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MERRY

MAGAZINE

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EMBUSQUE

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JAYALAKSHMI

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: Etc. Etc. :

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10th May 1955

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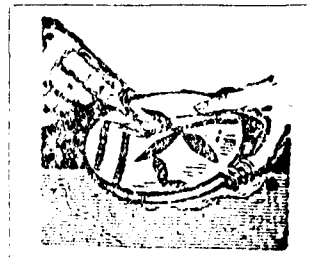
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The
MERRY
MAGAZINE



Madras, May 16, '36

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Diana Don



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R. Jagannathan

SPARKS FROM OUR ANVIL

Commenting on the Abyssinian debacle, the *New York Times* writes : "The world ought to be ashamed at the breakdown of its plans for collective security."

But it doesn't specify which world—the Old or the New!

Sgr. Mussolini says that he is now prepared to co-operate in reforming the League.

We think that it serves the League right!

Sgr. Gayda announces that there is no Ethiopia.

We believe however that some Ethiopians are still alive.

It is authoritatively announced that Italy has no intention of raising a coloured army.

It is too early however to say that *one will not rise*.

In a press statement, the Italian Consul general says that the Italians are opening hospitals and schools in the occupied territory.

The former must be more overcrowded than the latter.

Says Mussolini : "We are ready to defend our victory with the same determination with which we won it."

We wonder if the threat is directed against Britain!

With the annexation of Ethiopia, Italy's colonial ambitions are said to be satisfied.

It is Germany's turn next.

In the House of Commons, Mr. Eden paid a tribute to the Indian soldiers in Addis Ababa, and said that Major Charteris and his men had worthily upheld the best traditions of the Indian army.

Namely, fighting other people's battles!

In the House of Lords, the Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs said that the stock-taking must be exhaustive and relentless to see if the League can be made more effective.

This cannot however affect Mussolini's determination to *take the lion's share*.

In reply to a deputation of the League of Nations Union, Mr. Baldwin is said to have confessed 'bitter humiliation' at the failure of the League to save Abyssinia.

Everybody is now engaged in saving the League's face.

Mr. Churchill attacked the Premier in the House of Commons, and said that he took all the power and did not face realities.

In proof of it, he even failed to face Mr. Churchill!

The Indian Cricket Team now in England suffered its first defeat in its first match against Worcestershire.

We must congratulate Worcestershire on breaking its monotonous record!

In the course of an address at Coimbatore, Mr. Avanashilingam Chettiar is reported to have said : "Sir N. N. Sircar is a perfect gentleman, and never worried over the defeat of the Government."

At that rate, we must admit that we have the most gentlemanly Government in the world!

Interviewed at the end of her successful flight over the Sahara desert, Mrs. Amy Mollison said : "It was perfectly ghastly!"

Sahara however thought that it was perfectly ghostly!

The Daily Mail is responsible for the rumour that Sir Samuel Hoare is to go to the Admiralty.

The rumour has not yet gone beyond the marines!

The Two Voices

It is a feature of the British character that when it wants to ride the high horse, and impress the world with its disinterested devotion to ideals, it finds plenty of young men ready to 'pluck honour from the pale-faced moon'. But when idealism has served its purpose, or begins to impose exacting sacrifices, the elder statesmen take the field, put the lid on youthful effervescence firmly, and conclusively show that prudence is the better part of idealism. When Sir Samuel Hoare was driven into the wilderness for proposing a premature dismemberment of Abyssinia, the world applauded the puritan conscience of England, and was fascinated by the 'voice of the sea'. The Italian occupation of Addis Ababa, the flight of the Negus, and the virtual overthrow of the Ethiopian resistance have forced the elder statesmen of England to sound counsels of safety-first. Sir Austen Chamberlain is the Nestor of the Conservative Party. He has held office long, if not with distinction. What he says to-day, the Conservative Party will do to-morrow. He no doubt prides himself on being a realist. His speech in the Commons on the course of events in Abyssinia gives ample indications of the line likely to be taken by British policy. Mussolini has been very naughty; he has broken all the rules. But he has succeeded. And as nothing succeeds like

success, it won't do to break with him in the hour of his victory. British interests will have to be safeguarded. The Dictator has already given advance assurances under that head. But a scapegoat has to be found. So, we have the surprising spectacle of British statesmen joining hands with Italy and Germany, and professing to find one in the League of Nations! The reforming of the League of Nations is no more than a euphemism for rendering that body more impotent than ever. If mountain will not go to Mohammed, Mohammed must go to the mountain. If the League cannot restrain brigands, and force them to behave, it is better that the responsibility for keeping them in check is not cast on the League! That in effect is the trend of the latest talk of reforming the League. The really operative parts of the League Covenant are proposed to be scrapped. No wonder the smaller powers are threatening to break away from an organisation that threatens to become worse than a fraud. We cannot have bilateral pacts and the League. They are a contradiction in terms. This loss of faith in the League is an inevitable concomitant of the nations' faith in armaments. A chastened mood cannot perhaps come until after we have gone through another purgation. It's a pity; but there seems no help for it.

The Promotion



Mussolini : You are now the Emperor of Ethiopia !

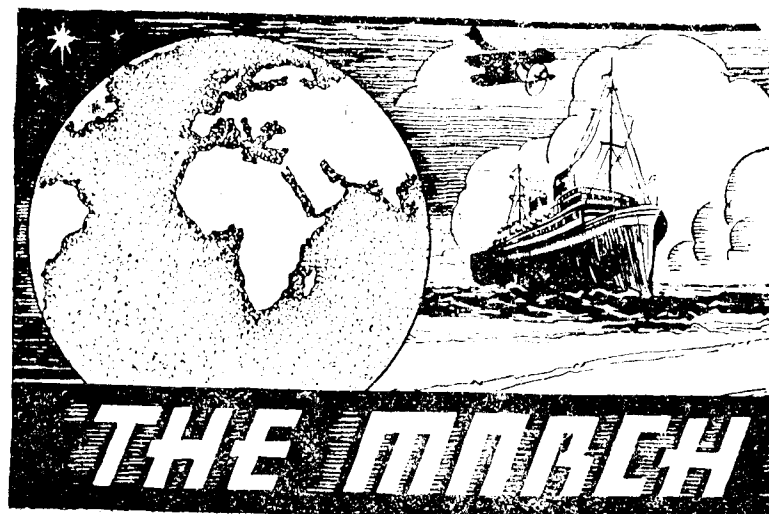
His Majesty Victor Emmanuel : But, I say, give me a little room here.

It is a pretty long time since I mentioned anything about Dr. C. Natesa Mudaliar. He asked the other day in the Madras City Council (during question-time, of course) if he could congratulate the Commissioner on his making Corporation appointments on the basis of the communal rules.

As one of my self-appointed tasks is to disseminate knowledge on diverse subjects, I hasten to resolve Dr. Natesa Mudaliar's doubt.

No, dear doctor, you cannot congratulate the Commissioner on the floor of the Corporation Council Hall while your brother city-fathers are sitting around. For one thing, your brother councillors may not like it; for another—and this is more important—Satyamurti may get irritated I hear you saying almost: "Fat lot I care for Satyamurti." But look at the shape of things to come. This time next year he will be the Chief Minister, in charge of, among other things, Local Self Government. And where are you then? I feel a lump in my throat as I ask this question.

But since you feel so strongly about gratulating the Commissioner, you can do it in the Council-room, provided you can find a way of clearing the Hall of everybody except, of course, the Commissioner. Stand up in your own inimitable, graceful way, clear your throat (If you don't like to clear your throat, don't worry.) and say in measured accents: "Gentlemen, brother Corporators, will you kindly step out to the verandah for a couple of minutes as a personal favour?" To a request so charmingly made, I don't think any councillor would say nay. However, let me warn you there is just a ghost of a chance that Satyamurti and Chakkara Chettiar may stick to their seats. So I would advise you to go to the Commissioner's house with a lemon and a rose garland and do the felicitation *in camera*. The Commissioner will smile at you. And you just smile back. Please



BY THE MAN

don't thank me. I am a very modest fellow.

★

Exploding the myth that his illustrious father and himself used to send their linen for laundering, every week to a Paris laundry, Jawaharlal says that if anybody were foolish enough to indulge in this snobbery, he would get a special mention for being a prize-fool.

That is a good one. But what about those chaps who circulated this myth, repeating the story with gusto each time they related it to an awed private audience? Applying the criterion set by Jawaharlal, they should be, to put it modestly, double-prize, double-baked idiots.

Many people told me this yarn about the Nehru linen. I believed it, of course. As I write this, I kick myself, as an act of expiation. One of the fellows who told me this linen story at least three times,



is a Professor of something in a college in the City. I went to his house, hoping that his wife would be in the kitchen. Luckily I found him alone. Instead of saying "Good morning, Professor," I said in an impersonal voice, "You are a double-prize, double-baked idiot." The fellow was sipping his morning coffee as I said those words. The coffee went down the wrong way, and he choked. I thumped his back to steady his inner works, put Jawaharlal's linen disclaimer in his hand and stood by. The Professor read the disclaimer and turned to me. "I don't mind your calling me an idiot," said the Professor. "But you should have waited till I had finished my coffee." Comment is unnecessary.

★

At a public meeting at Barwa, Sir A. P. Patro said: "Congressmen must not be allowed to seize all places of power under the Reforms.....The Congress will be a Brahmin organisation in South India and a Hindu organisation in Northern India and John Bull will rejoice in the background."

If you ask me, it is a dangerous state of affairs. This should not come to pass, not only on grounds of danger, but also because Sir A. P. Patro doesn't like it. We must not hurt Sir A. P.'s feelings,



ON THE MOVE

because Gandhiji says we must not hurt anybody's feelings, if we are to call ourselves true *satyagrahis*. So what shall we do? I think it is rather difficult to stay the hands of the Congress from seizing all places of power. But to make the Congress less Brahminical in the South and less Hindu in the North, we can do one thing. We could, by intensive propaganda by lantern lectures and comic songs, convert a good number of Brahmins to Non-Brahminism. As for the North, we can invite Pundit Malaviya, Bhai Paramanand, Dr. Moonji and a few hot guys in the Hindu fold, to a strictly Hindu tea-party. As they are enjoying the delicacies provided, we can either hypnotise them into thinking they are Hottentot boys, or if we don't like such underhand methods we can lock them up in a cell on the banks of the Ganges till the elections under the reformed constitution were over.

This should mitigate the evils of Brahminism and Hinduism, as they affect the Congress. Patro will laugh and John Bull will snifle.

★

Roy's Weekly of Delhi printed in a recent issue the photograph

of a great Indian philanthropist. The philanthropist is Lala Shri Ram. Under the picture the following letterpress appears:

Lala Shri Ram has donated one lakh of rupees for a maternity for Delhi.

I don't think anybody in India, or indeed in the wide, wide world, donated such a princely sum for a maternity. Maternity is a good thing, if you know what I mean. It is indeed a happy portent of the times that maternity has come to be recognised as a major issue in Indian



social economy. We hold only one sorry, solitary record in the affairs of the world, namely Hockey. This one lakh donation is the second record, we have hit up. And may it never be lowered outside India, even by Hitler and Mussolini, whose fondness for maternity is wellknown.

★

The Secretary of State has promulgated new rules for the recruitment of members of the Indian Civil Service. The main points that mark a notable or notorious departure from the practice hitherto in vogue are: the sacrifice of merit to patronage, the indirect discouragement of Indians appearing from London, and the determination to perpetuate the racial character of the service by offering what may be called a 'softer option' to the Englishman than to the Indian. None of our more vocal politicians parading as a constitutionalist can with courage or honesty raise his voice of protest against these new rules. For they enthrone, in effect, the same principles which under the cloak of communal justice now operate in regard to all other appointments made in this country. The British have therefore every justification for giving a racial turn to the highest of these examinations. With all its defects, the I. C. S. as an examination was the finest that could have been devised to spot out the men with intellectual abilities, stamina and the traits required for initiative, planning and direction. There has been a steady depreciation in the quality of the entrants in the last few years, as admitted by many people in Britain and in this country. The proposed changes bid fair to accelerate the downward march of a once distinguished service. We shall shed no tears over it; it has outlived its usefulness, and the sooner it goes the better. This however is not the motive behind the new rules!

Moral in Mirror

A Grecian sailor, comely of face,
Was very vain of his beauty.
He carried with him—so the story says—
A looking-glass as a duty!

One day, in an absent mind, he left
His looking-glass behind.
A Jap trader took it—no, not a theft!—
He had his wife in mind.

"My father's picture I see before me!"
His mind 'reflected' thus;
But when his wife looked into it, she
Created such a fuss!

"You faithless scamp! Who's this?" she hissed,
"And you flaunt your amours before me!"
"My lamented father!" and his wife he kissed;
"Your father? A vixen I see!"

Their angry quarrel attracted a crowd;
An elderly sage was there too;
He took the mirror from them, and said aloud:
"It won't be returned to you;

"What peace, and bliss and wisdom, I see
Enthroned upon this face!
It shall grace the wall of my monastery,
And illumine the hall with grace."

Well, the moral is plain: each saw his own face,
Reflected in that mirror,
See good; do good; think good; it pays!
Within us alone lies error.

