

MERRY

MAGAZINE

645

2070

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: T. A. S. :

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The
MERRY
MAGAZINE



Madras, May 9, '36

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Embusque

★

Taurus

★

Jayalakshmi

★

Diana Don

★

S. I. Rasool

Etc. Etc.

SPARKS FROM OUR ANVIL

Addressing his constituents at Leamington, Mr. Eden is reported to have said: "We must be prepared to profit by the lessons of the last six months in a spirit of realism, and in pursuit of the constant purpose of British policy."

It looks as if Italy will after all not be allowed to have the whole of Ethiopia!

He further added: "We have nothing with which to reproach ourselves."

This odious task is however left to be done by the rest of the world!

Says Herr Hitler: "Peace abroad is necessary for the fulfilment of Germany's ideals."

We wish we were as sure that German ideals are necessary for peace.

He further said: "I will rather be the meanest among you than the King of any other country."

It must be gratifying to him to have achieved his ambition so easily.

It is announced that the Emperor of Abyssinia has embarked on board the *H.M.S. Enterprise*.

Who can say after this that Britain has been lukewarm in her support to the Negus?

According to earlier reports, the Emperor's destination was stated to be Aden.

Evidently, he is coming nearer Eden.

In the course of a press statement, Sir T. Gavin Jones of Cawnpore is reported to have said: "The right and left wings of the Congress are hopelessly divided on fundamental principles, and can hold together only so long as their object is the removal of such control as the British have over Indian affairs."

In that case, we can only long for the day when the split between them will be complete!

A press communique announces that the Hon'ble Sir K. V. Reddy has been appointed to act as the Governor of Madras.

No wonder, Lord Erskine is forced to take leave for the period!

Presiding at the meeting which was addressed by Mr. James, Sir W. Wright expressed the opinion that the Finance Member's education will not be complete unless he paid a visit to Madras.

Even then, it is doubtful if he would do Wright!

A news item says that China has banned mixed marriages.

This is carrying the sex-obsession too far!

The latest from the examination hall: "Styx is a river in Netherlands."

The A. P. I. understands that the Nawab of Pataudi is going to England, and will play for Worcestershire, if fit!

And also if found fit!

Mr. F. E. James: "The Assembly debate on Ottawa was influenced by political considerations."

Mr. James himself however voted as a matter of business!

"There is something of Puck and the French gamin in Sir James Grigg!"—F. E. James:

May we, Mr. James, elaborate Your brief but just certificate? We find on analysing Grigg That he's as much a boor as prig!

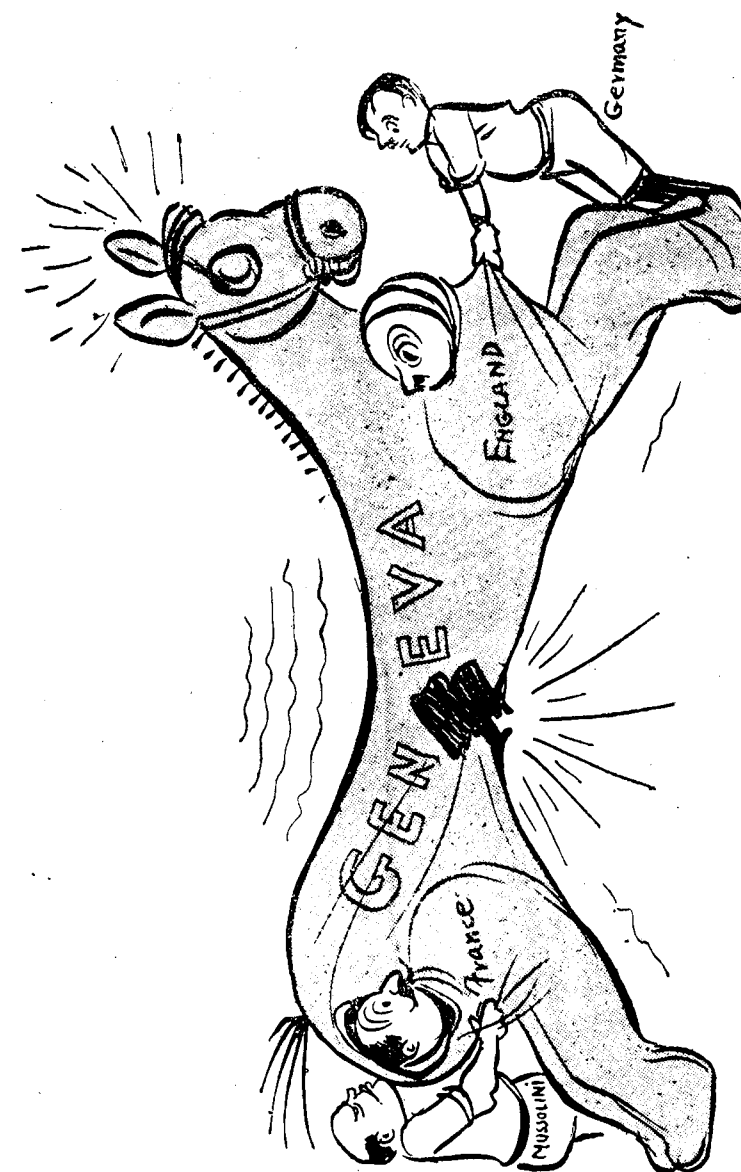
The Last of the Barbarians

Events in the last few days have followed one another with startling rapidity. The Capital of Ethiopia is in flames; its Emperor has fled the country, and sought the ignoble protection of his betrayers. The heroic tradition of fighting to the last ditch, fostered by poets and romancers did not commend itself to the Negus, for what reasons we do not know. But it would be heartless impertinence on the part of any one to blame him for what he has done. It may not be generally realised that the doomed man was compelled to fight the enemy on two fronts. While the bombs were rained on his soldiers, the civil population was subjected to the insidious poison of propaganda to which we have reason to believe large sections of it succumbed. If we remember the handicaps to the preservation of a united front experienced in our own country, and recall that imperialistic methods are pretty much the same all over the world, we can readily imagine the upheaval caused by the Italian advance into Ethiopian territory. There is opportunism in war, as in peace; and it is quite possible that the Negus is the victim of an inevitable phase in the deep-laid plan of his enemies. He did his best, against overwhelming odds, and with material which was undependable on account of its primitive virtues and defects. It is said that he has hopes of saving something from the wreck by using the British and French. It is an irony of fate that has driven him to the arms of those who tried during the last six months to destroy him by their ignominious inaction.

Nemesis, if there is one, must now overtake the powers morally responsible for the overthrow of Ethiopia. The negotiations that are to start soon will witness a trial of strength between Britain and Italy with France playing the delicious role of an impartial arbitrator! The diplomatic harvest will show the probable lines on which the European powers will regroup themselves in preparation for the greater struggle for which all are now preparing frankly, openly and without subterfuge. The wind is sown; we await the whirlwind.

The last act of the Negus has come in for some severe criticism. On the face of it, it is an act of criminal folly to invite a mob-rising by the imprudent gesture of throwing open the palace doors to the rabble. We shall not be surprised if it was a deliberate move to bring about the destruction of the city, as a symbolic act of self-annihilation. It was a barbaric act, thoroughly in keeping with the mentality of a people among whom the finer aspects of civil life are not yet developed. Further, life is cheap among barbarians. The more thoughtful among the Ethiopians must have contemplated with a certain grim satisfaction the welcome that awaits the conquerors from the flames of the burning City. Addis Ababa is not captured; it died in the pride of its independence, performing a kind of *Hara Kiri*.

The Ominous Crack



Competent observers opine that cracks in the League structure may be seen.

The March

Mainly Philosophical

In recent days nobody has been so much in the news as Sir S. Radhakrishnan. He is going about from place to place emitting from his tail (so to say) a white smoke-screen of philosophic glory which is bedimmed the lesser chaps in Indian public life. Sir S. R. told the students of Madras the other day: "My complaint so far as the present conditions in this country are concerned is that we talk about patriotism; we talk about great ideals; but when we come to put them in practice, what is it we are doing?"

The *Swarajya* of Madras took Editorial umbrage at the great philosopher's query. But Editors are queer people, and take umbrage even for such small trifles as when they leave their umbrellas at home and are caught in the rain. Yes, we talk our blocks off about patriotism and great ideals. And when we come to put them in practice, what is it we are doing? Precious little, if you ask me, and/or Sir S. Radhakrishnan.

For one thing you don't go to the University of Oxford, or the University of Timbuctoo for that matter, as you ought to. You just collect a lot of unwanted salt, get poked in the ribs by beautiful, khaki-clad policemen, go and fill the prisons to show off to your girls, or get bashed on the head. Also you affect ugly homespun and rob the poor mill-owners of Lancashire of their much needed sleep. Is this patriotism? No, sir. Is this practising great ideals? No, indeed. Then what in the name of Jagatguru Sankaracharya ought you to do, so that Sir S. Radhakrishnan may not complain? It occurs to me that the only course open to you is to study comparative philosophy, wear a

white turban *a la South India*, to match a black long coat. Or if you are (like me) more fond of comic journals than of philosophy, you can disguise yourself like scorpions and bite the big, bad



fellows in the pants, always leaving the ladies alone. Speaking of scorpions, what did I set out to discuss? Oh, yes—er—what I mean to say is that I never could understand philosophy.

★
And to the same students Sir S. Radhakrishnan said that he sympathised with the unemployed. However it did not matter very much if people had no jobs. But it mattered a great deal if they had no purpose and no aim in life.

Again the Editor of *Swarajya* took umbrage (I think I used that funny word before). Commenting on this cheerful philosophic out-

look of Sir S. R. towards the Great Indian Unemployed, *Swarajya* says that this view doesn't smell much of the milk of human kindness which is always associated with culture and spiritual eminence, both of which Sir S. R. possesses in an abundant degree.

Really these Editors do get on our nerves. Where does any reasonable chap look for a smell of the milk of human kindness? Surely he looks for it near a wet nurse or maybe near a milk-maid. God never intended philosophers to smell of milk, because—but it is silly anyhow. The idea! In my time, I have come across a few philosophers. There is no distinctive smell about them at all. They do exude a disagreeable odour, though, if they fail to wash themselves. But then that is the odour of sanctity, as everybody knows.

Bless my soul! I don't seem to be getting out of the Sir S. Radhakrishnan-complex to-day. Too, of *Swarajya*-complex.

Swarajya says, anent the imminent exodus of Sir S. Radhakrishnan to Oxford:

The Hindu philosophers of old laughed at the great Alexander when he attempted to transport them to his capital. They felt it was a slight on the majesty of philosophy that they should go to learners abroad, instead of the learners from abroad going to them! How wide of their standards have we drifted in the interregnum! What they were prepared to die to prevent, we now acclaim as a national honour!

of Events

by The Man On The Move

Twice in this page I've disagreed with the *Swarajya*. I can't find it in my heart to disagree with *Swarajya* a third time, lest such disagreement should make it sorrowful. So I agree that the translation of Sir S. Radhakrishnan to the Spalding Chair of Philosophy is not such a screaming honour as it is made out to be. Obviously Oxford is keen on investigating this philosophy business. And who is more fitted to help them investigate it than our illustrious compatriot, Sir S. Radhakrishnan? On the other hand, we ought to preserve our glorious traditions and refuse to go with latter-day Alexanders.

There is a nasty imbroglio for you! What then, eh? To preserve the majesty of our philosophy and at the same time to benefit poor Oxford, seems to me, is rather difficult of solution. But faint heart never won fair lady, or as Jawaharlal would put it, success comes to those who dare and do.

How about the Oxford University closing up its show in Oxford and establishing itself in India instead? This would save our honour, and Oxford will have achieved its high object. The Oxford University buildings need not be written off as a capital loss.

Any American millionaire would purchase them at a fancy price. America is rather fond of Ye Olde Englishe Things, you know. The question now arises, where are we to house the Oxford University in India? If the Government creates any difficulty about a suitable site, I place my house at the service of the O. U. at a nominal rent. Or I shall ask the Editor of the *Swarajya* to loan half the floor area of his editorial offices. I am sure he would cheerfully oblige.

In any event, *Bon Voyage* to Sir S. Radhakrishnan, say I.

Fat Lot You Know!



"Why don't you shoot that tiger?"
"It hasn't got the right kind of expression for a rug."

Man, Know Thyself !

Listen all, Brothers, Sisters, minz !

(India's Poetess speaks through her silver lute :

—Who doesn't know the 'Song-Bird's' voice divine ?)

"Let races fuse : let's go to the question's root :

"Let Man unite ; let Men and Women meet

"In social fellowship and intercourse

"O for a fusion of races, full and complete—

"A social club for Man, with wide-open doors !"

That indeed is the pressing need of the hour ;

"A sense of human kinship ;" a Sister, a Brother

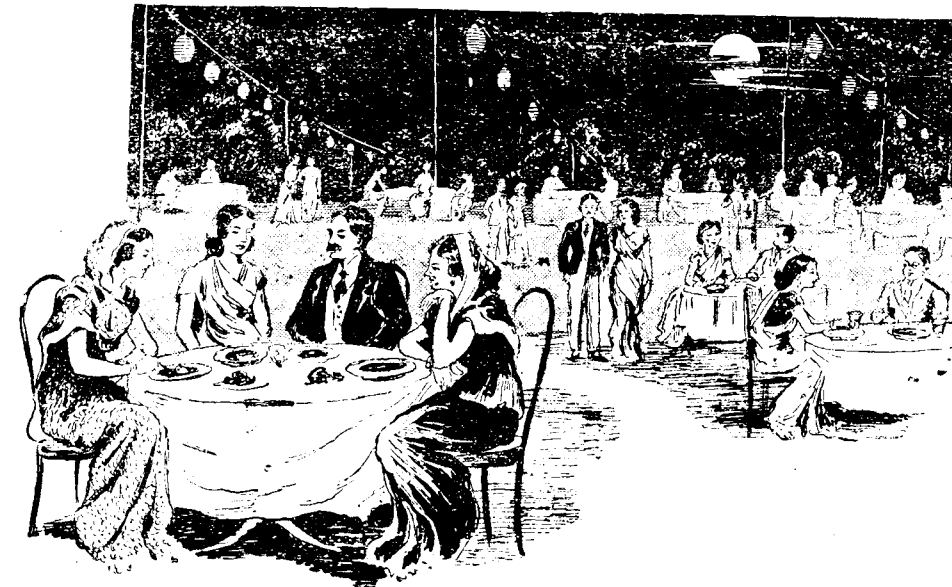
In every human soul—each a varied flower

In the orchard of God ; to laugh and chat together !

Races are the mosaic model of God ;

Their varied Creeds, the chant of the Divine Bard !

—G. K. Pillai



Laughing At The Moon

by Jayalakshmi Varadachar

A night of merry-making. It was a garden party 'thrown' by the newly knighted Sir Gugganna. The spacious grounds of Sir Gugganna's palatial mansion were brilliantly lit up with festoons of multicoloured electric lights. Gay-coloured flags fluttered in the breeze. The guests were busy, jostling one another, chatting, laughing and partaking of the generous refreshments provided by the host. Soft, soulful strains of music filled the young night air. They were a gay lot indeed, lost in admiration of the wonderful pageantry around them.

Under an outspreading mango tree, heavy with unripe fruit, stood a happy bevy of young women. Each young woman was admiring the other's toilet, much too loudly and effusively to be sincere. Jaya looked up through the branches studded with swaying Chinese lanterns—at the moon, which was full. The moon was shedding unostentatiously a mellow radiance around. Alas her heavenly light was dimmed by the garish, bumptious brilliance supplied by science.

"How stupid she must be to occupy the same old place in the skies night after night !" said Jaya.

