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MERRY

MAGAZINE

STORIES & ARTICLES

BY

(267)

DIANA DON

V. VYASA RAO

A. A. ROLAND

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: Etc. Etc. :

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ANNAS TWO

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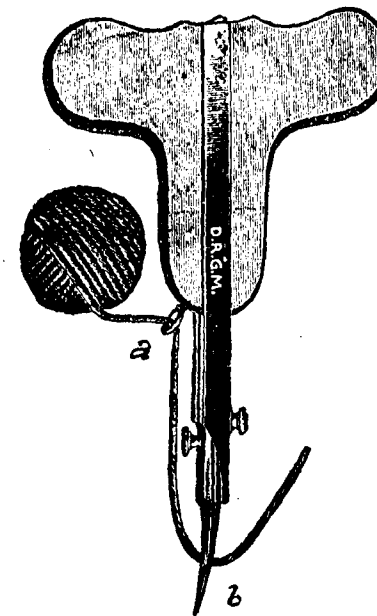
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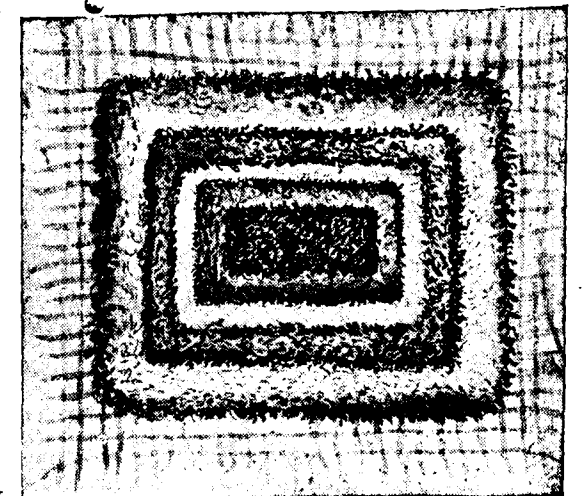
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The
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Madras, May 2, '36

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A. A. Roland

Ride or Bride?

A poor doubt-racked man, vacillating between a belle and a bus. And then there is a X-word puzzle in it, the whole thing ending with a plaintive request for an epitaph.

Jayalakshmi Varadachar

Laughing At The Moon

A parable—but not in the Biblical tradition.

Diana Don

On Pitcairn Island

A vignette of history—the truth about the end of the Mutineers of *The Bounty*.

Taurus

The Blackmailer!

As usual, a blood-curdling detective story.

T. A. S.

The Return Of The Prodigal

What you call 'a story with a human element'.

SPARKS FROM OUR ANVIL

In a statement to the press, the French Colonial Minister says that France too has no intention of surrendering any of her colonies or mandated territories.

The only way therefore of pacifying Europe, and ending the war in East Africa seems to be to offer Abyssinia to Germany, before it is too late!

The British War Minister says that the present situation is graver than at any time since 1914.

And the British budget makes ample provision for worms and epitaphs!

Speaking to his constituents, Mr. Baldwin declared that he could count on the fingers of one hand the names of people outside a lunatic asylum who would like his place.

We have however so far heard only Mr. Neville Chamberlain mentioned as his likely successor! But we thought he was the Chancellor of the Exchequer!

He further added: "If we plunge into another war, we will have a state of anarchy as a protest against the wickedness of those in high places."

Since our Premier is such a good man, we must presume that his place is not a high one.

It is now reported that the Ethiopians have started guerilla tactics in full swing.

This shows that Italy is not yet out of the wood!

Reuter's correspondent from Geneva says that competent observers opine that cracks in the League structure may be seen.

People with sensitive ears long ago heard the rift in the loot.

An inspired article by Sgr. Mussolini says that Italy intends to occupy the whole of Ethiopia in order to guarantee security to all Ethiopians and to end barbaric tyranny.

She must fash for it before she makes it Fascist.

Among the presents received by Herr Hitler on his birth-day were 1012 cradles.

One theory is that they were sent by his opponents, just to remind him of the days of his innocence.

In the House of Lords, Arnold is reported to have said: "All nations break treaties when it suits them. All this talk of the guilt of Italy or Germany leaves me cold."

Still we are sure that such talk about Britain will make him hot!

One of the first acts of the new Viceroy is the presentation of bulls for breeding purposes.

When he understands Indian sentiment better, he will, we hope, turn his attention to the sacred cow!

It is not enough to present the bulls; is he prepared to take them by the horns?

Appealing to the Services, he said: "I conjure you, whatever be the difficulties, to know your villages."

So far the advantage has been with the villages; they have known all about the Services.

The special correspondent of the *Madras Mail* says that political considerations had nothing to do with the remission of the sentence in the Coimbatore Extortion Case.

If so, we must conclude that personal considerations alone prevailed!

"During the two years' run of a play in which an actress took part, she turned out a large number of scarves and jerseys during the 'needle-work scene' in the piece."

That must have been a darned good run.

"Roderick Menzel who reversed his decision not to play was beaten in the Czecho-Slovakian Tennis tournament by his countryman Hecht."

His next decision will, we hope be to reverse his reverse.

An American scientist claims that, as a result of successful experiments, it will hereafter be possible for both parents of a child to be women.

And for the word *Stalemate* to be enriched with a new significance!

From an account of the Indian Cricket Team at the nets: "L. P. Jai was the player who made a good impression yesterday, not Wazir Ali for whom he was generally mistaken."

The mistake seems to have shifted from the impression to the expression!

The End of The Assembly Session :

PAPERS and Special correspondents have given us reviews of the Assembly session just ended, from their own specialised points of view. It was the longest session on record ; it showed that the Executive threw more on defeats than on successes. It revealed, as never before in the past, the potentialities for bad manners, whether inherent in the system, or in the individuals supporting it. Sir James Grigg was the hero of a 'solvent budget' and a fluent if vituperative tongue. Harsh words break no bones, just as soft ones, like those which the new Viceroy used in his first broadcast, butter no parsnips. On matters of vital import, the Government had their own way, in spite of the most organised, brilliant and resourceful Opposition during the last twenty years. The Finance Bill was certified ; Ottawa which was killed, has, according to Mr. Satyamurti, not yet been buried. The pernicious principle of Imperial Preference which was its animating idea is very much alive, to judge from the way in which the Textile Tariff Bill was amended. Looking back upon the session as a whole, there is ample justification for the pessimism of those who have held that work in and through Councils is a delusion and a snare. Its greatest virtue is negative. It has prevented opportunists from misrepresenting the country's wishes for their own personal, or private aggrandizement.

The New Viceroy :

We have recently come across an article in English papers recounting the heroic beginnings of Lord Linlithgow as a farmer, and his later retirement from the field on account of the burdens imposed by the State on land. That bit of news furnishes a rather amusing commentary on his evangelic zeal for the promotion of Indian agriculture. The presentation of a couple of breeding bulls for stud

requirements is, we admit, striking without being ostentatious. But where does it take us, by itself ? We are all familiar with the story of the *Sanyasin* who, anxious to protect his loin-cloth from the ravages of rats, went on by inevitable necessity to become a pucca householder. The Indian problem, His Excellency will soon find, is like the house that Jack built—with infinite ramifications, and depending upon a thousand factors, social, political and economic. You cannot improve the breed of bulls or cattle without a margin of sustenance for them besides providing for the agriculturist. This margin depends upon the percentage of exactions made upon his produce by the State, the money-lender, and the absentee land-lord. It is good to breed sturdy bulls, and cows of the Kama-dhenu type. But how can they come into existence without a sturdy peasantry whom the land can support under reasonable conditions of comfort and security ? If His Excellency probes further into the requirements of the agriculturist, he will find that the compensations available to him are negligible ; but unlike His Excellency, the unfortunate millions of this land, cannot jump off to more remunerative avenues of work. They sink deeper and deeper into the economic slough to which their ignorance, and State-apathy have condemned them for ages.

His Excellency gave some assurances which may or may not be significant. He promised to make Government reports and blue-books objective and impersonal ; he assured equality of treatment to all communities, and expressed his willingness to hear all points of view, first-hand. In all these respects, he seems anxious to break the Willingdon-tradition of forbidding isolationism. Lastly, he wants the villages to be better known. The latest fashion is to give them the benefits of broadcasting. It would be more to the point if bread is cast to them, not Broad-Cast !

Travel - As - You - Please

by Belle of Bangalore



THE bright young thing leapt out of her smart two-seater and beckoned to the man at the petrol-bunk.

"I want a pint of red oil," she said. The man scratched his head. "Did you say red oil, lidy?" he asked dubiously. "Yes, look nippy." "Red oil! 'An' wot fer, may I ask?" he said humbly. "For my tail light, you idiot!"

Such are the idiotic stories that male humorists tell of their women and the other males laugh! But we girls are not such harebrained darlings as these beastly fun-mongers would have you believe.

Read on, men, and be chastened.

The craze was on. Everybody was buying the Travel-As-You-Please tickets provided by a thoughtful, public-spirited, soft-hearted railway administration. I too bought a second class Travel-As-You-Please ticket.

The second hour after mid-night went off. The Bangalore Mail thundered into Jalarpet station. I clambered into a compartment with some difficulty. Some difficulty because, between us, I am a plump girl, a little on the off side of 14 stone. All the berths were full of swaying, drowsy holiday-makers. One extraordinarily stout man lay full length on a lower berth, snoring away as if it was nobody's business. The brutes! Not one man made room for a lady! I called to the snoring man softly, throwing into my voice all the charm of my sex. The mountainous reprobate opened one eye, stared glassily at me, closed it and snored again.

I poked him with my parasol. "Wha'd'y wan'?" he said drowsily. "Want, indeed! Get up and make room. I am entitled to a seat, same as you."

He was now wide-awake. He smiled a silly smile and pulled out his ticket. He held it up. "Do you know what it is, madam?" he asked.

"Don't be silly," I glared at him. "It is a ticket."

"Yes, but with a difference. It is a Travel-As-You-Please ticket. I am travelling as I please. Good night, madam." He lapsed into sleep and started snoring again. The other passengers, poor dears, thought it was a good joke, on me.

I achieved a rapid bit of thinking. "Ho," I thought. "So you are travelling as you please, are you, my sleeping beauty? You big, bulky buccaneer!"

I placed my portmanteau and parasol on the rack, arranged the folds of my sari and, without any warning, sat on the stout man's stomach. He made a sound like a dying motor tyre; and when his astonishment subsided somewhat, he said faintly: "Madam, you are sitting on my—er—stomach."

I closed my eyes, brought a blissful expression into my face, and pulled out my ticket from my vanity bag.

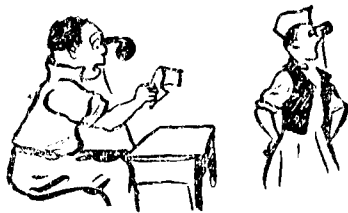
"Do you know what that is?" I cooed.

"Of course," he gasped. "It is your ticket."

"Yes, but with a difference. It is my Travel-As-You-Please ticket. I am travelling as I please!"



[And Then?—Editor]



In a delightful article, describing the 'royal pomp and circumstance' in the Viceroy's household at Delhi and Simla, Angus Quell says: "All this may seem ridiculously excessive to the casual visitor from England. But this lavish ceremonial is done deliberately. It has been found necessary to impress upon Indians, from the millionaire Rajah to the starving sweeper, a respect for British power and King Edward's representative."

It all shows how ignorant people (like me) are. I was under the impression that Viceroys always lived, in their pre as well as post-Viceroy days, as they live during their Viceregal quinquennium in India's double-barrelled capital. That this necessity to impress on people a respect for British power makes no distinction between well-fed princes and starving sweepers is a happy augury of the times. I got comrade Jawaharlal over the wire and told him not to be so hard on the dear Princes, because Angus Quell doesn't think a whale of them. "All right," boomed old Jawaharlal over the wire, "I'll consider your suggestion."

★

Speaking of our Princes, I must, in fairness to them, give them their due, in spite of Jawaharlal, Srimathi Kamala Devi, Meherally, Masani and the rest of my comrades. They are a brave lot, the Princes I mean. Of course Jawaharlal and the other comrades are also brave. But I am afraid their bravery is not of such a high order as the bravery of the Princes. Their bravery consists in practising disobedience to the Government established by law, sneaking

The March

by The Man

into prisons and eating the country's revenues for years together without doing a job of work. Whereas the bravery of the Princes is on the transcendental plane. They can't help it, because what about the patrician blood which runs inside them? Even brutal, passionate Nature at its horriblemest has no terrors for the Princes. I mean, if a beastly earthquake quakes the palace in which a Prince is eating his *chota hazri*, the Prince—what do you think he does? He just laughs a hollow, mirthless, derisive laugh at the miserable earthquake. If you don't believe me, read what H. Harvey-Day (a personal friend



of the Indian Cricket Team' which is now in England) says. He says:—

The building rocked, cracks gaped in the marble walls, ornaments crashed. Petrified servants cowered with fright, screaming the names of their Gods. But although the floor heaved beneath his feet, His Highness Maharaj Kumar of Vizianagaram was only slightly irritated. But not at the earthquake.

"Stop that noise!" he bellowed at the servants.

A man who can take an earthquake in his stride will not be perturbed by anything

that is likely to happen on the field of cricket.

And that is that. I ask, can you or I exhibit such super-human nerve as this Prince did? I don't know much about you, nor do I care to. But if the building in which I am having a quiet cup of coffee happens to rock and the floor under me heaves, do you know what I would do? Long before the cracks gaped in the marble walls and the ornaments crashed (presuming that there are marble walls and ornaments about) you will find me grabbing my cup of coffee five miles away from the building. The explanation, of course, is I am not a Prince. Let us give everybody his due.

★

Criticising the formation of Jawaharlal's Cabinet, a South Indian journal says:—"As it is, the new Working Committee is an amalgam of incompatibles who have failed to mix at all in the past and may not mix well in the future."

Why should we bother our heads about the past? Let us, like President Roosevelt, look ahead. Past failures are no bar to future progress. It is a notorious fact that one's character and predilections have a lot to do with what one feeds on. Such being the case, Jawaharlal could pull his team together by prescribing a uniform diet to every member of his team. This should make them mix as nothing would. If the Congress President is interested in my suggestion I shall give him all the assistance I can to evolve a common diet suitable to the Working Committee members.

of Events

On The Move

Mr. C. S. Rangaswami, Managing Editor of *Indian Finance*, is predicting big things for South India. South India is glad and is getting swelled headed. Who can blame her? Swelled heads, you see, don't do anybody harm, unless there is a pain in the swell.

"What is the foundation of sound economy?" asked Mr. Rangaswami delivering a lecture the other day in Madras. Nobody in the audience answered him. So he answered it himself. He said: "It is the work and worth of man."

With due respect to such a great economist, I must say Mr. Rangaswami is wrong. Surely the foundation of sound economy lies in making less noise and sound. I am not an economist; my salary never lasts me beyond the fifth of the month. So if Mr. Rangaswami is thinking that I am starting an argument with him, I say respectfully, I am not.

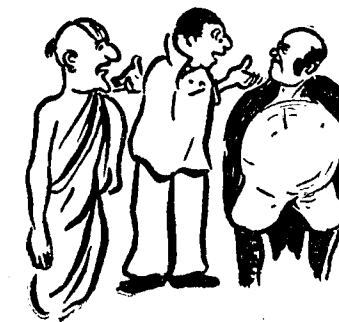
A journalist writing to a Delhi weekly says:—"What part America will play in the coming war nobody knows. But the fact remains that some part has to be played by her also."

