

MERRY

MAGAZINE

Yes
The Mightier Sex

A. A. Roland

The Beast In Us!

Jyeshtha

The Circular

R. Jagannathan

Mahoney's Last Gamble

Embusque

The Culinary Wager

Emkay

Vol IV No. 30

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ANNAS TWO

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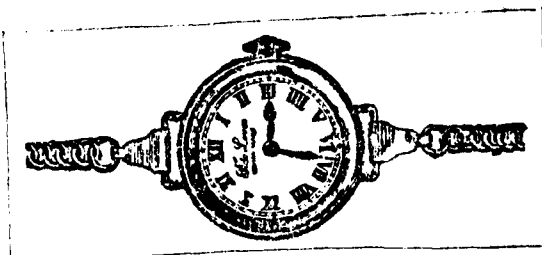
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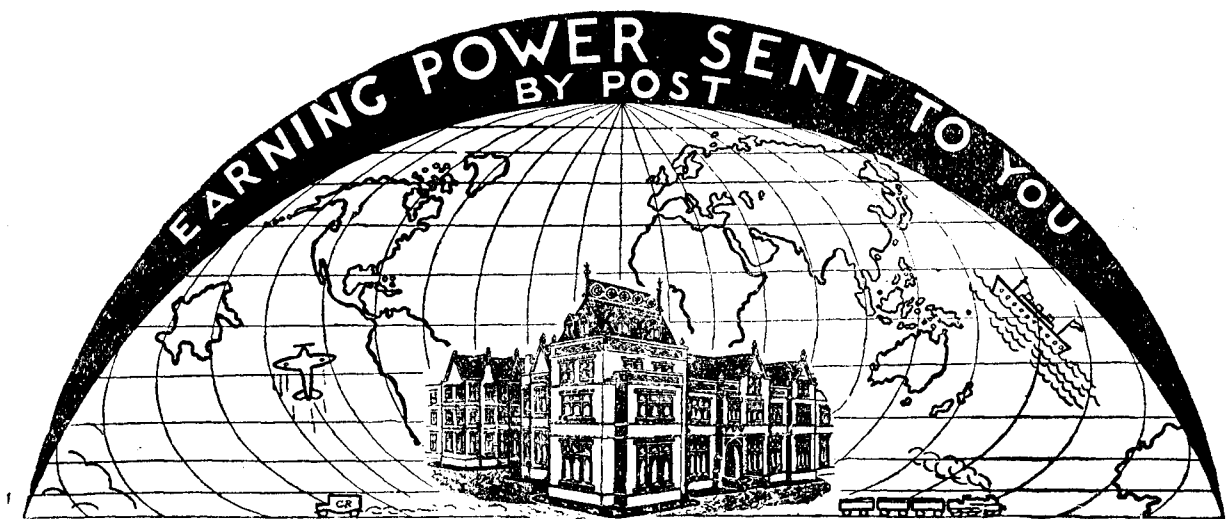
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OPEN LETTER TO PARENTS

Dear Sir or Madam,—When your children first arrived they brought with them a wonderful lot of sunshine. Later, you became proud of the intelligence they displayed, but, still later, you became anxious as to what would become of them in the future. Perhaps you were anxious when you visualised them as grown men and women. Even with plenty of money it is not always easy to select the right career, and a parent is sometimes inclined to ask advice of some relative, and in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred that relative knows nothing at all about the possibilities of employment.

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If you have any anxieties at all as to what your sons or daughters should be, write to me, or better still, let them write to me personally—Fatherly Advice Department—and tell me their likes and dislikes, and I will give sound practical advice as to the possibilities of a vocation and how to succeed in it.

Yours sincerely,

J. Bennett

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The
MERRY
MAGAZINE



Madras, July 25, '36

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Embusque

The Disobliging Cow

This is a welcome break, as our Yankee friends would say, with all this deafening noise around us about bulls. At least out of chivalry we ought to say something about the 'ladies' once in a while. So here is a cow for you.



Sithara Thriambak

"Vissalam Gases"

It is a well-known fact that the Proletariat has a fascination for society weddings. We have been persistently asked by a section of our readers to describe a wedding in High Life. We released our Lady Correspondent on a posh wedding, and can she describe a wedding!



John A. Henry

Private Defence

With all these Socialists and Communists hanging around casting unholy eyes on our comfortable homes it is eminently necessary that we know something about private defence. Here are a few straight tips.



K. L. Bernard

Molehill To Mountain

All about what happens if your wife is not careful when frying pappadams.

SPARKS FROM OUR ANVIL

Commenting on the Austro-German Agreement, the *Daily Express* says that it relieves Britain of its obligations in Europe.

But we are not so sure that she will not have to pay for it elsewhere!

* * *

Baron Franckenstein, the Austrian minister in London, explains that the Agreement will not destroy Austrian independence.

We wish we could take his name for a sufficient guarantee of this hope!

* * *

It is announced that Britain is about to order a mass production of gas-masks for the civilian population.

Some of them will no doubt be used to save the faces of the Ministers!

* * *

Urging young men to join the Territorial Army, the Bishop of Liverpool says: "Our regular army is occupied continually in keeping the peace."

Especially the piece that belongs to others!

* * *

He further added: "But for its detachments in all parts of the world, there would have been half a dozen massacres since the War."

—More or less than the actual number!

* * *

And, by the way, he must have meant *attachments*, not *detachments*!

Reuter reports that a Commons' debate was suspended on account of the escape of gas.

This is a belated discovery by the Mother of Parliaments!

* * *

Speaking at Vizag on 'Some Tense Moments' in the local Council, the President, Mr. Ramachandra Reddi, referred to question-time and said: "On the supply of butter-milk, Hon. members churned it so often that they got neither butter nor milk out of it, but only bubbles."

Anyhow, they pricked them very effectively!

* * *

Referring to the transfer of Aden to the Imperial Government, Earl Winterton remarked: "Had the transfer been made twenty to fifty years ago, the colony would have been in a much better position to-day."

Evidently therefore, the Bombay Government must have been mis-managing it as badly as it is mis-managing its own province!

* * *

The *Indian Express* characterises the proposal to bring two experts from England to study the problems of agriculture and dairying, as bringing 'two white elephants'.

Obviously for bleeding purposes!

* * *

Speaking of dictators in Europe, Sir T. Vijayaraghavachari is reported to have said that Herr Hitler is a vegetarian.

Still, we think that vegetarianism cannot be so easily discredited!

"The Indian Team skippered by Major Nayudu beat Lancashire in their second fixture with that County. The Maharajkumar of Vizianagaram was away in London where he was knighted by the King."—News Item.

