

95

MERRY

MAGAZINE

995

2066

THIRUPATHI

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EMBUSQUE

Vol. IV No. 23

6th June 1936

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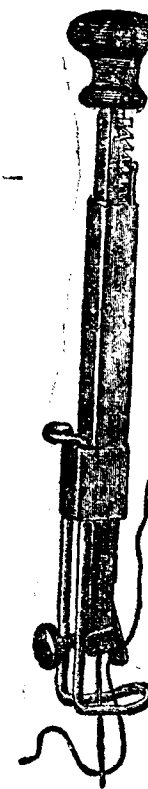
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The
MERRY
MAGAZINE



Madras, June 6, '36

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Artiji

★

Embusque

★

Mic

★

Omega

★

All Usual Features

SPARKS FROM OUR ANVIL

News comes from Belgium that in the general elections, two Socialists were killed.

This reminds us of the fact that Socialists never die.

* * *

Mr. Ramsay Macdonald states that there is no truth in the current report that he contemplates resigning the office of Lord President of the Council.

This has made us speculate as to *who could have believed* such a canard!

* * *

In the course of an interview given to a French press-man, Sgr. Mussolini envisaged a military occupation of Ethiopia based primarily on aviation.

The new empire thus looks like being very much in the air.

* * *

The Dictator is further reported to have said: "I ask nothing of Britain."

He won't get a refusal then!

* * *

—Paris

A remarkable play entitled *Herr Hitler* shown in a theatre for two days was prohibited to-day by a decree issued by the Prime Minister.

".....It concluded with an astonishing tableau representing Hitler in a nightmare gazing at his tomb inscribed in Hebrew characters with his ancestors cursing him from under-ground."

Lucky man! He has no posterity to re-inforce his ancestors!

The Italian Consul-General at Calcutta states in a press-note that plans are now ready for making roads in Ethiopia.

We understand that this is mainly to please Mr. Bernard Shaw!

* * *

Embracing Islam, Mr. Hiralal Gandhi is reported to have said: "I shall live in Islam, and die in Islam."

It is too early to say whether it is a promise or a threat!

* * *

His Highness the Agha Khan has won the Derby for the third time.

We gather that his next objective is the performance of the hat-trick!

* * *

It is authoritatively stated that there is no truth in the report that C. S. Nayudu may be sent to England to strengthen the bowling.

On the other hand, it looks more likely that Amarnath may be sent back for his batting failures.

* * *

Says a Head-line: "Re-construction of Quetta: Tin-town ready for occupation."

But apparently, not by the tin-gods!

* * *

His Excellency the Viceroy stresses the importance of milk for the growth of the young.

Provincial Governments are uneasy at the prospect of his discovering the nutritive value of butter-milk!

* * *

A semi-official press-statement, discussing the future of broadcasting says: "The villager is a shrewd fellow: what he wants is music and dialogue."

The only thing that worries him is whether to have them before, with, or after meals!

* * *

At the Burma dinner, Lord Zetland said that Burma had progressed with great rapidity from political childhood to adolescence, and hoped that the teething would be speedily passed.

Which shows that the Burma scheme is as unnatural as the Indian!

* * *

Defending his address to the Europeans at Annamalais, Mr. Satyamurti says: "If I can get Europeans to co-operate with the the Congress, I must consider myself fortunate."

It is tactful of him to have left the Congress out of his prospective good fortune.

* * *

He followed it up by remarking elsewhere that the Indians lacked a sense of humour.

And proved it in his own case!

Arab and Jew

One of the by-products of the Ethiopian collapse is the revival of unrest in Palestine. Both the Jew and the Arab ultimately belong to the same stock, but the Jew is the older of the two. He developed a culture and civilisation which have stood the most determined onslaughts of time and human malice. He has been the inheritor of a theocracy which has survived the thousand disasters that have overtaken his temporal life. He had always prided upon direct communication with God, and has derived secret strength and support from Him. For long, he wandered in search of a home; found one for a brief space, and was again expelled from it. When Mahomed organised the Bedouin tribes of Arabia, he could do no better than appropriate a lot of Jewish thunder, and the whole of the Jewish home. As exiles, the Jews cherished in their hearts the unfading vision of Zion, and prospered exceedingly. For a thousand years, they became the adopted children of the lands which persecuted them in all manner of ways. Then came the Great War. They fought on the winning side, and freely gave of their wealth and their manhood. Lord Allenby over-ran Palestine, and held it for the Allies. The least iniquitous part of the treaty of peace provided for a British mandate over Palestine. Lord Balfour made the historic declaration facilitating the re-occupation of Palestine by the Jews. The Zionist movement was thus inaugurated about fifteen years ago.

All this is one side of the shield. But unfortunately, it is the other side that is causing all the present trouble. During the wanderings of the Jews, their home was seized by the conquering Arab, who became a permanent dweller in it. A thousand years of occupation has given the 'Promised Land'

an indelible Moslem complexion. The Arab finds in the Zionist movement a formidable threat to his very existence. The British Government is thus in the unenviable position of having to implement its promises to the Jew without affecting the interests of the Arab. We are afraid we cannot endorse Jawaharlal's opinion that British Imperialism is responsible for the present muddle in Palestine. Rather, we think it is due to British idealism.

However, it is significant that the recrudescence of trouble there should synchronise with the triumph of Italy. Reuter reported that in the celebrations at Rome, 1000 Libyan youths took part, and a special cheer was given to them by the Roman mob. There is little difficulty in supposing that Sgr. Mussolini is directly or indirectly responsible for stirring up trouble in Palestine. It is no doubt true that its strategic value is great. But we are inclined to think that Mussolini hopes to strengthen his position by stirring up trouble for Britain. He is now desperately anxious for the recognition of Britain, and the raising of the Sanctions. In short, he is probably trying again the tactics of the bully, which have helped him so far. That Britain is not anxious to play into his hands is evident from the reports so far received from that country. Every effort is being made to treat the insurgent Arab element with indulgence. A conciliatory spirit is shown by the High Commissioner, who is giving every opportunity to the leaders to co-operate in the task of pacification. But the problem at bottom is well-nigh insoluble. Sooner or later, the Zionist Movement is bound to be either dropped or so attenuated as to reassure Arab feelings, and safeguard Arab interests.

Proverbs in Pompous Prosody

How to Catch a Bird.

If you should see a biped fine
And plan his captivation,
Deposit particles saline
Upon his termination.

Grandma and the Eggs.

Teach not a parent's mother to extract
Th'embryo juices of an egg by suction.
The good old lady can the feat enact
Quite irrespective of your kind instruction.

Chaff for Old Birds.

Decortications of the golden grain
Are set to lure the aged fowl, in vain.

What Makes the Mare Go.

Pecuniary agencies have force
To simulate to speed the female horse.

Coals to Newcastle.

Bear not to famed city on the Tyne,
The carbonaceous products of the mine.

Cats and Kings.

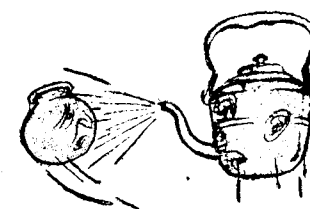
'Tis lawful for the feline race
To contemplate a regal face.

Rolling Stones.

On mineral fragments that lack repose
Cryptogamous matter never grows.

The Pot and the Kettle.

While self-inspection it neglects,
And rusts to grimy pieces,
The kettle to the pot objects
Its sordid superficies.



—Louisa Dyer

The new 2½% Rupee loan which was opened last week was closed within five minutes. Only 40% of the amount tendered was allotted. "Thus," says an Associated Press message, "Sir James Grigg's Finance Membership will in this respect go down in Indian History as having secured unique achievement."

It was certainly a unique achievement. Let us say it handsomely. The other day I floated a loan of fifty rupees (for personal purposes) and you will be surprised at the awful trouble I had going from one fellow to another fellow holding their chins endearingly and begging them to make my loan a success. After forty-eight hours of hectic canvassing, the amount tendered came to Rs. 29-5-7! I have so much lost myself in admiration at the achievement of the Finance Member that I am placing on my study-room table a marble bust of Sir James Grigg with the following legend inscribed on the pedestal:

2½% *Absit Invidia*, meaning: Let there be no ill will.

I invite every patriotic Indian to do likewise.

★

James Agate, the famous dramatic critic, says that he is not just content with a future life which shall be all Michael Angelo or Sebastian Bach. He wants a paradise to suit every taste and temperament, to the toffs as to the underdogs. For instance, he wants a heaven in which horse racing and laying of odds shall be permitted as a sinless occupation. He wants green playing fields, well-matched teams, lynx-eyed umpires, hysteric crowds egging on the opposing teams, and so forth.

Heaven has been described by imaginative Man from every conceivable angle, in poetry and prose, in fable and fiction, in song and soap bubbles. The last word doesn't fit in properly, I know. But it is not without authority. I once saw a soap advertisement. A charming girl was leaving her bath. Her gazelle eyes had an

ecstatic expression. She was saying (presumably to a boy-friend waiting on the other side of the screen): "Oh, Bob! That was a heavenly bath!"

The point is we are hearing about heaven and its marvels for so long that its glamour is wearing thin. I should be bored to death in such a heaven which we are promised if we are good boys and nice girls. I am one with James Agate in demanding not only a heaven with winged angels twanging harpstrings on rainbow clouds, which may be all right for Sir Tej Bahadur Sapru and the Rt. Hon'ble Srinivasa Sastri, but also a heaven in which the evolution of Hellenic and Indo-Islamic civilisation shall be represented, including race-tippers, bucket shops, neo-coffee hotels, lovely cows born of hefty bulls (so that babies may not suffer for want of good milk), a humorous magazine like the *Merry Magazine*, *Kathakali* dancers (so that the Malabar section of heaven may not feel aggrieved), and a few tommies to keep the Hindu and Muslim mobs in good humour. My heaven will not be complete without Satya-murthi delivering an odd lecture once in a while. I want, too, a large branch of the Reserve Bank affording us angels unlimited credit without bothering us about collateral securities, so that we

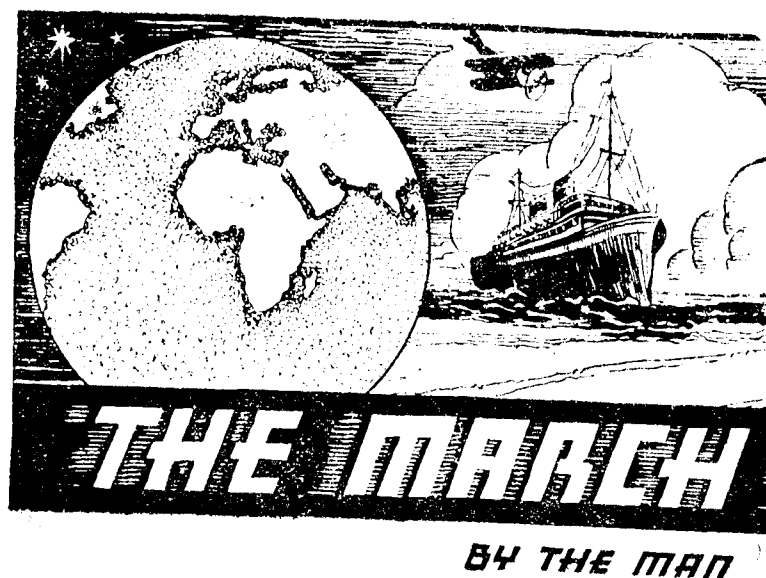
may never be short of cash on race days.

Lord God in heaven! Grant us this prayer so that we might sing thy praise and abide in thee! Is nobody going to say 'Amen'?

★

The *Hindu* correspondent writes to that paper from Cairo describing recent happenings in Egypt: "King Fuad's wishes were quietly ignored and three extremely charming and distinguished Egyptian notables—possibly the three most distinguished looking men the country could produce—were appointed regents..."

Well, there is no point in appointing poker-face gents as regents and ministers, is there? Look at England, for instance. Honest Baldwin is at the helm. What do you think of his face! Not a bad face as faces go, but hardly a beauty. That is the reason why British diplomacy of late has been a bit unsteady at the knees. In appointing ministers and regents, we have got to remember the saying—"The hand that rocks the cradle rules the world." You see, unless you impress the girls with your good looks, woe unto you as a minister or as a regent. I would ask the Congress Executive in South India to bear in mind this tip and draft into the next Ministerial Service only such men as have a distinguished air.



It is a hard job—to distinguish the distinguished air of persons. It requires an extremely sensitive nose to find out. I shall leave it at that.

★

"Why is the self-existent world not fool-proof? Why should there be fools in the self-existing world?" asks Mr. R. Naga Raja Sarma.

That is an easy one. Because, my dear sir, the presence of fools in this self-existent world, enables us to pick out the wise guys in a jiffy. Also because if fools weren't there, the knaves would die for want of nourishment, don't you think? Furthermore, if there were no fools around us, we shouldn't be able to say, "You darned fool!" can we? Remember what the ageless *sastras* say. There is not a thing on this self-existent world but could be put to some use. Well, well.

★

Rather a rattling bit of news comes from South India. An educated girl who was affianced to a farmer, refused to marry the farmer when everything was ready for the wedding. She wants an educated man to partner her. She backed up her cause with sanctions far more potent than those silly measures adopted by

the League members against Italy. Result, the wedding was called off.

What in the name of all that is marriageable is wrong with a farmer? Don't tell me in mournful numbers that the fellow lacks sex-appeal, because I don't believe you. I have lived most of my life in the country among sheep, cows, their dung and, what Henry Fielding calls, sweet-smelling country girls. I know what a farmer is, and believe me, if a kind *karma* brings me out as a girl in my next birth, I shall insist on marrying a farmer. If my husband dies, I shall marry another farmer, because by that time widow marriages in India will be a common as the House of Commons or even commoner.