Well, that strikes me as a profound saying. This journalist ought to be honoured by the Madras University with a doctorate in historical psychology. I don't know if there is such a thing as historical psychology. But the phrase sounds nice. If India doesn't know how to honour her own prophets, I am sure Oxford

would grab him and give him one of its numerous chairs. God grant that our universities be saved from this humiliation!

★

Addressing the National Council of Equal Citizenship in mail week Mrs. E. M. Hubback, Principal of Morley College, Westminster, said that the fall of the population would be sensational. Women (English women) were not producing enough daughters today to



replace themselves. It would be up to the next generation, warned Mrs. Hubback, to say whether they wished the race suicide to be completed.

I call this an instance of scare-mongering. What if English women are not producing enough daughters? Across the Channel French and German girls are producing little female howlers at a terrific rate. If and when the home supply gives out they can always look up to Europe to make good the deficiency. Or if the Rhineland coup and the Italo-Abyssinian War have embittered inter-state relations, England can count



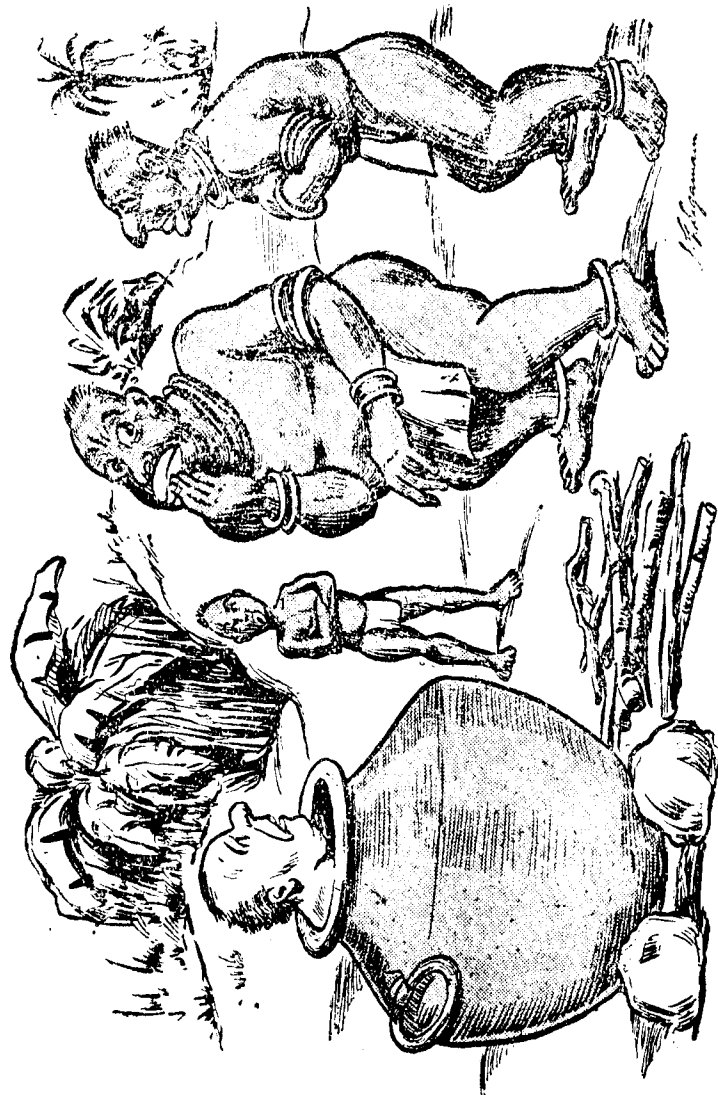
on India. If this idiotic colour prejudice were liquidated, India and England and the other units of the Empire could get along swimmingly. Of course, some pig-headed Englishmen who think God gave them a pale skin for some special purpose, and the Sanatanists out here would object to my scheme. But I have no doubt we can convert them to our view by non-violent methods.

★

When the question of the use of poison gas by Italy in its war on Abyssinia came up before the League Committee of Thirteen, Baron Aloisi said that it was too big a question to be discussed light-heartedly.

This is a well-deserved snub to the members of the ill-starred Committee of Thirteen. Almost all the members of the Committee are flipnant and light-hearted men. They never went about their work seriously. On the other hand Baron Aloisi does everything with a becoming dignity and conscientiousness, though he smokes a frightful number of cigarettes. When I was last in Geneva, Baron Aloisi very kindly showed me the Committee of Thirteen. When poison gas was being discussed, each member wore a light-hearted grin on his face, which got on my and Baron Aloisi's nerves. People discussing such momentous issues must have a correct sense of values. When Baron Aloisi administered that snub the members looked very shame-faced indeed. Serve them right!

Medically Unfit!



"Eat me by all means. But my doctor says I am suffering from appendicitis."

Sheba Speaks

(A broadcast speech by the Empress of Abyssinia addressed to the world.)

—Morning Paper

My mother Sheba came to me,
And sobbed aloud : " My Daughter !
What is this everywhere I see—
Slaughter ! Slaughter !! Slaughter !!!

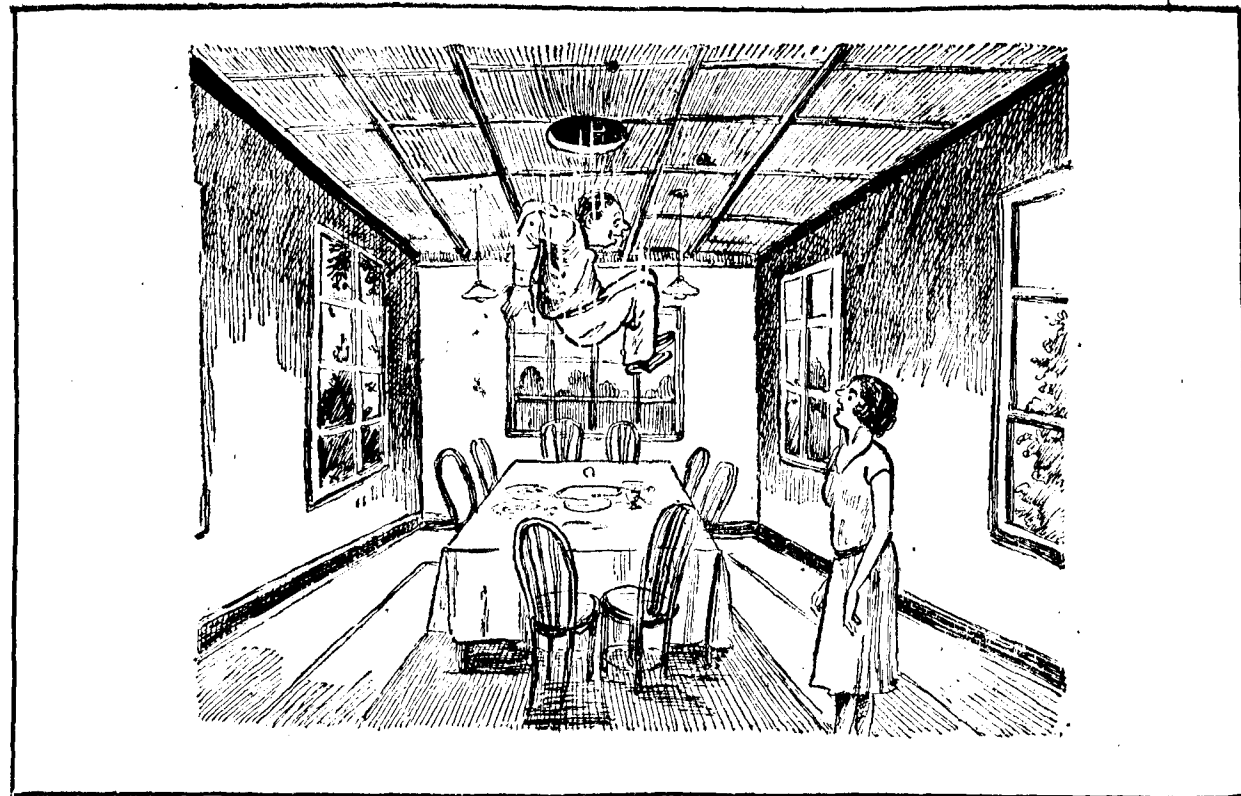
How happy I was for three-thousand years !
Only to end ... but must I ?
Alas, the world has but groans and tears !
Must death alone rain from the sky ?

When I stood before mighty Solomon,
Whose fame was the Morning Star !
" ' Sheba '," he said, " ' nor sword, nor gun ;
Wisdom is better than war ;

" ' The race is not ... ' " here he shook his head...
" ' To the swift, nor, the battle t' the strong ! ' "
Ethiopia's mangled bosom is red !
God will avenge your wrong ! "

I am but a woman ... my lord ! oh, where's he ?
World ! to you I complain !
My murdered children are asking me !
O, Must I plead in vain ?

—G. K. Pillai



Hubby's Wireless Set

by Diana Don

Reading Time • About 7 Minutes

"**N**OW we are marooned in this jungly place," said hubby one morning, "we had better go in for a wireless set."

"Yes, dear," I murmured, meek and encouraging.

"Let us bring the world's music and laughter into our home," continued hubby, enthusiastically.

"Oh, darling, you are not going to buy the eight-hundred-rupee super-set?" I cried, in alarm; for I knew the catalogue he got the phrase from.

"What on earth are you talking about?"

"I must have been dreaming," I murmured, hastily.

The dear man had been receiving mysterious book-packets from the postman. Well, a girl with experience of holy wedlock has ways of learning the contents of mysterious postal packets; but she never lets on about her discoveries. She waits for her lord and master to reveal the outcome of his school-boy plots.

Looking through those catalogues while hubby was at the office, I had decided on a Radical Seven. On a Radical Seven you could listen-in to the beauty-hints and housekeeping-chats from Senechtady; and that is what I was after. However, I covered up my tracks.

"Darling," I said, "are you really thinking of buying a wireless set for *me*?" And I went and kissed him like a grateful little wife.

"Well," said the dear man, "I thought I could listen, as well. I can get the closing stock-prices from London."

"How thrilling!" I murmured, diplomatically.

"Oh, it is easy," said hubby, in a lordly tone. "As a matter of fact, I have been studying it."

"Oh, darling, and I did not know. Was it going to be a surprise for me?"

"Yes," he said, grandly. "Of course, it is no good explaining the technical details to you, but I have chosen the set very carefully. You will be able to

hear the stock prices perfectly. As today is a holiday, I have arranged for the set to be delivered this morning, and I can spend an hour or two fixing it up. It is a Britannia Eight."

The mean thing! However, there was still time.

"Darling, have you paid for it?" I cooed.

"Paid for it? Of course not."

"Then you are having it on trial?"

"Well, I hadn't thought—yes, I suppose I am."

"You should not really pay for it unless it is satisfactory, should you?" I suggested, like a wise little wife.

"No, of course not," boomed hubby, with an expression to indicate that no radio-dealer was going to fool him.

"Shall we hear quite distant places on a Britannia Eight—those American stations, for instance?"

"Oh, you won't get the long-wave stations," said hubby, "but you'll be able to hear every British short-wave station in the world."

"How nice, darling. I think you were very clever to choose such a set. I hope you are pleased with it. But, of course, no one would be able to deceive *you*."

"Well, I am only having the set on trial, aren't I?" said hubby, stoutly.

"Yes, darling," I murmured, having successfully sown the necessary seeds of doubt. "Excuse me just a moment." And I sent off the boy to the post-office with a telegram.

When I got back, the Britannia Eight had arrived, and hubby was starting to erect the aerial. Really, you would never believe the amount of wire there is in a wireless set. Somewhat prematurely, hubby snipped the string that bound the hundred feet of aerial, and the coil came at him like a cobra. It festooned his legs, bound his arms to his body, scratched his face, and spread terror among the butler, the cook, the cook's mate and the gardener, all of whom had been assembled to help hubby put up the aerial.

When master had been extricated from the toils, the aerial was stretched from one end of the compound to the other, and held down with stones to prevent it behaving like a concertina. Then the ladder was reared against the gable-end of the bungalow, after breaking only three windows, my favourite aspidistra, and the tail of the neighbours' cat.

A long pole was now produced, and the *mali* mounted the ladder like the leader of a forlorn hope, dislodging several bricks, and sending down a shower of tiles. Having laboriously raised the pole into position, he discovered he had not brought up any

rope. He balanced the pole on the ridge of the roof, and came down to get the rope. The pole came down after him, and knocked him flat.

The cook and the butler now volunteered to fix the pole; and so they did, at the expense of a new suit of clothes apiece. The problem then was, how to tie the aerial to the top of the pole?

After tiffin, hubby went up himself, removed the pole, fixed the aerial to it, and raised the pole into place again. Then it was found he had forgotten to fix the insulators on to the aerial, so the pole had to come down once more. When put up for the third time, it fell of its own accord, and made a hole in the roof. Of course, each time the pole came down, the aerial-wire did its famous concertina performance.

With the last gleam of day, the aerial was finally fixed on its two poles, and with a sigh of relief hubby stepped back to admire his handiwork, and fell through the hole in the roof on to the dining-room table.

I had a nice supper all ready for hubby. Hubby landed among the supper; but remembering it is a good wife's place always to be helpful, I merely remarked, "I'm glad you dropped in, dear." For some reason, this annoyed the poor man very much.

I had sent the cook to the station to collect an express parcel; so I prepared another supper with my own hands, and fed the suffering darling into a state of satisfaction. "Now," he said, pushing back his plate, "I have only to connect the aerial and earth-wires to the set, and we will be able to listen-in to the stock-prices."

Well, in the last few days, while hubby had been reading the makers' descriptions of the wonders of their sets, I had been studying a book called 'Modern Radio Engineering'; so my knowledge of the subject was not so sketchy as his was, poor dear. However, I thought it politic to pretend a sweet ignorance.

One of the leads on the Britannia Eight ended in a yellow-coloured plug; the other lead had a black plug. The makers, in their instructions, were most emphatic about inserting these plugs in the correct places. Well, while hubby was having his supper, I took off the yellow plug, and put it on the wire where the black plug had been, and *vice versa*.

After feverishly studying the instructions, and making several false starts and getting irritable, hubby at last got the set connected up. "All ready, dear!" he crowed.

"Darling, how clever you are!" I murmured, adoringly.

"Now listen!" he cried, dramatically. Having set the dial, he switched on.

A fearful howl came from the receiver. Hubby said a rude word, and began to twiddle the dials. The howls rose and fell, but there was nothing resembling stock-prices. "Perhaps there is a panic on the exchange, dear," I suggested helpfully. "It sounds like a lot of brokers trying to cover their margins."

"Oh, shut up!" bawled hubby. An hour later, sweating and cursing, he was still kneeling before the maddening instrument. Finally, he sprang to his feet in a fury, and raised his fist.

"Don't break it, darling!" I implored. "It is only on trial!"

"Oh—of course it is!" he said, growing calmer. "I am sending it back first thing in the morning. How could a so-called radio-set make such an unearthly din?"

Of course, it was not for a silly woman to tell him. The set was making the awful din because it was using about ten feet of earth-wire as an aerial, and trying to discharge its earth-currents into the upper atmosphere.

"Darling, what is that big box the cook left on the verandah?" I asked, changing the subject. "It is addressed to you."