What a pity that the ceremony cannot be prolonged for the rest of the period of the Indian Team's stay in England!

From an account of an English trial: "A fortnight later, she was arrested on a charge of forgery, and taken to a cell with a plank bed and only one blanket. Next morning, she was forcibly stripped, and washed with carbolic soap. When brought up to the court, she was found not guilty."

Nor, we fear, very well-dressed!

* * *

A communique says that the Secretary of State in Council has excluded Indian Philosophy from the list of optional subjects for the I.C.S. Examination.

This comes with peculiar grace from the author of *The Heart of Aryavarta*!

* * *

Referring to his Party, Sir Cowasji Jehangir said: "I could name a number of men of standing all over India whose politics do not differ from ours."

You can easily spot them all by their refusal to move!

The Austro-German Agreement

Nothing succeeds like success; and Sgr. Mussolini is entitled to the sincere congratulations of all impartial people who consider that politics is a not over-refined game, in which, as in love, all is fair. It was a detached British student of world politics who bewailed the weakness of democratic governments in general, and of Britain in particular, that they have a constitutional habit of 'waiting upon events'. This disastrous policy discernible in the vacillation and divided allegiance of British statesmen during the last two years has resulted in the emergence of a central European bloc which bids fair to rival in strength and power for mischief, the alliance of the central European powers in pre-War days. History has repeated itself with a disconcerting rapidity, which can be judged from the feverish measures rushed through the British Parliament for increasing the fighting forces. The Dardanelles Conference has just concluded in an agreement which, on the surface at least, tends to throw Britain along with France into the arms of remote Eastern allies. Just as Italy suffers German friendship up to a certain point, so Britain seems not averse to cultivating Soviet collaboration—up to a certain point. The isolationists in Britain, always on precarious ground, are now absolutely nowhere. There was justification for them when England had its prestige unsoiled by a timid advance and inglorious retreat. Isolation now would be suicidal; hence the pact with the much-hated Soviet, because it provides the only possible counterblast to the growth of German hegemony in Europe. Judging from previous experience of the ways of the British Cabinet, it looks as if Hitler's flirtation with Mussolini might be put an end to by her being given back some of her African colonies. Mr. Pirow, the African Minister, returning from a recent visit to England, made a statement which has scandalised the faithful Imperialists of the Page-Croft variety. He said that English opinion was coming to realise the necessity of placating Germany by restoring to her her African colonies. It would ease the tension in Europe, and make Africa safe for the white settler, surrounded as he is by the dark and dispossessed millions of the soil. We shouldn't be surprised if the next move on the chess-board of Europe has its results manifested in Africa. Even so, the problem of European pacification is as far from solution as ever. Dictatorships of the kind that have sprung up in Germany and Italy are essentially predatory in character. Indeed it is the condition of their survival. All the terrible re-armament that is going on is essentially unproductive; and however much politicians may profess that it is to maintain peace, War is bound to come. It is the great purgation devised by Nature for restoring sanity to an insane, greedy and power-mad world. To take only one instance, the success of Mussolini has been too thorough for retribution to linger or delay unduly. But who can be sure that Nemesis will not engulf many more beside him?

The Cricket Viswamitra's 'No'.



'On deeper consideration' Skipper Vizzy has changed his mind about Amarnath's return to England.

On Saturday the 18th July the happy news was flashed across India that Anarnath was being sent back with a chaperone in the person of A. S. De Mello to see, apparently, that the bad men over there don't get fresh with this coy darling. Vizzy was willing, as Barkis was in regard to old Pizzotty, and we were all expecting to see a little touching family reunion. The very next day news tickled across that Anarnath was not going, because Vizzy, on deeper consideration, I changed my mind and I have informed the Board to that effect."

It is nice to have such nice changing minds. I wish I had one such mind. I think I will ask for a loan of Vizzy's mind and stick it up on the terrace of the *Merry Magazine* office as a weathercock. It is a good idea, and you can always say which way the wind is blowing.

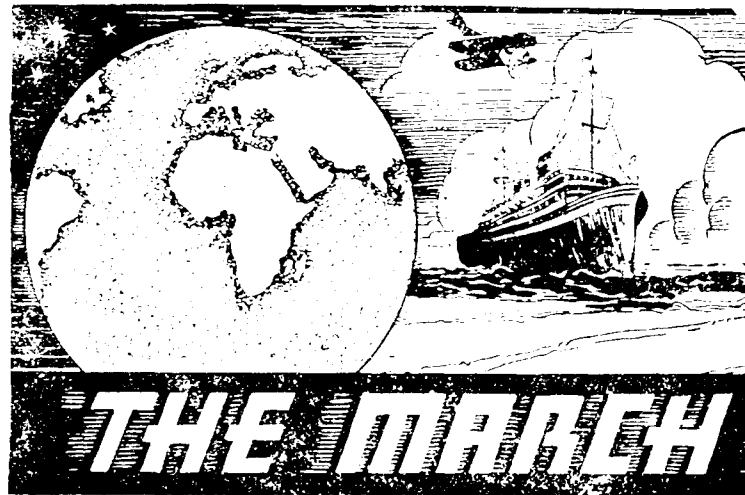
★

It is reported that there is a town in South Africa where the girls do most of the courting. That is a god-send for girl-shy chaps like me. I have never been kissed by a girl, a real live girl I mean. I have kissed, of course, girls under two years who have strayed away from their mothers or ayahs in the parks. My idea of a good, stolen kiss has been ever this: A young man would sit in a deserted spot on the beach or any old place you like. A dashing buck of a girl comes along. She approaches the man, chucks him under the chin and kisses him squarely on the lips. Anything might or might not happen after that. I don't know. But what I do know is that we men are over-worked and need a rest. What say?

★

Sally Desmond writing to the *Illustrated Weekly* says, by way of caption to what she writes:

**A Tip To Husbands
Put Her In Sandals**



The 'her' here refers to the wife, of course. Don't you think this tip is too awful for words? Oh, Sally Desmond! Where is your loyalty to your sex? Husband! You could put your wife in bed, and the softer the bed, the better it would be for her. You could put her in a chair, stand behind her and admire her ears, back view. You could put her on a diet and feed her on orange juice, onions and kisses, if you want to reduce her waistline. But, dammit, how could you put her in sandals, you brute? For one thing sandals are smelly things, especially when they are new. For another, how could you put your wife who is probably five feet five inches high into a nine inch sandal? That means you've got to buy a sandal five feet five inches long, which would be unthinkably silly as a substitute for a silk sari. Besides sandals are all holes except the sole. No, put your wives in saris as usual, and don't you pay any heed to Sally Desmond.