—G. K. Pillai

Fun For All



"I observe, sir," began the boy applicant, addressing the manager, "that you have a vacancy for a respectable, well-spoken boy."

"Yes," replied the manager, "but I'm afraid the vacancy was filled yesterday."

"Then," began the respectable, well-spoken boy, "you silly old Josses, why the blazes don't you take the blinkin' card out of the bloomin' winder?"

* * *

A lawyer died. He had an accident insurance policy which his widow tried to collect.

"You can't collect on this policy," said the firm. "Death is not an accident—it is a visitation of God."

So the widow took the matter up with a lawyer who reversed the decision. His contention was that any visitation of God to a lawyer was an accident.

* * *

"Don't you think it would be a good idea to put up a scarecrow to prevent the birds eating your seeds?"

"Well, really, it's not worth while. One of us is always in the garden."

* * *

A hiker hailed a passing car and asked for a lift. He got in. The driver overshot traffic signals and was promptly pulled up by the traffic policeman, who industriously wrote down all details. The man who got the lift got out and pleaded with the policeman to overlook the offence, but the limb of law was adamant.

After driving for a short while, the stranger said to the driver: "Look here, friend, you've been decent to me; so I'll tell you something. I'm a professional pick-pocket, on my way to a meeting."

Surprised, the driver asked: "You're a what?"

"Yes, a pick-pocket," said the other, getting out. "And here's the policeman's pocket-book."

* * *

The new assistant at the seed shop was having a harrasing time. Someone had ordered a packet of potato seed and he had spent two hours searching for

them, without success. At last he asked the boss about them.

"What an idiot!" howled the boss. "Potato don't grow from seeds. Someone has been pulling your legs!"

A little later, a customer asked for some bird-seed. The assistant wagged a finger at the customer.

"Go on, you can't fool me a second time. Birds are hatched out of eggs, not seeds."

* * *

The nervous passenger approached the captain.

"What would happen, sir," he asked, "if we struck a large ice-berg?"

"The ice-berg would pass along as if nothing had happened," assured the captain.

* * *

Visitor: Good evenin' boy. Could you tell me where this road goes?

Village Lad (Puzzled): I don't know as it goes anywhere. It's always here in the morning.

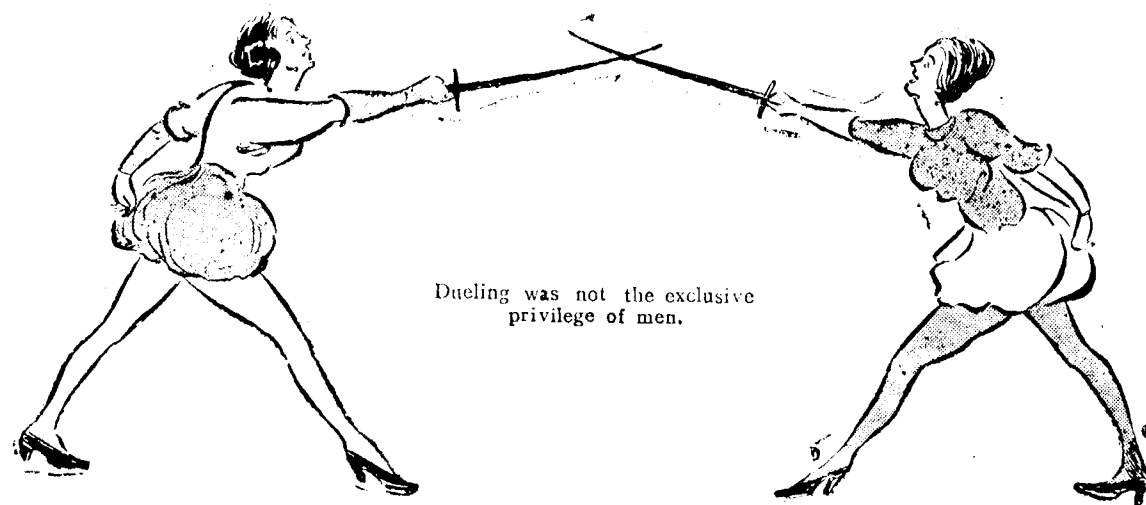
* * *

It was summer and two English tourists and a Scot were fellow-passengers in a train going North. As the train drew up at a station, one of the tourists popped his head out of the window, and, drawing a deep draught of fresh air, turned to his companion and exclaimed:

"Isn't this salubrious!"

"Yes," replied his friend, "I think it is exhilarating."

"Na, na," chimed in the Scot; "ye're baith wrang; it's Bannockburn."



A Dead 'Art'

by V. V. Narayanan

Reading Time • About 6 Minutes

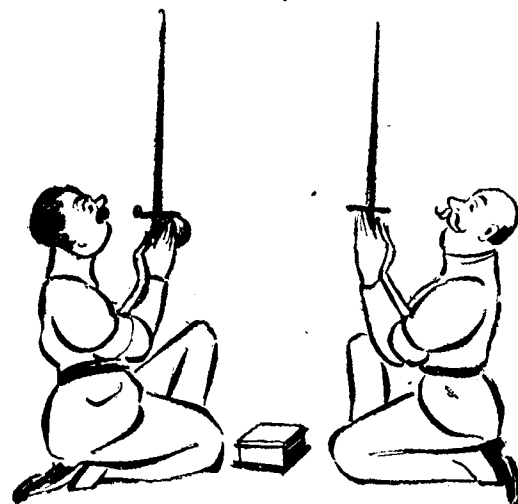
EVERY fad has its sympathisers, protagonists and martyrs. Next to religious monomania this applies in an equal degree of truth to the art of dueling, if such a silly idea for the settlement of disputes involving honour could be coupled with the name of art.

Strangely enough, sentimental Indian novelists and dramatists have not exploited this duel 'motif' in their literary output as do their brothers and sisters in the West. The history of North Indian states, before the advent of Britannia into our ken and even long after that, is bristling with fights of 'honour' to settle disputes, amatory, political or idiotic.

The origin of dueling appears to be linked with a religious or ethical belief, namely that in an appeal to arms, the party representing the right cause is bound to succeed, however heavy the odds he is contending with. It is God's will that right must prevail. God was

always on the side of the good people. He always will be, in witness whereof one may look with some satisfaction at Italy in Ethiopia and Japan in China!

In what is called the Romantic Era in Germany, they performed their dueling duties with a delightful finesse. When all was ready for a duel, a casket was placed between the two contestants. They would kneel on either side of the casket and send up a prayer to heaven to lend its strength to the cause that was just.



Kneel on either side of the casket and send up a prayer

There used to be a fine custom in China. When a rich man was sentenced to be executed, he had a right to substitute another man to go to heaven or the other place in his stead. Similarly the early German duelists, if they were so disposed and were rich enough, could engage a substitute to fight their duels for them.

The reign of Charles V of France provides a curious instance of dueling. A friend of the King, Aubry de

Montdidier, was assassinated by an unknown murderer near Montargis. The dead Aubry had a dog. The dog provided a clue to the murderer. Whenever the dog saw a certain man called Macaire it snarled and barked ferociously. The idea gained ground and finally became a conviction that Macaire was the man who dispatched Aubry de Montdidier. The dog's peculiar behaviour reached the ears of the King. Charles V arranged a duel between Macaire and the dog. The dog of course could not fight with any weapon save those provided by Nature. But Macaire was given a stout stick to serve him at once as a defensive and offensive weapon. They fought, the dog and the man. The dog leapt at him with all its primitive ferocity. Notwithstanding his stick, Macaire came out of the encounter thoroughly licked. The dog tore mouthfuls of flesh out of Macaire; but it did not kill him. The King decided that Macaire was guilty of the murder of Aubry de Montdidier and ordered his execution. On the scaffold, as the axe was about to descend on his neck, Macaire confessed to the crime.

During the reigns of Henry III and Henry IV the French had a great time of it in the dueling fields. It was during this time that the charming cavalier, Cyrano de Bergerac, earned a lasting name as the most intrepid duelist of his day. He challenged people right and left, anybody and everybody, for any reason and no reason. His boast was: "When I see the chance of a good duel, I never let it go by."

Dueling was not the exclusive privilege of men. Women too exchanged sabre thrusts and pistol-fire. A duel was fought by two women at least and no doubt many women settled their petty jealousies in sequestered gardens. Duc de Richelieu had a comfortable number of mistresses to indulge the temporal part of his immortal soul. Two of his mistresses, Madame de Nesles and Madame de Polignac fell out for some reason not mentioned, but which could be guessed. Richelieu played the one against the other for his own amusement or for reasons of 'state'. The two women exchanged pistol shots in the wood called Bois de Boulogne. Neither came to much harm.



They fought—the dog and the man

Originally, dueling was the closely guarded preserve of Europe's blue blood. Later when class distinctions came to be slowly obliterated, the middle and lower middle classes began to wield the rapier and the pistol, not so much to settle questions of personal honour, as to shine in society as brave dashing dons, the equals of the titled beaux.

Dandies and social 'lions' preserved their popularity by fighting duels for the funniest of reasons. One such duel was fought in the days of Napoleon III. The young Duc Grammont-Caderousse once heard a man saying a nasty thing about the Holy Virgin. The Duc struck the blasphemer and challenged him to fight. The Duc's explanation was, "I do not know the Virgin, but you have insulted a woman and you shall answer me."

It may be noted that three forms of dueling were in vogue. One a fight to the finish and the other not so drastic. Hostilities ceased when the first scratch was inflicted. The third one was a grim affair. The combatants began with pistols and finished with swords.

Across the Atlantic, in Mexico, a bloody form of dueling was practised. The two parties to a dispute stripped naked and entered a pitch-dark room each armed with a knife. In that impenetrable gloom they hunted each other and fought till one or the other lay low. Or again they were sent into the room with no knives. Instead, a deadly snake was released in the dark room. The climax may be imagined.

Dueling honours on the continent of Europe must be divided equally between France and Spain. The Spanish duels lacked the Gaelic finesse across the frontier. Their fights were cruel in the extreme. Perhaps Spain's greatest duelist was the novelist Blasco Ibanez.

Turning to Germany once again, the description of these fights among college students so graphically set down by Jerome K. Jerome makes sickening reading. The tradition is still preserved in that country, though not in its cruder forms.

It is good for the world that this crazy institution has at last disappeared from the affairs of men.



Auntie J.J.

A new niece has come into our fold, my dears. Auntie is always glad to welcome new nieces and nephews, particularly nieces, because, after all, Auntie is a woman with all the privileges and responsibilities that womanhood carries. This new niece writes:

Malai,
2-5-36

Dear Auntie,

Won't you oblige me by answering my few questions?

- (1) Why don't you open a "Children's Page" (i. e. for children under 20 years) in the "Merry"?
- (2) What is the best medicine for pimples?
- (3) How many nieces have you?

(4) What is your pet name?

With love,
Your affectionate niece,
Missy.

(1) This is the fourth niece, my dears, to ask me about a "Children's Page" within the last thirty days. Auntie is very fond of children, and never loses an opportunity to pat the head of a child under twenty years. The idea of a "Children's Page" in this Magazine is not new, and your Auntie is one of its warmest protagonists. Seven months ago, my chickabiddies, I asked the dear Editor to allot a couple of pages for children.

"But Auntie," said the Editor, "I don't know anything about children. I haven't got children."

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself! Time you had children. You are not growing young, you know,"

The shot went home, dear girls.

He said, "But I am not married!"

"Why don't you marry, then?"

The Editor looked at me in a strange way. Without warning, he fell on his knees before me and burst out, "Auntie, will you marry me?"

"Certainly not," I said.

And there, my dears, the question rests.

Seriously, though, Auntie may make an announcement about this 'page' sooner than you girls imagine.

(2) The question of pimples is rather a delicate one. The best part of a girl is her cheeks. No wonder pimples appear on that part. The origin of pimples is what the doctors call organic. So an organic treatment is indicated. Blush as often as you can. The hot blushes would burn your pimples out. For further information about this, read Auntie's well-known book: *Matrimony—Cure For Pimples*.

(3) How many nieces have I? Don't gasp, dear girls. I have fifteen thousand nine hundred and eightyfour

nieces (including Missy). Like His Excellency Lord Linlithgow, I love all my nieces alike. There is absolutely no nepotism.

(4) I have no pet-name, my dears. The Editor calls me *Teetums*. But not always; only when his mind wanders.

★

Jaya (Mambalam): "I have the best husband going." But where is he going and why?

* * *

Little Tom (Titaghur): "What is meant by 'a hundred in the shade'?"

A hundred people sitting under a tree on a bright day, or counting up to hundred under an umbrella.

* * *

Teetotalter (Nagpur): "Two weary decades of Ministerial promises, and prohibition is as far away from us as ever. What does a hot country like India want with whiskey?"

A little soda.



Scoutmaster: Wonderful echoes around here but mine seems to have a cold today!



Where Prayer Fails

by Jyeshta

Reading Time • About 6 Minutes

THIS is a tale of two hundred and seventy five years ago. Or may be three hundred years. The difference or discrepancy does not make any difference.

The locale of the story is a small state in Rajaputana. In those adventurous old days, people recovered from the frequent military shocks in an astonishingly short space of time. They took up the oft-interrupted threads of their lives and resumed their avocations with a philosophic contempt for what the morrow held in store for them.