"A box for me?" he cried, and ran off like an eager little boy to see. While he was gone, I changed the black and yellow plugs back again.

"They've sent me *another* wireless-set on trial!" announced the master of the house, two minutes later. "They say, reference your telegram. I didn't send any telegram."

"Don't you have anything to do with it, dear," I urged. "They are only trying to swindle you."

"Well, there is no harm in trying the set, is there?" demanded the dear man, obstinately. And in a few minutes the set was connected up.

This time there were no dramatics. Hubby set the dial at random, and snapped on the switch.

Immediately, sweet music filled the room. Hubby gazed at the set, astounded. Then he began turning the dial. In quick succession there came the strains of a ukelele, a bass voice talking in French, the martial blare of a brass band, and the sobbing semi-tones of a crooner. "Well!" said hubby.

"I don't think I like it much," I pouted.

"Nonsense, girl!" cried hubby. "The reception is perfect, and on the long wave-band, too. But it's no use explaining. You women are all alike. You can never understand a thing like wireless."

"Of course not, dear," I murmured, submissively.

"I don't want any argument," continued hubby.

"I have definitely decided to have this—this Radical Seven. The Britannia Eight is going straight back."

"Whatever you decide, dear," I agreed like a good little wife.

"That's right. You can always rely on my judgment," said hubby.

"Darling, can I twiddle the little knob?" I begged. "Go ahead," replied the dear man, indulgently.

I adjusted the dial, and a crisp feminine voice began to speak. "Now, my dears," it said, "while those delicious jam-puffs are baking in the oven, you will have time to try a wonderful new face-cream—"

I switched off. "What was that, darling?" I asked, innocently.

"Senechtady," said hubby, reading the dial.



THE END

N. E. W. S.

THE much vaunted glamour of European civilization, still has tucked away inside it some queer rituals of old barbarous times. The other day five couples were joined in holy wedlock in a village near Budapest. The sacrament was administered before an altar consecrated to Hedur, the ancient Hungarian counterpart of Thor, the God of War. At this 'composite' wedding a white horse was sacrificed. The wedding ceremony is considered by these modern-primitive people as a 'blood contract'. A small vein in the arms of the bride and bridegroom is cut and the blood of each is made to mix. That seals the contract.

A London tradesman was operated on, without an anaesthetic. It was not a small affair. The operation was on his brain. The doctors decided that an anaesthetic was not indicated, in the patient's own interest. The man agreed and submitted to his scalp being lifted. The operation was a highly skilled affair and took six hours. During the operation the man kept up a pleasant talk with the doctors and nurses and actually wanted something to eat at the fourth hour. They gave him tea and bread and butter. At the end of it all he wanted to walk back to his ward! They didn't let him walk, of course.

Girls in a Coventry machine-tool factory were rather partial to using lipstick while at work. The foremen of the factory may be presumed to have objected to the practice—privately, because there is no restriction against the use of lipstick by the girls. A little while ago new electric discharge lamps were installed in the factory. The rays emitted by these lamps turned the red on the girls' lips to black. Therefore the girls' beauty treatment is relegated to the end of a 'perfect day' after the factory siren sang the cessation of work. And the foremen are happy.

Of what stuff are dictators made? This question pops again and again in spite of dictators dictating around us with resolute jaws and funny whiskers.

Mustapha Kemal of Turkey said one fine day that the old Turkish script should be replaced by Latin letters. Of course, there was trouble. People protested, particularly the women, in whom tradition dies a slow death. The Ata Turk sensed how things were going and he came out with a timely modification. He said: "The new alphabet must be learnt by all Turkish men and women except those *over forty-two years of age*." That did the trick, where an appeal to reason failed. The women are flocking to the schools to unlearn the old alphabet and learn the new. Good old Kemal!

Talking of alphabets, bizarre yarns about unlettered people not only teaching themselves to read and write, but acquire a surprising proficiency in the job have often been heard. This yarn about Mr. James Swatridge, schoolmaster, aged ninety-eight, of Somerset, is probably the bizarrest. As a boy he learnt his alphabet from the letters on the tombstones in his village churchyard! Soon he opened a night school in his house and when later a National school was built in his village he was made its headmaster. He held the post for thirty years.

Being a film-star is no bed of roses or whatever you call it. It seems there is a price—and a pretty stiff one too—if you would kick the high spots of fame. Bette Davis complains that she is tired of paying 'star prices' for the daily comfort of her body and soul. A Hollywood night club charged Bette and her husband, Harmon Nelson, £8 for refreshments and a glass of wine!

The City Assembly of Wakayama, Japan, has thirty-three members. Twenty-eight of them were found to be receiving bribes. So they were sent to jail on that charge. Inside the jail they started bribing the jailors. And so the jailors were locked in the cells which they were guarding. The Assembly is dissolved. This is due to the vigilance of the Bribery and Secret Commissions Prevention League of Japan.

Fun For All

Inspector (to new policeman): I shall have to put you on night duty for a few weeks. Do you think you will be all right?

Policeman: Sure! You see, sir, mother said she would come round with me for a night or two till I got used to it.

* * *

The tram conductor had not noticed the hole in the anna bit until he had gone well down in the tram. After he had finished collecting he returned to the culprit. "Here, man," he said, thrusting the coin before the man, "what's this?"

"What's what?" retorted the fare, coolly.

"This anna bit," said the conductor, "look, it's got a hole in it."

"Well, what of it?" said the fare, "so has the ticket you gave me."

* * *

Wife: I want some grapes for my sick husband. Do you know if any poison has been sprayed on these you have?

Street Trader: No, mum, you'll have to get that at the chemist's.

* * *

Manager (pointing to cigarette-end on the floor): Smith, is this yours?

Smith (pleasantly): Not at all, sir; you saw it first.

* * *

1st Father: I don't know what to do about my son. He wants to be a racing motorist.

2nd Father: Well, old chap, whatever you do, don't stand in his way.

* * *

Farmer (using telephone for first time): Send me a bushel of oats, please.

Voice at the Other End: Who are they for?

Farmer: Who are they for? Don't get joking with me, young man, or it will be worse for you! They're for my horse.



Insurance Agent: Here, Giles, I see that under the heading *Age of Father if Living*, you've put 115.

Giles: Well, zur, that would be correct, if he were still living.

* * *

Mrs. Sykes stood on her doorstep sermonising the milkman.

"Now, look 'ere 'mister," she said, "I'm not saying it's owt to do with thee an' thy milk, but tha' can't deny that ivver sin tha started coming round twelve months ago, t' papers 'bin sayin' things about t' remarkable shortage o' wotter!"

* * *

An American and an Irishman were walking together one day when they passed the gallows.

"And where would you be, Mike," asked the Yankee, "if the gallows over there had their due?"

"Walking alone," said Mike quietly.

* * *

"If it wasn't for me, you'd be the biggest fool in the show business."

"Quite so."

* * *

"Your coffee, sir," said the waiter. "Special from South America!"

"So that's where you've been!" yawned the diner.

* * *

Motorist: What I know about driving would fill a book.

Constable: And what you don't know about it would fill a hospital.



Auntie J.J.

A shikari nephew asks me to tell him my big-game hunting experiences, if I have any. If I have any, indeed! Everybody that is somebody will have had some experience of big-game hunting, some time or other. And this flippant nephew ought to have known that Auntie is the Broadway counterpart of the "It" girl of Hollywood. But then the nephew is probably a poor nit-wit; in which case I offer him my sympathy.

One night last year I was reading in bed the thrilling exploits of Mary Kingsley in Africa. Mary Kingsley, my dears, was very beloved of the Victorians. She was the first woman explorer. The book was of such absorbing interest that I read it on far into the night, and only dropped away to sleep in the final chapter.

Next morning an overwhelming desire possessed me, to go and hunt lions and things in Congo. Auntie wanted to carve a niche for herself in the big-game

literature of the day. She chartered a 'plane and flew non-stop to Africa. Somewhere midway over the Dark Continent, as I was flying over the Equator, the 'plane burst into flames. The equatorial heat, my chickabiddies, is so intense. I grabbed my first-aid kit bag (which I mistook for the parachute) and my parasol, and jumped out into the void. Six thousand feet below was the tropical jungle with all its unexplored secrets. As I was about to hit the earth, I opened my parasol. It checked the awful momentum of my fall. I landed gracefully on the bank of a wide river.

It was eventide. The orange sun was sending out fairy shafts of golden good-bye from the soft skyline of the far away hills. The twitter of home-coming birds filled the static air; a mile higher up, the river cascaded down from a dizzy height, broadcasting a muffled musical roar; a bluebottle buzzed around my hair. I turned round to swat it. A big baboon



was standing behind me. It was a male. I pretended to have not noticed it and began to walk slowly away. The baboon followed me. I was annoyed. Which maiden would not? So I turned round and kicked the baboon on its stomach: "Go away, you big, hulking brute!" I screamed. "Aren't you ashamed to annoy a girl? Moreover your wife would be jealous." The baboon went away hanging down his head in shame and sorrow.

I wandered in the jungle. Presently I came upon a big, roaring lion. Its hind-leg was held in the vice-grip of a trap. Poor beast! I wanted to do it a good turn. But suppose he mistook me for his supper? Providentially the story of Androcles came to my mind. I released the lion from its travail. He wanted to lick my skin. But it is very ticklish to be licked by a lion, so I asked him to cut it out. He wanted to follow me about. I said to him firmly, "Look here, lion. The place of a husband is by his wife's side, rain or shine. Go to your wife. Gratitude is all right, but what about family ties?" The lion limped away more in sorrow than in anger.

It was getting dark. I thought I'd have a bathe. I stripped and took a plunge into the cool, limpid waters of the river. As I was scrubbing my skin, two big alligators sneaked up to me. I hastily

retired behind a bush and said, "Hi! you wicked, dirty brutes! What do you think I am, a nudist colony? Are you not ashamed to assail the modesty of a nude maiden?" I came out blushing and hit the foremost alligator's snout with my parasol. They dived away.

All the while grim tragedy was lurking around me. Such is Africa! After that lovely bathe, I dried my skin with my parasol (because all my towels were burnt up in the plane). I had a feeling that I was not alone. I peered around me in the gathering darkness. Dark sinister forms were closing upon me from all directions. Cannibals! With great presence of mind I opened the first-aid kit bag and extracted the iodine bottle. I applied the noxious liquid all over me. Suddenly with a whoop the cannibals rushed to me. They carried me to their kraal. A fire was got ready, tentatively. Tentatively because there was an argument afoot. One half of the cannibals said I was a Goddess, the other half said I was their dinner. To clinch the argument I spoke to the chief cannibal and invited him to lick me. He gladly consented and came over gingerly. He licked me in three places at random and yelled, "*M'hloba, m'yoga m'bunga!*" which roughly means, "This is not a human being." You see he was licking the iodine on me. So they prostrated before me and offered me nice things to eat.

"Hi! Auntie, get up! Time for your morning medicine. What a heavy sleeper you are!" said Gabitha Gumboil who was nursing me after an attack of 'flu.

★

Amy (Penang): *Thank you, dear, for the bright 5-cent silver piece. Yes, Auntie bought herself an ice-cream with it. Won't you send your Auntie something larger than a 5-cent piece?*

* * * *

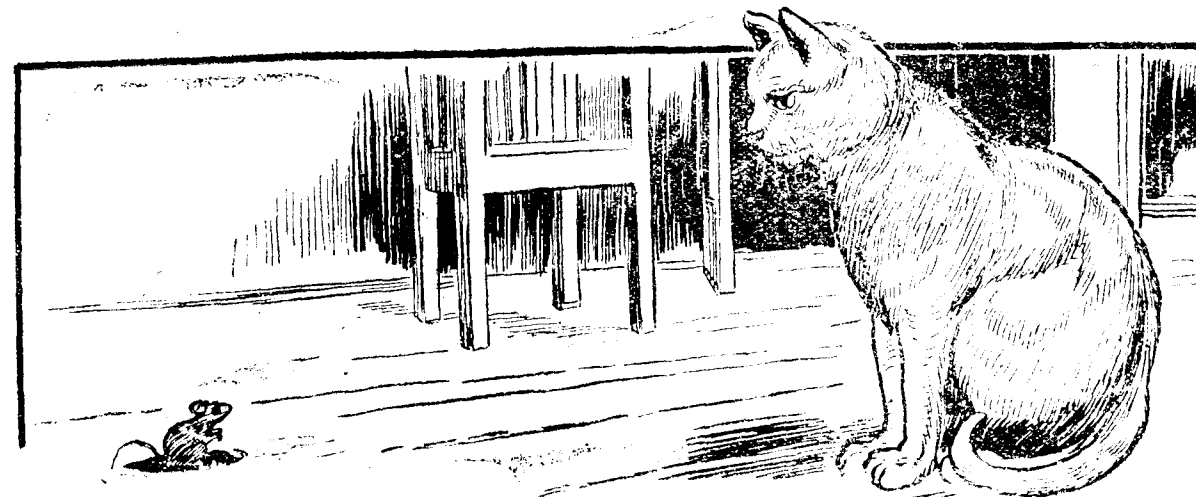
Auntie Fan (Bangalore): "Dear Auntie, I am dying to touch you."

Don't, dear girl, please! I should die of laughter. I am a very ticklish girl.

* * * *

Love-lorn (Lyalpur): "I fell in love with a girl who is five years my senior. My father objects to our union because of this disparity in our ages. I am twenty-five. What shall I do?"

Wait for five years, and then you will catch up with her age.



Admonitory Tales

(The Cat and the Mouse)

by Embusque

THERE was once a very dignified house-cat that prided itself on its good breeding. First thing in the morning, you would see pussy sitting on the doorstep, carefully polishing her fur and brushing her paws. That cat washed oftener than a Brahmin, and spent a longer time over her toilet than a bridegroom. However, like all cats, she had an evil heart. After this meticulous preparation, the proud animal stalked through the house with murder in her thoughts. She was looking for a mouse for dinner. Failing a mouse, she would devour any kind of disgusting offal.

One day, the cat espied a mouse in a crevice in the floor. She approached cautiously; but the mouse had seen her first, and stayed inside, just peeping out.

"Are you the cat?" asked the mouse, timorously. He was a young mouse, not wise to the ways of the world.

"Certainly I am the cat," replied the proud animal. "I am the mistress of this house."

"What, are you married to my father?" said the mouse, in surprise.

"Of course not," replied the cat, indignantly. "I would never associate myself with a dirty mouse."

"My father says he is the master of the house; and look here, mice are not dirty."

"Oh yes, they are," said the cat. "They haven't any manners. They don't even wash before they eat. Now, I wash for a whole hour before taking a meal."

"Certainly we wash before we eat," retorted the mouse.

"You don't. You only sit up and stroke your whiskers. I wash all over," boasted the cat.

"You say we are dirty," maintained the mouse, stoutly, "yet you are glad to eat us."

"I would not eat a mouse without washing beforehand," retorted the cat.

"For a whole hour?" asked the mouse, doubtfully.

"For a whole hour," replied the cat. "No cat of my breeding would take a meal without having performed the proper ablutions."

"In that case," said the mouse, "would you mind if I came out for a moment? I am very hungry, and I can see some grains of rice on the floor over there. You are quite sure you would not eat me without washing for an hour beforehand?"

"Quite sure," purred the cat, disdainfully. "I would never be guilty of such a breach of etiquette."

So the mouse crept out of the hole, and the black-hearted cat caught the mouse, and prepared to devour it.