★

The era of Sanctions against Italy is off. I suppose I must fall into line. You remember I also imposed sanctions on Italy when the fashion was all for sanctions? I used to write about fifty letters a day to the Duce and post them without sticking stamps on them. The idea was that the Duce would

be obliged to pay double the legal postage, if he wanted my letters delivered to him. As he could not afford to ignore our powerful Indian public opinion, he dare not refuse my letters. Now, in the face of the unequivocal lead of the Mother of Parliaments, I am sticking stamps to my correspondence to Italy. Post Office Gazettes of India and Italy, please copy.

★

The Madras Dravidian Association felicitated Dewn Bahadur Ramaswamy Mudaliar on his translation to the India Council. The Association told the Dewan Bahadur "We dare say that with your long public work and your wide and varied experience, you would make yourself felt at the Council and that your term of office would leave indelible impressions on the landmarks of Indian constitutional history."

Rather a nice thing to say of any man, I should say. Mr. Mudaliar would certainly make himself felt at the Council. Among his other valuable contacts at the Council, the seat of Mr. Mudaliar's chair would certainly feel Mr. Mudaliar's body. But I don't agree with the latter sentiment expressed by the Dravidian Association. Mr. Mudaliar is certainly



a strong personality, whose 'personality' might mean. But I don't think he is as strong and sticky as marking-ink whose first and last business is to leave indelible impressions. Even if you bail me into a sticky paste, you could never use me as marking-ink. I suppose the same holds good in the case of every other man.

★

Mysore has always attracted me. It is possible, I may have been an important member of the Mysore Royal Family in one of my previous births. Anyhow I like the Mysore ladies, and the way they wear their saris. Mahatma Gandhi fell in love with the ladies of Mysore State, so why not I? Which reminds me of Rajamantrapravina S. P. Rajagopalachari, Dewan-in-Charge, Mysore State. Dear un-Sanscrit readers, don't be scared by that 'Rajamantrapravina'. It just means a guy who is a fast sprinter where statecraft is concerned, with buckets of staying power in him. The Dewan-in-Charge opened the other day the palatial new offices of the Bangalore Municipal Council. He said somewhere in his speech: "We are fortunate in having the inspiring guidance of our distinguished dewan, Sir Mirza Ismail, who has been keenly interested in the welfare of this City and its

improvement in every respect during the past decade or more."

Among my friends, I count a few fellows who were dewans, at least one of them was interested in the capital city of his state. Now isn't it grand that Mysore has a Dewan who is so keenly interested in the most beautiful city in the State which he is dewaning? It is not everywhere you could get a dewan like that, could you?

★

News is to hand that some American women have formed a society called SPLENDID TOILE, meaning, Society for the Protection of Ladies Whose Lives have been Blackened by Gentlemen Taking Off Hats in Elevators.

Not bad, considering that women are at the back of this. I think we men ought to start a society in Madras with branches in all the big cities of India whose amenities include tramcars. We might call the society the SPLENDID TOILE SOCIETY, meaning, Society for the protection of gentlemen who are obliged to give up their comfortable and hard-won seats in tramcars to ladies who don't even throw you a smile for the courtesy.

"If Nature is ungrudgingly bounteous to any one, it is certainly to the villager, and yet his tale is one of sadness and misery." So says Miss R. S. Naidu, Principal, Indraprastha Girls' College, Delhi, in an article in *Dharma-raja*.

But, dear lady, why wonder at it? Nature in giving to the villager with a prodigal hand, handed out to him with the same hand sadness and misery in exarchs. It is perfectly all right, I assure you.

★

Says the *Statesman*: "The dictators are getting things done while British Ministers continue to mough their old stale cliches. The Empire most urgently needs real and decisive leadership. This it will never get until Mr. Baldwin and some of his colleagues either retire or are kicked out."

Hard words these, coming from Chowringhee. I admit the Empire needs real and decisive leadership; but need we go to the length of kicking people any old way we like? My! won't it hurt their rungs? If there is anything in the world today which could justifiably be compared to the most sticky brand of glue, it is the British Cabinet. So it is madness to suppose that they would scam, to oblige me and the *Statesman*. What then, eh? Kicking them out won't do at all. They are all elderly people and we must respect age, and its hindquarters. One alternative to kicking is to lead them gently by the hand and leave them on the Embankment or the Salisbury Plain when it was raining hard. Or we can put them in a boat and send them to Haiti, with either Clark Gable or Franchot Tone as guides to show them the girls.

7

Vox Populi !

[This is what your fellow-readers say. You too are invited to write to this page.—Ed. V. P.]

Oh ! Monkeys !

Bombay:—The Congress has opened the election campaign right royally in this part of India. Sardar Patel opened it, but not with a can-opener. He said that our first and foremost task was to revitalise and reorganise the provincial, district and taluq machineries.

Well, how about monkey glands? Auntie J. J. says that she owes her youthful looks to monkey glands. If a tough girl like that could get so much sex-appeal from monkey glands, what would not the monkey glands do for the provincial, district, and taluq Congress machineries?

—Gopinath Karanjia

★

The Communal G.O.

Mylapore:—In a Justice Party meeting in Madras, Dr. C. Natesan said that the Communal Government Order was one of the crowning acts of the party. If that was scrapped, the position of the Non-Brahmins in the Madras Presidency would become unthinkable.

Unthinkable, my foot! We Non-Brahmins are suffering from an inferiority complex. Instead of calling ourselves Non-Brahmins, let us call ourselves Un-Brahmins. This will throw the Brahmins into such a panic that they will go back to where they came from, namely the woods and forests. This will leave the coast clear for us Un-Brahmins, and we can go on merrily with our own Justice Government.

In any case, I don't see why we should get so jumpy about the

Congress scrapping the Communal G.O., as if we were a lot of scalded cats. The Madras Parliament Houses are about to be built. Let us hide the Communal G.O. in a slab of concrete and place it in the foundations of the unborn Parliament House. We can then sleep the sleep of babes, because if anybody wanted to scrap the G.O. he would have to pull down the Parliament House before he could do a thing to the G.O.

—P. P. Naidu

★

A Bed-time Story (?)

Madras:—Please, Mr. Editor, will you hear a bed-time story? Once upon a time there lived in Madras a man who owned a Talkie studio. A Producer came to him and asked him to film a picture for him. "O. K." said the Studio-man. But the Poor Producer never got things going, because he had had to propitiate the Technical Director who was the Chief Deity of the Studio, by daily libations of 'Don't be Vague, Ask For Haig'. And it cost the Poor Producer anything up to Rs. 30 a day. And now another Deity came along. He was the Sound Engineer. Now these two Gods were rather fond of costly presents. So the Poor Producer had to pay through his nose. Even then, the Poor Producer did not see things brightening up. So he went to the Owner of the Studio and complained against the two Gods. The owner said, "But my dear chap, they are Gods! What can we do?" With a heavy heart the Poor Producer

went to far off Bombay where there was another Studio. The Gods of this studio were rather Vague People. They heard the Poor Producer politely, got going in a jiffy and handed him the finished picture with an elaborate salaam.