"And look ! So stupidly pale !" said Padmini.

"There is no variety about her," put in Kaveri.

"And when there is, we do not see her at all. Ha ! ha !! ha !!!" laughed Maheswari, the wit of the company.

"There is nothing steady about her," mused Madhavi.

The crowd poked some more fun at the moon and laughed more merrily than ever.

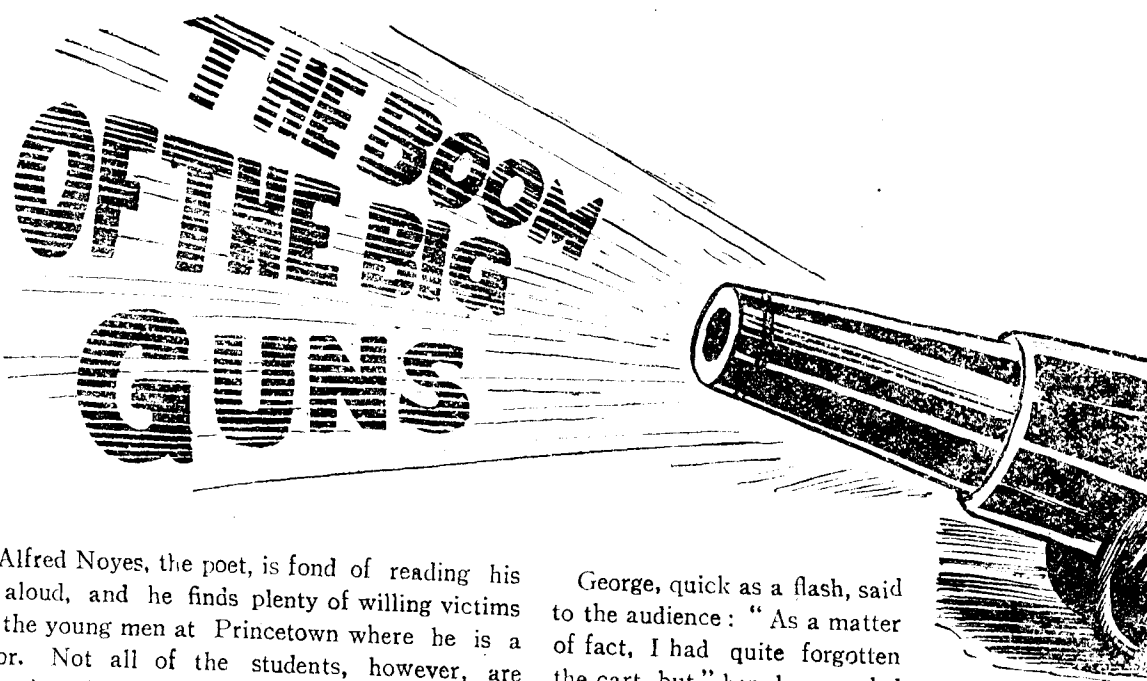
Meanwhile, unable to bear all this unmerited ridicule, the poor moon disappeared behind a bank of dark clouds.

Suddenly something went wrong. A pall of darkness enveloped the gay scene, and all was confusion. In the chaos that ensued people dashed against one another, strange noses poked into strange faces, the wrong wife grabbed the wrong husband, unwittingly, of course. Tables toppled, chairs overturned, crockery broke, to the accompaniment of curses and screams. It looked as though it were an obstacle race organised in the dark. The fuse in the main switch cremated itself, as you have doubtless guessed.

While this pandemonium was at its noisiest, the moon peeped out of a hole in its cloud-house to see what the din was about. Once more the garden was bathed in a mellow light. Husbands sorted out their wives, servants set the furniture right, the litter was cleared away. Presently the main-switch had a reincarnation, and the festivities began afresh, though in a chastened mood. The moon smiled indulgently.

And the moral of this story is, don't laugh at the moon, especially in mixed company.

THE END



Mr. Alfred Noyes, the poet, is fond of reading his poetry aloud, and he finds plenty of willing victims among the young men at Princetown where he is a professor. Not all of the students, however, are enthusiastic. A little while ago a certain junior went to see him about an examination and was about to depart after the interview, when the poet detained him. "Don't go yet, wait a minute," said Mr. Noyes. "I want to show you the proofs of my new book of poems."

But the junior shook his head and hurried to the door.

"No, no!" he exclaimed hastily. "I don't need proof; your word is enough for me, Professor."

From the opening session of the Peace Conference, Clemenceau in a Derby hat and Lord Balfour in a silk topper, walked together. Balfour apologized.

"I was told," he said, "that it was obligatory to wear one."

"So," Clemenceau said, "was I."

At a certain public meeting, where Mr. Lloyd George was the principal speaker, a heckler had the audacity to ask him whether it was not a fact that his grandfather used to drive a donkey-cart.

George, quick as a flash, said to the audience: "As a matter of fact, I had quite forgotten the cart, but," here he regarded the questioner thoughtfully, "I am thankful to see the donkey is still alive."

Mark Twain once asked a neighbour whether he might borrow a set of books. The owner of the book objected.

"You are welcome to read them in my library," he answered graciously, "but it is my rule never to let my books leave my house."

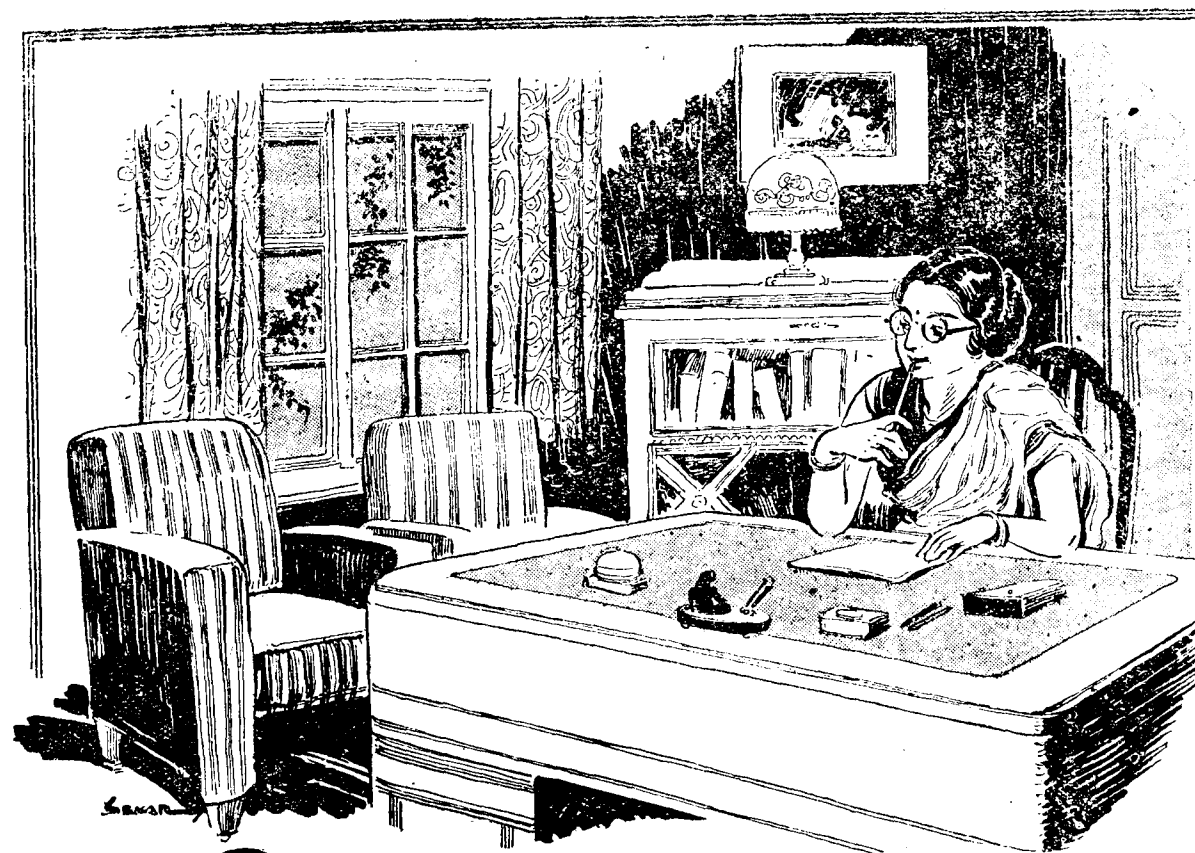
Some weeks afterwards the same neighbour requested Mark Twain to lend him his lawn-mower.

"By all means," said Mark. "But since I make it a rule never to let it leave my lawn, please come and use it here!"

One of the most absent-minded men was Painleve—thrice Premier of France. It is said that he would take a taxi home when his own car was waiting for him. When the taxi driver asked for his address he often gave his telephone number.

Once, expecting a friend, he pinned a note on his own door: "Painleve will return in 15 minutes."

On returning he saw his own note and sat down on the step and waited for himself.



Auntie J.J.

GATHER round, girls and boys. Here is an unusual question put to me by a naughty nephew. He asks me: "Dear Auntie, did you ever sit on anybody's lap?" Auntie wrote to him: "Of course, dear boy. I sat on my mother's and daddy's lap when I was a baby. What a question! You are very smart, I don't think."

"But, Auntie dear," wrote the nephew, "I wasn't referring to the time when you were a chubby, dimpled baby. What I meant to ask was, did you ever sit on a man's lap, after you have reached, what Sir Hari Singh Gour would call, the age of consent?"

Well, well, boys *will* be boys. I once sat on a man's lap. Before I signed up with the *London Lyre* as its principal Sob-sister, I applied for and got a stenographer's job in the City. Sitting on the boss's knee while taking dictation is one of the rules of the game, which the pictorial comic press sedulously encourages. It is all in the day's work. I bowed to the inevitable.

My employer's name was Mr. Anthony Ricquet, a slippery financier, who used to pull off stupendous business coups with the ease of a conjurer pulling rabbits out of his hat. I reported myself for duty on the appointed day. An hour after my arrival at the office, I was called to Mr. Ricquet's room. I entered the room, curtsied and sat in a nearby chair with pencil poised over my notebook.

"I say—er—" said the boss.

"Yes, Mr. Ricquet?" I smiled.

"I have—er—a little mannerism, you know. I can't dictate, with you sitting at such a distance away."

I moved my chair closer.

"Er, I say. Couldn't you come nearer?"

"Our chairs are nearly touching each other, Mr. Ricquet," I pointed out.

"I mean—er—what I mean—er—" the great financier goggled at me.

"You mean I should sit on your lap, Mr. Ricquet?"
 "Ah! You are a bright girl!" beamed Mr. Ricquet.
 "Very intelligent. You should go far, very far indeed!"

"But you may not like it, Mr. Ricquet."
 "Not like it! Strike me pink! Not like it! Try me, little girl."

I sat down gracefully, though rather heavily, on the boss's lap.

With a heart-rending howl, Mr. Ricquet jumped into the air and threw me away from him, simultaneously. "You...you..." he choked, "you are fired!"

"But why, Mr. Ricquet? I only obeyed your wish."

"Why! Why! Hell's Angels!" He counted out to me £ 25. "Take a quarter's salary. Go and sit on the Devil's lap. Great God! Such a baby face and such perfidy!"

I gathered my salary and left him sorrowfully.
 Before going to office that morning, my dears, I wore undies fitted with sharp, tiny, steel spikes.

★

Birdseed (Srisailam): "I am really awfully fond of birds; but sparrows get my goat."

Get rid of the goat, or send it to Gandhiji.

Non-Vegetarian (Y. M. C. A. Esplanade): "The other day I went to a vegetarian restaurant. All the tables were decorated with paper flowers. Why?"

Because, if they put up real flowers, the customers would eat them up.

Rao Saheb Birappa (Mysore): "How true is the saying—'There's nothing new under the sun'! It has now been proved that ancient Chinese women used to employ adventitious aids to beauty—cosmetics, corsets, etc."

Even these days ancient British ladies do the same.

Anti-Justicite (Coimbatore): "The Justice party could not even produce smoke."

Lend them a few damp twigs and a box of matches.

Film-Star (Bombay): "A fan sent me 5000 mangoes, 2000 apples and 1000 pineapples. I don't know what to make of it."

Make jam out of 'em, my dear.

Punter (Mylepore): "Is horse-racing a cruel sport?"
 Well, sometimes it is, sometimes it isn't. It all depends upon how you fare at the races.

Just Released (Vizagapatam): "I've just come out of jail serving six months. The injustice of it! They put me in quod for throwing flowers at my wife."

But did you remove the pots from the flowers before throwing them at your wife?

Miss Streamline (Satara): "Thank goodness, I haven't got a tola of fat on my body."

What about your head?

Engaged (Naini Tal): "My fiancée is a large-hearted girl. She likes things in a big way. What shall I give her on her birthday?"

How about a couple of camels or elephants?

Sixth Form (Nanjungud): "Why are celebrated authors photographed when they are reading a book or writing?"

To show chaps like you that authors can read and write.

Narayan Swami (Park Town): "I have given up drink, races, gambling, dancing, cigarettes and a lot besides."

Poor boy, you must be dead broke!

Chetty (Chidambaram): "Last week I crossed the Bay of Bengal to Rangoon in a B. I. S. N. boat. On board I was very impressed by the sight of able-bodied seamen scrubbing the decks every day. The exercise keeps the seamen in fine trim, doesn't it?"

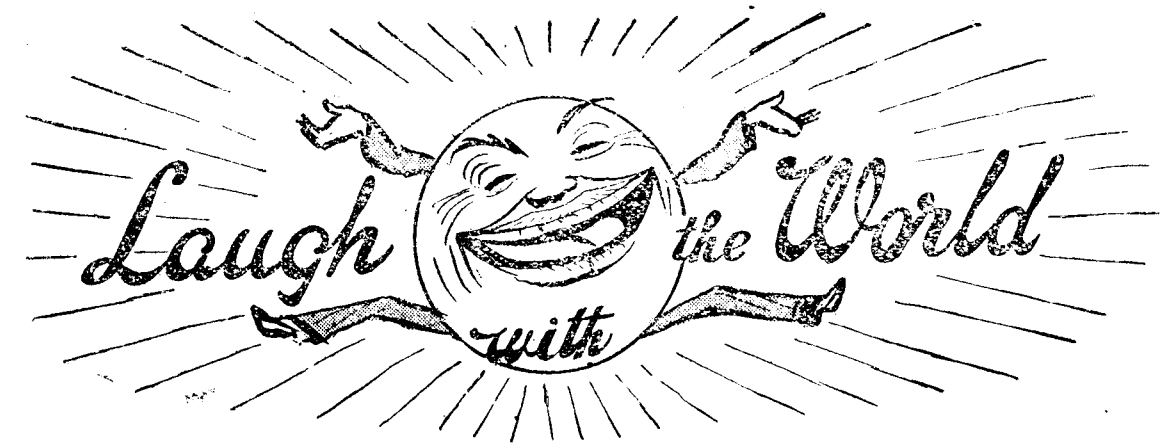
It does. It also keeps the decks in fine trim.

Solorus (Nilgiris): "What is to prevent me from enjoying a sun-bath in Delhi if I want to?"

Nothing whatever, dear boy, except the sun.

Poet (Dacca): "You will be glad to hear, madam, that my occupation is that of a poet."

Indeed, I am. And what do you do for a living?



Lady: How long will the next train be, please?

Porter: One engine and two carriages.

Lady: Smart, aren't you?

Porter: No, Jenkins, lady. Smart's just gone home for dinner.

—Pearson's Weekly.

"Are you still engaged to that homely Smith girl?"

"No, I'm not."

"Good for you, old man. How did you ever get out of it?"

"Married her."

—Everybody's Weekly.

