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470

MCRRY

MAGAZINE

2072

THIS WEEK

EMBUSQUE

(The Bird and The Buffalo)

DIANA DON

(The Magic Machine)

: MIKE :

(The Rhineland Occupation)

A. A. ROLAND

(Stumping My Annabelle)

: YEN KAY :

(The Art of Walking)

Vol. IV No. 17

25th April '36

ANNAS TWO

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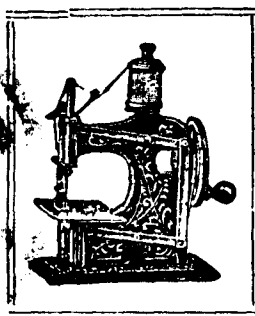
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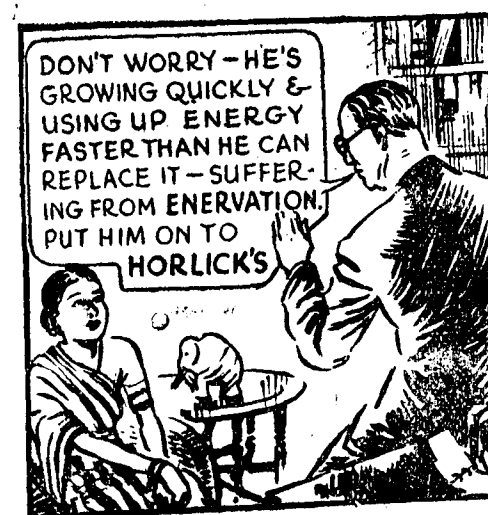
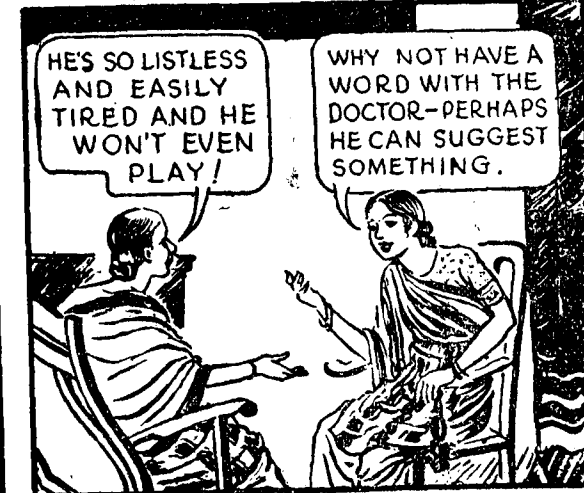


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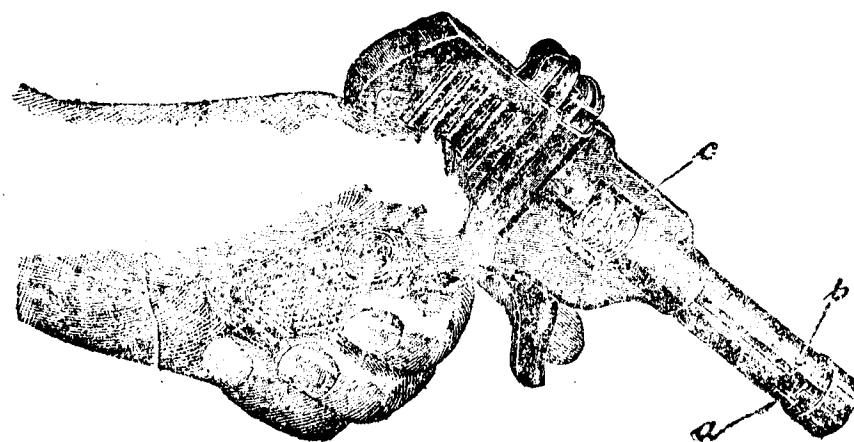


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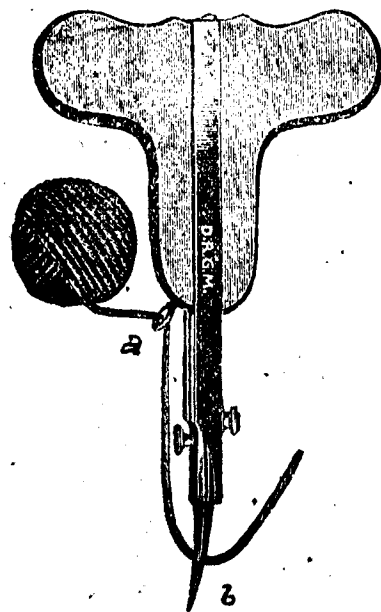
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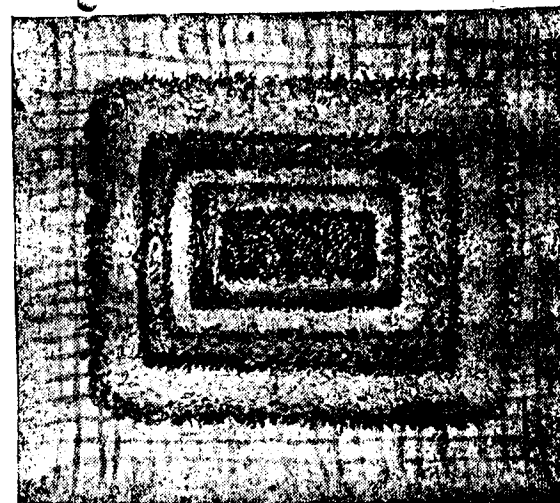
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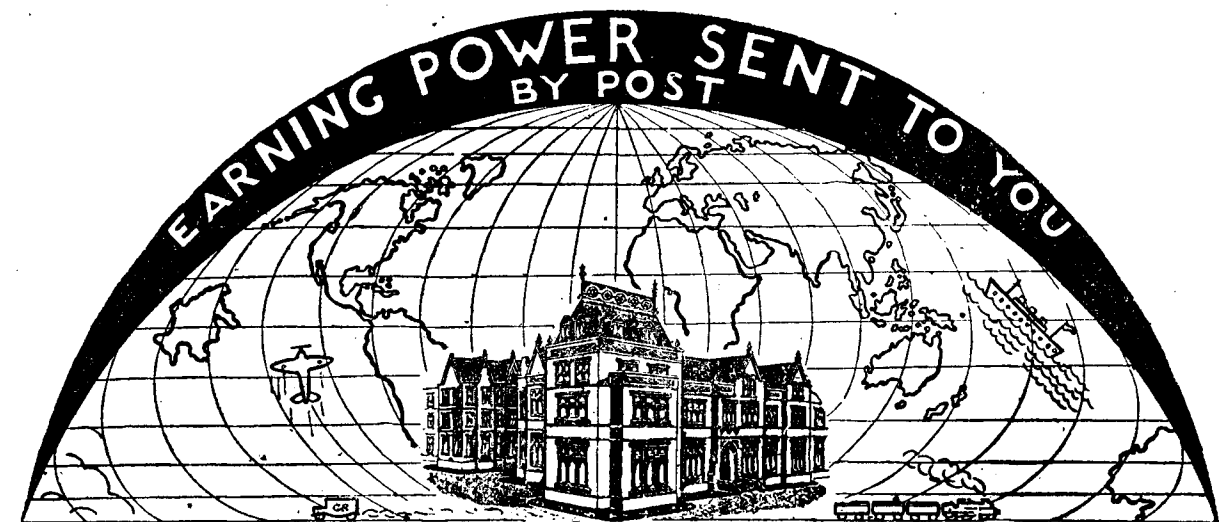
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Why not let me relieve you of some of your anxieties? In fact, why not let me be their Father? We do not profess to act as an employment agency, but the nature of our business compels us to keep an eye upon the class of men and women that are wanted and who wants them.

There are some people who manufacture an article, and put it on the market to sell. We do not do that, we work in exactly the opposite direction. We find out what employers want and we train our students to fill those jobs. We have to be experts in the matter of employment, progress and prosperity.

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.

Yours sincerely,

J. Bennett

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The
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Madras, April 25, '36

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FINE STORIES

AND

ARTICLES

by

Diana Don

★

Vyasa Rao

★

A. A. Roland

★

T. A. S.

★

Artiji

★

And

A few hints

On Spring

Styles

by one who calls
himself 'Snip-Snap'



SPARKS FROM OUR ANVIL

Writing in *Le Moniteur*, M. Laval, ex-premier of France says: "I have done all I can to prevent the Stresa flame from being extinguished."

Now we know why he was opposed to the oil sanctions against Italy!

* * *

Reuter reports that the Secretary of the Fascist Party has christened the highest peak in the Gorgora peninsula 'Mussolini Point.'

Close by is Lake Tsana in British possession; and it looks as if it is no more likely to be 'in corpore sano!'

* * *

A gossip points out that it may not be generally known that Mr. Eden is the author of a book called 'Places in the Sun.'

The next one might be entitled 'Spots in Eden', and might be more topical than topographical!

* * *

Commenting on the change in the viceroyalty, a London paper hopes that it may be said of Lord Linlithgow at the end of his term that he did as well as Lord Willingdon.

Let us hope however that he will aim much higher!

* * *

Among those who were presented to the new Viceroy at Bombay were five peasants from the Bombay districts, who gave him their smiles and salaams.

His Excellency must have missed the familiar grumble of his own countrymen!

Replying to the Muslim address, His Excellency assured them that he would hold the balance even between the various communities.

For extras, of course, the community must look to its weightage.

* * *

It is reported that many members of the Independent Party in the Assembly have resigned from the party.

This is in accord with the main creed of the party.

* * *

In the open session of the Congress, Mr. Satyamurti speaking on the issue of 'Office-Acceptance' is reported to have said: "If you vote for the resolution, I promise not to be a minister myself."

We must however warn the Justice Party that they need not hope for a return to power, as a result of this assurance.

* * *

Commenting on the Congress Presidential address, the *Morning Post* observes that "in the protection of the peasantry against their exploiters, the Congress, lies the real justification of British rule in India."

It is needless to say that all such justifications are not the truth, but only lies!

* * *

Miss Leila Rao who went to Ceylon to take part in the Tennis Tournament, returned abruptly as she was not properly accommodated.

And not because she did not accommodate her lunch!

* * *

Says a Head-line: 'Policemen pose as Sadhus.'

No wonder, they were easily caught.

* * *

In the Assembly, Mr. Satyamurti asked whether it was a fact that in the World Museum at Tokio, there is a notice board: 'Dogs and Indians Not Allowed', and whether the Government of India would look into the matter.

Being neither, we hope they will!

* * *

Shop-assistants, says a writer, are on the whole a worthy race.

We ourselves think that many of them are just wordy!

* * *

Asked for a message on the eve of his departure to Europe, Dr. Azundale, President of the Theosophical Society, is said to have replied: "Message! Get the age out of the mess!"

And, may we add, don't put it in the pot!

* * *

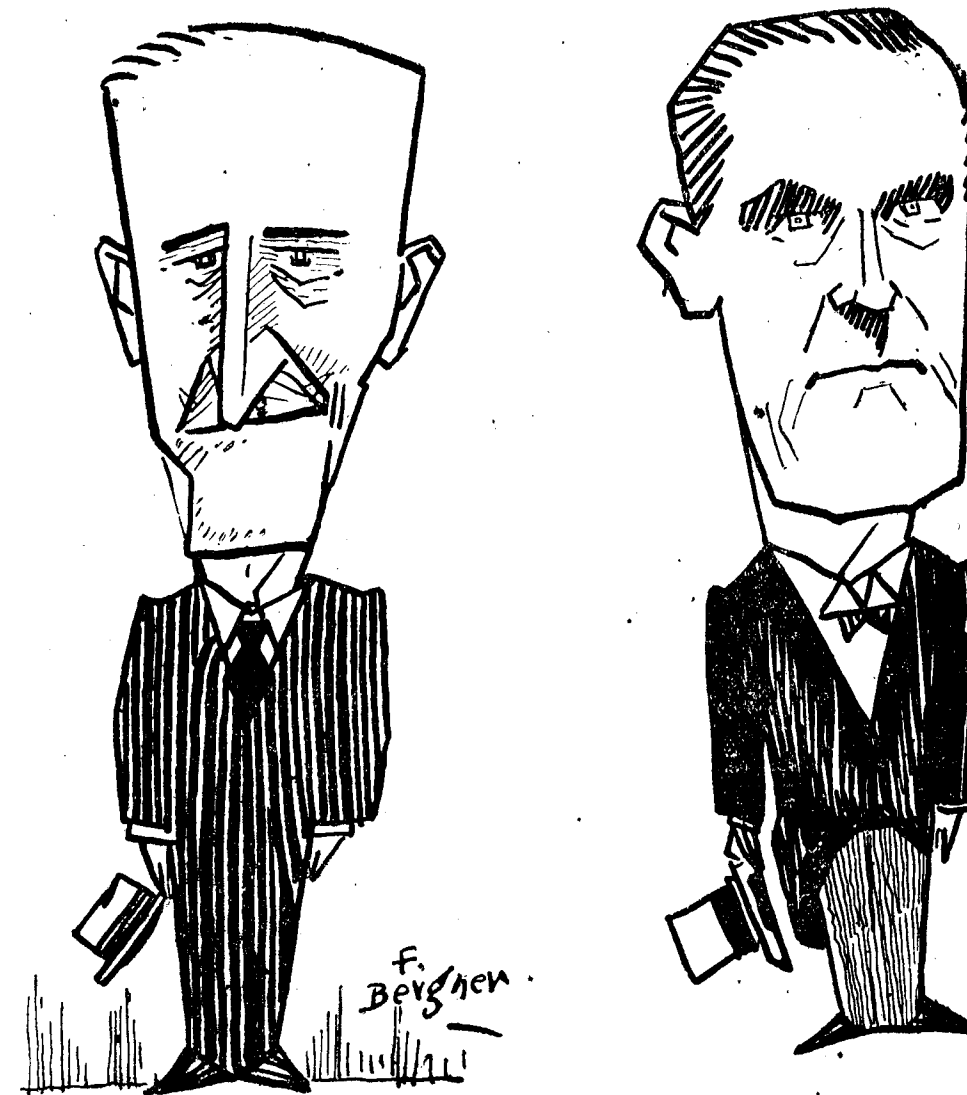
Speaking at the unveiling of the portrait of Prof. Sundararaman at Kumbakonam, one Dr. Nagaraja Sarma said that his first acquaintance with the Professor was through a controversy 18 years ago.

That seems to be this gentleman's favourite way of making acquaintances ever since!

Reactions

The Congress Presidential address has found more critics in India than in England. English papers have not indulged in the usual scarifying head-lines or alarmist predictions or uneasy jeremiads, against the Indian extremist and agitator, the *bete noir* of the English arm-chair politician. In curious contrast to this is the alarm felt in moderate Indian circles. This is a portent of some significance. For the first time in the history of the Indian National Congress, a President has stood forth and presented the Indian case in terms which are well understood in the West. It is now some years since the whole world, minus India, has been permeated by socialistic ideals. All the countries of the West have adopted socialistic principles either with the enthusiasm of converts, or with the instinct of self-preservation. The same thing goes under different names. Nazism in Germany is window-dressed for public acceptance with a double dose of Socialism; Fascism has gone on, under the stress of a ruinous war, ruthlessly expropriating private capitalistic interests. Underlying all this is the subordination of the individual to the State. Interested people are not slow to denounce the suppression of freedom or liberty in the socialistic countries. But the proof of the pudding is in the eating. If the people concerned agree to the privations, or do not actively oppose them, it must be presumed that they are in favour of the regime under which they live. If we consider the case of Russia, for instance, we can show that the removal of restrictions on individual freedom has been effected with the gradual strengthening of the new order of things. In India, we are neither fish, nor flesh. Our ancient polity is matter for research by the antiquarian; our new is an imposed one from

without. It is undeniable that it has benefited certain sections of the community, who have been brought into being by it. These people have neither roots in the past of their own land, nor yet fully absorbed by the culture and outlook which have served them well. The alarm against the fresh orientation of policy outlined by Jawaharlal comes most strongly from these sections. Jawaharlal himself has given a masterly analysis of this caste in his address. They are the nearest equivalent of the bourgeois class which is offering the strongest opposition to Socialism in the West. It is inevitable that the Liberal Party, as a party, should be more definitely against Socialism than any other section of the country. Its case was ably argued in the course of a press statement by Mr. Venkatarama Sastri. He made a lawyer's point when he sought to convict the President of inconsistency. He says that we cannot fight on two fronts—the imperialistic and capitalistic. One is foreign, the other is indigenous. But the distinction is without difference. The time is coming, if it has not already arrived, when these two groups will join forces. The country has no tenderness for indigenous capital, simply because it is indigenous, if it is insensible to its obligations. It has no use for the large number of idle, ignorant and reactionary rentiers, called Zamindars, Rajahs, etc., the caterpillars of the commonwealth, who, if they had a mind, might have done a lot to alleviate the misery of the peasant class. With these are naturally ranged the class of which Mr. Sastri is a distinguished example. It was right political instinct that made Jawaharlal club the exploiters all together, whether they are foreign or native to the soil. It remains to be seen whether it is also sound political strategy.