And the moral of the story is—but you know it!

—XYZ

★

Gentlemen Prefer Cows !

Karachi:—If ever the Universities of Annamalai, Madras, Calcutta, Bombay and Benares, request me to write a History of India (which is not unlikely) I would divide Indian History into five periods...Pre-Aryan, Post-Aryan, Pre-Muhammadan, Post-Muhammadan and Stud Bulls periods. The other day the Maharajah of Doongursee presented to the Karachi Pinjrapole three stud bulls. The elite of the City was present, including His Excellency the Governor of Sind. The Governor said of the bulls, "They are magnificent fellows—thorough gentlemen." Indeed I never knew that you could call bulls gentlemen. (Poor ignorant man!—Ed. V. P.) If some bulls could be called gentlemen, there must be other bulls who are utter bad fellows, cads in fact. How can I recognise a cad bull when I see one?

N. P. Gidwani

(I don't know much about bulls. However, I know this much; gentleman bulls prefer cows.

—Ed. V. P.)



"You weren't at school yesterday. Was it due to the inclemency of the weather?"

"No sir, I couldn't come because of the rain."

—The Irishman

* * *

A visitor to a lunatic asylum was approached by an inmate, who begged his case might be laid before a magistrate and his release obtained. The visitor promised to take the necessary steps immediately.

"You won't forget?" asked the lunatic.

"Oh, no."

"You are sure you won't forget?"

"Certainly not."

As the visitor turned to go, he received a kick that landed him in a heap a few feet away.

"That," said the lunatic, "is in case you should forget."

—Chicago News

* * *

A number of old cronies met in the *Duck and Drake* on Xmas day to wish one another the compliments of the season. After several rounds of drinks had been bought, Smith turned to Sandy McTosh.

"Well, Sandy," he said, with a merry twinkle in his eyes, "I think it's your turn to stand treat all round now."

There were bursts of laughter from all corners of the bar. When the merriment had died down, McTosh turned to Smith.

"Weel, weel," he said artfully, "now we're quits. Ye've all had a laugh at my expense!"

—The Scotsman

"And you don't know anything about religion?" queried the missionary.

"Well, we got a little taste of it when the last missionary was here," replied the cannibal chieftain.

—Christian Science Monitor

* * *

On reaching Heaven's gates old Flanagan remarked to St. Peter: "It's a fine job you've had here for a long time."

"Well, Flanagan," said St. Peter, "here we count a million years a minute and a million pounds a penny."

"Ah, I'm in need of cash. Lend me a penny."

"Sure, just wait a minute."

—El Paso News

* * *

"I say, old chap, did anybody ever tell you that you looked like Napoleon?"

"Oh, yes, but I've stopped lending money on it."

—Afrikaner

* * *

It was the young policeman's first day on duty, and he was anxious for an opportunity to exercise his authority. So when he espied a street musician, he went up and said: "Have you a permit to play in the streets?"

Itinerant Musician: No.

Policeman: Then will you accompany me?

Itinerant Musician: Vit der greatest pleasure.

Vot do you vish to sing?

—Everybody's Weekly

* * *

"When you were in Paris did you have difficulty with your French?"

"No, but the French did."

—Das Interessante Blatt-Vienna

Silence In Court !

Reading Time • About 6 Minutes

by V. Vyasa Rao

SILENCE in Court !

The Judge was delivering his charge to the jury.

The principal witness for the Crown was the local zamindar. The prisoner in the dock was a young man, much too young to find himself in that awful place. The charge was murder, and the penalty the extreme the law could award.

On the 13th February, on a bright moonlight night, in the wood skirting the village, the young man Murahari murdered the village Baniya. The young man admitted during the course of the examination that he owed a trifling sum to the Baniya; the sum was exactly Rs. 21-13-8 which included the interest accrued. On the day the murder was committed, the Baniya demanded the satisfaction of the loan from Murahari. Murahari pleaded for time. He said, truthfully enough, that he was unemployed, that he was expecting a call for a job in the neighbouring town. The Baniya was unreasonable. He called the debtor some vulgar names, to which Murahari retaliated by a well-deserved, well-aimed blow across the Baniya's face. This happened in the afternoon of the 13th of February. Four hours later the Baniya was found murdered in the wood.

The accused was in remand for three months.

The local zamindar was a great lover of horse-riding and rode out every evening into the country, weather permitting. On the 13th February while he was returning home from his customary ride through the wood, he came upon a clearing and saw Murahari cutting the throat of the Baniya. It was, he said, a moonlit night. He recognised the young man. Moreover when the young man's house was searched later, one of his shirts which he secreted in a drawer bore marks of human blood.

Silence in Court !

"But your honour, gentlemen of the jury, great God, I did not commit the murder! Look at me, gentlemen. Do I look like a murderer? Your honour, I have nobody in the world except my little wife. Don't take me away from her. I am not afraid of

death. But who will look after my little Padmini? I am guiltless. God help me!" The prisoner in the dock was at last silenced.

The jury retired. They took four hours to come to a decision. It was a unanimous decision.

"Gentlemen of the jury, guilty or not guilty?"

"Guilty, my lord."

The judge agreed with the jury. He proceeded to deliver the sentence. There was a commotion in the doorway.

Silence in Court !

A stranger approached the judge's box. It was a 'dramatic' moment. The stranger addressed the judge in a cool, level voice.

"My lord, the accused is innocent. It was unfortunate that his counsel overlooked a most important aspect of the case."

"Who are you?" asked the judge none too cordially.

"I am a barrister come here on private business from the neighbouring town. I have heard your lordship summing up the case, and it occurred to me that the evidence led by the prosecution was too perfect to be good."

"Well?" said the judge, indulgently.

"If your lordship would be pleased to call the principal prosecution witness, I will make him confess that he was lying on a cardinal point."

There was an uproar. "Silence in Court!" boomed the usher.

"Call the zamindar!" commanded his lordship. The zamindar came forward.

"You remember the date of the murder, don't you?" asked the stranger of the zamindar.

"Per.....but who are you to question me? The court did all the questioning. I question your right to....."

"Answer his question!" commanded his lordship.

The zamindar glared at the stranger. "Yes, I remember perfectly."

"It was the fifteenth of February, was it not?"

"No. It was the 13th."

