

64

MERRY MAGAZINE

2064
You Can't Keep
A Good Man Down!

—Thirupathi

The White Man's Burden

—Diana Dou

Bulls & Cows

—V. Vyasa Rao

Greek Vignettes

—A. T. M. Thomas

•
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Vol. IV No. 25

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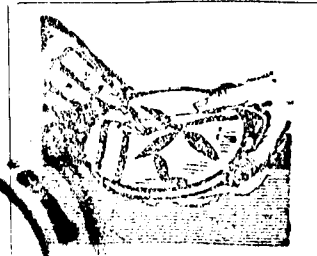
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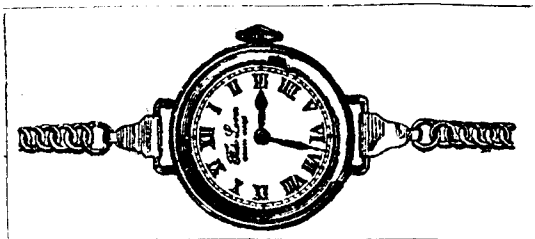
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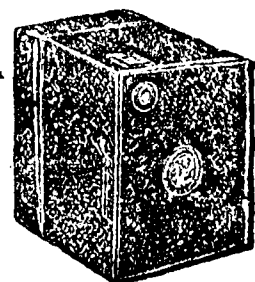
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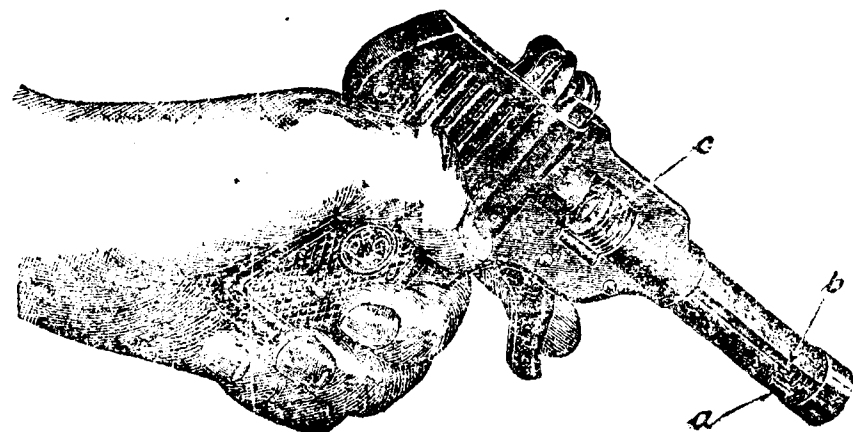
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The
MERRY
MAGAZINE



Madras, June 20, '36

*C*ontents

STORIES & ARTICLES

This Hindu-Muslim Question!	Blaskardas Vizagwallah	...	6
Shades of Shivaji!	G. K. Pillai	...	8
You Can't Keep A Good Man Down!	Thirupathi	...	10
The Ideal Indian Village	Dewan Bahadur K. S. Ramaswami Sastri	...	12
Kissing Made Easier	Albert A. Roland	...	18
Greek Vignettes	A. T. MacNaughton Thomas	...	21
Admiral Coates	Embusque	...	26
The White Man's Burden	Diana Don	...	30
Re. Bulls And Cows	V. Vyasa Rao	...	34
I Ask You	C. G. M.	...	36

FEATURES

Sparks from our Anvil	...	3
Mr. Merry, His Page	...	4
The March of Events	...	5
Vox Populi!	...	9
Auntie J. J.	...	13
Do You Know?	...	16
Laugh With The World	...	17
Fun For All	...	25
Merry's Film-Folio	...	39



Embusque

The Hashish Eater

The moral of this story is, don't eat hashish, and even if you do, and the eating thereof leads you to buried treasure, remember that buried treasure does not always smell of violets.



Jayalakshmi Varadachar
Woman—Or The Weed?

If you are under the impression that this yarn relates to widow's weeds, you were never more mistaken in your life. This is an attempt to show how to equate domestic differences as between the hubby and the wifey when the vulgar factor happens to be tobacco, in all its protean forms. This lady concedes that the final choice of man is Lady Nicotine, which is very sporting of her.



Dewan Bahadur
K. S. Ramaswami Sastri
The Real Indian Village

The attention of all the rural reformers is drawn to this article. The Dewan Bahadur clears the fog that has gathered around this subject in a delightfully facile manner. We send him our felicitations.



Vox Populi!

This feature is absolutely yours, nicely hotted up to suit every taste, as the advertisements say. If you happen to be *blase*, turn to this page.

SPARKS FROM OUR ANVIL

Reuter reports that Mr. Neville Chamberlain rescued a drowning child from a duck-pond in St. James' Park.

It is doubtful however if the grateful parents will pay their taxes more cheerfully hereafter!

Mr. J. H. Thomas has resigned from the House of Commons, and is not seeking re-election.

It looks as if he will, after all, be forced to write down his autobiography!

In reply to a question in the Commons, Mr. Baldwin declared that the Chancellor's view of the continuance of the Sanctions against Italy 'as the very mid-summer of madness' represented only a provisional, personal reflection.

There is however every near prospect of its becoming a permanent one—on the Cabinet as a whole!

Sir Samuel Hoare's first public utterance on re-entering the Cabinet is described by a contemporary under the caption: 'Sir Samuel Hoare Points a Moral.'

This is in addition to his usual habit of adorning a tail—(coat)!

A Rome decree announces the appointment of Gen. Graziani as the Viceroy of Ethiopia.

This equalises the number of Viceroys with that of the Emperors!

It is now stated that Sgr. Mussolini will after all go to Ethiopia on a visit.

This is vastly preferable to Ethiopia going to the Duce!

Referring to his defeat at the hands of Baron Von Cramm, Perry is reported to have said that he knew he had lost the match before it began.

It was very selfish of him to have kept it to himself till after the event.

He further added: "I have beaten the Baron four times."

Even if the Wimbledon and Davis titles were to go, Perry would still be one up!

Referring to the complaints about the personnel of the Indian Cricket Team now in England, Major Britten-Jones says that it is unfair for us to ridicule our own men who were after all chosen by the controlling authority of cricket in India.

This seems to us a fair invitation to criticise the Control Board!

When his attention was drawn to these criticisms, the Maharaj-kumar of Vizianagaram made no comments.

He however declared—at Durham—very unfortunately!

Dr. P. Subbarayan hopes however that our team will yet regain form, and win at least one of the Test matches.

May we suggest the Fourth Test for the Skipper's special attention?

Interviewed at Bombay before he left for England, the Nawab of Pataudi said that the British public would never be disgusted with sportsmen, even though their performance was poor.

But it is doubtful if they could have the same glamour for Nawabs and Maharajkumars as formerly.

A British M. P. complained in the House that Japan had renamed one of its towns Macclesfield, with a view to export silk fabrics in imitation of a well-known British brand.

The more serious crime is the manufacture of the silk fabrics!

The idea that British towns should be renamed after Japanese ones, by way of retaliation does not find favour, as it is manifestly dishonest.

Also because it won't in any way reduce the prices of British goods to the Japanese levels!

Opening the election campaign on behalf of his party, the Hon'ble Mr. P. T. Rajan declared that there should be two parties to work the new constitution.

Still, it does not prove the necessity for the resurrection of the Justice Party!

A news item says that a Sadhu with a tame lioness has arrived at the Viceroy's house, and the three were photographed together.

This is no doubt in pursuance of His Excellency's public declaration of his willingness to grant audience to all that may apply!



The End of Sanctions?

The prestige of the British Ministry now in office bids fair to rival that of some imitations of it in our own dyarchy-ridden country. In other words, it has been vanishing with a progressive momentum born of short-sighted selfishness and an imagined sense of national vulnerability. More than a month ago, the senior Chamberlain sounded the retreat. It was the voice that troubled the more generous section of the Conservative Party. Now it is taken up by another Chamberlain with more decision, and clarity, and Britain is being invited to divest itself of its moral responsibility and opportunity by an offer to make peace with the wrong-doer. The burglar who has successfully hoodwinked the police is now to be allowed to enjoy the fruits of his spoliation, and what is worse, the magistracy is apparently not averse to negotiating with him as to how best to enable him to enjoy his triumph in comfort. A prominent member of the Cabinet makes a pronouncement on a question of policy directly at variance with the declared intention of the Ministry as a whole; and the Chief gives an unedifying exhibition of wobbling. Really, Mr. Baldwin threatens to grow more and more like a character out of Dickens. He parted with Sir Samuel Hoare in tears, and has got him back again; he has parted from Mr. Thomas with deep emotion, accepts the verdict of the tribunal, and has undiminished regard for the victim also, at the same time! And now, it is apparent that the Cabinet is meditating a formula for wriggling out of the Sanctions without impairing its dignity. Home papers of all shades of opinion are unanimous in their dissatisfaction with the invertebrate policy of the Ministry. What the reactions of Britain's condonation of Italy will be, it is too early to say. We are told of a new organisation in Germany having for

its object the re-occupation of the colonies. Such movements are bound to be strengthened by Britain's pusillanimity. The Conservatives pride themselves on being realists. They are now frankly thrown back on their own resources, and are prepared to place their faith in 'reeking tube and iron shard'. They probably hope that the failure of the League will give them the opportunity for re-arming themselves in such a way as to defy any combination of powers abroad. This is the mentality that is so fatal to peace and favourable to war. Italian papers already speak of the decline of British power. Britain will have good reason to repent when the present preparations all over Europe lead to the next conflagration which is now inevitable. She will be the only power to lose in the next struggle, whatever be the military consequences of it. Among more immediate results, in the event of the Sanctions going, should almost certainly be a further shuffle in the Cabinet with the exit, among others, of Mr. Eden.

But it may be pertinently asked, what is the alternative policy? The continuance of the Sanctions, certainly. Moral values cannot be maintained except at some material cost. It is a specious argument to say that the continuance of the Sanctions becomes retaliatory, since the main purpose for which they were imposed has failed. This is not the whole truth. The imposition of Sanctions was primarily a moral gesture; and the moral justification being still there, they should naturally continue. Otherwise, the whole thing becomes an elaborate farce, a cruel bit of play-acting, which imposed upon an unsuspecting world and worked a fraud upon its sense of generosity, fair-play and its belief in the certain and immediate triumph of good over evil.

The March of Events

by The Man On The Move

Gandhiji and party visited the Indian Institute of Science, Bangalore, the other day and, of course, Sir C. V. Raman welcomed the distinguished visitors and took them round. Gandhiji was delighted at all that he was shown. I interviewed Gandhiji when he popped out of the Institute. I asked him: "Well, Bapuji, what was the effect produced in you when you saw the big things going on in the Institute?" Bapuji replied with his characteristic smile, "It was decidedly a Raman effect."



Reiterating his political testament before a composite meeting in Madras last week, Dr. Natesa Mudaliar said that if the Congress recognised the justice and soundness of the principle of communal representation in the Services and would leave the Communal G.O. alone for twenty years, he had no objection to joining the Congress.

The Madras Mail was aghast at this declaration coming from a responsible leader of the Justice Party. You know how aghast *The Madras Mail* can be if it chooses? Well, it went a shade more aghast this time.

But *Mail* or no *Mail*, I do think that the apparently pathetic faith of Dr. Natesa Mudaliar in communal representation, is not so pathetic after all. Mr. Satyamurti is rather sweet on the Europeans just at the moment. Why not he transfer a little of that sweet to Dr. Natesan and his friends? The Doctor, unlike those Europeans, is a veteran in South Indian party politics. He has a



mild look, which is a bit vitiated by his fierce moustache. Appearances are often deceptive, really. So don't mind Dr. Natesan's moustache. I would beg of Mr. Satyamurti to give the required undertaking and welcome the Doctor with open arms. In welcoming him Mr. Satyamurti may or may not kiss him. As between man and man, kissing is after all a side issue. Of course, the Congress High Command in Allahabad might kick up a shindy if Satyamurti embraces Dr. Natesan. But he can say, as he said the other day, something about liberty of opinion and expression.



R. E. S. Wyatt, the cricketer, says in his cricket reminiscences now appearing in *The Madras Mail*:

On several occasions during the tour (1926) I noticed an



Indian batsman praying earnestly to his god even when our bowler was running up to bowl...

I always stressed the superiority of prayer over mere proficiency in wielding the willow. I am now hot on the trail of that praying batsman and hope to collar him very soon. When I find that chap, I shall make him tell me privately what he prayed, and to which powerful god he prayed. As soon as I get the details about that prayer, I shall cable it to the Maharaj Kumar of Vizianagaram and request him to adopt the prayer officially. What I am saying here is not strictly cricket, so the Cricket Board of Control in India need not get flurried over my idea. Our cricket chaps in England have been showing off rather queerly. Let us see if prayer improves their condition.