The Old Order Changeth · Giving Place to New—

So sang the poet—And may it be given to us to confirm it five years hence!

The March

by The Man



Moving that the Indian Companies Act Amending Bill be referred to a select committee, Sir N.N. Sircar, the Law Member, told the Assembly that provision had been made in the measure to prevent the formation of mushroom companies.

That is a sad, undeserved blow to the mushroom companies. I don't see why the Government should restrict the diet of people by authority of statute. My Oxford Dictionary (revised edition) says that a mushroom is an 'edible kind of fungus'. I haven't eaten a mushroom, but friends who have speak highly of it. They are lovely in colour. Some are milk-white; some are pinkish; some are bluish. (I am, of course, referring to the mushrooms) In shape there is some undefinable, elusive, extra-mundane about them. They look exactly like parasols which the smart wives of the Lilliputs might have carried when they went to the sea-shore to have a look at Gulliver. These little mushrooms grow anywhere, on ant-hills, in mouldy corners, on dung-heaps, proving the age-old saying that good cometh out of evil. I am sorry to see this young industry, which is hardly out of its swaddling clothes, pushed to the wall in this heartless fashion.

★

I have a fascination (so far unaccountable) for the Matrimonial Ads Columns of my country's newspapers. I picked up this one in a Delhi paper:

Wanted: A Match, 25 to 30 years for a handsome,

cultured and accomplished Bida Agarwal of respectable familyPreference will be given to widower.

This ad has all the glamour of a pioneering effort. Anyhow I haven't seen an ad like it before. It is gratifying to know that the girls are taking kindly to our poor widowers. Linger pleasuringly on this bold departure in the activities of the bulls in our matrimonial market, I turned to another paper. I lighted upon the Legislative Assembly proceedings; and as I read on, the enthusiasm with which I started the day got a nasty sock on the jaw. In that august Assembly to whose colour and dignity my friend Satyamurthi is contributing not a little, Mr. S. K. Som moved introduction of a bill to prohibit the marriage of Hindu widowers with Hindu spinsters. This proposition was happily withdrawn amidst laughter, the mover supplying about 15% of the laughter himself. Satyamurthi called the bill funny.

I call it silly. What is the idea behind the Government of India bringing out to this country, every now and again, expert advisers to help us achieve things? This question has the seeds of its own answer within itself. I've pinched the word 'seeds' from the preamble to the India Act, for which I beg the preamble's pardon. These experts have graduated in the school of ripe experience. And where the blazes is the good of bringing in a chap who is not matured in the school of experience, to help you do things properly?

Similarly, if a widower were to marry a spinster, he would bring into the partnership a ripe experience in matrimonial seamanship which would stand him in good stead in weathering the storms ahead. The benefit surely is heavily listed to the spinster's side. I say therefore, let there be no nonsense about this matter. Let us foster the idea and encourage our spinsters marrying our widowers. I am persuaded that our widowers will co-operate with us readily.

★

And then there was another unwise thing which the Assembly did. It passed by 68 votes to 45 a resolution sponsored by the Bihar member, Mr. M. Nauman, levying an import duty of one rupee per maund on unbroken rice and eight annas per maund on paddy. This hit is obviously against Siam. Look, friends, how this heartless commercial age is sundering age-old cultural ties between Siam and India in return for the dubious gains of an insane policy of economic nationalism. We gave to Siam a great religion,



of Events

On The Move

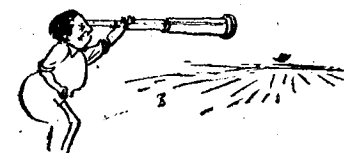


and Siam in gratitude is giving us cheap rice. She also gave us and to the world the famous Siamese Twins. Is this the way to treat Siam? There is another momentous consideration which should have weighed with our legislators. South Indian iddlies made from Siamese rice have a lovely taste all their own. You can never get that delectable tang into your iddlies with swadeshi rice. Quite apart from all high considerations, therefore, this import duty on rice is an indirect blow to South Indian iddli-eaters. Dear iddli-eaters, don't take this blow on your stomachs lying down.

★

The French reply to Herr Hitler's proposals has been published.....This reply and the progress of the Italo-Abyssinian War had no effect on the markets.....

So says a "Finance Letter" to a Madras daily. This business of diverting the roaring stream of world commerce through the sluices of 'dramatic' world events has always struck me as funny. How is it that events in India as shaped by the Indian



National Congress don't appear to have any bearing on the move.

ment of international trade? Why don't writers of Finance Letters and Market Reports mention the Congress in their letters and reports? Seems to me there is something fishy in this conspiracy of silence. I watched the proceedings of the Lucknow Congress closely and then ran out and purchased me a long-range telescope. I scanned the horizon and looked at the reaction of world commerce to the doings at Lucknow. Dr. Khan Saheb invited the next session of the Congress to his province, the Frontier Province. Somebody objected to the climate of the Afridi land as being too cold in December. Dr. Khan Saheb replied that he had thought of that. He undertook to clothe the delegates and visitors in sheep skins as a protection against the cold. Now what was the reaction of world trade to Dr. Khan Saheb's momentous offer? The price of untanned sheep-skins registered a spurt. It is still registering a steady spurt. Then I turned my powerful telescope in other directions. Unfortunately a fly got into my eye and spoiled my line of vision. So I can't tell you about further reactions.

★

The League Committee of Thirteen met on the afternoon of the 17th and decided that their efforts at conciliating the belligerents in Abyssinia have failed. There was not one dissentient voice. The decision was unanimous. Naturally there was great jubilation in League circles. This decision having been taken, the Committee of Thirteen must re-

turn its mandate to the League. My eye! How beautifully they returned it! The mandate was soiled, necessarily, by the thirteen members frequently handling it. So they washed the mandate with warm water and a strong disinfectant soap. Then they placed it on a golden salver and marched in procession two abreast, with the thirteenth member bearing the salver in the van.

Meanwhile Abyssinia is plunged in gloom over the uncompromising peace proposals of Italy. Senor Madariaga and M. Avenol interceded on Abyssinia's behalf. So tremendous is their pull in European politics that Italy climbed down precipitately and agreed abjectly to allow the League an observer to watch the peace parleys. When later in the day Mr. Wolfe Marian, the Ethiopian representative, saw Senor Madariaga and M. Avenol they greeted him with a triumphant smile. "Hello! Old man," said M. Avenol. "Got Italy down a couple of rungs on the ladder, what? They are allowing us an observer. Congrats, old chap!"

When Mr. Marian heard this, he was wild with joy. He ran out to the telegraph office (which is just round the corner) and cabled the news to Addis Ababa. The news was relayed to every town in Abyssinia. Everywhere it was received with yells of joy. And the multitudes gathered in the market squares and they did send up a prayer to Heaven for standing by them in this their darkest hour, through the frame-work of the League. Amen.

7

Song of the Liberated Schoolboy

[A recent debate in the House of Commons on the motion that home-work—for schoolboys—be abolished, was carried without a dissentient voice.] —Morning Paper.

Hurray! hurray! "homework" is gone!
I quite approve their "law."
Homework, and I, at daggers drawn,
They fill and choke my draw.

That the school-mill grinds us, all of you know.
Must "tasks" await us still?
"Exams" might stage a "Tassud-Show,"
But, result: sum-total—Nil!

Teachers—dryly—"help" us to tackle
"Subjects" that tumble along!
"Figures", with me, threaten utter debacle;
I would rather whistle my song!

And figures! what fun, their zig-zag course!
To reach, heaven only knows,
Whither? you crawl, and crawl, on all fours;
Add to this labour-throes!

Enough! I am off to talkie-pictures!
To assess to "stars" their lights!
Teacher! bundle your droning strictures!
I claim, by right, my—nights!

—G. K. Pillai

Fun For All



Certain Scots were invited to join a 'surprise party,' with instructions that each should bring something.

An Edinburgh man brought short-bread; a Glasgow man whisky; a Dundee man marmalade; and an Aberdeen man his brother.

* * *

"The General was very angry this morning."

"What about?"

"He received a letter marked 'Private'."

* * *

A famous filmstar actually plans to have some of his teeth extracted so as to get more realism into his next film.

It should be interesting to know if the scenes are being set in the great open spaces.

* * *

The author looked very down in the mouth.

"What's the trouble?" demanded his friend.

"Why," retorted the other, "the editor asked me to write a long, flowing article on Milk, and now he has condensed it!"

* * *

"My wife has a very difficult part in that new play."

"Difficult? Why, she has nothing to say!"

"I know. That is what is so difficult for my wife."

* * *

James: Did you hear about the fellow who invented a device for looking through brick walls?

John: No; what does he call it?

James: A window.

* * *

Mother: Bobby, why are you going to school in your best knickers this morning?

Bobby. 'Cos they're thicker!

Master (Teaching Grammar): 'Take the cow out of the field.' What mood?

Pupil (Brightly): The cow, sir.

* * *

The game was fast and furious.

"Never mind the ball!" cried an excited spectator, "get on with the game."

* * *

Old Gentleman: How many fish have you caught, my boy?

Youthful Angler: When I catch another, I'll have one.

* * *

Scoutmaster (To Tommy qualifying for the Emergency Test): Tommy, how would you disperse a mob?

Tenderfoot Tommy: Pass the hat round sir.

* * *

Tommy said he came from a large family.

"There are ten boys in the family and each has a sister."

"Gracious! Then there must be twenty of you!"

"No," said young Tommy, "we are only eleven. Only one sister for all!"



Herr Hitler

Historical

Reading Time
•
About 5 Minutes

HENRY Ford will go down in history as a benefactor of the race. He gave us a cheap yet extraordinarily serviceable car. His title to fame which is going to survive into the distant future is not merely the car which bears his magic name. Years ago he said a startling thing. He said that history was bunk. That saying will rank with the cleverest sayings of the clever ones of the world. This Fordian sally has been quoted oft and again on either side of the Atlantic.

When Mr. Jinnah said the other day that the new India Act was a fraud, he just meant that the beautiful words which its authors are bestowing on it was all bunk. The recent presentation of Pundit Jawaharlal Nehru's name in a certain document in a malodorous setting would have passed into history as a fact had not the party concerned 'debunked' it with a timely challenge.

Indian History, as it is served to us in schools and colleges, is in woeful need of debunking by a radical treatment to the X-Rays of historical truth. The exploits of Clive, of Warren Hastings, of the noble band of Empire Builders, are being placed before us, dressed in a delectable sauce of imaginative imperial bunk. How eminently true was H. G. Wells' saying—that rulers and militant organisations, political or religious, had always kept a tight hold on the supply of historical information to the unfortunate people who came under their sway.

True it is that some bold spirits have donned the impervious armour of historic truth and waded through the lying pages of history, laying by the heels old propagandist lies that travelled all these centuries, unashamedly, as sacred historic truths. In times past it was easy enough to bunk up history, because there were few agencies to check up their veracity. Intercourse between one country and another, or indeed between one man and another in the same country, was extremely difficult, except for a few pioneering, bold adventurers: But as these adventurers happened to be the arch bunkers themselves, nobody, in a historic sense that is, derived any benefit from them. But it is odd that in this century of grace, with time and distance almost annihilated, the same old serving-up of colourful fiction as fact should merrily go on.

Indian History is served to England and to the world by our masters in beautiful trimmings. In this selfless process of broadening men's minds about India, such great souls as Miss Mayo lend a ready, helping hand. To quote Wells again: "Without bunk in the place of history few existing political movements could hope to carry on." And that is a darned fact, as our American friends would say.

The Fascist propaganda which is moulding the minds of young Italy about the emergence of Rome as a mighty Phoenix from the dead ashes of its glorious past and its place in the coming scheme of things is—what? Just bunk. When a man with a

Bunk !

by V. V. Narayanan



Benito Mussolini

funny jaw enjoined young Italy in a mighty voice: "Italians, live a dangerous life" or words to that effect, what did that man mean? Mere bunk.

And then emerged a strange race in North Western Europe in recent years, so recent that you can touch it with your walking-stick if you happen to carry a walking-stick. Hitler, the man with the decidedly un-Nordic moustache, laughed at all the anthropologists from Darwin's time and presented to us his

Aryans. Shades of Aryans who chanted Rig Vedic hymns around ghee-fed fires, rest in peace! This Germanic Aryan race whom German schoolboys are made to worship, where did they come from? Nowhere. Everybody knows that. These Aryans are no more a race than I am Mustapha Kemal Pasha. So what is being dinned into the ears of the German schoolboys with all the terrible power of suggestion "is a tissue of planned and deliberate lying, resting on a fundamental, ethnological lie."

Yes, much that is passed off as history is bunk, 'bunk with a purpose'.

So the game goes on, this bunking of history to despicable ends. Is there an end to all this? Of course there is. But it is a little distance away. It is not going to end, however, with the mere debunking of history wholesale. When one favourably placed nation would hate to dirty its hands by the exploitation of another nation less favourably placed, when greed for colonial possession and narrow national insolences would be looked upon as something unutterably vile, the history of the world will automatically purge itself of all its accumulated bunk.

And that is the ideal which Comrade Jawaharlal has delivered from the Congress tribune at Lucknow.



Comrade Jawaharlal Nehru

THE END



The Magic Machine

by Diana Don

Reading Time • About 8 Minutes

MAJOR FIREDAMP was the Acting Resident attached to Cooch Panipur, a small and backward Feudatory State. The Major's official duties were inconsiderable, and he spent his time hobnailing his liver. He pursued this occupation in the dignified seclusion of a large and ramshackle bungalow. The Major's bearer was required to possess but one talent—an ability to produce brandy-and-soda at whatever hour the master's voice proclaimed a craving for alcohol.

There came a day when the Major completed his self-imposed task. His liver, well and truly hobnailed, retired from the unequal contest. The Major was gathered to his fathers. All Cooch Panipur attended the funeral.

When the obsequies were over, there came the question of the disposal of the Major's worldly goods. The affairs of the deceased were in some disorder,

and the contents of his bungalow in a state of disarray and neglect. In the convenient Anglo-Indian manner, the Committee of Adjustment put all the Major's belongings out into the compound, to be sold by public auction.

Balawala Brothers, the energetic firm of auctioneers, erected a *pandal* for the convenience of the nobility and gentry who might be attending the sale. Rows of chairs stood to accommodate the higher-class patrons: the *hoi polloi* clustered in the background.

In the centre chair of the front row sat a resplendent gentleman whose presence excited deferential attention. He was the leading local landowner, and his neighbours addressed him as Nawab Sahib.

The wily auctioneer began by commenting on the distinguished nature of the gathering. Such an assembly, he said, comprising the leading figures of a

prosperous and happy community (here a ragged coolie blew his nose on his fingers), would surely do justice to the many splendid and costly articles spread before them, lately the property of a gallant gentleman now, alas, torn from the bosom of a sorrowing circle of admiring friends.

"What friends?" whispered an irreverent dealer, at the back of the *pandal*; but he was hushed down.