★

It would appear that a few weeks ago a missionary was captured by Communist bandits in China. When the bandits learnt that the missionary was a member of a subject race, they released him absolutely gratis.

This incident ought to establish cultural contacts between China and India. I am not suggesting (save the mark!) that we turn Communist bandits. We being a subject nation, we can travel anywhere in the red zone in China untouched by hand.

Answering the circular which Jawaharlal sent to all the great lads of India about his blessed Civil Liberties Union, Sir Tej Bahadur said, "Sez you!" or words bearing much the same meaning. To this the "Bandit" said in a sweet, reasonable way: "My dear Tej Bahadurji, why not have a Civil Liberties Union of your own, composed of non-Congressmen?"

That is a peach of an idea. However these are depressing days and money is not as free as it used to be. We have got to economise. And how? I don't know if my suggestion appeals to the liberal mind of the Great Liberal. Anyhow I am releasing it. (Allahabad papers, please copy.)

Each town shall have a Civil Liberties Union. The Union shall be housed in a two-roomed bungalow. One room shall be occupied by the Congress Branch of the Union, the other by the Liberal Branch. Whenever a Congress Union-wallah barges into a Liberal Union-wallah on the veranda of the bungalow, each shall look the other way. The Liberal Union-wallah may snort like a horse if he is so disposed because it is good to see a Liberal snorting, but the Congress Union-wallah may not. Provided always, if the urge to snort in the Congress Union-wallah is irrepressible, he might retire into his room and snort, but not like a horse, because that would be only imitation. Of course, the bungalow shall be provided with two water-closets.

The idea of this two-roomed bungalow is:

- (1) To save rent;
- (2) To show to the world the famous phrase—"Unity in Diversity" is not idle talk.

Wait a bit. Something tells me that there is a kink in this argument. I am not able to locate it. Find it out yourself. I am tired of the whole blamed controversy, anyhow.



Is this Frankenstein Monster coming to Europe?

Fun For All



"What did the doctor say about you?"

"I must keep out of beer, wine, cocktails...."

"And whisky, I suppose?"

"He didn't mention it, and certainly I wasn't going to ask silly questions!"

* * * *

"That blushing rose you wear exactly matches your complexion."

"Yes, dear, but it's artificial!"

"I noticed that, too."

* * * *

Doctor: What you need, my dear fellow, is plenty of air. By the way, what's your profession?

Patient: I am an aviator, doctor.

* * * *

"So you want to marry my daughter! You're a policeman?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then, it was you who arrested me for exceeding speed limit, isn't it?"

"Yes, sir, I'm sorry, but....."

"No, but...you shall have my daughter!"

* * * *

A very third-rate actor to his bored friend: "And, do you know old man, when I last played Hamlet, it took the audience ten minutes to leave the theatre!"

"Why, was he lame?"

* * * *

"Did you hurt yourself when the branch broke?"

"No, not until I reached the ground."

* * * *

Owner: This is the second time the chauffeur has nearly killed me. I must get rid of him.

Friend: Oh, no, give the poor fellow another chance!

* * * *

Employer: In this letter, you dunce, you have spelt 'embarrass' once with one 'r' and once with two!

Trembling Typist: I am sorry, sir. Which one shall I correct?

Employer: Why—er—the wrong one, of course!

* * * *

"She told me she couldn't go to the ball because she had positively nothing to wear. But she went."

"Yes; and her remark to you was pretty close to the truth."

* * * *

Clerk: I really cannot read this letter, sir; the writing is too bad.

Boss (impatiently): Nonsense! The writing is good enough—any ass could read it. Hand it to me.

* * * *

He: You say my book has strong parts. Tell me one of them.

She: The cover.

* * * *

Patient: I spoke to the druggist and he advised me to—

Doctor (interrupting): Oh! I suppose he gave you some idiotic advice—

Patient: Well! He advised me to see you.

Krishnamurthy—

Reading Time
●
About 6 Minutes

THE other day our little club-house in Melur was crowded. As a matter of fact, it is always crowded, for seventy five per cent of the members are unemployed fellows, each member being in default of his subscription for at least five months running. So there is not much point in my saying that the club-house was crowded on this particular day. What gave the scenario an extra crowded appearance was, I suppose, the fact that the members were making an infernal noise over the possible result of the Derby.

I detached myself from the crowd and sat in a sequestered corner of the yard, at the back of the club. Not that I did not like horsey talk. I place an occasional couple of rupees on a fancied brute, and invariably lose it. I shunned the crowd this particular day because I was desperately budgetting my resources. The budget which I was working out mentally would not balance, because an item of extraordinary non-recurring expenditure in the form of a wedding in the family knocked me clean off my feet a couple of weeks ago. Woefully, I was ruminating on the vanity of human endeavour, when somebody breathed noisily on my head. I looked up and saw Krishnamurthy regarding me anxiously. This fellow is rather a particular friend. He had the run of my house, and not unoften the run on my purse, such as it was. If there is one punter in the world who despite consistent ill-luck is a chronic optimist, that punter is this fellow Krishnamurthy.

"What is eating you, fellow?" I asked him, kindly.

"You were in Mysore recently, weren't you?" he asked.

"Yes. And it was dashed hot there, if that is what you want to know."

"Curse the heat!" he said impatiently. "You saw the horses during trials? Don't tell me you did not."

"If you mean by horses, the horses that are to run in the Rajah's Cup Race next week, my answer is....."

"A lemon. Thank you. Look here, Thirupathi, what do you think will win the Raja's Cup Race next Wednesday?"

I was about to say, "the horse which goes to the winning post first", but noting the intense look on his face I said, "I should say Cit Cat has a roaring chance. I saw him eating his dinner in the stables. Rather a quick worker. And when the stable boy took liberties with its hind legs, the kick it gave him was easily the smartest I have seen so far."

Krishnamurthy digested the information. "You don't think much of White Paper then?" he asked anxiously.

"Much, did you say? What I think of White Paper is so small that you must magnify it 50,000



The Punter

by Thirupathi

times to see it. Even then the odds are you wouldn't see it." I was positive.

"But dammit! I think a whale of White Paper. I am thinking of putting ten rupees on it with the local bookie." Krishnamurthy said this with some vehemence.



"What has he been doing to you?"

"Why are you so keen on White Paper? Any special information?" His vehemence piqued my curiosity.

"I had a dream last night....."

"Go on."

"I ate one ream of white paper....."

"What!" I said aghast.

"I mean I ate one ream of white paper in that dream," he explained.

"In that case, my dear fellow," I said, "go ahead and back White Paper. Are you sure you ate white paper?"

"What do you mean?" The poor fellow felt hurt.

"No offence, Krishnamurthy," I said. "If the details about that dream are correct....."

"Of course, they are. Wait...On second thoughts I think it may have been brown paper I ate. But paper it was."

"In that case, lay on White Paper. It is a rank outsider, but rank outsiders have a felicitous way of licking prime insiders. This is true of not only horses, but also of men and donkeys."

"But you said at the beginning that you did not think much of White Paper?" He struck a note of doubt.

"Oh, I beg the horse's pardon. I withdraw my libel on White Paper. If I were you, I should not only put my shirt on White Paper, but also the skin behind it."

Krishnamurthy looked gratefully at me and went away with a sigh of relief.

A week later I was sitting in my room looking moodily at my typewriter trying to knock my thoughts into typescript, when who should blow in but Krishnamurthy! He saw me, but turned up his nose contemptuously. Instead he called my wife. "Akka, akka!" he shouted like a soul in torment.

My wife came and greeted him kindly. "Sit down, brother," she said, "I shall bring you a cup of coffee."

"I don't want your coffee. Look, akka, what your husband had done! If you were not his wife, I would strangle him."

"What has he been doing to you?" asked the wife, laughing.

"What has he *not* been doing, better ask!" Here he glared at me. I kept my peace. "The other day," he continued, "I asked him as man to man what he fancied for the Raja's Cup Race in Mysore."

I still stared at my type-writer. I knew what was coming.

"He said he fancied Cit Cat. He described the private life of Cit Cat so beautifully that I simply ran to the bookie and put thirty rupees on him."

"And he did not win for you?" asked my wife who was not much in the way of a punter.

"Win!" exploded Krishnamurty. "That was not a horse! It was a donkey! It sat twenty yards behind the starting tapes and would not budge!"

A tear trembled on the right eye of Krishnamurty, or so it seemed to me.

"And do you know which horse won?" he asked presently when he had mastered his emotion.

"How should I know, you horrid man?" said the wife in simulated anger. "Is it not enough that you gamblers lose money on horses?"

Krishnamurty apparently did not hear her. He said, "White Paper won. God!" He sat heavily in a chair.

At this moment I sprang into life. "But you cursed fool!" I burst "didn't I tell you to go in for White Paper?"

"Yes," he admitted brokenly. "But I didn't follow your advice, because I thought luck worked in contrary ways. Moreover....." he hesitated.

"Moreover what?" I asked.

"I did not eat white paper."

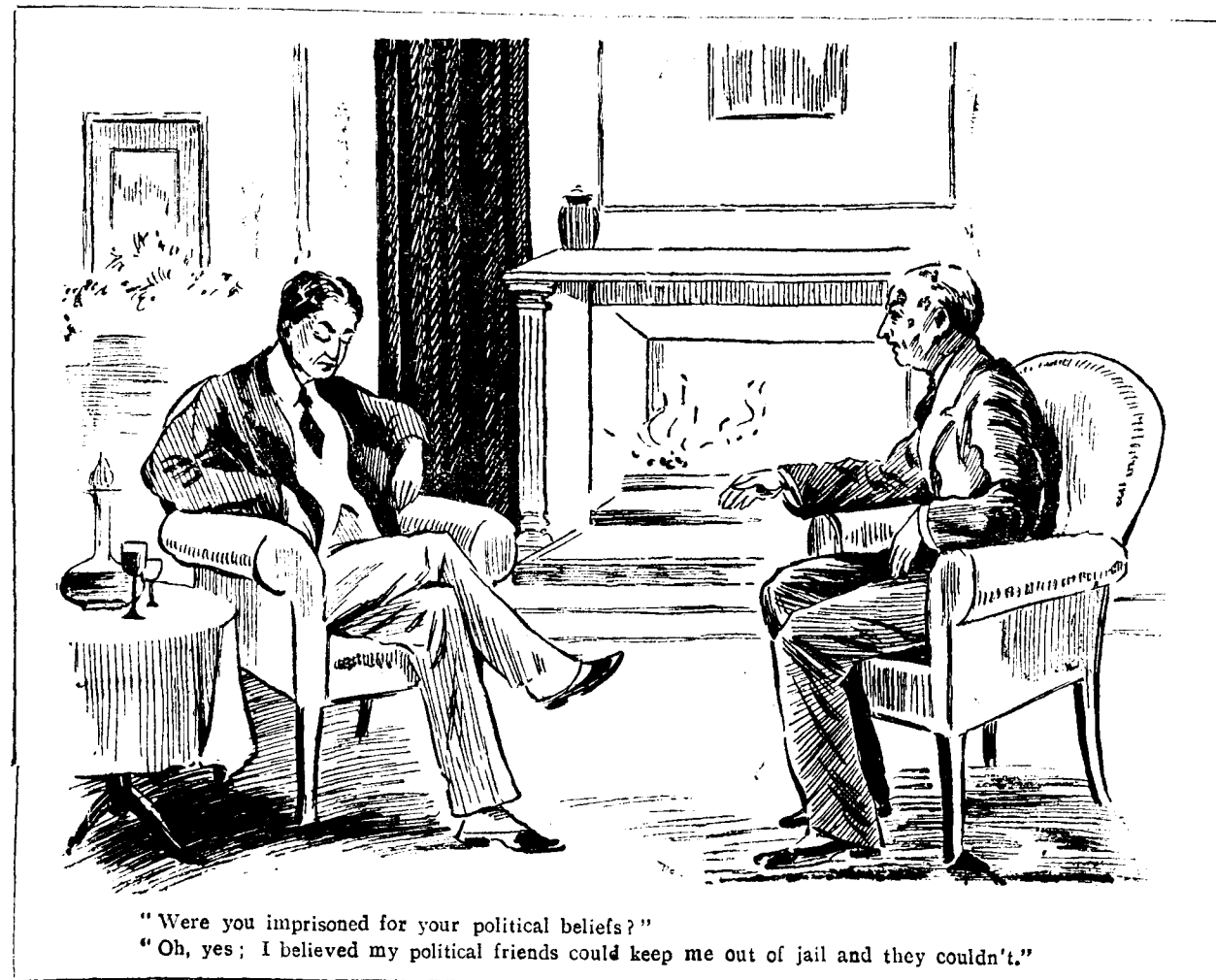
"Did not eat white paper!"

He shook his head tragically. "I had no dream at all. I was lying all the time."

"But you idiot, where was the sense in that stupid lie?" I wanted to know.

"I don't know. I do it sometimes. And you were a bigger idiot than me to have believed that yarn. I thought you were an intelligent man. I wonder why your wife married you.....Akka, you said something about coffee. Make it strong!"

THE END



"Were you imprisoned for your political beliefs?"

"Oh, yes; I believed my political friends could keep me out of jail and they couldn't."