After one such shock provided by the imperial Moghul, the village of Lohri veered round to normalcy. Outside the village the bell in Shiva's temple sent out joyous notes as each devotee banged it in praise of God. All round in the fields, men, women and children were busy in the broiling sun. A furlong away outside the village a little stream flowed

sluggishly by. Sitting on its shady bank, with his feet dangling down was a young Brahmin. He was kicking the sluggish water disconsolately. He was not more than twenty-five, fair of complexion and of fine build. His sacred thread dangled carelessly down his neck on either side. His face had an intelligent look, the heritage of his Aryan forbears, as it is the heritage of our Brahmin friends around us today. Just now his face wore a pathetic and puzzled look.

He thrilled to a novel sensation that was recently born in him. And he was pained and puzzled at the insurmountable religious barriers that barred the progress of that sensation to its grand climax.

Ramnath—that was the Brahmin youth's name—was in love. He was in love with a pariah woman. Two miles away from his village was a small disreputable hut. In that hut lived a young woman. Nobody knew who her parents were, neither did she,

So people said that she was an *Achchuth*, an untouchable, that is. She was beautiful as the lily. She called herself Lukhi. Poor girl, there was none to give her a name. One day Ramnath passed Lukhi's hut. Outside the hut, bending over a faggot of firewood, was Lukhi. She was sorting her collection before carrying it to the village for sale. She was humming a song while she worked. Ramnath saw her and something snapped inside him. He went his way. He came the next day, again the third day, passing the hut.

One day he stopped before the hut in spite of himself. Lukhi was at work as usual. He stared at her with mute admiration and large desire in his eyes. Lukhi laughed joyously. No Brahmin ever stopped before her hut. Much less looked at her as Ramnath did.

"What is your pleasure, punditji?" asked Lukhi tossing her head coquettishly.

Ramnath started. What was he to say? Poor man, he was not versed in the ways of the world. Lukhi's enquiry required an answer. So he said foolishly, scarcely comprehending the enormity of what he said, "Er—I—can you give me a little water to drink?"

"What!" screamed Lukhi scandalised. "But you are a Brahmin! I am a *chandali*! Are you mad, punditji?"

Brought to his senses, Ramnath realised the unpardonable sin he was about to perpetrate. He smote his head in religious self-chastisement, chanted the holy mantram 'Ram, Ram, Ram', and took to his heels. He stopped panting by the brook. That is where we saw him.

Presently a soldier came along. He was not so young. Nor was he so old as to refuse the good things that came his way. There was a mischievous twinkle in his eyes. He had a marvellous moustache that laid low many a hesitant heart. He was in fact a killer in more senses than one. He flung his sword down, unstrapped his battle-scarred shield and sat beside Ramnath. He studied the young Brahmin with half-closed eyes.

"Punditji seems to be worried over something," he said.

Ramnath looked at the soldier of fortune for the first time.

"I am all right. What is the news from the frontier?"

"Never mind the frontier. I see love writ large in your face."

The wily rascal saw nothing of the kind. He was only joking. "Perhaps I might help you. Come, let us hear your trouble."

Ramnath sat awhile without looking up. He was shy and unsophisticated. "Yes, *bhai*, I am in love. But with a creature of hell. Shiva help me!"

"And who is this creature of hell, punditji?" asked the soldier with a twinkle in his eye.

"She is an *achchuth*. She lives in yonder hut. Ram, Ram, Ram."

"Did she spurn your love?"

"No. That is, yes. Wait, it is not like that. I asked her to give me a little water to drink. She said she was a *chandali*."

"And what did you say to that?"

"I said, 'Ram, Ram, Ram' and ran away. What do you advise me to do, *bhai*?"

The soldier considered. "There is not a difficulty but has a way out of it. Go to Shiva's temple and pray to Him for advice. Pray to Him for twenty-four hours. Meet me here tomorrow at dusk."

They parted. Ramnath bathed in the stream and went to Shiva's temple. He sat before the marble image of God and prayed in earnest.

Meanwhile the soldier wended his way towards Lukhi's hut. Lukhi was sitting before her hut and looking wistfully to the far away horizon. The soldier approached her and smiled.

"Stay away, maharaj! I am a *chandali*!" said Lukhi.

"*Chandali! Chandali!* Let me meet the rascal who would call you *chandali*! I will cut him in two!"

He approached nearer.

"Lukhi, you are a lily. If I were a king, I would make you my queen. Come, let us be friends."

"But, but," faltered poor Lukhi, "I can't be friends with the high-born!"

"Nonsense! Come, girl, I shall take you far, far away and show you life and love."

Nobody had spoken to the poor young woman like that before. She smiled, she blushed, she hung her head. The soldier lifted her up bodily and carried her inside her hut.

The appointment was kept the next evening by the brook. The soldier looked at Ramnath and smiled indulgently.

"Well, punditji? Did you pray to God for enlightenment?"

"Yes, *bhai*."

"You saw light?"

"No."

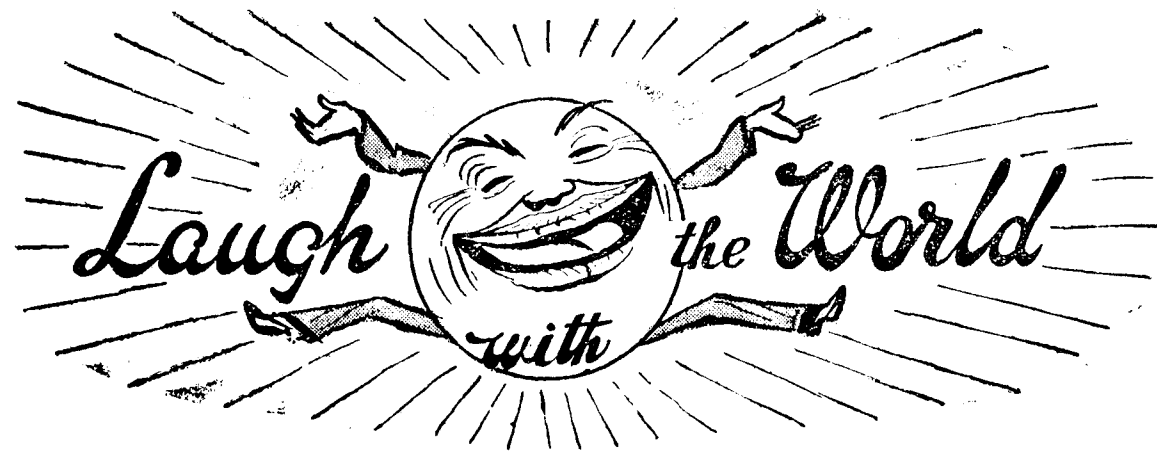
"That means, punditji, God is against your infatuation. Forget Lukhi. Don't pollute your soul by any thought of this woman."

Ramnath sighed and left the soldier mumbling, "Ram, Ram, Ram."

A month later the soldier and Lukhi set up house two hundred miles away in a wood, as husband and wife. And they lived happily ever after.

The moral of the story is *not*, faint heart never won fair lady. It is, in matters of the heart, don't look to God for help.

THE END



Two people in the stalls had been much more interested in each other's conversation than in the play and the man behind them endured the annoyance for sometime.

At length he leaned forward, and touching one of the offenders on the shoulder, said: "Would you mind repeating that last remark? I couldn't hear it for the noise they are making on the stage!"

—Judge

"Oh, boy! Did I have a swell time at Mabel's party!"

"Who was there?"

"Mabel and me."

—N. Y. U. Saidit

"Forsooth, it's bitter cold without."

"Prithee, kind sir, without what?"

"Without the breaches, egad!"

—Texas Income

Room-Mate: You woke me from a sound sleep.

The Other: Could I help it! The sound was too loud.

—Toronto Globe

Optician: How many lines can you read on that chart?

Patient: What chart?

—Carnegie Tech Puppet

Servant: Madam, master is lying unconscious.

Mistress: Why, what has he got now?

Servant: He has a large box in his hand and a piece of paper.

Mistress: Gee, it's my new hat!

—Vancouver Province

A new hotel in Singapore has a special room for silent meditation. It is said that one guest sat in it for days trying to think his way out of the place without paying his bill.

—Life

In the smoke room of a hotel, a guest had been boring everyone with tales of the wonderful things he had done in all parts of the world.

"Well," said one of the bored, "suppose for a change you tell us something you can't do, and I'll undertake to do it myself."

"That's great," replied the bore. "I can't pay my bill."

—Answers

Two inmates of a mental home were swapping notes as to how they were found to be insane.

"I wonder why, but this is what happened. A man for whom I did odd jobs decided to sell up and go abroad, and said anything not disposed of at the sale should be given to his Scottish servant. I asked if I might have anything the servant didn't want, and they put me in here!"

—Tit-Bits



Monkey & Porcupine

by Jayalakshmi Varadachar

ONCE upon a time there was a monkey who was always up to some mischief or other. You have all heard how mischievous monkeys are. Besides he was a bright, youthful spirit. Of course, all monkeys are that, but this one had an extra gland in him, and that made him a little more buoyant than the rest. He was popularly known as the Don Juan of the company, but as he was a little swell-headed, the girl monkeys were slow in responding to his attentions.

One fine day, he had had some nice nuts from the trees that the local farmer owned, and since the farmer was away, the monkey could help himself to as many nuts as he could accommodate. A choice fruit or two from the neighbouring orchard, and some candy cruelly snatched from a little child's hand, completed his breakfast. Then he set out, with a half-munched mango in his paw and joy in his heart. There was a nip in the air, and he had a feeling that he should make love to somebody or bust. You know the feeling, don't you?

Unfortunately for him, he met with a rebuff wherever he proffered advances. The crow would

hear nothing of it, and the dog growled angrily and sulked away. The cat mewed at him contemptuously, and the cow looked benignly on, with derision written large on her otherwise placid face.

At last the monkey came across a porcupine which was walking about with all its bristles erect. "Ah! here is a fine thing to make love to!" thought the monkey. With confidence he swaggered up, and whispered sweet nothings into the porcupine's ears. The porcupine fell for him like a bag of down, and the overjoyed monkey felt that there was no sense in delaying matters.

With high hope, he gathered up his sweetheart in his arms, and as quickly threw him down with a howl. Then he said "Phew!" or it may have been "Ooo!" in great agony. The bristles had come badly in the way of the monkey and his lady-love. They had also made themselves felt effectively.

And the moral of this story is, there is no pleasure without pain, especially when you hug a porcupine.

Or alternately, if you have an extra monkey-gland inside you, send it to Germany.



A Partner For Columbine

by Embusque

Reading Time • About 9 Minutes



*The story of a kidnapping, a mistake in identity,
a heartfelt contrition, a smile, a pardon
and — ?*



housekeeper has few chances of meeting eligible young men.

Betty, through the eye-slits of her mask, surveyed the luxury of the ball-room with excited glances. It was her first big dance. How she hoped she would encounter a handsome cavalier who would fall in love with her! Though good and sensible, Betty was young, and youthfully romantic.

She had the first dance with her brother. Excitement made her feel flushed and thirsty. She begged Tom to let her go upstairs to the ladies' retiring-room, where she might rest for a few minutes, and calm her nerves. Tom good-naturedly consented.

Ten minutes later, Betty descended the stairs, looking for Harlequin. But there

It was the night of the Carnival Masquerade at the Grand Babylon Hotel. The palatial fore-court of the building was a fairyland of coloured lights. Car after car swung into the ornate gateway, and deposited masked revellers at the entrance to the ball-room.

From a humble hired taxi stepped a Harlequin and a Columbine. The door-keeper took their admission-ticket with a slightly contemptuous sniff. Across the top of the ticket was written, 'Complimentary: Mr. Bruce and Partner.'

Tom Bruce worked in the office of the Grand Babylon, and an indulgent manager had given him the ticket. "There you are, my boy," said the manager. "Put on a costume and a mask, and take a night off among the guests. Bring your best girl."

Tom had no best girl, other than his sister Betty, who kept house for him. Betty, he said, was the finest sister a fellow could have. She would make a splendid wife for some lucky chap. But a working

were dozens of Harlequins, all masked! For that matter, there were dozens of Columbines, too. How would she and her brother recognise each other again?

As she hesitated, a deep and pleasant voice addressed her. "May a lonely Mephistopheles beg a dance from Columbine?" said the voice.

Mephistopheles was very tall, very powerful. The voice sounded kind and cultured. Betty wavered for a moment. How she wished she could see Mephistopheles' face! Her heart throbbed as instinct told her that this was her destined cavalier. Without a word, she took his arm, and swept into the dance.

In but a few moments, Betty felt that Mephistopheles was the lover of her dreams. She was thrilled by the charm of his manner, the grave good sense of his opinions, and the considerate courtesy of his demeanour.

Yet there was something enigmatic about him. Some dark thought weighed upon his mind. During their third dance he suddenly exclaimed, "You are too

nice a girl—," but failed to complete or explain the remark. Betty wondered, looking at the masked face adoringly.

A little later, Mephistopheles said, "I want you to believe that whatever happens, I have the highest personal regard for you. I think you are wonderful. Already, I—I respect you deeply."

