and I did so want to finish this bone. Oh, well, if you insist—"

Which said, she carefully hid her bone beneath a boulder where her sire would be sure to find it, and then inclined her head to receive the nuptial blow.

Casting aside his club, and flinging the now inert Deli over one shoulder, Beno made rapidly for the friendly shelter of the jungle, a short mile ahead. He was in hopes that the argument between Deli's father and the hunter would be still going on with a fierceness sufficient to enable him to creep by unnoticed. Such, however, was not to be. As he ran into the open beyond the sheltering shadow of the cave, the two men squatting round the corner out of previous earshot had apparently arranged an armistice, for they simultaneously leapt to their feet. Recognising the nature of the burden borne by Beno, the burden's progenitor cursed with vigour and originality but speedily appreciating the futility of thus wasting time:

"Freddo," he cried, "whatever her price, the maid is yours! Away with you and bring me back that robber's head."

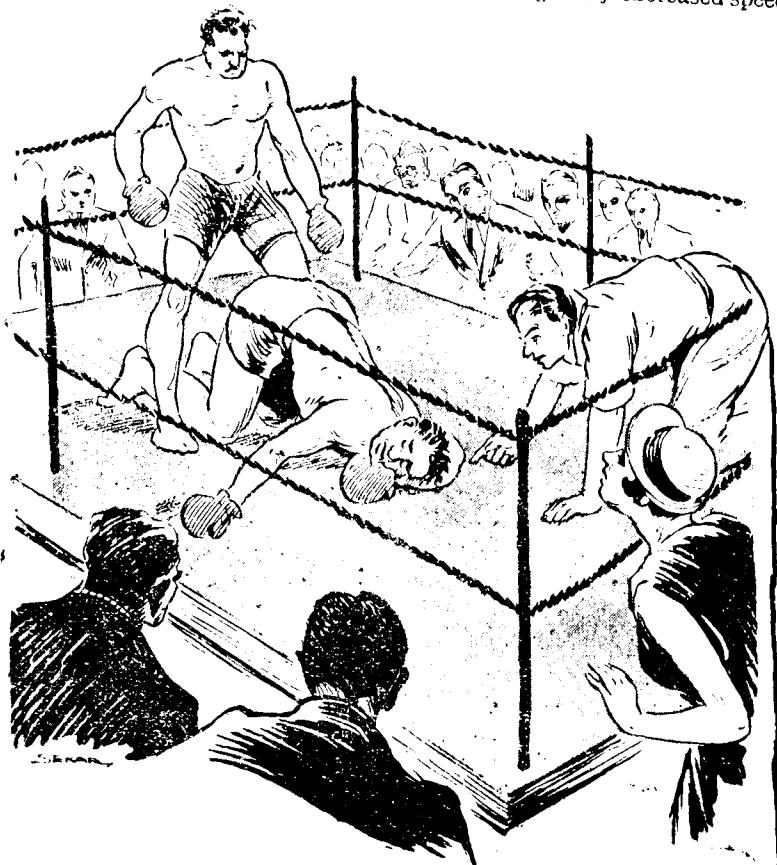
Beno halted in his stride to shift the body of his sweet-heart farther down his back as a shield against such missiles as his rival might find time to sling. Then, with greatly increased speed, he continued on his way, the ireful Freddo pounding after him with mighty strides.

On and on sped Beno, and at last the forest gained. Through its knot of outlying undergrowth he forced his way, until he reached a branch of the nearest tree. Springing thereon, rapidly he climbed out upon it to the end, and thence swung himself to the next tree and the next, and so on and on, the tangled festoons of giant creepers delaying him but briefly. In this mode of progression he was entire-

ly at home, and, unhandicapped, could easily have outdistanced his rival, although Freddo, the hunter, was not without a certain skill in this direction, and moreover took the fullest advantage of the trail broken out before him. As it was, however, Deli being no light burden, and, himself, having but a single hand to aid his flight, Beno's progress was not nearly so swift as he could have wished.

Mile after dreary mile did the pursued and pursuer thus put behind them, and all thought of giving in was far from the thought of either. At last, with a grunt of anguish, Beno swung wildly out upon a vine; the vine stem parted, and he fell crashing down.