An elderly woman, having booked her seat to Toronto, was asked by the booking clerk at the railway station if she wanted an insurance ticket.

"Oh, dear, no," she replied. "I often take tickets, but I never have any luck."

—C. N. R. Magazine.

A traveller who was always telling tall stories, on being asked out to dinner, made arrangements with his friends, who were to accompany him, that they should kick him if he began to go too far.

Quite early in the evening he started off.

"That reminds me," he said to the host, "of a friend of mine who had a rose garden over ten miles long, and"—he felt a kick—"and two inches wide!"

—Afrikander.

At a prize fight, there was a timid soul who could not see the match on account of the tough guy sitting in front. He put all his fears in his pocket and told the tough guy to stop popping up and down. He got sore and, turning around belligerently, said: "Whatsa marrer with yuh? You wanna see de fight or your angshos for fight yersel, what?"

The weak Wilbur considered a minute and then said, deliberately but quietly: "I'll duel you."

The tough guy was startled out of his senses but the other was determined to make the most of it.

"Duel, will yuh? You shrimp, it's okay wid me: come on, yuh, choose your weapon!"

"Most certainly I will," Wilbur answered. "Grammar, at twenty paces."

—The Jester.

Stage Manager: Now then, everything's ready. Run up the curtain!

New Hand: Run up the curtain? What do you mean? I ain't a performin' squirrel!

—Theatrical World.

Little Mary gazed long and earnestly at the young man who had called to see her sister.

"May I sit on your knee, Mr. Brown?" she asked.

"Why, yes. You want to pull my hair, I suppose?"

"No, I want to see if I can find that word."

"Find which word?"

"I heard sister say this morning that if ever a man had the word 'idiot' written all over his face, that man was you."

—The Garrison.

The 'Come-Back'

by V. V. Narayanan

Reading Time • About 5 Minutes

At last the war-weary Allies selected Elba as the healthiest place for the man who gave them acute nuraesthesia and indigestion. Napoleon was banished to Elba.

In 1814 Elba was a parody of the Empire which Napoleon conjured up. In that tiny island he organised a war department to look after his little army of one thousand strong. Coastal defences were planned and almost put up. A gorgeous programme of public works was prepared and approved by the Man of Destiny. In short a complicated administrative machinery was set afoot for the first time in the history of the island to the great astonishment of the Elbans. This ridiculous farce went to the length of appointing consuls to the neighbouring Italian ports. The title of the 'Sovereign of Elba' which his courtiers bestowed on him must have struck Napoleon as a piece of inane folly. He forbade his 'subjects' to use that silly title.

Hitherto a neglected, almost an unknown speck in the Mediterranean, Elba leapt into fame after it housed Napoleon. Tourists haunted it in ever-increasing numbers. Napoleon's chief source of information of the world that was denied to him were these tourists. They were only too willing to be questioned by the hero of Austerlitz.

Napoleon went about strutting the coast of the island, inscrutable of face, like the Sphinx brought to life. Nobody guessed his thoughts. Evidently he was reconciled to his fate.

Sometime early in February 1815 a loyal Bonapartist reached Elba in the guise of an Italian seaman.



He told Napoleon that there was growing discontent in the northern garrisons of King Louis XVIII. A little scheme was brewing to show Louis the door.

Inside a week Napoleon got ready his magnificent fleet of six vessels. He set sail to the main land one fine day, leading the convoy in the *Inconstant*. His one thousand soldiers followed him. On the third day after the convoy put to sea Napoleon ran his fleet into Gulf Jouan near Cannes. He landed on French soil.

It was a cold night. The banished Emperor sat by the road-side, crouching over a fire, seeing, perhaps, pictures in it of the glory that was gone, and the glory that was yet to be. He sent out scouts. Presently word was brought to him that his scouts were arrested in Antibes. A sanguinary follower suggested the storming of the town. But Napoleon decided otherwise. He was in no mood for cheap heroics for the sake of his captive scouts. He wanted to reach the capital before the news of his escape reached there. "Not a shot is to be fired," he commanded his soldiers. "I wish to win my crown again without a drop of blood."

No great enthusiasm was evinced by the lean crowds en route. On a march of over sixty miles only four recruits joined Napoleon's banner. But as he progressed, more and more adherents came forward. As this crazy cortege negotiated a bend on the road they came face to face with a huge body of infantrymen. Consummate actor that he was, Napoleon swaggered up to the King's soldiers. The Captain of the infantrymen howled: "There he is. Fire!"

Nobody fired.

Napoleon stepped forward and said to them in level tones: "Men of the Fifth, I am your Emperor. Know me."

Still nothing happened. Not a soldier stirred.

Napoleon swaggered up a step further. He opened his greatcoat and laid his chest bare. "If there is one of you," he said in a cool voice, "who would kill his Emperor, here I am."

This clever stage-acting ended the silence. There was commotion and a roar. *Vive l'Empereur* came

from myriad throats. The multitude mobbed their Emperor. There was a scramble to touch his garments, his hands, his sword, his feet.

Meantime the news of Napoleon's escape from Elba reached Vienna where the harrassed rulers of Europe were still trying to sort out the mess which Napoleon left behind. In a fit of generosity or maybe something else, England offered to finance the coming war against the escaped Emperor to the extent of £ 5,000,000 a month. Austria, Russia, Prussia, Great Britain, France, Portugal, every country came forward and dubbed Napoleon as a public enemy. Every gun in Europe was trained on this one man, Napoleon.

While this frenzy was working to the steaming point, Napoleon marched Paris-ward at the head of 14,000 men. At Lyons the procession was a sight for the gods. Napoleon drove by torchlight, acknowledging the devotion of the roaring multitude with his inscrutable smile. He neared Paris.

The excitement in the city developed into mob hysteria. It was only too painfully evident which way the popular sympathies lay. Timorous shopkeepers pulled down the royal emblems and installed the Bees and Eagles of the Empire which were rotting in the lumber rooms.

The army in the capital made no secret of its leanings.

Ministers and officers of the King's household, on that fateful day, the 18th of March, 1815, were busy packing. At dusk the King came out surrounded by a small sorrowing crowd. He entered a carriage and drove away towards the north. That was the last of the monarchy.

Next evening a mighty cavalcade entered Paris. It stopped opposite the Tuileries. Napoleon was lifted up by a devoted crowd shoulder high and carried inside the historic building.

Once in his seat, Napoleon discarded his great coat and started appointing his ministers, disdaining to partake of the much needed refreshment that was offered to him.

THE END

N. E. W. S.

The privilege of hating cats does not belong to dogs only. There are men who hate cats worse than they do their mothers-in-law, if they happen to be Britons, or worse than beef if they happen to be good Hindus. One of the greatest cat-haters in the world died the other day in Chicago. He was Rockwell Sayre. His hatred for cats was so intense that he gave six pence for every dead cat that was brought to him. His will is mostly hard words against the poor cats. He willed that £200 be set apart to buy sweets and send them to certain persons who he knew hated cats. One of the legatees under his will is Queen Marie of Roumania who dislikes cats. She received gum-drops worth 30 shillings.

Some funny stories about 'grandfather' clocks are told. One such clock which kept time faithfully for over 200 years in Massachusetts stopped the other day. It was later learned that exactly at the time the clock stopped, its owner who happened to be in Canada died. There is another grandfather clock in Hampton Court which has a reputation. Whenever it stops, someone in the place goes to heaven.

Some pretty high spots were kicked by hunger-strikers in India and abroad. But there are tall instances in the animal world which beat the achievement of mere man to less than a cocked hat. Snakes can do without food for incredibly long periods, the process of metabolism in them not ceasing for a moment. The record now held in this line is credited to a boa-constrictor which was shipped from Madagascar to the *Jardin des Plantes* in Paris. It chafed at its captivity and refused food for four years and one day!

A 25-foot python presented by King Edward VIII to the London Zoo in 1922 got the sulks and hunger-struck for eighteen months.

Each country producing a tall man, it is hard to say which country holds the record for the tallest man in the world. In recent years records in this respect were set up overnight and smashed down the

next morning. There is in America a little giant; and if he puts on a few more inches in the next two years, he might well be the tallest chap alive. It is young Robert Wadlow, collegian of Alton, Illinois. He is eighteen years old, and eight feet four, toe to top. At birth Robert weighed only 9 lbs. Now he weighs 390 lbs. He is 50 inches round the chest and wears 'size 39' in shoes. The shoes cost £17 a pair.

Loo Ling of Canton swallowed a small whistle forty five years ago. He didn't tell ma about it, because he was only two years old then. Forty-five years later Loo Ling felt a queer sensation in his stomach. He tried some brave medicines but all to no avail. At last he got his tummy X-rayed, and they pulled out the little whistle. The whistle is still serviceable. Master Loo Ling is blowing it and deriving great enjoyment therefrom.

A citizen of Union City, New Jersey, thought he would brighten up his home. So he started work on a Sunday and painted the walls of his house. He was hauled up before the court. For what? For violating the state law against vice and immorality. So the moral is, if you are thinking of settling in Union City, don't paint your house on a Sunday and become an immoral fellow.

Yet another good story from that strange land.

Gunmen broke into a bank at Saville and helped themselves to £120, which was all they could lay hands on. The manager of the bank ran to the police station and reported the robbery. When he returned to his bank, the manager found his bank in possession of a new set of bank-robbers.

"But, my dear chaps," protested the poor manager, "the bank has already been robbed!"

"Sorry," said the leader of the gang. "We didn't know. You see, we are strangers in this burg."

After saying which handsome thing, they broke the safe and took £200 as a memento of their visit.

After they were gone, the police came to investigate.

THE END

Fun For All



The school teacher had set the class to write an essay on 'The Funniest Thing I Ever Saw'. All boys got busy but the lazy one was dozing.

The teacher presently looked over his shoulder. At the top of a sheet of paper was written:

"The funniest thing I ever saw was too funny for words."

"Congratulations, professor, I hear your wife has presented you with twins. Boys or girls?"

"I believe one is a boy and one a girl—but it may be the other way round!"

A poster for publicity for an electrical concern:
*Don't Kill Your Wife With Work!
Let Electricity Do It.*

"Go on! Shoot, Bill!" yelled a spectator at the football match.

"Why pick on Bill?" growled another man. "Why not shoot the whole lot of them?"

Said the chairman of a certain society at its annual meeting:

"In most kindred associations half the committee does all the work, whilst the other half does nothing. I am pleased to place on record that in the society over which I have the honour to preside, it is just the reverse."

A member of Parliament stopped his car at a village store to get some bottles of lemonade for the young members of his party.

"We shall need a bottle opener, but I'll bring it back," he said to the woman behind the counter.

She looked at him keenly, in apparent doubt.

"Where do you come from?" she asked. "You don't belong around here."

The visitor confessed that he was from London, and contributed the information that he was a member of Parliament.

"Boy," said the woman to a youth nearby, "go along with this man and bring back my opener!"

Jock was taking a short cut through some fields when he was approached by a haughty-looking young man.

"I say there!" said the latter, "what are doing on this land? Do you know you are trespassing?"

"And who might you be an' all?" asked the Irishman.

"I'm the owner of these fields."

"And where did you get them from?"

"They were handed down to me by my ancestors," said the haughty youth.

"And where did they get them from?"

"They fought for them in battle."

"Good, then I'll fight for them, begorra!" exclaimed Jock.

Griffiths was the father of twelve children and he decided to take them all to the seaside for holidays. They set off, reached the station, got their tickets, and were about to enter the train when the proud father was touched on the shoulder by a policeman.

"What have you been doing?" the policeman demanded.

"Me? Why, nothing!" stammered the surprised man.

The policeman waved his hand towards the family.

"Then why," he asked, "is this crowd following you?"

Sergeant: Trousers too short? Have you tried letting them down a little?

Tommy: Yes, but it's so awkward sitting on the buttons.



We carried him in procession.....

The Lives of

Reading Time
About 6 Minutes

TAKE the case of my friend Nana. He is a strong man, the sort of a man that is good to look at, with bulging muscles and expansive chest and nerves like whipcords running from end to end, brimful of vigour; in short, the sort of a man whom at first sight you will put down as a first rank pugilist and be on the look-out to keep at a safe distance from. Nana was a strong man, there was no doubt of it. None like him to lift heavy weights. He could with one hand raise three able-bodied men high over his head, get to grips with raging, blood-thirsty bulls, and quell them by sheer force, and work the municipal road-roller (that ordinarily required twelve men to handle it) single-handed. He could send a sixteen-pound shot whizzing through the air to a distance of forty feet and never feel the strain.

And Nana was a wrestler. I saw him once battling like Hercules against a world-conqueror from the Punjab and keeping that doughty champion on tenter-hooks for most of the hour on schedule. Lall Singh (that was the man from the Punjab) had come down in an evil hour on our fold and cracked the spines of most of our vauntiest heroes like as if they were just so many drumsticks made only to be broken. We sent the fattest and trickiest of our prize-wrestlers to come to grips with him and give him a taste of his own medicine: but Lall Singh always got the better of everyone of them and sent them back to us *sans* everything but their life. We sent heroes against Lall Singh; we got back cripples. Nobody could beat him—none ever could. But we were pleasantly surprised.

Nana said he would measure grips with the world-beater. And he did. Lall Singh tried all he could to

crush him too. For one hour he toiled and sweated to throw Nana off his feet. But his tricks were as naught before Nana's bulk, and his energy availed nothing against our Hercules' superhuman strength! Nana just resisted Lall Singh's efforts to throw him and bided his time to catch him off his guard. After half an hour's impotent struggle, the man from the North got tired—and furious. He made his first false move and strove to close in with Nana. And Nana let him!

We had never thought that Nana had that much of strength in him. He just let Lall Singh close in and then hugged the unwary champ so fiercely to him that the poor chap could scarce breathe. Again and again, Lall Singh strove to get away from that terrible embrace. He kicked and punched Nana all over the place; he twisted himself into curious knots around Nana's neck and body; he wound his steely muscles like so many venomous bands about Nana's person. But the harder he tried to wriggle out, the more tight Nana squeezed him to his chest and the more securely he pinned him there. Lall Singh was jammed in a human vice and Nana let him go only after the lapse of the stipulated hour and minus his floating ribs.

Oh! Nana was strong! We carried him in procession through the streets and laid him down at the porch of his home with a bag of jingling coins to keep him company. Then we sang a verse in praise of him, extolling to the skies his manliness and heroism. Man among men! He had done what no other had even dared attempt! He had beaten the all-conquer-

Strong Men

by Marcel S. Pinto



The female thundered on.....

ing invader. Surely an example for all other men to look up to—!

* * *
“You slut! You hussy!—” a vinegary voice boomed from inside the house that was our hero's. “You will wear the Salem *saree*—will you? Vain, shameless prostitute of a gutter-bred *rakshasi*.....”

There was the sound of blows and the disturbed tinkle of a feminine voice in trouble.

“But—my—my—husband—my husband—he asked me—to wear it—” Amidst the steady confusion of the blows and the weeping, we heard the muttered explanation.

“Your husband and you—! Get out—get out, you wretch—!”

The door of Nana's house opened suddenly and revealed to our gaze Nana's comely young wife tearfully begging for mercy and an old sour-faced female bending over her, threateningly brandishing a broom.

“Get out—get out, you ill-bred witch—” the female thundered on regardless of our presence. “A ten-rupee *saree* for daily wear indeed! I'll learn you and that loutish husband of yours—!”

And then she saw Nana.

Nana crept stealthily into the house like a guilty cur. Never a word he said in defense of his adored wife. He did not even look at her—much less at the all-fired virago who stood on the doorstep, brandishing the broom.....