Betty's heart thudded. She, too, thought her partner was wonderful. Already, she—respected—him deeply. But what strange things he said! "You are rather mysterious," she faltered. "What do you mean?"

"Let us go outside," replied Mephistopheles, abruptly.

Betty accompanied him to the entrance. Slowly they descended the steps. Suddenly, Mephistopheles seized her in his strong arms, and thrust her into a car, which was waiting with its engine throbbing softly. At once, the car moved off. A hand closed over Betty's lips, stifling a startled scream.

The girl struggled. "This is an outrage!" she shouted. Mephistopheles made no reply.

The driver was in fancy-dress, and masked. Betty boldly turned to him. "A car can always be traced," she said, firmly. "You will be severely punished. Please take me back at once."

The driver gave no indication of having heard; and with growing terror Betty noticed that a glass partition separated the driving-seat from the body of the car. She began to struggle wildly, and contrived to rattle on the partition before Mephistopheles caught her. The driver took no notice. He had not once turned his head since starting.

An icy chill clutched at Betty's heart. The car was speeding along deserted by-roads. Screaming would do no good now. She relaxed. Gradually, Mephistopheles slackened his hold.

Then, suddenly, Betty leapt up, and smashed one of the side-windows with her gloved hand. "Now the car will certainly be traced!" she cried. "Let me go!"

Mephistopheles was unmoved. He methodically secured his captive again, and sat back without a word. A feeling of helpless dread descended upon the girl.

The car stopped in front of an empty, shuttered house. The driver got down, and opened the door of

the car. He and Mephistopheles half-dragged the girl into the house. She was almost fainting, and offered no resistance. Her only conscious thought was that the house stood in a street in the town, and help would be close by, if she could escape.

The masked men drew Betty into a sitting-room, and thrust her down on a settee. "You can scream now, if you wish," said Mephistopheles. "No one will hear."

Betty lay still, fighting to recover her strength and her courage. Even now, Mephistopheles' courteous and well-bred tones puzzled her. They were not the tones of a ruffian. There seemed to be a solicitous thought behind his harsh words. "Could you please give me some water?" she gasped.

The two men left the room. There was silence. After a moment, Betty rose, and ran to the door. It was locked.

The prisoner returned to the settee. Her mask was sticking to her tear-stained face. She took it off, and sat thinking. She was trapped, and her fate was to be no pleasant one, obviously.

Spurred by the thought, she went to the window. It was shuttered. She looked around desperately for an implement that might break the shutters, or anyhow make sufficient noise to rouse the alarm. But at this moment a key turned in the door. The girl's spirit quailed.

It was the driver, still masked, and in the costume of a matador. He was bearing a glass of water; and this gave Betty her opportunity. As quick as thought, she rushed at him, plucked the short sword from his belt, and retreated to a corner. The startled fellow stood there, the water dripping from his clothes.

"Keep away!" cried Betty; but her legs were trembling, and the sword wavered in her hand.

The matador showed no inclination to approach. He backed to the door, staring at Betty with wide-open eyes. "My God!" he cried; and disappeared.

He had left the door open. Shaking, Betty crept towards it. Nothing barred the way. Trembling, the girl fumbled with the fastenings of the outer door. It opened. She was free!

She ran blindly down the street, and then another, and another, till she was quite lost. She could run no farther. She leant against a lamp-standard, panting, and at the point of collapse.

A car was coming along the empty street behind her. Betty looked at its lights with swimming eyes. She was caught again.

"Taxi, Miss?" whined an unemotional, uninquisitive voice.

With a sob of relief, Betty stumbled into the taxi, gave her address, and swooned.

The affair made a considerable stir in the press. 'Girl's Escape From Kidnappers,' said the headlines, followed by a garbled version of Betty's adventure.

The police announced they were on the track of the gang; but privately they had little hope of tracing the miscreants. It was not the ordinary kind of abduction, and the girl could give practically no useful clue.

At the end of a month, the record went on to the file of unsolved cases. The gang could hardly be a professional one. It was an isolated affair.

"The whole thing is very mysterious," grumbled the Inspector, closing the file. "I am far from satisfied. I've got an idea the girl knows more about it than she is willing to tell."

The Inspector was right. Betty knew all about it. A few days after the outrage, she received a letter.

Dear Miss Bruce, began this surprising epistle, I am writing to beg your forgiveness; and in doing so I am throwing myself on your mercy. I have, of course, learned your identity from the newspapers. I am the Mephistopheles who abducted you.

You will see from my address that I am an assistant in a mercantile house. My closest friend is with the same firm. We call him Noddles.

Noddles has a sister just out from home. She is a daring young devil. Noddles is very concerned about the reckless way she makes the acquaintance of

unknown men. He has often warned her she will be kidnapped. In reply she boasts she can look after herself, and would be more than a match for any kidnappers.

Last week I returned from up-country, so the girl had never met me. Noddles asked me to help him to give her a good fright. He suggested I should 'get off' with her at the masquerade, and abduct her. He would drive the car, and keep silent; so she would not know either of us.

At the dance I met Noddles, and he pointed out his sister to me. She was dressed as Columbine. I saw her go upstairs. Three minutes later, a Columbine came down the stairs. Of course I thought she was Noddles' sister. I accosted her as arranged; but I soon regretted the part I was to play. The truth is, I fell in love with Columbine straight away. I hated having to frighten her.

As you know, the abduction took place as planned, but we abducted the wrong Columbine. Noddles had no chance to discover the mistake till you unmasked in the house—an empty house of which he secured the key. In his dismay, he let you escape without explanation or

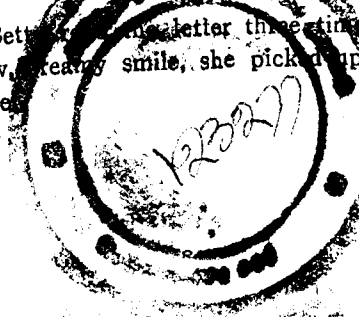
apology.

You behaved like the plucky wonderful girl you are. I loved you then, and I love you now. Can you ever forgive me?

If what I have done is unpardonable, you have only to telephone the police, and I shall suffer my deserts. If, however, you find it in your heart to pity the remorse of one who hopes only to love you, will you please write a line of forgiveness?—Your miserable abductor.

Betty read the letter three times. Then, with a slow, ready smile, she picked up a sheet of note-

THE END



The Crowning Of A King

by Diana Don

Reading Time • About 6 Minutes

IN this drab modern world, there remains at least one ceremony unique by reason of its ancient pageantry and solemn ritual. Few people see a Coronation twice in a life-time. It is an unforgettable and awe-inspiring experience.

Months of preparation go to the crowning of a King of England. Much has to be done before the investiture of kingship culminates in the gracious old Abbey of Westminster. It is a fitting setting for such a consecration. The rich old walls and jewelled windows have witnessed the crowning of kings for a thousand years.

Early in the morning, the great nave of the Abbey begins to fill with those who, by right or duty, are privileged to witness the Coronation. The mighty arched fane is filled to the roof with tiers of narrow benches, which accommodate the peers of the land, the representatives of India, the Dominions, and foreign powers.

In the great robing-room, Rajahs are festooning themselves with incredible jewels, and pinning fabulous aigrettes to priceless turbans. Foreign princes arrive in the panoply of state, with their trains of overpoweringly splendid attendants. Gorgeous chamberlains pass to and, softly fro busy with the staff-work that ensures the smooth working of the whole stupendous ceremonial.

The magnificent red-and gold of the men is offset by the shimmering brilliance of the women. They are in state robes of silver, so stiff and heavy that the dresses would stand upright of themselves. Glittering coronets of diamonds rest on pretty heads, and priceless jewels blaze from swelling bosoms. From shapely feminine shoulders sweep long trains of costly white brocade, and the whole confection is surmounted by

sweeping white plumes. A lady in coronation-dress presents feminine dignity in impressive perfection.

Each of the peers has a page—a little nobleman in a suit of scarlet, gold, and white lace. He bears a little golden sword, and carries his master's coronet, and holds the train of his robe.

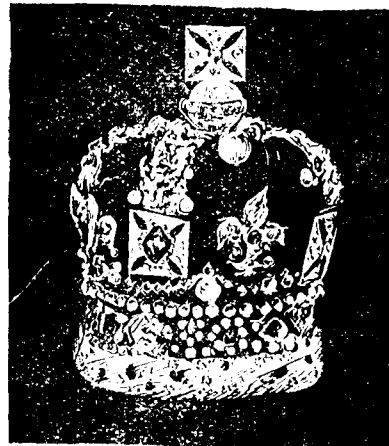
By mid-morning the press of people is very great, and their brilliance, even in the dim shadows of the nave, hurts the eyes. The confusion seems irremediable; but suddenly the mighty double doors of the Abbey swing open, and there is a great hush. The long-considered arrangements function perfectly. Everyone is in his place—the peers, the dignitaries, the Lord Chamberlain with his great sword, and all the chief officers of state in their array. The King's procession slowly enters the soaring archway.

His Majesty has come miles through streets that have been packed with cheering subjects for many hours. The day is one of immense emotional and physical strain for the new Sovereign.

The stupendous procession moves slowly up to the High Altar. The participants group themselves in the chancel. In the centre stands a time-blackened, high-backed chair. An ancient stone is incorporated in the seat. The chair is the ancient throne of England, containing the prehistoric stone on which the Kings of Scotland have been always crowned.

Beside the throne stand the two Archbishops. Mitred and coped in incredible vestments of gold, they stand amid the splendours of golden vessels, in the bleached light of a thousand candles.

The nave is filled with a crimson throng, packed closely to the very doors, and high up to the dim



arches of the pinnacled Abbey. They stand invested and jewelled, with their coronets in their hands.

In all this glory, the quietest figure is that of the uncrowned King, in simple surtout and robe, bare-headed before God's Altar.

The countless preliminary ceremonies begin—the consecration of the vessels, the Absolution, the Litany, the Oblation. The ritual goes on—a slow milling of stately figures in the pearly chancel, the intoning of prayer, the chanting of sweet voices in the choir.

Then, amid solemn stillness, the King takes the great Coronation Oath—the oath of service, obedience, and humility that the English have always required from their Ruler. Having sworn, His Majesty is conducted, under a silken canopy borne by four knights, to the blackened old chair of Edward I.

Like living statues, the knights stand while the Archbishop anoints the Sovereign, placing the holy oil on his head, arms, and breast.

Now the anointed King can be dressed in his robes of Majesty. The bishops bring forward the sleeveless linen vest, the glittering tunic of State, the magnificent consecrated Dalmatic Robe, the Orb, the Sceptre, the Ring, and the Gloves. Slowly they load the simply-dressed man with the emblematic burdens of Majesty.

At last the supreme moment approaches. The Archbishop, all alone at the High Altar, reverently raises a shining thing, and consecrates it to God. The blazing emblem is the Crown of England.

In a hushed silence, the Archbishop approaches the chair of Edward I, where a robed and sceptred figure sits bare-headed. In a slow, superb gesture, the Crown

is lifted to Heaven, and lowered slowly to the head of the motionless monarch.

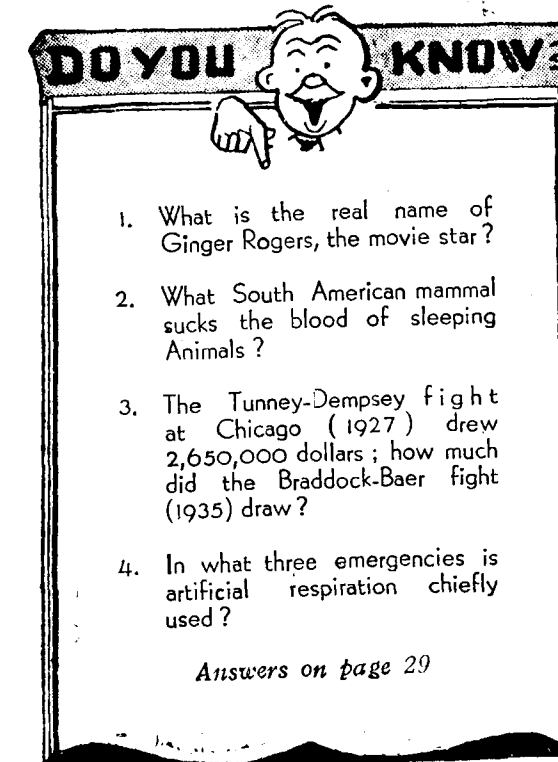
The profound silence is rent and shattered by a great cry. "God Save the King!" The Peers are acclaiming their liege. The nave, which through all the hours has been bathed in a dim, sacramental light, now blazes with dazzling illuminations. Great fanfares of trumpets announce that the King is crowned. A mighty roar of cheering spreads through the multi-

tudes outside the Abbey, and rolls on and on, like a wave, along the miles of packed streets. The King is crowned!

Two more hours must pass before the ceremonies in the Abbey are concluded. It is indeed a weary day for those present, but a day of all days. At last the thronged dignitaries form their processions and depart—the massed peers and peeresses, the white-robed clergy, the golden-coped bishops, the foreign princes, the uniformed diplomats, the bejewelled Rajahs, the scarlet pages, the heralds in armorial tabards, the robed choristers, the chamberlains in cream-and-gold. They leave the age-old Abbey to its accustomed hallowed peace.