Menaka

Dancing Days

by G. K. Pillai

Reading Time

About 4 Minutes



Balasaraswathi

DEVI Dja and Devi Ratna and Company, of The Royal Balinese Dancers, have, after delighting a Bombay audience with their brilliant, if exotic, dancing performances, bid farewell to India. Their next programme is Europe.

And Europe is sure to welcome them with open arms. Only very recently, Menaka, the famous Indian dancer, has been thrilling a German audience, at a Berlin theatre filled to capacity.

Some of Menaka's choicest poses, most enthusiastically praised by the German press, were her Dawn Dance, and Love Duet—with a partner. This time she danced to Indian music, provided by her own orchestra. For, this is not the first time that she has displayed her art to an admiring Western audience.

Six years ago, she had made a tour of Europe. Then she had to dance to European music. "My ambition was," she said, "to return with my own orchestra of Hindu musicians." She had realised that ambition, now, eventually.

Discussing the social decline of dance sometime ago, she said: "Our capacity to dance has become less and less in our struggles for existence. Folk dances are splendid dance movements. They seek to ease life's burdens and smoothen life's angularities."

"Dance, in North India," she continued, "developed as solo dancing for secular entertainment, while in the South-West India, it preserved its character as

religious Dance Drama, and also its highly formalised gesture language." The reference is to the now famous Kathakali Dance of Malabar, of which, to-day, Shri Shankaran Nambudri is the brilliant exponent.

In Kathakali dances, famous stories of India's classical age, as well as various episodes, especially love episodes, of some well-known Indian gods and goddesses, are 'woven' by the rhythmic movement of the human body—and facial expressions. The essence of this ancient classical Indian art is the delineation of diverse emotions in the variety of dances provided. In the well-known Radha-Krishna Dance, ecstatic love and devotion to the beloved, most beautifully blend.

In the Shiva Parvati Nritya Thandava, that is, in the Dance Match between the great Shiva and his consort Parvati, the dancing couple, after going through, to perfection, the elements of Veera, Hasya, Shringara, and Rudra, that is, Heroic, Comic, Exotic and Furious respectively—reach a point when Parvati has to admit defeat, because she has perforce to cease. Shiva, now, completely discards all his clothes! This is the Urdha Thandava.

Not only popular pleasure seekers, but even famous poets and philosophers, are full of unstinted praise for this exquisite Indian art. Only last year, Ragini Devi's performances at Calcutta elicited lavish praise from Poet Tagore.

"Those of us," he said, "belonging to Northern India, who have lost the memory of pure Indian classical dance, experienced a thrill of delight at the exhibition of dancing given by Ragini Devi in a so-ciation with her partner Gopinath. I feel grateful at the assurance that the ancient art is still a living tradition in India, with its varied grace and vigour and subtleties of dramatic expression."

And Ragini Devi herself—her real name is Miss Nila Cook, an American—has gracefully acknowledged her "pilgrimage to India is to discover the beauty and truth in the classical forms of Indian dancing, and, as far as possible, to recreate them."

Thus, Indian dancing is rapidly coming into its rightful place in the world of Fine Arts. But, so far, it is the North Indian variety, known to people generally as the Hindustani Dance. South India is

left severely alone. (Not so severely alone, considering all the noise made here—Ed.)

The future, however, of South Indian dancing is rich with promise. Like a modest violet, hiding its perfume and colour amidst the choking foliage of a wayside hedge, a blossoming Balasaraswati's exquisite talents in this line seem at present to be confined to jealous Madras.

Merit, whether in art or in literature, must, as the famous poet of the Tamil land sang, exact homage from lands other than ours. It will be a proud day for the Tamil country when a fully blossomed Saraswati will shed lustre and distil perfume, with her exquisite, lyrical movements in the gilded drawing-rooms of European and American capitals; and thus restore the now dimmed glories of Bharat Natya in the eyes of the world.

THE END

QUOTES WITH A KICK!

In the farce of Life wise men pass their time in mirth, whilst only fools are serious.

—Dean Swift

★

Aristocrats (no doubt) still exist; but they are shorn beings for whom the wind is not tempered—powerless, out of place, and slightly ridiculous.

—Lytton Strachey

★

Cheer up. Remember, today is the tomorrow you worried about yesterday. Whoopee!

—J. P. McEvoy

★

Of all God's creatures, there is only one that cannot be the slave of the lash. That one is the cat. If man could be crossed with the cat, it would improve man, but it would deteriorate the cat.

—Mark Twain



Auntie J.J.

Auntie's nieces are springing up everywhere like jasmine buds in summer. My fan-mail has been so heavy of late, my dears, that I was obliged to engage two brawny Nepalese to fetch it from my box in the post office. I was analysing the nature of my correspondence, and I find that about 60% of the letters come from girls. They run the whole gamut from Maharajas' wives to municipal sweepers' girls. It is indeed a happy thought that Auntie's nieces are such a truly representative lot.

About 35% are elderly gentlemen in various stages of decay. Some are bold, some are timorous; but every one of them thinks that Auntie is a highly desirable woman.

The balance of 5% are young men, mostly unemployed graduates. The horrid things these young men write would make Beelzebub blush. Thank goodness! Your Auntie is not Beelzebub. Poor fellows! I don't bear them any ill-will.

Among the dear nieces there is one niece who hails from far away Penang across the Bay. Her letters are a source of unfailing delight to me. In one of her recent letters she says: "What do you think of Margaret Sanger? I don't know much about birth control, but I do know that India is increasing the beggar population."

Margaret Sanger, my dears, is a delightful, quiet lady with the look of a baby. To look at her you'd never think that she could frighten a rat. Actually she frightened all the Catholic padres and as many Hindu pandits from Cape Comorin to the foot of the Himalayas. This niece is slightly misinformed. All the surplus babies born in India don't necessarily come from beggars. Opulent High Court Judges and indigent junior clerks are swelling the race in the most unashamed fashion. Among my acquaintance there is a high official and also a miserable clerk. Both of them have sixteen babies apiece. I suppose these poor

men do it in a sort of a daze; otherwise how do you explain their conduct?

"In fact," continues this dear niece from Penang "I am thoroughly ashamed of my wretched Indian brothers and sisters who think it is fun to increase India's population."

So am I, my chickabiddies. However, increasing the population is not fun. Here in Madras, I sometimes pass by a certain hospital for women and children. As I near the maternity ward which overlooks the road, I break into a run, treating the rude remarks of passing traffic with withering contempt. The noises that come from inside that ward don't sound as if somebody was making whoopee.

But, of course, my dears, your Auntie may be wrong about the noises, she being a maiden.

There are some interesting questions which this niece poses. I shall answer them next week.

★

Little Lily (Coonoor): You want to know, darling, why the giraffe's neck is so long? I think it is because its head is so far away from its body.

Summer-harassed (Mylapore): Bha! I thought Bangalore was a cool place. Give me good old Madras.

Sorry, dear Summer-harassed, I don't own Madras.

Muniamma (Royapuram): "My husband is a drunkard. I have tried several remedies, including the broom; but he is still at it. Oh, Auntie, what shall I do?"

Keep the bottle tightly corked, dear.

Nair (Waltair Asylum): No, dear chap, a spinster is not a lady in waiting. It is a female sprinter left on the wayside.

First Voyage (Chidambaram): "I am crossing to Burma next week. Can you give me a tip to avoid sea-sickness?"

Yes, avoid the boat.

T. T. S. (Mussorie): "Do they serve oysters at the Grand Hotel?"

Oh yes, they serve anybody.

Past Tense (Ramnad): "So this is Madras—epicentre of our provincial civilisation! Bha! Where are the beauties that we saw thirty years ago?"

I think they are all either married or dead.

Surprised (Nellore): "Do you believe it Auntie, I found in my new house mice as long as a foot

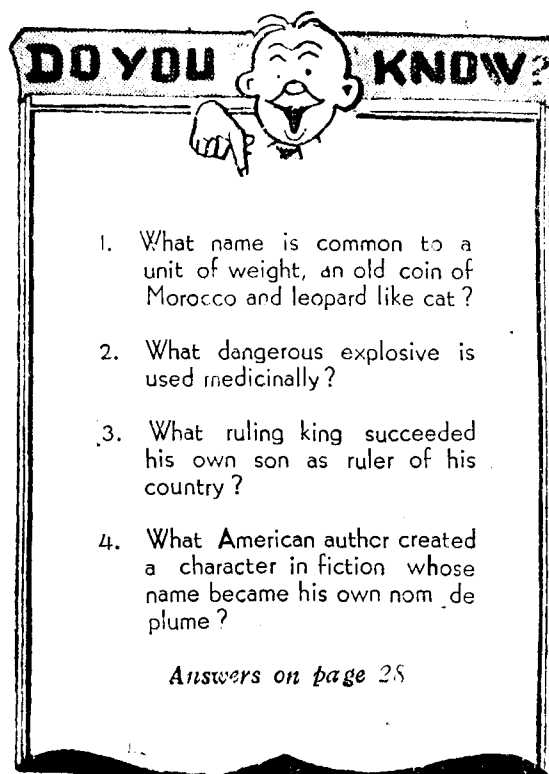
and a half. What do you think of it?"

I think they are bandicoots, dear chap.

Dejected (Calcutta): "I am always at a loose end." What, are you a bell ringer?

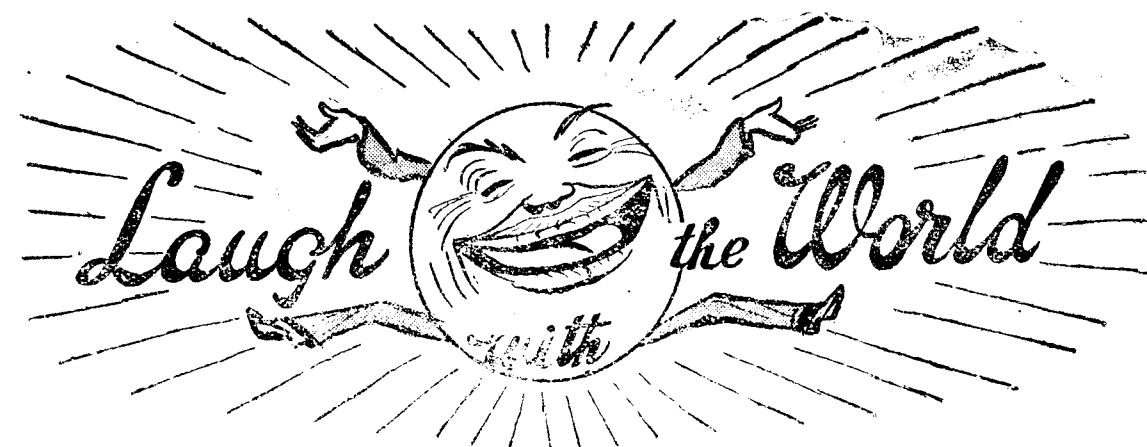
Leather Merchant (Alleppey): "Sheep skins can be put to a number of uses. Do you know the most important of them, or shall I tell you?"

Auntie is cleverer than you suppose, young man. The most important use to which a sheep-skin is put is holding the sheep intact. Am I right?



1. What name is common to a unit of weight, an old coin of Morocco and leopard like cat?
2. What dangerous explosive is used medicinally?
3. What ruling king succeeded his own son as ruler of his country?
4. What American author created a character in fiction whose name became his own nom de plume?

Answers on page 28



"Are you the celebrated lion-tamer?"

"No, I only comb the lions and clean their teeth."
—Moustique

"Give me a sentence with the word 'intense'."

"When people go to camp they sleep in tense."
—Pearson's Weekly

A man was looking into the depths of the Grand Canyon.

"Do you know," said the guide, "it took millions of years for this great abyss to be carved out?"

The visitor was tremendously impressed. "You don't tell me!" he commented. "I did not know this was a Government job."
—Tit-Bits

Teacher: What have you in your mouth, Johnny? Give it to me.

Johnny: Sorry miss. I wish I could. It's the toothache.
—Everybody's Weekly

Railway Claims Officer: Here's another farmer who is suing us on account of cows.

Official: One of our trains has killed them, I suppose?

R. C. O.: No, he claims our trains go so slow that the passengers lean out of the windows and milk the cows as they go by!
—Lloyd's Weekly

Last week a horse which had collapsed was restored by artificial respiration.

Nothing, however, could be done for the man who had backed it.
—Punch Bowl

"How do you like that whisky, Mike?"

"Shure, it has made another man of me and that other man would like a glass, too!"
—Pearson's Weekly

The teacher had written '927' on the black-board, and, to show the effect of multiplying by ten, he rubbed out the decimal point.

"Now, Alfred," she said, "where is the decimal point?"

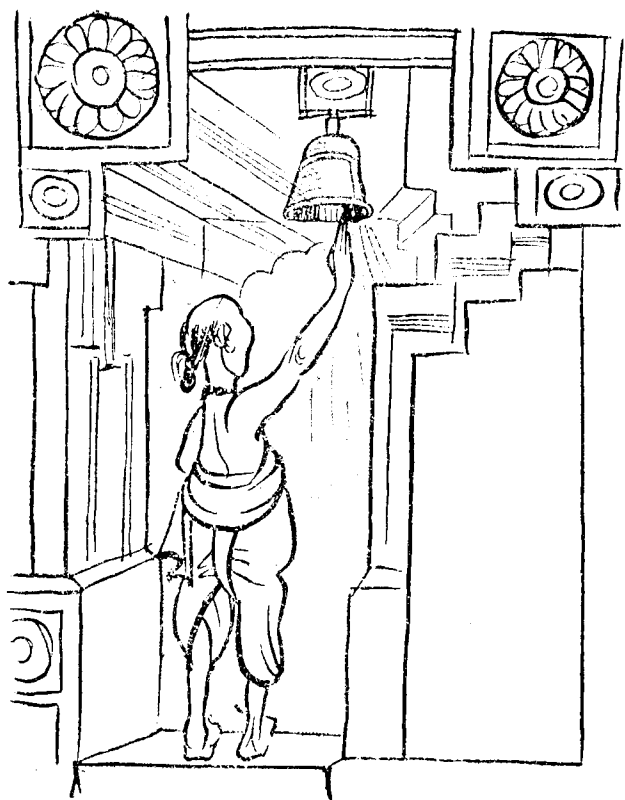
"On the duster," replied Alfred.