It seemed to me that a strong man like Nana would not have let down his wife in front of all of us for any reason. Especially when there was nothing against her except a Salem *saree* that he himself had thrust upon her in an hour of joy.....!

“Who is that woman—?” I asked a friend who knew Nana more intimately than I did. “Nana doesn't seem to like offending her—!”

“And dare he—?” queried my friend, enigmatically. “She is the widowed sis that's keeping house for him—”

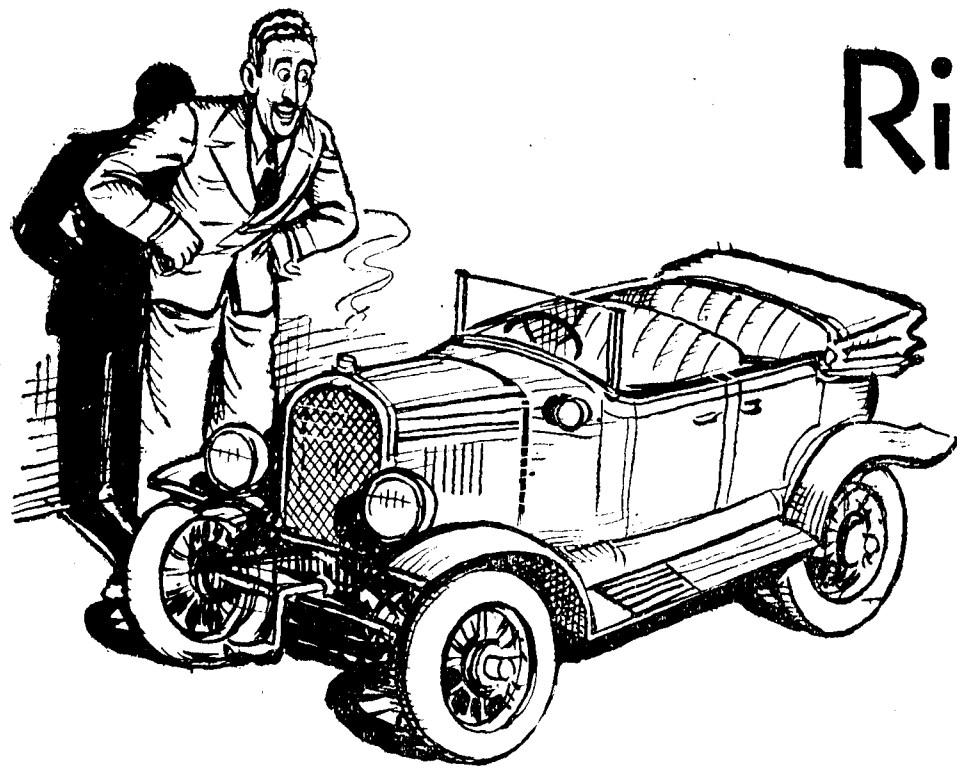
“And what happens if he offends the widowed sis?” I asked again, for it seemed to me quite odd that a great hulking giant like Nana should play the worm.

“If he does—” replied my friend in a whisper. “If he does, there'll be the devil to pay—!”

I do not know what sort of a devil it is that has to be paid if Nana and his bride are to earn a happy existence for themselves; especially when I consider that the house belongs to Nana and so does everything else valuable about him, and the widow happens to be the parasite. But I know this much:

Not for naught has it been said in the Bible: “Some have eyes and yet they do not see; some have ears and yet they do not hear.” I would add one more line to that—“Some have strength and yet they are weak.” With the strength that is in Nana, I could murder a score of widowed sissies. And if I was in his place, I wouldn't have any reason to worry about the count I'd be getting on the Andamans.

THE END



Reading Time • About 9 Minutes

TELL me, what shall I do? I must decide soon! I cannot make up my mind whether to buy a car, or to go in for a wife.

So far, I've never run a car. And so far, I've never been run by a wife.

But in these days of taxi strikes and business competitors, I feel that I need a car. And yet—when I look at all my buttonless shirts and toeless socks, and when I think of how my servants diddle me daily, and when I realise that I've no heirs to inherit all my overdrafts—I feel that I need a wife, too.

Until quite recently, I couldn't contemplate investing in either. But now things are different!

I've just achieved an all-correct entry in a big cross-word competition. There were umpteen alternatives. I submitted only six entries—one for each of my major creditors. And I've 'clicked'! The correct solution was published to-day.

The first prize is Rs. 40,000. Seeing there were so many alternatives, shouldn't I get *all* of it?—or at least half? Well, well, I shall know next week!

Meanwhile, car or wife? I don't suppose, after settling up my creditors, I could afford *both*.

Car or wife?

Ah, an idea! I'll spend the next few days investigating the jolly old pros and cons of each; their relative merits and demerits.

Brown has had several makes of car. He's the best man to advise me on that subject. And Johnson (lucky for me that he's just back from Hollywood!) has had five wives. His advice on *that* subject should be fairly comprehensive!

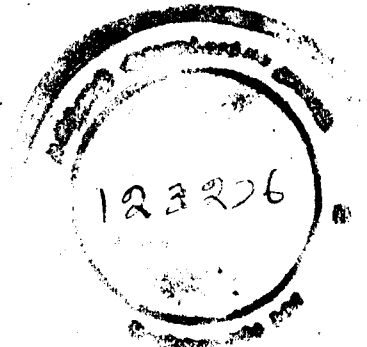
Good heavens! I had no idea there were so many things that could go wrong with a car! And as for a wife—well, if Johnson's to be believed, they're the most complicated, trickiest things! Especially the second-hand ones. (He married two widows, you know.)

Now, Brown favours cars. He says it's easier to back out of a garage, too, than a marriage. He says the only way to find out about cars is to hire a second-hand one for a week. I've decided to do as he suggests.

Ride

or Bride?

Words & Pictures by Albert A. Roland



Whereas Johnson's advice is: "See as much as possible of your prospective bride. Draw her out into argument. Go places with her. Find out all you can about her."

I pointed out that I hadn't any particular girl in mind. He said I'd only to broadcast the news of my luck in the competition, and several little ladies would appear on my matrimonial horizon. I could then make my choice.

"A widow for preference," he says. "If you like, I'll introduce you to a charming little widow of my acquaintance—no, not one of my ex-wives—because widows are more instructive, more capable of opening your eyes. Yes, sir!"

I think I'll adopt Johnson's suggestion as well.

I've been running round for five days now with Lizzie and Dolly.

Lizzie is a fascinatingly unreliable 1926 Model Car selected for me by Brown.

Dolly is an equally fascinating, neatly-upholstered, pretty little widow, introduced to me by Johnson. She's much more up-to-date than Lizzie, of course, but they have several points in common.

They're both fast; both useful; both, as I said before, nicely upholstered; both capable of consuming vast quantities of 'fuel', and both mysterious.

I still find it hard to know which to choose, though I confess to a slight bias towards Dolly. She, at least, doesn't make strange, popping noises in her carburettor. Nor does she back-fire. On the other hand, she wouldn't be content to live in a garage, like Lizzie.

I think the only way is to reduce my reactions to Lizzie and Dolly to writing. In cold black-and-white, these impressions should help me to make up my mind.

Of course I realise that it isn't the unhappiness one finds in marriage that's the tragedy, but the difference between what it is and what one *thought* it would be.

Therefore, I shall not expect Dolly to be a paragon. I shall not make the mistake of placing her on a pedestal. Then marriage cannot change my ideals into ordeals.

Now, Dolly says she's the kind of girl who would never marry for money. She strikes me as being the type who would marry only for LOVE! She would make me feel that a wife is the dearest little person in the world—at Sale Time.

She would probably inspire me to become a millionaire. Why? Because I think I should be curious to discover whether there was *any* income she couldn't live beyond.



And yet I feel she would have spells of economising, like most women—whose idea of saving is generally to discover that hubby doesn't need any new clothes. Or hats. Or shoes. Or anything.

She'd probably neglect the home, and make a glorious mess of the housekeeping. She'd make me realise that married men have better halves—but that bachelors have better quarters.

But I will say this for Dolly: she's not vain. She doesn't pretend to be younger than she is. Though actually only 24, she gave me her age yesterday as 29. (I'd just promised her a cluster ring with a diamond in it for every year of her age.)

She doesn't hesitate to call a spade a spade. She once returned an engagement ring to a suitor, and marked the parcel: "Glass, With Care." He sent her a pleading letter, saying it wasn't glass, and that he knew his onions. She replied: "Maybe, but not your carats."

Yet she can be diplomatic, too. Rather than call you a puppy, for instance, she would probably ask you if you were fond of dog biscuits.

She loves dancing, and I think would lead me a merry one all my life. She's fond of sports, and says I'm one of her favourite ones. She's also keen on kissing. I had it from her own lips.

Talking about kissing, when I asked her what she did if anyone kissed her, she said: "I yell." Then I enquired if I kissed her, would she yell? She said: "No—I'm still hoarse from last night." Yes, she's fond of kissing, all right!

Dolly has a peculiar sense of humour. When I told her my love for her was vaster and deeper than the ocean, she begged me not to keep pouring it into her ear.

And then she told me about a dream she had last night. She was in a great establishment where they sold husbands. There were beauties—some in glass cases marked at fearful prices, others sold at lower figures. I asked her if she saw any like me there. She said: "Yes, just as I was leaving, I saw a whole lot like you, dear, lying on the remnant counter."

Dolly likes getting her own way. But no man minds being sat on by the right girl. And nearly all born leaders of men are women. I think if ever I got the last word with Dolly it would be an apology!

She realises the serious aspect of marriage. She says the reason that people cry at marriage is because

they've mostly been married themselves, and haven't the heart to laugh.

She admits that if we got married we'd have a lot to contend with. We'd have each other, she points out.

She's romantic and affectionate, but says she wouldn't die for me, because hers is an undying love. She added that she'd have no serious objection to my dying for her, provided I was adequately insured.

She has a temper, has my self-willed Dolly. As a wife, she would not only reign, but storm.

Well, well! I have just reviewed the foregoing impressions of my prospective bride. And I'm afraid I'm wondering now whether Lizzie isn't, after all, the better proposition!.....

She, at least wouldn't make me feel that life consisted of grindstone, hearthstone, and finally tombstone (or brimstone). Or would she?

She at least wouldn't run up heavy bills for me to pay. Or would she? She'd enable me to make some kind of budget, anyway. Or wouldn't she?

She—oh, dash it all! I can't decide! There's only one way out. If my share of the prize money reaches five figures, it'll be Dolly. If four, Lizzie. If I get the whole sum, it'll be both—and hang the consequences!

Another three days, and I'll know my fate.....

Lizzie, during the last couple of days, has caused me much anxiety.

I was told in my youth: "A good turn always brings some reward." But my mother couldn't have known about second-hand cars.

Lizzie, according to Dolly, should have been a 'Baby,' because she never goes anywhere without a rattle.

I find she's inclined to run a little hot, too, and needs throttling down now and then. (I'm referring to Lizzie.)

And Lizzie is running me into more and more expense. Yesterday, for instance, I ran over a hen in a village. I apologised to its owner and offered him a rupee in settlement. But he said: "Better make it two rupees, sir. I have a rooster that was mighty fond of that hen, and the shock might kill him, too."

I blame Lizzie for enlarging my vocabulary of swear-words. And I blame her for increasing my capacity for strong drinks.

(Continued on page 24)



The Bride—

by Thirupathi

Reading Time • About 5 Minutes

AFTER his tea one morning, Narayanlal Mullick sat in the veranda of his fine bungalow pulling indolently at his *hookha*. He was young in age, not more than thirty; but old in his subjective contact with the villainies of the world. He was a zamindar by birth, a money-lender by profession, and a scoundrel by choice. The ghost of Shylock would pale in horror at this zamindar's business methods.

His servant announced a visitor—Shiv Dayal. Shiv Dayal was a sort of relation, an old man nearly licked clean by a protracted law suit which he was contesting. The lower court decided against him. He would appeal, of course. But that needed funds. And he was short of funds. He was ushered into Narayanlal's presence.

"This is indeed an honour," said the banker with a sneer which he did not even care to conceal. "Everybody doing well at home, Shivji?"

"Yes, Babuji."

"I hear you are going to the court of appeal," said Narayanlal.

"Yes, Narayanlal. Eminent lawyers whom I consulted say that the court of appeal is sure to reverse the finding of the lower court. I must win. I shall win. The purpose of my visit to you is....."

"This appeal," finished Narayanlal.

"Yes, Narayan. I want funds. About ten thousand rupees would do. We are relatives, Narayanlal. Your father and myself were like brothers. Please don't deny an old man this opportunity to retrieve his fortunes."

Narayanlal sat in thought for a while.

"Very well," he agreed.

He knew the risk involved. Yet he elected to oblige the law-crazed old man. He had a reason.

The ten thousand rupees changed hands. The appeal was put through. The judges confirmed the original decision. The High Court sealed the climax to old Shiv Dayal's misfortune.

Narayanlal waited for a couple of months, and demanded the repayment of the loan.

Three years before these happenings Narayanlal was a suitor to Shiv Dayal's daughter's hand. Knowing the vile life that Narayanlal was leading, or maybe for some other reason, the old man politely turned down Narayanlal's offer. That girl, Parvathi, was a beauty celebrated throughout the district of Muzzafarpore. Narayanlal saw her one day accidentally at the bathing ghat. He was stunned by her beauty. He was filled with a mad desire to possess her. He had already two wives.

When the demand for repayment of the loan reached Shiv Dayal, he came to Narayanlal with a prayer to give him time. The banker was adamant.

"Three years ago," said Narayanlal, "I offered to marry your daughter. You treated that offer with contempt. There are a hundred families around here who would be proud to call me their son-in-law. Well, I repeat my offer. Give me your daughter in marriage. All shall be well."

The old man heard this with bent head.

"You don't know what you are asking, Narayan," he said brokenly.

"You said that before. Don't be silly. I know well enough what I am asking. Come, I give you a week to decide."

"I shall get you a better wife than Parvathi. I..."

"Oh, shut up. Do you think I cannot get other girls if I want? I want Parvathi, do you hear? One week, or..." Narayanlal made as if to go.

"Stay, young man," wailed Shiv Dayal. "Is that an ultimatum?"

"It is."

"So be it. You shall have my daughter. God help you!"

A month later Parvathi was married to Narayanlal. The ceremony was very brief. Everything was over in a few hours. The same day Narayanlal brought his wife to his mansion in Muzzafarpore. He was in a mighty hurry to know his wife at close quarters.

The nuptial chamber at last! The girl was extraordinarily bashful. She kept looking alternately at

her husband and the grand chandelier from the corners of her eyes. "You want a dark room, do you?" thought Narayanlal. He switched off the lights.

The morning sun poured into the room. Narayanlal woke up, but did not open his eyes. He stretched out his arm, it touched a downy cheek. He smiled blissfully and opened his eyes.

With a cry of horror he jumped out of bed.

Parvathi was sleeping serenely like a baby after her hot bath. Her beauty was unearthly. Her arms were rosy in their dimpled, virgin lines. A lovely sheen was on them. Her face could have been proudly owned by the Goddess whose name she bore. The shapeliness of her thighs and legs would have struck Kalidasa dumb. The rest of her body bared in the childish oblivion of sleep was too unnaturally rosy. She was leprous!

THE END

RIDE OR BRIDE?—(Continued from page 22)

It's Lizzie who has made me realize that the part of a motor-car which causes more accidents than any other is the *tight nut* that holds the steering-wheel.

And that the road to ruin is lined with petrol pumps!

Oh, boy! Was I excited this morning! I saw a copy of that magazine announcing that the first prize had been won outright by one competitor!