But the King must wait long before rest can come to him. Robed, sceptred, and crowned, he enters his great golden coach, and drives endlessly through the cheering masses of his subjects, many of whom have been waiting since dawn for this glimpse of their King in all his Majesty, and who feel their loyalty well-rewarded by a fleeting view of the tossing plumes of the splendid white horses, and a sight of the top of the fairy-like golden coach.

The beauty and impressiveness of a Coronation is beyond imagination. It is indeed the experience of a life-time.



1. What is the real name of Ginger Rogers, the movie star?
2. What South American mammal sucks the blood of sleeping Animals?
3. The Tunney-Dempsey fight at Chicago (1927) drew 2,650,000 dollars; how much did the Braddock-Baer fight (1935) draw?
4. In what three emergencies is artificial respiration chiefly used?

Answers on page 29



emancipated from that position and been made an S. D. O. (Sub-Divisional Officer.) He was marked out for the skill with which he could solve the baffling (mostly non-engineering) problems of his superiors, and equally notorious was he among the rank and file for his propensity in cornering his subordinates.

The other subordinate, waiting to be introduced to the aforesaid, was Garudachar. Just a subordinate. Fresh from the college. Deputed to undergo his practical training under Pillai. With a stipend of twenty-five rupees per month *plus* cycle allowance of rupees five, Garudachar was happy as a lark. No more of college routine; no interminable and tedious drawing classes, no nightmares of sine and cosine O and no frightful examinations.

Garudachar was warned in due time of Pillai's stiff and strict habits, but he did not care a damn about it. He said he was not a subordinate in the official sense of the term. So when the overseer under Pillai bade him be cautious and careful, Garudachar replied:

"Blast him! He's not my boss."

That was Garudachar. Proud, pompous and free. The long vista of life was before him and he would not vitiate the opening of his career by bending before insolent might.

Just then Pillai's car drew up. The overseer hastily tidied up his table and shoved into his pocket a gold watch that was lying on the table.

"Why do you put it into the pocket? Surely, no one will pinch it!" remarked Garudachar.

"I'm not afraid of that," replied the overseer. "What I'm keen on is that the S. D. O. shouldn't see it on my table."

"Why not?" asked Garudachar. "It is yours and not his!"

"True," replied the overseer, "but the S. D. O. doesn't like his subordinates to show off before him. He thinks that so long as one is a subordinate, existence should be borne and not enjoyed."

What Garudachar muttered is not printable.

When he was duly ushered into the presence of the boss, he was very prompt and formal in his replies. There was no touch of servility in his behaviour. No sign even that he was aware of a presence higher than his own.

"Well, what are you supposed to learn here?" asked Pillai. It was not really a question, but a care-

less and contemptuous remark just to stifle the young man's spirits.

But Garudachar felt provoked and was quick with a retort. "As much as there is to learn here," he broke in.

Pillai didn't expect any reply; at any rate, not this reply. Was the young fellow trying to snub him and overrating his own cleverness? Time, he thought, to put a bridle to the young man's mouth.

"Don't you know," Pillai remarked stiffly, "that when addressing an official superior, you must say, sir?"

"Yes, sir," replied Garudachar, with all the accent that he could command on the second syllable.

"Don't go on answering my questions," rebuked Pillai, somewhat piqued. "They are only instructions to be followed and not to be answered back."

It was evident that Pillai did not take to Garudachar. There was some sort of hidden hostility between them. What really was the matter with these young things? he asked himself. He was unable to locate any definite fault. Still, there was the residuary feeling that Garudachar was wrong somewhere. It was all very well for young men to be free and confident; but they should be taught to accord respect to age and position. Otherwise, life would become chaotic and one can't preserve official dignity.

So days wore on only to prove that crabbed age and youth were poles asunder. Pillai, for all his frantic efforts, was unable to bend the pride of Garudachar and the latter was flattering himself that he was going strong.

Then there came a day when Garudachar was urgently wanted by his father-in-law to attend a function at home. Being still a newly-wed, Garudachar's centre of attention was his father-in-law's house and therefore he applied for leave.

"I can't give you leave now," said Pillai.

"But my father-in-law expects me to be present," protested Garudachar.

"I expect you to stay here and attend to your work," pronounced Pillai.

"I've finished everything on hand and there's nothing to do."

Pillai had to relent a little. He asked: "When do you wish to leave?"

"The day after tomorrow," replied Garudachar just to show that he was not so very anxious as to leave immediately.

Pillai thought for a while. "Well, then," he began, "there's still a day between and I'll give you some work to do. Now, look here, you had better go to Saidapet and survey the Marmalong Bridge. If you can give me the map of the bridge first thing day after tomorrow, you may proceed on leave; not otherwise, mind you."

Next morning Garudachar woke up much earlier than the fabled lark and whistled his way to Saidapet on his cycle. The overseer whom he met there was an interesting character, though as a subordinate he was rather inclined to be indifferent. A genial host he was, for Garudachar had no hotel expenses to incur, a merry companion and the very pattern of complacency.

When Garudachar told him on what mission he had come, the overseer exclaimed: "Survey the Marmalong Bridge!"

"Yes," answered Garudachar, "what's there in it to surprise you?"

"It's just like that old bandicoot," commented the overseer, "asking every Practical Course student to survey this blasted bridge."

"Is there anything frightfully difficult about it?" asked Garudachar.

"Certainly. Otherwise, Pillai would not have sent you on to it. You see, this bridge was constructed god knows when. You will notice that every span has its independent measurements and does not conform with the rest. I presume that quite a syndicate of contractors must have had a hand in it. The fact is, you can't do it in one day and that's why the S. D. O. has sent you on to it. So, your leave is finished."

"Really?" asked Garudachar as he conjured up before his mind's eye the sweet young thing that was his bride.

"Yes, most certainly. You can't do the thing in one day."

"But I must!" replied Garudachar.

"Then," chuckled the overseer, "take my advice. I have given it to many a young man in your position and none has regretted it, so far as I know. Don't bother about the S. D. O.'s instructions. What he wants is a survey map of the bridge. That you shall give him by all means and I assure you he can't better it. For I'll get you the District Board map itself

for you to copy. He can't bully you with any flaw in your work. That's the way to teach him, the old bandicoot."

"Will that be fair?" asked Garudachar, much as he liked to bluff the bandicoot.

"Why not?" sneered the overseer. "Has he been fair to you in sending you out to slog in the sun, particularly when you wanted to go on leave?"

Garudachar was dividing his swift mind and could not come to a decision.

"I see no harm in it," persuaded the overseer. "That's the way to serve him. I would have advised

you differently if the S. D. O. were a more sympathetic being."

Garudachar proposed a course to assuage his conscience. He and the overseer would fool about the bridge in the evening and then cook up a map from the District Board copy at night.

When next morning Garudachar presented his compliments to the S. D. O. and produced the map, Pillai seemed to wear a smile of self-satisfaction and scrutinised the map. His smile broadened as he craned his neck to see another map spread out on the table. What is that other map? mused Garudachar. But before he could get any enlightenment, Pillai broke forth.

"Well, haughty young man, here's the District Board map and here's yours. Such exactitude even in minutest details bespeaks the excellence of your work."

(Continued on page 30)



The Clue of The Golden Hair

by Taurus

Reading Time • About 7 Minutes

THERE was a knock.

"Ah," murmured Sam meditatively.

There was a thud.

"Oh," whistled Sam. "Yes, a person knocked down with a knock might well thud down with a thud, I take it..."

My heart jumped. Possibly there were criminal possibilities in those sounds. And...the knock and the thud were a *light* one... could it be that the gentler sex...I have not been a faithful friend of Sam the great detective so long without learning how to put two and two...

"Or..." Sam interrupted.

That was Sam all over. The great and cautious man that he is, he never but has an 'or' in everything. "I never commit myself," he used to tell me banteringly, "never committed myself, in fact, except once when I married," and that was always his policy.

"So you think..." I ventured hesitatingly.

"Yes," he answered and rose quickly. He came back from the outer room with the packet of letters which the postman had dropped through the slit after his knock.

"Here we are," he assured me. I agreed.

One biggish, bluish envelope attracted his attention.

"What have we here?" he asked and replied: "An envelope, eh." Nothing misses this wonderful man, not even the missiles his wife aims at him.

"From a man who knows English."

It was astonishing! But to me, versed in the art of Sam, this was mere child's play. I looked over and saw in fine flourish "RAMSAY Esq. ...," written in English. Ah, in English and the boldness of the hand...surely one who knows English, and a man too!

"From the northern tracts."

What a man! Not even that bold clear franking with the name of a leading town of the northern tracts escaped him.

"About thirty years old, I believe, this writer."

I was STAGGERED. In fact, staggered in capitals. Not even a Sherlock could possibly deduce the age of the writer from the look of an envelope... and Sam, the great Sam...

"Oh, Sam," I cried weakly, "do you really...?"

"I do," he cut in. "Don't stare like a cod-fish. It is time you learn

that I affected the abominable Ramsay only when I was in college...earlier I was unaware of the existence of the abomination...later I abominated it. If my logic therefore does not fail me, this must be a chap of the place and the average age was round about twenty then, about ten years ago. There you have it."

I heaved a sigh. After all...

"And," he continued, "this contains a letter unless I am much mistaken," and whipped out a letter in proof of his deduction.

He was right. It was from a college friend of his.

"Dear Ramsay," it ran. "So you've blossomed into a tec. We always predicted a bad end for you. You remember the amazing mystery of the Missing Comb-



tooth and the way you solved it...I am writing on behalf of a lady friend. Could you run down and see? She is in some sort of trouble. I can't tell you what. She lives in the 'MANSIONS' down Teynampet way... If Maisie is still with you, remember me..."

"Let's take it," burst Sam suddenly.

I knew his methods. I carefully folded the letter and put it in the pocket.

"I mean the bus," he explained.

The bus which came clattering up had just come to a standstill.

We were in the vast gardens of the 'MANSIONS' in less than ten minutes.

With a view-hallo, Sam descended upon a large lady who was having the forty winks on a bench in an alcove in the garden. "Here is a case," he said to me as he let himself down beside her.

"Don't you worry," he hissed into her ear, waking her up with a start. "I'll find this murderer all right."

"You mean..." she stuttered.

"Yes," thundered Sam. "I will, I mean I shall."

"That is very kind of you," she replied; "but I know the murderer. Thanks."

A murder done, the murderer known and this flord lady quietly taking it...I gave it up. But Sam undaunted persisted. "All right then," he continued. "This blackmailer."

"Ah, blackmailing! Is there that too?" she trilled, thrilled.

"The burglar then, if I am not bungling," asserted Sam.

She gave him a cold, long stare.

"No," she answered. "I wonder how you remember all these things. No, you'll only ruin the story for me. Oblige me by getting up and letting me have my book back."

We left her absorbed in the latest thriller.

"I am afraid, Sam," I ventured, as we went on, "you two have been arguing from different premises."

"Not at all," he protested. "From the same bench and even members of the bench differ."

How true! "But even as I suspected, there was a case there," he claimed.

I was well-winded. "Case! There was a case there! What case?"

"Why, you nitwit!" he drawled. "Of mistaken identity of course. I took her to be the young mistress of this place and she was none other than the rather overgrown daughter of the gardener."

What a man! A case there surely was and he had spotted it out a hundred yards off! No one could say—not even Sam—when she had last taken her bath...and in this hot, perspiring weather no wonder he had nosed it out yards away!

The case itself as it was presented to us by Miss

Borabjee a few minutes later was exceedingly simple. Sam hit the bull's eye at once. "You have lost something," he told her.

Her eyes leaped...as far as they could. "Yes... yes...how do you know?"

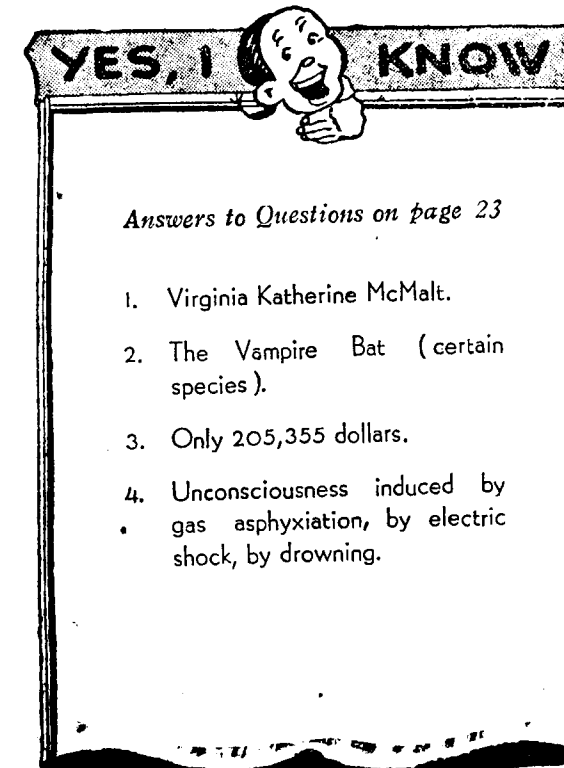
"Ah! Your face shows it, my dear lady. You have lost your cheerfulness."