In his turn, Freddo lowered himself painfully to the ground, and crept slowly on all fours towards his



enemy. Beno, conscious, but wearied to the point of despair, with fortitude awaited what seemed would be his certain end. With much effort rising, Freddo swung his club to finish off his foe.

Suddenly, the dreaminess that had this while clouded the mind of Beno cleared, and gradually came the realisation of his true surroundings. Dimly at first, he heard a voice intoning numbers: Five—Six—Seven. To the last moment he lay, gathering breath and strength, and then, leaping to his feet, with all his weight behind it, crashed his fist to the temporarily unguarded chin of his opponent, who, groggy already, fell prostrate beneath the blow.

The referee stepped again between the combatants, and again commenced to count. At the tale of ten, he turned to Battling Ben Gattam and, grasping his gloved hand, held it aloft to proclaim his victory, while Ben's sweetheart, the fair Delysia Medrum, sobbed joyfully in one of the ringside seats, and Fighting Fred Baston, the erstwhile boxing champion, lay in complete oblivion on the floor.

THE END

The Disillusionment—(Continued from page 33)

and buxom darling as she appeared on that day, those downy cheeks, those vermillion lips which revealed a row of pearly white teeth as they parted in a smile. Her strong point were her teeth; they were adorable. Congratulatory telegrams and valuable gifts poured in from every quarter and we were felicitated at a garden-party held the same evening by some of my friends. Those audible whispers which escaped from many of them: 'A lovely couple', 'A wonderful match', still resound in my ears, but with a note of bitter irony. But a presentiment of something evil coming on lurked in my mind all the while.

I was not kept in that unconciliatory suspense for long. One morning I entered her room. I discovered a glass of water in which was immersed a 'full-set'. Inquisitively I turned round to my wife who was snoring like a babe. What was my horror and astonishment, when I realised that the pearly teeth I admired so much in my wife's mouth were now reposing in that glass of water!

THE END



Jail Visitor: Have you any plans for the future when your sentence expires?
Convict: Yes. A diamond merchant and a Bank.



"Tanjore & Trichy"

by R. Narayanan

Reading Time • About 6 Minutes

MR. Ramaswami was going to Bangalore for the week-end in his new car. A few miles beyond Conjeevaram, near a milestone, stood a 'Baby' car, and on the milestone was perched a girl with a perplexed face and grease-bespattered hands. Ramaswami drew up by the side of the car. He jumped out and, walking up to the girl, mumbled in low tones: "Excuse me, can I help you in any way?"

"No!" came the answer, blunt, bold, indifferent and stiff. Her soft curly black hair was dishevelled, her face was worried and anxious, her green-bordered, orange-coloured *saree* was laden with dust and stained in a few places with grease and oil, and even her well-matched sky-blue Pondicherry silk blouse was awry and wet with perspiration. The free end of her *saree* was, however, streaming on the ground in true modern-Madras-maiden fashion.

Ramaswami felt a bit unnerved, for, this snub was unexpected.

"Oh, I beg pardon," he stammered. "I thought you might want a spanner or some such thing."

"Oh, spanner! And what do you think I carry about in my tool-kit? Needles and thread? Or ladles and spoons?"

"Sorry, Miss, I thought—er—er—."

"I will tell you what you thought," she said. "You thought here's a fine chance and a rare opportunity for you to play the superior, domineering, brainy male of scientific bent, wishing to show off before an innocent, ignorant, less intelligent, but naughty and venturesome girl of eighteen. Is it not so? If you are really very curious to know my trouble, why then, there it is! I am not getting full compression, and I have tested my tappet clearances."

Ramaswami was flabbergasted; this was absolute Greek to him, and his experience of a motor-car and its parts was but a few hours old.

"Admit that you haven't the ghost of an idea about what I'm talking," sneered the girl.

"Er—no," stammered Ramoo, humbly.

"Well then, goodbye, and learn to mind your business, leaving others to mind theirs. Only don't forget, we girls are also resourceful."

Ramaswami was already feeling hot in the neck. However, he gathered courage, bowed ironically, got into his car and drove on. He very much wished to get over the feeling of wounded pride and prestige. So, he pulled up near a coconut grove alongside the road, took out his lunch-bag and strolled into the grove to enjoy a sylvan lunch.

He ate his lunch and rested awhile.

Half an hour later, Ramoo in shirt-sleeves, with grease-stained face and hands, was in a fix. The car wouldn't move. Poor fellow, he had not the remotest idea why his brand new car non-co-operated with him. He settled down in disgust on the foot-

board with his pipe in his mouth, and puffed away.