"My gosh, Bill," groaned the editor of the sensational newspaper, "nothing scandalous has happened for twenty-four hours. What'll we do for the front page?"

"Aw, don't get discouraged, Steve," said the city editor, comfortingly. "Something is bound to happen. I've still got faith in human nature."
—American Legion

Employer: Is it true you put down your pen and leave at six, even if you're in the middle of a word?

Clerk: No, sir. When it gets near six, I don't begin a word!
—Shrewsbury Chronicle



The Temple Bell

Reading Time

About 5 Minutes

AS I bent over my desk, trying to think of something to write about, a distant clangour forced itself on my thoughts. The interruption was annoying. "What is that noise?" I cried impatiently.

Little Padma was sitting on the floor, playing quietly. "It is only the temple bell, uncle," she replied.

The clangour continued. It was no use trying to think of anything. "Come here, my dear," I said.

Padma nestled comfortably at my knees. "Yes, uncle?"

"Only the temple bell," I remarked, chaffingly. "Where is your science? Do you know the wonders that are hidden in the simple act of hearing?"

"No, uncle."

"Well, that sound you hear is not the temple bell at all."

"Indeed, uncle?"

"No, my dear. *Sound* is the name given by clever men to the last product of a series of effects, of which the bell is only the beginning."

"Effects, uncle?"

"Yes, my dear. A bell, you know, has a rim that is perfectly circular in shape."

Padma nodded.

"When the worshipper raises his hand, and strikes the rim with the clapper, the force of the blow changes the rim into the shape of an ellipse."

Padma was sceptical. "That shape, uncle?" she said, outlining an ellipse with her finger-tip.

"Yes, my dear. Of course, the bell does not remain in the shape of an ellipse. The metal is elastic."

"Like the string that holds up my knickers?" said Padma, raising her eyebrows.

"Something like that. Just for a moment, the bell is in the shape of an ellipse; but being elastic, it springs back to its former circular shape. It does this several times. For a few seconds, the metal swells and shrinks repeatedly."

"Gets bigger and smaller, uncle?"

"That is right. Well, these rapid changes of shape disturb the surrounding air. The air is elastic, too. It vibrates in rapid waves, because the bell is vibrating."

"Uncle, the elastic in my knickers—is *that* made of air?"

"No, darling. It has the property of elasticity, the same as air has. The waves in the air, created by the swelling and shrinking of the bell, spread outwards in ripples; the same as when you throw a stone into a pond."

"Uncle, I can throw stones better than Seenu."

"Little girls should not throw stones. I was telling you about the waves in the air. The waves spread outwards from the temple bell, until the outermost wave reaches our ears."

Bell

by Embusque



"And then we hear the temple bell," observed Padma, triumphantly.

"It is not as simple as that, my dear. Inside your ear is a *tympanum*, or drum."

"Like the *jadu* man has?"

"Yes, like that, but smaller. Behind the drum is a little bone called the *malleus*, which is the Latin word for hammer."

"Does the hammer beat the drum?"

"No, darling. The drum vibrates because of the waves beating against it, and it moves the hammer to and fro, and the hammer strikes a little anvil right inside the ear."

"So there is a blacksmith's shop inside my ear?"

"That is right, dear."

"And what I hear is the blacksmith's shop working?"

"Not exactly, my love. The anvil transmits the vibration to a tiny bone called the *os orbiculare*, which again conveys the vibration to a bone shaped like a stirrup."

"Oh, uncle, a stirrup such as you use to climb on the back of a horse?"

"Yes, the same shape as that. This stirrup-bone connects three tiny half-circular canals. Each canal contains a clear liquid. So when the temple bell is struck, the air is made to vibrate, and the ear-drum trembles, and the hammer strikes the anvil, and the stirrup-bone oscillates, and the liquid in the canals is made to tremble."

"What then, uncle?"

"The canals are surrounded by the auditory nerve. When the contents of the canals move, the sensation is conveyed to the brain, and we are conscious of sound."

"So it is not the temple bell we can hear—it is some water swishing about inside our heads?"

"Clever girl! Yes, that is what uncle has been trying to tell you. You don't really hear the temple bell. You merely become conscious of a cerebral disturbance set up by a train of events that started when the worshipper struck the bell."

Padma rose to her feet. "Hold out your hand, uncle!" she said, imperiously.

Obediently, I stretched forth my palm. Immediately, my little niece delivered a stinging slap on the extended member.

"Here, what is that for?" I cried.

"Wicked uncle!" said the Padma. "Bad old man! You ought to be ashamed of yourself!"

"Why, my dear?"

"Mamma says you ought to be more careful what you say to children."

"But, darling, I haven't said—"

"Yes, you have, uncle. You have been making up wicked untruths about the temple bell. If you *must* tell such lies, don't repeat them to little girls. Send them to the *Merry Magazine*."

I jumped up with a joyful exclamation, and took Padma's advice.

THE END

The Metamorphosis

Reading Time • About 5 Minutes

by M. K. Srinivasan

It is a tale of Micky's tuft. Which reminds me of Shekar's. Shekar's was a tuft that was a cross between a snake gourd and a shoe-horn. It had a way of standing on his head, which, frankly we hated. So little Maniam and I plotted. Tip-toe we went at the dead of night through the window by his bed, and before you could say *Vande Matharam* the funny-looking thing of the victim came wriggling between the shears. Belinda's lock was not raped more gracefully by that baron guy. But then there was a little lack of judgment, as it turned out later. For, the next morning when we interviewed the Warden as 'suspects', things dawned on us bright as day-light. The warden asked: "Are you sure you didn't misbehave towards a visitor to the hostel?"

"We are sure we didn't, sir."

"So you say you had nothing to do with that nasty trick you played on Shekar's uncle?"

So that was that.....the uncle also had that beastly thing and we didn't know that. But I was not for giving in. Without proof, which he hadn't, I knew that he couldn't touch me. But little Maniam, the idiot, spoiled the whole show. He burned his own boat and, with his, mine. The fellow blurted out: "We didn't know, sir, that it was Shekar's uncle," and was in a fit mood to continue but the Warden, cutting him short, said curtly to both of us: "Five rupees

each and twenty-four hours to quit." Lock, stock and barrel, we packed. But, that is by the way.

Turning to Micky, for the life of me I couldn't have repeated that trick on him. For one thing he was older than me. And again, his tuft was biggish and filled the whole turban and not content with it, peeped out now and then as though to see how the rest of the world was getting on. So, bribing the barber into 'bidding it good bye', was out of the question. I followed the only other course of getting upon his nerves.

"Micky," I said, "a tuft is reminiscent of Tippu's times. At this age, it is an anachronism. In a society like ours, it is a misfit. The one thing that bears the stamp and seal of a new era is a cropped head. It is a sign of the times. So cut that tuft off." And I said many more such things.

It pained me to see Micky adamant. In a city like ours, on the northern side of the Vindyas, two men clung to their tufts like a suicide to his rope (I mean, if it was a suicide of that type). One was Micky of course. The other was Chun Chu, the Chinese dentist. I cared a rabbit for Chun Chu, his Chinese dentistry or his pig tail. Micky's welfare was mine. So I set my heart upon curing him of this obsession of his—come what may.

"That tuft of yours, please," became the burden of my song and I sang it morning, evening, noon and night.



At last, bored to death, he told me once: "I wish you left it to me and my good care. Please don't be over anxious about it."

"Do you mean to suggest that I should go bare-headed?" he asked.

"If you cut off the hair, why not?"

I call this an unjust world. Licking is what we get for the good that we intend to do. "Well," I said, "go to Hell."

"Oh! the old story," he said and left me, only to meet me again at quarter to four.

Days passed and Panchu's party came. It was expected to be a fine party. The best of the society birds would meet and to go there, hand in hand, with a turbanned Micky—ho! the thought of it was enough to produce a pain in the neck. Lest you should take me for a snob, I should say you don't know Micky in a turban; it was a bandage round a broken skull, one would have called it. Wherever he went, people pointed at him and said: "Look, there goes the Madras babu!" and stood and stared at him, dumbfounded by the hypnotism of his hideous-looking headgear.

On the morning of Panchu's party, Micky came to me and said: "We start at four in the evening; so be ready at quarter to four. But then you see, I have a rattling.....a sort of rattling in the head. I don't know whether I can go to the party after all."

"What is it that you said was the matter with your head?"

"Rattling; can you suggest some remedy?"

"But do you know the cause?"

"What?"

"It is because your brain is softening. Do you know why? Overheating. You tie a tight turban. Take it off for some time," I said.

At Panchu's party we sat behind the Griffiths in whose honour the function was arranged. While at the fruit salad course of the lunch, eight-year old Miss Griffith grew curious over Micky's turban.

"Mummy, what is the gentleman hiding in his head?" she asked.

"Hush," said the mother.

Two minutes elapsed.

"Mummy, shall I ask him?"

Mrs. Griffith grew pale. She felt called upon to satisfy the little girl's curiosity.

"You must respect his feelings, Dolly," she said. "If he has a bald pate, why shouldn't he hide it?"

"Ha, ha!" said the little girl. "So it is a bald pate, Mummy, he is hiding! I know it now."



Micky's face was a study in colours. He profusely perspired and continued his lunch silently. On our way home he took me into his confidence and asked: "What is it that caused a rattling in the head you said?"

I told him.

Three days later a cropped Micky arranged a party to Mrs. Griffith and her daughter. And do you know why? Yes, just to show he wasn't bald.

THE END

Treatment For Dyspepsia

P. P. Samuel

Reading Time • About 6 Minutes

“DYSPEPSIA,” said the doctor firmly, with all the cocksureness of a new practitioner, “I could hear it—there!”

“Oh, no,” I laughed. “That’s only a motor-bike—at the other end of the street.”

“Dyscura three times a day,” he said tartly. “And do try to cut out your pre-breakfast cigarettes, and.....”

“Caffein,” I ventured helpfully, recollecting a highly technical article I had read in *The Lancet* on the aetiology of dyspepsia. You see, I get as much of *The Lancet* and *The Medical Practitioner* as I care for from my provisions-dealer. His brother is a doctor, and it is not seldom that my sugar or asafoetida comes wrapped up in powerful articles on ‘Collywobbles Cure’ for ‘Lawyer’s Liver in Lapland’ and things of that sort.

“Caffein, yes,” he said, suddenly exhibiting the exuberant geniality of a man who has earned a fee quite early in the day. “And I should advise you to consult a stomach specialist if you possibly can. Dundachari, for instance, if I may take the liberty of recommending a reliable man.”

The stomach man fleeced me a bit and passed me on to a liver-and-spleen chap who, in turn handed me over to a heart specialist. The H. S. told me that my cardiac works were functioning like an eight-day clock and his fee was twenty-five rupees and no extras.

Meanwhile *Dyscura* had had a sporting fig with my flatulence and given it up for a bad job. I have since taken regularly *Curadys*, *Antadys*, *Kilacol*, *Pepsicol*, *Collyno*, *Adyspo*, *Stopito* and numerous other Ju Ju’s that are expensively advertised in the dailies with a plethora of Unsolicited

Testimonials from Raja Sahebs and Rao Sahibs, with an occasional Pucca Sahib thrown in to lend verisimilitude. *Stopito* was the costliest of the lot as it enjoyed the patronage of a Maharajah and was alleged to contain gold.

But I still have dyspepsia. I was very much downhearted about it and went about almost as sour as a sour grapes until I happened to make the slow discovery that almost everyone has dyspepsia. And I also began to notice bottles of *Adyspo* and *Stopito* on the shelves of many of my friends. Particularly *Stopito*. It is unmistakable. The modernistic design on the bottle is too bizarre and Epsteinic to fail to catch the eye.

Why one should be ashamed of one’s dyspepsia when the thirteen-gun Maharajah in the *Stopito* advertisement is so downright frank about his, is more than I can understand. But the average man keeps his dyspepsia dark as if it were a skeleton in his family cupboard. But once he knows you have learned his secret, you will hear a good deal more about the lining of his stomach and the funny little ways of his intestines than you will care to listen to on your way to office in the morning.

He: Good morning! How’s your dyspepsia?

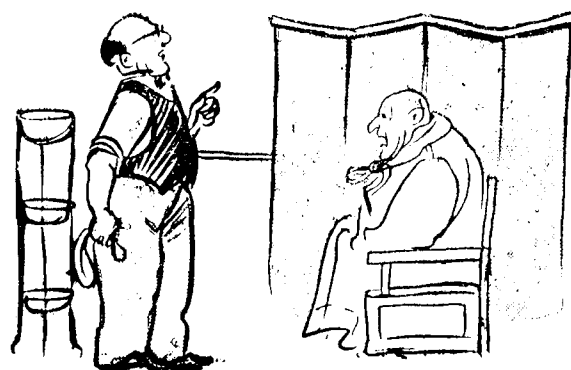
I: Not bad. And yours?

He: Pretty rotten, I should say. Just imagine my intestines rumbling away like nobody’s business in the presence of the boss. That was just what they did yesterday. And.....