"Ah...is that all?" she sank back.

"No, not all that is to say, not everything. You lost something to make you lose your cheer and that something, madam..."

"I know, I know...don't tell me," she cut in. "Yes, I have lost something precious, something very dear and if I don't recover it I shall never..."

"Be the same man again," Sam took the words out of her mouth. "I beg your pardon, the same woman again, I mean."



Answers to Questions on page 23

1. Virginia Katherine McMalt.
2. The Vampire Bat (certain species).
3. Only 205,355 dollars.
4. Unconsciousness induced by gas asphyxiation, by electric shock, by drowning.

"I have lost a love-letter," she said simply, heart-breakingly.

"A letter containing a declaration of love."

"Yes, just so. I've lost it."

"So I gather," responded Sam. "But, no fear, I'll find it."

Suddenly he pounced upon her. She shrieked and edged away.

"No, madam, all I'm after is only this," he said, as he pulled out a yellow, smallish hair from her blouse.

He held it up to the sun.

"This will lead us to the solution of this most complex problem. Golden in texture. Female of the species, I think."

"Oh, that...yes...female..." Miss Borabjee was evidently so over-powered that she with difficulty found her voice. "I have lost my voice," she complained, picking it up slowly.



Fell on the heap.....

"I'll find it, madam, no fear," assured Sam, continuing to study the hair. "Simple and unsophisticated, comes from China presumably, uses cheap soap and is not over-clean."

I WAS flabbergasted. Never have even I seen Sam reel off deduction after deduction in this way and all from a tiny bit of hair. What a brain! Let me say it again—what a brain!

THE END

CRABBED AGE AND YOUTH—(Continued from page 27)

Pillai paused for breath, looked at Garudachar full in the face and continued.

"To tell you the truth, I half expected you to do this. I'm glad you've come up to expectations. Your leave is granted. But, breathe not a word about the map to any soul."

For the first time, Garudachar was at a loss for words. He was too stupefied to attempt a reply. He wished Mother earth would open up and receive

THE END

"Well, that is true," admitted the young lady. "She is not up to much city ways and she is not over-clean these days. She is so gay and light-hearted and never looks after herself. But cheap soap! No, there you make a mistake and China...I don't know." She shook her head.

As though in confirmation of all my friend's deductions there came in at that moment a dirty, unkempt dog with yellow hair.

Sam cocked a wary eye at it. "There you are, or rather were," he corrected himself as it moved off.

"My Pekinese," the lady introduced it.

"Ah, from Pekin. If I mistake not, that is China," said Sam. "Let me follow this golden clue," and he suited his action to his words.

Down the steps and across the verandah and round the corridor we followed the owner of the golden clue.

It rolled on a dung-heap. "What may that be?" exclaimed Sam as he pounced on the dog and fell on the heap and came back with a letter

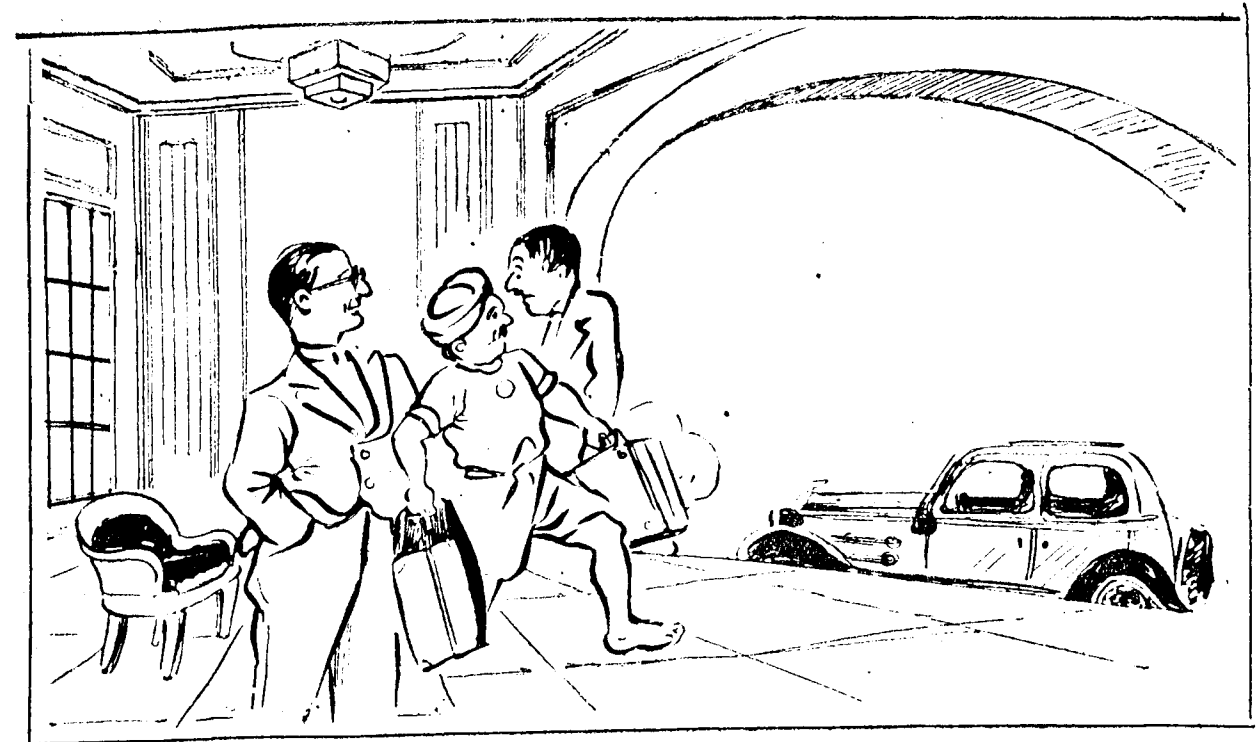
clutched in the hand.

"You thief! From your mistress's table, you ingrate, you brought it here, unmindful of her happiness."

"The dog is the thief!" I cried.

"NO!" he corrected me. "The thief is the dog."

Ah, that golden hair proved a golden clue!



Never Count Your Chickens

by E. L. Shipman

Reading Time • About 10 Minutes

*Ours is a lovely little club,
Though some men call it just a pub;
Of members we want quite a few,
If you've got money, then you'll do.*

IT was in the foyer of the town's most resplendent hotel. As a struggling journalist, it seldom comes my way to enter such places save in the course of duty, and, on the present occasion, I was just on the point of leaving the hotel after a vain attempt to achieve an interview with one of the world's great ones, when the above troubadourisation, by the strangeness of its subject matter, brought me to a halt. The tune seemed hauntingly familiar, but the words were entirely new to me.

Apparently observing my attitude of slight perplexity, the singer, a young man of about twenty-five, dressed in the very height of fashion, ceased his lay

and approached me with an air of enquiry, not unmixed with a certain, hardly restrained, exuberance of spirits.

"You, sir," he addressed me without other preamble, "seem puzzled by my song."

"Correct," I admitted, "first time. Is it, by any chance, one of the latest popular parodies?"

At that moment a taxi drew up before the hotel, and one of the hotel attendants pushed unceremoniously between us, carrying two heavy suit-cases which he proceeded to deposit in the taxi. The interruption over, my vis-a-vis turned again to me.

"Look here," he said, "I'm just off to the station, and that's my taxi. Come along with me and I'll tell you all about it. I've got to tell someone or I'll burst."

Always on the look-out for a story that might add a little more butter, and possibly even a trace of jam, to my bread, I followed my new-found acquaintance into the taxi, and, shortly, we were bowling along speedily on our way.

"I'll tell the world," commenced my companion at last, "that ours is a lovely little club. Of course, the roof leaks a bit in rainy weather, owing to the absence of one or two of its rafters, appropriated by white ants for the nurture of their young. Also the good old days when one's excess of bodily temperature could be dissipated by the languid motions in one's rear of a couple of slave girls, each attired in a pair of discs and a few strings of beads, and each softly agitating a large peacock feather fan, are, alas, gone for ever! Nor have we as yet managed to acquire the modern electric substitute for the aforesaid slave girls, two of our treasurers having, on separate occasions, faded into the blue after having the time of their lives on the contents of the cash box."

Here he paused to offer me, and to select for himself, each a cigarette from a gold case which he produced from a pocket. Our smokes being well alight:

"Conditions at the club," he continued his narration, "after the loss of the two absconding treasurers, went from bad to worse, until there came a time when the total lack of all the amenities usual in any club worthy of the name aroused even the mousiest member to feline spittings of wrath. Then the fiery cross went round, and the proceedings at the next general meeting, when the estimates came up for sanction, would not, I imagine, have disappointed even a Musolini.

"Mr. Chairman, sir," remarked one member, to set the ball rolling, 'I have been a member of this club for many years, and you will no doubt agree that I must consequently be perfectly familiar with all its rules and customs, both written and unwritten. I readily concede the President's title to a few free pegs out of each bottle of whisky opened, but, I put it to you, gentlemen, is it right that he should be allowed to take every bottle home with him and water it down to such an extent that only the colour, and very little even of that, remains?'

"The Chairman ruled this query out of order, as not being concerned with the estimates, though the member responsible for it continued vehemently to protest that he was as well able to estimate the strength of

whisky as the Chairman himself, even if he *didn't* drink as much. Another member now complained of the shortage of seating accommodation, and suggested that it might be in the interests of decency to purchase a few more chairs, if for no better reason, then, at least, to save the member himself from any further misconceptions such as those which seemed inevitably to have arisen every time he had been observed to have had a lady seated on his lap.

"A third member deprecated this untimely levity over estimates that should, by rights, have moved even a pessimist to tears.

"Considerable bickering thereupon ensued, and this, before the lapse of many minutes, gave way to open strife, as a result of which the modicum of furniture still possessed by the club seemed to be in imminent danger of being reduced to its original elements. Fortunately, however, this calamity was just in time averted by the entrance of the President of the club (the Vice-President had this while occupied the chair), whose authoritative air and sternness of demeanour put an abrupt end to the unseemly fracas, and incidentally, served to rescue the Vice-President from a somewhat precarious perch on the top of a dilapidated and totally unusable *punkah*.

"Not to dwell with too great a persistence on this sorrowful contemplation of man in one of his worst aspects," went on my companion, after a brief pause, to regain his breath, "following a multitude of complaints and suggestions, both relevant and impertinent, the meeting at last came to the conclusion by unanimous vote, the President and Vice-President alone abstaining, that the club's present financial position was intolerable, and must, by some means or other, preferably legal, be considerably improved. After a little more discussion, a committee was appointed to go into the subject thoroughly and to draw up a scheme for the purpose."

The taxi in which the narrator and I, his interested listener, were travelling, in an endeavour to avoid running down two cyclists and an apparently absent-minded scientist, now swerved violently from one side of the road to the other, compelling us, its pair of inactive occupants, to brace our feet against the back of the front seats and to hang on to sundry projections in the car's interior, the while we did our best to still our hearts' wild beating. Our serenity, in time, more or less restored:

"We appear," remarked my companion, "to be on the point of reaching our destination, so I fear my yarn must be regarded as an unfinished serial."

His estimation of our whereabouts proved correct, for the taxi immediately afterwards drew up at the station, where we descended.

Considering the fact that I had already gone a good deal out of my way in the hope of getting this story, I, naturally, had not the least intention of losing its conclusion. Merely waiting, therefore, until my companion's luggage had been conveyed to the waiting train, and until he, himself, had purchased his ticket, I followed him on to the platform. After superintending the disposal of his suit-cases on the seat of a first class carriage, he turned again from the door of the compartment, in the manner of the experienced traveller, and, in so doing, observed my continued presence.

"Hullo," he said, "you still here? Want the rest of the yarn, do you? Well, I suppose I had better get it off my chest. Where was I? Oh, I remember, I'd just got to the committee of ways and means, hadn't I?

"Well," he continued, "this committee, in due course, met and deliberated, though not without sundry and previously well-tryed friendships being very nearly ruptured, the result of its deliberations being that it was ultimately determined to hold a crossword puzzle competition, and to invite the general public to try their luck therein after putting up the necessary cash. One or two of the members of the club, doubtless from motives of philanthropy, though some unkind sceptics might have been inclined to attribute their apparent selflessness to their expectation of being allowed to claim a share in any profits that might accrue, gifted sundry articles to be awarded as prizes to the winners of the contest. The President, himself, topped the list with a five years' old Tin Lizzie, and the remainder of the prizes, save for a few cash ones thrown in for bait, seemed to be more or less in the same category.

"Well," continued my companion, after a glance at his watch, "I think it's about time this train got a move on. However, I may as well tell you that the competition, at any rate as far as the number of entries and the resultant collection of cash, particularly the latter, were concerned, turned out a complete success, far more so, in fact, than had been originally anticipated."

"By-the-bye," I interrupted, "it seems to me that I can dimly recollect hearing something about a certain club's recent crossword competition. Whereabouts was this club of yours?"

He named a town a couple of hundred miles or so distant from our present environment.

"I thought it might be so," I remarked. "Wasn't there some sort of dust up about the matter? The prize-winners grumbling over the prizes they got, or something of the sort, and the treasurer bolting off with all money?"