Presently the 'Baby' pulled up alongside, and his dream-girl stepped out.

"Excuse me," she smiled. "Can I be of any help?"

"It's very good and kind of you," replied Ramoo. "I shall be grateful, if you can budge this bally bus."

Shoving up the bonnet, she took three rapid glances at the engine. Replacing the bonnet, she passed her dainty fore-finger and thumb over the dashboard and called out to Ramoo to drive merrily on. Ramoo applied the 'self'. The engine roared!

"Not a bit," cut in the girl, as Ramoo was beginning to deliver his thanks.

"Won't you tell me what was wrong with the car?" enquired Ramoo.

"Nothing! You had only forgotten to switch on the ignition." With that and a smile she drove on, with Ramoo keeping pace closely in her wake.

Ramoo drove on and on till it was dark and his dashboard clock showed that it was nearing 8 o'clock. To his great but agreeable and pleasant surprise, he found that the girl had kept the same track as he had done. Evidently she was also Bangalore-bound, in which case, Ramoo thought he might meet her again. After a hurried

meal at a wayside hotel in Palmaner, he drove on and reached a verdant pasture-land on the outskirts of the town, where he halted and decided to camp for the night. After fiddling about with tent pegs, poles and ropes for a good half hour, he had almost decided to spend the night in his car, when a familiar voice greeted him saying, "Hullo!"

Ramoo was startled at the rather familiar voice. She had come softly across the lea, torch in hand, carrying a pail of water.

"You! Camping here, too?" asked Ramoo.

With a simple nod of her head, she flashed the light from her torch on to a nearby tree where Ramoo could



faintly discern the form of the 'Baby'. Without a word, she put down her pail and asking Ramoo to carry the pail, she collected the camping materials and carried them to near where she had pitched her tent. She then directed the erection of his tent, not far away from her own, and retired into her tent with the pail of water, wishing him a good night's rest and sleep.

Ramoo took a short walk out into the open and found a man loitering about the place. Thoughtfully, he locked his car up, secured his purse and walking up to the tramp, spoke a few crisp words in rather a loud tone, which resulted in scaring the tramp away.

Eleven o'clock—Twelve—and One.

Smitten Ramaswami couldn't sleep. Somewhere beyond one o'clock a sudden shrill cry rent the air. "H—e—l—p! Thi—e—e—v—e—s!"

He ran in the direction of the other tent. With the aid of his torch he saw a stranger trying to snatch at the girl's handbag which she clung to firmly. The ruffian was no other than the tramp he had scared away earlier in the night.

Ramaswami was always a great believer in action and not in words. He therefore promptly let go a

well-timed and carefully-aimed punch at the jaw of the intruder, who howled and took himself off from the scene at great speed.

Thus relieved, the girl fell on Ramoo's chest and held him tight. Poor Pankajam! She was frightened. Ramoo winked at nobody in particular and claimed the reward of heroes. He kissed her. She didn't bite him. So he kissed her again and again.

Meanwhile the tramp ran on for a mile, alternately smiling and nursing his jaw. He stopped, and sat on a mile-stone. He took out of his pocket two ten-rupee notes. He addressed the night. "Gosh, but he needn't have given me so hard a blow. 'Just a soft smack, I will give,' he said when we fixed up. Anyway, it matters little. Two ten-rupee notes are any day worth fifteen minutes' work, and good return for a bruised jaw. Let me see: The girl gave me this new ten-rupee note to stage a mock-robbery. The young gent gave me this other note for the same purpose. What I want to know is, why? Where is the sense in it?"

THE END

The Swindler!



"See that chap coming over there. He looks honest but defrauded me of a fortune,"
"Impossible!"
"He did. He refused me the hand of his daughter,"

HOLIDAY TRAVEL

Special Travel Concessions

On The

Madras and Southern Mahratta Railway

During The

EASTER HOLIDAYS

From the Xmas and New Year Holidays 1934, the M. & S. M. Railway inaugurated a system of extensive travel during particular holidays by the issue of cheap holiday season tickets.