The current number of the *Indian Review* contains a wonderful content (singular of contents). It is an interview which the late Sir Charu Chander Ghose had with the late Lord Morley in April 1907. This great interview is one of the unpublished manuscripts of Sir Charu Chander. Sir Charu Chander put forth a strong, eloquent plea for the inclusion of two Indian Members, one in the Viceroy's Council and the other in the Secretary of State for India's Council. Appreciating Sir Charu Chander's point, Lord Morley said, "I quite agree, Mr. Ghose. No doubt it will be a very great

(Continued on page 7)

This Hindu-

Reading Time • About 5 Minutes



Jawaharlal Nehru
Alias
Mohamed Ali Beg

I was wondering the other day, to be precise, on the Prophet's (peace be on him!) Birthday, which fellow or fellows brought those two words together and put a question mark against the combination—to wit the Hindu-Muslim Question. I am not given to wondering, as a rule. This particular wondering of mine had its genesis in my wanting to smoke a *beedi*. Funny, isn't it?

I put a *beedi* in my mouth, and fumbled in my pocket for a match. There was no match. I went to a *pan-wallah's* shop, handed him a pice and got a box of matches in exchange. Being a prudent man, I shook the box to find out if it was full. It rattled like a rattle. Which means it wasn't full. I said something. The *pan-wallah* said something. Within two minutes, this little difference between me and that *pan-wallah* chap assumed a beautiful Hindu-Muslim Question. The *pan-wallah* was a Muslim. The argument was fast assuming a more

beautiful aspect when the British Raj appeared on the scene in the shape of a policeman.....

Well might one parody St. Peter and say: "Quo Vadis?" How in the name of Dr. Ambedkar is it all going to end? Patriotic Muslims and Hindus tried and are still trying every device under Allah's sky to compose these deplorable differences. Happily, though not as happily as one would wish, their efforts have produced results which have at least provided 'copy' for the news-



Moulana Shaukat Ali
Alias
Mahamahopadhyaya Kasinath Pandey

papers. The Lucknow Pact, The Lahore Pact, The Delhi Pact, Weightage, the Fourteen Points and so forth. (It is a bit unfortunate, though, that no Pact has so far been called after Madras. Will Muslim and Hindu leaders make a note of this when they next go into conclave?)

What if the efforts of our Hindu and Muslim leaders have not so far synthesized our differences? They are determined to

solve this Question, and they will. I am an optimist. So is Mr. Umar Alisha.

Mr. Umar Alishah said a few days ago at Masulipatam according to a report in a Madras paper: "The Hindus and Mohammedans are not racially different.....Let the Hindu be a Hindu while he is in the precincts of his temple, and the Musalman a Musalman while he is in the precincts of his mosque. Outside the temple and the mosque, let there be no Hindu or Mohammedan."

It is all very well—disposing of this vexed question so breezily. One would like to know how this happy state of affairs could be brought about. When responsible publicists advise you, let us say, to go to heaven, they might at least point us the way, however much a needle's hole the way might be. The trouble is, they don't.

Almost at the same time that Mr. Umar Alisha was speaking so eloquently at Masulipatam, Jawaharlal was being entertained at a party at Lahore. They were



Mohammed Ali Jinnah
Alias
Ramlal Gaya Prasad

Muslim Question!?

by Bhaskardas Vizagwallah

feeding him with *jilebis*, *laddus* and tea. To a question put by one of the entertainees who had half a *jilebi* in his mouth, Jawaharlal said that the Muslims could be brought into the Congress by treating them as non-Muslims.

That, so far as I know, is the most original contribution towards the solution of this blessed Question.

You observe that the ideas of Mr. Umar Alisha and Jawaharlal are admirably complementary to each other. Now, how do we set about it? It is simple enough in all conscience; only, the simplest things are the most difficult of accomplishment. But there is no earthly reason (or a heavenly one either) why we should not give it a decent try.

If we are to forget our narrow denominational faiths outside our mosques and temples, and if Muslims and Hindus are to treat each other as if they weren't Muslims and Hindus, only one dodge comes to my mind. Let each Hindu have a Muslim *alias* and each Muslim have a Hindu *alias*, so that Hindus may call Muslims by their Hindu names and the Muslims may call the Hindus by their Muslim names. In course of time the Hindus and Muslims will be so utterly confounded with their names that they wouldn't know what their religion was or whether they were inside a mosque or outside a temple. That would be bad for the Mosques and Temples, but good for the peace of India.

I am suggesting a few nice names, and I commend the idea to the Congress and the Muslim League.

Maulana Shaukat Ali
alias
Mahamahopadhyaya Kasinath Pandey

Jawaharlal Nehru
alias
Mohamed Ali Beg

T. Prakasam
alias
Abdul Gafoor

Mohammad Ali Jinnah
alias
Ramlal Gaya Prasad

S. Satyamurti
alias
Hakim Ajmal Sha Quraishi

Dr. Khan Sahib
alias
Dr. Krishna Rao

C. Rajagopalachari
alias
Maulvi Ibrahim Siddique



C. Rajagopalachari
Alias
Maulvi Ibrahim Siddique

And so forth. You will observe I have left out Gandhiji. That is because Gandhiji is Mrs. Caesar, if you know what I mean. So also



S. Satyamurti
Alias
Hakim Ajmal Sha Quraishi

I have not mentioned the ladies, because I have never been a ladies' man. Anyhow I will call my aunt Meher Unnissa.

If any one of you thinks that all this is damn silly, I respect your thoughts. Even an ass has got a right to his opinions. How much more it should be so in the case of man, the Image of God, eh?

The March of Events (Continued from page 5)

advantage if we have an Indian at one end of the wire and an Indian at the other end of the wire over here....

That sage remark of Lord Morley, I need hardly say, is the origin of the direct telephone service between India and England. It is marvellous, how great things have small beginnings! Just imagine, if Lord Morley hadn't said anything about the 'wire and one native at one end and the other native at the other end, we shouldn't be able to speak with England over the 'phone this day.

Shades Of Shivaji !

[Eminent writers and research scholars have differed not only on the facts of the incident, but also on their judgement thereon.]

—Daily Paper

To Bhawani's rule I bowed.
No mean thing she allowed.
I declare I passed the test,
In that 'Abode of the Blest'.

It is rather amusing to read
The tales your papers feed !
Afzool is often my guest
In that 'Abode of the Blest'.

And Afzool is quite good size !
But my beard won the prize !
They say that ours are the best
In that 'Abode of the Blest'.

Whenever we 'eat of the air'—
There the weather is always fair—
We always walk abreast
In that 'Abode of the Blest'.

We sit together at table,
We read the latest cable.
We play and joke and jest
In that 'Abode of the Blest'.

Our minds, too, are limpid pure.
Earth-memories never endure.
We respect Bhawani's behest
In that 'Abode of the Blest'.

* * *
Suddenly his hawk-eyes beamed.
"Indeed, for long I dreamed.
Why bother about the 'dead' ?
Look Twenty Years Ahead !"

(Hesitates a little)

* * *
And after all, "who saw ?"
"No evidence in law !"
There too the self-same test—
In that 'Abode of the Blest' !

—G. K. Pillai

Vox Populi !

[Ever since this Magazine started on its pilgrimage of fun, friends and admirers have been writing to me, some humorously, some seriously, and not a few flip-pantly. Some of the letters I receive are so diverting that I decided to share them with the readers. This feature is the result of that decision. If enterprising readers wish to answer any of the letters appearing below, they are heartily welcome to do so. If the replies are interesting enough, they will be published.—Ed. M.M.]

THE EDITOR'S AUNTS

Vizianagaram :—I have been noticing for some time contributions from women in *The Merry*. Bar a recent exception, I notice that only two ladies are so favoured. What is the idea ? Are these two ladies the Editor's aunts or what ?

—Bhaskar Rao

Mr. Sekar has corrected it.—Ed. *Vox Populi*.) And tell Auntie that it is a nasty habit biting her pen or pencil while thinking. It is a waste of stationery. I am sure the Editor does not get his pencils and pens gratis. Tell Auntie that if she must bite something, she may bite her sari.

—Jane

★

WHO IS SATYAMURTI ?

Srinagar :—Why don't you arrange to have the *Merry Magazine* put up on sale in this place on the day of its publication ? We get it here a day or two after the date it bears on its cover. Ginger up the bird who is responsible for the despatch of the Magazine, will you ?

This, however, is by the way. What I wanted to ask you was about Mr. Satyamurti. Who is he ? I know, of course, that he is the Chief of the Congress activities in South India. Lately he has been saying some funny things quite at variance with the ideals of the Congress ; and I and my friends are intrigued to know more about this gentleman.

—Ram Kishore Thopa

★

MAC, A GOOD EGG

Jamshedpur : Referring to the story 'Sheep Comes Home Shorn' by MacNaughton Thomas, in your issue dated 23rd May 1936, I must say that I always thought Mac was a Good Egg. What beats me is why he let down the Scotch in him in this story. He acted in that story as a mug (like me or you) would act, but not at all like a Scotsman, which he obviously is. Or can it be that 'MacNaughton Thomas' is just a funny pen-name ?

While on the subject of pen-names, I may tell you that some of the contributors to the *Merry Mag* have decidedly ghastly notions about covering their real names. Have these fellows committed some dreadful crimes that they dare not show themselves as they really are ?

—Niranjan Paul

STUDY CIRCLES FOR SOCIALISM

Madura :—I liked Mr. Merry's paragraph under the caption 'Saul Among The Prophets' in 13th June issue. In one of his marvellous essays, Bernard Shaw trounced the white-feathered gentry who shy at the word 'Socialism' while all the while their lives are bound up and lived in 40% of Socialism. It is a happy idea which Mr. Merry suggests. Yes, let us have study circles to understand this slippery word in all its implications before we put out our tongue either in idiotic criticism or white-livered fright.

—Sivasubramaniam

★

NO FLOWERS FOR YOU AUNTIE !

Penang : Who put such a lot of flowers on Auntie's hair ? Tell Mr. Varma or Mr. Sekar that it is very old-fashioned. (Look again into the latest issues of *The Merry*.)

★

LUNCH FOR THE EDITOR

Singapore : Your life must be a hard one, dear Editor. A girl-friend who says that she knows you was telling me the other day that Auntie J. J. prepares your lunch, and serves it herself to soothe your

You Can't Keep A

Reading Time
About 6 Minutes

THERE lived in the north of England in the first half of the eighteenth century a fat butcher. He was a devout Christian, who never missed a sermon at church. He was also a loving husband. I wish I could say he was a loving father too; unfortunately his wife let him down; or the fates let him down. He had no children. His name was.....but does it signify! What is in a name anyhow? He was a very good man. And the one ruling tenet of his life was: "You can never keep a good man down." Yes, he was indeed a good man. Mark the adjective 'good', for if the butcher were not a good man, this story would never have been told.

Now in that part of the north of England lived a traveller who was always on the move. He returned home for brief spells to retail wondrous yarns of the countries and peoples he saw in his wanderings. He was also a Christian, of course. On one of his home-comings, this great traveller told a gaping audience at the village inn of the great coconut plantations in the South Sea Islands, of the extraordinarily comely native girls, and of their nasty habits and customs.

"Alas!" he said, "they had one deplorable drawback. They had an unreasonable partiality for the flesh of fellow human beings outside their clan."

"If only," concluded the traveller, "we could send

a few good men to teach them the Word of God and bring these savages to the path of civilisation, it would be a glorious achievement. We will have saved a large number of benighted souls, and there are unlimited possibilities in the coconut trade with those islands."

This great bit of news, particularly the part of it relating to the coconuts, spread from mouth to mouth, till the whole village was talking of it. Before the villagers knew what was happening, a council was formed with the sole idea of spreading the Word of God among the South Sea savages, and secondarily to probe the possibilities of the coconuts which grew on those islands in prodigal profusion.



Good Man Down!

by Thirupathi

Subscriptions were raised to launch this laudable project. To the humbler folk who took Christ seriously, the coconuts were not mentioned. That would only cloud the issue as it were. But the more opulent of the community knew what was afoot. Two birds with one stone, they whispered to one another, the two birds being the spread of Christianity and the gathering of coconuts.

When enough funds were subscribed in Christian charity, a small ship was chartered. Food, odd bits of clothing which elderly housewives sacrificed, an assorted cargo of calico prints, a collection of beads, small bits of looking-glass, tobacco, rum, and, of course, a generous supply of the Word of God were loaded into the ship.



lead the expedition. Nobody was plucky enough. It looked as if the whole thing was going to end in a fiasco.

At this psychological moment, the good butcher of the village came to the Council who were drowning their sorrows in beer in a secluded corner of the inn. He drank up the beer of one of the Council, absent-mindedly, wiped his lips on his shirt-sleeve and plunged straight into the subject. "Gen'tlemen, wot abbat me goin' with the ship to them hislands?"

The Council were surprised and also pleased. The Council asked him after their surprise was brought under control: "But will your missus let you go?"

"Missus be blowed!" said the good butcher. "Er—I mean bless 'er dear ol' 'eart! I am a good man. Yer can't keep a good man down!"

The Council lauded the good butcher as a real white man, and in spite of the entreaties and protests of the butcher's missus, the noble-intentioned expedition set sail on a fine sunny morning to the South Seas far, far away.

They sailed for a couple of months and one day the crew of the ship thought that it would be a very good thing if they owned the ship themselves. So they lowered a boat, put a month's rations in it, threw the fat butcher into the boat and left him on the high seas. The skipper of the ship was not treated as nicely as they treated the butcher. The presented him to the sharks. As the ship veered round and sailed away, the butcher shook his fist at it and bellowed, "Yer can't keep a good man down!"