"Hi!" cried the mouse. "Let me go! A well-bred cat like you cannot eat me. You have to wash for an hour first. I am relying on your good manners."

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed the wicked cat. "My manners are perfect. I washed for a whole hour before coming in here!" Without more ado she crunched the trusting mouse, and ate him up.

And the moral of this story is, don't rely on the etiquette of the high-born. In spite of *noblesse oblige*, they always have ways of eating you up.

THE END

In The Pink—

Words and Pictures by Albert A. Roland

Reading Time • About 8 Minutes

WE recently sent the Editor a most exciting article on 'The Courtship of Deep-Sea Crustacea.' But he regretfully returned it with a note stating that its appeal was too restricted.

"Try," he suggested, "writing something with a wider, more universal appeal. A short treatise, for instance, on 'Triumphing over Tax-Collectors' or 'Making Away with Mothers-in-Law' should go down well with our readers."

Grateful as we are for these suggestions, the very idea of Tax-Collectors and Mothers-in-Law gave us such a pain in the neck, that we lost all our inspiration.

After pondering over a suitable theme, however, for two fortnights (*i. e.*, one lunar month), we've decided to present the reader—God and the Editor willing—with some invaluable hints on how to acquire and retain a certain something we all of us pine for.

No, not money. Not married happiness. Not a Utopian Government. But *Good Health*.

Now please don't lose interest! This isn't going to be an article that will appeal only to hypochondriacs. The angles are going to be *quite* different, as Epstein declared when he set about sculpturing his latest nude.

These notes ought to appeal to everyone. For everyone wants to be in the pink of condition. Except youngsters who hate going to school. And young men who fall in love with the nurse in hospital.

Given good health, people should live to a remarkable age. A medical man says: "People should live to be 150 years old." We say: "Not *some* people!"

Imagine enduring a Rich Uncle, or an Alimony Receiver, or a Crooner, for 150 years! And as for a Mother-in-law—but we musn't even think of such things...



Are you excitable?

But as to other people, we say yes. By all means, let the providers of the good things of this world live on. This class includes, of course, barmen, chefs, chorus girls and us authors. Also, such Editors as pay good rates!

Now, attention, please! —And we'll soon have you in the pink!

Are you excitable? Well, calm yourself! "The avoiding of over-excitement in business and the home aids long-

evity," says a medical authority. No *fret-work*. See?

It's very important that you look after your teeth. You can't afford to lose them. We mislaid our own set the other day.

Look after your digestion, too. If indigestion pains come on after eating a meat-and-vegetable pie, take bicarbonate of soda. This ought to settle your hash.

Live in a healthy place. Nothing conduces towards longevity more than this. It is reported that a certain town in South India is so healthy that there have only been two deaths there in five years. And they were the local undertaker and his best friend, the doctor. They died of broken hearts and starvation.

Good news for imbibers! Amazing but true! The application of a bit of ice to the lobe of the ear will, stop hiccoughing. If you're accustomed to hiccough-

ing, carry a bit of ice about in your trousers pocket and then you can cure yourself at any time.

We advise you to drink pure water for your health. With a little something in it to take the taste away.

And sliced onions or garlic will completely absorb the odour of whisky.

Which reminds us of the man who had just been reading some statistics of births and deaths. "Extraordinary thing," he said, "every time I breathe, a man dies."

"Why," we asked him, "don't you chew cloves?"

"Slimming exercises and drugs," says another medical man, "are ridiculous." They have many stout adherents, all the same.

And talking of stout people, it can't be said that as a class they eat too much. The fear of getting fat prevents most women from over-eating. Obesity is the mother of abstinence. A woman who once existed for a whole week on a single chicken said she lost twenty-eight pounds in weight. She killed two stones with one bird, eh? Now she's not nearly as big a fool as she used to be!

Obesity may have its drawbacks—fat men, for instance, have to shave *all* their chins—but extreme leanness can also be tiresome. We knew of a *very* thin man who could never tell whether he had a back-ache or a stomach ache.

Young ladies, here's a recipe for keeping your youth. Don't introduce him to your girl-friends!

There's nothing to beat a sea-trip for health. By the way, sherry is good for sea-sickness. But most sufferers clamour for port. Don't worry about what you'll do if you get sea-sick. You'll do it all right.

It is risky to sleep immediately after a meal. Especially if your fellow-diner leaves you to settle the bill.

The aftermath of a cold, it is said, is the worst part. We know that. We've just had to settle *our* doctor's bill.

It is a crime to refuse growing children plenty of apples. Many boys we know certainly consider that orchard owners should be locked up.

Don't hesitate to confess your troubles to your medical adviser. But don't expect him to be a magician. A medical-man once told us of a patient who confessed that there was something he badly wanted to get off his chest. It turned out he was engaged to

a girl named Mary, and years previously he had had the name 'Lizzie' tattooed on his chest.

If your doctor tells you to drink a bitter medicine and just imagine you're drinking beer, don't drink beer and just imagine you're drinking the medicine.

Of course, doctors are only human, and make mistakes. (As any undertaker will tell you.) A doctor said to us once, as he looked searchingly into one eye: "Ah, it's easy to see what's the matter with you. This is not merely eye-trouble. It's an affection of the nervous system. There are all the signs of liver-trouble, fatty degeneration of the heart, bad blood supply. The only thing I can recommend is—"

We interrupted him at this stage. "Isn't it time," we suggested, "that you looked into our other eye? That's our glass one, you know!"

And now, for your own benefit, we shall tell you about another doctor who gave us an overhauling once. As far as we can recall it, this is the conversation that ensued. After examining us he said:

"You should be very careful for at least a month."

"Is it as bad as all that?" we asked, anxiously.

"If the result is to be as satisfactory as I'd like to have it, you cannot follow the rules I lay down too carefully."

We were now thoroughly alarmed, and promised to do exactly as he ordered. We asked whether we were eating too heartily?

"*Much* too heartily. Eat simpler food. And not so much of it. Cut your butcher's and grocer's bills by half. And take *much* more exercise. How do you go to your office?"

"Taxi or bus."

"Stop it immediately. Rain or shine, you must walk to and from work. Do you go to late cinema or theatre shows?"

"Fairly often."

"You *mustn't* do it while you're under my care. How about smoking?"

"I smoke, but in moderation."

"Don't smoke at all. Give away your cigars and don't buy any more for at least thirty days, or I'll throw up the case—"

"I'll do it, doctor, but—but—"

"Do you drink?"

"I like a little whisky now and then—"

"Not a drop at *any* time!"

"Very well, doctor. What next?"

"That's all. Follow these instructions carefully for thirty days, and by *that* time—"

"Yes," we enquired eagerly, "by *that* time what—?"

"By *that* time you ought to have saved enough to pay me the balance due on that little bill you have owed me for a matter of eighteen months. Good day."

It was some time before we could laugh again.

Laughing, by the way, is a wonderful tonic. It means longevity. Stevens remarked that Democritus, who was always laughing, lived 109 years, while his friend Heraclitus, who hardly ever ceased from crying, did not live to an old age. Our neighbour's baby, thank goodness, shouldn't bother us for long.

The famous Josh Billings said of laughing: "Laffing iz the sensashun ov feeling good all over, and showing it principally in one spot."

There are two infallible precursors to laughter. Seeing your Mother-in-Law slip on a banana skin. And sending in your subscriptions to this magazine. (Now how about those good rates, Mr. Editor?)

Walking is good for health. But you must walk with an object. Take your husbands along, ladies.

Nowadays, we hear a great deal about rational health and sex education for the younger generation. Feeling it was our duty to do so, we recently gave our daughter a copy of 'What Every Girl Ought To Know.' She has just written a letter to the author pointing out several errors and suggesting the addition of two new chapters.

Well folks, here's to your very good health! Look after yourself and there's no reason why you shouldn't live to be as old as Democritus. If you take the



Slimming exercises are ridiculous.

advice we've given you, we believe you'll survive even longer. Everyone believes in the survival of the fittest.

Except the undertakers, who don't believe in the survival of anybody.

THE END

Neglected Cases—

by A. T. MacNaughton Thomas

Reading Time • About 8 Minutes



RECENTLY, a learned Shakespearian scholar set the literary world (or the republic of letters, as we say in the political circles) by the ears by stating that the immortal Bard of Avon never ate strawberry jam and drank Wincarnis. Hard upon this, probably to thicken the cloud of dust raised by the aforesaid controversy, another learned professor, whose name I am purposely withholding, has come with the statement that much of Macbeth's tragedy could have been averted if he had consulted an ophthalmic optician in time.

Hardly caring two hoots of a tin trumpet for what the reader may think of my opinions, I have, after carefully weighing the pros and cons, come to the conclusion that the learned professor is absolutely correct—yes, irrefragably, irrefutably, indubitably, unquestionably, in short, darned correct.

Well, consider the facts and see for yourself how my conclusions check up with your data.

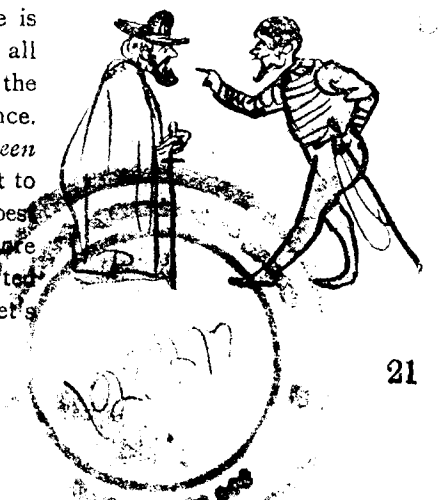
When Macbeth slipped the knife into Duncan, his queasy conscience twinged him no end. Poor fellow, he had 'to sleep in the affliction of those terrible dreams', that shook him nightly. At the feast, to which he had invited several of his freinds, Macbeth suddenly came over queer, got the jim-jams and threw off fits, when he saw Banquo in his chair. With eyes popping out and a brow, clammy with sweat, he looks at the apparition in a goofy manner and exclaims, to the astonishment of the company: "Avaunt! And quit my sight! Let the earth hide thee!" He goes on to say that he will gladly meet the rugged Russian bear, the armed rhinoceros, the Hyrcan tiger, but not the horrible spectre that gave him the mutual north-to-south just then. Lady

Macbeth thinks her hubby has gone coon; Lennor thinks the good old Thane has a touch of apoplexy or epilepsy or whatever it is. Instead of going back to the weird sisters to consult them, how much more would it have been to the purpose if Macbeth had made a bee-line to a qualified ophthalmic optician, where his visual defects would have been set right.

We cannot say whether Macbeth was suffering from astigmatism, strabismus, hypermetropia or myopia, but certain it was that his vision was grossly impaired, and an optician, no doubt, would have rectified it. And Macbeth, undoubtedly, would have worn high-class tortoise-shell frame of distinctive style, fitted with bifocal, tonic lenses in 'drop flat top' shape, specially ground in Crooke's 'A' shade, so that they might be anti-actinic. With such specs to protect him, Macbeth would see no ghosts and Lady Macbeth could be assured of a most exemplary behaviour from her lord in the presence of strangers. With such glasses, Macbeth would have learnt by and by that they alone enabled him to 'screw his courage to the sticking-place' and *not* when the advice was gratuitously offered by his wife. We can be reasonably certain that armed with the spectacles, dear old Macbeth would have been no longer 'cabinn'd, cribb'd and confin'd' in sticking his knife into an assortment of his kith and kin, who stood in his way. You leave it to Macbeth, for, the shrewd Thane knew that those who were 'near in blood, the nearer bloody'.

It is a pity that Macbeth didn't think of an optician! An optician would have completely altered the tenor of his life. Macbeth's is clearly a neglected case!

Hamlet's case is very nearly on all fours with the foregoing instance. If he had only seen the ghost, a visit to one of the best opticians at Elsinore would have averted much of Hamlet's



tragedy. But he seemed to have not only seen the ghost but had a pleasant and instructive chat on homicide and the novel way by which it can be brought about. It was the repeated interviews with the spook that made him barmy on the crumpet. Having thus gone daft, he called Polonius, a fishmonger, and told his daughter, Ophelia, to go to a nunnery, lest she should be a 'breeder of sinners'. If Hamlet had gone direct to the Elsinore Psychic Research Society, as soon as he saw the ghost, his demented mind would have been greatly soothed at a seance, which the Society would have gladly arranged for the Prince of Denmark. If publicity was the thing that deterred him, he could then have easily carried on a spot of spirit-rapping in his own chamber by installing a four-cylindere planchette and an all-wave psychograph without anybody being the wiser for it. If he cared for detailed info regarding his father's death, the departed spirit of his pater would have given him as many psychograms as he wanted. It was by listening to the spectre at an unearthly hour, highly keyed up with emotion, that made Hamlet nervy and go, all of a sudden, off the deep end, whereas spirit-rapping would have made him cool and confident, subtle and crafty but never demented. It was largely by his deranged mentality that he committed outrages on the public weal and shortly became the Public Nuisance No. 1 of Denmark. Another neglected case!



and report whether Desdemona was not great shakes as a wife. Othello, perhaps, probably being an irredentist like Mussolini, would not like to have anything British about him except, perhaps, whisky. In that case, he could have detailed off a special detective from Venice, telling him to keep his eyes peeled and to play his best card, which act, at least, would have saved him from roundly cursing the fair sex, "O curse of marriage!

That we can call these fair creatures ours, and not their appetites;" from smothering Desdemona in a most scientific manner; and from planting a knife in himself. A detective would have chipped the shell off Iago, before he came out fully fledged as an arch-villain.

When filial ingratitude drove King Lear mad, he found that it was accentuated by the storm in which he was caught. And that made him to let off steam continuously. When the 'contentious storm invaded them to the skin', there was no necessity for Lear to exclaim, "I am cold myself!" and seek for straw as a protection against it, if he had a double-breasted, rubber-lined rain-coat or oilskins and a bottle of Vapex, as a preventive of cold. An old, rheumatic king like Lear, must always have, though he may have been denuded of his possessions, a rain-coat and a pair of woollen socks among the etceteras that he carries with him. Thus provided against nature by being armed cap-a-pie with a rain-coat—wind-proof, rain-proof and what not—King Lear could have gleefully trilled, instead of saying with a resigned air, when the storm beat upon him in all its elemental fury, "Blow, winds, and crack your cheeks! rage! blow! Your cataracts and hurricanes, spout till you have drench'd our steeplesYou sulphurous and thought-executing fires, singe my white head." I even maintain, that the crazy old geezer would have pirouetted for joy if he had a Burberry on him.

A rain-coat or an oilskin would have considerably lightened Lear's oppressive grief!

What about the immortal author, who wrote these plays to the distraction of students, to the confusion of critics and to the obfuscation (Gosh! What a word!) of



intellects like mine? If his father had only biffed young Willie on his dome, whenever he showed an inclination to put on the buskin, instead of poaching in Sir Thomas Lucy's park, what a great relief would it have been to everyone of us, my countrymen! Then, there would have been no more controversies whether Shakespeare was Bacon, Spenser Ham, Marlowe Flitch and Ben Johnson Pork. If Shakespeare's father had only let into his son when he first thought of writing plays.....

Shakespeare's is clearly a neglected case!

To strike a personal note. If my parents has dotted me on the mazard when I displayed first symptoms of *scribendi cacoethes*, I wouldn't be dishing up gup to you, under cover of humour, for the past eight minutes or so. Had I been properly walloped when I first wrote to the humorous press, the good old Editor wouldn't have published this article in this issue, for, ten to one, I would have been a snake-charmer or a Professor of Mentropharmacology..... You'll find it between Mensorableness and Mentification.