"What was the time when you saw this young man cutting the Baniya's throat?"

"Near eight in the night."

"The scene of murder was the wood outside the village?"

"Yes."

"Woods are generally dark after nightfall. Can you see like a cat to be able to describe the murder so graphically?"

"I resent....."

"Answer the question!" said his lordship.

"My eyesight is perfect. Moreover it was a moonlight night."

"Oh," said the stranger and scratched his chin thoughtfully. "Just how high was the moon when you saw the young man at this fell deed?"

The zamindar considered the point a moment. "About forty five degrees from the horizon."

"Are you sure of that?"

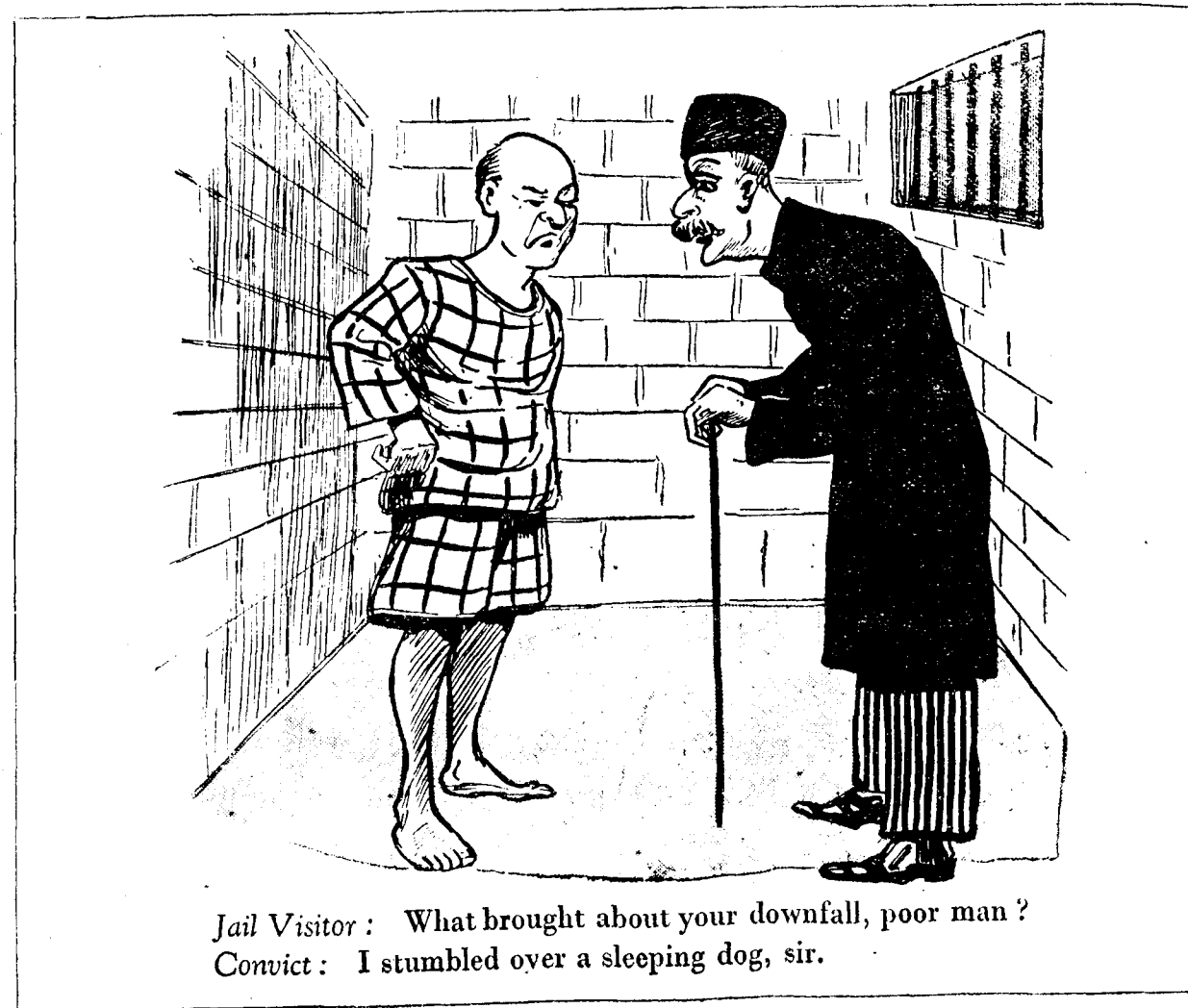
"Well, it may have been fifty degrees."

The stranger turned to the court. "My lord, you have heard this man say that it was a moonlit night, that the moon was about forty-five degrees over the eastern horizon, that his eyesight is perfect. I would beg your lordship to remember that the zamindar says it was a moonlight night." He turned again to the zamindar. "Am I right about the moon?"

"Yes," said the zamindar shortly.

The stranger held up his hand with a flourish. "My lord, this man is a perjurer. The story he was telling you was false. The thirteenth of February was a dark night. It was *amavasya*.....!"

THE END



The Circular—

by R. Jagannathan

Reading Time • About 8 Minutes

“NOW, gentlemen,” said the President of the Co-operative Stores Society, “we have finished all the items on the agenda except the last—Any other matter that may be brought forward at the meeting.”

“Then, sir,” said a committee member, “I propose a hearty vote of thanks—”

“Before you do so,” interrupted the Hon. Secretary, “I think we had better dispose of a really important matter...”

“I thought,” replied the committee member who was interrupted, “we had finished all important matters...”

“Not all,” answered the Secretary. “I suggest that we should now consider the desirability of issuing a circular to our members. The committee is aware that we have admitted a large number of new members this year and many of them are ignorant of the articles that we stock, and the procedure followed in regard to indents etc. Therefore, I think that a general circular would be very helpful...”

“I wish to protest, sir,” intervened the interrupted committee member, “against the way the Secretary

has drawn the agenda. This is really an important matter and he should have given it a proper place on the agenda instead of relegating to ‘any other matter’.”

“Are you teaching me the duties of the Secretary?” inquired the Honorary Secretary, visibly wroth.

“Yes,” replied the member, “if you can be taught. Mr. President, this is most inconvenient. Seeing the tight agenda, I have already promised to be at a friend’s house by 7 o’clock and now it is already 6-50. If you take up this item, I don’t think I can keep the appointment.”

“Pray, what’s the appointment?” asked another member. “I presume it is playing bridge with stakes.”

“If that is so,” remarked the Secretary, “I must leave it to the member to choose between his duties as a committee member and—shall I say—his more profitable pastime elsewhere.”

“Are you teaching me my duties?” asked the committee member.