"Travel-As-You-Like" season tickets which permit unlimited travel throughout the M. & S. M. Railway and "Zone" season tickets which permit unlimited travel within a defined zone of the M. & S. M. Railway system are issued. These holiday season tickets are available for 15 days and have proved exceedingly popular. The M. & S. M. Railway will issue similar holiday season tickets during the approaching Easter Holidays. In order to encourage travel by rail, a further concession has now been allowed for the Easter Holidays. Children between the ages of 3 years and 12 years will be permitted to travel with these tickets at half the price of the adult ticket.

Two classes of "Travel-As-You-Like" tickets will be issued viz. Second Class and Third Class at a cost Rs. 37/8 and Rs. 12/8 respectively. Three series of Third Class "Zone" tickets at Rs. 10/ each covering an area served by over 900 miles of Railway will also be issued.

Series "A" will cover the Western area of the Railway from Bangalore to Poona, Hospet to Mermugao Harbour and Gadag to Sholapur and the Kolhapur-Sangli-Miraj Branches.

Series "B" will cover the Central area comprising the Broad Gauge Sections, Madras to Raichur and Madras to Bangalore and the Metre Gauge Sections, Dronachellam to Hospet, Guntakal to Bangalore and Katpadi to Renigunta, and Branch Lines to Rayadrug, Marikuppam and Ranipet.

Series "C" will cover the Eastern area, Madras to Vizagapatam, Madras to Renigunta, Tirupati to Gudur, Narasavupet to Bezvada and the Macherla, Repalle, Masulipatam, Gudivada-Bhimavaram, Nidadavolu-Narasapur and Samalkot-Cocanada-Somagundam Branch Lines. The Eastern area has been specially extended to include the section from Tirupati to Gudur so as to enable the purchasers to visit Kalahasti and Tirupati.

These tickets will be available by ALL M. & S. M. Railway Mail and Passenger trains and holders can break journey at any station in the area to which the ticket applies, for any length of time during the period of availability.

Merry's Filmfolio

USHA (Hindi)

Producers: Shalini Cinetone, Kolhapur

Select Talkies, Madras

Reviewed by K. A. P.

I went to the Select expecting to see *Usha* in Tamil but saw, instead, a great *Usha*,—in Hindi: The wall-posters don't indicate its vernacular-medium. It was a model show, in a comfortable theatre, beginning with a song by V. S. Srinivasan, followed up by a two-reel Hal Roach slapstick and wound up grandly with a picture which keeps you glued to your seat—entertainment par excellence.

I suppose that no story so enthralls the mythological-minded us and infuses the producers so much with confidence as a Puranic theme with a spot of romance divine in it.

Usha is one such, which will draw thousands, like bees to honey.

The burden of the theme is that:

'Brother should not war with brother;
And worry and devour each other,
But sing and shine by sweet consent...'

The story begins with Banasura, a Shiva-bhakta, persecuting Vaishnavites. Narada prays, to Shri Krishna with the woeful of tales Banasura's atrocities, for redress. Lord Krishna decides to combat this evil by love, non-violence in *excelcis*! Now, Banasura has a beautiful daughter Usha and Lord Krishna, a grandson, Anirudha: Narada on the one hand, on Anirudha's hand that is, and Chitrlekha, Usha's chaperon-cum-companion on the other, play the role of the self-appointed match-makers.

The boy and the girl dream of each other, in their palatial homes: Begins the torture of the lovelorn, sleepless nights for both—each pining away for the other. To assuage Usha's pangs of love, Chitrlekha, an artist to the manner born, creates a life-like portrait of Anirudha. Usha worships this picture, morning, day and night. The same thing happens at Anirudha's, only there isn't any image

Usha becomes inconsolable. Chitrlekha is in a quandary. A marriage cannot be, between the daughter of a Vishnu-hater and the grandson of a Vaishnavite-champion. Chitrlekha has powers of magic: with this, she shifts Anirudha from his bed-chamber, sleeping on his royal bed, to Usha's palace.

Their union is consummated, clandestinely. Meanwhile, Banasura is making elaborate arrangements
(Continued on next page bottom)



At The City Cinemas

The Paragon

We Live Again

(Sam. Goldwyn thro' United Artists)

'Resurrection' of the Russian Saint Leo Tolstoy is retold in this film story with Fredric March playing Prince Dimitri Nekhlyudov (mouth the intervening double consonants) and Anna Sten as Katusha Maslova. This is part of Tolstoy's crusade against Russian prison camps the portrays the grandeur of the Russian countryside. Sir Aubrey Smith acts as Prince Kortschagin and Jane Baxter, Missy Kortschagin. Directed by Rouben Mamoulian.