The first item was a collection of fine horse-rugs. Unfortunately they had lay rotting in a godown for the past fifteen years. Somebody bid four annas, and by degrees the bidding rose to eight annas.

"Ten annas," said the irreverent dealer.

The Nawab Sahib did not like the tone of the bid. The landowner had been idly meditating that the rugs might do as servants' blankets. The dealer sounded like an impudent fellow. "One rupee!" cried the Nawab Sahib; and directed a quelling eye at the low fellow.

The rugs were deferentially knocked down to the great man, and the next lot put up for sale. This was described as a magnificent assortment of thirty-three dozen brandy bottles, empty, but in excellent condition. The bidding rose to nine rupees, three annas.

"Nine-eight!" came the unpleasant voice of the irreverent dealer.

The Nawab Sahib rose to his feet. "Ten rupees!" he said, angrily and firmly. The auctioneer hastily wielded the hammer. It would be most regrettable if someone committed the social error of gainsaying such an eminent bidder.

So the sale proceeded. In honour bound, the Nawab Sahib gradually became the possessor of a huge heap of rubbish, indescribable in its variety. Every article put up by the auctioneer eventually fell to an imperious bid from the prominent landowner.

The weather was hot. Vendors of mineral water and *pan* were doing a brisk trade. The Nawab Sahib was drowsy. Presently the great man was snoring comfortably in his chair, unconscious of the impertinent bids of low dealers. The sale continued.

At length, the dreams of the Nawab Sahib were interrupted by a raising of the voice of the auctioneer. Some important item was under the hammer.

"Five rupees?" said the salesman. "Am I bid no more than five rupees for this remarkable and costly machine?"

"It is a common soda-water machine," said the voice of the irreverent dealer, "and of an old pattern."

"A common machine!" cried the auctioneer. "Would the Major Bahadur possess a common machine? He drank only the finest soda-water, made by this special contrivance, imported at enormous cost direct from Europe."

"Wah!" yawned the now-awakened Nawab Sahib. He was much impressed by such an evidence of luxury. "Let me see the machine working."

The auctioneer seemed non-plussed for a moment; then he whispered to an assistant. The assistant brought two bottles. Like a conjurer performing a feat of ledgerdemain, the auctioneer placed the bottles in the wire cages, and made some swift adjustments. The cages revolved, and there stood Mr. Balawala holding two bottles of soda-water, miraculously stoppered and labelled with beautiful but incomprehensible English characters!

"Wah! A magic machine!" cried the Nawab, thinking of the glory such a possession would bring him.

The bottles were passed round, and everybody agreed that they had never seen such splendid soda-water. It was infinitely superior to the common bazaar stuff.

"I will have the machine," announced the Nawab Sahib.

"Five rupees, four annas!" came the sardonic voice of the dealer at the back. He was still bidding.

"Fifty rupees!" howled the Nawab, crushingly. He determined to speak to his friend, the Chief of Police, after the auction. That dealer needed to be taught a lesson.

So the magic machine was knocked down to the Nawab Sahib, and presently removed, and set up in the courtyard of that dignitary's house. "When I get an engineer to work my machine," said the Nawab to the Chief of Police, "I shall hold a grand soda-water party, and invite all the chief officers of the State. Perhaps even the Ruler will come to see my magic machine."

But nobody in Cooch Panipur could work the magic machine. The auctioneer had departed. The Nawab Sahib sent for the *maistry* who made soda-water in the bazaar, but that worthy declared the thing to be of a pattern strange to him.

"I did not expect otherwise, you ignorant bumpkin!" replied the Nawab Sahib. "There is no machine like this in the whole of India."

Nevertheless, it was annoying that the machine should stand idle, and the grand soda-water party remain uncelebrated. At last the Nawab sent to Calcutta for a mechanic conversant with all types of soda-water apparatus. The expense was enormous.

"Where is the gas-cylinder?" enquired the expert, when confronted with the antiquated mechanism.

"Must there be a gas-cylinder?" asked the Nawab, in surprise.

An urgent wire was sent to Calcutta for a supply of carbon dioxide, and meanwhile the mechanic took the contrivance to pieces.

"You will never get soda-water from that heap of old iron," he reported, after a couple of days.

"What do you mean?" bawled the Nawab Sahib. "It is a unique and magical machine, imported at great expense from Europe."

"Well, sir, it was imported so long ago, and has lay unused so many years, that it has got too unique," replied the mechanic. "There are several vital parts missing, and they cannot be replaced, because such machines are no longer made."

"But the Acting Resident had all his soda-water from this machine; also the auctioneer made soda-water with it, in front of my eyes."

"Neither the Resident nor the auctioneer could have used the machine," retorted the mechanic. "Apart from the defects in the apparatus, they had no gas-cylinder."

In a furious rage, the Nawab Sahib sent for the bearer of the late Major Firedamp. "Where did your

master's soda-water come from?" screamed the landowner.

"From the bazaar, O Protector of the Poor," quavered the menial.

"What do you know about this machine?"

"When the Major Bahadur came from England as a youth, he brought this machine, O Nawab Sahib, and many other strange and bulky things. But for many years it has been hidden in the godown."

"I saw the auctioneer fill two bottles from the machine," persisted the Nawab Sahib, after he had kicked the luckless bearer down the steps.

"Was he watched by anyone who understood soda-water manufacture?" asked the mechanic.

The Nawab considered. There was that beastly dealer, who had bid so impudently from the back of the *pandal*. He was in the police lock-up, awaiting the investigation of some unspecified crime.

The fellow was quickly brought, and questioned.

"I will tell you, provided I receive a free pardon, and compensation for false imprisonment," smirked the dealer, as impudent as ever. Impatiently, the Nawab Sahib

gave the necessary assurances.

"No soda-water was made in that machine on the day of the auction," began the irreverent dealer.

"But I saw, with my own eyes."

"No, sir. You demanded a demonstration, and the auctioneer had to please you. He sent his assistant to get a couple of bottles of soda-water from a vendor."

"A couple of empty bottles."

"No, sir. The bottles were full, stoppered, and labelled before they went into the machine. So, of course, they were full, stoppered, and labelled when they came out."

THE END



Auntie J.J.

HERE is the good news at last, dear nieces and nephews. I have redeemed my promise. My re-christening came off last week. From this week you must call me Auntie J. J.

This colourful name-changing ceremony should have been broadcast from Broadway. Unfortunately the microphone which was ordered from Germany didn't arrive at Madras in time. The steamer which carried the 'mike' was chased out of its course by an enormous sea-serpent which popped up off Brindisi. The ship ran all the way to Tahiti where Clark Gable and Franchot Tone had a good time with two Tahitian beauties, eating bananas. At Tahiti the skipper of the ship had his ship painted to look like a mon-goose. That scared the serpent away.

There was a distinguished gathering of all-India celebrities in the cool central hall of the spacious office. A cleverly concealed orchestra struck up a

soft, soulful refrain. The proceedings commenced with *pan supari*. Being a great admirer of the communal policy of the Government of India, I saw to it that every religion was represented at the ceremony on the lines envisaged by the India Act.

Your Auntie wore a gold spangled, beautifully embroidered, red sari. She chose red, because she wanted to please Jawaharlal Nehru. She sat in a bright shami-ana built by clever artisans in a corner of the hall, blushing with pleasure. (Not the corner, but Auntie.) The Editor stood at Auntie's back giving her an encouraging pat on the shoulder every little while.

The pundits, maulvis and padres chanted *mantrams* in three languages. It was all very imposing.

Among the notable absentees was Sankaracharya Dr. Kurtkoti. However, he sent his greetings saying that though he was absent at the ceremony in

the flesh he was present in spirit, which was a great consolation to me. Good thing, spirit.

After the multi-lingual *mantrams* were over, everybody hit Auntie playfully with Siamese rice soaked in Spanish saffron. The cry of Auntie J. J. *Ki Jai!* from a thousand hefty throats rent the scent-laden air. There was a rush to Auntie by people who wanted to kiss her hand. Some unpleasant things happened in the melee, but all was well that ended well.

Now a word about my appearance. You are all no doubt wondering at my youthful looks.

A few days prior to my re-christening, a dear niece asked me to spend the week-end with her. I needed a rest, so I spent a Sunday with her. When the niece saw me she said, "Why, Auntie dear, you are ageing! This won't do. You ought to think of your looks. I don't like those crows' feet round your eyes."

I smiled non-committally.

That night the dear niece brought me a cup of milk and half a dozen round brownish things on a salver which looked like chestnuts.

"What are those things, darling?" I asked her.

"Monkey glands, dear," she said. "Be a dear and eat them. They'll do you heaps of good."

To oblige her I ate all the six monkey glands. I must say monkey glands have a fine taste. When I woke up with the lark next morning I felt as if I had innumerable springs everywhere inside me. I ran up to the mirror. And what do you think Auntie saw! She saw herself as she was fifteen years ago in her first bloom.

Ramaswami (Teppakulam): "My wife says she learnt to speak Bengali in fifteen days. I can't understand it."

Don't let that worry you, dear Ramaswami. The Bengalis wouldn't understand it either.

Sufferer (Nandigama): "I don't think there is anything more vile than an aching tooth."

Yes, there is—two aching teeth.

Timid Chap (Berhampore): "If a faint heart never won a fair lady, what is a faint heart to do?"

It can always go after a dark lady.

Binoculars (Nadiad): "Can you give an instance when distance does not lend enchantment to the view?"

Certainly, dear sir. When you are motoring in the countryside, and your petrol gave out and there is no petrol bunk for miles around.

Amateur Photo (Byculla): "How do I take my wife's photograph indoors on a rainy day?"

Easy, dear chap. Just place your wife's photograph in your coat pocket, kick the door open and walk in.

Disgusted (Coimbatore): "Every blessed thing is opened now-a-days with a prayer-song by girls."

You appear to be a bit hasty, dear disgusted. What about opening jam and condensed-milk tins?

Father-of-Ten (Tenali): "I am of opinion that all this talk of birth-control is idiotic. My wife is the same."

Hush! Don't say it in your wife's hearing. She may not like to be called idiotic.

Puzzled (Rangoon): "I came across an intriguing sentence in a fine story I was reading the other day. It read 'In the fulness of time Loise bore Bertram a baby.' What exactly is meant by 'fulness of time'?"

About nine and a half months after the wedding of Lois and Bertram.

Joe Smith (Salisbury): "This vile weather doesn't agree with me."

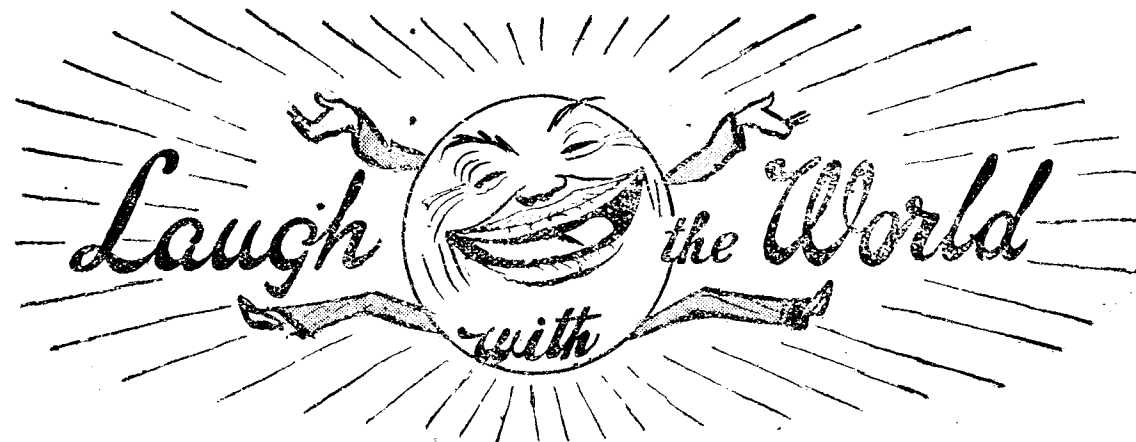
Neither does it with the weather forecasts.

Tram-fiend (Madras): "I often notice a funny chap in the tram. Whenever the tram happens to be full, he closes his eyes tight. What may be the idea?"

Dear man, he can't bear to see the ladies standing.

Silly Sam (Kumbakonam): "The astronomical people say that the distant universe around the earth is rushing away from us at an incredible speed."

I don't blame the universe.



A celebrated white preacher had been engaged to address the congregation of a little Negro church and was being introduced by the coloured pastor.

"Sistern and breddern," he began, "it affords me the extremest pleasuh to introduce de speaker of de evenin'. I wants to explain dat while his skin ain't de same colour as de odders heah, I assuhs you his heart is as black as any of yourn."

—Argentine Magazine

Actor: What about the salary?

Manager: Suppose we call it £ 50 a week.

Actor: All right.

Manager: Of course, you understand that £ 50 a week is merely what we call it—you will get £ 5.

—Dublin Opinion

A salesman was eloquent about the merits of a certain vacuum cleaner, but the village housewife wasn't impressed. She suggested that he talk less and show her what the machine could do.

He took off his coat, fitted up the cleaner, thrust his arm into the chimney of the open fireplace and brought out a big handful of soot, which he scattered over the parlour carpet.

He then shovelled some ashes from the grate and sprinkled them over the rug, adding a big handful of soil from the garden. Then he smiled and rubbed his hands.

"Now," he said, "I'll show you what this vacuum cleanser can do! You'll be surprised, madam. Where is the electric switch?"

"Switch!" echoed the really surprised woman, "we use gas."

—Christian Science Monitor

The lady with the supercilious glance descended from her limousine and entered the small grocer's shop.

"What price are your plain biscuits?" she inquired.

"Shilling a pound!" announced the little grocer, eagerly. "Broken ones three pence cheaper!"

"Then you'd better give me a pound of the broken biscuits, my man!"

"Sorry, I ain't got none at present, ma'am!"

The lady looked haughtier than ever.

"In that case," she said, "you'd better hurry up and break me a pound before I go elsewhere!"

—Everybody's Weekly

Two Irish farmers both ran racing stables and a keen rivalry existed between them. They each entered a horse in a local steeple-chase, and one of them, thinking he would get the better of his friend, engaged a crack jockey.

The two horses were leading at the last fence which proved to be too stiff for them. They fell, unseating their riders, but the expert jockey rapidly remounted and won the race. On returning triumphantly, to the paddock, he found the farmer who had engaged him fuming with rage.

"What's up?" he asked. "I won, didn't I?"

"Yes!" roared the farmer, "you won all right, you idiot, but you were on the other horse!"

—Answers

On Pinjrapoles—

by Dewan Bahadur K. S. Ramaswami Sastri

Reading Time • About 5 Minutes

I have never been able to understand the word Pinjrapole or the institution which it stands for. In that respect I am in very distinguished company, *e.g.*, Darwin, and the post Darwinians. I have always wondered why as soon as a great man comes he is followed up by those who come post-haste after him and give him praise and cancel all that brought him praise. But that is another story. Darwin taught the survival of the fittest. Pinjrapole—whatever it is—teaches and practises and effectuates the survival of the unfittest. Darwin teaches his great doctrine thus:

Who survive? Those who are the fittest.

Who are the fittest? Those who survive.

It is all a Chinese puzzle though it's a British doctrine. The Pinjrapole enforces its doctrine with equal power.

Who should survive? Those who are the unfittest.

Who are the unfittest? Those who survive.