I made up my mind at once to go round with Lizzie and pop the question to Dolly—

As I was leaving, I met the postman, and he brought me a letter from the Competition Editor. He stated that it wasn't his practice to enter into correspondence with competitors, but as mine was a very special case, he felt he was entitled to break that rule. He offered me his sincerest, deepest sympathies. According to rule 36, my entry had been disqualified, because it contained a correction.

Had it not been for this careless correction, I should have shared the first prize with the lucky winner. "But do not be discouraged by this reverse," wrote the Editor. "You have come very near to success, and *next time*—"

Will anyone help me to write a nice obituary notice?

THE END



There's Many A Slip

by Narcissus

Reading Time • About 8 Minutes

PESI Khambatta fingered the immaculate knot of his tie reflectively. (Never begin a short story in this way. It is against the best traditions of the Correspondence Schools of Journalism. However, having made the statement, we are inclined to stick to it.) So here goes.

Pesi was one of those immaculate young men who seem to have stepped straight out of the advertisement of one of our leading firms of tailors and outfitters. Even so, he was obviously not a nitwit. You had only to glance at his strong chin and jaw to realise this. His eyes were of that shade of chilled steel which, one eminent author assures us, one finds only in the eyes of great sea captains and particularly heartless criminals, so that it was quite on the cards that Pesi would end up either as an ornament of many a directors' board-room or as a cherished guest in one of His Britannic Majesty's free guest houses. He

swung jauntily along the New Marine Lines with a small brief bag in his hand. Arriving outside a large and commodious house, he stopped. The house was set well back in its own ground with a well appointed garden in front and a wide gravel drive sweeping from the main gate to the porch. Pesi adjusted his tie to his satisfaction, imparted a more rakish tilt to his felt hat, flicked an imaginary speck of dust from his immaculate sleeve and entering the gate, walked up the drive. Ringing the bell, he greeted the man who opened the door with his most winning smile and asked him whether his mistress was in. Being told that she was, he sent in his card. In a couple of minutes he was admitted to the presence of the lady of the house, an imposing dowager, who glanced at him keenly as he deposited his brief bag on a chair and removed his hat with a flourish.

"Mr. Pesi Khambatta of Messrs. Bunkum and Cheatem, estate agents?" asked Lady Sulochana,

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glancing at the card in her hand.

Pesi bent gracefully from the waist: "At your service, madam."

"And what can I do for you?" asked the lady.

"You see, madam, it is this way. I represent Messrs. Bunkem and Cheatem who are estate agents with offices on the Ballard Estate. It recently came to our ears that your ladyship does not find your present residence sufficiently commodious and that your ladyship is desirous of purchasing a more roomy house. As it happens, a really big and eminently desirable property has come into our hands for disposal and I am of opinion that it will satisfy your ladyship's most exacting requirements."

Lady Sulochana considered this and asked: "Whereabout is this property of yours situated?"

"The locality is most desirable, madam. The house is called 'Mon Repose' and is the one at the Southern end of the long line of huge new buildings being built along the Queen's Road as you leave Churchgate Station. Your ladyship must have seen the house any number of times while driving past. I will not trouble your ladyship with all the details just at present but I have got here some plans and particulars if you would care to glance over them." Pesi opened his bag and handed over some papers.

The lady had started and was looking keenly at Pesi as he spoke but was perfectly composed when he offered the papers for her consideration. "Ah yes! H'm! I see. And is the property in your hands for sale?"

"Yes, madam. I could show you over the house if you liked." Pesi's voice was all eagerness. "We could have gone to-day, but unfortunately the house is at present in the possession of tenants whose lease expires at the end of this month. They are giving a dinner or something to-day and would not like to be disturbed. However, we could easily go over the house to-morrow, if that would be convenient to your ladyship."

"Yes, yes. I quite understand. Well, then. We can go over the house to-morrow. Shall we say three o'clock to-morrow afternoon?"

"Certainly, madam. And if I may trouble your ladyship a little further, there is one other matter. You see, madam, we salesmen work for the firm on a commission basis so that we get our percentage on the purchase price if any client introduced by us

makes a purchase." Here Pesi took out a printed slip from his pocket book. "Will you please fill in this form, madam? You will perceive that it is merely a statement that this particular property has been brought to your notice by me. I shall hand over the filled-in form to our cashier and if the deal goes through, I shall get my commission from the firm."

"I see. Where do I sign?" Lady Sulochana took the proffered pen and waited.

"Yes, madam. Please fill in my name here—Pesi Khambatta—and the name of the property here—'Mon Repose'—and sign your name here at the bottom. That's right. Thank you very much indeed. Then I shall be waiting at the house at 3 o'clock to-morrow to show your ladyship round. Good afternoon, madam." Pesi retrieved his bag and his hat and left the house.

After his departure Lady Sulochana sat for some time immersed in thought and then getting up went to the telephone and held a couple of lengthy conversations after which she tranquilly resumed the even tenor of her way.

Pesi Khambatta came out of the house in New Marine Lines and swung along the road whistling cheerfully. He walked briskly for about half a mile and then coming to the Marine Lines station, entered a small and none too prosperous looking restaurant and went to the private room. He called for a drink and then as the waiter went out of the room, took his pocket book out of his pocket and extracted from it the form on which Lady Sulochana had signed her name. Taking out a pen-knife, he inserted the thin blade with the greatest care between the form and a thin slip of paper which was stuck at the edges at the back of the form. When he had separated the two papers, he looked anxiously at the paper which had been attached to the back of the form and which was a blank cheque. He peered anxiously and eagerly at it and then gave a sigh of relief and smiled with content. His ingenious coup had come off beyond his most sanguine expectations. The pressure of the pen on the guarantee form when Lady Sulochana had been signing had left a faint but quite legible and perfectly unmistakable imprint on the blank cheque attached to the back. With a chuckle, Pesi took out his fountain pen and boldly and without the least hesitation traced in ink the imprint of Lady Sulochana's signature. Then he filled in the rest of

the cheque, making it payable to himself in the sum of one thousand rupees. Having completed the work, he finished the drink, paid his score and went out. This time he took the direction of the International Bank on whom the cheque was drawn and was soon presenting the cheque for payment. The clerk who received the cheque gave a glance at the signature and then politely said: "Will you please wait for a couple of minutes, sir? I will be back in a jiffy." Nothing loth, Pesi draped his long person gracefully

against the counter and gave himself up to pleasant day-dreaming. In a short while the cheque would be cashed and then for at least a couple of months he could hit the high spots with no sinking feeling and no need to fear the wolf at the door. He had already laid a lovely foundation to a castle in Spain, when a heavy hand was laid on his shoulder and a gruff voice queried: "Mr. Pesi Khambatta, I presume?"

Startled, Pesi whirled round to see a tall, official-looking man confronting him. His heart sank into his boots, but he put on as bold a front as he could and said insolently: "That's me but you have the advantage of me." The gruff man clucked. "Come, come. I like that. But I wouldn't put on side if I were you. I am Inspector Wagle of the C. I. D. and I am apprehending you for forgery and attempting to pass a forged cheque. It is my duty to warn you that anything that you say will be used against you. Are you coming quiet or am I to be put to the necessity of handcuffing you?"

Pesi was absolutely stunned. He could not imagine where his oh! so carefully prepared scheme had gone astray. He could neither think coherently nor speak a word in self-defence to save his soul. He just gaped foolishly and if ever guilt was writ plain upon the face of any man for all the world to see, it was upon his. A tap from the Inspector on his shoulder made him pull himself together and it was with a vain assumption of bravado that he protested that there was some silly mistake but that he would go along to the

police station to satisfy the authorities. As he and the Inspector were going out of the Bank he saw Lady Sulochana coming out all smiles from the manager's sanctum with the great man himself in close attendance.

It was a thoroughly scared and extremely puzzled Pesi Khamatta who cudgelled his brains to find out where he could have committed his blunder. A night in the police lock-up had done nothing to improve

his appearance and it was a very dishevelled young man who faced Inspector Wagle when the latter came to visit him in the cell. "Well, are you going to come clean or are you still feigning the injured innocent? You had better confess, you know. It is quite on the cards that a voluntary confession may get you off lightly."

"Oh! well. I suppose I may as well admit that I did it. But what I can't for the life of me understand is how you managed to lay me by the heels."

"Oh! So you were worrying about that, were you? You really did manage the whole affair very cleverly, I admit. You almost deserved to get

away with it. However, you made one tiny, but as it turned out, tragic slip."

Pesi waited expectantly.

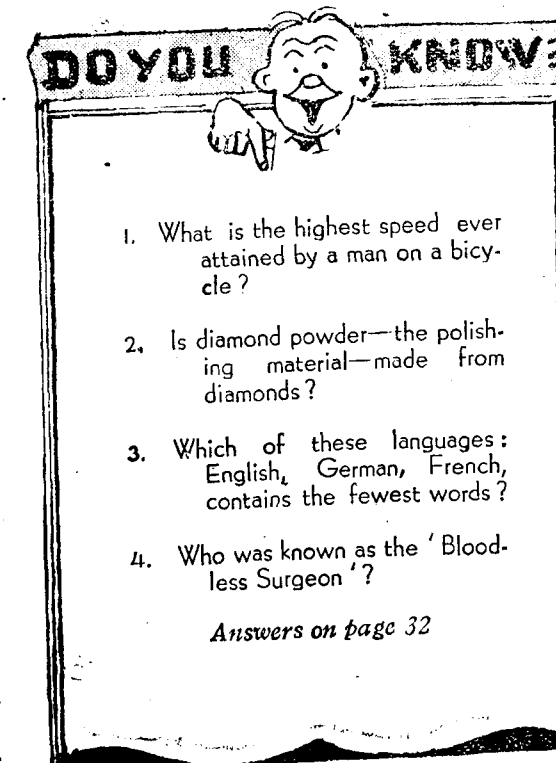
"My dear fellow, when a property belongs to a certain person and you coolly go and offer to sell the same property to that person, she is bound to feel suspicious, you know."

Pesi was absolutely flabbergasted. "Do—do you mean to tell me that that 'Mon Repose' belongs to Lady Sulochana Thaveri?" he stammered.

"That is exactly what I do mean to say. It is rather queer your overlooking to make inquiries about the ownership of 'Mon Repose' when you were so careful about the other details, isn't it?" said Inspector Wagle, with a smile.

"***! ***! ***!" said Pesi, in effect.

THE END



1. What is the highest speed ever attained by a man on a bicycle?
2. Is diamond powder—the polishing material—made from diamonds?
3. Which of these languages: English, German, French, contains the fewest words?
4. Who was known as the 'Bloodless Surgeon'?

Answers on page 32



A Novel In Tabloid

by A. T. MacNaughton Thomas

Reading Time • About 9 Minutes

Chapter I

THE reader is acquainted with Pestonji's Peerless Piquant Palatable Pickles but not, I am afraid, with the Pickle-King's peerless daughter, Gul, a sweet nineteen-year-old. The lucky fellow, who happened to have the custody of her heart, was Ardeshir, a typist-clerk in her father's gigantic concern, where he thrived passing rich at fifty rupees a month. He had the general demeanour of a not-so-timid codfish!

Chapter II

"Gul, sweetie, how long is this to go on? My heart is aching for you," complained the love-sick swain.

"But, darling, if papa hears about it, you'll have the ache elsewhere," sighed Gul.

"I shall ask your father immediately for your hand."

"Probably you'll get his foot," she said, clinging to him.

"Sooner we put him abreast of the position of affairs....."

"In that case, go armed with a breast-plate."

"I'll beard the lion in his own den."

"Papa will bite you in twenty-seven places."

"I'll brave it—and that's official."

Chapter III

Ardeshir crawled into the imposing presence. Mr. Pestonji of the P. P. P. Pickles fame, was seated in his study. Fitted with a soup-strainer moustache and a pair of eyes—the sort which one associates with sergeant-majors and owls—he looked a formidable figure.

"Well?" boomed the Pickle-King.

"I—I—I want to—er—marry your daughter, sir."

"What! I'm astonished!" exclaimed Mr. Pestonji, with a snort, which rattled the flower-vase.

"Now, now," soothed Ardeshir. "You're prejudiced against Gul. She is all right, I assure you."

"You had better not count upon Gul. I'm sorry if that disturbs your digestion. You might have saved yourself the trouble of coming here."

"It's alright. I've another message to deliver in the same house."

"If I catch you....."

"You can do as you like. My love for Gul burns like a Bunsen burner."

Chapter IV

The Pickle-King, realizing that the intensity of the young man's affection might fire his daughter into a reciprocal action, thought for a while.

"As you are a Parsi and as I am one, we shall come to terms."

"Decant it. I am all ears," encouraged Ardeshir.

"You can have Gul if you are able to stump up five thousand rupees as your bank-deposit in a year's time. Not a pie less. Get that."

"Five thousand rupees! And you're paying me a princely salary, isn't it? You won't get five thousand brinjals! Get that."

"None of your sauce, young man!" said Mr. Pestonji, touching the bell.

"Then whose sauce you like best? Shall I send Ardeshir's Acceptable Ambrosial Appetizing Apple sauce?"

"You rang, sir?" inquired the peon, gliding in noiselessly.

"Yes, Dayaram. Throw that fellow out."

"Very good, sir."

Chapter V

When Ardeshir picked himself up on the Easy Instalment System from the hard pavement of the Carnac Road, he wanted to do two things immediately:

- (1) To put a bullet into the Pickle-King's head.
- (2) To elope with Gul.

So intent was he to meet his beloved Gul furtively that he couldn't find time to carry out his first resolution.

"Gul," said Ardeshir at their tryst in the garden, "I've seen your father....."

"Did he storm at you? Did he kick you in the pants? Did he bundle you out of the room? Did he baste you? Did he dot you on the head with his foot-ruler? Did he go into raptures? Did he embrace you? Did he give his consent? Answer me in one word," breathlessly asked Gul.

"Yes—er—no."

"Nothing doing in that quarter, you mean?"

"What of it? Gul, lambikin, let us study a book, which is more appealing than the *Koran*, more elevating than the *Zend-avesta*, more ennobling than the *Bible*, more sustaining than the *Bhagavat Gita*—I mean the *All-India Railway Guide*. I turn up a page and you place your finger on it. Let us skip to the place where your finger rests on and live there on love and—love."

"Don't you think it is rather a risky....."

"Risky my foot! If you don't bolt along with me, I'll marry your lovely governess just to spite you, though I don't love her any more than a telegraph-post."

At which, Gul went into hysterics of ten women-power.

Chapter VI

Cynthia Bloggs, the governess of Gul, had lost her heart to Ardeshir, though she never made him aware of her feelings. She kept them hermetically corked up, for, she knew that if Gul came to know of them, she would get the boot. As Cynthia was of an ardent, romantic nature, she gratified her love for Ardeshir by writing sonnets, odes, canzonets, etc. Oddly enough, electric lights disagreed with her muse. Hence she always wrote by candle-light, which alone made poems flow from her fertile imagination as copiously as tap-beer from the barrel on a pay-day.

On the night in question, Cynthia was seated beside the bay-window of her room, which was directly above the Pickle-King's office, and was writing an ode on *The Left Upper Molars of My Beloved Ardeshir*. While she was working round the third verse, she was stumped for want of a vivid metaphor. When the image suggested itself, she joyously bent forward—rather too much than was necessary—to commit it to writing, with the result, her hair was considerably singed. Greatly alarmed at the loss of her auburn curls, she got up with a cry, inadvertently upsetting the candles. The flames licked the window-curtain and before Cynthia could collect her bewildered senses for action, her room was in a blaze.

Chapter VII

When Gul had worked off her hysterics under the vivifying kisses of Ardeshir (forty-seven, to be exact) and when they both were billing and cooing like a pair of cushat-doves, they were surprised to see tongues of fire shooting out of the governess' room and Cynthia running frantically hither and thither, like an undecided carrier-pigeon. Next moment, they were at the scene of conflagration.