I (Rolling my eyes): Sad!

He: And the lining of my stomach is a disgrace...

I (Hopefully): The Maharajkumar is creating quite a furore in England. Good old ‘Vizzy’!



“Dyspepsia, I could hear it.”

He (Thoughtfully): I wonder if he takes *Pepsicol*.
I (Looking at my watch): Excuse me, I must run. Good bye!

He (Shouts through cupped hands): If I were you I should plump for *Pepsicol*.

The man is so pathetically in earnest and so thoroughly human that you do not have the heart to shout back: “Physician, cure thy own rumbling!” Besides, you know it in your bones that you yourself take a delight in prescribing medicines for others. The world would perhaps have been a better place to live in if Mr. Everyman weren’t a physician and a musician.

But to return to dyspepsia.

After all these patent medicines and blatant specialists, it was a pleasant shock to learn from my newspaper that the right thing to do was not to gobble poisonous drugs but just to wear an amulet round the tummy. The advertisement was so convincing. “Dyspepsia? Not me! I wear a Kum-kum Kavacha round my tum tum.” Encased in silver it cost me only five rupees, with a yard of silk ribbon (our own make) thrown in. Cheap, I thought. But when I tried to put it on, the ribbon wasn’t quite long enough to go round; so I thought I had better wear it round my chest. When I wrote to the Kavacha people about it they told me that my dyspepsia was much lower down. But they were generous enough to offer another yard of ribbon if I purchased another Kavacha.

It wasn’t quite easy to keep the thing in position. A ribbon of silk seems to be imbued with nine lives when you try to keep it round a smooth, animated hemisphere; but believe it or not, I managed to keep it there by sheer will power until, one bright morning, it snapped all on a sudden when I tried to board a bus. What happened to the little silver Ju-Ju I shall probably never know. But I like to think that it made some street urchin happy for a day.

The next remedy was even simpler. The very modern doctor who prescribed it called it psychotherapy. “Cure the mind,” he said, “and there you

are.” Every night on retiring I had to lie limp on my back, as if I was being measured for my coffin, concentrate all my attention on the alimentary canal and tell the inner man quite seriously: “Look here, old fool, you have no dyspepsia.” Just like that, a hundred times, and then one more for luck. “Hrrmph!” the inner man would answer in a still, small voice: “Hrrmph! Br-r-r-r-r!” I told the doctor how the intestines responded to auto-suggestion and he gave such an unholy laugh as shook my faith in him and his therapy.

At this critical stage, my wife made the inevitable announcement that she was going to make drastic alterations in my diet. My complaint, it seemed, was due to too much food and too little vitamins. The new bill of fare (‘Common sense menu’, she called it) almost took my breath away.

Morning cup: 4 ounces Ovaltine in milk.

Breakfast: Two slices toast.

½ oz butter.

Tomato-soup.

1 tea-spoon Super D.

Dinner: Three slices wholemeal bread.

Vegetable soup.

Tomato salad.

Juice of an orange.

Super D.

But I was glad to notice that that indeterminate meal which goes under the modest name of ‘Tiffin’ hadn’t come under the zeal of the reformer. “Never say die,” I told my inner man.

I still have dyspepsia.

Meanwhile I have been told that the thing for dyspepsia is asafoetida. Not any asafoetida, but ‘Misky’ asafoetida. Dissolve half a tola of A. B. Misky Asafoetida in an ounce of vinegar, add twenty five drops of cow’s urine and the ash of a crow’s tail-feather, stir vigorously and drink while your will power lasts.

I would much rather have my dyspepsia.

THE END





Can there be such a thing as too much love between a married couple? Sounds ridiculous, but there is. A man deserted his wife. The wife sued the brute for alimony. The man's defence was his wife was too affectionate, much too affectionate. She was always kissing and hugging him, said the man to the judge. The learned judge pondered the problem deeply and said: "Two kisses and one hug a day ought to be ample for any woman."

* * *

Strange men had made and are making strange collections, as a salve for their harrowed, work-a-day souls. One such man was Baron Rothschild. He collected, of all things in the wide world, fleas. Big fleas, little fleas, ugly fleas, not ugly fleas, in short every blessed variety of fleas that God-or the Devil created. After collecting the lot he presented the collection to the South Kensington Museum. It is said that the cost of this collection ran into a six-figure affair.

* * *

A man in Germany wanted to take out of the country 1,00,000 marks which he possessed. But it could not be done. Hitler's anti-export regulations would not let him. So he perfected a lovely scheme to get round the German Customs. He went to the biggest pro-Nazi paper in Munich and inserted an advertisement in it inviting applications from people who would represent a German firm in Switzerland. The advertisement appeared in due course. The advertiser answered his advertisement himself. He sent himself c/o the Munich paper a hundred letters in

different hand-writings. Each letter contained a blank note-paper and, attached to it, a 1000-mark note.

The man crossed over to Switzerland and from there he wrote to the paper requesting that the answers to his advertisement may be forwarded to him care of the Zurich post-office.

The advertisement manager of the paper didn't object. It was a usual request. These hundred bogus replies, and a few real ones that arrived meantime, were placed in a large bag bearing the paper's name and forwarded to Zurich. The German post-office officials did not see anything suspicious in the bulky cover bearing the name of a well-known Nazi paper. So they relaxed their vigilance, and the 1,00,000 marks crossed the border with the help of the Nazi State!

* * *

A machine to gauge the quantity of 'It' in girls has at last been invented. The machine was used for the first time at a dance at Cambridge, Massachusetts. And they tested the 'It' of the girls. The 'It' or personality of one girl, Mary Wells Atwood, a choir girl, was so aggressive that the testing machine blew up! The story comes from America, anyhow.

* * *

There was a divorce the other day in Detroit. The husband, one Mr. Oberly, told the judge that he was fed up with his wife's clothing bills. That is no reason. But wait. The wife was losing her clothes at strip-poker and the hubby was expected to replace her lost clothes. The judge was sympathetic and granted the divorce.



Wife: Why do you go out whenever I begin to sing?
Hubby: I don't want the neighbours to think I am beating you!



Obliging Barber: And would you like me to sharpen the pencil behind your ear, sir?

Aren't Women

Reading Time • About 7 Minutes

Krishna Menon Street,
Madras

My Dear Uncle,

Arrived safely in Madras. The journey was awful, but I endured it with Christian humility, I mean Hindu humility. The house is a quiet one in a quiet street. Ideal for my studies. My landlady is a widow, and she has a daughter who is also a widow. I am told that her husband died when she was ten years old. I am referring to the younger widow, of course. Otherwise, it wouldn't make any sense, would it? Poor woman!

I am determined to get a pass this year, or call me a cockroach.

The other people living in this street are sedate, elderly gentlemen, who would never dream of leading me to temptation. I am lucky to have secured such a nice place for the month I am staying here.

Excuse a hurried letter, uncle. I must now busy myself arranging my books.

Your affectionate nephew,
SUNDARAM

The Ferns,
Bezwada

Dear Sundaram,

Your letter. Herewith the cheque for Rs. 200 I promised. Spend it prudently. Don't get into scrapes, or you know what will happen. I am glad to hear that you have secured a lodging in a quiet street.

By the way, what is the age of the widow, not the mother widow but the daughter widow? I always

distrusted women, particularly widows of all kinds. Don't get messed up with women, do you hear?

What have you done about your boarding? Choose a neat, homely hotel. Avoid those garish hotels. What they serve you there is not food, but beautiful figures of speech.

Study diligently and come home the minute the examinations are over. This is the last chance I am giving you to reform. Make the most of it. I need not say anything further.

UNCLE

Krishna Menon Street,
Madras

My Dear Uncle,

Thanks ever so much for the cheque which I cashed today, and banked the proceeds.

How wise were your words, dear uncle! You are right about those high-sounding hotels here. Thoughtlessly I had a meal in the Neo Maharaja Hotel. It tasted all right when I ate it. But when I returned to my room I was doubled up with colic. I must have made a pretty big noise! The poor widow gave me a homely decoction of pepper or something and I rallied almost immediately. "Poor boy!" she said, "his delicate constitution cannot stand hotel food."

Very considerately she offered to cook meals for me. I accepted the offer gratefully. I had a taste of her cooking this morning. Oh uncle, what a cook!

Funny! Till you asked for the ages of these poor widows, I never gave them anything beyond a casual look. I looked at them carefully this morning. The mother widow must be at least sixty five years. I am not so sure about the daughter widow. These young widows are an enigma to me. Today they look as young as yesterday's eggs, that is to say, eighteen years or thereabouts. Tomorrow they look at least eight-and-forty. Honestly, uncle, I cannot tell you the age

Wonderful!

by V. Vyasa Rao

Krishna Menon Street,
Madras.

Dear Uncle,

Thank you most awfully for the two hundred rupees. My examinations are over. You will be glad to hear that I have done very well. I won't be surprised if I figure at the top of the pass list. Dear uncle, may I stay on her for a fortnight more? You see, just now I am studying Indo-Germanic Philology. The University Library has got a marvellous collection of books on the subject. It is an entrancing study, uncle. I will tell you all about it when I come home. Good bye, dear uncle. I am hurrying to the University Library.

Your affectionate nephew,

SUNDARAM

Krishna Menon Street,
Madras.

of the junior widow. There is something in her which sort of eludes you.

Excuse me, uncle. Every minute is valuable to me. I was deep in Shakespeare's *Midsummer Night's Dream* when your letter arrived.

Thank you, dear uncle, for your kind advice. I think I have out grown my weakness for women.

Dear Subbu,

A bombshell has burst in this calm sequestered street. A young fellow came here from Bezwada, ostensibly to appear for the ensuing Literature Honours Examination. The fellow has turned this calm backwater into a raging sea. He has roped in every young man and such of the young women as are modern enough, in this street into a Whoopee Club. He is taking everybody almost daily either on a riotous excursion, or to the pictures or god knows what. His mirth is so infectious that nobody, not even the elder natives of the street, would scowl at him. He is committing every sin in the Hindu Calendar except larceny and adultery. Do you believe it, he took my orthodox uncle somewhere last night, and brought him back home sometime after midnight, dead drunk! You ought to have seen my aunt's face when she saw her reprobate husband's scandalous condition.

This young man, is staying at old Subbammal's place. Rumour has it that he is sweet-on the widow's daughter Meenakshi. I shouldn't wonder if he ends up by marrying the girl.

Yours Sincerely
NARAYANAN

Your affectionate nephew,
SUNDARAM

Madras

Dear Nayudu,

I am sorry to hear that you have been feeling poorly of late. What is the use of telling me that you feel lonesome? Serve you right for staying a bachelor! But cheer up, old friend. Your life is going to be brightened up by a young woman presently.

The other day I met your nephew, that scamp Sundaram. I was very much surprised when he told me that he got a pass, and a first class pass at that. I have since verified it. He took me to his place and released a bomb on me. He made me sit in the most comfortable chair in the hall and disappeared for a few minutes. He came back leading a young, blushing woman by the waist. Now, don't get a fit. He told me she was his wife. He married her last week at the Registrar's. These irreligious modern young men! I must say however that the young beggar showed remarkable good taste. The girl is a marvel, Nayudu. She is about eighteen, and a widow. I feel any man would be happy with that girl.

Sundaram told me tearfully that you would kick up a row when you hear the latest about him. He wanted me to intercede in his behalf; and I gladly do so.

Be reasonable, old chum. These are mad days. Society is in a state of flux. What if she be a widow? If I were young I should have fallen violently in love with this girl. They are coming to you this day next week. Receive them kindly, if you value our life-long friendship and the certain happiness of your declining years. You have never known a woman's love. Know it now.

I will be seeing you one of these days, as soon as the country has cooled down.

Your old friend,
BHASHYAM.

* * *

Bezwada.

You Villain Sundaram,

Don't dare come here. I will not see you. Married without my knowledge and consent, were you? Very well. And don't ever call me uncle, you rascal. If you come here, I shall set the dog on you. If the dog doesn't bite you for old times' sake, I shall bite you myself!

I shall not sign myself as
UNCLE

* * *

Bezwada

M. R. Ry. A. S. Bhashyam Ayyangar Avl.,
Retired Deputy Collector,
Mambalam.

Dear Sir,

It is O. K. and thank you ever so much for befriending me and my wife. Meenakshi and myself came here yesterday. I waited outside prudently and peeped through the window. Meenakshi went timidly in. Uncle was sitting in his favourite chair and reading the paper. Without any warning Meenakshi rushed him and hugged him crying: "Dear uncle, you are not angry with me?" She underrated the possibilities of her momentum. The chair tipped back, and uncle and Meenakshi rolled on the floor. My Aunt! You ought to have seen uncle! He rubbed the back of his head and stared stupidly at the girl. He said at last, "You don't say you are the wife of that scamp?"

"Yes, dear uncle. I am his wife. You are not angry with me, uncle?"

She hugged him once more and whimpered. "Don't cry, darling," said uncle.