Darwin preaches the doctrine of competition of organisms. But Pinjrapole teaches the doctrine of abolition of competition of organisms. Darwin teaches the doctrine of Natural Selection. Pinjrapole teaches the doctrine of Unnatural (no, no, Supernatural) Preservation. The real *cause celebre* is Darwin and Secretary and the other members of the Pinjrapole Club. Let us see who wins,



The Pinjrapoler

I am not going to judge that case. I have judged all sorts of cases and am sick of the judicial function. Besides that, I have a real element of unfitness to judge this case. I am a Pinjrapoler myself. My garden ran to seed some years ago. All the flower-plants, kitchen vegetables, and even the weeds and the grass have disappeared. I started for my mouthful of grass and got it from Mr. Pinjrapole and then I chose the shade of a restful and umbrageous tree and there I began to chew the cud. I cannot chew anything else and I have nothing else to chew. All through the day I browse and drowse, and then all through the night I drowse and drowse. I make it a point to avoid Darwin and the Post-Darwinians. The other day as I was rounding a corner I met one of the Post-Darwinians. He was coming with mighty strides like a Frankenstein monster. He had a sharp sword in his hand and his eyes were keenly on the look-out for Pinjrapolers like myself. I slunk round a corner like a whipped cur with the tail between its legs and fled for my life and never stopped till I had put at least one latitude between him and me.

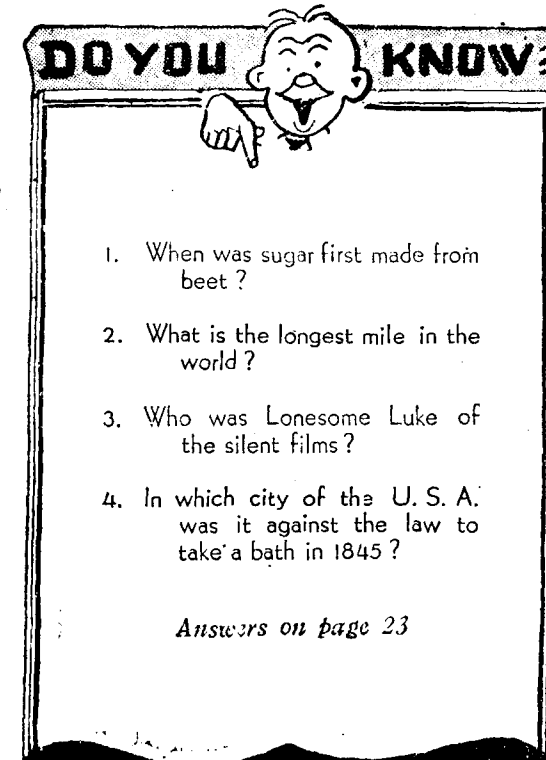
Last year I had been to Bomacutta and one of my Pinjrapole brethren took me to Jara Bhag which is a favourite haunt of the local Pinjrapolers. I was there introduced to the President and Secretary and the other members of the Pinjrapole Club. In its own way that Club is as

famous as the renowned Pickwick Club. Its President was named Saravana Bhava and its Secretary was named Krishna. The members sat on the lawn in a secluded nook of Jara Bhag. I wondered what they were doing because words issued but seldom from their mouths and there were few signs of animation. Each was presenting for the benefit of all, his budget of petty ailments. And as the ailments varied from day to day and as there was never a day without them, each day was a budget day and there was never a deficit budget. I was expected to present my budget, but I never had an ailment in my life and so I presented an absolutely balanced budget which was also a nil budget. I had no income and no disease. They had much income and more disease. I was not set down as a prodigy but was regarded as a calamity—as a sort of Bihar or Quetta earthquake in human form. The conversation which was rheumatic became comatose. I suggested a dose of Hitler's and Mussolini's Castor Oil all round and made a dash for my life before they had recovered their breath.

When next year I went to Bomacutta I refused to venture into the Pinjrapole Club but I stood behind the tree beneath which was their favourite haunt and watched the proceedings. They had become older and had longer faces and longer budgets. There was an addition in the person of a medical Pinjrapoler—Dr. Dhanwant. He was only half a Pinjrapoler, being a retired Civil Surgeon in active private practice. He was scrutinising each budget and each budget-wallah and prescribing appropriate remedies. Next day the previous night's battle between the forces of Disease and the forces of Doctor was described by a special war correspondent *viz.*, the Doctor Pinjrapoler himself and then a corrected and consolidated budget

was presented. I saw the Doctor Pinjrapoler there on three successive evenings and then he was not seen there any more. Out of a sheer spirit of curiosity I ascertained what had happened to him. I learnt that he developed symptoms of sudden insanity overnight and presented all the budgets in a very mixed form and was reeling off his prescriptions till at last he was taken to the Mental Hospital where the cruel world doth cease from troubling and Pinjrapolers are at rest.

The transformation of a Panjandrum into a Pinjrapole has always been the most baffling of mysteries to me. I can understand a frog puffing and blowing to swell like a bull—even like John Bull—but it's difficult to understand how a frog could shrink into a tadpole. One of the Pinjrapolers at Bomacutta had been a great Panjandrum once upon a time. I have seen him swelling like a turkey-cock. When he went West, the East would tip up; and when he went East, the same fate overtook the West. And yet alas! he was the most Pinjrapolist of the Pinjrapoles. He used to go about like a love-lorn



1. When was sugar first made from beet?
2. What is the longest mile in the world?
3. Who was Lonesome Luke of the silent films?
4. In which city of the U. S. A. was it against the law to take a bath in 1845?

Answers on page 23

creature till he reached Jara Bhag.

As I said already, I am myself a Pinjrapole. What bloom of mind I had was but small and yet even that is all gone! Even my memory plays vexing tricks with me. When I cast the balance-sheet of my life, what is the specially fine thing that I can put on the credit side? Very little, indeed. Though I am thus a Pinjrapole through and through, what would I like to be? Like Bhishma who even on his bed of arrows loved man and God and lived to set man on the road leading to God. What if my rose-garden has ceased to bloom? Let me tend my young friends' rose-gardens and prune their rose bushes and see them blossom in the Sunshine of Joy.



The Rhineland Occupation

by Mike

[The militarisation of the Rhineland by Hitler has, for the moment, overshadowed weightier doings elsewhere. In this article, an 'old soldier' lifts the curtain over the Rhineland that was—the Rhineland immediately following the Versailles 'loot'.—Ed.]

Reading Time • About 7 Minutes

THE recent re-occupation of the Rhineland zone in Germany by Nazi troops, in violation of the Locarno Treaty, brings back to recollection the period following the Armistice when an army of occupation, composed of British and French regiments were cantoned in that territory, to ensure the observance of the clauses of the Treaty by the German Government. Different areas of control were allotted to the respective military authorities of the allied forces, while the army that had been under the command of Hindenburg, Ludendorf, and other Prussian leaders on the western front, withdrew into the interior of Germany, outside the corridor. In true British fashion our soldiers, recently engaged in a death struggle, adapted themselves to the new conditions, and fraternised with the civil population, a large proportion of whom were their former foes in the field. Old animosities were forgotten, and there was no outward indication that a conquering force was settled in the midst of the people. The German populace was not slow to respond to the friendly attitude adopted by the pick of the British regiments, specially selected for the difficult task, and the open sore, engendered by four years of bitter warfare, soon began to heal. Our military authorities were careful not to encourage any display which would have caused resentment or heart-burning, and public parades, marches through the streets and similar demonstrations were conspicuous by their absence. A casual visitor, to Cologne for instance, would have noticed no tension or sign of an unusual state of affairs, and the sight of British 'Tommies' making purchases in the shops, or entering theatres and other places of amusement tended to have a reassuring effect.

It was not so in the territory under French military occupation. There, at centres like Wiesbaden, the Tricolor was much in evidence. Armed guards of

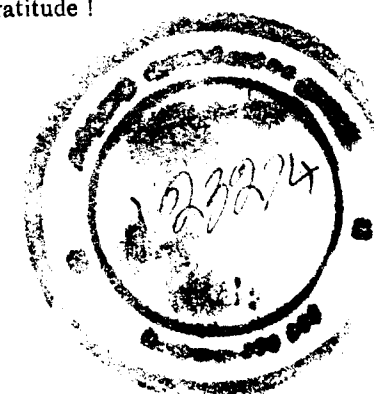
Zonaves and Algerian troops—the latter in long cloaks and fez caps—were to be encountered in many localities. The ceremony of 'changing the guard' was performed twice daily to the accompaniment of weird music played by Algerian pipers, the climax being reached when the soldiers marked time for a space before grounding arms in the Main Square near the Kaiserstrasse, where the Imperial Emblems were displayed in mosaic on the pavement. The assembled crowd would view these proceedings with feelings of irritability and disgust, judging from the countenances of the onlookers, who did not appreciate their state of subjection being 'rubbed in' by such demonstrations! The slumping of the Mark, resulting in a very favourable rate of exchange, brought many tourists into the country from America and Britain, to the extreme satisfaction of hotel proprietors and tradesmen, whose regular patrons were unable to give them financial support, owing to the bankrupt state of the well-to-do classes. And wonderful bargains were available for visitors with spare cash! The shops displaying fancy goods, artists' materials, cameras, binoculars, stationery and similar goods, in the manufacture of which Germany excels, were thronged all day with foreigners, as there seemed to be no limit to the quantity of such articles exportable to other lands. Clothing and foodstuffs, however, were restricted, as many purchasers discovered when they were on their homeward journey at the frontier! English-speaking visitors to Wiesbaden and other towns in the French military area received a warmer welcome than elsewhere. The inhabitants contrasted their mild conduct with that sometimes displayed by the invaders from across the Rhine, and made no secret of their grievances with regard to the latter. Many of the shop-keepers had lived in England in pre-war days, and spoke our language fluently. They were ready to accommodate customers to an unexpected degree

The day before leaving Wiesbaden, the present writer strolled into an emporium where he was persuaded to have his eyesight tested. The result showed that he needed new lenses. He was also shown a Reflex Camera and a fine pair of binoculars, of which he did not seem to have special need. The shopman was politely told that these purchases would be considered in the event of another visit to Germany, but this answer was not to be accepted. A further excuse that one's bank balance had been now closed and remitted to London proved no obstacle to the closing of the transaction. The shopman was willing to take a cheque on a London Bank from a total stranger, whom he declared had an honest face! The upshot was that the latter departed from the premises leaving a cheque for about £9 and taking with him a consignment worth about five times that sum in England! To anyone inclined to be a gourmet or sybarite, the best restaurants and hotel lounges were open for entertainment at extraordinarily moderate prices, and, after withdrawing one or two pounds from one's bank, the happy depositor went away feeling like a millionaire with local currency of all denominations, up to 10,000 marks, filling his pockets! The British Tommies in Cologne, who were paid in sterling, had the time of their lives, and spent their leisure moments treating the fair sex to sweet Rhine Champagne and the choicest of chocolates and sweets. Small wonder is it that many of these lads were received as heaven-sent bridegrooms into Saxon homes, where good English money was used to retrieve the family fortunes! Only two untoward incidents occurred which might have marred an ideal excursion into the Rhineland at that time, but happily did not. The first happened between Aix-la-Chapelle and Cologne. We were travelling in a first-class Railway compartment, when a well-dressed man in a sumptuous overcoat got into the corridor carriage, with no luggage beyond a small suit-case, which he placed on the rack containing our attache-cases. He spoke in German to another young lady-passenger who had been journeying from the previous station. At the next halt, the conductor announced dinner, and we followed him to the Restaurant Car, leaving the other two passengers in charge. During the meal, the train halted once, at Dusseldorf. When it

was in motion again we returned in the direction of our carriage, to find the young woman in the corridor in a state of suppressed excitement. She first spoke to us in French; then in English. The burden of her message was that the man who was in the compartment, had, during her temporary absence at Dusseldorf station, grabbed our two attache cases, and alighted on the platform, where she saw him trying to sneak off, and only just in time. She intercepted him, threatening him with the Police, whereupon he dropped our belongings, which she gathered into the train. This fortuitous intervention, on the part of a young German war-widow, who was on the eve of re-marriage with an Englishman in Cologne, saved us no end of trouble and anxiety, since the attache cases contained our passports, cheque books and other documents. The next contretemps took place at Wiesbaden, when we chartered a motor coach for a day's outing to Frankfurt. The driver of the vehicle was a typical junker, who blustered and threatened to start off without our hotel party, because the ladies were a bit slow in putting on their hats! Although payment in advance had been made, he tried to spoil our trip by shouting and gesticulating at the wheel when the *char-a-banc* got into motion; and continued to do so as we approached Frankfurt, which was not in our military occupation.

Here brass-hatted German Police were greatly in evidence, and his indignant behaviour attracted their attention. We drew up at a large hotel, the party alighting for refreshments. The irate Jéhu then approached me and suggested my accompanying him to the rear of the establishment, which I did, through tortuous passages crowded with his countrymen. However, at the end of the jaunt, he opened a side-door into a bar where menials of all descriptions were regaling themselves with beer. My excitable friend then made a sign to indicate that he was thirsty after the long drive, and on my responding with an order for drinks, to which he did full justice, he seized my hand and swore eternal devotion.

At the end of the day, I gave him a 2000 mark tip, (roughly 2 shillings), and he nearly fell to my feet with gratitude!





Admonitory Tales

(*The Bird and the Buffalo*)

by Embusque

Reading Time • About 5 Minutes

ONE day, the king of the buffaloes went down to the rice-fields to enjoy a nice wallow in the refreshing mud. His favourite resort was a deep hole beside the farmer's irrigation-channel.

Just before the buffalo arrived, the farmer opened that channel, and drained the water from the rice-field. A *paddy*-bird stood in the drying mud of the water-course, searching for succulent worms.

The king of buffaloes looked at the bird in a lordly manner, and snorted loudly. The bird took no notice, but went on picking for worms.

"Ahem!" went the buffalo. "Don't you know how to behave in the presence of royalty?"

"What royalty?" asked the bird, indifferently.

"I am the king of swamps!" bellowed the buffalo, making the ground thunder. "Little birds should fly away in terror when they hear me approaching."

"Indeed?" said the bird; and continued to look for worms.

"I have never been so insulted in my life!" stormed the buffalo. "Who has been meddling with my bath-water? What are you doing in that drain?"

"Dinking," said the *paddy*-bird, mildly.

"But there is no water there!"

"Quite so, my good friend. I have just drunk it all up."

"You are not my good friend!" howled the buffalo. "If you don't address me properly, I will crush you to a pulp."

"Can't a bird come and drink a little water?" protested the impudent creature, in injured tones.

"Don't try and fool me!" bellowed the buffalo. "This channel drains the whole field. Before you could drink it dry, you would have to consume all the water in the field."

"That is what I did," replied the *paddy*-bird, calmly.

At these words, the buffalo trembled with rage. "As king of the swamps, it is my duty to punish such wicked untruths," he roared.

"You are talking nonsense," replied the bird. "I am the king of the swamps."

The buffalo pawed the earth, and rushed upon the impious little creature. But the bird merely hopped to the other side of the channel, and resumed the conversation.

"If you are king of the swamps, let me see you drain the field dry," he suggested.

"I could do it, if I liked," boasted the buffalo.

"Ha, ha, ha!" sneered the *paddy*-bird.

"You insolent, undersized biped! When the field is full of water to-morrow, I will come and drink the lot, just to prove who I am."

"All right," agreed the bird. "If you drink the field dry, I will acknowledge you as king of the swamps."

"And when I have proved it, I will pound you to smithereens!" howled the buffalo.

"...Provided you can catch me," chuckled the bird. "But supposing you cannot drink the field dry?"

"Don't worry about that."

"If you are so sure of success, make it a test of our rival claims," challenged the *paddy*-bird.

The buffalo looked with contempt at his puny antagonist. "Very well," he said. "I will drink the swamp dry first thing in the morning. After that, you will have to acknowledge my overlordship."

"And if you fail, you will have to take your orders from me," retorted the bird.

"All right," agreed the buffalo.

In the evening, the husbandman came and opened the sluices, and filled the field with water. Early the next morning, the buffalo kept his appointment with the *paddy*-bird. He looked at the great expanse of water a little doubtfully.

"Go on," jeered his rival. "Drink it all up."

"I shall," declared the buffalo, stoutly. He lowered his massive head, and began to drink steadily. He drank and drank, and his enormous barrel-like body began to swell visibly, till you could no longer see the hollows above his haunches. His mighty sides glistened. His eyes grew bloodshot.

At last he raised his head and looked at the swamp. The level of the water was quite undisturbed.