For twenty days the butcher was tossed about by contrary winds and shifting currents. At last as his rations were giving out, he sighted land. He paddled vigorously to it and landed on a palm-studded strand. He fell upon his knees and sent up a devout prayer to heaven for the merciful deliverance. He dined off a few coconuts and stuck inland to spy out the lay of the land. Turning a corner of a thick grove of banana plantation, he came upon a marvellous scene. Men and women as nude as fresh-born babies were dancing to a barbarous refrain. When the merry-makers saw the fat butcher, they opened their eyes wide, and approached him gingerly. One or two of the charming girls poked the butcher's fat, undulating stomach with their fingers and turned up their eyes in ecstasy at the soft touch of the butcher's resilient flesh.

The butcher smiled and winked at the girls within winkable range. Meanwhile the males of the

(Continued on page 33)

The Ideal

Reading Time

About 6 Minutes

EVERYONE in India is hunting for the ideal village. Mahatma Gandhi blazed the trail.

Mr. K. S. Venkataramani founded the ideal village with the aid of *Murugan The Tiller*. His Excellency the Most Noble Marquis of Linlithgow recently presented two stud bulls to it. S. V. V. has yet more recently had an excursion to it and has looked at it from all angles of vision—especially from the acute angle of vision of a humorist. The others had looked at it from right angles. Only the obtuse angle is left and I ask you to show cause why I should not appropriate it to myself.

I must frankly tell you that I do not believe in rural reconstruction but I believe in reconstructing ruralisation. Every leader is keen about rural reconstruction. But you see that I am not a leader. Nor am I a follower. I am my own leader and my own follower. I do not regret that I have no followers. It is a good riddance. I however regret that I have no leaders. It is a bad riddance. All leaders want verbal reconstruction of villages by themselves and actual reconstruction of villages by their followers. It is a fair division of labour which is said to be the essence of civilisation. I teach you to labour and you do the labour—a nice division of labour indeed!

I am therefore a believer in reconstructing ruralisation. I shall, first of all, like Muhammad Bin Toghlok, order the inhabitants of Calcutta and Bombay and Madras to trek. I shall begin with Bombay. I shall of course preserve the Ballard Pier and the Gate of Bombay. Otherwise how can a Viceroy disembark or

enter India? You may say that future Viceroys will come by aeroplane and disembark in the ideal village, unless they effect a forced landing somewhere else. I do not know. I am not able to dip into the future far as human eyes can see, as Tennyson did and as you seem to do. I shall gird up my loins and achieve ruralisation by the inevitable preliminary process of



"Tremble in your new thrones!"

Indian Village

by Dewan Bahadur K. S. Ramaswami Sastri

de-urbanisation. Mayors of Calcutta and Bombay and Madras! Tremble in your new thrones! I see the Mayors' Maces tumbling down. I shall make you remove your robes. Your flock shall return to the villages whence the Pied Piper of Hamelin brought them.

But, halt! What was I saying? Was I breathing fire and brimstone as I usually do in dreams? What a strange world it is! The Prince of Peace becomes a Nadir Shah in dreams, and a

Nadir Shah becomes the Prince of Peace in the land of Nod. I am generally a man of peace. I would not hurt a fly. You tell me that I have been talking like a Muhammad Bin Toghlok and that I looked like evolving into one of the dictators of to-day. I just touch my upper lip and find that it is not clean-shaven as that of Mussolini, or decorated with the true Hitler moustache. I am but an old Brahmin and nothing more (nor less).

Now that I was awake and no longer in the land of dreams, I thought that it was better to travel and hunt up the ideal village, wherever it is, and if the hunt was unsuccessful to think of drastic schemes. I got into a bus that went from Madras to Madurantakam and stepped out of it *en route* as I received an inward prompting that the El Dorado was near. Have you seen a water diviner locating water? The twig wobbles up and down and then points steadily at a point 'true as the needle to the Pole'. Even so my feet. So with inevitable sureness to the ideal village. When they reach it, they refuse to budge, I suddenly found that I was bereft of all power of locomotion. I shouted 'Eureka' and suddenly Archimedes stood on my right. I shouted *Hail* and suddenly Columbus stood on my left. All the discoverers down to Captain Cook and Dr. Nansen and others came up soon afterwards to see the greatest and the latest of them all.

But there was a fly in the ointment. The inevitable press-photo-bureau-man, who has been after me for the last six months and whom I



had been successfully dodging all along, had been coming by the same bus by a sheer accident. He stepped out of the bus when I stepped out of it and followed me right through like the Frankenstein monster. When I had seen the ideal village



by the aid of my divining feet and got stuck up there, he snapped me up and published my features and my fortunes in the *Merry Magazine* with the aid of its gifted cartoonist. I suppose that you have seen that slim and charming figure along with the unmistakable turban and characteristic spectacles and ear-rings like motor-car lamps and formidable walking-stick.

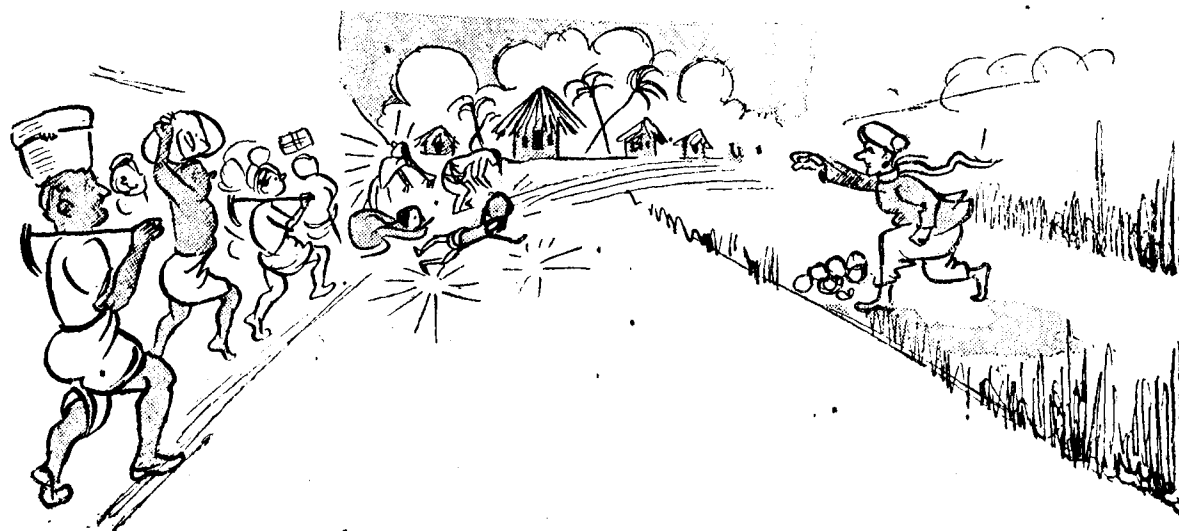
The result was that before I could enjoy the ideal village and reveal it to the world, a regular army of rural reconstructors came in. Some of them came with Lord Linlithgow's Report (as the President of the Royal Commission on Agriculture) in the one hand and leading a stud bull with the other hand. Many persons brought iron ploughs and Chilean Nitrates. But the village lands had been cultivated already so as to bring out the maximum yield. Tem-



perance propagandists brought magic lanterns and cinema shows, exhibiting the evils of liquors which were unknown in the village. Lecturers on dietetics came in shoals to teach people to hunt for vitamins and not to take milled rice, whereas vitamins

went in with every gulp and there was not a rice-mill in the village or within ten miles of it. Even the birth-control propagandists began to arrive. The village had been keeping up only the optimum population by such ideals as penance, spirituality and *sannyasa*. The scouts came up to teach cleanliness and the Harijan workers rushed up to preach equality. And still they came. More world-improvers came and yet more.

I felt as Dushyanta did when his own followers came in shoals towards Kanwa's hermitage, and when in addition the wild elephant began to charge in, I did not know what to do. I sent an S. O. S. to Il Duce and he sent his experts in the use of poison gas. I gassed the world-improvers and killed them and fled from the spot lest more world-improvers should arrive and improve the village out of existence.



Auntie J.J.

Last week's mail brought me a very interesting letter from a dear niece. I am reproducing it *in toto*, not because I want to blow my own trumpet (you girls and boys know how modest I am); but because it raises an interesting issue. Here is the letter.

Vizagapatam

Dear Auntie,

I am sure we are all grateful to you for letting us have a glimpse of your true self. I always thought there was something elusive about you, a distinction that you have but partially succeeded in hiding under a bushel. The world ought to know more about you. What a sweet, chubby darling you are! I particularly like the way you dress your hair. You will be glad to hear, dear Auntie, that

we, your fans in this place, are copying the lovely style in which you do your hair. And, Auntie dear, do you use any special comb? If you do, please pass on the tip.

I think the comb is one of the greatest gifts of civilisation. I wonder if you could tell me which woman in the distant past invented the comb. I will never believe that a man was the author of the comb. They say that the greatest invention of all time is the wheel. The cheek of these men! I maintain that the comb shares the honours with the wheel. What do you say?

Your loving niece,
SUBHADRA

I bulged nearly half an inch all round when I read that letter. Please don't write to me such highly complimentary letters, dear nieces. I don't want to grow stout. I am a very ordinary person, really. There is no distinction, so the bushel doesn't arise. I was under the impression that my strong point was my eyes. They have a wistful, far-away look in them. Anyhow that is what the optician said the other day while examining my eyes.

No, I don't use any special comb. I use a comb made in Dacca. Formerly I was using a comb made in Czecho-Slovakia. But on the day that Mahatma Gandhi marched on Dandi, I threw it away and changed over to a swadeshi one. I agree that the comb is one of the greatest amenities of civilization. You can not only use it on your hair, but also scratch any part of your body where you feel an itching. I was looking up my private archives to locate the origin of the comb. I am sorry to say, my dears, that the beastly men have cheated us once again. The author of the comb is not a woman. However, it is some consolation for us

girls to know that woman was immediately at the back of the comb idea. This is how it happened.

Long, long ago, indeed long before Sri Rama or Jesus Christ was born, there lived in the upper reaches of the Godavari, a young man called Bo. One day (it was early summer) he went West on a hike, swinging his club in a swanky manner. He kept a sharp look-out for beasts of prey, and also for the beasts on which he usually preyed. At mid-day he dined off a fox which foolishly walked into him. He espied a brook in the middle distance and he hied there to wash the fox down with a few handfuls of water. He bent down on the bank and began to drink the delicious water from the cup of his palms. At the second scoop he felt a warm breath on his back. He thought at first that it was an enemy beast, and slowly stretched his hand for his club with the lovely knobs,

Before he could land the fatal blow, he heard a giggle. He looked into the still water at his feet. He saw in it the reflection of a beautiful woman, with a snub nose and a lovely mouth that stretched from ear to ear. She was sniffing his back. He let her sniff at him three times. Then he turned back and smelt her in turn. It was, one might say, love at first smell. You girls are no doubt intrigued at this smelling business. In those unsophisticated days, people used to size up things by smelling them. If you ask me, it was a very sensible way.

"What is your name?" asked Bo.

"Mo. Yours?"

"Bo. How about it?"

"Oh, Bo, it is so sudden!" giggled the damsel.

Bo was a short-tempered man, so he knocked Mo down with his club and carried her to his cave. Presently Mo assumed an interesting condition and a baby resulted. Two more babies came in quick succession. Poor Bo was bewildered. Meanwhile, immersed in the tremendous responsibilities of motherhood, Mo neglected her daily toilet. She grew fat, her beautiful

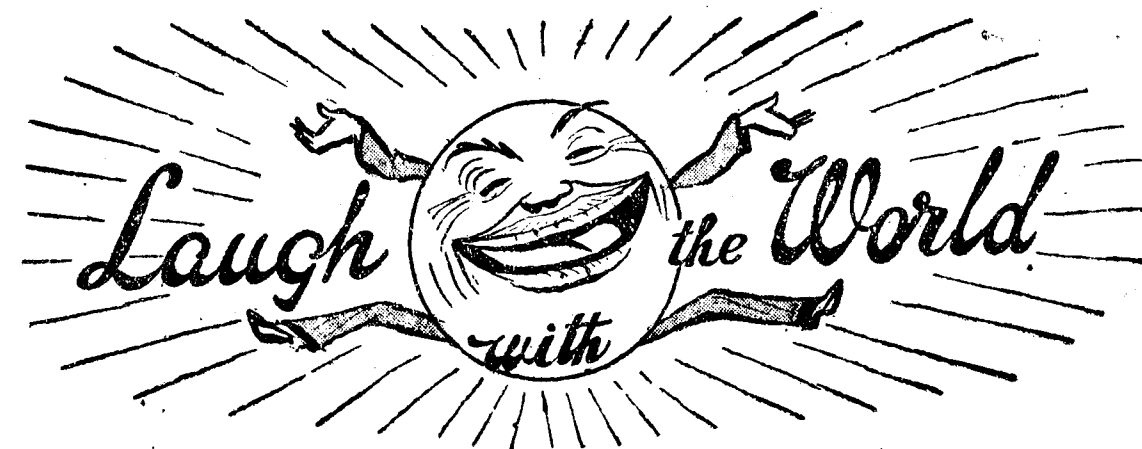
wavy hair lost its gloss and became the hot-bed of lice. So, every little while she snuggled up to Bo and asked him to scratch her back and head for her. Being a good husband, he obliged. One day Bo hurt his fingers in a bout with a crocodile. That day Bo was unable to scratch Mo's head in the old ticklish way. And when he tried to get fresh with her, as some husbands do, Mo bit him in three places. He betook himself to a shady nook to grouse on the lot of husbands. Sitting there with a melancholy mien he picked up a porcupine quill and idly scratched his head with it. Like an electric shock a bright idea struck him. He jumped up and went in search of a porcupine. He knocked down the first porcupine he met and carried it home. When next Mo snuggled up to him with a request to scratch her head, he produced the porcupine and rubbed her

(Continued on page 33)

DO YOU KNOW?