“Yes,” replied the Secretary with a wink in his eye “if you can be taught.”



“Gentlemen,” observed the President, “would you care to observe that my chair is not empty?” (Laughter.) “Now please stop wrangling; after all, we are all honorary workers and must do our bit..... About the circular, I agree entirely with the Secretary. Besides being of use to the new members, it will serve to enlighten some of our old offenders who continue to purchase their provisions elsewhere. May I take it that we are agreed as to sending out a circular?”

“Yes,” replied a chorus of committee voices.

“Now then,” proceeded the President, “we should decide as to what we should put into the circular. Suggestions are welcome.”

“We have now,” the Treasurer pointed out, “about 20 saris unsold and I think we must let the members know about it.”

“Just like the bachelor that he is!” commented a member. “What’s the good of letting the members know about the saris? We must see that the members’ wives are duly apprised of the matter. That’s the way to sell saris.” (Laughter.)

“Then, sir,” observed the member who was in charge of butter supply, “there is the butter business. As we are getting weekly supplies from Meerut, we must insist on advance bookings; otherwise no supply should be made. During some weeks there is too great a demand and during some others, those who have ordered do not come to take delivery of the supply.”

“As one who had been connected with the fuel item of our society’s business,” said the member in charge of fuel supply, “I feel bound to put in my word, sir. We supply fuel fortnightly and the supply is made in

compliance with standing orders. Last week, I may tell you, that several members returned the supply on the ground that they had purchased elsewhere. This is most... ..”

“I know the reason. That’s because you didn’t let them know that you were supplying them coal on that day.”

“Then why the devil did they give us standing orders?”

“Why the devil didn’t you intimate to them that the standing orders would be complied with from such and such date?”

“We are not very much concerned with devils just now,” observed the President. “Do let us proceed to business. Secretary, give me a sheet of paper and I shall write out the draft circular.....Now, what shall be item 1?”

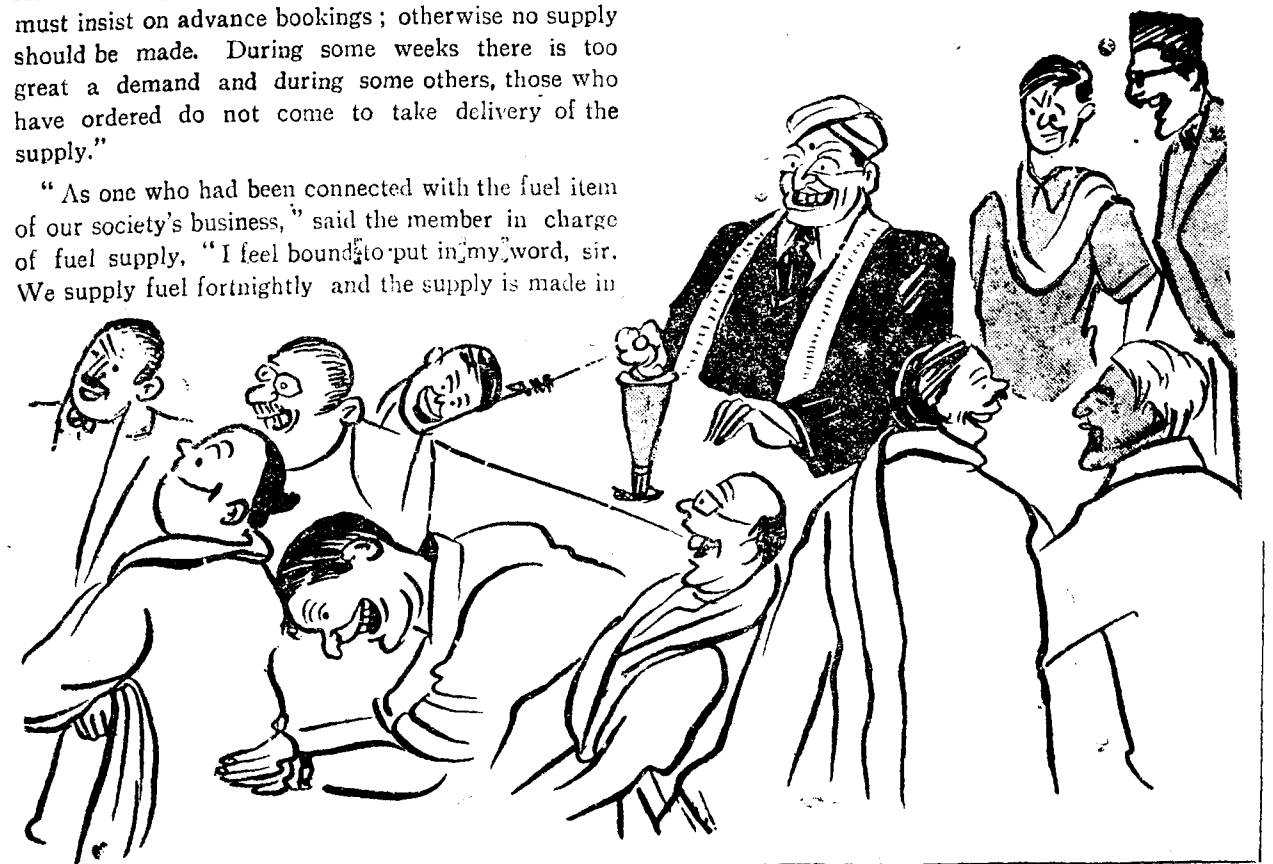
“Saris.”

“Butter.”

“Coal.”

“We had better take these in their alphabetical order.”

“No, no,” remarked the President. “Let’s proceed systematically. First, we should settle our hours of



business. I suggest that item 1 be worded as follows:—

“The Society will be open on all days except Fridays and Sundays.”

“I don’t think we are fair to the members in closing the stores on Sundays since that’s the day they will be free to send in their indents.”

“I too think so. Let us make it Mondays and Fridays. All agreed?”

“One point about the drafting of this item, sir. If you say that the society will work on all days except Mondays and Fridays, most of the members will remember only *all days* and are likely to forget the exception. Therefore, I would suggest the following wording: ‘The Society will not work on Mondays and Fridays.’”

“I think this is an absurd suggestion and does little credit to our members, though in one particular instance it may be amply justified. (Laughter.) Moreover, I oppose it on principle. What’s the good of stressing that we are *not working* on such and such days? We should always give prominence to the fact that we are working to the utmost of our capacity. So, I am against the bald negative proposed by my friend.”

“May I suggest a compromise? We may perhaps put it this way. ‘*WORKING HOURS*. The hours of working of the Society’s stores will be from 6 P.M. to 8 P.M.’ Then as a separate item put in ‘2 *Holidays*. The stores will be closed entirely for business on Mondays and Fridays.’”