YES, I KNOW

Answers to Questions on page 19

1. In 1801, at Kuneru, Silesia, by Franz Karl Achard, a noted German Chemist.
2. The Swiss mile, which measures 9,153 yards.
3. Harold Lloyd, who made his movie debut in 1913 and was started by Hal Roach a year later in the *Lonesome Luke* series.
4. In Boston, Massachusetts. It was then deemed unlawful to take a bath except when prescribed by a physician.

"Go on," urged the *paddy*-bird, sarcastically. "Drink it up."

"Nobody could drink so much water," growled the buffalo.

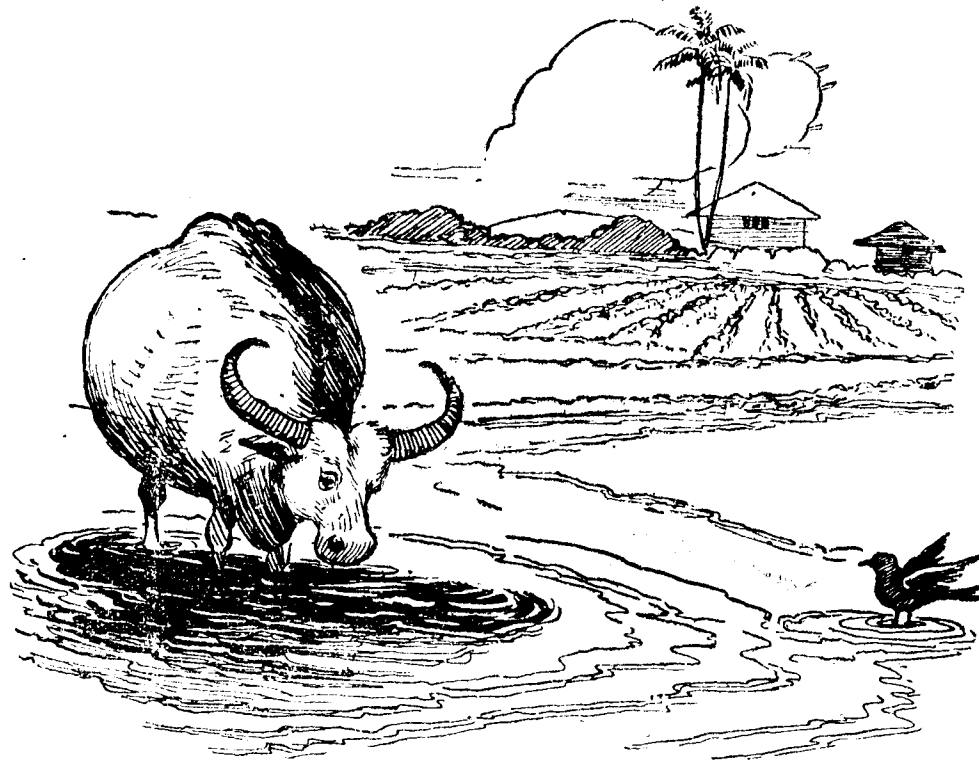
"Then I am the king of the swamps," replied the feathered biped.

"I have been fooled!" cried the buffalo. "Even if I cannot drink the field dry, I am still king of the swamps."

Presently the man came, and at the right moment the *paddy*-bird stepped into the channel, and began to drink industriously.

Ten minutes later, the buffalo was gazing at the field with awe-stricken eyes. All the water was gone.

"Now," said the bird. "Do you admit that I am king of the *paddy*-fields?"



"But if I drink the field dry, will you acknowledge that I am king of the swamps?" insisted the bird.

"Go on, try it," scoffed the buffalo.

"Stand aside, you lumbering great thing," ordered his diminutive rival. The bird perched on the bank of the irrigation-channel, dropped his head on his breast, and began to breathe deeply.

"What are you doing?" demanded the buffalo.

"Please do not disturb me while I am doing my *yoga* exercises," said the cunning creature, reprovingly. "When I have finished them, I will drink up all the water in no time."

Actually, the *paddy*-bird was peeping behind the buffalo. He was waiting for the farmer to appear and open the drain.

THE END

Next Week—

Being our Editorial announcement regarding the next issue of our very popular magazine

by T. A. S.

Reading Time • About 2 Minutes

ONE of the leading features in the next issue of our magazine will not be the beginning of a powerful dramatic serial of an Indian woman's passionate devotion to her career and the claims of her household upon her. You cannot read this thrilling encounter between a woman's age-long custom and modern ambition. And the story is not entitled 'The Misfortunes of Mangalam'.

Another novel feature of our next number will be the absence of an editorial announcement, announcing for the number after that, a story by an author, who is not even the greatest short story writer in India.

Among the short fiction in our number next week, which in many ways will be the finest number we have ever published, there will not be a story of 'love and adventure', in which, however, the hero and the heroine are not students in Madras colleges, and in which the hero does not say: "How wonderful a dream, dear Lakshmi, just we two, and we two alone, sitting on the sands of the Marina!"

Among the other good things that we will not print next week will be the celebrated short story dealing 'with the greatest human problem of our days', and also the celebrated story about a 'new kind of detective'.

We do not also announce the thrilling and baffling mystery story, of a strange episode in the lives of two brothers who marvellously resembled each other.

4-25-4-36



Our next number, contrary to our usual policy, will not contain a poem from the pen of Narendranath Bengali.

A rare artistic treat is in store for our readers in our next issue. We have eliminated all illustrations.

But the foregoing are not the only good things we are promising. For instance, next week we are not publishing a story by a 'newly discovered writer possessed of an unmistakable genius for writing short short stories'. [A statement that generally means nothing more than that the magazine has cut down editorial expenses for that number by buying a perfectly unimportant story by an unknown man for Rs. 5 and, though printing the boost, seeks to delude its readers

into believing that the story is better than it is.] In addition we take pleasure in not announcing an important article entitled: "Tamil Actresses With Whom I Have Spoken" by 'One Who Knows'.

The announcement of the most important feature of the next issue of our magazine we have reserved as a climax. It is our honest belief that the publication of this feature will prove to be the most sensational and talked-of magazine achievement of the century. And all our future issues will also be guided by this feature: In All Bookstalls.

[As we go to press, we learn that the author thinks he is an accepted manuscript and draws blue pencil marks all over his body, trying to edit himself—Ed.]

THE END



The Cousin-cum-Nephew

by Cross S. Devasahayam

Reading Time • About 5 Minutes

THE interior of the Visitors' Hall of the Cosmopolitan Ladies' Hostel was not an unfamiliar sight to Bhaskaran. Yet, he looked about him with some interest.

At the farther end of the hall were four inmates of the Hostel having a pleasant argument, and from some words that now and then reached Bhaskaran's ears, he gathered that the topic under the lively discussion was not anything connected with cooking, crotchetwork or the care of husbands, as one would have supposed, but entirely about overhead-strokes, perpendicular smashes, back-hand drives and what-not of Tennis.

He breathed noiselessly lest he should draw the girls' attention to him, for his presence in that hall at that latish part of the evening was highly objectionable under the Hostel rules. He came there stealthily only because of the fact that, while walking along the

road in front of the Hostel he had found himself caught in a sudden and unsuspected down-pour and could not sight any building nearby other than the Hostel, to which he could run for shelter.

He tip-toed towards a chair in a corner of the Hall and carefully let himself into it. But chairs in Ladies' Hostel, or anywhere else for that matter, never take in a sitter without a protest and this particular chair that Bhaskaran selected, chose to lodge its protest by emitting a loud groan. And simultaneously four pairs of beautiful eyes turned towards Bhaskaran, in mild surprise and subtle enquiry.

"Beg your pardon, ladies," said Bhaskaran, rising embarrassedly. "It is raining outside. Hope you would not mind my intrusion."

"Not at all!"

It was the youngest of the four girls, who elected to assure Bhaskaran of their indifference to his presence. In a lightning glance at her face, Bhaskaran noticed that she was the prettiest, too, of the lot.

But scarcely had she finished saying those three words, when her companions heaved themselves to their legs with a jerk.

"Hush!" said a girl.

They listened with their ears almost flapping and the majestic and rhythmical clatter of a pair of high-heeled shoes on a wooden staircase, that they heard faintly at first, grew louder and louder every moment.

And suddenly Bhaskaran found himself all alone in the hall. The girls evaporated like ghosts.

For any male the task of explaining away his presence in the Ladies' Hostel to the satisfaction of its imperious warden, was not an easy one, even if he happens to be her nephew. Bhaskaran knew that and realised at once that in the circumstances, the sooner he legged it away from the hall, the better he would be by all counts.

He looked through the window hopefully, but to his disappointment he saw that all Nature was dead against him, for the rain was still pouring down in torrents.

He stood, indecisive. It was only then the thing happened. A voice spoke. With a start, he turned round to see the speaker.

"Excuse me," said the voice which was, by the way, silvery and pleasing. It sounded quite familiar and Bhaskaran had no difficulty in recognizing it as the very one in which a few seconds back were uttered those three simple words of common courtesy: "Not at all."

"What for?" he asked, scarcely able to articulate for surprise.

"My boldness," answered the voice. "But let us pretend that we know each other. For there at the door is our warden!"

Presently a substantial figure in an impossible saree darkened the door-way. The first thing it did, after

it stepped into the hall, was to make a heart-rending cry, as it were.

"Is that you, Sarasa?" it exclaimed, in a voice resembling distant thunder. "Having a visitor?"

"Yes, Madam," answered the girl, readily. "My cousin, Madam."

The warden came near them.

"Really! But is it not..." The distant thunder rumbled off to a whisper and on the lips of the warden the faint suggestion of a smile began to appear, instead.

The object at which she turned on her unusual smile seemed to come to life only now.

"Er...well..." began Bhaskaran, but the situation was obviously beyond him.

The warden turned to the girl, Sarasa.

"I didn't know that you knew him," she observed.

The face of the girl became a study in expressions. It was registering amazement, perplexity and discomfort all at once.

"He is my cousin," she repeated, weakly but loyally.

"Oh!" exclaimed the warden. "Then," she proceeded, with a funny gleam in her eyes, "you are related to me."

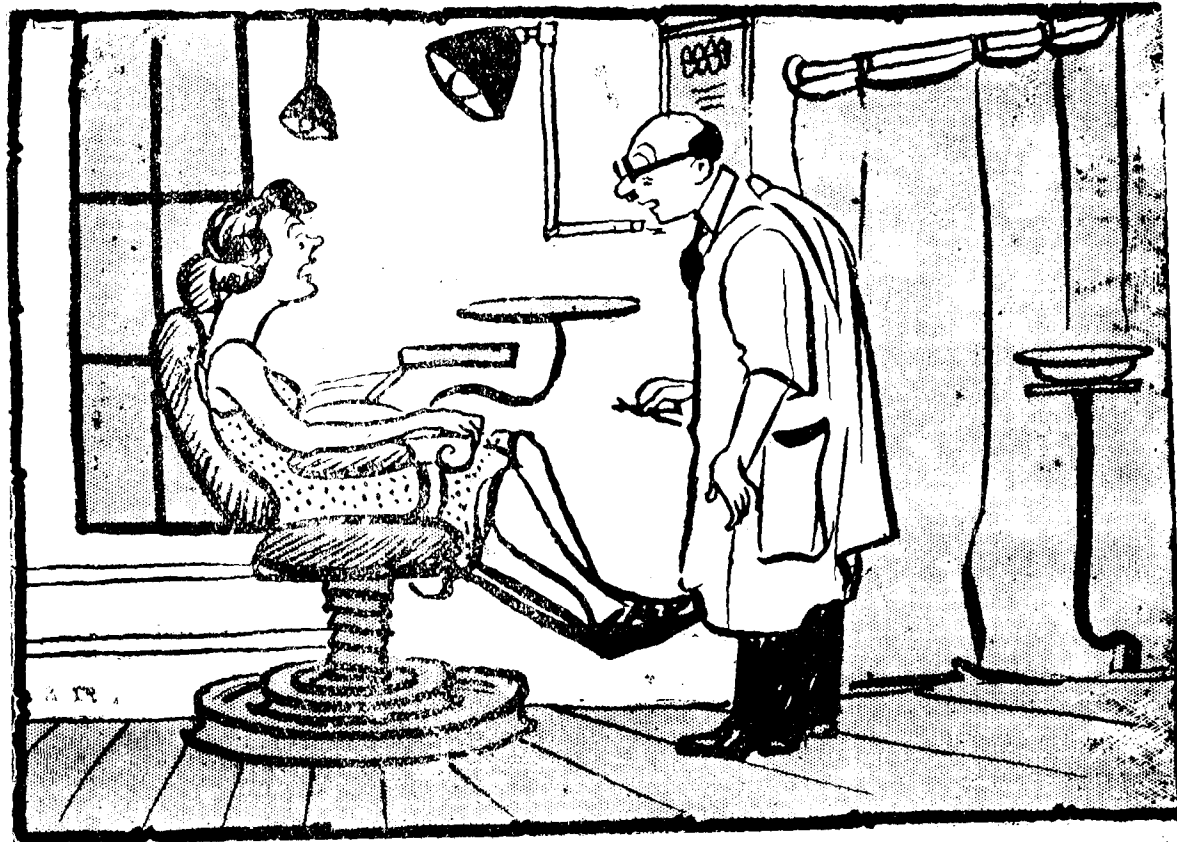
The girl gasped.

"Beg your pardon, Madam?" she said, mystified. "Related to you, Madam?"

"Of course! A cousin of Bhaskaran ought to be my relative too," she explained. "Because," she added, "Baskaran happens to be my nephew!"

Satisfied with springing that bomb-shell on the poor girl, she turned round and left the hall without another word.

THE END



Imagination—

by A. K. Rowe

Reading Time • About 8 Minutes

TO begin with, imagination is a big hive of bees in anybody's bonnet. In good sense, it is not exactly what it professes to be. Oh, please, don't pooh-pooh! As you all know, it is a stout support to dentists, doctors, and boxers, (pew, what a lot!)—for, doctors and boxers, divested of imagination, always see red and black, and dentists are mere tooth-pecked hubbies. So, it can be easily imagined how, or why, an office-clerk is shown his way home by his she-boss; and the explanation of why so many gentlemen, who race a lot, enter with spectacles on, and emerge out sans glasses, is as simple as one-times-one-is-one. Now you can imagine. Now, or never!

Every human has every reason to imagine, at least an hour a day. But the terrible side of it is one cannot sow and reap it when one is badly in need of it. For instance, I imagine I could write a little about imagination, but, as you will judge it for yourself, it is all bunkum. For years I practised to imagine about anything and everything, including grey mares, and grass widows, and now I am seeing ghosts. When you really want to be imaginative, what you get in response is simple mumps. And for this reason, all decent folk have now ceased to wax imaginative: the more you begin to imagine, the sooner you get

cold feet. And wheezy lies the skull that oozes staring imagination. What a junk!

True, it is the goods for human brain. They say that unless you've got imagination up your sleeve, you're an eternal blink. For all your life you can never guess that book-keeping is a figurative subject, and it is equally impossible to come to terms with algebra, for it starts with a dogmatic assumption that two negatives make one positive. You cannot be persuaded to feel positive, unless you rise up to algebraical imagination bordering on insanity. For heaven's sake, don't get the needle.

Now, have you ever heard of poetic imagination? Especially of those bards who compose nursery or poultry-yard rhymes, as:

The cock is crowing,
The crow is cawing,
The small poets twitter,
And you all wonder,
Your heads never thinking,
Your brains never dreaming.

Dashed if I believe in poets. They imagine quite a lot, and draw blank in the end—I mean blank verse. Under imaginative inspiration they seldom call a spade a spade—mark you the word—and as such, one can very well understand when people like Shakespeare explode: "Who steals my brains steals trash!" Anyway, poetry is bad for nerves. It is not at all to my taste.

A lot may be said against imaginers. Often, a profound speaker, full of extempore imagination, begins with the League of Nations, and ends abruptly at the alarming results of the latest boxing bout! And, if you happen to be one of the audience, you wish you'd had the audacity to pocket a halter.