1. What does P. P. C. on a visiting card mean?
2. The apple was originally what fruit?
3. What is the derivation of the slang term 'cop,' meaning officer of the law?
4. What is the name of the watery fluid that separates from blood when it congeals?

Answers on page 33



"And so," said the magistrate, severely, "this is the fifth person you have knocked down this year?"

"Pardon me," said the girl motorist, with dignity, "the fourth. One of them was the same person twice."

—Montreal Star

Mistress: Minnie, I rang for you. Didn't you hear?

Maid: No, ma'am. A lorry must have been passing.

"But I rang five times."

"Well, then, ma'am, it looks as if five lorries must have been passing."

—Schweizer Illustrierte

Teacher: Johnny, who was Anne Boleyn?

Johnny: Anne Boleyn was a flat iron.

Teacher: What on earth do you mean?

Johnny: Well, it says here in the history book:

"Henry, having disposed of Catherine, pressed his suit with Anne Boleyn."

—Troy Times Record

One of the workers on Riverside Drive was complaining because he had no shovel. He finally told the foreman about it. "Gee whiz," he gee-whizz'd, "I haven't any shovel!"

"Well, whaddaya kickin' about?" was the answer. "You don't have to do any work if you ain't got no shovel!"

3-20-6-36

"I know," pouted the fellow, as he stamped both his feet, "but I haven't got anything to lean on—like the other guys!"

—New York Daily Mirror

A little girl was put in an upper berth of a Pullman sleeping car for the first time. She kept crying till her mother told her not to be afraid because God would watch over her.

"Mother, you there?" she called.

"Yes."

"Father, you there?"

"Yes."

A fellow-passenger lost all patience at this point and shouted: "We're all here! Your father and mother and brothers and sisters and aunts and uncles and cousins. All here; now go to sleep."

There was a pause; then, very softly: "Mother!"

"Well?"

"Was that God?"

—Royal Arcanum Bulletin

He was looking for a quiet place to park his car, and, seeing a side street, turned into it, drew up, put the brake on, and was walking off when a policeman appeared.

"You can't leave your car there!"

"Why not? It's a quiet spot."

"I tell you, you can't leave it there."

"But, my good man, it's a cul-de-sac."

"I don't care if it's a Rolls-Royce—bring it out!"

—Smith's Weekly

17



Kissing Made Easier

Written & Illustrated by Albert A. Roland

Reading Time • About 8 Minutes

JUNE* is the great month for kissing!

It's the season when people who are burning with love are liable to make fuels of themselves!

June air is electric and fraught with grave danger. For kisses are in the air. And kisses are every bit as dangerous as the philosophers say. Kisses have put an end to many a bachelor.

Mrs. Grundy says kissing is a crime. If Mrs. Grundy is right, the punishment is out of all proportion to the crime. How many men have got themselves a life sentence simply because they stole a kiss?

Biologists say that every kiss shortens the life by two minutes. That must be why so many people have the feeling they'll die young.

Some doctors declare that kissing spreads germs. Other doctors assure us that certain bacilli are beneficial to the human system. It all depends on the doctor—and the patient.

But who wants to bother about doctors and philosophers? This is the age of courage and enterprise. Nowadays everyone is ready to take a chance.

This is also the age of proficiency. If you are interested in kissing at all, you'll naturally want to be a proficient kisser, a successful kisser.

It pleases a man's vanity immensely to know that all girls like kissing him. It isn't good enough if the big girls kiss him when he's little, and the little girls kiss him when he's big.

* Other popular kissing seasons are July to October, November to January, and February to May.

I shall not attempt, in the short space of this article, to go into the question of *how* to kiss. I am taking it for granted that you are familiar with the technical details. If you happen to be that *rara avis* who has never kissed a girl, numerous excellent books are available to you on the market. Prominent amongst them being *The Beginner's Guide to Practical Osculation* and *101 Ways of Kissing*.

Neither shall I attempt to describe *what* a kiss is. It is impossible, in fact, to do so. An old American writer explains why, in the following words:—

"You can't analyse a kiss any more than you can the breath of a flower. The only way to describe a kiss is to take one, and then sit down all alone, out of the draught, and smack your lips."

Even my encyclopaedia is unconvincing in its attempt to define a kiss. "*Kiss*," it says: "A form of salutation, or an expression of reverence or love, which consists of pressing or touching with the lips, the lips, cheek, hands or feet of another." (It very untruthfully adds: "In modern times, kissing is restricted, especially among Englishmen.")

If my encyclopaedia's definition is right, it means if I press my lips to someone's feet, that's a kiss. But if I do the same thing to her medulla oblongata, or her throat, ears and eyes (and I'm a specialist in throat, ears and eyes), that isn't a kiss. Which is absurd.

My purpose in writing these notes, is to help you to further success in kissing.

Whenever you are in doubt about kissing a girl, give her the benefit of the doubt.

Never judge a girl by the way she receives a kiss, but you are entitled to make your own deductions from the way she returns it.

The best time to kiss a girl is not when she's in the 'proper' frame of mind.

Nothing ruins a romance so much as a stubbly chin. If your girl asks you why you don't shave in the evenings, and you tell her it makes you sore to shave twice a day, she's within her rights in pointing out that it makes her sore when you only shave once a day. (And by the way, provided she likes the Russian type of Romeo, you can get out of many a scrape by growing whiskers.)

It is worth while memorizing the following dialogue, in case you find yourself, one bewitching moonlight night, alone with a sweet girl, with everything set for

romance, but with your mind going all goofy and your tongue tying itself into knots:—

You (casually): Fond of kissing?

She (interested): Why do you ask?

You (earnestly): I want to know from your own lips!

She (teasingly): Don't I look the kind of girl who objects to being kissed?

You (with a profound man-of-the-world air): I really couldn't say—I've never met that kind of girl before.

She (coolly): But don't you think kissing is childish?

You (meaningly): I do—*Baby!*



"What do you mean by kissing me?"
"I can't help myself."
"But you are helping yourself!"

You then beg her for a kiss, and continue to beg for it despite her vehement refusals. But the moment she says: "I'm telling you for the last time, you can't kiss me!"—that moment is your opportunity. Say at once:—

"The *last* time? Ah, I *knew* you'd weaken eventually!"

Then kiss her firmly and gratefully. She will probably offer a last resistance and cry: "*Stop!*" Answer determinedly: "*I won't!*"—and kiss her again—so that her only reply, accompanied by a sigh of relief, will be: "Well, I did my duty."

Later on, you may tell her: "It makes me feel a better man every time I kiss you." This leaves her with the option of either replying: "How good you must be now!" Or: "Well, don't try and go to heaven all in one evening!"

Rome wasn't built in a day. Don't complain if all you get is one tiny kiss in return for a valuable present. Her motto is probably: "That will be all for the present."

Matters will be simplified for you if in the beginning, the girl happens to ask you whether you believe in love at first sight. Tell her you think it saves a lot of time!

With a reasonable amount of study (at close quarters), much practice—and perseverance, you should one day reach *perfection* in kissing. I think I must have reached this stage myself. A girl I know complains bitterly every time I see her. No, not about my kisses. About her husband's.

And now I'd like to have a word or two with the girls.

My dears, when are you thinking of getting married? *Constantly?* Well, I hope you realise that there are many laps in the race to the altar?

Be beautiful. Remember that kisses have a face value. And you must have noticed that many a man will kiss a girl when she isn't looking, but never when she isn't good-looking?

Kissing in trains when going through tunnels is perilous, especially when there are enterprising strangers present. Love may be blind, but it has a marvellous sense of touch.

If the boy you like is of the poetical but hesitant type, and ever says to you: "Kisses are the *language* of love," your obvious answer is: "Well, why don't you *say* something?"

If, on the other hand, he asks you outright: "Will you kiss me?" don't hesitate to say: "How like a man—trying to shift the responsibility!" He'll then take it upon himself.

Bear in mind that a man adores forgiveness in a woman. Always be prepared to turn the other cheek. If you appreciate an expert kisser, you can't do better than select a man who takes out girls for drives every night, but whose speedometer registers only a very low mileage!

I once gave a girl 50 kisses in one evening. Without stopping, you ask? Oh no! We were parked.

And talking about cars and parking, perhaps you will derive considerable benefit from the following old, but still interesting, "story":

Chap. 1: "Oh, my dear, please don't park here!"

2: "Oh, my dear, please don't park!"

(Continued on page 24)



"That last kiss was nice, dear?"
"Who said it was the last one?"

Greek Vignettes

by A. T. MacNaughton Thomas

Reading Time • About 9 Minutes

LET us now have Greek history for a change. I only hope it won't be Greek to you! The management undertakes to see that it is done in the approved Attic style, and served piping-hot with choice selections from their works to correspond.



The treatment will be entirely different as the Harley Street physician said, when he threw a bucketful of water on a patient afflicted with St. Anthony's fire.

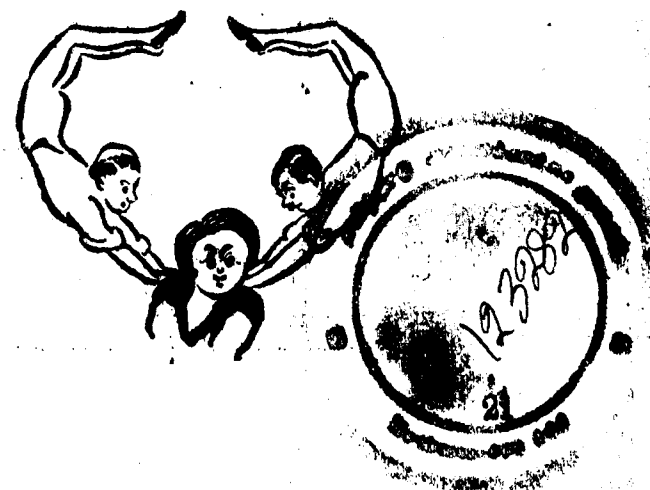
Now for a plunge into the history of the Greek sages and writers, who had all been pretty big noises in their days, the echoes of which still keep ringing in our ears in B flat.



Homer is called the Father of Poetry, probably because somebody must take the blame for all the poems that appear in print nowadays. Not one of his

numerous biographers could inform us where he was born. When he died, the municipalities of seven towns through which the great minstrel sang his way to stardom and immortality, contended for the honour of his birth-place, with a view to deflect the tourists' money into their depleted coffers. Nor were the travel agencies idle. In early life, as a result of being jilted by his sweetheart, Homer developed poetry pretty badly, but later on he overcame his defects, and became the foremost poet of Greece, if not of the world. Judging by the internal evidence of *Iliad*, he seemed to have sold his Trojan war-ballads at three yards an obolus. We learn from his works that confession is good for the soul but not for the reputation; that women like to avoid scandal but not men; that one never knows what a woman is driving at—until she hits the telegraph-post. I could give you these quotations in Greek, but since the printer has run short of those funny little letters with apoplexy, I regret to ladle them out in English version. Breeding pigeons was his hobby, as could be attested from the fact that 'homers' were named after this great poet.

Euclid has tumbled down through the history to the life-long regret of high school students, whose minds and health he has considerably impaired. He was the author of *Data*, *Elements*, *Optics*, and the *Division of the Scale*. From his works we learn that the easiest way to catch fish is to angle for it; that a triangle means two men loving the same woman,



whereas an acute angle means two men loving the same married woman; that cylinder means a motor-car gadget; that Oval means the name of a famous cricket-ground in London; that the ends of parallel lines are railway-points. His *Division of the Scale* has something to do with the graded system of the thin, horny, overlapping plates of fish, snakes, etc., so I am told.

Socrates was the noblest exponent of the ethical life of the Greeks. As he was afflicted with paralysis, he left no writings, and what he taught was recorded by the four greatest of his disciples—Plato, Alcibiades, Xenophon and Zonophone. He was married to Xanthippe, one of the most termagant of women, who always let into him, whenever he came home late from his club. He generally managed to get away by glibly inventing some fib, whenever she showed an inclination to reinforce her arguments with saucepans and rolling-pins. Hence, he is chiefly remembered for saying to his adopted son: "Mother is the necessity for invention." Another well-known Socratic saying recorded by Xenophon in his *Memorabilia* is: "A man's tongue gets him into trouble, but a woman's tongue gets her out of it." History has it that Socrates, as he was accused of corrupting youth and practising impiety, committed suicide by drinking hemlock. This is pure bunk. The fact was, Socrates being fed up with his matrimonial life, gave a practical demonstration of his famous definition of suicide, which was: "A preventive of marriage."