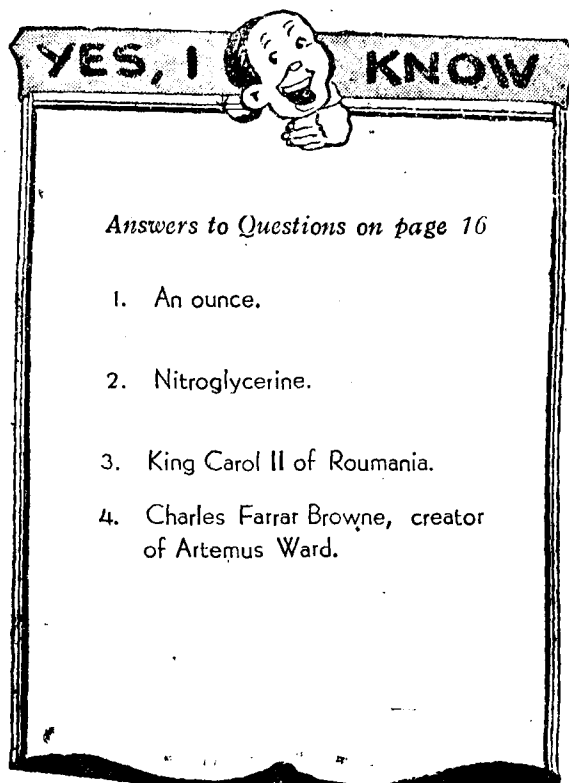
"I am not angry at all. Why should I be? Only, I had not the privilege of seeing my only living rela-

tive wedded to such an angel as you. Let me catch that villain!"

So, dear old sir, all is well that ends well. And look here, if ever a son is born to me, I shall call him Nayudu Bhashyam Ayyangar. Just wait and see.

Aren't women wonderful!

Yours respectfully,
SUNDARAM.



The Boy Friend

by C. G. M.

Reading Time • About 3 Minutes

IN these days of cheap entertainment, a date with a boy friend is a common occurrence. But what, may one ask is a boy friend?

Is he the boon companion of a childhood long forgotten or is he in truth something more? An essential part, perhaps, of modern life, like one's best frock or near pearls?

As a class, boy friends are undeniably adorable, but as their existing financial state of affairs precludes them from getting married, even should they want to, one wonders where—to use an Americanism—the modern girl "gets off."

If, for instance, she is constantly going about with the same young man and has no intention of becoming engaged to him, because he cannot afford to get engaged, or married, or anything, what is the position? And what is she to do?

When Jimmy, young, debonair, impecunious, first met Joan they were unconsciously attracted to each other as strangers. They fenced with each other for a while and made a little love—with their eyes. Gradually they became better acquainted until one day he kissed her. Joan, of course, had been kissed before but as she liked Jimmy's eyes she was thrilled, and found his love-making growing more delicious daily. There was now no going back, for love as we know is progressive. But where was all this leading to!

They both understood from the commencement that marriage was out of the question, and as neither of them felt sure that they would like to be married, what were they to do?

The consequence was that after the first thrill of attraction, the first kisses, the increasing passion, etc.,

had worn thin, they both became wearisome and parted. Not as enemies of course. But there you are!

The queer thing about these "Boy Friend"—"Girl Friend" attachments is that Joan and Jimmy never start level.

While the affair is at its height, the handicap is always in favour of Joan, principally because she has the advantage of having a presentable young man at her beck and call to take her about and pay for her dinners and dances. When the affair is over, the advantage passes to Jimmy who goes his way unaffected.

The emotional adventures slide from his consciousness like water from a duck's back and he walks into the presence of the next girl as fresh and vital as if she were the first girl he had ever admired.

With Joan things are somewhat different. If she drifts from boy-friend to boy-friend, from the kisses of one to the kisses of the next, and the next, and so on, she becomes, as it were, just a little less fragrant.

Maybe she considers this unfair, but her quarrel is not with her boy-friends but with nature. That old Dame has designed men to be promiscuous and take no harm from it, but a girl who is ready to offer her kisses to all and sundry, had better "watch her step."

She has been designed naturally for marriage and motherhood but as the high cost of marriage nowadays apparently defeats this design; I ask again: What is she to do?

Perhaps you know? I emphatically do not.

THE END



The Art Of

(Made in Federated Malay States—for Girls only—Ed.)

Reading Time • About 8 Minutes

UNDERSTANDING of an art does not as a rule come naturally. It has to be cultivated.

All the famous beauties belong to the classical type of beauty as the Madonna, Mona Lisa, Venice Von Milo, Sleeping Beauty, Prosperine, Cleopatra, etc. This type of beauty does not care for anything artificial, mannish or barbaric. She is lady-like and refined. The garments that go with this type of beauty are essentially classical. Just

as there are classical music and novels, so too we have classical clothes and beauty. Classical music and novels never get out of date. They always find favour with experts. So too, classical clothes and beauty are always appreciated by poets and artists. Now, the sari answers to all the demands of a classical type of garment.

There are four rules which must be followed if the sari is to be worn artistically. The rules are—Proportion, Refinement, Firmness, Simplicity.

Dressing the Hair.

No side-parting please; it makes one side of the head look big and the other small. Always take middle-parting.

It is more refined to take middle-parting. No slides, fancy net and other 'cheap, fancy stuff'.

No side-locks, spansks and kiss curls.

Never plait your hair and put it up on your head like a tortoise. You would not care to place a tortoise on your head, would you? The head-dress to go with sari should be plain and majestic in style. Spanish, Grecian or Bun coiffures are best.

Jewellery.

There is a growing tendency to wear foreign jewellery, especially Western styles. Most of them have very thin chains. This is not suitable. The jewellery should neither be too fine nor too heavy. Always wear very 'Indianised' or heavy jewellery for gold-brocaded sarees.

Most Western jewellery is made in platinum and some Indian jewellery in silver. For Western style dress, thin platinum jewellery is best; but for sari, gold jewellery is most suitable. Very little jewellery should be worn with cotton sarees.

The jewellery should be firm and should not dangle about. Western ear-rings should not be worn, as they dangle and are not firm. Chains and pendants should always be chosen very carefully, as they make up the chief ornaments. They should be simple in design and never too elaborate. The stones set in the jewellery may be of the same colour all over or of two different colours, but never more.

The Bodice.

The sleeves of the bodice should neither be too long nor too short. As a rule they should just be mid-way between shoulder joint and elbow. Similarly, the neck of the bodice should be neither too wide nor too narrow. It should be mid-way between shoulder joint and root of neck.

Fancy buttons, lace, cuffs, collar and ribbon should never be sewn to the bodice. The inner bodice should always be sleeveless.

The sleeves of the bodice should be inset so that ugly gatherings do not gather round the shoulders. Puffed sleeves have a sort of frilly appearance. This is not desirable. But this may be toned down and made to appear really becoming by having them long so as to come near the elbows but they should never cover the elbows. This type of sleeve is especially becoming for old people. The bodice should be cut in the front so that it may fit the body thus preventing ugly gatherings spoiling the waistline.

Wearing Sari

by Maheswari Mahendran



A cotton bodice should never be worn with a silk sari but a silk bodice may be worn with a cotton sari, provided that the bodice is not dressy in appearance. Many Indian women like to wear a transparent bodice so as to show off their fine inner garment. This is bad taste. With a gold-brocaded sari it is good taste to wear a satin or velvet bodice with gold embroidery. In a satin or velvet bodice it is best to have the sleeves fit the arms firmly as this makes them shine and it makes the person look, oh so slim! (But suppose she is fat?—Ed.) But in cotton or transparent silk the sleeves should never fit the arms. This looks awkward. Flared sleeves are quite becoming when done in cotton, transparent, artificial or fancy silk. Never have square neck for your bodice.

Foot-wear.

The heels should neither be too high nor too low. Very high heels prevent graceful walking, while heel-less shoes are unlady-like.

The toes of the shoes should be pointed as this gives a graceful appearance. When silk sarees are worn, the shoes should be in satin or kid. Leather, patent and canvas shoes are best for cotton sarees. Slippers with straps have the advantage of being comfortable and dignified in appearance. Gold-brocaded slippers with straps are lovely with gold-brocaded sarees. Never wear cotton stockings with silk sarees. You may wear stockings with strapped slippers.

Shoes that are simple in design are best. Shoes with more than one strap or with bead work carried on them should always be avoided. The colour of the stockings may be white or it may match the colour of the sari, but it is best to wear stockings in any shade of nude or cream.

The Sari.

There are four chief shades of colour and each shade suits a certain type of skin. A white skin, dark colours bring out all its natural charms. A yellow skin, deep colours are most suitable. A brown skin, bright colours; and a dark skin, light colours are

best. Bright colours are best for sari, for it brings out all the natural charms and grace of an Indian woman. Brown and other dull colours should always be avoided as they help to hide the beauty and grace of the sari.

Most Indian women make the mistake of having too much of gatherings in the front. This is not becoming, for it disfigures the gracefulness of walking. It is best to have slight gatherings in front and more at the back. sarees with a length less than five yards but they may be more.

Sarees with gold borders and gold flowers worked out near the borders are most suitable, for this shows off all the graceful curves of the body, and secondly, it looks majestic. Sarees with tiny gold flowers spangled all over are lovely. The sari should be worn high up on the waist and not on the hips and it should completely hide the ankles. You would not care to have two sticks (of legs) stick out of your sari, would you? The brooch should always be large and it should never be pinned to the front. A good position is on the shoulder but it looks more refined to pin it slightly to the back. One and only one brooch should be used.

When the sari is draped to the front it should cover the chest completely. To leave undraped one side of the chest or both sides is very poor taste for it is not firm, refined or majestic.

The flowers of the sari should never be too big and too many colours should never be introduced in the design. When transparent sarees are worn, the skirt

should be plain (without any embroidery or lace), intransparent, and long enough to hide the ankles.

The Sari and Bodice.

Consideration should be given to the colour of the sari and bodice. You may match or you may contrast them.

Match.

A bodice of the same material or of the same shade as the sari matches well. If a flowered sari is worn, the bodice may be of the same material or it may match the ground of the sari or any of the coloured designs of the sari. This same rule allows for the bodice. It is bad taste to wear a flowered bodice and sari of two different colours. But of course it is always good taste to wear a bodice in white or cream with whatever sari.

Contrast.

If you desire to contrast the bodice with a flowered sari you should contrast it with the ground of the sari, and not with any of the coloured designs, as this does not contrast. It is gaudy.

Light Contrast.

You may get a light contrast with your bodice and sari if you have both of them of the same colour but of different shades *i.e.*, bright green and dark green. This is quite charming. This style of contrasting may be done in cotton or silk.

Striking Contrast.

A bodice and sari of two different colours, one of a much brighter tone than the other contrast splendidly *i.e.*, red and blue or red and green. But blue and green do not contrast for they are of the same brightness but they may be contrasted effectively if they are of different shades, *i.e.*, light green and deep blue. Striking contrast should always be carried on in good silk and never in cotton.

These are the rules of wearing sari properly and if followed by the modern Indian woman, she will win the praise of wearing the most beautiful woman's costume in the most perfect way.

THE END



Man who has borrowed: I feel I can never repay you sir.

Man Who Lent: Why didn't you tell me so at first?



Magistrate: Do you know what will happen if you tell a lie?

Boy: I will go to hell.

Magistrate: And if you tell the truth?

Boy: My father will go to jail.

New Stuff—

by Diana Don

Reading Time • About 5 Minutes



The Philosopher and the Ass

“It is a rotten life,” said the Gag-Man, disgustedly casting aside the latest issue of *Punch*.

“What is eating you?” I enquired. “Can't you find any more old jokes to polish up, and palm off as brand-new?”

“I have never stolen a joke in my life!” protested the Gag-Man.

“Oh, yes?” I said. “Then the book I have been studying will not interest you.”

“What book?”

“It is a book containing all the latest jokes of the day.”

“May I see it?” asked the Gag-Man, eagerly.

“Why?”

“Well—it—it might give me a few ideas,” said the creator of brand-new jokes.

“I cannot let you have the book,” I replied. “It would disturb my notes: but I will read a few excerpts I have made, if you like.”

“Go ahead,” said the Gag-Man.

I brought a sheaf of papers, and began to recite.

The Philosopher and the Ass.

A miserly philosopher was always seeking new ways to cut down his expenses. He had a donkey that brought wood from the market. Thinking the animal's diet was so much useless expense, he began to train the animal to go without food. Alas! Just

as the experiment was at the point of success, the donkey died.

“Do you call that a new one?” protested the Gag-Man. “Why, I saw it in Auntie Awful's column only last year.”

“Let me read some more,” I persisted.

Scientific Curiosity.

There was a man who desired to know what he looked like when he was asleep. He got a mirror, placed himself before it, and closed his eyes.

A Zoological Investigation.

A person once heard it said that a raven would live two hundred years. He therefore bought one of these birds, to see if it did.

The Belated Traveller.

A traveller had to cross a river. He entered the ferry-boat on horseback, and refused to dismount.

“Why don't you get down?” asked the ferryman.

“I am in a hurry,” replied the traveller, “therefore I will ride across.”

Self-Preservation.

When the ferry-boat reached mid-stream, it began to sink. The passengers seized oars and other articles.

“Why are they taking those things?” asked the traveller, dismounting.

“To support themselves in the water,” replied the ferryman. “Get hold of something, quick. The larger it is, the better chance you will have.”

So the traveller rushed to the bows of the boat, and clung to the anchor.



The Belated Traveller

Selling a House.

A simple young man, having a house to sell, removed a brick from the wall. He went to the market-place, and offered his house to the dealers, showing the brick as a sample.

A Good Resolution.

A gentleman had a mishap while bathing, by which he was nearly drowned. In consequence, he vowed he would never go near the water again, till he had learned to swim.

"Not bad," said the Gag-Man, feverishly scribbling on his cuff. "The first four are quite new. The sample-brick one has appeared in *Punch*, but I think I could make a fresh yarn out of it. A fellow has an old motor-car for sale, and he offers the horn as a sample, see? Of course, I couldn't use the one about not going near the water: it is as old as the hills."

"Shall I read any more?" I asked.