“I hope,” said the President, “this suggestion is acceptable to all of you. After all, this circular is intended to enlighten members and it is important for them to know when we are working and when not. What’s the next item? Butter?”

“Yes, sir,” answered the member in charge of butter. “The first thing about the butter supply is.....”

An interruption: “Members ought to know where their bread is buttered.”

“Please don’t interrupt,” said the butter member and continued. “The first thing about butter supply is that orders should be booked in advance. Secondly, supplies once ordered must be accepted by the member concerned. Otherwise he will have to pay for the stock ordered. Thirdly, and this is the most important thing, members will have to make their own arrangements for taking delivery of the butter from the Society’s premises.”

“I agree with all these except the last. Why can’t the Society supply it at the members’ houses?”

“You don’t know,” replied the butter member, “what you are talking about. Supplies are made every week and if we are to pay the cooly charges for distribution to every nook and corner in Simla, our overhead charges—”

“Why don’t you make the members pay the cooly charges?”

“That means increasing the price of butter. As it is, butter is costlier than ghee and if cooly charges are to be included, members may not care to have butter at all.”

“I think it is grossly undervaluing the time of the members to expect them to come to the Society’s premises every week to take delivery of butter.”

“They need not come. They can always send their servants.”

“Not all have servants.”

“What’s the fun of calling ourselves a co-operative society,” the Secretary thundered, “if we can’t expect co-operation on this small matter? All of them need not march in a file to the Society’s premises. Surely, they can make their own arrangements to take delivery of the butter.”

“I take it,” summed up the President, “that the Secretary’s view is accepted. It will be duly put into the circular. I need not waste your time in drafting the paragraph now. Next item?”

“Coal, sarrees, etc.,” announced the Secretary.

“I think these are routine matters,” the President observed, “which the Secretary can put in the draft. I don’t think we need waste our time over these now, especially when one of our members seems to have a bridge of sighs or sighs of Bridge, or whatever it is.” (Laughter.)

“There is just one more point, sir,” the Secretary urged. “We ought, I think, put in a final para saying that as it is not possible to circularise all members individually in regard to all matters, circulars, etc. will be posted on the Society’s notice board which members may see from time to time.”

“Am I to understand that this circular also will have no circulation beyond the notice board?”

“No, no,” answered the President, “this circular will be sent round to all. Others won’t be so circulated.....Thanks, gentlemen, for your co-operation. If we go on at this excellent rate.....”

“They will elect you as President once again.....”

“Shut up. I shall certainly be out of the show next year...The meeting is now adjourned. Goo’night everybody.”

THE END

The Beast In Us

by Jyeshta

Reading Time • About 5 Minutes

THOSE of us who despair of the race have been asked to look at the evolution of humanity from its sadistic lust for blood in the dim past to the ‘higher’ humanism of the twentieth century. Notwithstanding the growth of ‘public opinion’ and the apparent censure of man’s inhumanity to man, no honest man can say that we have shed our gory predilections. The fact of the matter is that while our forebears went about their business of despoliation just as the beasts of the jungle would, today we have imported a certain finesse into our predatory conduct. Even if we eliminate from man’s conduct the element of gain, he still stands before us fundamentally as a cruel beast. Of course there are the Mahatmas which the race has produced, but they are less than a drop in the ocean.

Just what measure of cruelty governed man’s actions in the unrecorded past can only be guessed. The pages of recorded history, however, bear ample testimony to our monstrous bestiality.

They let loose into the arena of the Coliseum pugilists provided with bronze boxing gloves with spikes on them. Imagine a blow from that glove. A fight in which Caligula took particular pleasure was a bout between two gladiators one of whom was armed with a sword and a shield and the other with a net and trident. And there was no umpire. Modern pugilism which has evolved from the Roman pattern was not in the late years of the last century a ‘clean sport’. In 1860, Heenan the American champion boxer fought Sayers the Englishman for the heavyweight championship. They fought for five hours. A round lasted till one or the other was knocked down. These two fought forty-two rounds. In the last round Sayers was too exhausted to rise up. Heenan crossed over to him and mugged him up brutally. He won the fight. Just about this time American boxing was a revolting affair. Every ‘hit below the belt’ was condoned. People came out of these fights maimed, blinded, crippled.

16th and 17th century Europe used to derive great amusement from public executions and autos-da-fe.

The latter were great bonfires in which heretics were warmed up permanently, not one at a time, but in crowds. The doings of the Spanish Inquisition have found an abiding place in the literature of the continent of Europe. Men and women were torn to pieces on the rack, crushed to pulp under mountainous weights, and burnt alive for the benefit of the mob. Children were held up high by their parents to enjoy the beauty of the burnings.

In these horrible exhibitions of cruelty the state was not so much to blame as the populace which was frankly for these free entertainments. Mr. H. M. Robinson traces this virus of bestiality in us to the pre-Christian religions practised by the Norse and Aztec races. One bloody ritual which the Norse priests practised, to please Odin, is graphically described. A handsome youth was selected. The flesh was torn off his back. His lungs were drawn from the fleshless ribs and offered to the high God. Aztec ritual was equally terrible. A man was stretched on the holy stone slab and his stomach ripped open with a sharp stone. They looked into the entrails for omens. They made use of every prisoner of war in this fashion. Cortez records that he counted something like a hundred thousand human heads in Montezuma’s gallery of skulls.

The fate of the English archers whom William the Conqueror rounded up at the battle of Hastings was picturesque. He had the thumbs of every archer cut off. No more archery for them.

Instances such as these are endless; but the way Europe treated its lunatics and criminals was the very limit. The prison life enjoyed by criminals round about the middle of the last century is too well known to need mention. What Europe did to her unfortunate lunatics takes one’s breath away. Up to the middle of the 17th century and even beyond it, the belief was current that a madman was possessed of the Devil. The exorcising of the devil was the duty of the Church. One case may be cited. A Dutch heretic named Bertrand le Blas went mad. At that time, late 16th century, Titlemann was the Inquisitor. This

Inquisitor's ideas on the exorcising of the Devil were very drastic. He had the poor lunatic dragged to the market square with his mouth closed in an iron gag. His right hand and foot were twisted off and burned with red hot irons. His tongue was torn out. The Devil still persisted. Then the mad heretic's arms and legs were tied up behind and he was held up by a chain over a slow fire. He was literally roasted to death. The horror of this will be realised when it is said that the poor victim lived through every atrocity on his body.