Plato was born 2363 years ago come *Deepavali*. Political speakers and those who write to the 'Letters to the Editor' column often refer to him as if he was born in 1928 A.D. Being brought up at an early age at the feet of Socrates, Plato went into the philosophy business, and soon worked up a nice steady little

connexion. His clientele increased, and, shortly afterwards, when he had amassed a tidy fortune, Plato retired to write books dealing with Idealism. Plato maintained, among other things, that an ideal was somebody's wife; that evil was connected with matter, as politicians and actors have often testified when they allowed themselves to be targets for flying ova; that virtue was its own reward, and it naturally followed that bigamy was its own punishment, in that the bigamist had a surplus of mothers-in-law thrust upon him.



Aristotle, the celebrated pupil of Plato, flourished round about 384 B. C. He was the Father of Logic. He turned his hand to metaphysics, natural science, ethics, politics, (of the Leftist-Conservative type) rhetoric, and poetics. He was the founder of the Peripatetics, a local club, run exclusively for circus artistes and canvassing agents. Aristotle taught us by his famous syllogistic reasoning, or deductive logic, (as we say in Scotland Yard), that you could trace the man after discovering his hanky in another fellow's wife's bed-room. The Tamil films are getting on grandly on these lines by introducing the umbrella as the major premise. He also explained that *argumentum ad hominem* was taking advantage of the character of your ugly wife by telling her that she was a perfect peach, when you wanted a day out.

Diogenes was born at Sinope. As the housing shortage was pretty acute in those days, and, as the people who lived in Athenian flats had no room for complaint, Diogenes, poor chap, practically spent most of his time residing in a tub. And that gave him a tubby figure, which the cartoonists of the day turned to a profitable use. Diogenes sat by the way-



side, handing out chunks of philosophy for the refreshment of the wayfarers at the rate of two pounds and four ounces a drachma. Very shortly his name was bruited abroad as the best purveyor of philosophic refreshment, which forced him to run multiple cafés. All the married men of Greece rallied round him when he succeeded to the Chairmanship of the Club of the Cynics.

And then, there were two **Zenos**. The Zeno of the Eleatics, made his debut somewhere in the fifth century B. C. He made a name for himself by setting forth the inconceivability of motion. Probably he didn't have his hat blown away on a windy day! The other Zeno, who lived in the third century B. C., was the founder of the Stoics, a local society that had unemployed graduates for its members, where they were taught to put patiently with the buffets of circumstances, the vexations of life, and the difficulties of getting a job.

Eratosthenes was born in Alexandria, in 275 B. C. by way of change. He wrote text-books (with keys, of course) on geography, geometry, and astronomy for high school students. Now and then he dabbled in astrology. He is chiefly remembered for casting the horoscopes of tennis champions, to whom he had often told that if Venus was in the ascendent, they were bound to have love-sets in succession. And that if Mercury was in the ascendent in the instrument that recorded their temperature, it was time for them to bid good-bye to this planet.

Demosthenes, the greatest orator of all time, was born 2320 years ago last Spring. Of his innumerable orations, only sixty have come down to us. In early life he developed a horrible stutter. However, he overcame his vocal defect by practising speeches with pebbles in his mouth, which soon enabled him to beat his great rival Aeschines, by three lengths and one head.

Meet **Sappho**, the greatest poetess of all time. We are introducing her just not to disappoint our women-readers. Born in 610 B. C. she seemed to have been a pretty big noise in those days, and had made considerable dents in the literature of Greece. She is always in great demand at the political meetings of women, where the irrepressible suffragettes draw her by head and shoulders from the limbo of the past as an adduction of the proof that if woman is given the necessary franchise, emancipation, encouragement and what not, she would any day make a man feel intel-



lectually like a punctured balloon. Sappho is not remembered for the following quotations which occur in her exquisite poetry: "It takes about thirty years for a woman to reach twenty-one"; and, "Woman may cause all the trouble in life but it is woman who makes life worth all the trouble" but by the fact that her name is exploited for propaganda by suffragettes.

Solon, the great law-giver, flourished round about 639 B. C., and from the first he seems to have been a bit of good news. He, and not Sir Robert Peel, was the first man to repeal the Corn Laws. The laws he enacted were of the Socialist type, which made the Athenian Diehards to taper off with him. It was always a joke with Solon that lawyers were ever ready to work with a will. When he was elected archon in 593 B. C., he advised the Athenian women that too many "in-laws" would make their husbands outlaws. He enjoined the priests not to discourage marriage even though it was defined as 'lottery', and came within the purview of the Betting And Lottery Act. Among other things we learn from his Code, are: "Possession is nine points of the law, and the lawyer's fee is the tenth"; and, "A man's will comes into effect after death, but a woman's will in effect during life."

Much could be said of Alexander the Great, the son of Philip II of Macedon, but suffice it to say, he conquered Asia Minor, Tyre (not Dunlop, mind you), Egypt, Palestine, Persia, and even came as far afield as Lahore to annex the precincts of the Shahid Ganj Mosque to his empire. As he was not a Boy-scout in his younger days, for, that would have taught him to



unravel reef-knots, bow-knots, granny-knots, etc., he was put to the necessity of cutting the Gordian knot in a clumsy fashion, when, if he had only untied it, more glory would have accrued to his name. Very early in life, with his army, he set up in the smash-

and-grab business, and worked up a steady connexion. When empires and kingdoms fell to his loot, Alexander declared fat dividends every month, which cannot be said of any joint-stock company. The name of this great conqueror has been handed down to posterity through the medium of second form history-text.

Space prevents us from having on the menu the other great Greek warriors—Phillip and Agamemnon; the statesmen, Themistocles and Pericles; the orators, Antiphon and Isocrates; the poets, Hesiod and Pindar; the comic writers, Aristophanes and Menander; the historians, Thucydides and Polybius; the lawgivers, Lycurgus and Draco; the dramatists, Aeschylus and Sophocles; the philosophers, Epicurus and Xenophanes; the scientists, Archimedes and Ptolemy; the physicians, Galen and Hippocrates; the sculptors, Phidias and Lysippos; etc., etc. I assure you on the revolving tombstone of my dear old granny that I shall work them all in, in my next article. *The Influence of Greek Literature on Cycle pumps.*

Meanwhile, toot-toot and pip-pip!

THE END

Kissing Made Easier—(Continued from page 20)

Chap. 3: "Oh, my dear, please don't!"

" 4: "Oh, my dear, please!"

" 5: "Oh, my dear!"

" 6: "Oh, my!"

" 7: "Oh!"

Beware of telling your boy that he kisses like an expert. He might think that you're talking like a connoisseur.

And it isn't advisable to exhibit pique because he won't woo you like a sheik. (Pardon the poetry, my dears.)

If you own a pet parrot, see that it doesn't learn to imitate the sound of kissing.

Remember that it's unfashionable to blush if you are caught kissing. The old-fashioned girl blushed when she was ashamed. The modern girl is ashamed when she blushes.

Be kind and generous to your small brother when you're courting. It's the little things that tell. But if economy is a consideration with you, don't forget that a kiss in time saves electric light bills. And don't forget, either, that though love is blind, the neighbours are not.

When kissing, always keep a cool head. Don't let kisses make you do silly things. There was the case of a girl saying good-bye to her boy from a train. As the train was beginning to move out, his last kiss so flummoxed her that she remained leaning out of the window—and kissed a sweeper a little further down the platform, and a cow some distance down the line.

And then there was the girl who got so excited after reading her lover's letter, that she stooped down and kissed her pet dachshund. You say there's nothing remarkable in kissing a dachshund? There isn't. But on this occasion she noticed that her little pet didn't return the salute, and that a bark, in fact, proceeded from its *further* end. In other words, she'd kissed the *wrong* end of the dachshund!

And now, my dears, I'd like to conclude on a note of hope.

I hope you will find these few suggestions useful? I hope you will derive additional benefit from the sketches I have specially drawn for your inspiration? I hope you will go forth into the world henceforth, better and more enthusiastic kissers?

THE END

Fun For All



Daddy: Do you know what has happened to my shaving brush?

Frankie: No, dad, but I think Tom's old rocking horse has a new tail.

Small Boy (in motor show-rooms): How much is that car?

Salesman: Fifteen hundred pounds.

Boy: Oh, well, give me two penny-worth of valve tubing, please.

New Tenant: The roof is so bad that it rains on my head. How long is this going to continue?

Landlord: What do you think I am—a weather prophet?

"Bobby, you promised me you wouldn't fight at school to-day. I said I would give you a thrashing if you did."

"Well, dad, seeing I've broken my promise, don't you think you might as well break yours?"

"We have the safest railroad in the world! A collision on our line is impossible."

"How do you make that out?"

"We have only one train."

Teacher: Can anyone tell what a bridegroom is?

Small Boy: Please miss, a thing they use at a wedding.

"I don't believe you love me any more," sobbed the girl.

"Why do you say that, darling?" asked her young man anxiously.

"Well, for the last week you've always left the house before father came down to kick you out!"

"Where did the car hit him?" asked the coroner.

"At the junction of the dorsal and cervical vertebrae," replied the medical witness.

The burly foreman rose from his seat.

"Man and boy I've lived in these parts for fifty years," he protested ponderously, "and I have never heard of the place!"

Shopwalker: That lady who had just gone out says you showed her no politeness or courtesy whatever.

Assistant: Then they're about the only darned things in the shop I didn't show her!

Magistrate (to Irish witness): You say the accused threatened you?

Witness: Yes, begorra! He said, "I'll white-wash the yard with your blood."

"What!" grumbled the waiter. "No tip? Why, the champion miser of this town always gives me six pence."

"Oh, does he?" said the surly diner. "Well, gaze upon the new champion."

"That boy of yours seems bright. He'll carve out a name for himself some day."

"He's done it already—on our new piano!"

An Irishman was relating an experience of hardship in the jungle.

"Ammunition, food, and whisky had run out," he said. "We were parched with thirst."

"Was there no water?" asked a listener.

"Shure, but it was no time to think of cleanliness," replied the Irishman.

"Dad, do you remember the story you told me about the time you were expelled from school?"

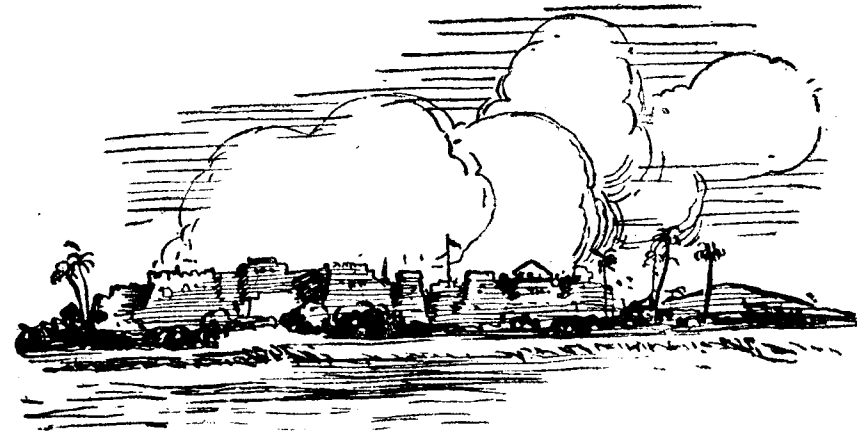
"Yes."

"Well, isn't it funny how history repeats itself?"

Admiral Coates

A strange page from the East Indian History

by
Embusque



Reading Time

About 10 Minutes

IN 1683, the King of Siam dismissed his Prime Minister, and appointed a European to the position.

At the time, the services of Western adventurers were eagerly sought by Eastern princes; especially those princes whose dominions were endangered.

Siam was threatened with Moghul domination. Many of the most important officials—including the Prime Minister—were Mohammedans. The trade of the country was in the hands of *Chulias*. The Moslems were encroaching everywhere.

Siamese sovereignty was imperilled by the oppressive diplomacy of the Great Moghul. The King of Golconda was seizing Siamese ships on flimsy pretexts. Non-Moslem traders from Siam were subjected to delays, humiliations, and exactions.

Seeking some means to strengthen his position, the King of Siam turned to the British East India Company. He wanted European engineers, sea-captains, military officers, and administrators. He offered the Company, in return, a monopoly of settlement and commerce in Siam.

Siam was a country of vast undeveloped resources. It lay astride the highway to the Far East. In those days, all trade with China went over the Isthmus of Kra. The Straits of Malacca were scarcely navigable by ships that could not beat against the wind. Mergui, offered to the Company as its Siamese headquarters, was the Singapore of the time.

In short, the King of Siam was inviting the British to enter his country on terms that would inevitably lead to a British Empire of Indo-China. The opportunities were limitless, the rewards immense, the risks negligible. But the prosaic merchants of Madras, and the cheese-paring Directors in London, had as

yet no dreams of empire. It seemed fantastic that they, a parcel of shop-keepers, should create a civil service in Siam, build forts and dockyards, organise naval and military forces, for the mere privilege of trade in that country. They replied saying that the existing volume of their business with Siam was quite insufficient to bear the overhead charges proposed by His Majesty!