The guard of the train now blew his whistle and waved his green flag. Ignoring alike these signals and the engine's subsequent warning shriek of impending departure, the would-be traveller stayed to reply to my question:

"That the treasurer absconded," he said, "is, undoubtedly, a certain fact. Of any subsequent unpleasantness, however, over the kind of prizes awarded or otherwise, I am afraid I have no knowledge, as I didn't happen to be there."

"But, if you weren't there, how could you possibly know that the treasurer made off with all the cash?"

As the train started off, he leaned over and, grasping me by the arm, gently murmured into my ear:

"You see," he chuckled, "I was the treasurer."

Then, with a spurt, he gained his compartment, leapt to the footboard and thence swinging himself into the interior slammed the door to behind him.

The guard of the train had this while been strolling slowly down the train in company with two stalwart-looking men, apparently with the sole object of reaching his van. As he arrived nearly opposite to me, however, at a nudge from one of his companions, he swung rapidly about on his heel, at the same time again blowing his whistle, but, this time, waving his red flag. With a screech of hastily applied brakes, the train came once more to a standstill. The two men who had accompanied the guard then entered the train, and, in a few seconds, re-emerged, my erstwhile loquacious friend now along with them, and linked arm in arm with them on either side.

THE END



And That's Love!

by Marcel S. Pinto

Reading Time • About 8 Minutes

SUPERIMPOSE Love as it is in the West on the traditions of the East and you get Love as it is in the land of Mayo—putrid, beastly, inordinately immoral. Our newly-awakened Romeos and Juliets fresh from out of the shackles of age-honoured convention, imbued with all that is modern, culled from the flashy screen and the flashier novels of the day, just let reason fly into thin air and immerse themselves in a series of catastrophic experiments that leave them perched on the dry rocks of Disillusionment and Despair. They leave the easy paths of somnolent bliss that we of the East have chalked out for ourselves; they never attain what they aim at—the glorific, emotional Love of the ideal type as it has been lettered from the imagination of the class poets and dreamers of the West.....

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For, whatever people might say, we have to agree with Kipling. The East is East and the West is West and never the twain shall meet—so long as the East is East and West is West. We differ from the westerns in that the conditions here are far different from those prevailing there. Then tell me, so long as the conditions here remain radically different from those obtaining in any other country, how in the name of all that is mighty could you change a whole people overnight? And there are people who would start sweeping changes on the young—!

But we can adapt ourselves to western conditions, the young people would say. Well, it might work in the West. But not in the East—not here.

And why? Who can give a composite answer to that question? I for one cannot. But I can tell you a story as it happened to my knowledge and you can yourself answer the question drawing your deductions as you please.

There was my friend Naik—a bachelor with a double degree and a score of thousands at the bank—quite the rage of the feminine folk in the place and angled for by all the matrons with marriageable daughters. Naik had high ideals of how he would conduct his life. He didn't like the idea of falling in for any amount of angling; what is more to the purpose, he never got caught by any of the anglers or their proteges. Naik, you see, was of the sort to moon about for years and years waiting for the perfect spouse to turn up and never would harbour the idea of any other sort of alliance. You might talk for hours, expend all your energy and what store of wisdom God has given you; but you can never get a young fool to believe that all women are essentially the same. Any woman is at soul as like to any other woman as one pea is to another. The young fools do not believe it and they do not like to believe it; and we old fools waste our breath in shouting homilies at them all the while when he would be far better occupied doing something else. It is only a burnt kid that dreads the fire.

Naik got burnt. As a first step towards that process, he conceived an all-consuming passion for an exotic blonde whose greatest asset was her form which was truly divine. The greatest handicap she suffered from was her sex-appeal which made all the young men in the town go after her on the keenest of scents. However, it served to anchor Naik to her, and it is as well, since if she had not done it and got into our story, there would not have been much of a story to tell.

"My darlingest love!" said Naik, quite in the approved western style. "We will get married and live the ideal Life!"

And no doubt, the divine blonde gave a suitable reply and it was decided they should get married in May and live happily ever after the ideal way—which is of course the western way. And it came to pass exactly as they had decided—up to a certain point. Naik married his pretty blonde in the ensuing May and spent a lot of cash and a riotous honeymoon all that summer. And then—

They had to live the ideal life. No petty jealousies—no quarrels in the household—no irritative actions of either part that was in the least likely to toss their fond matrimonial venture on the rocks! That was how they ordered their further existence and it worked splendidly—too splendidly to look true. Naik went to his work as before and after the day's work was done, he went to the club, mixed with his friends and spent his time joyously; and always in the evening he was back home on the stroke of ten to bask in the glamorous love-light of the home. And Santi, the blonde wife, kept to her friends as before and enjoyed herself in their company till what time her husband came home. And when together, they lived for each other and shared the romance-laden hours of the night in glamorous bliss. It was a perfect union, said the young people. The old ones shook their heads and said that glamour didn't last.

A year after the marriage, the fiasco we all expected happened.

"Honey," said Naik to his wife one evening after he had left his office, "I've got to rush out of town and do a spot of business. Sure, you don't mind? Of course, you can disport yourself with your friends, you know—"

And Naik went out of town to do the spot of business. He went to the travellers bungalow a mile outside the town and spent the night in the room he had booked earlier. He had an easy night of it.

"This is the happiest night I have spent—" murmured Naik again and again. Why? And how? It

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is left for the reader to guess the answer after he has gone through the whole story. It doesn't require so much guessing either.

To continue. The travellers bungalow was not left undisturbed in the night. A fast car jerked itself to a stop at the gates near about midnight and a youthful couple got out of it and engaged the rooms left unoccupied at the rear end of the building. The night passed without any eventuality cropping up, and the day broke in murmuring amongst the trees; the sun rose high in the heavens before the occupants of the bungalow got up from their beds.

Naik had thrown open the windows of his room the better to enjoy the morn; but the sight that met his eyes dried all his spirits within him and turned him into granite. The young couple who had come in the previous midnight were just leaving their room and Naik got a full view of them as they did of him and his room. Recognition was mutual—and so was surprise and consternation!

Naik saw his wife coming out of the room—that sedate, virtuous Santi whom he had fondly believed to be at home! And by her side was young Ram Sekhar, his own junior in the office! It was too late for either party to withdraw furtively. Ram Sekhar and Santi had had a good look into Naik's room and they saw enough to understand that Naik had not spent the night alone in that room. Ram Sekhar was seen to go a chalky pale, but he braced himself and got control of himself. He

gripped Santi's arm fiercely and led her past the husband's door.

"Good morning, sir," he mumbled as he shuffled past the discomfited husband. Then he broke into a run and soon the fast car whisked him and his fair partner in the night's adventure away from the wronged husband's gaze.

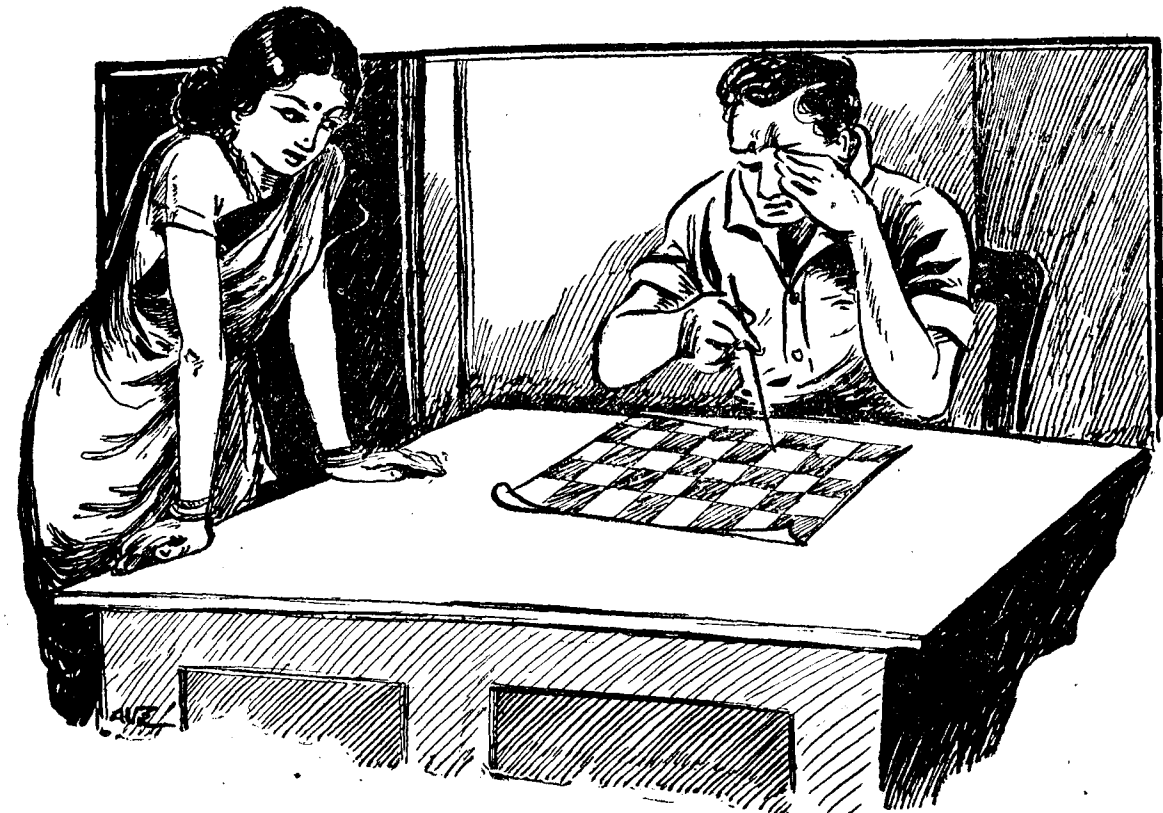
Wronged?

I don't think that Naik has anything to complain about. Because of one thing. The girl who had spent the night with him at the T. B. was as charming in every respect as his wife. And she was the wife of that very Ram Sekhar who had left in company of his wife a short while before! Fate? Poetic justice? Call it what you will, and just imagine the sort of life in store for the four people who figure in the story! I know that all four of them are now dragging their lives inside chalked limits. Nothing untoward or indecently dramatic happens in either

home, and to all appearances things go on as smoothly as before when there is company. But I would like to know exactly how they conduct themselves in private and how, if ever at all, these four get their pleasure out of their blighted existence. I would like to know. And remember, divorces are not so easy here.

And there are people who will maintain that early marriage is the bane of all that is good in the land and there can be nothing inherently beneficent in any system that does not savour of the West! Ladies and gentlemen, we are drifting into Disaster in our efforts, to ape the sensual, immoral West.

THE END



Studies In Numerology

by A. T. MacNaughton Thomas

Reading Time • About 8 Minutes

ONE of the most vital factors in everybody's life is the Science of Numbers. It governs our actions all through, without our being any the wiser. Did you know, for instance, that the letters of your names, added together, plus the letters of your birth-month and minus the letters of your mother-in-law's name, will give you your prospects in the breeding of civet-cats? Or, for that matter, did you know, if you are a polygamist, that the letters of your sixth wife's name, multiplied by the letters of your gardener's dog's name, will give you your prospects in the attainment of one of the provincial Governorships? I bet my aunt's jade necklace, you didn't. Nor did I.

Below are a few special extracts from my friend, Madame Eugenia Franchini's (in private life,

Mrs. Emily Smith) monumental book, *The Oracular Miracles of Arithmancy*, as used by the Emperor of Japan, the Mpret of Albania, Janet Gaynor, Don Bradman, and the barbers of Rio de Janeiro. I am told that even Sir N. N. Sircar consults this book before answering the Supplementary Questions. You should never consult this wonderful book on a wet Sunday, on a Tuesday when the temperature is 114° in the shade, before eating guavas, and after reading one of Maupassant's stories.

Naturally you would like to know what are your holiday prospects. Add the letters of your name, plus the letters of your boss' name and minus your telephone number. In case, you haven't got a tele-

phone, minus your bicycle number. If the answer comes to:—

7—It indicates you will be fed up to your tonsils very shortly with the place you intended to holiday at.

11—You will meet your long-lost cousin, who will give you valuable info. as to how to stay at home and look after your wife more carefully.

13—You will fall in love with a peon.

14—You will fall in love with a Maharajah.

17—You will be stung by a scorpion at your friend's house.

21—A motor-car will barge into yours, when you are driving your girl home.

23—Don't take your wife to a sea-side resort, as there is a possibility of her making sea-side-long glances.

26—Beware of a shaggy, well-built dog at a hill station that is likely to make your calf an item on its dinner menu, when you take your girl out for a walk.

Care to know the fate of your Mss? Add the letters of your Ms., multiply the total by the letters of the periodical's name and deduct therefrom your S. S. L. C. examination number. If the answer comes to:—

10,146—It means outright rejection, without the editor presenting his usual, best compliments.

8464—Denotes rejection (the editor presenting his best compliments, of course), after having been cursorily gone through.

3781—A drastic abridgment by the editor is indicated.

44—It will be used by the sub-editor as a spill to light his cigars.

2914—A stormy interview with the editor is presaged, ending possibly with you being

complimented on the head with the paper-weight.