Again, when a pair of guaranteed spectacles adorn one's nose, they extend the sphere of his dreadful imagination by doubling his sight. Well, he goes all groggy in the long run, and gets it in the neck.

A doctor—particularly an imaginative one with a mathematical inclination. He multiplies imaginary diseases, adds to patients' misery, reducing them to mere deduction, divides their purse, and diagnoses

nothing. In several cases, pathological imagination is at the root of so many black eyes, broken noses, blood pressures, and the incredible strokes of Jhin-Jhinia. No more of that.

Apart from everything, there are some who pride in their imagination. To denude, boxers. When you begin to imagine the pleasures underlying their pastime, you find yourself in a box. Their motto is him-assassination (not imagination), and their figure of speech is onomatopoeia, for the sound of their blows echoes their sense. A boxer in his imaginativeness feels an urge to punch anybody's nose, or to call anybody anything. But theirs is only a nine days' wonder, for there are such pyrotechnical kids like Joe Louis who get them by their short hairs, and instigate them to question their sanity!

No wonder if in some cases imagination pans out to be just a hornets' nest; it is to them what Italy is to Abyssinia. I can recall a number of eggs, where imagination has not behaved itself.

Once Mr. Murphy, a ruralist, happening to see a good number of those ubiquitous "To-let" boards hanging from the wall of a every good-sized building in the metropolis, waxed imaginative all of a sudden, and remarked disarmingly: "Bless my soul, how many buildings Mr. To Let owns!" Maybe it was right, or maybe it was a bloomer, but there it is.

As for dentists, theirs is a hard job. They have got to imagine the shape of every mouth offered, and the nature of the teeth, whether humorous or biting. An unimaginative dentist is a spot of trouble; and the memory of a dental tragedy still hangs on me.

One day Mr. Tooth Blank, an amateur dentist, shot up from the depths of his chair like a rocket, and bowed down slowly to a sweet peach of a girl who rushed in floundering.

He: Anything I can do for you, madam, anything with your teeth?

She: Are you good at your blooming hobby? (Her words sounded like a gong.) Can you pull out a big, inmost molar?

He: Gladly, madam.

[Lulling her to artificial sleep, and breaking open her mouth, he

picked out unimaginatively two of her molars, whereas he should have picked only one, and as a final touch, filled the dental cavities with cotton. After a few minutes, her eyes fluttered open, and she began to give vent to sizzling tunes.]

She : Ssh, George, where am I ? Ssh, my God !

[With horror she noticed the hissing aspiratory sounds emanating from her mouth, and swung on him stormily.]

She : Hi, *mon ami*, where's the tooth you've picked from my stomach ?

He (deserted by imagination) : Stomach ? Tooth in your stomach ? Did you say stomach ?

She (getting scarlet) : Yes.

He (dripping with perspiration) : But—but—two have been picked.

She (of the colour of a tomato) : What ! Two ! But I swallowed only one.

He (infinitely dazed) : Swallowed ? What the dickens do you mean ?

She : You fool, listen. While my auntie was taking an egg of ice cream with unimaginable dexterity, one of her pseudo-teeth, breaking loose from its moorings, fell into my portion of the jam ; and I, lenseless at that time—for you know one cannot imagine such a mishap without one's glass—swallowed it. Trouble began before I realised what I had done. Since then the cursed tooth is gnawing at my stomach, and it is that I wanted you to pull out. Auntie is hot stuff with a tooth missing from her mouth.

He (unable to pull himself together) : But—

She : What's wrong ? What have you done exactly ?

He : But—

[He was staring his widest, and the words stuck in his throat.]

She (with a grimace of fury) : You haven't got any imagination in your damned head. Do you understand ?

He : Yes, madam.

She : No, you don't. Do you

He : H'm—no—no—er—yes.

She : Oh, you're a booby. That is why there isn't a single man in this city who has got a mouthful of real teeth. You fool, tell me what you've done.

He (in a flurry of alarm) : A thousand pities, madam. I never knew you swallowed a tooth. I've pulled out two of your molars.

She (reeling back faintly) : Do you mean—Oh !

He (debating upon his chances with her) : Yes—but—don't you see—

She : You drivelling, tooth-less sucker, you anaesthetic idiot ! Pulled out two molars ! Confound you ! I thought of celebrating their jubilee some day this year. You have humiliated me, you unimaginative ivory-puller. It's high time you'd taken to growing mushrooms. What am I to do ? How to chatter, how to grind ? Oh God, I wish I hadn't come here !.....

He (pleadingly) : Don't get huffy, madam. I can refix the teeth.

She : Cut it out, you moke. Have you ever tried straightening a dog's tail ?

Without another word she toddled off. With the face of a sand-bagged lout, he gibbered :

"Pooo ! That's the unkindest 'pick' of all ! She's—phew !—"

Well, well, bolster up your imagination, folks, and believe me when I tell you that this is a heartily imagined skit, simple and sincere. Perhaps I should feel glad. But I don't. For the nonce, my imagination is standing on its last legs.

Au revoir !

THE END



The Art of Walking

by Yen Kay

Reading Time • About 7 Minutes

AND it is not merely unique but glorious and wonderful. Consider walking if only on its purely physical aspects. The fact seems to be unappreciated that we can do few things more becomingly or beautifully than to walk on our two legs. By merely observing how you walk, I can tell whether you have an ugly or beautiful soul, whether you have superior sensibilities or whether the engine of your life is actuated by the internal combustion of crude unkempt passions. Verily, do the two human legs in action tell a thousand things to the seeing eye : pride, humility or wisdom, purity, goodness, foolishness or wickedness, patience, fortitude, fear or anger, courage, cunning or cowardice, and all the rest of the strange assortment of qualities, qualifications and disqualifications that go to the making of our wonderful human nature. It is on account of this almost unlimited emotional range contained in our legs that we can do few things more expressively than walk, or

more beautifully, when we walk with our better-selves going before us and guiding us.

Suppose, a god should come, paying you a visit. How do you think will the shining one come ? Will he come riding a cycle, driving a motor-car, or flying in an aeroplane ? It is believed by not a few millions of mankind that God created man in His own image and it is certain that if that were so we cannot better requite God than by walking in God's steps and that as nearly as possible as we can imagine He must be walking.

How do you think the gods have always a paradise to live in ? It is a wonderful secret that by living rhythmically we all can always live in a paradise. If there is no measure in your life neither is there any joy in it. And all measure has its source in the grand measure of walking. When you walk beautifully and gently what you do is not merely to walk but to set your life humming a tune. Suppose you dance, which

is walking purified and refined, engentled and sublimated, and then how would you feel? Of course, as if you were the marching of a song, the speaking of a joy. That is the reason why among the arts dancing lies nearest to the heart and spirit of man. It all comes to this, that, since dancing is only walking if with a difference, when we cease to walk, being up to the eyes in love with the leg-saving devices of civilisation, we nearly come to the pathetic point of casting out grace and beauty from our lives and crawling on our souls.

It might be supposed that I am an enemy of machinery in general and motor-cars in particular. But it is a fact that I agreed with Dictator Hitler when recently he insisted on the excellences of motor-cars by calling them the finest gift that mankind ever received from any quarter. At the same time, I confess that when some time ago I was living in a big city I found much to my chagrin the enormous population of it divided into two castes, those who honoured, and those who insulted, their legs, the walkers and riders, and the latter bossing it over the former and doing so very mischievously. However, not a few out of the pure adventurous spirit of the unpolluted human mind still continued to honour their legs though their strength constantly suffered either through the defection of some or through the simple disappearance of others. Whether it was I could not endure the scene or grew apprehensive of my own safety, I hastily quitted the spot, betaking myself to the bosom of a village, circled by green hills and canopied by a greener sky. Here I feasted my eyes for many days on rolling grasslands, on flying flocks of birds, on men walking to their day's labours in the fields, maidens going and coming on lovely legs through shady lanes, old men walking abroad like patriarchs and mellowed matrons going their rounds for the proper dissemination of the latest happenings and rumours of happenings. Had a motor-car suddenly manifested itself on this idyllic scene, the five hundred unsophisticated souls that formed the population of this village should have lost their purity and peace for the rest of their days.

Does not the sphinx's riddle of the animal walking on four legs in the morning, on two in the middle of the day and on three in the evening show that ancient enigmatic lady's fine perception of the fact that of all human felicities the chiefest, truest and best was walking?

Years and years ago when the rich odoriferous wine of love was sparkling in my soul I decided that I should share the cup of my youth with a partner possessing the luscious poetry of legs. I had no doubt

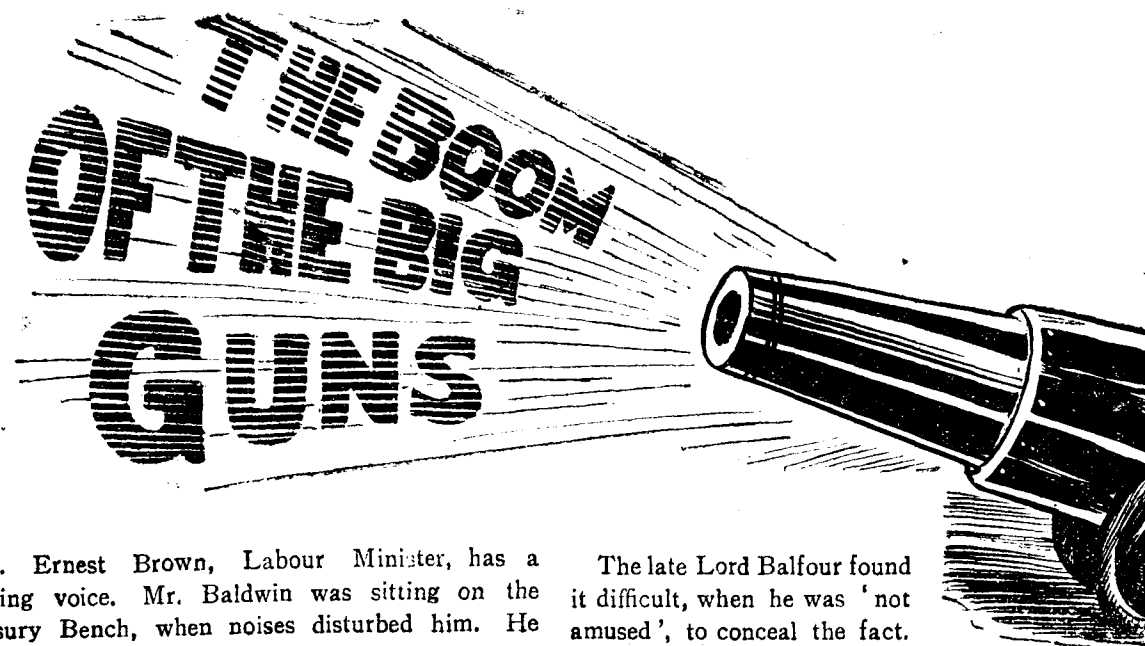
in my mind that if a maiden walked coyly and artistically, her face and eyes were bound to be equal to one's innermost desire. And what woman could have good looks with a pair of higgledy-piggledy legs? By the way, hence, what I have to say to all who are about to marry is not what *Punch* once said, namely, "DON'T," but "Find out the Possessor of a Shapely Pair of Legs and a Lovely Gait and Bind her forthwith to You with the Hoops of matrimonial Steel." That in sooth is a long advice, but brevity oft spoils the course of love. In my own case, however, though after seeking far and wide I found a maiden that matched my imagination in this supreme matter of legs, my mother wedded me off to a girl, whose only qualification for housewifery, as it soon transpired, was an inborn capacity for being on her legs most of the time and going for her good-man. We know that it is by luck and luck only that one profits by one's uncommon perception of truth. As a matter of fact, I have seen hundreds of young men united to ideally-walking wives, who have not spent a thought on, nor are even aware of, the essentiality of artistic pedestrianism for the purity, excellence and honour of life.

But I am a cry in the wilderness, or, at best, a whispered breath in a thundering exposition of sound. Look where you will, you see Senator Speed. And Herr Electricity is in residence everywhere. Uncle Oil has become the heart and soul of things. Such is the "New Deal" of President Progress, and we are naturally on the eve of excising Old Father Time and Auntie Distance from the Arithmetic of the human race. All this in plain language means that our legs have got to be speedily discarded.

It is no use contending that walking is a wise tradition and should not so hastily be done away with, that it is ninety per cent of the metabolism of our life and that the circulation of our blood, the longevity of our lives, the equilibrium of our emotions, the unfoldment of our intellects, are all dependent on the preservation and the putting into practice of our legs.

The future historian of mankind will divide the Fairy Story of the World into two Parts, namely, the Old Leg-Age and the New Oil-Cum-Electricity-Age, instead of the Stone Age, the Bronze Age and so on, as has been the fashion till recently to do, and call the people of the first division the Tadpole-Men-And-Women, and those of the second the New-Penguins-Of-The-Sea-And-Sky. I am afraid that many of us old fogeys and fossils tainted with the love of legs and addicted to the using of them in all the ordinary occasions of life and surviving into the New Era will have to be content to be classified under the Tadpole-Stage in the Evolution of Human Destiny.

THE END



Mr. Ernest Brown, Labour Minister, has a booming voice. Mr. Baldwin was sitting on the Treasury Bench, when noises disturbed him. He asked what was happening.

"Mr. Ernest Brown speaking to Edinburgh," he was informed.

"Then why doesn't he use a telephone?" asked the Premier.

The King, when Prince of Wales, was present at a certain banquet. Seated beside him was a church dignitary who, "while condescending to men of low estate, yields to no proud prelate of mediaeval times in an awareness of his own dignity." When His Grace had begged leave to withdraw, the Prince exclaimed: "Phew! Now I know what it is to dine with royalty."

King Edward VIII was playing bridge one evening with Mrs. George Keppel as partner, just after 'auction' came in. Mrs. Keppel dealt, and went a dealer's 'One no trump'. Although both opponents had called suits, the King raised her to 'Four no trumps' on a very poor hand. When he put it down she looked at it and remarked: "The King can do no wrong, but God help Alice Keppel!"

The Queen of Spain once thought of founding in her country a society for the protection of animals, and consulted a high official of the Court as to the best means of raising funds. "Well," he answered, "the first thing we must do is to organise a bull fight for it."

The late Lord Balfour found it difficult, when he was 'not amused', to conceal the fact. He was once staying at a country house for an informal political gathering where 'several of the guests were of the chosen people'. One evening in the smoke-room, feeling bored with them all, he yawned, rose languidly, and said: "To your tents, O Israel!"

A popular actress wanted to play lead in one of Noel Coward's plays and was furious when he told her: "Well, dear, if you *must* know, you are too old for it." She told him exactly what she thought of him, and when at last she stopped for breath he said, quietly: "Come, come, dear, don't add insult to insult!"

In managing his affairs, R. L. Stevenson had no money-sense. With a cheque for £ 100/- and some odd money, he and his wife went to Paris on a pleasure trip and meant to have a thoroughly good time and stay as long as their money held out. A few days later they found their money running short; they didn't know where it had all gone and decided to return to England. On going home, they found their £ 100/- cheque uncashed, mixed with the sundry papers!

Friends often asked Marie Corelli why she never married. "There is no need," she used to reply, "for I have three pets at home which together answer the same purpose as a husband. I have a dog which growls all morning, a parrot which swears all afternoon and a cat which comes home late at night."

Publicity—

by C. V. Narasimhan

Reading Time • About 7 Minutes

SOME are born to it, some achieve it, and some have it thrust on them.

Consider for example the Dionne Quintuplets. Consider, again, Jubilee—the offspring of Ko-Ko and Bo-Bo, the first chimpanzee to be born in England. Consider, I say, all those freaks who are born with silver spoons in their mouths. They are all born to fame and publicity.