"Gul, ring up the fire-brigade. I'll do my best to save your governess," said Ardeshir, stripping off his clothes.

"You here? May I know to what circumstances I owe the pleasure of your visit at this part of the night?" barked out the Pickle-King.

"Don't fire up, old crocus! We have already enough fire here," flung Ardeshir over his shoulders, as he plunged into the fire. Three minutes later, he emerged from the flames, three shades blacker, with Cynthia in his arms. The Pickle-King, with eyes wide as saucers, watched the heroic performance of Ardeshir.

Chapter VIII

"Dammit! Where is the lethargic fire-brigade?" bellowed the Pickle-King. It seemed to him that several aeons must have fallen off the calendar since Gul 'phoned, for, the fire had spread out into his office-room.

"Oh, my ledgers! My precious ledgers! If my ledgers are burnt up, I am ruined!" wailed the Pickle-King, his knees shaking overtime. "Four thousand rupees to him who rescues my ledgers. Four thousand!" shrieked Mr. Pestonji.

When he found no one undertaking his offer, he wobbled up to Ardeshir.

"I say, laddie, do the pretty. Just nip in and get the ledgers."

"Do you think I am made of asbestos? Adjust that impression."

"I'll double it up."

"Nothing doing."

"Alright, laddie, you call the shots and I'll provide the blank cheque."

When the cheque was filled in to the tune of a cool twenty-thousand, Ardeshir stepped into the flames and came back, six shades blacker, with an armful of ledgers. He went in again and came back, twelve shades blacker, with another armful of ledgers. Just then the distant clangour of a fire-engine's bell was heard.

Chapter IX

"Boy, you are great! When you do, you do," gushed the Pickle-King.

"That's all right, old top. What about stumping up the twenty-thousand and Gul?"

"Gul? I don't understand."

"Ha! You've forgotten so soon. You had better take a correspondence-course in mnemonics. Only this morning you said something about I producing the five thousand....."

"Now I understand. I didn't see the question from your view-point. Do you really want Gul, when you've already cleaned out of me a tidy sum?"

"Jolly well, I do. If you think you're going to prevent me, you're trying to stop the Ganges in spate with a badminton-racket."

"Take her, my boy, take her. You've shown in a three-reel length, an intense coolness, iron resolution, unassuming courage and an unperturbed mind in the

(Continued on page 33)



"Broke?" something made him ask.

The Return of the Prodigal

by T. A. S.

Reading Time • About 7 Minutes

MR. Parthasarathy Iyengar, the News-Editor, frowned at the paper before him. Occasionally his glance roved about the big room, where a couple of reporters sat typing upon copy-paper. Slaves they were to the master at the desk. Mingled hatred and fear of him had hardened their obedience into slavery.

Suddenly, Mr. Iyengar became aware that someone had paused beside his desk. He raised a pair of freezing eyes, which hardened quickly into a forbidding scowl when he beheld Srinivasan.

"Hell!" exclaimed the News-Editor. "I have told you thrice during the last week that there is nothing doing in this paper."

The speaker's eyes returned to the sheet of paper before him; but Srinivasan, who for three days had not sat down to rice and curry, stood rooted to the spot.

"Can't you give me some odd job, anything at all?" he persisted, haltingly.

Many a job-seeker had Mr. Iyengar thrust away from his presence, sending them forth into the streets, and never had he felt the stir of sympathy when unemployed youths paused at his desk. Yet, there was something in Srinivasan's question and in his tones that stirred the hard man. And he asked: "Where are you from?"

"Malabar," answered Srinivasan.

"Well, you have made a hell of a mistake in coming over here," said the News-Editor. "There isn't a job in town. You'd better beat it for the west."

"Unfortunately," answered the youth, while the shadow of a smile fluttered in his face, "there isn't such a thing as free journey in the South Indian Railway."

A faint grin struggled into the face of the News-Editor.

"Broke?" something made him ask.

Srinivasan nodded in the affirmative.

"How are you keeping afloat?"

"I am travelling the free-meals route, dodging in and out of the hotels after a maximum of one week's stay in each. By that time, the proprietors get nasty," he added with a reminiscent look.

"Young man," said the News-Editor, "I don't want to help those who can't help themselves. Anyway, I will give you something to do. You must—" Then he paused, looked at the youth before him, and added gruffly: "Hungry?"

"God, yes!" rose feebly from the lips of the other.

"Go out and eat before you begin work," the News-Editor said curtly. Mr. Iyengar thrust something into the young man's hand, and Srinivasan, who had not sat down to a meal for three days, made his way out with the dazed consciousness that a silver rupee was in his hand.

A half-hour later, Srinivasan returned. But only to hear the frequent bursts of profanity drifting from the hard lips of the News-Editor. One reporter was lashed with epithets which would have done credit to the vocabulary of an East India navy. A second was discharged from job in a tempest of editorial fury. Gruff words, curt commands, and flings of sarcasm kept coming incessantly from the News-Editor, and Srinivasan wondered what hard paths of destiny and what gruelling forces of fate had twisted the soul of this man.

Suddenly, the News-Editor turned towards him. "Go over to the Hotel B—and interview that suffragette. She got in this afternoon. Then write me something with irony in it. Make it bite. I hate that woman," he muttered.

Mr. Iyengar's brutal arraignment of this leader of Indian women left Srinivasan quivering with resentment. Soon, he wrenched himself out of the room and entered the Hotel B—. The huge lobby received

him differently. A brief colloquy with the clerk, a quick exchange of sentences over the telephone and Srinivasan ascended the stairs.

He had heard and read much about this celebrated Indian leader who, casting away all social barriers, during the past few years, had taken upon herself the work of uplift on behalf of the millions of Indian women. As he waited, he steeled himself to the interview before him. He must play a cold and calculating part, and must trick her into divulging things which could be printed under pitiless headlines against her.

Soon, there was a rustling of a *saree* and Srinivasan rose to greet the celebrated lady. She was a mite of a woman, severely plain in her attire, with soft, black, motherly eyes; and with a voice as gentle as though she had never raised her voice to address an audience larger than her husband and her children.

"Please sit down," she said and added: "What can I do for you?"

Then she told him of her work, her plans and her ambitions, her passion to fulfil her mission on behalf of Indian womanhood. There was a mesmeric something about her personality, and it was as though one's own mother were speaking.

But when he rose to leave, Srinivasan realised that he had secured no 'story'. Nothing he could write would satisfy the greed of the News-Editor, nor please his merciless eyes. He would slash the interview into one stick, and thrust back into the street the reporter whom he had tried and found wanting.

"Can I detain you a moment longer?" she asked when Srinivasan began to make his departure.

"Certainly," he acquiesced.

"There is something—something more I would like to say to you," she said hesitantly.

And then she began, once more, to talk, and now it was of the intimate secrets of her own life. The charge of hot emotion ran through his frame. The speaker was laying bare her own soul.

"But, surely, you don't want me to report this?" he asked.

"Yes, please," she replied. "You must."

Five minutes later, the reporter strode into the big room.

"What have you got?" asked the News-Editor.

"A great story," replied Srinivasan.

"Get it up carefully," commanded the News-Editor, his eyes hardening into a glitter. "And give her hell!"

But Srinivasan had decided to write only the straight stuff. The task done, he pinned the sheets and laid them on Mr. Iyengar's table.

As the News-Editor read the copy, a strange thing happened. Into his eyes crept a sudden pallor and his face was like a mask of death. His hands were trembling and his whole body was convulsed with violent agitation.

Srinivasan stared like one in a dream. Slowly he became aware that Mr. Iyengar's body was swaying to and fro. Then the News-Editor glanced up, and in his eyes was a look which the reporter could never forget.

"Did she say that?" asked the News-Editor, forcing the words from a dry mouth.

"Word for word," replied the reporter.

In that pause, the private history of the suffragette passed through the reporter's brain. It was her son that she sought, she had said. Her son, who after becoming a graduate had served a five-year term in the Vellore Jail for political offences, and whom she had cast away from the bosom of her family because of his social ostracism, and who had vanished as completely as if by death after release. Hers, she had told, had been a miserable existence since then and her sorrows had been endless. She had

neglected her duties as a mother and it now gnawed in her heart to think what a great sinner she had been. And, may be, she had added, her confession in print might somehow bring him back to her.

And of a sudden, while reviewing the tale he had written, while his eyes were fixed in a searching gaze upon the man at the desk, an amazing thought sprang wildly through his brain. Then came a chill terror, shivering through his body and he trembled violently where he stood. And then dazed

by the flash of understanding that had been vouchsafed him, he was dimly conscious that the coldest brute of a News-Editor was lurching out of his chair, seizing his coat, and flinging out of the room in all haste.

But the cold face was transformed, for he was returning to his mother whom he had lost but found again.

THE END

A Novel in Tabloid—(Continued from page 30)

face of danger. These qualities are essentially requisite to a partner in these days of economic depression. To-morrow you start as my partner."

Ardeshir turned round to claim his beloved Gul. She was watching the proceedings with a dreamy look, for she was so completely lost in admiration of the heroism of her lover that she assigned No. 86 to Hercules, No. 94 to Atlas, No. 125 to Ulysses, No. 175 to Jason, No. 216 to Hannibal, while No. 1 was allotted to Ardeshir, in her ranking of the world's heroes.

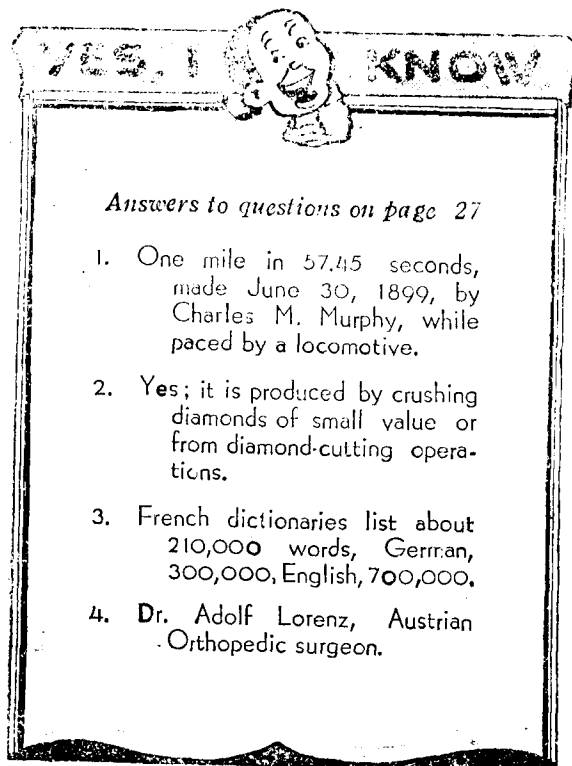
"Gul, precious, you're mine for keeps."

"My hero!" breathed the girl, almost inaudibly,

raising up to him a pair of eyes, which reminded Ardeshir partly of twin stars and partly of a snail's.

"Is there now any necessity to study the book of books—I refer to the *All-India Railway Guide*?" asked Gul, during one of the sane intervals of their love-making.

"None, sweetie. Though I'm your father's partner, I still consider the supervising of the slicing-up of lemons and mangoes and soaking them in salt and vinegar as a poor life-work for a man, whose flaming heart, fuelled by an ineffable love, is continually registering 845°F. But I propose to place my talents at the disposal of Pestonji's Peerless Piquant Palatable Pickles."

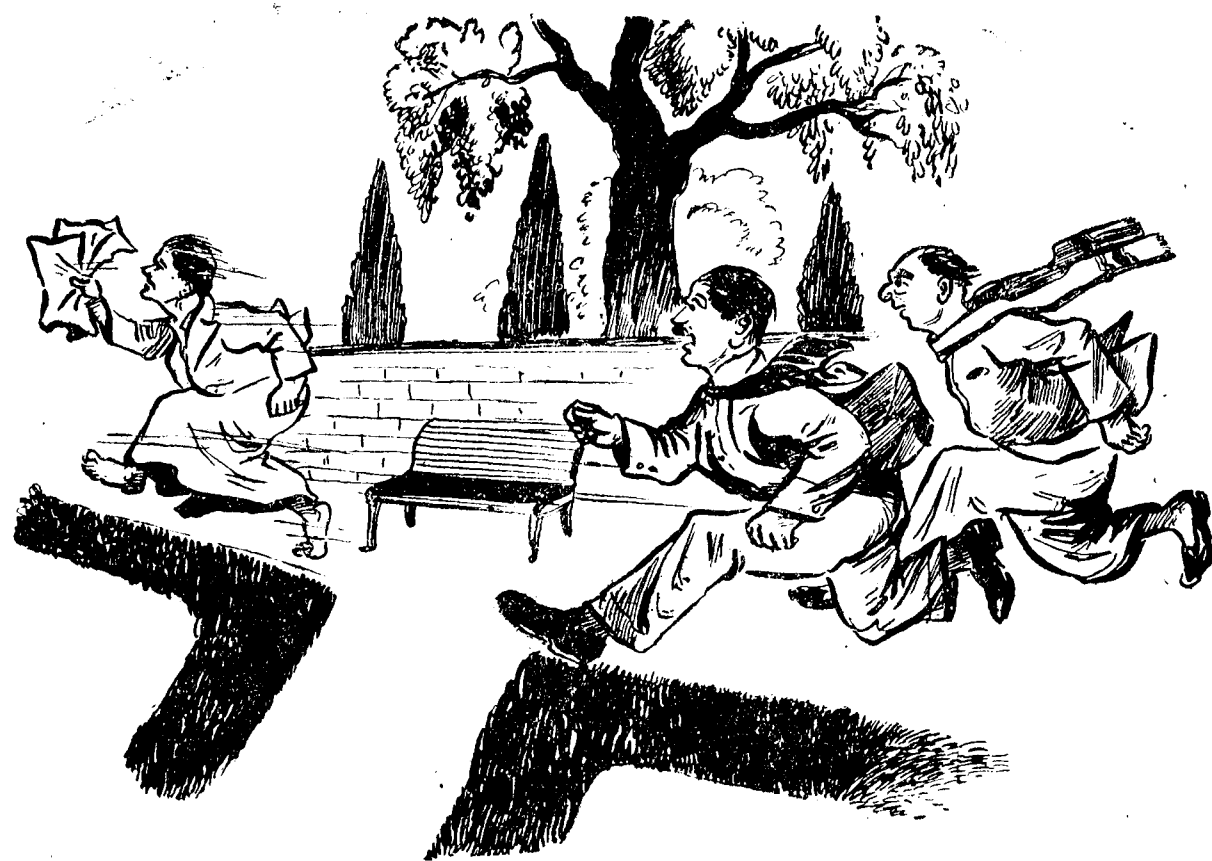


Answers to questions on page 27

1. One mile in 57.45 seconds, made June 30, 1899, by Charles M. Murphy, while paced by a locomotive.
2. Yes; it is produced by crushing diamonds of small value or from diamond-cutting operations.
3. French dictionaries list about 210,000 words, German, 300,000, English, 700,000.
4. Dr. Adolf Lorenz, Austrian Orthopedic surgeon.



"Can I detain you a moment longer?"



The Blackmailer—

by Taurus

Reading Time • About 7 Minutes

"I think it is the telephone going," said Sam suddenly.

I opened my eyes. The sun was pouring into the room and the clock showed 7-30.

I had been hearing the telephone tinkling dimly for the last five minutes. But here was a man who knew no fatigue, who was actually up and at the telephone at 7-30, mindful only of helping a crime-ridden world out of crime, reckless of his own comfort.

A great detective, he had actually sized up the matter, taken it—the receiver—into his hand, and was speaking into it.