THE END

The Cure



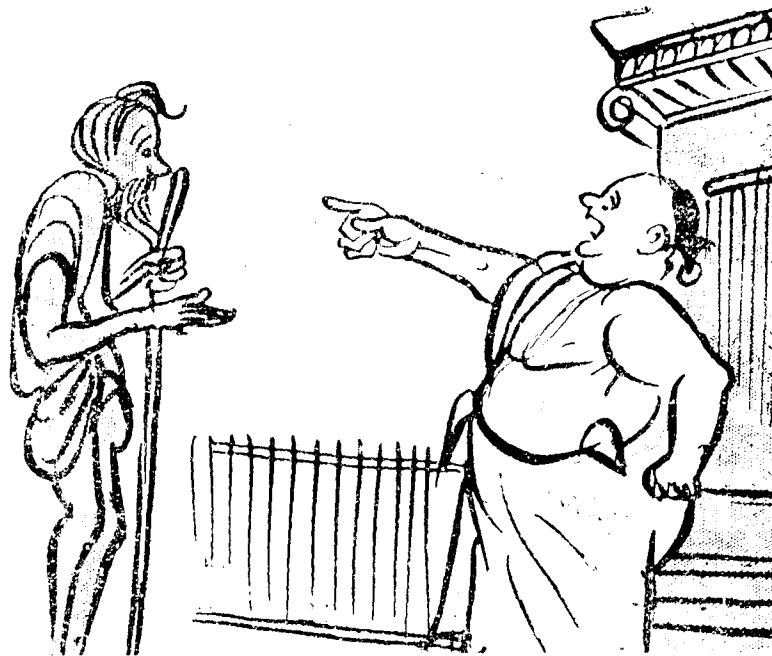
"Uncle, people say that the spots on my body are caused by biting insects? What do you advise me to do?"

"Stop biting insects!"

The Times Are Bad!

by Ria

Reading Time • About 2½ Minutes



RECENTLY, I had the honour to attend a wedding ceremony. It was a grand affair while it lasted, and everyone concerned seemed to like the way in which the money flowed out of their pockets in one grand blaze. After all, one doesn't have a marriage every day. After all—!

The host (who happened to be the bride's father) was beaming with smiles and forcing delectable things down every guest's throat; literally doing it, with that air of gay abandon that sits so ill on the face of the average village zamindar of today. One knows that these fellows are hard up, that they can't make both ends meet, and often wind up a hectic life with an I. P.

And yet. After all—! The daughter's marriage had to be a big affair and money had to be spent like water. What if the bailiffs waited around the corner? Such misfortunes had to be faced with fortitude; one can't stinge, be guilty of a crime, for fear of these petty nuisances.

We were at dinner. An Indian type of dinner where the host legs up around you wheedling compliments out of you, and forcing down the good things into your fully loaded stomach.

"Ghee—more ghee here!" shouts the host and the ghee is poured in torrents. "A few *jilabis* here—" he says and the *jilabis* are dumped into your leaf, without question—without restraint.

It was a grand dinner well worth the money spent. The guests are emphatic on that point. The host must have spent hundreds. "Hundreds! What if it

were even a thousand?" asks the host, and no one has any doubt but that the host is game to spend a few thousands if the occasion demands that from him. He doesn't care about money at all; he is rolling in heaps and heaps of lucre!

I saw the host's magnificence and felt myself humbled. People talk and talk of the distress of the rural population, say that they haven't the wherewithal to feed themselves. And here was I up against an ordinary type of individual who didn't have a worry on his soul.

A few days back, I had again occasion to go to the place of the marriage meet. The host was as courteous as ever. I was invited to stay and enjoy at the place. The good things of life were heaped for me with a generous hand.

I heard a plaintive wail from the roadside. A beggar was at the gate on his usual profession bent.

"A handful of rice, master..." he begged.

I heard the master of the house swear in anger at the beggar's intrusion. I heard his reply also.

"Rice? Rice? There is no rice—here! We don't have enough to eat ourselves and—here comes a man who wants rice!"

Well. I can now understand why people, specially the old ones, say that the times are bad. A man can spend hundreds on his pet cronies, upon the idle rich who don't want it. But he can't give a poor little beggar a handful of rice.

The times *are* bad! Rotten.

THE END

JOKES IN

The Editor's Office

by Omega

Reading Time • About 5 Minutes

JOURNALISTS, as a rule, are notoriously impecunious but they are not wanting in a sense of humour. I have come across many newspapermen and though their pockets were empty they were always bubbling over with fun and merriment. That is, I suppose, the saving grace of this profession.

People outside a newspaper suppose that the Editor is the monarch of all he surveys. He has the power of a Caesar and when he rejects contributions, he displays the heartlessness of Nero. It is also believed that he is personally responsible for every news-item or expression of opinion that appears in his paper. Weary lies the head that wears the crown and it is a very thorny crown that the Editor wears.

I have heard and read many jokes of newspaper offices which I would like to share with others. It once so happened that an obituary notice was published in a daily newspaper announcing the death of a local celebrity. That was obviously based on wrong information. The man was perfectly alive and kicking. It could not even be said that the news was 'grossly exaggerated' as happened in the case of Mark Twain who had to face a similar experience. The news was absolutely incorrect. On reading his death announcement the man went straight to the Editor's office and said with righteous indignation: "Well, Mr. Editor, what do you mean by publishing this nonsense about me? You ought to know that I am thoroughly alive. The news must be contradicted immediately." Respectable newspapers take great care about the news that they publish and it is below their dignity to contradict news that has once appeared in the paper. So the Editor said with calm deliberation: "Well, sir, we have made it a rule not to contradict any news that has once appeared in our paper. But if you are so keen about it, we can show your name to-morrow in our 'New Births' column." This is, indeed, Editorial kindness with a vengeance.

Editors are often pestered by contributors whose effusions are not published. Mr. Walter Page, when

he was an Editor, was reprimanded by a lady whose article had been returned with the usual courteous letter of Editor's thanks, compliments and profound regret for inability to use it. "I know that you did not read my story," said the lady, "for, as a test, I had pasted the pages 18, 19 and 20 together and the story came back with these pages still pasted." Mr. Page wrote back: "Madam, at breakfast when I open an egg, I don't need to eat the whole egg to discover it's bad."

A cheeky undergraduate once wanted to crack a joke at the expense of a famous Editor in whose presence he remarked: "If I had a son who was an idiot I would make him an Editor." With lightning promptness came the retort: "Well, young man, your father at least doesn't seem to think so."

The Printer's Devil is often responsible for putting the Editor in an awkward situation. "Look here," the poet gasped to the Editor. "I wrote a poem about my little boy and began the verse with the words 'My son, my pigmy counterpart.'"

"Yes?" said the Editor.

The poet drew a paper from his pocket. "Read!" he howled. "See what your blooming fool of a compositor has done."

The Editor read: "My son, my pig, my counterpart."

A budding poet received a very doubtful compliment from an Editor whose irony was thickly veiled in a sweet composition that must have touched the heart of the recipient.

Dear Sir,

Your poetical compositions are bound to be remembered after the names of Homer and Shakespeare are forgotten—but not unless they are forgotten.

Yours etc.

India is, indeed, a lucky country where Editors can talk so lightly of contributions and contributors. Not long ago I read somewhere that Editors in China were much afraid of their contributors and so even when

(Continued on page 27)

An Unfinished Letter

Reading Time • About 5 Minutes

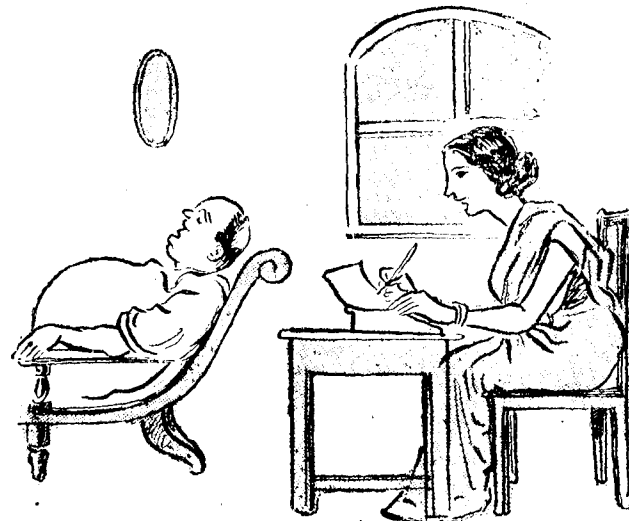
by T. A. S.

DEAR KAMALAM,

HERE I am, stitching up a torn portion of my husband's shirt. I never thought I could descend to anything so unromantic. And there he lies in the easy chair, reading the weekly—such an ungraceful pose too—and not paying the least attention to me. Oh, dear! Married life is so different from what I fancied it to be! Oh, I have pricked my fingers!

On the day when he tied the *thali* round my neck, I used to see him and myself walking in the Marina, hand-in-hand, for the rest of our lives. And in the rainy season, I used to imagine him kneeling at my feet all day long, and begging for a kiss. He used to do that sort of thing very nicely—the begging I mean—in the early days of our married life. Now, I cannot picture him in such a position. He actually grabs me and kisses me in such a noisy fashion. I am beginning to believe that he does not understand my nature. He is so material. Perhaps, after all, I have made a mistake. I believe I should have been married to a man of artistic temperament, one that would appeal to my artistic sensibilities, one that would not expect me to mend his shirts. Ugh! There, I have pricked my fingers again!

I do not believe that I am so happy as I thought I would be. At the time of my marriage, lots of people said I should not have been given in marriage to a man so much older than myself. Maybe, some of those people were right, though



I remember how angry I was at the time I heard it. I remember how many times he coyly used to look at me through the dense smoke when the priest was reciting the *mantrams* and how he used to press my hand when going along the streets in the wedding processions during the four days. But now—oh, dear! I wonder how many times I have sighed during this evening.

What's that noise? There it is again. Goodness! What can it be? It's a snore. How perfectly disgusting! It's positively insulting.

My husband is certainly getting stout. So prosaic, is it not, dear Kamalam? I can see over the top of his chair a wrinkle of fat in the back of his neck. That is death to all sentiment for ever. And believe I see two gray hairs and, yes, that looks like the beginning of a bald spot. I can never stand that, and if he gets bald, I shall die!

How superbly young Manickam sang '*Nagumo*' last night. How heavenly to marry a man like that, who would sing to you from morning till night, and never think about things to eat, or if coffee was late by an hour or so, would not make a fuss on account of being late to the office.

Ah! What a paradise life would be, mated with a man like that! And I cannot imagine a Manickam with a bald head or wearing holes in his shirt. Ouch! I won't have any fingers left if I don't stop pricking them.

Well, I have heard people of experience say we are really happier when we reach the utterly indifferent age. I am sure I have got there. And I think that it suits me exactly. There's him evidently perfectly indifferent towards me. No, no! I didn't mean that. I don't want him to feel indifferent towards me. Not at all. And, of course, there's no reason why he *should* feel indifferent towards me. I am quite sure I am all any man could demand in a wife. He never finds fault with me and that must be so because I am perfect. Oh, no! He has no reason other than to be quite satisfied with me.

Still, it seems strange that he should sleep when I am right here. Oh, but that's absurd. And, yet, this is my birthday and he's forgotten all about it. I am so glad I am indifferent. I don't care at all! I shouldn't mind even if he were to flirt with the woman who lives in the opposite house. It wouldn't disturb me in the least. Now I come to think of it, he looked three times keenly at that horrible Trilokasundari last night, at the drama. I remember distinctly it

was three times, though my back was turned at the moment. I wonder if he thinks she is better looking than I. She doesn't dress as well, she hasn't a particle of taste, and I'm pretty sure I have heard things about her. And she's stupid and I hate her.

Sh. No, I mustn't disturb him. No wonder he sleeps. He's so tired. He did not feel at all like going to the drama last night and went only to please me. How good he is to me! And he does look so well. Yes, really he is getting gray, my poor little darling, worrying over my extravagance, I'm sure. And gray hair is so distinguished. And baldness on the temples really adds grace to beauty. And I do hate thin men. Him'm—wake up. I want to tell you—No, I want you to tell me how nice I am...Oh, Seenu, you're musing up my hair! And darling, what are you putting



"You're the nicest man in the world....."

on my finger? For my birthday?...Oh, Seenu, what a beauty!.....I was just dying for a ring like this.....And Seenu, darling, you're the nicest man in the whole world.....

THE END

Jokes in the Editor's Office—(Continued from page 25)

they returned the manuscript, they tried to keep them in good humour by addressing most obsequious covering letters. Here is a specimen which should receive the widest publicity. "Most honoured brother of the sun and the moon: your slave is prostrate at your feet! I kiss the ground before you, and implore you to authorize me to speak and live. Your manuscript has permitted itself to be looked upon by us, and we have read it with enchantment. I swear on the tomb of my ancestors that I have never read anything more exalted. It is with fear and terror that I send it back.

If I allowed myself to print this treasure, the President would immediately order me to use it for ever as a model, and forbid me to dare to print anything inferior. My literary experience tells me that such literary pearls are created only once in ten thousand years, and that is why I take the liberty of returning it to you."

Cheerio, Editor, that's the kind of stuff which contributors in India thirst for in order to quench their vanity.

THE END

Poesy by Postal Tuition

by Mariann

Reading Time • About 5 Minutes

And why not?

I mean, dash it, if they teach Accountancy and Advert Writing and Auctioneering and How To Play the Rumba on the Tuba down in Cuba by postal tuition, why shouldn't poetry writing be taught likewise?

Why not? I know I asked that question once but I simply cannot help asking it again and again. You see it's all so absurd and unsatisfactory. I mean, aren't poets more important to the world than Tuba players? Then why should they be left out of consideration?

It isn't that poetry writing cannot be taught by post. Not at all. I do not believe in that silly old adage about poets being born and not made. If there was any truth in the statement, birth-control agitators would have used it as a very strong argument to confound their opponents long ago. Poets *can* be made. It is all a matter of remembering a few rules and learning a few technicalities.

I will tell you what you need to become a poet yourself.

In the first place you require a sheet of clean white writing paper. Clean white writing paper can be had at any stationer's on payment of a nominal sum. It is cheaper to buy directly from the paper manufacturers, and I know of a few very successful poets who have their own paper factories. But for a beginner, about a dozen foolscap sheets ought to suffice.

Then of course you will want a pen. This can be easily secured by going to the nearest Post Office and asking the man behind the counter if the snake under his chair was a pet of his. Naturally, the fellow will be startled and look suddenly beneath his chair. When his attention is thus diverted, you may remove a couple of pens from his desk and without letting your facial muscles show any sign of excitement, slip them into your coat pocket. You must then make a hasty exit from the Post Office premises.



Having got possession of pen and paper, you will have to cast about for what is in technical terms called 'Inspiration'. I will not confuse you with a definition of Inspiration at this early stage, firstly because you will not understand it, and secondly because I don't know it. There are several well tried ways of getting inspiration. Perhaps the most consistently successful one is that of slowly emptying three-quarters of a bottle of that delectable extraction of potatoes, generally called whisky. The immediate effect of this process of treating the lining of your stomach and your gullet alcoholically is to give rise in your brain to various and brilliant images. You begin to see things that are neither of Earth nor of Heaven. Presumably it was after an elongated communion with a bottle of *grappa* that Hamlet was convinced about there being more things in Heaven and on Earth than were dreamt of in the teetotalarian philosophy of Horatio, who no doubt was the prototype of Mister Pussyfoot. Your poetic fancy is tickled. You feel an irresistible urge to seize your pen and give to a purblind world the benefits of your exotic visions. Another great poem is born to the accompaniment of stentorian hiccups.