When I speak of some as achieving it, I have in mind the familiar class of persons who achieve reputations mainly by the skilful use of publicity. This is in no way a new phenomenon brought into existence solely by the modern media of large-scale boosting. Consider every one of the great 'heroes' of antiquity, inquire closely into their credentials, examine the bases of their reputation. You find in every case that their fame rests entirely on their ability to boost themselves. It was Julius Caesar who conceived the original idea of writing his own war-dispatches for the consumption of Republican Rome; an example which his successor the Sawdust Caesar of to-day is copying so faithfully. Ever since self-advertisement has been the stock-in-trade of every successful 'hero'.

You know what Cromwell did in 1655. Puritan England was then at war with Catholic Spain. Cromwell sent some of 'God's Soldiers' across the Atlantic to capture the Spanish possession of Hispaniola. The expedition was a thorough failure, and on their way back the raiders put in at Jamaica. The place was very thinly peopled by Spaniards, and surrendered without resistance. When news of this reached England, Cromwell pretended that the soldiers had just won an immense Empire across the Atlantic from the hated Spaniard. The fiasto of Hispaniola was carefully kept back, and the 'conquest' of Jamaica was celebrated in every church with thanksgivings to the Almighty. "Providence," declared the Lord Protector, "has once again showered on the faithful her choicest blessings." This is the way of all dictators.

Consider again the ways of Napoleon. I am not referring here to the later Bonapartist legend sedulously propagated by his nephew Louis-Napoleon ('Napoleon the Little' he was called in derision) wherein Napoleon was presented to the world as a social reformer distracted from his benefactions by a purely fortuitous connection with the *Grand Armee*. I am referring to Napoleon's careful attention to details which might serve as a subtle means of self-advertisement. A familiar instance is his habit of issuing so many decrees from the capitals of defeated countries. Thus the edict organizing *Theatre Francais* was purposely kept back for two months, so that it could be finally published from Moscow. Probably Napoleon did not know at the time what was to come out of the Moscow adventure.

Let me make a last reference to another 'hero' of history,—Nelson. He achieved fame solely by his ability to make catchy slogans and his consummate skill of self-advertisement. He is known as the author of that famous signal he flew from the *Victory* at Trafalgar—"England expects every man to do his duty." Even there the first word would have been 'Nelson', not 'England', had the word 'Nelson' been in the code of signals. It is generally forgotten that this was the very man who most shamefully betrayed the Republican rebels of Naples in 1799, and sent them to their doom without a qualm of conscience, after having promised them an amnesty on his word of honour. I may also refer in passing to his liaison with the patriotic Emma, Lady Hamilton, while the husband was treated as part of the background. In fact I have my own doubts about the accuracy of that touching final scene immortalized by Southey: "Kiss me, Hardy!" I verily believe that Nelson was then raving in his delirium about Emma, and saying: "Kiss me, darling!" and that Hardy did not hear him aright.

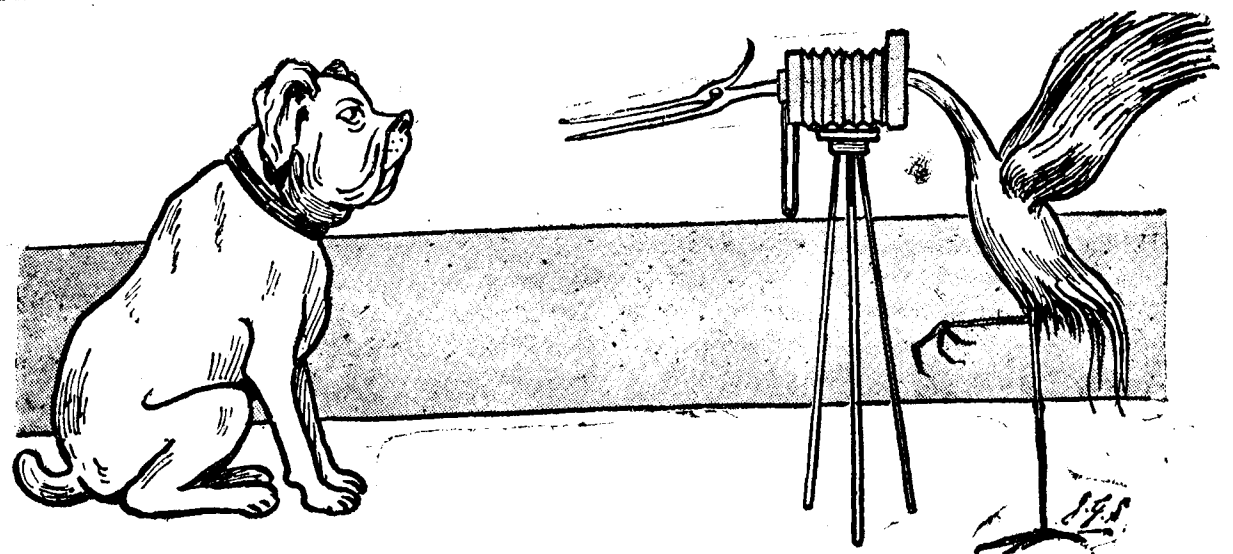
It is time we came down, with Charlie Chaplin, to *Modern Times*. If we consider the dictators of the post-War era, it is perfectly plain how much reputations are built on slogans and self-boosting. I do not

want to labour so obvious a thesis. But even in 'democracies' we find that reputations are built on sedulous propaganda. Mr. Baldwin, for example, is known as Honest Stan. You remember his talk over the radio last November at the time of the General Election. "I think you know you can trust me by now," he said. And what did the country get in return for this trust? The Laval-Hoare peace proposals! But perhaps Mr. Baldwin, in common with Garbo, has another asset besides publicity. Let me explain this comparison. It is generally and, I think, truly said that the British people distrust men who look bright and intelligent. Now, I ask, be fair. Take a good look at Mr. Baldwin, and I wager all your distrust and dubiety will vanish. "Here at last is a man I can trust," you will say. "He looks so utterly incapable of mischief." I think I have made the point of the comparison obvious. In the case of both, their face is their fortune.

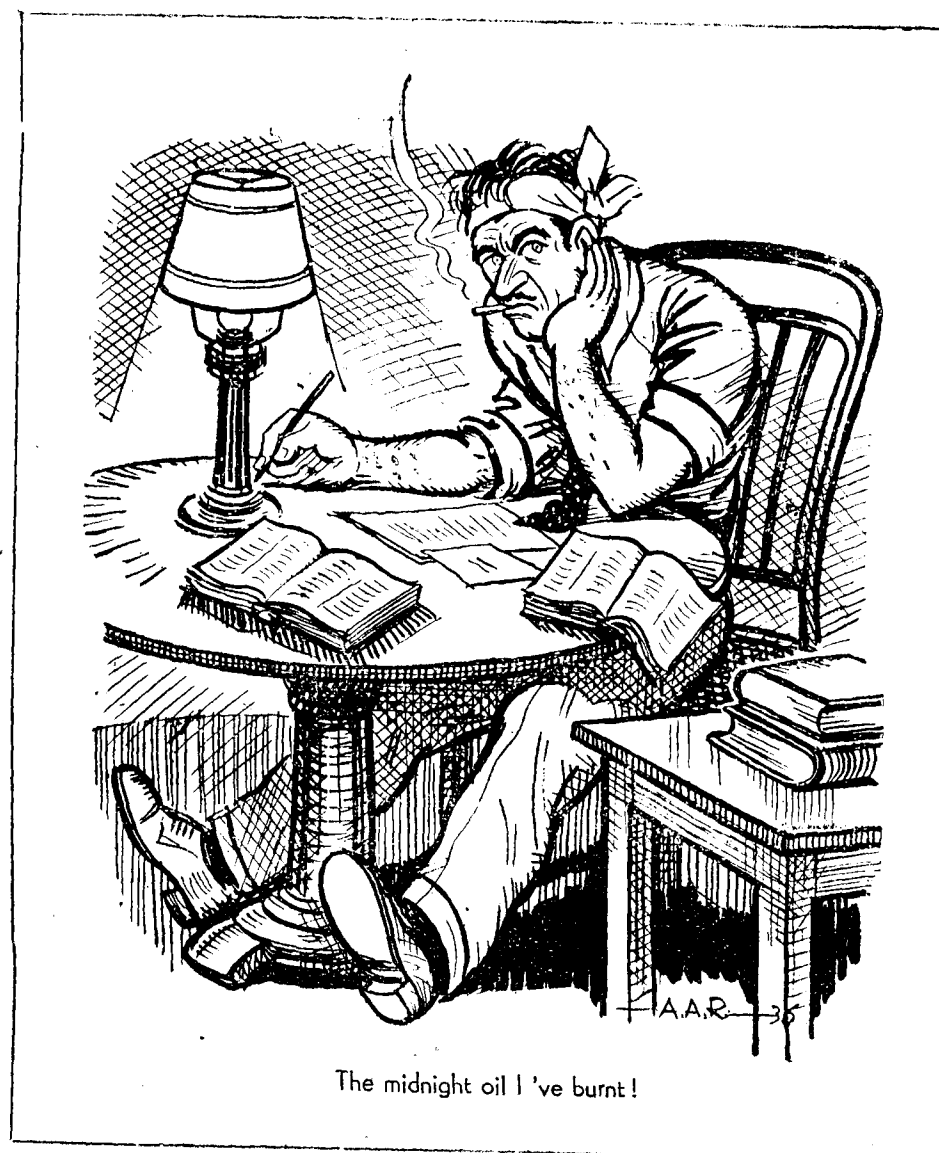
I now come to my third category, to those who have publicity thrust on them. This form of unwanted publicity seems to me the most odious of all. Here Mother India is the first person that comes to my mind. Now with the possible exceptions of Soviet Russia and Fascist Italy, there is no other country in the world against whom so much has been said and written. People who write about India after having 'done' the country in fifteen days are liable, I suggest, to forget two things. First, that India is one of those semi-civilized, barbarous countries where most women still wear veils. Further, that Indian women are terribly shy and self-conscious, and do not like to be talked or written about, or photographed, or generally exhibited. In both respects Mother India is typical of her race. She wears a perpetual veil.

She wants to be left alone. She lifts the veil only for her children, and for none else, not even for American tourists. But these tourists, what do they do? They mistake the veil for the face: they take photographs of the Purdah and publish them in book form *The Face of Mother India*. If any one had seen this particular book, and also read the previous masterpieces by the same author, he would have been reminded of what an English Soccer International said after playing with an Italian touring team. "I thought," he said, "I knew every foul known to the game. But I have picked up at least a dozen new ones to-day."

Let me end up with the sad story of poor dear Peter. Last December the following advertisement appeared in the Births and Deaths column of the *Morning Post*. "Born Easter Sunday, 1923. Died December 2nd, 1935. Lying at rest in a garden in England. Peter.....who combined the qualities of constancy, nobility, straightforwardness, dignity and courage to the full. Adoring and adored by his Mistress, he devoted himself after her death and in spite of his own grief to loving and comforting the remaining four members of her family. Gallant and unselfish, and in later years in bad health, he carried the responsibility of his loved ones on his small shoulders sturdily to the end. Beautiful in form and beautiful in spirit, we thank God for the great gift He gave us, both for the example of his virtues and for the comfort and pleasure of his dear presence. We pray that when we, too, enter the Great Beyond, his loving welcome will greet us as it always has in life. God bless PETER." Now, fill in the dots. Who was Peter? Three guesses! Wrong! Wrong again! Peter was "a West Highland white terrier."



Photographer:—Try to look a little more cheerful, Mr. Bully.



Stumping My Annabelle

Words & Pictures by Albert A. Roland

Reading Time • About 8 Minutes

AH, me!—I've fallen in love with a school-mistress. But oh! how utterly different from all the school-mistresses I've ever seen or heard of!

She isn't old. She is only twenty-two.

She's neither as stout as a hippopotamus nor as scraggy as a Javanese fighting-cock. Her figure is the personification of beauty and grace. She radiates "It" subtly but perceptibly.

Her face neither resembles a modified plum-pudding nor one of those things they dig up occasionally at Luxor. She has the features of a film star. And by that I don't mean a Polly Moran or a Zasu Pitts.

Her lovely brown eyes look undauntedly at you, untrammelled by such monstrosities as horn-rimmed spectacles.

Her full, red lips are warm and kind and her smile is worth provoking.....

She does not know as yet that I love her. I shall pluck up courage and tell her at the dance to-morrow. Meanwhile, I must worship from afar.

I've declared my love to Annabelle. But *she* declared she couldn't marry me. She admitted she was very fond of me. And that there was no one else. Except, perhaps, Tubby Meekings, a schoolmaster, for whom she entertains a kind of hero-worship.

"Hero-worship!" I grunted miserably. "What is there of the hero about Tubby to worship?"

She squeezed my hand compassionately.

"You don't understand, Bill. He mayn't be much to look at. But the man I marry *must* have a certain something—and Tubby's certainly got a lot of that."

"Is that so, Annabelle?" I said suspiciously. "And what has Tubby got that I haven't? Not money, anyway. He's as poor as an Indian M. A."

She looked at me as if I was something the cat had brought in.

"Material wealth means nothing to me, Bill," she snapped. "It's wealth of intellect I crave."

"Wealth of intellect?" I gasped. "Of course I know Tubby's a schoolmaster and quite a brainy chap and all that; but I'm not exactly a fool myself." I was on my mettle now. "Why, I won a cross-word competition two years ago—with only three errors—and in Technical College I was never lower than fifth in my class."

She put me the kind of question I should have expected from her.

"How many were there in your class, Bill?"

"Six," I had to admit. Her smile though attractive was hateful at that moment.

"By wealth of intellect," she went on, "I don't mean solving fluky puzzles or excelling at specific sciences. I mean General Knowledge, Bill. General Knowledge. Knowing *everything* that's worth knowing. *Everything* that should be known by the well-informed person. It means so much to me, that you can't expect me to honour and cherish a man who—"

She hesitated, and I muttered: "Well?"

"Who is so many grades beneath me in General Knowledge. The man I marry must be able to ask me a dozen non-technical questions at random to which I cannot immediately give the answer."

"And can Tubby do that?" I demanded.

"Tubby can do that," she said reverently. "He can stump me on a dozen at any time. What was that you said, Bill?"

"Nothin'," I mumbled, "only something about his mother drowning him at birth. It would have saved me a lot of heart-break—"

"I'm really sorry, Bill, old dear. I do like you immensely. But that's the position. Stump me on a dozen General Knowledge questions, and I'm yours"

* * * * *

"Stump me on a dozen questions, and I'm yours!"

Those words, ever since she uttered them, have been ringing in my ears. Ringing sometimes with the hint of wedding bells. At others, like a knell—the death-knell to all my dreams.

Oh Annabelle! You'll never know how desperately I've striven! The midnight oil I've burnt! The lexicons and thesauruses and encyclopaedias I've waded through!

And how near I've come to victory!

Once I got as far as stumping her on *seven* questions in an evening. My hopes ran high, and I could see that even she was trembling with excitement. But alas!—all my other questions that evening she answered with a facility that was positively revolting!

Defeat? I shall never own defeat! Not so long as my eyes and brain and memory continue to function, anyway. The prize is too valuable. I've got as far as seven. I must do better soon.....
Excelsior!

* * * * *

A month has passed, and Annabelle is still beyond my reach. I am in the depths of despair.

I reached the colossal total of eleven one night..... Can you imagine my feelings, and hers, as I proceeded to put her the fateful twelfth question?

Oh, what malignant, cynical, grinning Fate was it that put the following words into my mouth:—

"What language does an Arabian child speak before it cuts its teeth?"

I looked into Annabelle's eyes, in an agony of suspense. Then in despair I saw the blank look in them change to that bright intelligent gleam which I was beginning to hate. She said kindly and sorrowfully:

"Bill, I wish I could say I don't know. But I shouldn't like to think I'd married you on a lie. I know the answer, dear."

"You may be wrong," I said hopefully. "What is it?"

But she was right. She said: "Gum-Arabic," And then we both fainted

* * * *

The solution to my problem came to me in a dream last night. I would ask Annabelle twelve questions to which there were NO answers! She hadn't stipulated that I should know the answers, though hitherto I'd always supplied them when she'd confessed defeat.

So now I'm hard at work compiling a list of unanswerable queries. Will you assist me, dear sympathetic reader?