"Yes, Lady Bushan Singh, I shall be there presently. Now, please don't worry. It is going to be all right."

It was a high call. Lady Bushan Singh! That great lady, that well-known hostess. *She* was having trouble.

Sam recognised it at one leap.

"I half suspect, my dear Watson," he addressed me facetiously, "our lady bird is having a bit of a pother, in a fix, in fact. In fact she actually told me so."

I gasped. Whatever the fix was, it would be unfixed. None knows the meaning of that wavering tone better than I do.

He had scarcely swallowed two plates of porridge, four poached eggs with six slices of toast and three cups of cocoa when he found the call of business overpowering him. He gobbled up two more slices of

toast, just to steady himself, as he put it, and rushed off to get his coat.

My soul was stirred. At the best of times a poor eater, when a case was on his mind he lost his appetite and forgot his hunger in the hunt for the criminal.

"Sam!" I called out. "You have a hard day's work. These excellent sausages..."

"Sausages! Are there? I didn't notice them."

He gobbled up two, looked at the wrist-watch and cried:

"Late, very late. Come along."

"What's the time?" I asked.

"Time! The wristlet has stopped." He peeped into the bedroom. "8-30 by the clock," he said.

8-30! In that fateful one hour no one knew—except the wrongdoer and perhaps the wronged—what horrors were committed.

* * * *

"I think, Lady Bushan Singh," said Sam after we had comfortably installed ourselves in her magnificent drawing-room, "I think you do not wish to take the Police into this little affair."

"Certainly not," she affirmed with emphasis.

"Ah!" sighed Sam, "I guessed as much. In fact if I am not much mistaken, you are anxious to place this matter in the hands of a good, very good private tec."

"Yes," she agreed.

"The best detective in the world, I take it."

"Well, I have decided to consult you."

"That's it. Just what I thought."

The man's perspicacity was beyond belief. He always had this knack of getting right into the back of the mind of the subject. "Psych, my dear fellow," he used to tell me, "that is what does the trick." A more striking illustration of the truth of this it has seldom been my lot to see.

He reclined back, closed one eye and fixed the other watery one on our hostess, tweaked the tip of his nose and abjured her to begin. "Mind you," he said, "the case, the whole case and nothing but the case."

"You know I have a daughter....."

"I do."

"How do you know?" she asked in wonderment.

"You have just told me," replied Sam simply.

She went on with her tale. An young soldier-to-be, one of those bright young blokes studying for the career up in some hills, the Dun or somewhere, was in the house. A handsome fellow whose figure had the additional attraction of a five-figure legacy from a father who wisely died before he spent it off, he had come down for the vacation. Lady Singh, anxious to see her daughter settled off, had managed to rope him in. But there her plans went awry. The young man instead of obliging a good hostess by falling in love with her daughter, had the execrable taste to go off into pretty frequent tantrums and such like things. Looking oppressed and heavy and not at all his real self.

"What is his weight?" asked Sam suddenly. On such small points he discovered pointers.

Lady Singh confessed her ignorance on the matter and said he had become thin, worn-out and was not at all his real self.

"Unreal, is he?" pounced the great detective with a sob. I know the sob. It straight goes to the root of unreality and upsets it. That is the kind of sob it is.

Lady Singh blissfully unaware of the true import of the sob carried on:

"He broods a lot. I am sure he has something on his mind. I had my suspicions for some time and now they are confirmed. Last night about eleven, I was going down to the library to fetch a thriller—a thriller is my night-cap, you know—when I heard strange noises coming from his room. I first thought he was raving in sleep, but soon I distinctly heard him addressing someone else. His footsteps, as he paced up and down seemed hurried, as though it was a trapped animal in a cage. And so he was."

Sam opened both the eyes so suddenly that she faltered in her stride.

"Ah, yes," she continued after a deep breath. "You wouldn't believe if I tell you what I heard. But every word of it is true. 'No, you villain,' he was saying, 'I shall not give you a penny. I have not wronged her—so help me God! I place my honour first. This cock and bull story, this dirty trap will now wash. Tell my fiancée! I don't care. Tell her and all you will ever get for your pains is a jolly good licking...' and much else in the same strain."

"In that dark, ghostly hour, this man was holding parley with a blackmailer. What is more, there is no doubt in my mind that he is a sinner. A rake. A ghoul who spoils the hearth of innocent households and ruins the hearts of beautiful girls."

"Imagine the feelings which overwhelmed me at this revelation. I rushed back into my room and the villain probably heard me, for he stopped his whining. A blackguard, he surely is not a fit person to lead my innocent and sweet daughter to the altar, not even to the theatre. A snake in the bosom, a serpent in the grass. But in my large heart I could not find it to cast out this ingrate. After all, my girl will save him, redeem a soul. Who, I asked myself, are we to judge? I forgave him out of a generous heart."

We could appreciate her feelings—what a wrench it must have been to her to have seen this man in his true colours, to have peered into his secret, to have heard him brave it out with the blackmailer first and then subsequently to have pleaded for time, for mercy—what a magnanimous heart she must have had to have forgiven this viper, even though he did happen to have a few lakhs in the Bank.

"You heard all this?" queried my friend.

"Yes, I did."

"Distinctly?"

"Yes."

"This man—first defying the blackmailer and later pleading for mercy?"

"Yes."

"Asking for time?"

"Yes."

"You heard all this—you say?"

"Yes."

After this terse cross-examination, my friend sat up and snapped out:

"And now—what do you want me to do?"

"What do I want you to do!" our hostess exclaimed. "Why, to lay this ghost, to settle up with that dirty blackmailer, to make him forget that hussy, whoever she may be, and to make him open a new leaf."

"I quite see. You mean your daughter should..."

"Quite so."

"All right," Sam grunted. "Lead me to where he is, and you lead me to the solution."

"Better try the garden—that is where he potters about at this time."

Yes, in the garden we espied a shiny mass of hair glinting in the sun.

With a view-halloo, Sam fixed it as belonging to the quarry and we plunged through a thick mass of foliage towards it. I do not know if the young soldier-to-be heard the rustle or what, but he obviously thought that discretion was the better part, and he ran.

"Watson, step on it!" cried Sam as he increased his pace.

Round a garden path we chased him when plump he ran into us.

"Hold it!" he shouted as he saw us. A white mass of paper was leading the trail. Fluttering and waving, its pages all ascrew, it came to anchor round Sam's foot. As the young man made a dash for it, Sam bent down and picked it up.

"Give it, give it here!" screamed he. Sam turned its pages. "AH!" he said and encored himself "A—H—"

"Please, please," the chap was almost weeping, "let me have it. It is mine."

"My dear chap, this is—so this is!"

"I admit everything. Only spare me. I can't stand the disgrace of it."

A little while later, in the sitting room, Sam was saying:

"Yes, my lady, the ghost is quite laid. May I ask you a small favour in return? He is a young man, you know, and being a soldier-to-be, is ashamed of his artistic leanings. So please spare him by not going near his room at night when he is busy rehearsing his part. They are putting on boards *The Blackmailer* and your man is the hero in it. Good-morning."

I was amazed. I simply gasped. This man who said he would go to the solution if only he was led to the young man, had actually made good his promise! "How," I stammered, "how do you know?"

"Why," he replied casually. "It was his copy of *The Blackmailer* which caught my foot and as I turned it I stumbled right on the passage our worthy lady was quoting with her own amendments."

THE END



Admonitory Tales

(Bare Betty)

by Embusque

Reading Time • About 2 Minutes

THERE was once a very high-born little girl who was called The Honourable Lady Elizabeth Fitz-Plantagenet. This little girl was brought up with a proper regard for her position, and the servants addressed her as 'My Lady' even when she was an infant in her cradle.

At the early age of five, the Honourable Lady Elizabeth commenced her education in the larger world. The first step was Sunday School. She was sent in a fine carriage to the Parish Hall, there to spend the afternoon learning the virtues of Christian Humility along with the village children.

"What is your name, my dear?" asked the Sunday School teacher, who was the daughter of the local butcher. Of course, the teacher knew the little girl's name, but the question was the first one in the Catechism.

"I am the Honourable Lady Elizabeth Fitz-Plantagenet," said the little girl.

"When you speak to me, you must say 'Please, Miss,'" observed the teacher, reprovingly. "Also you must not recite your high-sounding titles in Sunday School. In this place we are all children of God, and your name is just bare Betty."

The Lady Elizabeth had already been taught to respect her elders, so she took this new lesson to heart. The next Sunday, she was most eager to go to lessons in the village hall, and to learn some more things from the butcher's daughter.

It happened, however, that the butcher's daughter was indisposed, and another earnest young woman was substituting.

"What is your name, my dear?" asked the earnest young woman.

"Please, Miss, I am called Bare Betty," replied the child.

The little boys and girls of the village, not being so well brought-up as the Lady Elizabeth, laughed aloud. They went home and told their parents. In time, the tale spread into the highest circles in the land.

So, years afterwards, when the Honourable Lady Elizabeth was the Vicereine of India, the equerries and the lacqueys used to smile behind their hands, and refer to Her Excellency, in all the awful majesty of position, as Bare Betty.

And the moral of this story is, that Christian Humility is a remarkable thing.

THE END

On Pitcairn Island—

Diana Don

Reading Time • About 10 Minutes

THE story of the *Mutiny On The Bounty* has been told many times. In 1789, this ship was engaged on a scientific mission in the South Seas. The crew rose against their tyrannical commander, Lieutenant Bligh, and set him adrift in an open boat. In that frail craft, the indomitable disciplinarian performed an unparalleled voyage of 2,000 miles over uncharted seas with his unwilling companions, and brought them to Timor in safety.

The mutineers took the *Bounty* to Tahiti. The majority went ashore there, and led a life of indolence. Two years later, a frigate came in search of them. They were hunted down and brought to justice.

A minority had been wiser. Refusing to stay in Tahiti, where they would be exposed to vengeance if Bligh survived, they fitted out the ship for a colonising enterprise, and sailed in search of some uninhabited place in the unknown part of the South Seas, where they could settle in safety.

They found Pitcairn, a small remote island ideally suited to their purpose. They dismantled the *Bounty*, and burned the remains of the ship. Their refuge was not discovered for many years. To this day, the lonely island is inhabited solely by descendants of the mutineers of the *Bounty*.

That is the well-known tale. What is not so well-known is the history of these mutineers during the early years of the colony. It makes one of the most astonishing narratives in human history.

Nine mutineers landed on Pitcairn Island in 1789. Their leader was Fletcher Christian, a man of noble character and great gifts. He had been second-in-command of the *Bounty*. That such a man should join in mutiny with his subordinates, is a hint of the ferocity of Bligh's character.

Of the nine men, five were rough, unlettered seamen. The remaining four were of another type: Christian (mate of the *Bounty*), Young (junior officer), Brown (civilian botanist), and Smith (carpenter).

Six Polynesian men had joined the expedition. They also were in search of a distant, peaceful home, far away from the troubles of their native Tahiti. Two

of them were servants of humble extraction. The remaining four—Minari, Tetahiti, Tararu and Nihu—were warriors and chiefs' sons. These four were treated as the equals of the better-class Europeans.

The fifteen men were accompanied by twelve Polynesian women. Nihu and the two servants were wifeless. However, Polynesian custom permitted the lower class among the women to give their favours to the three wifeless men, and for a time all was well. The Europeans were not aware of the arrangement.

Houses were built, and fields planted. Within three years the settlement was prosperous and well-appointed. All things were shared in common. The rule was, an equal vote for every man.

Then the wife of John Williams, one of the seamen, fell over a cliff and was killed. Williams called a meeting, and said he must have a new wife. The Polynesians suggested he should share one of the lower-class women, as was already being done in similar cases.

This revelation created anger and dismay among the Europeans. Christian, after considering the matter, declared that the Polynesian solution was the only reasonable one. Williams, however, persisted in demanding a woman of his own. He said Tararu's high-class wife should be handed over to him. He claimed that a European should have preference over a Polynesian.

Thus was the colour-question raised for the first time. The five lower-class Europeans supported William's view, and the four better-class Europeans stood for continued equality between the races.

Christian evaded a conflict by calling on the woman to choose between Williams and Tararu. To everybody's astonishment, the woman chose the ruffianly Williams! From that day, there was uneasiness between the two races over the question of the women.

The seamen element became assertive. They ill-treated women suspected of going with the wifeless Polynesians. They began to leave the harder work to the brown men, and to claim certain lands and implements as European property. But the Polynesian

trusted to Christian's fair dealing, and treated the seamen's pretensions with indifference.

Then McCoy, one of the sailors, made a disastrous discovery. There was a copper tube and a kettle among the stores taken from the *Bounty*. He took these articles away to a lonely spot, and constructed a still for the manufacture of spirits. A wild root, resembling potato, provided the necessary 'mash.' Soon McCoy was inviting his cronies to secret carousals.

The root grew in only one place. No sooner had McCoy established his distillery, than two Polynesians chanced to select that very spot for a new garden. They began to dig up the ground and clear away the wild roots.

McCoy tried to drive them away, saying the ground was his. The Polynesians took no notice. McCoy and his companions, inflamed with desire for alcohol, planned to dispossess the Polynesians. They called a meeting of the Europeans.

McCoy's proposal was that the land on the island should be parcelled out among the men, for better development. Christian thought it a good suggestion. Then McCoy produced a map, showing the island divided into nine parts!

"You have forgotten the Polynesians!" cried Christian, "besides, this gives each man twenty times more land than he needs."

"Never mind; we will be the owners," retorted McCoy. "We will employ the Polynesians as labourers."

"I will never consent to such a thing!" exclaimed Christian.

McCoy, however, demanded an immediate vote. The result was, five in favour of disinherit the Polynesians, and four in favour of racial equality.

Christian declared the vote invalid. Such a thing could only be decided by a meeting of all the men, Polynesians included. McCoy, however, claimed that the vote was binding. He

went home, and boasted to his wife that soon she would have a brown man as a slave; the land was going to be divided among the Englishmen. It was decided; the men had voted for it.

McCoy's wife happened to be the mistress of the wifeless Nihu. While her husband lay in a drunken sleep, she visited her lover. In talk, she repeated McCoy's boast.

To a Polynesian, the most abusive and shameful insult you can offer is to call him landless. Nihu was maddened at the very thought of being deprived of his status as a land-holder. Though it was the middle of the night, he roused Minari, Tetahiti, and Tararu, and told them the dreadful news. "The white men have voted; it is decided," he said.

"Christian is an honourable man; he would never allow it," cried Tetahiti.

"Because he is honourable, he will abide by the vote of the meeting," retorted Nihu.

"Shall I, a chief's son, be left landless and a slave?" cried Minari. "No! The white men must be killed!"

"All of them?" asked the gentle Tararu.

"Every one of them—even Christian," replied their leader. "If we leave even one alive, he is in honour bound to avenge the death of his comrades. We must kill them all at once, before they take the land, and before they suspect anything. We must take them by surprise, for they all have muskets."

So, at dawn, the Polynesians waylaid the Europeans, one by one, as they went to the fields. Three of them were clubbed, and beheaded while senseless. Williams was caught, and brutally butchered. Another seaman was decapitated by a single blow from an axe.

McCoy happened to be out early, hunting. He saw the dreadful slaughter in progress, and ran inland shouting. He lay in hiding for two days.

Now the alarm was raised, the murderers hurried to Christian's field, and shot him down. They also fired at a seaman called Quintal,



Teacher: Who was Captain Bligh?
Pupil: Charles Laughton.

but only wounded him as he ran. There was one other survivor—Smith, who was hidden in his house by his faithful wife.