"Yes, please," said the Gag-Man.

I resumed the recital.

The Improvident Son.

A young man was sent to the university to study; but he wasted his time and money in dissolute living. His father got to hear of it, and cut off supplies. "It is no good applying to me until you show you are making some effort to support yourself," declared the irate parent.

Presently the young man was forced to sell his books for food. At this juncture, the father sent to enquire how the boy was faring.

"Dear father," wrote the scapegrace, in reply. "I am ready to be received back into your favour. You will rejoice to hear that I am now deriving my support from literature."

The Disillusioned Parent.

The father, pleased with his son's report, invited the young man home for the vacation. Of course, the youth had not really mended his ways. He took the first opportunity to carouse in a drinking-den. As a result, he got a severe attack of colic.

"Father, I am suffering the tortures of Hell!" he declared, writhing with pain.

"What, already?" replied the disillusioned parent.

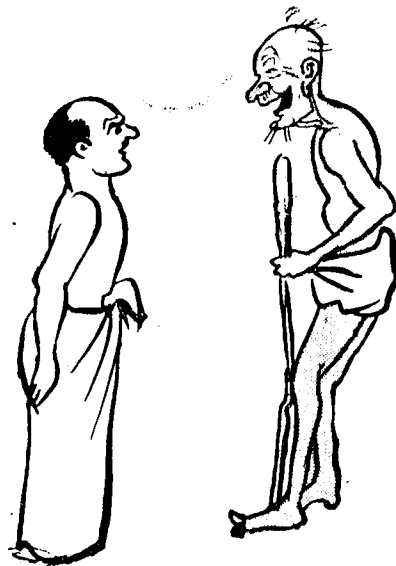
"Those two have a distinctly modern flavour," said the Gag-Man, approvingly. "They would go well in a paper with a college circulation. I expect I could expand the idea into a corking short story. Go on; have you any more?"

"Hundreds," I replied, resuming my reading.

Military Ethics.

During an armistice, the generals of the opposing forces met to discuss terms of peace. The victorious general was disgusted at the obstinacy of his opponent. "We fight for glory; you fight for money," he cried.

"I agree," replied the other. "We are each fighting for what we need most."



The Badge of Wisdom.

A young officer was sent to negotiate for the release of some vessels which had been captured by the enemy. "I wonder," said the enemy chief, "at the insolence of your King, in sending a foolish, beardless boy to me as his representative."

"Had my master considered wisdom to be measured by the length of the beard," retorted the young man, "he would have sent you a he-goat."

Literary Pride.

A clever but unknown author approached a famous contemporary, suggesting they should collaborate in a new and important work suited to their joint gifts.

"I do not think it proper that a horse and an ass should be yoked together," replied the famous man, crushingly.

"How dare you call me a horse!" replied the young author.

"I say!" remarked the Gag-Man, enthusiastically. "You have got a lot of new stuff there. Why, the one about the generals could be applied to Italy and Abyssinia. Where did you get it from? You must lend me the book."

"The book would be no use to you," I replied. "It is in a foreign language. I have only been reading some pieces I have translated."

"Who is the author? Look here, I know a firm who would pay handsomely for the use of good new stuff like that. Who owns the copyright?"

"There is no copyright. Although the book contains all the latest up-to-date jokes you see in modern magazines, there is no copyright. The author is Hierocles, and the language is ancient Greek. He published the work in the year 576 B. C., under the title *Jests of Ancient Times*. The jokes, you see, were very old even when Hierocles collected them."

THE END



by Brook

Reading Time • About 5 Minutes

THE train was thundering across the Deccan plateau. The man sitting by my side had three times patronizingly beamed at me as though we were old school chums, and three times had my look proved we weren't. I pretended to be deeply absorbed in my book. The fellow was angling for an opening.

He cleared his throat at last and, with a smile, enquired, "From Bombay?"

I nodded.

"Going to Madras?" he asked.

"No, Sholapur," I replied.

"Nice town, Sholapur. I was there myself for three years. That little town had developed remarkably. There is my old friend Mr. Rao there—do you know him? A rather stout man with a funny little moustache. And would you believe it Sholapur—"

He spoke at length about Sholapur, its mills, people, hotels, shops, workers, industries, cotton, vegetation and a host of other topics which a man can safely dwell upon without having the faintest notion of the town itself. I made out from his talk that he was either exaggerating the worth of Sholapur or that he had never seen so much as a square inch of the place.

There was a small pause, and then he burst out again: "Do you see that woman in the corner there?" he whispered, pointing to a lady in the corner who was engrossed in conversation with a fellow traveller.

I said I could see her.

"Well, what do you think of her?" he asked.

"Rather handsome, I should say," I replied.

"I have seen her very often. In fact, I know her," he said.

"O, really!" I murmured.

"Yes. I know her father—a registrar of co-operative societies and indeed, I have known her grandfather for quite a long time." I was prepared to hear something about the grandfather and the great grandfather of the lady in the corner, but he did not go as far as that. He stopped with the grandpa.

"That woman in the corner is from Poona," he resumed. "You said she is handsome, didn't you? And would you believe it, she was an ugly woman ten years ago! She had chafed hands, large pores on her face, a shiny nose, an ugly forehead and a ghastly countenance—a horrid-looking girl she was."

"Really!" I exclaimed.

"Yes. People said she would never find a husband. No man looked at her a second time. And would you believe it, today she is the envy of many young women—she married one of the wealthiest and handsomest men I have known."

"So, you know her husband too?" I asked.

"I do. He is a zamindar—a landowner—near Poona. Lives like a prince in a palatial house, owns three cars and commands the services of fifty men. And would you believe it, he fell in love with this woman and married her!"

"Very interesting!" I murmured.

"This woman's husband, Mr. Sonu—he wasn't her husband then, but a wealthy bachelor with a passion for experiments. You can imagine how that was—pots of money and no work to do. He analysed Ayurvedic medicines, compounded mixtures, did some petty operations and there was a rumour that he had even brought a dead dog to life."

"Indeed!" I exclaimed.

"No, I cannot vouch for the truth of the statement. It was only a rumour, and rumours must be valued at what they are worth. But to proceed with the story—the wealthy bachelor, as I told you, did a good deal of experimenting, and after a hard labour of sixteen years, discovered a wonder remedy for chafed hands, enlarged pores, shiny noses and blackheads. Mr. Sonu, like many other inventors, was very eager to test the usefulness of his invention. He heard about the ugliness of the woman in that corner, cultivated the friendship of her father and in a few days

managed to get her father's leave to test the power of his invention on the ugly daughter. She was then, as I told you, a horrid looking girl with enlarged pores and pimples—but would you believe it, in the course of three weeks the pimples disappeared and she acquired a silky smooth skin. Look at that woman now—you have yourself opined she is handsome. What a change from ugliness to beauty! She looked so charming after using that 'snow'—Mr. Sonu called his invention 'snow'—that he fell in love with her and eventually married her. His invention was quite a success and people clamoured to know what it was."

"Did he tell them what it was?" I asked him.

"No, but he began selling his 'snow' in bottles and induced me to carry them and extend its benefit to people throughout the length and breadth of the land."

"So that is what brought you here?" I said and looked at him enquiringly.

"Yes. I am going to Madras, but allow me to extend the benefit of Mr. Sonu's Snow first to you. It costs only eight annas—but is worth its weight in gold." He grinned and pounced upon a small leather bag on the opposite bench and produced a small bottle from it—Sonu's Snow For Smoother Skin—for chafed hands, enlarged pores, shiny noses and blackheads.

I thanked him and declined. "I am a poor bank clerk," I explained. "I cannot afford these luxuries."

"Buy this sample—only two annas," he said and produced another bottle.

The train had slowed down now and was slowly steaming into Sholapur station. The woman in the corner suddenly shot up.

"It is Sholapur, dear!" she exclaimed. "Father has come to receive us."

"Whom is she addressing?" asked my friend. "Me."

"You!—you know her?"

"Yes. She is my wife."

"Your WHAT!" he yelled.

"My WIFE!" I yelled back, and got down from the train.

THE END



Great Repartees

by S. Chandrasekhar

Reading Time • About 5 Minutes

AN Irishman once defined a repartee as "an insult with its dress suit on." But it need not necessarily be insulting, though some are. A smart retort or a sharp reply would be very welcome as an intellectual luxury if it is courteous in form, though severe in substance. The necessary condition of a good repartee is that it should leave the person replied crestfallen and completely vanquished. It is the priceless asset of a speaker, for with it one can measure swords with the sharpest debater. It always keeps the heckler at bay. And without this ability, even a well-informed and fluent speaker can be easily upset by an inconvenient question from the audience. In fine, a good retort cannot be answered back. If it is bitter and stinging, one must writhe in pain; but if it is gentle and facetious, it is a rare intellectual luxury.

One of the earliest witty repartees was by a stranger when replying to an audacious question of the Emperor Augustus. When the Emperor met one day by chance a stranger who resembled him very much, he asked if his (stranger's) mother had at any time been at Rome, insinuating thereby that he might be his father (Emperor's) bastard son. But the stranger answered him no less boldly than merrily: "My mother was never there, but my father hath." What Emperor Augustus did, we do not know. But that he must have felt small is a matter of certainty.

Some repartees which are aimed at persons who belong to royal families and high classes, by the people of lower ranks, are clothed in courteous garb lest the authors of such repartees get into trouble. The following are two in instance.

The Prince Regent being in Portsmouth one day saw Jack Towers and shouted out: "Hullo, Towers, I hear you are the greatest blackguard in Portsmouth."

"I hope your Royal Highness has not come here to take away my reputation," was the rejoinder of Towers after a graceful and low bow to his Royal Highness.

The famous Wilkes was once found whistling "God Save The King" in the presence of the Prince of Wales.

"How long have you taken to that tune?" asked the Prince.

"Ever since I had the honour of your Royal Highness's acquaintance," was the rude answer, with a profound bow.

To-day's two famous masters of this "artless art of repartee" as Sir Edward Sullivan calls it, are David Lloyd George, and George Bernard Shaw.

An angry lady once disturbed Lloyd George's speech with the remark: "Well, Mr. Lloyd George, if I were your wife, I would give you poison." With a calm smile the great Liberal leader replied: "Madam, if you were my wife, I would gladly take it."

Once Lloyd George addressing an audience of Welsh peasants. In the course of his speech he was saying: "We will have Home Rule for Ireland and for England, and for Scotland, and Wales...."

"And for Hell," came a voice from a remote ring of the audience.

"Quite right, I want everyone to stand up for his own country." This is a remarkable instance of his flashing wit and pointed ridicule.

Bernard Shaw's witty and caustic replies bubble up unceasingly, without effort. He cannot speak on any subject, however serious, without presenting it amusingly transformed by his biting irony and vitriolic wit. Throughout his voluble speeches, interruptions are welcome and a delight to him, for he is a man of instant and apt repartee, moving his audience to laughter and thus conquering those who interrupt him.

One evening, at the first performance of one of his plays which turned out brilliantly successful, a single member of the audience was hissing conscientiously in active dissent from the enthusiastic applause—applause which called the author before the curtain. The dissident seized his opportunity to hiss louder than ever, and Shaw thereupon turned towards him and asked: "You think my play a bad one?"

"Detestable!" he cried out.

"I am quite of your opinion," returned Shaw. "But what can we two do against the whole of this audience?"

When Charles Burleigh, the formidable opponent of the slave trade was thundering forth one of his eloquent denunciations of slavery, a rotten egg shot from a distant corner, came straight and hit him full in the face.

"This," he said, as he took out his handkerchief and wiped his face, "is a striking evidence of what I have always maintained, that pro-slavery arguments are unsound."

Lord Esher, Master of the Rolls, in the middle of Mr. Oswald's appeal before him, interrupted and said: "Really, Mr. Oswald, you might give judges credit for a little commonsense."

"That, my Lord," Oswald replied, "was the mistake I made in the court below." What can anybody do with such a man?

Law courts in our own country have witnessed occasional repartees. The late Sir Rash Bihari

Ghosh was arguing before an European judge in the Calcutta High Court. On a point of disagreement the judge exclaimed: "Well, Sir Rash Bihari, you cannot teach me law!"

"No, my Lord, I *can't*," replied the legal celebrity with an accent on the last word that stunned the judge into silence.

Once, the late lamented Pandit Motilal Nehru was making an assumption in the Allahabad High Court when a self-important witness said: "You are mistaken," and continued rather indignantly: "Sir, do you think I am a fool?"

The Pandit replied, "Why, no," and then after a pause added, "but of course I may be mistaken."

The following is an instance of a pungent reply, Lord Lyons, seeing Abraham Lincoln polishing his own shoes, pulled up an astonished countenance and remarked with gentle pride that Englishmen did not blacken their own shoes.

"Indeed," said Lincoln, "then whose do they black?"



Nurse: It's a boy, sir.

Absent-minded Professor: All right. Let him come in and empty the waste-paper basket first.



The Best People Are All Dead!

by Mrs. Kamala

Reading Time • About 6 Minutes

I would not go so far as to say that "children should be seen and not heard!" Such a sentiment is nowadays called 'mid-Victorian' or 'antediluvian' (these terms are practically synonymous, in current usage), and I have no desire to brand myself a spiritual contemporary of either Noah or Victoria. As for our unrepressed children, however, I must confess

to a little dizziness at their ever-increasing visibility and din.