But your work does not end with having written the poem. As a matter of fact it has only begun. The first essential is to type it out. But pray wait till the effects of alcohol have worn off before trying to do this work. Otherwise, you shall press a 'P'

when you want an 'S', and make 'The Wide and Blue and Beautiful Sea' 'The Wide and Blue and Beautiful Pea.' There may be committed even worse blunders. 'My love is like a r. d red rose' is truly poetic? Now see what an error in typing can do. 'My love is like a red red nose.' Another famous line in poetry 'How Sultan after Sultan with his Pomp abode his hour or two and went his way' when similarly treated becomes 'How Sultan after Sultan with his pump above his head did wend his way.' Who does not remember the stirring line 'Honour the Light Brigade, Oh what a charge they made?' But one slip on the key-board and it is 'Honour the tight brigade, oh what a charge they paid!'

On the whole, I think it is best to leave the typing to a professional, even though that may mean paying

out something before you have earned anything. The typed poem may then be sent to the Editor of any suitable periodical. Stamps will have to be enclosed and the poem will come back to you after about eight days. But this initial failure must not discourage you. Once again, you will find that the bottle of whisky will come to your rescue. Make a neat little cork of your poem, and insert it into the bottle of the above-named substance. Place the bottle reverently into a packing case and send it to the Editor with your compliments. He will not return your contribution this time and there is no need at all to enclose stamps this time. The idea of sending your poem along in this fashion is to get into the good books of the Editor. Sooner or later, he may discover that the cork is really a poem, and may, if he is completely drunk, get it printed.

THE END

"I'll tell your teacher
you are smoking."

"I have not been put
to school yet."



Spring Styles

by Snip-Snap

Reading Time • About 7 Minutes



THE ecstatically optimistic poet sings: "O wind! If Winter comes, can Spring be far behind?" Was it not Shakespeare or Swinburne or some equally brainy laddie who blithely carolled that "the hounds of Spring in Winter's traces" would soon be in our midst, or words to that effect? That being so, it behoves the lad who would cut a pretty figure, the chappie that would like to cut his way to feminine hearts through the agency of the deadly crease of his trousers, to look well ahead. Spring is well-nigh upon us and if the circumspect young man-about-town did not with corrugated brow begin to consider the pretty problems of his whangee and his chapeau, not to mention his cravats and his kerchiefs, where would he be, I ask you?

In any case, I most emphatically do not agree with that shameless old reprobate, Dicky Steele; when he asserted that "the clothing of our minds certainly ought to be regarded before that of our bodies." Even the redoubtable Dr. Johnson, who probably had one of the best clothed minds of his own or any other generation, would have hesitated to rumble down to the Cheshire Cheese very lightly clad in a wisp of straw behind his ear and a couple of tattooed swastikas. He would in two shakes of a lamb's tail have found out that though a Steele might take one view of the matter, a 'copper' would most indubitably take another.

To come, however, to the matter nearest to our hearts. At first sight, the news of the new fashions administered me a sock in the jaw. The effect, I admit, was the same as if I had well and truly received one in the bread basket. I spluttered and gasped like a fish out of water. You see, I have just had my one and only old woollen suit dyed a vivid and (though I say it who shouldn't) fetching green. Under the circumstances, it went rather against the grain to hear that green in the coming sartorial season will be

worn only by Robin Hoods in theatrical companies and by billiard tables. What is more, when one has had one's only suit of dress clothes turned (and mine has been turned so often that it has learnt to waltz without me inside it) it is a trifle disconcerting to learn that their cut is now hopelessly demode. In fact, if that is not a scurvy bit of lead piping right behind the aural cavity, I should jolly well like to know what is!

These devastatingly sudden and, so far as I can see, totally unaccountable and unnecessary changes in men's fashions have often sorely tempted me to eschew all other wear and follow the lead of my friend, the ubiquitous Madrasi and swathe a dhoti round my nether regions, with full liberty to deck out my torso in any manner that my rampantly lively imagination suggests and my courage does not boggle at. I have seen Madrasis with merely a shirt and a shawl going with their dhoties and completing their ensemble. I have seen others with a stiff collar and a tie and coat on. I have even seen one with a hat surmounting his westernised torso. From the waist up, he was western; waist down, a Hindu of Hindus! And why not? It is these doughty souls—more power to their collective elbow!—who give the lie direct to Kipling and incontrovertibly prove that though the East may be the East and the West may be the West, the twain can and often do meet. And old Ruddy (I do not allude to the richness of his countenance nor am I giving vent to a cuss word! This is merely an affectionate abbreviation of Kipling's baptismal name) was reciting through his velour, anyway. What is the Highlander's kilt, I should like to know, if not an abbreviated but easily recognisable edition of the Madrasi dhoti? The charm of the dhoti for me lies in the fact that no dictates of the vagaries of fashion seem able to affect it in the slightest degree. How

ever, there seems little fun in ignoble safety, wherefore let us consider the other sartorial changes.

Fortunately for people like me, these other innovations are in a manner of speaking concerned more with the mode of wearing articles of apparel than with any change in the articles themselves. For instance, the dent in felt hats will now be worn from side to side instead of back to front as heretofore. This is calculated to lend greater dignity to the human physiognomy and bring us nearer in the matter of head-wear to the glorious times of Napoleon and George III. Owing to the hot and acrimonious controversy raging round the vexed question as to whether felt hats should be worn with their brims turned smartly down or remaining turned up in the ordinary position, a special urgent committee meeting of the Dress-makers & Outfitters Association has decreed that the brims shall be entirely done away with. With old felt hats, of course, you can swim with the tide of fashion by making this transformation yourself with a pair of curved manicuring scissors. This will also have the desired effect of bringing West and East nearer, as the transformed felt hat will resemble nothing so much as the khaddar cap, except for the difference in colour and in the mode of wearing.

The Gandhi cap will, of course, still be worn coming well down over the face though the really well-dressed men-about-town now hold that the ears must be tucked into the cap and not left to flap about idly outside. Nor is there likely to be any drastic change in umbrellas—though, strictly speaking they are not articles of clothing, except with bathing belles. They will continue to be carried to the imminent peril of public eyesight and head-gear as heretofore and will be left behind in trams and trains with customary regularity. They will also be reposing at home in their stands when it is raining cats and dogs outside and will as usual cumber the owner when the weather leaves little to be desired and the sun is shining with tropical splendour.

There is, however, likely to be some small change in the construction of trousers so as to pour oil over the turbid waters which divide the two opposing

schools of thought in the tailoring world, one of which is in favour of the retention of the permanent 'turn up' of our trousers, whereas the other party favours the idea of its complete abrogation. This season's fashion-books provide, therefore, for trousers with the 'turn up' inside the leg. This happy inspiration has the undoubted advantage of reducing the accretion of real estate which the exterior 'turn up' collected and harboured in such embarrassing qualities. This is indeed a real boon, as at one time or another, most of the soil comprising the town and island of Bombay must, I am convinced, have passed through the custody of my own 'turn up'.

As to shoes, in the ensuing sartorial season, they are to be sold in triplets and not in pairs as heretofore. This should prove to be a boon to people who habitually walk more with one foot than with the other. We all have had the bitter experience of having to discard a pair of shoes when one of the shoes was still crying aloud at the injustice of its 'compulsory retirement'. Now the life of the shoes is doubled at comparatively little cost.

There are also some minor changes though they are rather accommodating than revolutionary. For instance, oblong hand-kerchiefs are now available for those afflicted with unduly protuberant probosces, black-edged pyjamas for such as may desire to signify that they are in mourning in the event of their nocturnal arrest by the police or a fire on the premises. One well-known arbiter of fashion has decreed

that sleeve-links shall snuggle against the middle of the wrist, so as not to chafe it when the wearer is writing.

There is happily no drastic change reported in the minutiae of men's apparel like studs, shoe-strings, sock-suspenders, false teeth, and corn rings. These will substantially conform to the styles of former years.

And this, my beauteous Beau Brummels and devastating Don Juans, is all I am in a position to tell you to-day of this engrossing subject and will now conclude with a pious hope: "May your conquests be as numerous as your curses when a recalcitrant stud shows unwillingness to enter an unyielding stud-hole." Amen and adieu!

THE END



The Real Goods!



"Is that face-cream as good as you claim it to be?"

"As good! Why it would smooth out even a corrugated iron sheet!"

THE DOUBLE

March On Jerusalem

by V. Vyasa Rao

Reading Time • About 5 Minutes

EA CH country in Europe sent its quota of Christian warriors to wrest the Holy Sepulchre from the Saracen. The idea was immense, the cause grand, the stake immeasurably great—the redemption of Palestine. The effect of the Crusades on the centuries following was stupendous. It broadened Europe's horizon, slowly dispelling the murky fog of its Dark Age.

Nevertheless this great Christian adventure had attracted as its active protagonists some pretty low specimens of humanity, inspired by none too Christian ideals. Predatory barons threw in their lot with the Crusaders that they may not only plunder with ease, but also go to heaven with ease. The Church reserved in advance a seat in heaven for every Crusader. Debtors saw in the Crusades a felicitous way of dodging their obligations, students a pleasant extra-collegiate spree, hungry men a succession of square meals, merchants an inexpensive way of establishing business contacts, bondsmen a redemption from serfdom, rogues a frontierless opportunity to practise their roguery in.

Every city and hamlet in Europe rang with the word 'Crusade.' Amidst this babel was born in France, in a village called Cloyes, Etienne. He was a shepherd. This lad was a dreamer. He dreamed of himself at the head of an army of Crusaders, all children of about his own age. Etienne was twelve years old. He declared he saw God. God told him, he said, that the Crusades were a failure because the Crusaders were not pure of heart. Innocent boys and virgins shall redeem the Holy Land.

Etienne acquired an extraordinary faculty of mob oratory. This little boy, from whose lisping lips came words of wisdom compelled and held public admiration. He took the road as the guiding light of a new and purer Crusade. He camped at St. Denys five miles from Paris. Hordes of other children joined him—daughters and sons of the highest as well as the lowest in the land. The clergy blessed the little warriors. Veteran soldiers offered them useful tips about the route to the

Holy Land, and on warcraft. Presently 30,000 boys and girls of ages ranging from eight to eighteen gathered under the banner of Etienne at St. Denys.

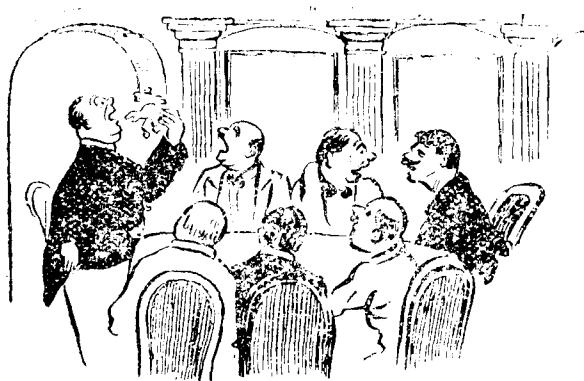
In the year 1212 Etienne at the head of his 30,000 warriors commenced the march on the Holy Land. The 'little general' led his ranks in regal state. He travelled in a chariot luxuriously furnished. They reached Marseilles. Etienne told his followers that the sea would give way before them, as it did to Moses of old, right up to the Holy Land. However the sea did not oblige. The army was discouraged. At this point two merchants, Hugo Ferreus and William Porcus, fired no doubt by religious zeal, offered the little Crusaders free shipping. The children put out to sea in seven ships. They were not heard of for nearly twenty years.

An aged priest who sailed with the children, so the story goes, came home and told a grim tale about the fate of the children. Two vessels were wrecked and all lives on board were lost. En route to the Holy Land the remaining ships were set upon by privateers infesting the Mediterranean waters. The captive children were sold variously at Bujeiah, Alexandria and Baghdad into bondage. Some children who refused to change their faith were put to death.

Such is the story told by tradition, unsupported by historical fact. Marquis James says that recent researches have established the fact that the children never set sail, that they did not go beyond the Loire. No contemporary record of their march is maintained in any place on the route which these little Crusaders were supposed to have taken.

Records may yet be unearthed to prove or falsify this story. But while Etienne was yet camping at St. Denys, 20,000 boys and girls of a tender age started from the Rhineland for the same purpose that Etienne was preaching elsewhere. Their leader was Nicholas, aged twelve. Nicholas, however, did not say that he saw God. This huge army of 20,000 children was followed by adult men and women, Christian devotees, and also by some rogues. Their march was

(Continued on page 36)



.....was the first to get the frog out of his throat

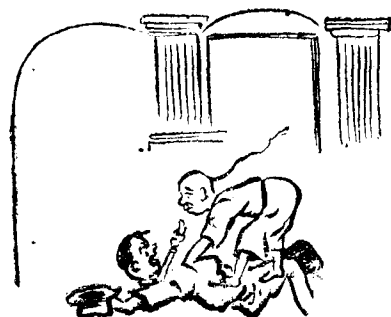
Disarmament

Reading Time • About 8 Minutes

THE ninth annual meeting of the Disarmament Conference was held last Friday at Genova.

The guests began to arrive at 10 last morning headed by the representatives of Britain and the British dominions. Prominent among them were Sir James Burton McDonnell in a red and gold Bentley tourer. Mr. Fu Wong of China in an electro-plated ricksaw, Mr. Buddy Nolan of America in green checks and an Alfa Romeo and Andrew Philips Kiang, the delegate for Borneo and the Sumatra Commission. At 11-35 A.M. (Genova Standard) Sir James opened the door with a brass-and-nickel key, and amidst loud cheers the Conference began. We paused on the threshold to sing the Disarmament Hymn, oiled our revolvers, and requested the bodyguard to stand by for further orders. M. Burthon of France was the first to get the frog out of his throat and led off with some instructive and elucidating remarks.

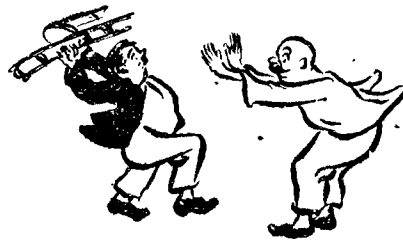
"This is, gentlemen," he observed, "a momentous and historic occasion. The destinies of nations are in our hands to-night. We are determined not to falter. For fifteen years we have waged a losing fight against the demon of armament, the monster of poverty and the spectre of materialistic ambition. We have schemed and sought and struggled. We have seen our hopes down-trodden, our ambitions denied, our aspirations defied.



The Chinaman slit his throat

We have been compelled to listen to arguing idiots, to concede that war is an expression of human nature and that the instinct to fight is an essential of the soul. Today is the day of our redemption, the day when our hands are set against a planet, a day of reason and right and vindicated justice, a day that shall bring about a radical change in the system of humanity and establish the world on a basis of peace and security. If we have endured much we shall accomplish all. The world shall be remodelled on the principles of mutual co-ordination till the edifice of reality rises on the foundations of understanding and the dome of human achievement projects from the slough of depression, forcing the monster of inhuman combat to skulk in the foot-hills of oblivion and urging the ladder of success past the ichthyosaurus of adversity, into the horizon of eternal glory. The committee will now adjourn for breakfast."