All day, the blood-crazed Polynesians ranged the island, searching for the three surviving white men. At night, they returned to a place of rest, appointing the two serving-men to keep watch. But the servants fell asleep.

Christian's widow was a Polynesian lady of high birth and high courage. She was determined to avenge the cruel murder of her good husband. During the night, she collected five of the bereaved women, gave them knives, and crept to where the murderers and their guard were sleeping. The women killed all six men as they lay.

Thus, in twenty-four hours, the male population was reduced from fifteen to three—the brutish McCoy, the villainous Quintal, and the inoffensive, weak-willed Smith.

A new order of things arose on the island. McCoy installed his still in the largest house. The three men passed their days there in unending drunkenness, while the women did all the work. The women were made to visit the house in the evening, and submit to the excesses of the drunken males.

After two years of this deplorable life, there came a day when all the women suddenly disappeared. Under the leadership of Mrs. Christian, they had secretly been constructing a strong fort at the other end of the island. Now they removed to it, with all the stores and firearms. Female sentries paraded the walls with loaded muskets!

When the men found where the women had gone, they marched up to the fort; but were warned to keep away. McCoy, in a fury, tried a single-handed attack, but was wounded by a musket-ball. Finding the women in earnest the men retreated to the village, and resumed their drunken life, but with no women to prepare the food or clean the house.

One night, McCoy and Quintal abducted two women from the fort. They were taken to McCoy's house and shamefully ill-used. They escaped when their tormentors fell into an alcoholic stupor.

The next morning, the women marched to the village and began a determined siege of the men's house, and forced them to surrender, all wounded. Mrs. Christian decided to spare their lives, but to banish them to the jungle as outlaws. If they came to the inhabited part of the island, they would be shot on sight. The women burned the village, and retired to their fort.

The three men now lived in the jungle like brutes. Their only possession was the accursed still. McCoy soon fell a victim to *delirium tremens*, and committed suicide by jumping over the cliffs.

Quintal became insane. Slinking about the edge of the jungle like a ravening animal, he made attacks on women in the outlying fields, violating and mutilating them.

The women resolved to hunt him down. They methodically drove him across the island, as they would a savage beast, until he was cornered and slobbering for mercy. Then they shot him.

Smith, on a neighbouring hill, witnessed the execution of his last companion. He was the only man left alive on the island. As he wanted, he formed a great resolution. He would abandon his way of existence, and devote the rest of his life to the rehabilitation of the island.

Though it cost him a pang, he threw the deadly still into the sea, and broke every bottle remaining on Pitcairn. Then, all alone, he returned to the village, and began to build a house.

For two months, distant female figures, silent, and musket in hand, watched the efforts of the lonely man. Then, as suddenly as they had gone, the women returned to the ruined village. Mrs. Christian announced that the women would help in the work of reconstructing the settlement and re-starting the old farms. They were willing to accept Smith as their master and their husband, provided his behaviour was decent.

So, in the seventh year of the settlement, Smith became the patriarch of the island. Soon the place was bright and prosperous again. Smith, now reformed, became a worthy leader of the little community.

Twenty years later, when the first ship called at Pitcairn Island, the astonished visitors found a little paradise on earth. Nearly all the residents were youths and children—there was only one grown man, and he was somewhat elderly. All the young people were happy, healthy, beautifully-mannered, and well-educated. The character had been moulded on lines of great simplicity and high morality. They lived under ideal conditions, enjoying an unblemished communistic system. The elderly man was the father of all except seven of the young people.

Smith, the noble old patriarch, said there was only one law on the island. It was—that the manufacture or import of alcohol was punishable by death.

THE END

Merry's Filmfolio

The Prince of Thieves (Hindi)

Producers: Nava-Bharat Movietone Co.,

At: The Select Talkies, Madras

Reviewed by K. A. P.

The Art Of Amritlal

All the players in this amusing picture are enjoying themselves hugely; and so will you if you are one of those stunt-starved film-fans.

Also, the art of the versatile Amritlal, who acts as the friend of the hero and general factotum, will keep you aglow with good humour. Amritlal, unlike most of our film comedians, is not just a mime; he is a blend of mimics and sound which can hardly be separated. Nor can this mime be dissociated from the musician, the dance-artist. Watching him sitting with an imaginary *thumbore* hugged to him, doing *bhajana* with *thalas* in both his hands, is the very champagne of the picture.

Like the irrepressible Lupino Lane, Amritlal is one of those who never 'grow old'. One can sit for hours, without getting tired, listening to the breezy anecdotes of his gallantry and bravery—only, a lizard's chirrup makes him jump out of his skin and do a somersault. He is a comedian who understands.

The title of the film is rather misleading; for, this is no story of a robber chieftain, nor yet of a prince 'among' thieves. In fact, there appear no thieves at all in the picture and the use of 'thieves' is funny unless it is meant to apply—figuratively speaking, of course—to those conspiring courtiers.

The hero is a masked prince, and his reputation as the gallant follows him wherever he goes, which is a bit hard on him on occasion. How he foils the intrigues in the durbar, how he frees himself from ticklish situations and what he learns in the process, of the courtiers and the women, 'shape into a trim

satire. But the intelligent filmgoers will laugh their heartless laughter at the hero's acrobatic antics. At any rate, I did.

The story is hard to believe but if you will get away from its unreality, you are assured of some exciting entertainment. The story, as you probably know, if you have been seeing these pictures regularly and watching the women suffering, is about a fair captive refugee Minaxi, a princess of Chandravathi, thank you, whose honour is saved by Vijaya—alias 'Shahu Chor' as he later turns out to be. He is the son of Senapathi the army chief, and dons the cloak of a congenital half-wit, reciting ever and anon, as his watchword 'Ahimsa Paramodharma', dangling an ever-present *thambore*. He saves the queen, her son and finally Minaxi, in turn, from the clutches of Samar, the designing arch-villain of the story whose ambition it is to make short work of the human impediments to his accession to the throne and to marry Minaxi.

Thwarted at every turn alternately by the masked cavalier and the meek Vijaya begging 'No physical jokes, please!' Samar meets his end at Vijaya's hands. Everyone tantalises Vijaya, and Minaxi simply laughs at his suit when he proposes to her as the plain, maskless Vijaya. In the end, of course, she marries him.

There is a captivating dance ensemble, and plump Nur Jehan acts splendidly as princess Minaxi. Navinchandra does creditably as Vijaya, the idiot. In the result, as the judges say, it is rather an enjoyable show.

This Week's New Pictures

Minerva Talkies

A Grand Double Attraction (Opening).
Sati Anasuya and Dhruva Vijayam (Telugu.)

Direction: Mr. C. Pullaya.
Producers: East India Film Co.

Select Talkies

Loyalty. (Hindi)

Producers: Indian Liberty Pictures, Bombay.

With Master Shanker, Mr. Atta Mohamed, Subramaniam, Miss Shahzadi, Miss Vidya Ali (Comedian), Mansoor and others.

Wellington

Star of Midnight.

Producers: RKO Radio.

Starring William Powell and Ginger Rogers.

Paragon

Last of the Pagans.

Producers: M. G. M.

Starring Mala and Lotus Long. South Seas story based on Hermann Melville's novel *Typee*.

Roxy

In Town Tonight.

A British Lion Production. Mostly songs and dances.

A New Studio

Mr. T. R. Sundaram, one of the Directors of the Angel Films Ltd., Salem, has now floated a new Company under the name of Modern Theatres Ltd. Salem with a capital of three lakhs.

This is to be one of the best studios in Southern India. He is erecting a studio 120 feet long, 60 feet wide and 30 feet high, completely enclosed and making it sound-proof by the use of Ankar-board.

The studio will be equipped and all equipments furnished by Eastern Electric & Engineering Co., Bombay.

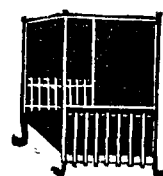
Amongst other things they will be supplying the Balsley & Phillips Variable Area Sound-on-Film Recording system using a double sprocket type of Recorder and a light valve, Akeley Camera, Bell & Howell Semi Automatic Printer, Moviola Projector type Editing Machine, Set of Moviola Synchronizers, Eyemo Camera, Set of Weinert Studio Lights, Etc.

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Child Stars of To-day & Yesterday



Shirley Temple

was in a gay mood and could not summon a tear. The director pleaded in vain. The production overhead was 1200 dollars an hour and everyone was becoming nervous. At last they hatched a plot. Shirley's mother vanished from the set. Five minutes later the young woman in charge of the child stars walked over to Shirley and said: "Listen, dear, your mother will be away for a while. Another car hit hers and she has to go the police-station. But she isn't hurt." Shirley looked disturbed but she wouldn't cry.

"Why, Shirley," asked the young woman, "aren't you sorry for your poor mother? She wants to be here with you but the policemen wouldn't let her!"

Tears filled the little girl's eyes and the scene was taken. In time movie audiences were entranced by the spontaneous grief she portrayed in *Little Miss Marker*.

The centre of another drama was Baby Le Roy. He was seven months old when engaged for the Maurice Chevalier film, *A Bed Time Story*. His next important role was in *Miss Fane's Baby Is Stolen*. He performed creditably until they began the sequence in which the Baby was to go to sleep. This time the overhead was 2000 dollars an hour and Master Le Roy refused to close his eyes. By eight the studio officials were mental wrecks. Under California law children cannot work after ten. An appeal was made to Las Angeles Board of Health: "Would it be harmful to give Baby a mild sleeping pill?" The Board conferred and ruled: "Give him the pill." At nine-fifty the Baby closed his eyes and the scene was shot.

The life of a child star, too, is complicated. Shirley has to do principal parts in feature films before the audiences find that Shirley's freshness, the radiant little-girl smile and her extraordinary talent for mimicry have vanished. Already Shirley is showing signs of precocity.

One afternoon, when *Baby Take A Bow* was being shot at Fox Hills Studio, the rehearsals had gone badly and Shirley was forgetting her lines. She turned to the director, Harry Lachman.

"Maybe we ought to call it *Baby Take A Flop*," she said. Soon after *Little Miss Marker* was finished, Shirley's mother was being interviewed by a fan magazine-writer. She explained that Shirley could not yet read. She memorizes her lines by having them read to her as she is going to bed. The next morning they are clear in her mind. Mrs. Temple then described Shirley's daily life until which Shirley was listening intently.

"I'm the star!" she announced herself. "Why don't you ask me the questions?"

No one can do much to avert this impending peril. Three years ago Shirley was the daughter of George F. Temple, an unknown. Then she was engaged for the small role in *Stand Up and Cheer*. She stole the show and her fame was made. Now she is a celebrity, receiving hundreds of letters. Hardly able to spell her name, she



Baby Le Roy in *A Bed Time Story*

is besieged for autographs. She can no longer romp along the Santa Monica beaches, but has to remain hidden in the backyard of her house. Almost her only playmate is a little girl who serves as her "Stand-in" at the studio. Life has altered appallingly for the Temples. Agents swarm over their front porch with ideas for making money out of Shirley's fame. Their house has to be barricaded at night. It is obviously silly to feel too sorry for movie children. These miniature actors and actresses enjoy themselves vastly.

Jackie Cooper, if his work in *The Treasure Island* is any criterion, is a competent young actor and will prove the exception to the rule that child stars never become adult stars. He is now 15 and the studio conceals his real age. Though a star, he doesn't exhibit any superiority.

In *Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch* an enchanting small girl, addressed as the "Herring" because of her size, had some trouble remembering her lines.

"Now listen, Herring," said director Norman Taurog. "I'm in a spot and you've got to help me. We're late. They'll scold me when I get home. Won't you do it right, just for me?"

She did and Taurog thanked her.

"Oh, that's aw right," she said complacently, "I was glad to help you out."

Thousands of girls flock to Hollywood annually to return in ignominy to their homes. The over-supply of children is just as great.

Every time a Shirley Temple or Baby Le Roy arises determined mothers clutch thier kids and set out for the city of possible riches. About 3000 a year appear at the producers central casting office. Most of them are flatly rejected. There is, however, a registration list of 1600 upon which the studios may draw. But few are called. The child who receives a day's work in a week at from 5 to 7'50 dollars is very lucky.

There are, besides, 60 schools, all commercial, which give professional courses for children leading to pictures, stage or radio. The largest, the Meglin Dance Studios Inc. dedicated to "Glorifying the American Child" have 4000 to 5000 enrolled on the Pacific coast. Its alumni and alumnae are known as "Famous Meglin Kiddies" and one of them is Shirley Temple.

Their general manager would supply anything a producer may want:—50 blonde five-year-old girls; 75 boys with freckles; tap and toe dancers; even boop-a-doop singers.

The supply of thespians of six months and under is not well organised. Paramount had a fearful time locating Baby Le Roy. They found him, in a Salvation Army home, unusually bright. He would imitate as far as he could, the gestures of those around him. He was thus a hit in *A Bed Time Story*.

He is now even more imitative. In his last picture he was called upon to toss a pie at the face of W.C. Fields, the comedian. So Baby's instructor threw pies at Mr. Fields' double; Baby got the idea and tossed his owa. Mr. Fields stepped into the line of fire just in time. The same thing was done with a tomato-throwing episode. But for several days his mother had trouble with Le Roy. He got mixed up and tossed tomatoes at home. He doesn't talk much yet, but he understands.

The word "razzberry" causes him to spit out whatever is in his mouth and this has been useful in some charming spinach sequences. "Tonsils" makes him open his mouth so that he appears to be singing. The unfortunate truth, however, is that Baby does not like to work. He sometimes howls with anger when brought on the set. The best story about him has been suppressed by studio press-agents. He knows that, in the last analysis, there is one word by which he can halt everything and he frequently utters it just as the lights have been adjusted and the cameras are about to feven.

"Bathroom!" he announces.

The average professional life of a child is three years. Jackie Coogan, most famous of them all, lasted longer. But, Coogan, now, 22, finds no studio willing to give him major parts. Who remembers Jane and Katherine Lee of silent pictures? They are in the Vaudeville now. Where is Baby Peggy!

But through trusts and savings accounts, his money has been saved, the movie child has little to show for his work in later years.

THE END

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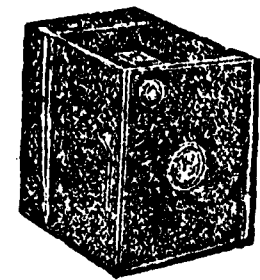
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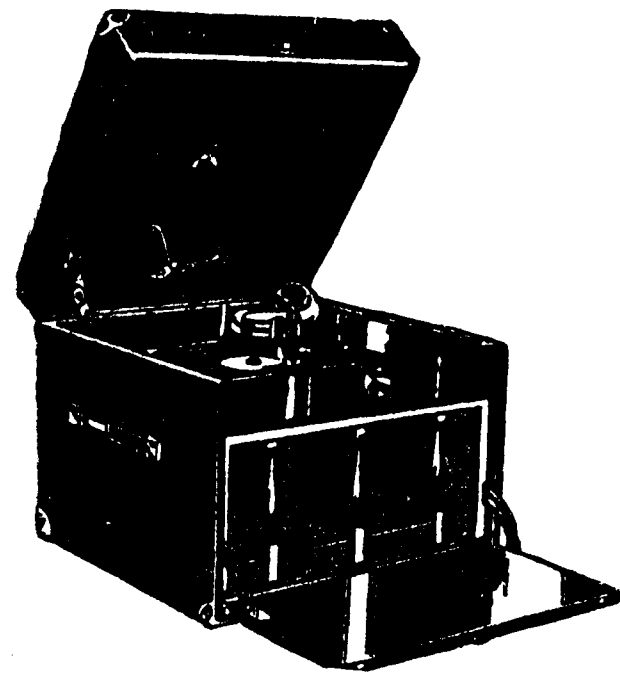
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