At this refusal, the King began to enlist individual Europeans into his service. One after another, the Mohammedan officials were replaced by European adventurers. Some of the latter were gifted men; but even the best of them was inspired by the motive of quick riches and a speedy departure. However, by comparison with the Moslem mandarins, their speculations were moderate, their tyrannies trifling, and their efficiency considerable.

A sea-captain named Coates was appointed Admiral of the Royal Fleet. There is an amusing account of his investiture. In compliance with court etiquette, Coates approached the Royal presence on knees and elbows, rubbing his forehead along the ground. At the right moment, a pair of curtains was opened, revealing the King framed as in a picture—motionless, toweringly crowned, his arms upraised in the gesture of a Deity. For fifteen seconds, the sacred form of His Majesty remained on exhibition in this peep-show; then the curtains closed. The Prime Minister appeared, bearing the Royal Commission. This document was reverently placed on the upturned rump of the visitor, who withdrew on knees and elbows, balancing the precious commission on his hinder parts.

Coates repaired to Mergui, where an Englishman named White was the Lord of Maritime Affairs. White was energetically creating a Royal dockyard at

Mergui, and building powerful frigates with which to dominate the Bay of Bengal. In fact, for a while, Lord White became the terror of the Eastern seas—but that is another story.

Admiral Coates was given a vessel called the *Prosperous*, with orders to sail forth and seize Moghul property up to the value of the damages done by the Moghuls to Siamese vessels. Loosely interpreted, the orders meant that Coates might prey on all Indian-owned vessels, hold all Indian subjects to ransom, and loot any town on the mainland. The King of Siam was playing the game of 'Heads I win, tails you lose.' If Coates' semi-piratical venture was successful, His Majesty got a share of the loot, and strengthened his political position. If Coates failed, he could be repudiated.

Away sailed the Admiral, to wage a single-handed un-official war against two powerful empires—for the Kingdom of Pegu was also declared an object of his depredations. Coates called at Madras to buy munitions and enlist additional adventurers; and made for Madapollam, in the dominions of Ali Beague. He had news of the *New Jerusalem*, an armed ship of the largest size, the property of John Demarcora, an Armenian.

Demarcora traded with Pegu. The *New Jerusalem* carried a fabulous cargo, destined for the wealthy princes of Hindustan. Rubies, diamonds, gold, silver, silk, porcelain—there was every kind of exotic and costly merchandise on board. The cargo was valued at the fantastic figure of two hundred crores. John Demarcora was, in fact, a billionaire, a member of the wealthy mercantile community of Black Town, living under the protection of the British in Madras.

The *New Jerusalem* was a veritable treasure-ship, a pirate's dream come true. Here was no miserable cargo of second-grade rice, to be won with desperate bloodshed. The vessel happened to be flying the British flag, but Coates knew of a way round that. John Demarcora was a land-owner and an honorary mandarin in Pegu, therefore he was a Burmese official and an enemy. His ship could be seized, and the legality of the deed confirmed by the King of Siam afterwards.

The *New Jerusalem* was safely anchored at Narsapore, ten miles up the river, under the shelter of a battery of guns. The *Prosperous* reached Madapollam Roads by night. Coates filled the ship's boats with armed men, and rowed stealthily up the river for ten miles, past the sleeping sentries of three Moghul batteries. He boarded and captured the *New Jerusa-*

lem almost without noise. The well-armed and well-manned treasure-ship was taken utterly by surprise, and the crew offered no resistance.

At daylight, the *New Jerusalem* sailed down the river, bombarding the towns and batteries as she went. She came to anchor inside the bar, a cable's length from the *Prosperous*.

The Mohammedan governors were in a helpless position. They had no naval vessels to cope with the two armed ships now at Coates' disposal. The 'Admiral' could sail straight back to Mergui with the greatest prize ever taken in the Indian seas; and be sure of the approval and support of his Royal master.

Yet Coates remained at anchor opposite Madapollam. The truth was, he feared the long arm and the long memory of his own countrymen. He did not want to be hanged by the British, perhaps twenty years hence, on a charge of piracy. Before sailing away, he wanted to get someone to vouch that he was no pirate, but a real Admiral waging a legitimate war.

There was an agent of the East India Company at Madapollam, a Mr. Wales. Coates invited this gentleman aboard his ship.

The Moghul governors had likewise approached Mr. Wales. A very rich ship had been taken from under their guns, ten miles from the sea. Their positions, their lives, were forfeit. They begged Mr. Wales to make his countryman restore the *New Jerusalem* and its cargo of two hundred crores of rupees.

Mr. Wales went on board the *Prosperous*. Coates eagerly produced his commission from the King of Siam, announced that Siam was at war with Golconda, Delhi, and Pegu, and explained that the *New Jerusalem* was an enemy ship seized in satisfaction of certain damages suffered by Siam.

Mr. Wales retorted that no war had been declared; and in any case the *New Jerusalem* was under British protection. Coates replied that, even if hostilities had not actually commenced, he had orders to seize enemy vessels as security, until the King of Golconda redeemed them by satisfying the Siamese claims. Mr. Wales promised to place the Siamese claims before the Moghul authorities.

A day or two later, Coates grew impatient. He asked Mr. Wales to make a declaration that the *New Jerusalem* was a lawful prize held in pledge. Wales retorted that the seizure of a vessel under the British flag was an act of piracy, in which Coates persisted at his peril. Coates lost his temper. He said that

unless Mr. Wales gave security for any demands that might be made on the King of Golconda, he would bombard the town. Receiving no reply, he fired a few broadsides into Madapollam, and sailed outside the bar.

Coates was still unwilling to depart. He anchored outside the bar, and went ashore in a final attempt to regularise his position in the eyes of Mr. Wales. The merchant received him coldly, and informed him that a British warship was on its way from Madras, to apprehend him as a pirate. Coates was so alarmed that he hastily agreed to restore the *New Jerusalem* at once.

The 'British warship' was a sloop of four guns, carrying nineteen soldiers—all that the niggardly merchants would provide for such contingencies. Coates' fears were moral rather than material.

The treasure-ship was sailed back to the Moghul customs-house, and handed back intact, with the exception of a parcel of rubies worth one lakh, which Coates kept for himself. The rubies were such a trifling item that the loss was not discovered until some time later.

Returning to the *Prosperous*, Coates suddenly realised he had been duped and out-manoeuvred. In a rage, he turned back, landed his men, and seized the Moghul governor, determining to hold him to ransom.

This proceeding, he thought, was perfectly legal. He fixed the ransom at the same sum as the value of the surrendered cargo.

The wretched governor sent for Mr. Wales. Astonishing as it may seem, the solitary unarmed Englishman cowed the 'Admiral's' crew of rapacious pirates, and compelled them to release the governor, with apologies. And so Coates sailed away, having accomplished nothing whatever. Before returning to Mergui, he burnt a few miserable villages, bombarded a few Moghul batteries, and seized a few wretched country-boats.

When Coates came back without the cargo of two hundred crores which he had taken so easily, the feelings of the Lord of Maritime Affairs may be well imagined. Of course, the actions of the 'Admiral' had to be repudiated.

Only a year later, Coates was killed during the Maccassar rebellion in Siam. The Maccassars were Moslem Malays, who were stirred up to rebellion by the dispossessed Mohammedan officials. The rebellion failed.

It may be added, however, that the Siamese themselves turned the European adventurers out of the country, in the course of a bloody rebellion a few years later.

THE END

The Castor-oil Kid

"How old are you, little boy?"

"I am now five and mother says if I take my castor oil without protest, I shall be six next year."



The White Man's Burden

by Diana Don

Reading Time • About 9 Minutes

COLONEL Crump carried the white man's burden at Nogo-Nogo, down near the Equator.

The burden included a large, comfortable bungalow, a retinue of servants, a handsome salary, and a considerable pension on retirement.

The people of Nogo-Nogo went practically naked, and ate the flesh of decayed elephants. They raided each others' villages, and sold the survivors to slave-traders.

Colonel Crump used to march round his district with an army of nine black soldiers, putting a stop to these practices. In a few years the happy aborigines were wearing ancient opera-hats, elastic-sided boots minus the soles, and other insignia of civilisation. Each year they went to the copper-mines in order to get money to pay the hut-tax. The slave-trade was a back number. A respectable householder could hardly get a good price even for his own children.

Only in one matter did the Colonel fail to bring the blessings of civilisation to the benighted heathen. They absolutely refused to adopt an enlightened and chivalrous attitude to their women-folk. When a he-man of Nogo-Nogo returned to his hut for the evening meal, and found the dinner not to his liking, he bit his wife's nose off. If he considered that the woman was too talkative, he cut her tongue out. By noting the various mutilations that the lady of the house had suffered, a visitor could make quite an inventory of her shortcomings.

Colonel Crump's difficulty was in collecting evidence of these malpractices. When he encountered a female with both ears missing, and demanded an explanation, the dusky belle told some unconvincing story about an encounter with a crocodile, or an accident with a chopper. Wifely loyalty was an unaccountably strong sentiment in Nogo-Nogo.

One day, as Colonel Crump was marching with his army near a native village, he observed a human hand lying in the path. Obviously, some wife had been remiss in her household duties—probably gossiping instead of

grinding the corn. However, the hand was evidence. If the good Colonel came across the lady to whom it belonged, she would not be able to fob him off with a story about a crocodile. The hand was carefully stored in the Colonel's baggage.

Shortly after this, the Colonel was stricken with blackwater-fever, and eventually invalided to England. So it happened that, some six months later, when he was unpacking his baggage in his Club at Pall Mall, he came across a human hand.

Now a human hand is a common object of the countryside in Nogo-Nogo; but in London it is an awkward thing to have. The sanitary authorities provide absolutely no facilities for the disposal of human hands. Maid-servants definitely refuse to remove anatomical fragments along with the kitchen garbage. Gardeners simply will not allow retired Colonels to bury suspicious objects in the geranium-bed. In fact, no matter where you plant a human hand in London, a policeman and a coroner are sure to come up.

The poor Colonel was too sick to take the thing out of London for disposal; and he had no friend in whom he could confide. Recollecting certain episodes in the crime-books that were his favourite reading, he made up the hand into a neat parcel, and took it to one of the great railway stations. If he deposited the parcel in the cloak-room, and neglected to re-claim it, it would lie unopened for a whole year, and then be treated as lost property.

But people do not usually deposit very small parcels in cloak-rooms. The attendant eyed the Colonel suspiciously, and asked if the parcel contained anything valuable. The Colonel stuttered. With increasing suspicion, the attendant required the Colonel's name and address, with proof of identity.

The unhappy Colonel wandered restlessly round the station for an hour, and then re-claimed his deposit. He had a better idea. He would leave the thing in a bus. Thousands of odd articles get left in buses every day.

The following morning, Colonel Crump received a letter from the London Transport Board. A small parcel had been found in a bus on route 232. By a cloak-room ticket adhering to the wrapper, it had been traced as the Colonel's property. Would he kindly claim the article at his earliest convenience, paying the usual fee of one shilling?

The Colonel recovered his property from the London Transport Board, and took it back to the Club. He decided to load the parcel with stones, and throw it into the river. But stones are as rare in the London

streets as icebergs in the infernal regions. The only heavy articles to hand were the ash-trays in the club smoking-room. The Colonel purloined a couple of these, re-packed the hand in a small box that was on his dressing-table, wrapped the parcel in plain brown paper, and tied the heavy brass ash-receptacles to the outside. At midnight, he threw the lot over Westminster Bridge.

Two days later, the Colonel went down to the porter's lodge to collect his letters. He found the porter looking curiously at a box which was sandwiched between two of the club ash-trays.

"Here's a curious thing, sir," remarked the garrulous old soldier, "Do you remember the row there was yesterday about a couple of ash-trays being stolen—the ones with the name of the club on them? Well, here they are, sir, sent back by the Port of London Authority, and two shillings to pay. The letter says this parcel fell on the deck of one of their patrol-boats, as it was passing under Westminster Bridge at midnight. I wonder what is in the parcel?" And the porter began to cut the string.

"Er—don't open it—the parcel is mine," stuttered the Colonel.

The porter gazed at the Colonel in astonishment.

"Here, my good man—it—it was a joke," said the Colonel, taking the parcel, and pressing a five-pound note into the old soldier's hand.



"But the theft of the ash-trays, sir—"

"Let me keep the box—say there was nothing inside it," begged the Colonel, thrusting another bank-note at the porter.

"Well, it is very irregular, sir," muttered Cerebus, gazing doubtfully at the bribe. "Still, we've got the ash-trays back, and no harm has been done; so I'll do as you ask. But I must say, sir, I didn't think *you* would be a thief, sir. It lets us old soldiers down, sir."

With burning ears, the unfortunate Colonel meekly accepted the reproach, and went down the steps of the club into the street. How careless he was, he thought, as he removed the brown paper from the box. Not only had the ash-trays borne the name of his club; the box was stamped in gilt with the address of his jeweller. It was a neat black affair which had originally been a jewel-case.

That reminded him—his watch was being repaired at the jeweller's. The Colonel went to Bond-Street to get his watch.