Breakfast went off more or less uneventfully and the atmosphere of peace was well preserved. The only untoward incident was towards the end, when the American, embroiled in a conversation concerning the relative merits of asparagus and spaghetti, shot his opponent through the head. A certain amount of confusion resulted. We of the League do not approve of shooting after breakfast. It spoils the floor and interferes with our digestion. However, the American's faux pas did no



The furniture suffered

Conference of 1940

by Artiji

material damage. The dead man's body was soon disposed of and the reserve delegate immediately installed.

After breakfast we had a game or two of billiards and an hour and a half's roulette. The majority of us were a little too free with the whiskey and the furniture suffered as a result. Successive potations of champagne ruined our sense of the idealistic. Eyes rolled, r's were slurred, and fingers itched on revolver triggers. The atmosphere was one of undiluted tension. The whole assembly expected a quarrel and no one attempted to disguise it. Only a spark was needed to set the tinder alight, and the man from Australia supplied it.

Poor Pitiful Australian! We veterans of the Disarmament Commission shed tears when we think of him to-day. He was so young—so innocent—so sublime in the freshness of youthful ambition. He stood up alone in that majestic hall one fateful

fifteenth of November and in scathing terms he lashed us for our folly. He wanted to know what we intended to do on the Disarmament question. He said that in any case we could do nothing about it. We



The sauce-pan driven home

were not men, he argued, but a mass of gin-sodden, beast-like humanity. We had neither the instinct to construct nor the ability to conceive. We were devoid of intelligence, devoid of reason, devoid of even the elementary essentials of common sense and justice. He swore that we were unfit to represent the judgments of a nation, he called us a disgrace to human society, he scathingly denied our privilege to sit in the Disarmament hall. He became more intense and more appalling. He walked from strength to strength, from dignity to passion, from lyric fervour to unseasoned rage. We attempted to halt him, but it was useless. The fool had gone beyond the limits of human endurance and there was a genuine sigh of relief when the Chinaman slit his throat. We buried his body in 'Disarmament' crypt with a laurel wreath upon his grave.

With one obstacle out of our path we settled down to discuss the prospects of peace. We had long since decided on a strengthening of our defences—only the margin remained to be agreed on—and this we left to the newspaper reporter who obligingly put it at twenty-five per cent—a nice, round, convenient figure.

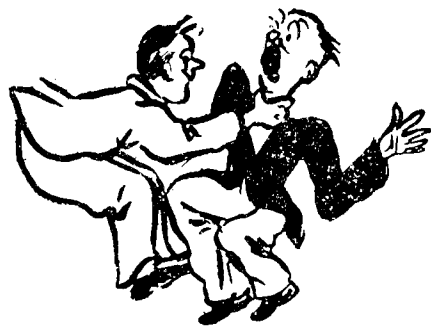
We now adjourned to the left wing, appropriately termed the 'Hall of Security'. After solemnly reciting a prayer



He was immediately strangled in the milk-jug

from the New Testament, we drew our revolvers, oiled the catches and calmly proceeded to assassinate one another. It was magnificent while it lasted—clubs and tables were employed and a couple of bread knives brought into action. The reserve delegates were almost immediately called into requisition, the floor was saturated with blood and the air full of unnatural oaths. Each body was removed at the instant of dissolution, labelled, wrapped in cellophane and stacked in a pile at the entrance of the crypt. The order and co-ordination which prevailed should be a standing tribute to Genova. Mr. Buddy Nolan gave a particularly commendable performance with five scalps, including M. Burthor and Spénkel of Czechoslovakia. I managed to stand a good second with four murders and a dozen knock-outs. With all due modesty I regard this as an achievement for India.

At 5-23 P.M. precisely the time-limit was declared. Tea was taken at 5-26 with hands on revolver holsters. At 5-31 I removed the head of the Argentinian with the only available carving knife. At 5-34 (and thirty seconds) I scalped the Afghan reserve. I was now leading my nearest rival, Mr. Nolan, one up and nine to go. Tremendous excitement prevailed. I consolidated my lead by stifling the Brazilian in the drain pipe. Sir James objected on the grounds that this interfered with the water supply. He was immediately strangled in the milk jug. The ammunition was now exhausted and would-be assassins were compelled to fall back on their own creative talent. Naturally enough, my academic prowess came to the forefront. With only seven to go, and a commanding



lead, my prospects were definitely rosy, but I was determined to add to the long scroll of my achievements. With infinite tact I led the unfortunate Mr. Fu Wong aside and launched him into a treatise on feminine society. Then, just as he was going into rhapsodies over the shape of his favourite film star's eyebrows, I crept up from behind and smashed

his skull. That left only six in the Hall of Security. Mr. Nolan in an inspired spell disposed of three, making the scores exactly equal. The excitement was now intense. With the wicket in its present condition there was no knowing what would happen.....

Strategical genius prevailed. I was at the victim's throat a fraction of a second before Buddy Nolan. I gained in the onrush and gained in the throwback. Eyes steadied—muscles tensed. My fingers led the American's by an infinitesimal margin as the Bornean's mouth was opened and the saucepan driven home. It was a magnificent, nay, a historic performance.

But I had no time to ruminate, for Buddy Nolan was upon me and Buddy's hands were at my throat. I attempted to struggle but it was useless. Iron muscles tautened, steel fingers gripped, a mist swam before my eyes, and through the reeling, shattered temple of the senses, I saw an arm descending. Came a crash that seemed to shake the heavens, the thud of metal on bone, a screeching, nerve-shattering jangle of sound, then the silence of eternal darkness, a million stars across my vision and in the gathering mist of oblivion, the triumphant smile of Buddy Nolan as the Disarmament Conference reached its close.....

THE END

THE DOUBLE MARCH ON JERUSALEM—(Continued from page 33)

triumphal. People on the way cheered and fed them. By the time they reached Mount Cenis in the Alps nearly half the army lost nerve and turned back. The precipitous mountain-passes proved disastrous. Some dropped down from weariness, some of hunger, some of disease. Mountain robbers and camp followers robbed, kidnapped and raped the poor children. All this notwithstanding, 7,000 of the original 20,000 reached Piedmont. The Italians bore these Teutonic children a grudge because King Otho, the children's sovereign defied the Pope. The army was harassed. Yet they reached Genoa. Nicholas said that the sea would open out a path for them to the Holy Land.

Nothing happened. However one boat-load of these children did set sail and eventually reached the Holy Land, where the Saracens grabbed them into slavery. Meanwhile Nicholas saw the Pope. The Pope commanded the children to go home and bear arms for the Lord when they grew up.

The retreat was a tragedy. The same people who cheered and fed them on the outward march cursed them. Brigands, hunger, the Alpine snow, all claimed their toll. At last a bedraggled skeleton of the original 20,000 reached the Rhineland.

Thus ended the double march on Jerusalem.

THE END



But as he tackled course after course, my heart sank within me

An Adventure—

by Sheikh Iftekhar Rasool

Reading Time • About 4 Minutes

IF it hadn't been for the gluttony of my friend Rajan I shouldn't have been reduced to my last shilling. Rajan is such a dear, and when I met him unexpectedly in Temple Lane after my lectures and asked him to break a bone with me, he didn't refuse. I didn't know how much I had in my pocket, but it never worried me. When I go up to Town for classes only I always take just as much as I think I require, and no more. Cowardly, perhaps, but wise.

Rajan looked at the menu with a nasty glint in his eyes. I thought he would have been satisfied with something small and cheap, but as he tackled course

after course, my heart sank. I didn't eat much myself, but the bill came to eight and eleven, which left me with just one and-a-penny, hardly enough to get me back home to Woking.

I parted with him, smiling falsely, outside the restaurant, and then paid a few calls. By six o'clock I was feeling very hungry, but I couldn't afford any tea, so I took a penny bus to the terminus. I put my gloved hand in my pocket to pull out the precious shilling, but it jumped out of my hand and vanished. I didn't hear it fall, because there were a lot of people clattering about, but I reckoned it couldn't have gone

far. I searched round on the ground for a bit, and people kept bumping into me and swearing. Then, which was even more embarrassing, several strangers, most of them of sinister aspect, began to join in the search. Quite a crowd gathered, and a policeman came up to see what was wrong.

I sneaked away. Like most innocent citizens, I don't like getting mixed up with the police.

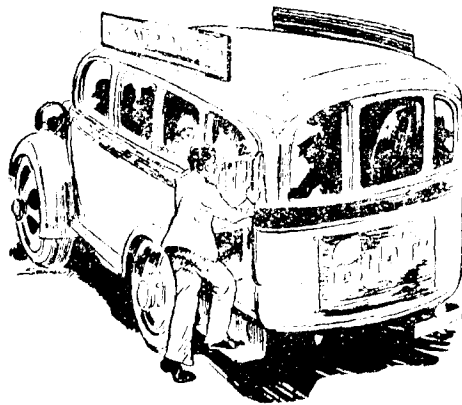
Then I remembered reading somewhere that if you get on a bus and find you haven't any money for your fare, they simply take your name and address and you post it to them afterwards. So I gathered courage and jumped into one which I thought was the right number for Woking.

I didn't quite like the idea of clambering on and sitting down and looking innocent, and then pretending to fumble in my pockets, but I thought I could go through with it, until, just as the bus was about to start, I caught sight of the conductor's face.

Most London bus conductors are cheery-looking men with bright smiles, but this one was not. Possibly he had recently been crossed in love. He had a cast in his eye and a crooked nose, and reminded me rather of a Sergeant-Major I once knew, and I felt that if I told him I had no money, he would have a good deal to say.

"Dear me!" I exclaimed. "I think I'm in the wrong bus!"

He gave me a nasty look, but let me escape, and I found myself once again in the road. At this time of the evening there was nobody at hand from whom I could borrow the price of a railway ticket. Possibly I could have explained matters to the booking-clerk and got a ticket on tick, but when I peeped through the bars, the booking-clerk reminded me of the bus conductor, more so. I am a timid soul, and decided to walk home. It was only eight miles, and when I was younger I used to consider myself something of an athlete.



It was pouring with rain and after three miles steady tramp I was extremely wet and miserable. A bus now passed me, and stopped a few yards in front. The conductor was a mild-looking man, and I stepped bravely on board. He did not come for the fares for a few minutes, being busy chatting with a man in overalls. They were talking about a man who had been fined £5 for bilking the bus company.

"Lucky not to get a month," said the conductor.

"But he deserved it," said the man in overalls.

I rose hastily to my feet.

"Excuse me!" I said anxiously, "does this bus go to Chiswick?"

"No," said the conductor. "This goes to Woking!"

"I'm afraid I've made a mistake," I said. "Do you mind if I get off?"

He stopped and let me get down, and I realised that I was a mile nearer home, without spending a penny. It seemed a good idea, worth repeating. I clambered on the next bus that came along, and sat snugly in the corner for about five minutes. Then I leaned forward and touched the conductor on the arm.

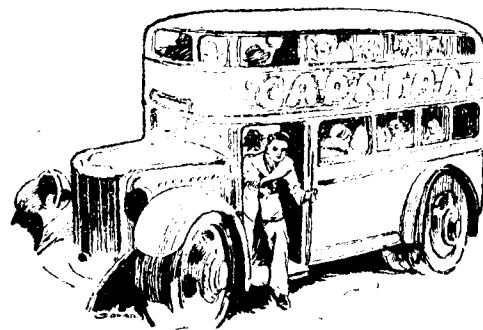
"Is this the Chiswick bus?" I asked anxiously.

"Yes," said the man. "Four pence, please!"

So I had to fall back on what may be called trick A., and gave him my name and address, after fumbling in my pockets, blushing furiously, and becoming an object of great interest to the other passengers. I had to go on to Chiswick, of course, which was quite in the opposite direction, and I was in the last stages of exhaustion when I eventually arrived home at about two o'clock the next morning.

I was wet through from head to foot, and when I went upstairs to change, the shilling fell out of the turn-up of my trousers.

THE END



The Disgruntled Bride

by Mike

To this land of tasty curries—where some novel kinds of fish, Such as 'Bombay Duck' and Pomfret give you joy, Where gaudy coloured durries, as cheap as one can wish, Are flourished, while they're shouting "Ship Aboy" Where Sepoys eat *Chappatties*, while policemen carry *lathies*. And bare-legged coolies always raise a din—, Came a lady, spruce and neat, by P. & O. to meet Her fiancée, whose weakness was 'Small gin'.

They were held up at the barrier by a hardy Customs Warrior

Who dived into the trunks with scarce a word. The man, he was so curious, made the bride more furious, His actions to her really seemed absurd! Meanwhile our Johnny Potter who had come from Palamcott, Sat with puckered brow, in reverie profound, Till the steward came and said, the *Mem Sahib* must have fled!

Since no vestige of her presence could be found.

Fortified with this vile dope he waved his *Solah Topee*, As the steamer slowly berthed beside the pier; The sun was shining brightly, the lascars scampered lightly, The noise and bustle seemed to her so queer; The hatchways were deserted, and Jane was feeling hurt-ed As the passengers went stepping down the plank, For she had not seen her Johnny, looking bright if not quite bonny, And her heart—behind the porthole—nearly sank!

This put Johnny in a duster, his nerves he tried to muster By draining all the liquid in his glass; He hurried to the landing, and spied the couple standing So through the crowd he struggled hard to pass; His brow grew dark and darker; he knew the 'Nosey Farker And rightly guessed that she would 'cook his hash' She'd inflamed the irate Jane, who, to his grief and pain, Derided him—, this hurt him like a lash.

When he clambered up the gangway—an over-zealous lover, His sole ambition now to board the ship, He searched in every corner, but his bride could not discover Stumbling once, he nearly got the pip! Then he tried the inner cabins, brushing past some 'greasy Rabbits'

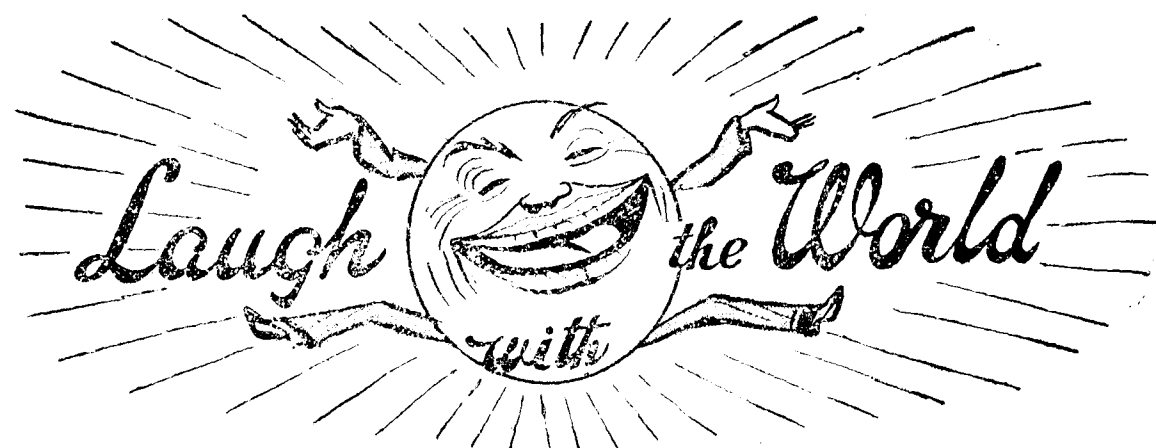
Who nearly knocked his helmet off his head; He worked into a sweat, looking for his long-lost pet, While she, in turn, was seeing dark & 'red'!