1173—A fat remuneration is indicated.

1196—A meagre remuneration is dittoed.

2694—An appointment on the editorial staff—as a clerk to send back the rejected Mss.

Now we shall find out through the Magic Tablets how the Numbers rule our lives. Take a pin—preferably a thole—pin-in your left hand, revolve it seven times by shutting your eyes—three clockwise, three counter-clockwise and one in whichever way you please—and bring it to rest by chance on any letter. You refer in the second tablet to the letter so found and note the number under it. Lastly, seek the clue to your fortune by referring to this number in the following oracle.

TABLET No. 1.

A	C	X
Z	H	I
D	O	L
D	U	N
N	O	O
D	U	L
N	U	M
S	I	M
Y	F	J
B	L	O
I	M	B
T	O	M
M	A	D
I	D	I
M	U	F
G	O	O
A	S	S

TABLET No. 2

A	B	C
25	15	5
D	E	F
7	16	6
I	J	K
8	17	23
N	O	P
22	1	4
S	T	U
20	24	11
X	Y	Z
12	19	2

The Oracle.

(1) If a man fixes upon this number, it insures him a wife with a set of false teeth and one glass eye. To a lady, a Don Juan.

(2) Shows that you may lose your lover, your weight, cigarette-case, your press pass and season ticket.

(3) Letter bringing important news—it may be the acceptance of your Ms. or the death of your mother-in-law.

(4) A highly accomplished, film-educated woman will be your wife.

(5) You will travel a long distance either in a motor-car or on a banana skin.

(6) A letter of abuse may be expected.

(7) You will suddenly take to love zebras, grasshoppers, ladybirds, mandrills, tapeworms, onagri, or the married woman next door.

(8) An appointment is indicated either in an ice-factory or in a brassiere-making firm.

(9) You want to borrow money but you won't have it.

(10) You will marry a grass widow. Select the one with the scent of bunch-grass on her.

(11) A fruity repast, wherein you will have grapes, mangoes, apples, apricots, apples, mangoes and grapes.

(12) Sudden prosperity, from winning one of the treble events at seahorse races.

(13) A sudden acquaintance with the opposite sex, which will be properly repulsed.

(14) If you are a woman, you will lose your hair-pins; if man, you collar-stud.

(15) You will contract a platonic friendship with the opposite sex but you will eventually wind up by advocating hotly for Birth-control.

(16) Be polite in your behaviour, as you are likely to be kicked in the pants.

(17) Be careful. You will be run down either by a motor-car or by gossip.

(18) You will make wonderful discoveries, such as the exact difference between the Conservative-Diehards and the Diehard-Conservatives, the tweedledum and the tweedledee, etc.

(19) If you draw this number, you will be stung by wasps, or by the imputations of your wife's sweetheart, or by the reproaches of your landlord.

(20) I should rather suspect the fidelity of your husband or wife, if married; if single, you are shockingly deceived.

(21) Unexpectedly you will inherit a large fortune, which you will generously signify by (a) endowing an oyster-bed; (b) founding a Chair of Snake-charming at your *alma mater*.

(22) You will behave like a moonstruck codfish.

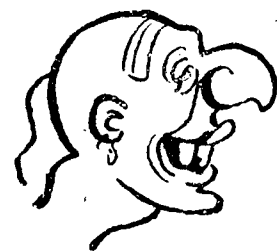
(23) You will marry a fortune but your life will be an Iliad of woes.

(24) You had better examine your moles and warts and freckles, and you will find, I know, more about yourself than you imagine.

(25) A very sudden journey is indicated. Probably from your creditors, landlord, or the police.

(26) Your present expectations will be amply fulfilled—be they the acceptance of your Ms., or the prospect of making money in lizards, or the non-approachability of insurance-agents, or the abolition of Numerology as a university subject.

THE END



Something About Noses



by S. I. Rasool

Reading Time • About 5 Minutes

THE other day while going through the pages of a medical book, I came upon a very interesting chapter about the formation of the Human Nose. It seemed clear, from what the author said, that we are apt sadly not to understand the importance of our noses. Napoleon, he pointed out, was said to have chosen his generals by their probosces, rightly regarding the nose as an infallible guide to character.

Moreover—to quote this ingenious theorist verbatim —“The nose is literally the key to all life, physical and mental.....Understand the nose, and you understand life. Laugh at the nose, and you laugh at life.”

Food for thought, I call that. Frankly, I have never considered noses from this angle before. Mind you, I rarely laugh at them, which seems to be a pretty deadly sin; an occasional titter, perhaps, at some peculiarly outstanding specimen but seldom an actual guffaw. In fact, hitherto I have regarded the nose merely as an essential adjunct to the human map, unworthy of consideration save when it develops chilblains or plays the leading role in an attack of hay-fever. From now on, however, I shall contemplate mine with a less dispassionate eye and blow it with increased respect.

One would like to know, however, just how and to what extent the nose reveals its owner's character. A long, quivery and sharply pointed nose, of the kind that can be used to pick locks and pierce holes in sheets of tin, presumably betokens a curious and prying mind; while a nose that lies flush with the surrounding visage usually indicates a bellicose disposition and a tendency to fisticuffs. So much is obvious to the veriest novice in nasology.

But what of the ordinary, commonplace nose? Take mine, for example—or rather, leave it where it is and give it the once-over. As noses go, it is a fair average specimen. I fancy—neither so small as to be useless nor so large as to divert traffic. A sound smeller, capable of tracking down a frying steak or a free stoup of ale from any distance up to one hundred yards; and a notable runner in the influenza season.

Up to date, as I say, it has sufficed my simple needs; but now vague doubts are beginning to creep in. For me, poor ignorant fool, my nose has no

message; but what if it betrays me to the expert eye as a potential crooner, a vegetarian in embryo, a subconscious bath-water-drinker, or some such unsound egg? It may be that one day some passing stranger, skilled in the interpretation of noses, will glance casually at mine, turn pale, emit a startled oath and rush madly away into the night, uttering fearful cries. Improbable, no doubt; but not impossible apparently.

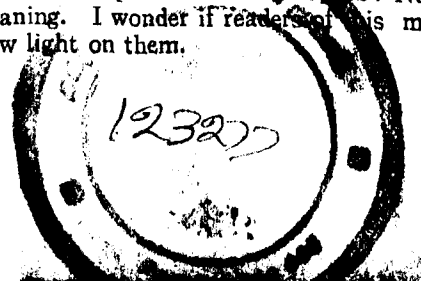
But enough of such melancholy forebodings. Let us rather dwell upon the lighter side of life—as lived, for example, in Central Africa. In that torrid zone the nose is evidently appreciated as it should be, since the nose rub, rather than the hand-shake or the cheery nod, is the conventional greeting between friends. A charming conceit, having the further advantage that it leaves the hands free for parcels or pick-pocketry. Rather a strain, one would imagine, on the noses concerned; but they get hardened in time, no doubt.

To my regret, I have no idea whether a big nose is more admirable than a little one, or per contra. At the guess, I should say that the larger the nose the greater the heart. Consider the late Cyrano de Bergerac, than whom the nobler gentleman never uttered dialogue, and whose beak was so lavishly designed that he had to take it about in a cap.

Quite apart from its value as a character-revealer, a nose of some sort is essential to our bodily well-being: even I know that. Lacking nose, one must perforce breathe through the mouth, at the risk of inhaling dust, small passing birds and similar foreign matter. The more efficient the nose, the greater the amount of oxygen it can absorb; and without a sufficiency of oxygen the human frame simply curls up and falls apart. For this reason alone it behoves us to cherish and humour our nose giving them no cause to brood.

On that point I am wholly at one with the gentleman whose public display of nose-love inspired this little outbreak. But, candidly, I am rather worried about that other aspect of the matter, viz: Noses and their Meaning. I wonder if readers of this magazine can throw light on them.

THE END



Around The Studios

Sangit Movietone :

Their next picture is to be called *Transportation For Life*.

Sagar :

Preparations for new pictures are being made. *Manmohan* and *Village Girl* are two of them.

Arunadevi, the delight of the *Deccan Queen* will play the lead in *Village Girl*.

Imperial :

Nandalal is busy with *Queen of The Jungle*.

The story is by Dave, as well as the scenario and songs.

East India :

Under production : *Sonera Sansar* with Azurie and Ranjit Ray (Direction by Debaki Bose). *Baghi-Sipahi* with Mazarkhan and Lalita (Direction by Karder) and *Laila Majnun* Spenta's new Iranian talkie.

Wadia Movietone :

Frontier Mail, directed by Homi Wadia, nearing completion.

Poladi Mukka is directed by R. N. Vaidya, while J. B. Wadia is giving the final touches to *Jay Bharat*.

Miss
Danalakshmi



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WELLINGTON

Richard Barthelmess, Joe Morrison, Gertrude Michel

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Four Hours To Kill

Drama in a theatre taking place in front of the footlights.

Producers: Paramount.

Legong

(Dance of the Virgins)

Native girls, Native Music, Native Customs.
A Romance of South Seas. Produced in Natural Colours in BALI.

ELPHINSTONE

The Great Hotel Murder

Producers: Fox.

A film adaptation of Vincent Starrett's Story "Recipe For Murder."

Stars: Victor MacLaglen and Edmund Lowe, playing rival sleuths.

Supporting cast includes: Rose Mary Ames, Mary Carlisle, Henry O'Neill, Henry Gordon, William Janncy, Charles C. Wilson, John Wrag, John Qualen, Herman Being, Madge Bellamy, Robert Gleckler, and Clarence H. Wilson.

PARAGON

Myrna Loy and Spencer Tracy
in

Whipsaw

Producers: M. G. M.

Supporting cast includes, Hervey Stephens, William Harrigan, Robert Warwick, Irene Franklin, Lillian Leighton, Wade Boteler, Robert Gleckler, Dor Roman, Charles Irwin, John Qualen, Clement and William Ingersoll. The story of the gangster world.

ROXY

Eddie Cantor

in

Strike Me Pink

Eddie as a showman with gorgeous Goldwyn girls.

BROADWAY TALKIES

Nalini Tarkhud

in

Rajput Ramani

Producers: Prabhat

STAR TALKIES

Shamskir-E-Arab

SELECT

Noor-E-Vatan

Stars: Miss Madhuri and E. Billimoria.

Producers: Ranjit



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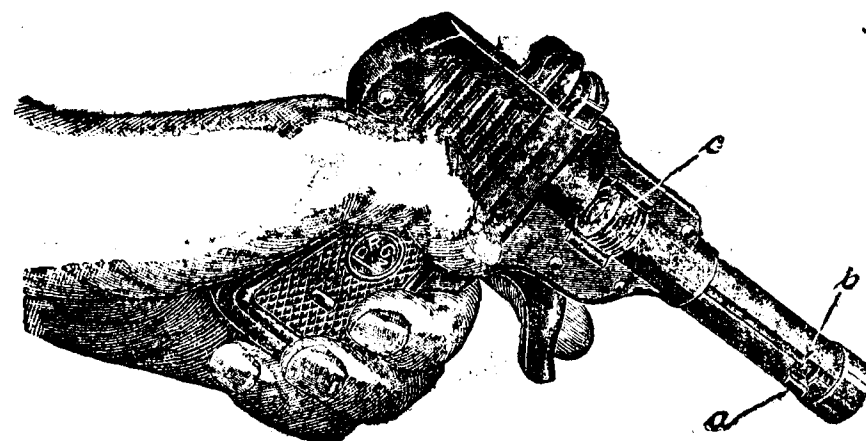
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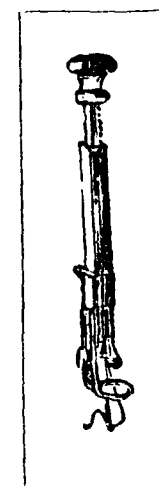
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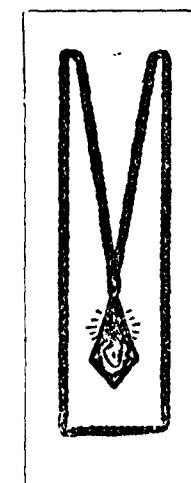
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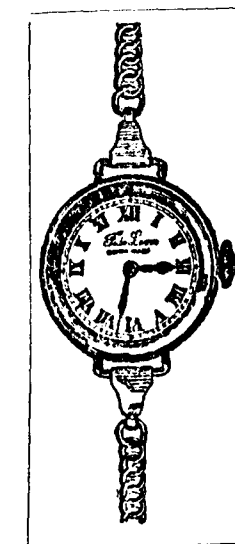


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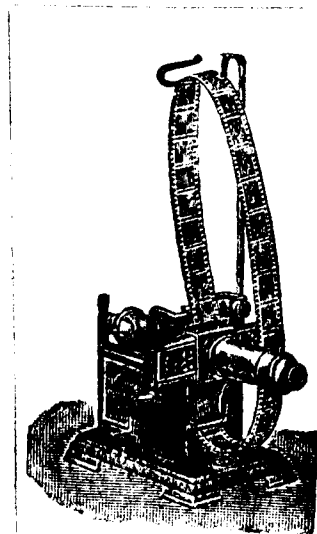
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