As he emerged from the shop, still carrying the box, a ferretty little man eyed him closely. Here was a wealthy retired officer coming out of an exclusive shop with a jewel-case in his hand. There was a sudden scuffle. The box was snatched from the Colonel's hand. The ferretty man leapt into a waiting motor-car. It drove off at a terrific speed, shot over the cross-roads in defiance of a red traffic-light, and disappeared.

The Colonel stood on the pavement, doing nothing whatever.

That night, the *Evening Cry* carried a sensational headline:

"GRUESOME DISCOVERY IN ABANDONED CAR."

"This morning, a stolen motor-car was found wrecked in a by-road in Northern London. The car had been stolen from outside a bakery in

Brixton. It was traced to Bond Street, where the thieves had evidently planned a smash-and-grab raid.

"A puzzling feature is that although no robbery was carried out, the car was driven away at high speed, being noted at several crossings *en route*.

"About two hundred yards before the car crashed, a jewel-case bearing the name of a prominent firm was thrown out. At this moment something must have occurred to unnerve the miscreants; and the car was driven into a lamp-standard.

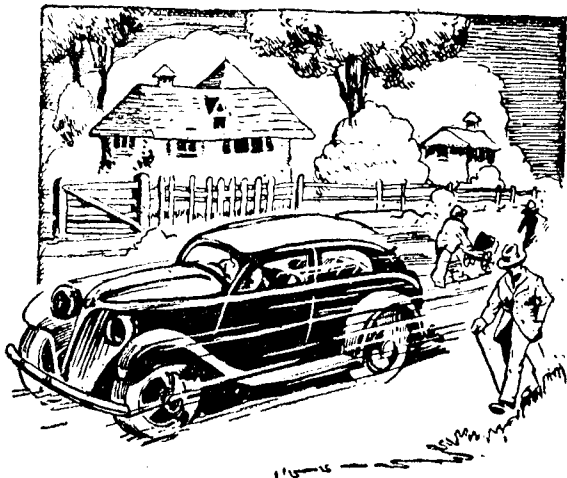
"A sinister aspect is given to the affair by the discovery of a severed human hand on the floor of the car. The horrifying relic was immediately submitted to expert examination.

"The pathologists have reconstructed the origin of the gruesome find. They declare that the hand belonged to a tall, fair man, with blue eyes and a small beard, a left-handed cabinet-maker with a slight limp. An interesting deduction is that he was fond of horse-racing.

"This description exactly corresponds with that of Leonard Lynx, a well-known criminal lately missing from his usual haunts. His associates say he is in prison, but this theory is discounted in official circles.

"It is evident that Leonard Lynx was killed in a gang-fight, and the murderers are disposing of his mutilated corpse. The hand is curiously shrivelled and blackened, which indicates that attempts were made, in the first place, to destroy the remains by treating them with acid. The public is asked to keep a sharp look-out for the rest of the corpse.

"Great credit is due to the police for this marvellous reconstruction of a horrible crime. The arrest of the murderers of Leonard Lynx is hourly expected."



THE END

Auntie J. J.—(Continued from page 16)

head with it. The sensation was so pleasant that Mo hugged her husband and danced for sheer joy. Thus, whenever Mo wanted her back or head scratched, Bo produced the dead porcupine. Scratching one's wife with a porcupine is a tiresome business. Bo thought and thought, and at last he had another brainwave. He plucked a few quills from the porcupine and tied them up to a splinter of wood transversely. This had all the advantages of the porcupine less its weight. And that, my dears, is the origin of the comb. In gratitude, Mo presented her husband with a new baby every year, and they lived happily ever after.

★

Determined (Penang): "I am determined to show my wife who is master of the house."

Quite unnecessary. She knows who is who already.

* * *

Hirsute Chap (Madura): So you have boycotted

all barbers' shops? And you want to know why those fellows tell such hair-raising yarns?

They don't tell you hair-raising yarns for the pleasure of it. If your barber tells you a hair-raising story, your hair would stand on end. He would then cut it with greater ease.

*

Pestonji (Bombay):

"When I returned to my dear native-land after roaming in foreign climes for six months, I fell upon the road leading from Ballard Pier and kissed it."

I am sorry to hear, dear Pestonji, that your return to your native-land should be marred by a banana-skin.

* * *

Fruit Merchant (Basavan-gudi): "Is there money in jam in this country?"

I should say there was. If ever you are jammed between two cars, you will know exactly how much money there is in it.

YES, I KNOW

Answers to Questions on page 16

1. *Pour Prudre Conge* (Franch): To take leave.
2. A peach, according to Lloyd Stark, considered a leading authority on the origin of fruits.
3. The initials of the words—Chief Police.
4. Serum.

You Can't Keep A Good Man Down!—(Continued from page 11)

community held a little consultation and came to a unanimous decision. They announced their decision by a resounding yell.

They carried the butcher shoulder-high to a lovely lagoon inland. Arrived there, they stripped him naked, at which the poor butcher blushed horribly. They gave him a nice bath, rubbing his lovely hide with reverent hands. They decked him in flowers and carried him to a large natural amphitheatre formed by skirting coconut palms.

The butcher was supremely happy at this royal reception. He kept murmuring: "Yer can't keep a good man down!"

"Good man! Good man!" murmured the Islanders in chorus.

To cut a long story short, within an hour, the poor butcher was reduced to a fine table delicacy. The South Sea clan sat in a semicircle and partook of the butcher to their hearts' content. As the revellers neared the last course, a strange look came into their eyes. The patriarch of the community looked at the subjects. The subjects looked at their patriarch and at one another. All at once, obeying an inward impulse, the whole community dashed to the sea-shore and vomited the butcher.

Towards evening, when their stomachs returned to normal functioning, the patriarch gathered his subjects and said to them: "Boys and girls, let this be an object lesson to us. We must never eat good men. For you can't keep a good man down!"

THE END

5-20-6--36

38



A Bull and A Bear

BULLS are very much in the news now. There are two kinds of bulls. One kind of bull is very fond of bears and is only to be found in the stock exchanges. It is not these bulls that are in the news. They flirt with the bears so unashamedly that the cows shun them, and no wonder. No self-respecting cow would tolerate a bull that runs after bears.

The other kind of bull, the one that is the subject of this article, is altogether a different proposition. These bulls have four legs, two eyes, one tail and so forth, just as any other quadruped has. One peculiarity of these bulls is that they get themselves given away absolutely free to Pinjrapoles by well-meaning gentlemen. They are very fond of cows and the cows reciprocate the sentiment rather warmly. The bull is put to many uses. It is castrated and made to draw municipal conservancy carts. Its horns and hooves are changed into glue, and the Post Office and businessmen are generally fond of it. People are fond of hitting its eye, hence the expression, 'Hitting the bull's eye'. The young of the cow could be directly traced to the bull. People like Aesop use the bull in their fables which point to admirable morals, like The Bull and the Frog. The third (counting from the left) of the Hindu Trinity started the fashion of riding on bulls. Unfortunately, the advent of pneumatic locomotion has outmoded the bulls.



Pre-pneumatic travel

Though the title of this little article is Bulls and Cows, it is really an article about cows. So much has been written and spoken about bulls during the last two months that anything said of them at this time of the day would look silly. I have only mentioned the bulls to bring out the grand qualities of the cows into sharper contrast, as it were.

The press and the platform have been unjust to the cow. The bull has got so much publicity that it is time somebody called a halt to this paean of fulsome praise and switched on to the cow. I am setting an example, and I have no doubt that my brothers of the pen will follow suit.

The cow is of course the feminine gender of the bull. It has a most compelling sex-appeal. If you have observed a whole herd of cows patiently followed by one solitary bull, or at the most two

bulls, you will readily admit my observation about the cow's sex-appeal.

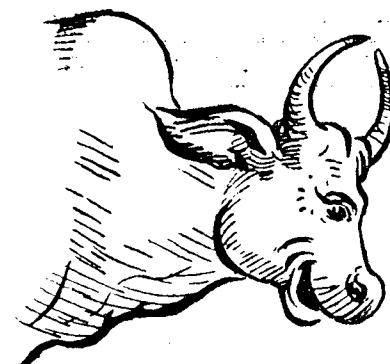
The cows give birth to calves, which are little mischievous beggars, considering the way in which they frisk and jump when they have so little reason to jump and frisk. The cow's alimentary excretions are considered (by old Hindu widows mostly) as very sacred. As a matter of fact, the whole of the cow is considered sacred by Hindus, except perhaps those Hindus who are rather partial to beef. Muslims and Christians, on the other hand, don't concede the

Re. Bulls

Reading Time
•
About 5 Minutes

And Cows

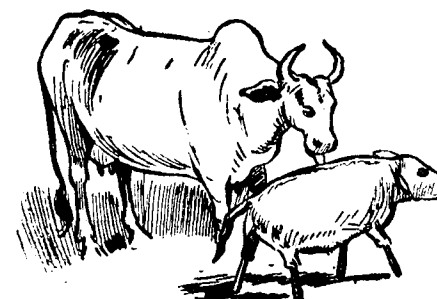
by V. Vyasa Rao



Bovine sex-appeal

sacredness of the cow. They maintain that the cow is just another quadruped. This divergence of opinion has something to do with the Hindu-Muslim question, but not being a theologian, I don't pretend to understand the profound point at issue.

Immediately a cow has a baby, its udder, which has a family resemblance to Scottish bag-pipes, swells with milk. The popular belief is that the milk is intended for the cow's baby. Like most popular beliefs, it is deplorably incorrect. The milk is very useful for making coffee, tea, ice-cream, condensed-milk, etc. It may be very pertinently asked: "How then does the calf live?" God, in His infinite wisdom, thought of that long before human beings thought of it. The calf, whenever he feels hungry, licks his mother's skin and thereby assuages his hunger. One extraordinary thing about these calves is that they continue to live after they are dead. Not, as you imagine, as spirits in



The immortal calf

the spirit-land, as we men and women do. They continue to live here on this earth and very near their mothers. The only difference is, that whereas before they were dead, they had flesh and bone in them, they have, after they were dead, hay or dried leaves inside them. The cow is such an idiotic animal that it does not know the difference, and continues to lick its child as of yore. Poor cow! God bless her dear heart!

To go back to the cow's udder, somebody appears to have blundered very badly somewhere. Evolution perhaps is to blame. The cow's udder ought to have been constructed like a kangaroo's pouch. We could then go to the cow, bend down a little and scoop up the required quantity of milk for the morning cup of coffee.

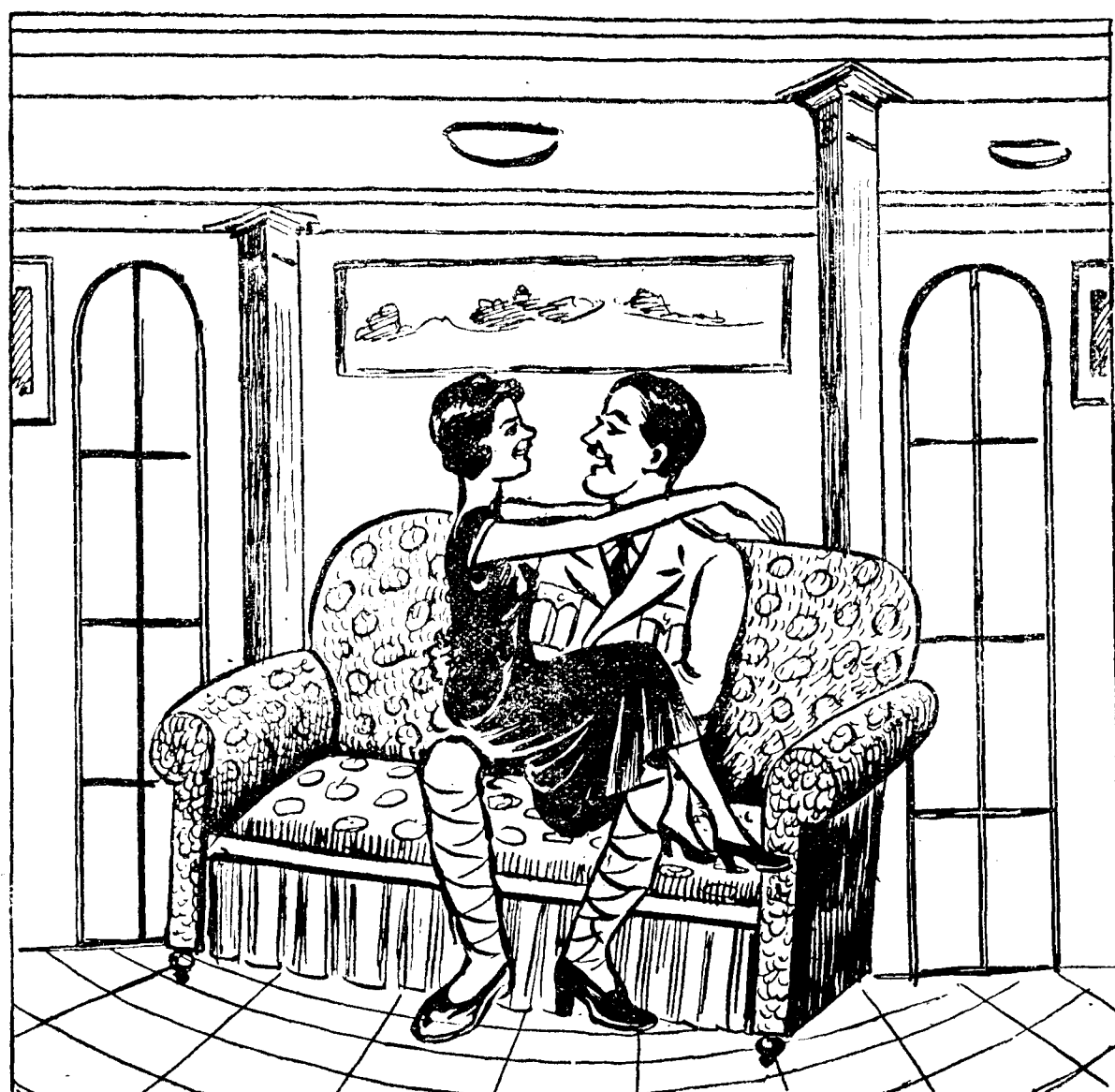
There are many things that deserve honourable mention about the cow. But at the limited space at my disposal, it is not possible to canvass all the good qualities that go to make a cow, a cow.