Annabelle is getting restless, and I fear a little fed-up with my repeated failures. She has given me one week more, and then she says we must part for ever.

Only one week more! I shall be eternally grateful to any of you who send me posers in my hour of dire need! I beg you to rally round!

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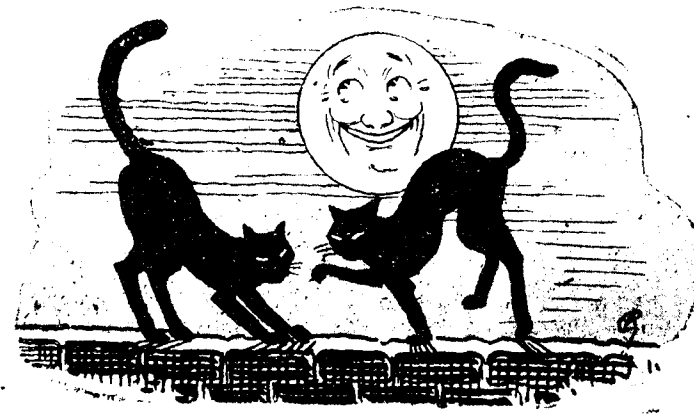
The lord be praised, sweet Annabelle is mine!

Last night, I stumped her well and truly on no less than fifteen! Tubby's out of the running completely. And we'll be married as soon as the home is ready

Dear readers, I thank you for your co-operation. It is only fair that I should let you know how you have helped me; and which of your questions stumped my Annabelle. So here is the complete list. Read it, and take the credit where it's due!

1. Although there are 158 varieties of ice-cream, why is it only the chocolate kinds that fall on our white clothes?

2. In these days of car bandits, why doesn't anyone ever pinch the local steam-roller or our neighbour's lawn-mower?



3. Which was the first one to pop out: the Chicken or the Egg?

4. Why does a moth never feel the urge to attack the upper part of a bathing suit?

5. What happens when an irresistible body (like Hitler) comes into contact with an immovable body (like Mussolini)?

6. Why are those boxes labelled 'Please Take One' always empty?

7. Taking it for granted that the moon is umpteen miles from the earth, how long would it take a rocket to go there and back in three days?

8. "Feed a cold and starve a fever," the Doctors say. Why does every girl that a fellow takes out to dinner have a cold and not a fever?

9. If a French-Canadian living in South America married a Russian-Jewess from Honolulu, then settled down in Roumania, why should the League of Nations expect him to patronize a Chinese Laundry?

10. Why, when we wake up in the night, and listen for the clock to strike, does it always strike once?

11. Why does the Stenographer who comes in an easy first in the Station Sports turn up last at the office?

12. Why does a man turn round with a snarl of resentment when his best friend thumps him heartily on the back—and yet, when his barber fills his ears, eyes and mouth full of soap, practically scrapes his skin off, and is not satisfied till he has pulled his hair out by the roots, why does he not only give him a substantial tip, but go to him again?

13. What are the exact ingredients of a Scotch Haggis?

14. Supposing that a Belisha Beacon is six feet high, how many Beacons would you be likely to get out of the North Pole?

15. Why do she-cats make such a noise when they're flirting with their boys?

THE END



Odd Marriages—

by Omega

Reading Time • About 5 Minutes

HERE is news for everybody. A woman of 80 marries a young man of 20. Miss Violet Melnotte (Mrs. Frank Wyatt) wealthy doyenne of a certain famous theatre, is about to be married. She is in her 81st year. The happy bridegroom-to-be is one Mr. Archibald Patrick Moore, the youthful general manager (in the twenties but looks much younger). In India if an old man of 50 or 60 marries a young girl of 18 or 20 there is such a hue and cry. Condemnatory resolutions are passed from every platform and so much idle fuss is made about the whole thing. But in the West all sorts of odd marriages are

committed and not a word of protest is heard. I hope Miss Melnotte and Mr. Moore have now been united in wedlock and are busy on their honeymoon. Happy young man and happier old woman! I wish them a long and delightful unmarried life.

There is no doubt this adventurous couple has made history in matrimony. The general rule—a very arbitrary one at that—is that the bride should be younger than the bridegroom. But great men have often broken this rule. In the sixteenth century Shakespeare married Anne Hathaway who was eight years older than her boy-husband. And how fruitful that

marriage was! Within six months a child was born and after about two years twins were born. In a later age Dr. Johnson married a woman who, if my memory serves me right, was several years older than the eccentric literary genius. So there are precedents to such marital unions, and Mr. Moore is not without strong support. But 20 marrying 80 takes my breath away. I salute Mr. and Mrs. Moore once more.

It is wrong to believe, as doctors tell us, that women get old earlier than men. I agree with the saying—"A man is as old as he feels and a woman is as old as she looks." There are some women who are 'extinguished' at the age of 30, while I have seen matrons of 60 who are keen on the performance of their conjugal duties. Who said it that a woman ought to be born at the age of 13 and should die at the age of 30! It is a wicked suggestion. But I have heard that girls are always anxious to look as young as they can. Nothing like 'sweet seventeen'. I am told that most English girls of considerably advanced age describe themselves as 'seventeen'. There is such a charm in that figure. The story goes that a woman in her later twenties appeared in the witness box and gave her age as 17. The learned judge recognised her and said: "Well, madam, how is that? When you appeared in my court 10 years back you gave your age as 17 and to-day you give the same age." The lady cleverly wriggled herself out by saying: "Sir, I do not believe in saying one thing at one time and saying another thing at another time."

I am told that money is at the root of most odd marriages just as it is at the root of most evils. If you are a moneyed man or woman, you can get anything. There is such magic in that name. If you are an old and ugly man of 70 with one foot in the grave but with a lot of property, you could marry any fair damsel of 20 in your land. Not in India. Here in some communities, widows are not allowed to remarry and so you will have some difficulty before you can hook the girl that you want. But in the West such things often happen. When you die, as you are likely to do shortly, your property goes to the wife and she is free

to set her cap on another. Similarly old hags of advanced ages can rope in handsome young men through their wealth. An advertisement recently appeared in a newspaper from an old woman who wanted a husband, "handsome, young and of active habits" and confessed to having ample means. Next day 700 letters arrived from men who claimed to be all that the lady required and the police were trying to control a long queue of applicants outside the lady's house. But marrying money is seldom happy. Mr. Bumble married Mrs. Corney for "six teaspoons, a pair of sugar tongs and a milk pot, with a small quantity of second-hand furniture and twenty pounds in money." In less than two months, however, he regretted his bargain and admitted that he had gone 'dirt cheap'.

I don't say that all misfit or odd marriages are due to the lure of money. There are some men who wish to be mothered and wived in the same bargain. Such was R. L. Stevenson. When asked by his astonished friends why he had fallen in love with Mrs. Osborne when the beautiful Miss Osborne was there for him to love and marry, he replied that while Miss Osborne could serve as a wife and no more, Mrs. Osborne could serve as a wife and mother him too. He said that he could do without a wife but he could not get on without a mother. So that is that.

I am ready to believe that real and genuine love is the basis of some queer connections. There may be young men who are interested in antiquarian researches and old women can have a genuine fondness for well-built men in the prime of life. That is all a matter of fancy. Darby and Joan have now gone out of fashion. They belong to an ancient age. From times immemorial youth has attracted youth and people of approximately the same age have gone to the altar. Let there be a change now. Everything in the world is undergoing a metamorphosis. Where is then the surprise if youth has begun to attract old age or *vice versa*? I am anxious to hear more of such marriages.

THE END

Merry's Filmfolio

Charlie & Shirley

Mahatma and Modern Times

This is Shirley's Birthday Week!

Very queer are news values. Just now Charlie Chaplin seems to be bigger news value than Hitler or Mussolini. A world's comedian more in the scheme of things than the world dictators. Charlie Chaplin's story *Modern Times* matured for over four years to a ripeness too rich for the critics.

Launched by the most famous clown in the world, a crusade against man's subordination to the machine, *Modern Times* proves how Chaplin can use laughter as a lash. But that it is not all; the film has a message far more subtle and far-reaching. Not one of the notices tells the real story back of it; nor do they point any argument. They don't tell the whole truth.

How did it originate?

Chaplin, the real gentleman Chaplin, when he has discarded his tramp make-up, his little moustache, his baggy trousers and the impossible hat in the makeup room, is a thinker, a reader and, in his own way, a scholar. Behind the mirthquake is a 'serious-minded little man with ideas and quite a long time before he conceived the idea of *Modern Times* he met a non-violent earthquake from the East in Mahatma Gandhi. They discussed, these two heroes, the ways and means of fighting the inroads made by 'Machine' into our daily life. Each was working, in his unique way, to avert the menace of mechanization which is making robots of men. Standardisation has produced miracles in production, but it has also made martyrs and when Charlie Chaplin screws up a nut and loses it and chases it over a vast platform of machinery, he is seeking to tell by comedy, the tragedy of the 'one man, one job'. Chaplin proves that man is just a cog in the machine and he has nothing of the joy of the old craftsman and he must not think. He says these things, not in so many words, but by the picture. No wonder Chaplin is accused of being a Socialist, nay a Communist, for this campaign of his rebels against the tyranny of the machine and has developed that revolt in this new comedy.

And I wonder if the idea for this *Modern Times* was not born from his talk with Mahatma!



Shirley Temple

This week the whole of America and the rest of the film world is celebrating the Seventh Birthday of the most famous child star in the film firmament today—Shirley Temple.

No one could have dreamt that when a girl was born to George (the American Banker) and Gertrude Temple in Santa Monica, California, in April 23, 1929, that this tiny spark who made her bow to the world on the Anniversary of Shakespeare's birth was destined to carve for herself a leading place in the magic realm of make-believe and that, before she was of school-going age! Her latest picture, shown last week, *Curly Top*, attracted bumper houses and it speaks not a little for her popularity here too.

We join a grateful public, in wishing America's sweetheart every happiness and all good things on her seventh birthday.

Below is a poem from the pen of the famous novelist, Faith Baldwin.

To Shirley, On Her Birthday

Blow out the candles, one by one;
What shall I wish you?—Laughter, sun,
A time to learn and a time to play,
And sweet, sound sleep at the close of day.

Blow out the candles, flame by flame,
What are the gifts life bids you claim?
Courage and hope and truth's clear pride,
And the watch-dog Love, to guard and guide.

Blow out the candles, red and gold
What shall I wish you, to have and hold?
Wings, for adventure; dreams, undefiled
And the radiant heart of a happy child.

(Movie Mirror)

THE IDEAL FILM HERO

by Fanatic

WHAT are the attributes that would supply the ideal hero of to-day? There was that one and only Valentino who captured the feminine imagination as no other filmstar has done before nor since. It is a case of Eclipse First, Else Nowhere. Was it his good manners, his grace, his suggestion of good breeding, his looks, or the restraint of his love-making technique which supplied the essence of his charm? Opinions may differ but the truth remains that no one has filled the niche he left vacant. To me it appears that one would have to combine the qualities of many stars to satisfy our imaginary ideal who would exert a gravitational pull on the girls.

Youthfulness is a desideratum in a man, so far as women are concerned. In Ramon Novarro we find this atmosphere of youth.

The well-developed sense of romance and the spirit displayed by Ronald Colman is another indispensable trait for our ideal. He could also make love with restraint.

The hero must wear good clothes with perfect ease and grace. We would therefore borrow a dash of Adolphe Menjou in our composite hero.

Supposing our hero were to become a husband, then he would be lost without a sense of humour. So, from who else can we purloin the wealth of good spirits and debonair gaiety than from the ever-smiling Maurice Chevalier?



William Powell

With all the foregoing qualities our imaginray ideal is only half-complete.

But an up-to-date hero lacks something without a dash of the cynic, doesn't he? For this ingredient we must go to William Powell, one of the cleverest of actors,

with the supreme art of laughing at life and himself while appearing entirely serious.

Well, here is the nearest approach to screen idol—lumberman, telephone-repairer, miner, screen-puller, a seven dollar-a-day extra in Jack Gilbert's *Merry Widow*, Will-

iam Clark Gable has surpassed even John Gilbert in fan popularity. He is now the hero. To land this amazing newcomer for their leading man there had been a rush even among Metro's woman-stars.



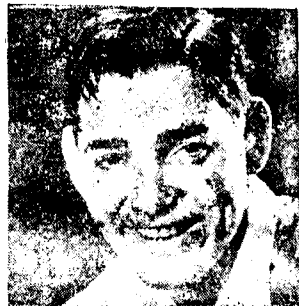
Ramon Novarro

Garbo, Shearer, Crawford, all wanted him and got him—Joan oftenest. He is the most popular star in Hollywood to-day and it is rather difficult to assess either the whys or the wherefores of his record female fan mail. He is healthy, and big and rough and tough. But so are Victor McLaglan and Wallace Beery. They don't have so many female fans. Gable has guts, and isn't afraid of God or

Garbo. One could see that in his challenging eye, his mocking grain. One could feel it in the grip of his walloping fist. Above all, Gable is a great actor. Charlie Chaplin said, after seeing him act against Charles Laughton in *The Mutiny on the Bounty*, that 'Clark Gable is the best actor in Hollywood.' Sensational fan-atics' tales are told of this new hero. Every time Clark comes out, there is a fan-riot. He combines in himself most of the qualities of our ideal and a few more in addition.

This hero married twice, at intervals of seven years, to equip himself for his career. So a scribe says by naive implication. First he married Josephine Dillon to learn acting and then Phyllis Leacock to get into society. Now he is free for his third marriage.

Now girls, get busy and guess who the third Mrs. Gable going to be.



Clark Gable

THE WEEK IN FILMS

The Wellington

The Big Broadcast of 1936

Producers: The Paramount

Directed by Norman Taurog. Featuring Jack Oakie, Burns and Allen, Lyda Roberti, Wendy Barrie, Henry Wadsworth, and specialties by Bing Crosby, Richard Tauber, Amos 'n Andy, Bill Robinson, Ethel Merman, Ray Noble and his band, Mary Boland and Charles Ruggles. Very good crazy musical extravaganza. Ingenious in idea and presentation, with excellent performances from Oakie and Burns and Allen.

The Paragon

Anna Karenina

Producers: M. G. M.

Work of Leo Tolstoy. Directed by Clarence Brown. Starring Greta Garbo, Fredric March and Freddie Bartholomew. Its production qualities are outstand-

ing and Greta Garbo gives a superb performance. Also in the cast are Basil Rathbone, Maureen O'Sullivan, May Robson, Reginald Denny, Cora Sue Collins and Reginald Owen.

The Roxy

The Invisible Ray

Producers: The Universal

Directed by Lambert Hillyer and starring Boris Karloff, Bela Lugosi, Frances Drake and Frank Lawton. An unusually thrilling human drama taking place in 1937 and sensational scientific developments.

Elphinstone

Way Down East

Featuring Rochelle Hudson, Henry Fonda and Slim Summerville.

It is the story of a girl who has erred and her fight to love again!



A scene from *Samsara*

Nowka



A scene from the United Artists Production *Bhaktha Kuchela*



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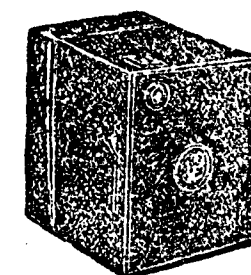
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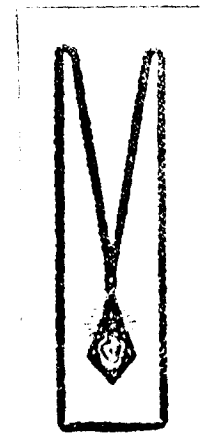
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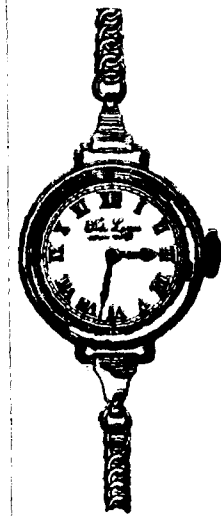
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