Wellington

Last Days of Pompeii—(R.K.O.—Radio)

A magnificent and awe-inspiring spectacle, benefiting greatly by the new plot that has been given to the original 'Bulwer-Lytton' title. Preston Foster gives a vivid performance as the Pompeian blacksmith who turns gladiator when poverty kills his wife and child. Everyone will enjoy this picture. Basil Rathbone also is in the cast.

Select Talkies

Typist Girl (Hindi)

Producers: Ajit Movitone, Bombay. Directed by A. R. Kabuli. With a popular cast including A. R. Kabuli, Sadiq Ali, Shah, Hasoon, Sher Ali Khan, Khalil Ahmed, Miss Shakuntala, Miss Amina, Miss Kamala and Master Khan.

Elphinstone Talkies

The Heart's Desire—(Gaumont—British)

A musical with Richard Tauber, Leonora Corbett, Kathleen Kelly and Paul Gretz.

Roxy

Bright Lights. (First National Picture.)

A musical comedy. The story is by Lois Leeson. It features Joe E. Brown, Ann Dvorak, Patricia Ellis, W. M. Gargan; is full of songs, dances and acrobatic stunts.

Kinema—Central

Droupadi Vastrapaharan (Telugu).

Producers: (Saraswati Talkies, Bezwada) with Vemuri Gaggiah, C. S. R., Miss Kannamba, and Miss Ramathilakam.

Crown Talkies

Droupadi Manasamrakshanam (Telugu)

Producers: (Lakshmi Films Ltd.)

T. Raghavachari	—	<i>Duryodana</i>
Miss Kamala Bai	—	<i>Droupadi</i>
Dr. Sivaramkrishnayya	—	<i>Karna</i>
S. Rangaswami Iyengar	—	<i>Sakuni</i>
K. H. Das Chowdhury	—	<i>Dusshasana</i>

also

Bharatha Natyam by Sri. Ragini Devi & Sjt. Gopinath.

USHA—(Continued from previous page)

for Usha's *Swayamvara*. When he learns of this *Gandarva Vivaha*, he is mad with fury, and swears the annihilation of the whole lot of Vaishnavites, including Lord Krishna, their Champion.

A fierce battle ensues between Krishna and Banasura and Banasura is mortally wounded. At this juncture Lord Shiva grants him a vision and expounds the great truth of Shiva and Vishnu being one and the same. The picture ends, showering happiness all round.

I have only a 'nodding' acquaintance with Hindi. But, the absence of unnecessary words and prolonged, weary dialogue enabled me to enjoy this picture, as one long chain of a gripping and dramatic story, from the beginning to the end. It runs just ten minutes short of two hours and is paced perfectly.

There is a dance ensemble which gave me the impression of transparent rays passing through the lovely dancers. It is a beauty.

When bringing Anirudha to Usha's buoird, Chitrlekha, herself in hiding, leads him with a few twangs of a Tambore. It was irresistible and tempted one to follow it. Anirudha followed it—and no wonder. On the way, Anirudha meets with a glorious painted-vision of his yet unseen beloved, surrounded by a galaxy of pictures—all works of art, worthy of adorning any art gallery.

The settings are magnificent, the camera-effects marvellous and the music, well-chosen, mellowed and enchanting. The acting was effective though subdued and quiet. The whole picture is a piece of art. Baburao Painter has shown remarkable acumen and this cinematic achievement of his is a tribute to the masterly way he has handled the dialogue. The fine words used seem natural and simple under his expert timing. Most of the players,—extraordinary singers they are!—have tamed their musical egos to the director's magic wand. Those of us who have been literally 'facing the music,' in Tamil pictures, will miss, in this film, their pregnant anachronisms. It will be a surprising and refreshing experience to hear and see love spoken of and exhibited on the screen as an exciting business without being vulgar. Many popular stars grace this picture and great respect is given to detail. I feel this will become a model for a whole school of cinema art and that we are in for a fresh output of films on this already familiar subject.