Being associated with three such children, in whatever capacity they have come to stay as my appendages, I find myself swept joyously off the old and charted courses laid down for juvenile conduct; and, instead of desiring to hold these young adventu-

ters in leash, I admit, with alarm, that their dashing irregularity fascinates me. In disregard of every proper responsibility, I actually egg them on. It is, then, my fear of what may result from our common waywardness, the children's and my own, that prompts me to set forth here, as a solemn admonition to myself no less than to others, certain lessons from history which invite modern youth to become ancient, or at least mediaeval, in their judgments and behaviour. Whoever publicly addresses youth today, ordinarily brings his remarks to a climax in asserting cheerily that, notwithstanding certain surface indications of delinquency and depravity, the lives of our self-expressed boys and girls are fundamentally wholesome, and their moral prospects extremely bright. Against this compliant thesis I shall now pit some examples.

Consider the Chinese. During how many placid centuries did their civilisation endure, fixed and firm as a graveyard, based on the splendid principle that the best people are all dead! The aged great-grandfather, not yet quite dead, was the most important and worthy of beings still alive, and at the other end of the merit list was the latest great-grandchild, contemptibly unimportant except as a possible contributor to the comfort and prestige of its elders. The living and the dead resembled alcoholic liquors in that their degrees of excellence advanced with their antiquity. The farther away from his birth a man proceeded, the more worthy of respect was he. When even death was behind him and he had thus become a God, the memory of his slightest wish remained a binding obligation upon his descendant. Thus the young lived in a decent and orderly submission, nourished by the hope that they too might some day grow old and begin to enjoy life. Now, consider the Chinese again. Where are they to-day, and why are they there? They are in a sanguinary turmoil of ceaseless civil wars, and all because the young folks, rebellious against the inscrutable wisdom of their ancestors, have been trying to make three new ideas grow up where only one old one used to be, or perhaps where there really was none at all. Such waywardness invited chaos, and chaos gaily accepted the invitation.

Chaos has never been more valiantly held at bay than in our own country of the olden days. Notwithstanding the ribald writings and platform oratory of those who seek to defame our ancestors, it is common knowledge among all well-taught school-children that

the younger generation in those steady days was notoriously decorous and filial. I have read and known some such laws as these to exist in Western countries in the 17th century.

"If any child, or children, above 16 years old and, of sufficient understanding, shall curse, or smite their natural *Father*, or *Mother*; he or they shall be put to death: unless it can be sufficiently testified that the Parents have been very unchristianly negligent in the education of such children; or so provoked them by extreme and cruel correction; that they have been forced thereunto to preserve themselves from death or maiming.

"If a man have a stubborn or *rebellious* son, of sufficient years and understanding viz., 16 years of age, which will not obey the voice of his *Father*, or the voice of his *Mother*, and that when they have chastened him will not hearken unto them: then shall his Father and Mother being his natural parents, lay hold on him, and bring him to the Magistrates assembled in court and testify unto them, that their Son is stubborn and rebellious and will not obey their voice and chastisement, but lives in sundry notorious crimes, such a son shall be put to death."

That these statutes were rarely, if ever, enforced, did not, I presume, altogether nullify their restraining influence upon the turbulent spirit of youth. I am not, however, recommending their re-enactment. They would, I feel sure, incite my appendages to experimental violence upon me, and to a tentative and insincere obduracy.

It is not, however, merely the adolescents who are to-day ruffling the placidity of the ages. Our infants are likewise in revolt against the traditions of decency and order; or, more exactly, the parents of infants are thus revolting in their behalf. This is the century of the child! Whatever ministers to his or her supposed welfare must be provided, though the heavens fall. Neighbouring adults continue to exist entirely at their own risk. Nay, more; they are expected to join in worshipful applause at the new deity's attributes, real and imagined. Though all of us today must pay at least lip-service to this cult of posterity worship, we may find solace in the bold resistance offered by certain of our sturdy forbears. Pandit Nehru our first citizen is said to typify the revolt of youth. So they say. I can also to some extent vouchsafe he is right.

THE END

Merry's Filmfolio

Madam Fashion (Hindi)

Producers: Sangeet Movitone

Showing At: The Star Talkies, Madras

Reviewed by K. A. P.

Miss Jaddan Bai of the silken soft voice has written, directed and enacted the leading feminine role of *Madam Fashion* which I should call a musical extravaganza.

A commonplace melo-drama, this is not dramatically very intelligent.

Though the conception of the plot is weak as a critically reputable film story it carries with it moments of gentle pathos.

Jaddan Bai takes the part of Shila Devi, a slave of fashions, a constant sinner, a truant from her place at the head of an ultra-modern household. After the first step, she is a lost soul and reaps the sinner's rich harvest. She trusts two villains who send her to the streets.

Her home is disturbed. Her young daughter misses the 'Mamma' most and is disconsolate. 'Mamma' becomes her obsession. But it is a magnificent obsession. She goes out in search of her, gets lost but is restored to her father when she had wandered a lot. A young handsome son too is miserable. He is unable to find out her whereabouts. He is puzzled. But the husband is fed up with her.

After walking the 'damned path', Shila Devi comes back, (not to her home, though) shorn of her pride, disillusioned. She stays at the gate to witness the wedding of her son and Lilly in glorious Hindu ceremonials. (This scene is beautiful). Her daughter distributes sweets and gives her also some. A mendicant at her own door!

While she is at this, the villain, her erstwhile tormentor, disguised as a blind beggar, kidnaps the girl just as she gives him sweets. Shila Devi tries to stop him and is shot at. A melee ensues and the rogues are caught! All well.

Jaddan Bai bravely plays this role and, in about half an hour, does some tricks which would make Puck look like a good Angel of Mankind!

I liked the boldness of the plot for the revelation of the futility of the 'modern' life in India, the utter tragedy behind all its glamour, glitter, wining, dining and dancing. The chorus-girl dances-ensemble are grotesque and very amateurish,—their costumes in particular. There is neither dash nor grace in them!

One may disagree with the realism of the plot, but the sincerity of the players supplies an interest which the plot fails to provide. Added to this acting, there is music—a lot of it—and any time Jaddan Bai's name appears on a cinema bill, you can be sure the tunes will be worth while.

Little Baby Rani heads the list of the serious performers who earn their honours. She portrays the difficult part of the worshipful youngster very touchingly and with much naturalness.

Jaddan Bai has directed everyone else splendidly but seems to have ignored herself.

The supporting cast includes A. Hussain, P. Bose, Ansari, Miss Suriya and others.

The photography is good, sound-recording passable and the sets excellent.

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Around the Studios

MADRAS.

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KOLHAPUR.

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Aseer-i-Havis—Passed.

The new Urdu production *Aseer-i-Havis* directed by Pandit Shivkumar has been passed by the Board of Censors and is released at the Majestic Cinema, Bombay. The Picture is bristling with love, greed and loyalty and the dialogues written by Pandit Shivkumar can be styled as one of the best ever presented on the screen. The picture is featuring Usha, Ameena, Jagirdar, Danve and Dudhare and all of them have done their parts extremely well. Govindrao Tembe, the Music Director, has given enchanting tunes befitting the Mohammedan atmosphere of the story and the war scenes taken on the back-ground of the Panhala Fort, are convincing. S. Dongarsane has erected the sets artistically, which can be called lovely samples of Persian Architecture, while Messrs. G. L. Kale and K. V. Machve, two young

technicians in charge of Audiography and Photographic, have done their best. It is expected that they will strike a mark in the Indian Filmdom. *Savakari Pash*—in full swing.

Baburao Painter is busy with the interior sets of the Marathi picture *Savakari Pash* or *Indian Shylock* which will be ready by the end of this month. Mr. Vishnupant Oundhkar, the Author of the play has played the central role of Shylock, supported by an able cast with Ameena, Sardar, Zunarrao Pawar, Gopal Mandre, Thengdi, Paranjpe and others. *Pratibha*—Their next picture.

This new Hindi-Marathi picture, is still in the rehearsal room. Besides Mrs. Durgabai Khote, Keshavarao Date, Nanasaheb Phatak, Vishnupant Oundhkar, Miss Hira, Thengdi, Paranjpe, Joag, V. B. Date, Mrs. Hirabai Barodekar is also given a role wherein she will sing a few melodious tunes.

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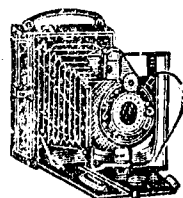
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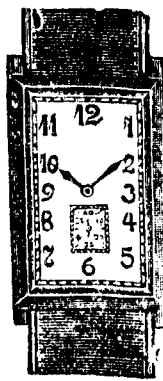


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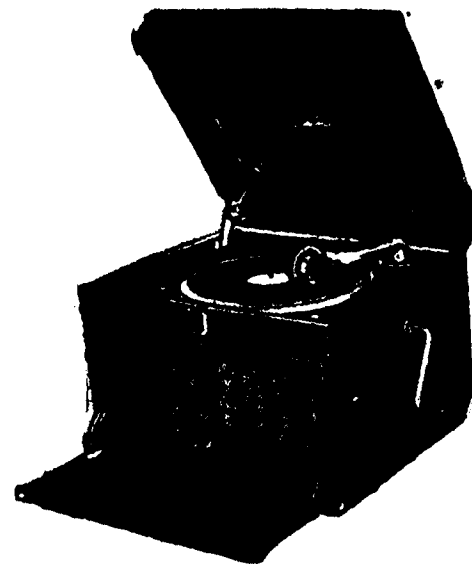
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HOT FROM HOLLYWOOD

by Yankee

Mlecknii Put.

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No, *Mlecknii Put* is neither a typographical error nor the name of an Ethiopian village. It is the title which the Soviet Motion Picture Union have given the Russian version of *The Milky Way*.

Adolphé Menjou has come to the conclusion that both he and his wife, Verree Teasdale, are extremely susceptible to outside influences.

During work on *The Milky Way*, in which both are importantly cast, Menjou plays the role of a prize-fight manager suffering from stomach trouble. He was suddenly stricken with a real attack, sufficiently severe to force immediate hospital treatment and blood transfusions. Miss Teasdale, worrying about his condition, collapsed and was removed to the same hospital, and placed in an adjoining room.

Prompt medical attention restored both Menjou and Miss Teasdale to perfect health, and they resumed work in *The Milky Way*, the production of which had been postponed for three weeks because of their absence from the cast.

Joel McCrea and Frances Dee are still the happiest married couple in Hollywood, but the fact remains that Joel kicked her in the face last month and as a result she has had to stay home for nights with raw beefsteak on one peeper! Honest truth.

It isn't so bad as it sounds, though. The fact is that Joel was clowning one afternoon, and decided to stand on his head. After a few tries he made it, then lost his balance. Crash! went Mr. McCrea, with the poor Francis in the way of his number eleven.

Leslie Howard and Bob Montgomery have cars as alike as the proverbial peas in the pod and often-times park them side by side on the M-G-M lot.

The other day Bob, about to start home, noticed a flat tire and rather than be delayed by waiting for a mechanic, turned to and changed the tire. Just as he was giving a last twist to a bolt, Leslie walked up.

"Thanks so much, old fellow," he said. "Awfully decent of you."

"Why thank me?" Bob asked.

"It was my flat tire," Leslie informed him.

One glance at the license plates proved him right.

The titled ones, or rather knighted ones, of England are feeling the frantic furore of movie-star-worship these days.

While in London, Boris Karloff had luncheon with his brother, Sir John Pratt, at the latter's club. Suddenly a waiter rushed up, and to Sir John's mounting confu-

sion, seized him by the hand.

"You never told me Mr. Karloff was your brother, Sir John!" the waiter exclaimed. "You just slip in and out of here so quietly! Now you can expect real service."

Sir John was too overcome to eat. He still is.

"How does it seem to make love to these beauties of the screen?" someone asked Fred MacMurray. "Kind of goes to your head, doesn't it?"

"No, to my heart," Fred answered. "You see it only makes me love my own girl more."

Miss Lillian Mont is the lucky lady.

This is Harold Lloyd's favourite scene in 'Mlecknii Put'.....



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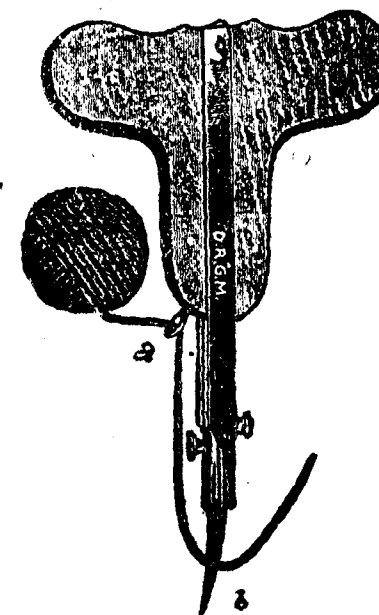
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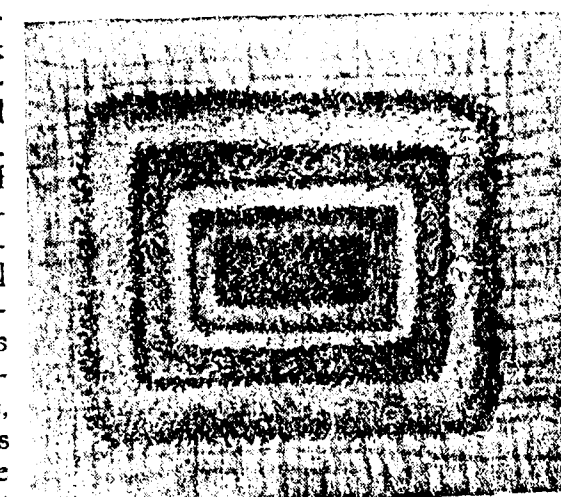
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