I shall end with a fervent prayer that the dear cows may have a good time of it, now that the Indian public is taking so much interest in them.

THE END



The easier method



The love birds

I Ask You

by C. G. M.

Reading Time • About 6 Minutes

THESE things I asked the Gods, these things I asked the Fates, and the Fates that rule the Gods, and the Fates that rule the Fates. But the Gods nodded ponderously and answered not, and the Fates were too busily employed brewing trouble for a future generation to pause to consider the peccadillos, problems, and pleasant pastimes of an insignificant Earth. Then I asked the Wiseman of the East, and

the Norns, and the Cow that jumped over the Moon, and the Cat with nine lives, and the Spider. But the answers they gave me were unconvincing and I was unhappy. So I asked my friends, and was mocked and reviled and advised to grow up. But I am grown up and nobody has yet been able to instruct me in these matters, so I ask you.

Mr. Arthur Jackson's Misfortune

Mr. Arthur Jackson was a subaltern in an Indian Infantry Regiment. His battalion was stationed on the Frontier, and therefore, thanks to the benevolence of a singularly thoughtful Government, he found himself entitled to three months leave per annum, ex-India, instead of the normal two! What could be nicer? He would go home annually to inspect the lighting arrangements of the Metropolis and improve his working knowledge of the bright places in general and the high spots in particular.

On the second night of his first year's leave in London, he met the most wonderful girl in the world, Miss Mae Cachou of 'Le Merle Blanc.' And thanks to that training in making quick decisions, so much encouraged by the powers that be, he concluded straightaway that this dream girl, this true companion of a lonely lieutenant, was admirably fitted for the task of assisting him, while on leave, in applying to London, a coat of paint so vividly red, as to give that city a reputation for Soviet tendencies for all time. Mae, however, was a shy young thing, of the helpless and clinging variety, and almost before Mr. Jackson realised what was happening, he had received from his Commanding Officer a Regimental father's benediction in reply to his wildly worded cablegram requesting permission to marry.

A whirlwind wedding followed and, within a month of Mr. Jackson's arrival in the Home Land, the love birds found themselves comfortably nesting in a suite of rooms in the Regent Palace Hotel. After a short while our bridegroom, as became a practical soldier in a business age, soon turned his thoughts towards the future and decided to return to India with his bride, at a somewhat earlier date than he originally intended. Also in the dim recesses of his mind, he was considering the problems of bungalow, furniture, money and all the hundred and one things which would have to be arranged for his wife in Rawalpindi before he returned to the strictly masculine atmosphere of Razmak.

Luck however and the willing assistance of a brother officer on short leave in 'Pindi' were with Mr. Jackson. A comfortable bungalow was discovered, and furniture, fans, and frying pans duly obtained on the hire-purchase system.

Suitable servants were also engaged; and hurried arrangements made with that all highest, the C. M. A., to pay direct to Mrs. Jackson, on the 1st of each month, the greater portion of her husband's hard-earned pay and allowances. Altogether, seated in the train bearing him farther and farther away from his best beloved, the tearful and loving farewell fresh in his memory, her kisses still burning his lips, Mr. Jackson could think of nothing that he had left undone which he ought to or possibly could have done for his wife's benefit in 'Pindi. Now why, when some few months later he received a telegram from his wife in Bombay saying that she had been unable to stand 'Pindi and was running away with Mr. Anderer, Christian name Phillip, known to his friends as Phil, why, I ask, did Mr. Jackson wire her enough money



Why did the latter shake his fist?

for two First Class passages Home?

Was it to drown his sorrows that he invited all his friends to the club that evening for a very moist session at his expense? And why, when he met Mr. Anderer in Piccadilly during his leave in London the following year, did the latter shake his fist at him and raise his umbrella threateningly? Can it be that these two men had both, in the short space of twelve months, tired of so precious a creature as Mae? Can it be that the proverb sometimes deceives while it assures us of the inevitable sweetness of illegally appropriated fruit?

These things then did I ask of the Oracle of Ammon; of Loki and Persephone, of Vester and Venus. But they looked at me seductively or mysteriously or virginally or lovingly according to their natures, and answered not. And I wish to know, so I ask you. (Better ask Auntie.—Ed.)

THE END



Maid: The child is lost, madam!

Mistress: What! Did you speak to a policeman?

Maid: I was speaking to one at the time, madam.

Merry's Filmfolio

BHAKTHA KUCHELA (Tamil)

Producers: Madras United Artists Corpn.

Considered as a reproduction of the well-known KUCHELOPAKYANAM, this *Kuchela* is intelligent, reasonably faithful and less likely to arouse squeals of affected agony from literary and dramatic pundits than any other recent effort of its kind. On its own merits, too, as a picture, it is the liveliest in which Subbulakshmi has appeared; and should, on this account, delight the thousands of the cinema-goers who have been told of S. D. Subbulakshmi's latent talents. *Kuchela* gives her a chance to show, with the movement of a hand and the flicker of an eye-lash, the incomparable artistry that belongs to genius.

As Susila, Kuchela's wife, and later as Sri Krishna, she seems to be made of sunlight and moonlight. She changes her temperament with mercurial rapidity. Here is no sugary sweetness, no manufactured allure, no fascination built on the foundation of a glamorous wardrobe. Instead, Susila is a plain creature, wearing a cheap sari, a gift from a charitable neighbour, her untended hair falling over her eyes, concealing partly the consuming hunger hidden in them. S. D. S. plays two independent parts. No player has ever fitted into the role of Sri Krishna as S. D. S. does. She is first-rate all round.

for each other. While in acting, he brings out the finer traits of Kuchela the Bhaktha, to the fore, his songs are of the variety which can but be enjoyed.

Heavily laden with tear-jerking sentimentality, handily interspersed with laugh-provoking comedy sequences, carefully spotted to prevent the film from becoming overloaded with pathos, this United Artistes production is pleasing entertainment.

The sets are the best yet seen in Tamil talkies, the camera effects fine and sound-recording very good. The 'Make-up' man has for once done his work with admirable skill.



Miss Balasaraswathi

The story of *Kuchela* must appeal to every one because it is the tale of the daily life of every poverty-stricken son of Bharathamatha. Only there is no Krishna to bring us the emancipation which happens to Kuchela.

FAULTS: It runs for over three hours; this could have been usefully shortened by cutting out most of the Gurukulavasam business, retaining the scene of Krishna promising to make Kuchela give him the 'AVAL' and then going in for Kuchela's domestic 'bliss.'

Balasaraswathi is a find. She tells the whole story and her touching and truthful portrayal of hers and her parents' faith in Sri Krishna and his seeming betrayals hang Sri Krishna a number of times on each count. She creates situations which appear to be comic on the surface but really bring tears to the eyes.

Papanasam Sivan as Kuchela sings his part and it seems as if he and this role had been predestined

In one scene Sambasivan complains that Krishna has stolen all the fruits. In restoring the fruits, Krishna is shown first displaying the empty basket and then, as if by jugglery, the fruits fill the basket. The basket ought to have remained covered during the complaint and then opened only to show the fruits in it.

Satyabhama never speaks a word herself but hides her face wherever her 'part' speaks. Nor can she sing in Tamil. Her part is rendered very dull.

HOT FROM HOLLYWOOD

At the Bargain Counter

Filmiland has its bargain counter. Stars whose names appear in bright lights today worked at very nearly bargain prices for the fame that came to them suddenly, unexpectedly.

Some of the screen celebrities who have won fame at salaries in the bargain class are Janet Gaynor, Charles Farrell, James Cagney, Myrna Loy, Jean Harlow, Shirley Temple, Jane Withers, Johnny Weissmuller, Gary Cooper, Richard Arlen, Charles 'Buddy' Rogers, Jack Oakie, Jean Muir, Richard Cromwell—that's just part of the list.

Robert Taylor, the new sensation in male stars who has made a smash-hit in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's *Broadway Melody of 1936*, does not appear in the above collection of star names; yet his case is probably the strangest of all. He became a star when his salary was exactly 35 dollars a week.

He jumped into immediate favour with film audiences, that is, through a single performance in a single film, for which he received a salary of 35 dollars a week.

To-day, he is a full-fledged star; and if there has not been a drastic readjustment of his contract—which has happened, in all probability—we shall read shortly of yet another newcomer who has staged a "walk out," through dissatisfaction over salary.

Robert Taylor's contract for *Society Doctor* in which Chester Morris and Virginia Bruce played the leads, was on the 75 dollars mark. When the film was previewed this young, dark, "unknown" simply wrapped up the entire film, and walked away with it tucked under his arm.

Clark Gable did much the same thing when he made his electrical hit as a tough gangster in Joan Crawford's film, *Souls for Sale*; but Mr. Gable's salary, even then, was more than 75 dollars a week.

Robert Taylor has been an amateur actor in college shows; he wanted to be a doctor, but was seen by a

talent sleuth and promptly grabbed for the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Stock Company, where youthful talent is coached into something worth presenting to a sophisticated public.

When *Society Doctor* came to the screen, with Robert Taylor playing his first real part, many of the young men who appeared as hospital surgeons—just supplying good background—were drawing bigger salary cheques than Mr. Taylor!

But when the pre-view was over, his salary rose magically to 200 dollars a week, with many options that were due to come into action at frequent intervals. As Robert Taylor is now riding the crest of the

wave, that contract has probably been pushed into the W. P. B. the dear old mother of rejected contracts and a far better one put in its place.

Jack Oakie was a bargain price star for some months, during a number of successful films. But his case is rather different from the others.

One clever manager offered him a contract, for forty-eight weeks or so of every year, whether he actually worked in a film or not. Jack Oakie thought the

contract swell.

So it was. But he bounded into the ranks of the stars. Audiences yelled for him; he was at the Top.

Then the clever manager was seat-letting his client, Mr. Jack Oakie, to film companies at a weekly salary infinitely larger than what he paid him—and pocketing the difference! This is a perfectly legitimate way of doing business, but the star sued the manager for freedom. He now negotiates his own contracts.

But perhaps in some ways unique case was that of Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell. When they appeared to fame in *Seventh Heaven*, which is considered one of the classics of the screen, Janet was earning 100 dollars a week, and Mr. Farrell 70 dollars.



Janet Gaynor

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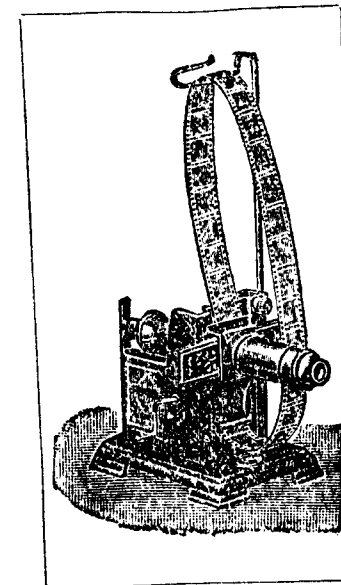
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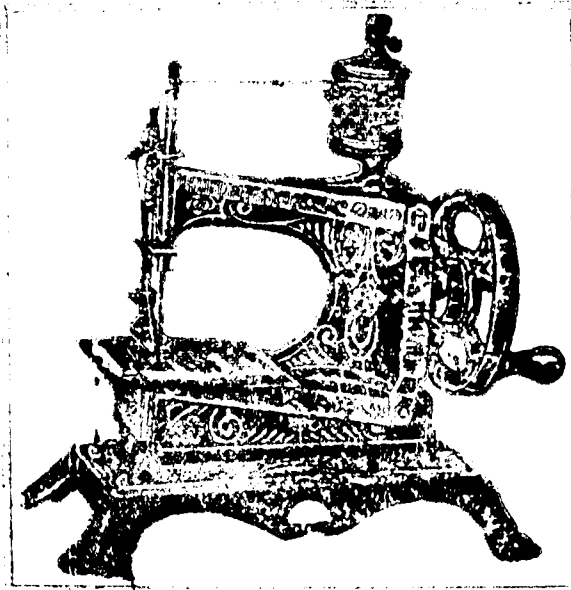
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