Dudhale plays 'Banasura' with credit while Ushadevi as 'Usha', Ratnaprabha as 'Chitrlekha' and G. Tembe as 'Lord Krishna' are brilliant. Karmarker as 'Narada' plays the role with distinction but his pug-snub nose is certainly a handicap. Vasudeo does not rise to the heights of 'Anirudha' for he lacks pep and when he, as a forlorn lover, meets his beloved suddenly, is unpleasantly timid and coy. Go and see it, friends. It is the one of the ones.

Hot from Hollywood

by Yankee

Anthony Adverse is being licked into shape at Warner Bros. It has 98 speaking parts and it is 500,000 words in length in the original. Fredric March plays the title role of Anthony Adverse. Olivia de Havilland is an Italian girl. Claude Rains is a Spanish nobleman. Edmund Gwenn is a Scotch merchant. Donald Woods is the son of a German banker. Henry O'Neill is an Italian priest and Pedro de Cordoba is a French monk. Gale Sondergaard is a Greek house-keeper. Anna Lloyd plays the daughter of the British Consul. George E. Stone is a civilian servant and Joseph Grehand fills out a partial list of the important players as an American ship-master.



Fredric March

"Franchot Tone reads on an average 15 plays and 7 Novels a week," says a fan magazine.

And writes 100th Arabian Nights. Entertainment.

A Long Ago Story

Groucho Marx tells this one:—

One day Chaplin called me up to say he had been offered 100 dollars a week to go with Keystone.

"What's the matter?" I asked.

"Isn't that enough?" he replied. Charlie was getting 25 dollars a week then. "It's too much. I can't be worth so much," he replied.

Five years later I visited his home for dinner. An English butler was serving. The plates were gold!

It's an amazing world. When I first met Chaplin we often shot craps together. The stakes were a cent and the fellow who won fifty cents was considered a financier. The loser of such a sum tightened his belt for breakfast. It's a little frightening the way those years have passed!

Edward Everett Horton has just completed his second million-dollar trust fund and, smart fellow, will soon start a third—if you keep on liking him as you have done!

As the *Great Ziegfeld*, now complete, runs for four hours, M. G. M. are not yet decided whether to show the film as it stands—there is not a word for the audience who have to stand the film as it is shown.

Ramon Novarro left Hollywood and went over to London to seek his fortunes on the London Stage. His first play has come out to be a failure and a fiasco. Albeit he is continuing to stay there. He has written a play now himself which he is calling, appropriately enough, *The Failure of Success*.



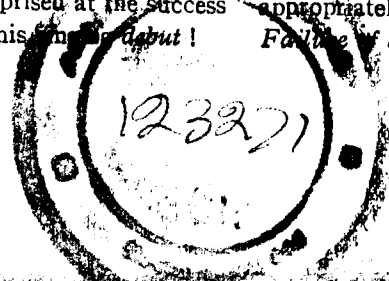
Ramon Novarro

Charlie Farrell and his partner, Ralph Bellamy, have made their Racquet Club in the desert—one of the real fun spots of the picture colony. Now Charlie will have to be gone for almost a year to Australia. Virginia (Valli) Farrell will stay behind to help Ralph for a while and then join Charlie Farrell later.

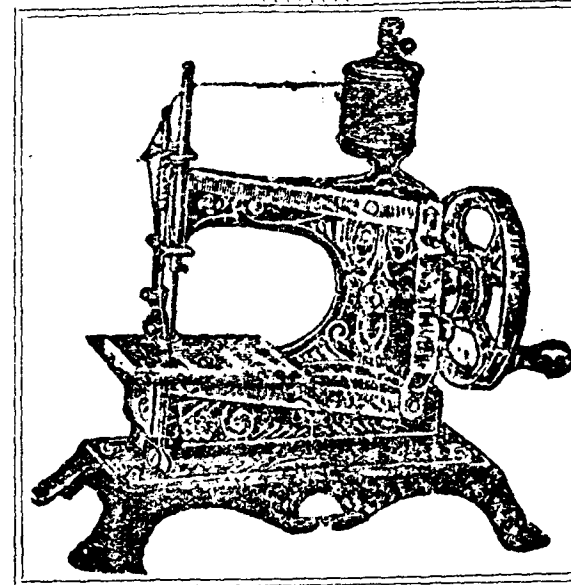


Clark Gable

Clark Gable is actually going to croon in *Wife Versus Secretary*. He tried it recently on the set and everybody, including himself, was surprised at the success of his "croon"!



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