Meekly he then protested, admitting he'd been bested, But the maid's response was one of downright scorn— "You want me to be trusting, but your conduct is disgusting I'm sorry your engagement ring I've worn!" The poor man felt dejected, at being thus rejected, But replied with sudden warmth to this tirade— "Since you're inclined to doubt me, and thus, in public, flout me I'm ready from your presence now to fade."

He tried to cool his ardour by visiting the larder, A steward poured him out of a glass of something strong Then went to find the lady, while Johnny found a shady Spot, and hoped the man would not be long. As he bought a new edition, with a 'Weekly competition', His fiancée, with belongings, reached the wharf, An acquaintance of her Aunt—a woman tall and gaunt Had cunningly contrived to take her off.

Our Johnny then departed, and from the station started For the lonely district where he made his home; He sought his trusty bearer, a sort of 'Avis rara' Who often, with his master far would roam. His bungalow, which was roomy, had grown exceeding gloomy He gave vague explanations to his friends, Who wisely kept away, until on Christmas Day They planned a special feast to make amends!

The moral of this fable, if to read it you've been able— If a bride should land in India, feeling wronged, She should try her best to stick it, and not waste her passage ticket Or her spouseless state may ever be prolonged. But a man should have a care, if he truly wants to pair Those morning drinks he really must eschew, For she'll go back to Tooting, while the wily snipe he's shooting. And both their sad mistake will surely rue!



Clerk: Please, sir, there's a traveller been waiting two hours to see you.

Boss: Send him away, and apologise for not having done so two hours ago.

—Pearson's Magazine

School Teacher: Percival, why are you half-an-hour late? What was the matter?

Percival: I went out with Pa to a lynching party and we stayed until the last man was hung.

School Teacher (severely): Was hanged, Percival!

—The Log

He wrote to the Browns in Sussex and referred to the charms of the country in spring.

He telephoned the Joneses in Kent and said how he envied their rural retreat now that winter was over. His picture postcard to the Jacksons at Brighton touched lightly on his need for a whiff of sea air. And his last minute wire to Torquay asked if his friends there were in residence.

In fact, he did all he possibly could before deciding that this year he would spend Easter at home.

—The Humorist

"Your father looks very distinguished with his snow-white hair."

"Yes, he has me to thank for that."

—Hamburger Nachrichten

Hotel Page: Telegram for Mr. Neidspondiavanci! Mr. Neidspondiavanci!

Mr. Neidspondiavanci: What initial, please?

—The Beehive

Mike was going to Dublin for the first time in his life and his friend Pat was giving him a few tips on what to do and where to go in the city.

"What do I do when I go to the Zoo?" asked Mike.

"You be careful about the Zoo," advised Pat. "You'll see foine animals if you follow the words 'To The Lions' or 'To The Elephants' but take no notice of the one 'To The Exit', for, begorrah, Mike, it's a fraud, and it's outside I found myself when I went to look at it!"

—Pearson's Weekly

Women are struggling for equal rights in Japan. They are behind the times. In more advanced countries men are doing the struggling.

—Catalina Courier

"Porter!"

"Yes, madam, what is it you wish?"

"I just found two strange men in my apartment and I want you to put one of them out."

—Lyre

The only State in which the Legislature sits the year round is Florida. One theory is that the boys are afraid to leave the State House for fear some real estate man will sell it while they are gone.

—New York Evening Post

Merry's Filmfolio

FORBIDDEN BRIDE (Hindi)

A 'Sagar' Production

At: The Select Talkies, Madras

Reviewed by K. A. P.

For relaxation, *Forbidden Bride* should do well. It is romance with a capital R, bubbling with humour but the title gives the story away. A 'bride forbidden' to the groom though married to him, has naturally to be restored to him in the end. This is what intelligent filmgoers know and this is what happens on the screen set to a luxurious background of ancient princely India.

A brief recital of the characters and their function in the plot and you have the whole story in a nutshell.

The scene of action is divided between the neighbouring states of Rajnagar and Udaynagar, but for the opening act in an out-law den, in the outskirts of Udaynagar.

Judhajit is an exiled prince of Udaynagar, living with Indrajit, one of the twin sons of the late ruler his brother, who had grievously wronged him. Satrajit, the spoil-sport, is Udaynagar Prince.

News reaches Judhajit of the impending marriage of Satrajit with the beautiful Princess Chandra of Rajnagar. He commands Indrajit to decoy the princess. Posing as Satrajit's intimate friend, Indrajit enters the Rajnagar palace where he encounters the princess in maid's clothing, trying to save herself from marrying the wastrel-prince Satrajit. The gazelle-eyed Chandra and the handsome Indrajit lose their hearts to each other, each least suspecting the real identity of the other. Indrajit goes away but is captured when trying to rescue his comrades from the sepoy's of Udaynagar.

Chandra resigns herself to Providence and consents to the marriage. As it happens, Satrajit is found in a drunken stupor, on the morning of the day of marriage, unfit to stir out. The Dewan finds in Indrajit's striking resemblance to Satrajit, a timely substitute. Indrajit officiates as the bridegroom for the occasion.

Meeting face to face as bride and bridegroom, they are irresistibly drawn towards each other but Indrajit is desperate. He has no right to her though he loves her. Here is a struggle for both the lovers and the audience.

The drunken prince, in a brief spell of sobriety, tries to get at his bride, strikes a false note and ends the episode in a fiasco; the princess locking herself in. There is a commotion following. Judhajit and his men enter on the scene and a fight ensues. Judhajit and Satrajit are killed. The lovers are happy, as they ought to have been but for the intervening chapters.

Madonna-faced Sabita Devi is Princess Chandra and her voice and acting manners are charming.

Motilal comports himself with admirable bewilderment as Satrajit the lost soul and sincerity as Indrajit, playing the dual role in a skilled manner.

In spite of the incongruous sequences in the story, the whole picture has been so very prettily worked out that even such minor parts as the maids to the princess and the members of the outlaw band have been done expertly.

At first you will be a little irritated with the irreconcilable threads in the plot and the well-mannered performance of Judhajit the outlaw, as the injured person. But quickly his behaviour proves very right for the part of the aristocratic and insulted chief that he is supposed to be.

I am always suspicious of movie versions of our princes' courts and their daily lives. Durbar-halls, of course, can be luxuriously lighted up and entertained by beautiful dancers and ingeniously attired buxom girls but I am somewhat dubious about the clinking of glasses.

The producers must be advised that this is more show than plot.

Altogether some humour, a tear or two, a few tantalising dance sequences and a splash of sentiment, shimmer through this film, though I remained unmoved throughout, unimpressed by the insight into the habits and discipline of the princes of good old Ind.

Sarasvathi Talkies

At Sarasvathi Talkies, last Saturday night the Telugu *Droupadi Vastrahavan* had an interruption. A section of the audience, swayed by the impassioned portrayal of Kannambha as Droupadi, rushed to attack Duschasana on the screen at the juncture when he approaches Droupadi to drag her to the darbar hall. There was a brief respite in the show on account of this breeze but it was resumed, skipping a few feet following.

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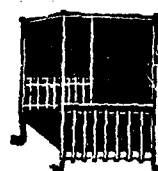
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"Oh, that was how I was looked at me so queerly and I with my gold ALWYS be sure of myself."

Do You Make these Mistakes in ENGLISH?

MANY persons say "Did you hear from him to-day?" They should say "Have you heard from him to-day?" Still others say "between you and I" instead of "between you and me." It is astonishing how often "who" is used for "whom," and how frequently the simplest words are mispronounced.

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AROUND THE STUDIOS

by The Runarounder

Calcutta Film Exchange: Have secured the exploitation rights of the topical of the 49th Session of the Indian National Congress, recently held at Lucknow.

This, besides showing "Motinagar" in detail, includes the Subject Committee Meeting, Procession of the President-elect, Open Session of the Congress, Volunteer Camps, Flag hoisting Ceremony and the close-ups of prominent leaders. It will be released in the city and the mofussil very shortly.

New Theatres Ltd., Calcutta: *Grihadaha & Manzil* (Hindi Version) from Sarat Chatterjee's Novel *Grihadaha*. Shooting is over. The film is in the Editor's room and will be ready by the middle of May. The double version (Bengali and Hindi) with the good cast will be a box-office pull. No footage is wasted in the picture and from the moment the hero makes his appearance, action, suspense and thrills alternate in breath-taking succession. The twists of the drama are cleverly contrived, while real suspense colours the climax. In *Grihadaha* (Manzil) the staging is improved. Intriguing story, excellent team work, intelligent direction, sustained action and good production will make *Grihadaha* a class picture.

Director Nitin Bose has started work on a new picture. Shooting will start from the 15th of May. The title of the picture, which will be a double version one, players in the leading role and other particulars will be published later. Mr. Nitin Bose has made final arrangements to introduce certain very new techniques in his new pictures. Nitin Bose's scientific trend of mind always seeks for something new and one can expect to see something newer in his coming pictures which may outshine his *Bhagya Charka* and *Dhup Chhaon*.

Director Barua has commenced his rehearsal for his new Hindustani picture. The story of his new picture is a social one—modern. It is a story of the rich and the poor. A story of social evils and society's goodness too. In this picture Music direction will be by R. C. Boral and Photography by Bismal Roy. The players in the main role are Pahari Sanyal, Jamuna, and Azuri. They will be supported by K. C. Dey, Nawab and Harimati. Further details will follow.

Director Dinesh Das has started with his rehearsal of *Bijsya* and shooting will commence in a week's time definitely. The players in the main roles are Chandravathi, Pahari Sanyal, Durgadas Banerjee, Syam Laha, Amar Mullick. Songs by Saigal and K. C. Dey will be a special attraction in this picture.

Shalini Cinetone, Kolhapur: *Ascer-i-Havis* in the Editing Room: The set of the *Street* was exposed Kolhapur last week and Pandit Shivkumar is busy editing in it. The picture is bristling with war scenes taken on the hilly background of Zamanagarh. Mr. Gajanan Jagirdar has done creditably in the immortal role of the old Sheikh and is ably supported by Usha, Ameena, Danve, Dudhale, Hindoo and others.

A Stirring Theme in Marathi: Mr. Baburao Painter is busy shooting the indoors of the New Marathi picture *Indian Shylock* known as *Savakari Pash*. The picture is sure to attract both the masses and classes due to the powerful theme behind the same.

Settings in Pratibha: Huge sets are being erected in the New Sound Proof Studio. Mrs. Durgabai Khote is featured in this picture, supported by an able cast.

Paramount:

Bansari Bala featuring Gohar Karnataki has passed the censors and awaits release. It is said that the picture is much above the Paramount average.

National Theatres:

Calcutta Talkies Distributors are definitely looking after their interest here and have been brisk with the booking of their production *Derby-ka-Shikar* which is the coming attraction.

Kolhapur:

Gangavataram is ready. *Women's Challenge* featuring Ratan and Hafisjee, is well-nigh nearing completion. Jhagirdar, the youngest director, is busy with the cast for his picture *Deen Daniya*.

Minerva:

Sorab Mody, the Hamlet of Stage Film with his new company has begun making *Shahide Hamas*, his maiden production.

The story is by the late Aga Hashra Kashmiri.

HOT FROM HOLLYWOOD

by Yankee

Pictures and Length

Overlength pictures were once taboo. Now they have come to stay—and audiences like them, the longer, the better. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer started the cue with the *Mutiny On the Bounty* at 10,000 feet. Those who saw it run for 2 hours were enchanted by its magnificence. *The Midsummer Night's Dream* is another in the parade, but a little longer: this is another cinematic marvel. Yet another overlength beauty is the *Magnificent Obsession*. And all the three score heavily.

From Warner's comes *Captain Blood*, a smaller edition of the *Mutiny on the Bounty*. They tried to cut down *The Prisoner of Shark Island* and Marlene Dietrich's *Desire* but they could not shorten them to anything less than 9000 feet. Now the latest of these uncuttable pictures is *The Great Ziegfeld*, the longest of the lot, over 14,000 feet in length. This must run for nearly three hours—but every minute of it will be enjoyable. The setting, acting, the whole production are made on such a grand scale.

These will probably be followed by many more long pictures, going beyond the 8 reel length and end in Hollywood maintaining no standard length for a picture.

Work over on the set of the *Desire*, Gary Cooper who plays the lead opposite Marlene Dietrich, left for a restaurant and had his luncheon. Leaving the restaurant, he placed a bunch of Dollar Bills for paying his bill. The hotel clerk stopped him and asked: "Hey, what do you think you are? What is this bum bunch for, anyway? If you thought you could do me in the eye you're imagining you are Al Capone!"

Taking the dollar-bills in his hand, Gary discovered that they were the fake.



Gary Cooper

ones supplied by the prop department which he had forgotten to return!

Marriage for Rainer

Just when Luise Rainer's work in *The Great Ziegfeld* is making her one of the greatest stars in Hollywood, she sends word that she is going home to get married. No one knows the name of the happy man but it is known that the love-god has been paying Luise regular visits these six months in her Hollywood home. The wedding will come off, she says, in six months, that is, after she has finished her next picture, *The Good Earth*. The wedding will take place in Vienna from the way the wind is blowing.

It was an outdoor shot in *The Voice of the Bugle Inn*. Lionel Barrymore was making a dramatic speech. Nearby was a corral of sheep. As Lionel concluded, a loud and lusty "Baaa!" filled the air.

Those who stood around were pressing handkerchiefs to their lips.

"So we have a critic in the house," observed Lionel and went on with the rest of the speech.



Luise Rainer

Now for the saddest story of the movie month. This concerns Adolphe Menjou the tailor's delight.

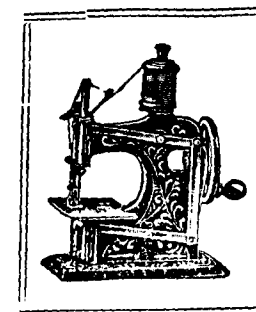
He had ordered ten new suits but then he got sick. He dropped twenty pounds while in hospital. His suits are arrived and he looked like some sack-race runner inside them. Now he is trying put on weight quick to be able to fit the suits!

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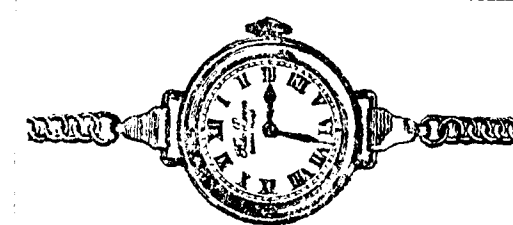
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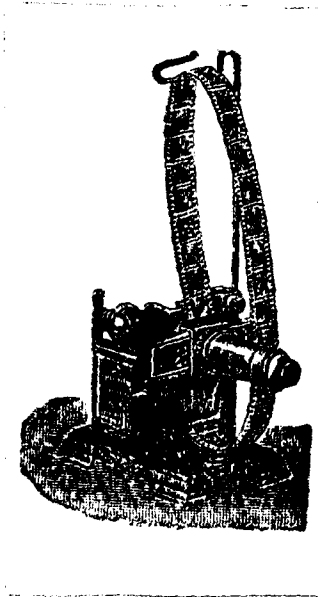
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