Thus the beast in us progressed to this century of grace. True, public exhibition of cruelty is not quite

the fashion today. Yet one need not be a philosopher with a deep insight of the tortuous ways of life to say that this jungle element in us is dormant. It was Leonard Watters I believe who had had to say some pretty home-truths, not so very long ago, about our lust for seeing pain inflicted.

Human nature is fundamentally the same everywhere. Yet it is some consolation to know that measure for measure, India stands comparatively blameless, in this sad business. It is our respect for Life in all its manifestations, the *ahimsa* which we drank in at our mother's breast.

THE END



Lady (to Milkman): What! Water again!

Milkman: Pardon, amma, I forgot to add the milk.

Quack, Quack!

Reading Time • About 4 Minutes

by Louisa Dyer

THE story goes that an Englishman, desiring to compliment a French lady, called her a *canard*; and she slapped his face.

"What was wrong?" the discomfited Briton asked an acquaintance. "I called her a *canard*, which is French for duck."

"Languages are tricky things, my friend. Would you like to be described as a cabbage?"

"Not particularly."

"The word 'cabbage' is a term of endearment in the French tongue. The word 'duck' holds a similar position in English. You must avoid literal translation in such cases. After all, ducks and cabbages are not things of beauty in themselves."

"Good gracious! If one says 'duck' to a Frenchwoman, does she imagine an ungainly creature with waddling legs and wagging hinder-parts?"

"Worse than that. When you call a Frenchwoman a *canard*, you are describing her as an extravagantly false report."

Of course, the word '*canard*' has found its way into English literature in this sense. There is the native Anglo-Saxon expression, 'a mare's nest'; but '*canard*' carries a more sinister implication.

Perhaps the most appalling *canard* in history was invented by the British Propaganda Bureau during the War of 1914-1918. A story went round the world about a German Corpse Factory. The Germans were said to be boiling the bodies of their dead soldiers in order to extract the fat, of which there was a famine. The ghastly lie was bandied to and fro with all the solemnity of serious documentary corroboration; and it was more than half believed. Even the German people grew uneasy, and gazed at their meagre rations of substitute-butter with horrified doubt.

The *canard* has always been a political weapon. Dynasties have fallen, and great personages suffered ruin, through the agency of a well-devised *canard*.

The term originated in a somewhat gruesome story. During the early nineteenth century, there was a great extension of the popular press in France. Literacy was becoming widespread, and a flood of cheap journals appeared. But there were no Reuter agencies, communications were slow, and news was hard to come by. An editor, faced with half a dozen blank news-columns, would set the whole office staff to work, inventing interesting but imaginary items of intelligence from distant places. All sorts of fantastic reports were printed as serious news, and were accepted as true by the gullible public.

A feature-writer on the Paris *Matin* set himself to ridicule the increasing absurdity of the 'news' printed by his contemporaries. Like many satirists, he was a serious-minded man. He was concerned for the reputation of the press, and he viewed with alarm the irresponsibility of editors who filled their pages with false reports. With this end in view, he brought into play the dangerous weapon of satire. One day, the columns of the *Matin* carried the following item:

Grenoble, 6th June—An interesting experiment has just been made, calculated to prove the extraordinary voracity of ducks. Twenty of these birds were collected in a pen. One of them was killed and cut up into the smallest possible pieces, feathers and all. The pieces were thrown to the other nineteen, and were gluttonously gobbled up in an exceedingly brief space of time. Another duck was taken from the remaining nineteen: and being chopped up small like its predecessor, was served up to the eighteen, and at once devoured like the other. The process was repeated until there was only one duck left. The *canard* had performed the remarkable feat of eating his nineteen companions in a wonderfully short space of time.

(Continued on page 20)

Mahoney's Last

Reading Time • About 5 Minutes

"HOW far are we now?" asked the greenhorn. "We have come about half-way," replied Mahoney. "Another hundred and fifty miles will bring us to the water-hole."

They were an ill-assorted pair, sitting up in the old-fashioned motor-car as it chugged its way across the burning desert. Mahoney was a hulking Australian 'bush-whacker', sunburnt and saturnine. The greenhorn went by the name of Arthur King. He was a mere youth, pink-faced and wide-eyed.

Arthur King had arrived at Barloohoo, the mining-centre, a month before. A remittance-man, said the loafers in Kelly's Hotel. A young fellow seeing the world, said the store-keeper. Anyhow, Arthur King had money, and the local stiff set their minds to relieving him of it.

But Arthur King did not fall for the usual tricks. He declined to go shares in fabulous gold mines. He was not interested in gambling-games.

Mahoney was a gambler and an adventurer. He was the participant in many a shady deal. He was the leading spirit in many a deed of violence. Mahoney was a tough guy.

A queer friendship sprang up between the bush-whacker and the greenhorn. Mahoney half-pitied,

half-respected the pink-faced boy. Perhaps Mahoney would get his money; but meanwhile nobody else would be allowed to try.

Mahoney told the boy the story of Bushman's Dip. Away out in the desert, three hundred miles from anywhere, was a water-hole, unknown except to Mahoney and a few wandering blacks. And within a mile of the water-hole was a hill of silver.

"There is a fortune waiting to be picked up," said Mahoney. "All we need is some capital."

The boy blushed. "I have five thousand pounds," he said. "It is the last of the family money. I came out here looking for a chance to make a fortune."

"How do you carry the money, kid?"

"In bankers' drafts."

"Good; they can be negotiated anywhere. After we have prospected Bushman's Dip, and made our plans, you can go on into Kalgoorlie and buy the equipment."

But Mahoney plotted that he would go on to Kalgoorlie with the bankers' drafts, alone. He would leave Arthur King stranded at Bushman's Dip. He would not do the kid any harm. The blacks would look after him. Mahoney liked the kid; but he wanted five thousand pounds.

The ancient motor car chugged on. There was no road or track. The car ran easily over the hard-baked desert clay, guided by a compass.

"Suppose we broke down?" asked the greenhorn.

"Well, it would be inconvenient," admitted Mahoney, "but we would be all right. There are two water-bags under the seat for emergencies, and the water would last us four or five days."

"So if you broke down, we could get back to Barloohoo on that water, provided we walked thirty miles a day?"

"That is so. But from now on we will be getting nearer to water all that time."

Gamble

by Embusque

The car hummed on, and Mahoney settled comfortably in his seat. It was not necessary to keep a lookout. The driver held the wheel steady with one hand, and cast an occasional glance at the compass.

"Look out!" shrieked Arthur King.

Rain fell in the desert once in ten years; and when the rain came, it cut channels across the sun-baked clay. Such a channel might be encountered every fifty miles. Here was one, right under the wheels of the car. It was steep-sided, and about four feet deep.

The car crashed down the bank, smashing on to a boulder. Arthur King was thrown out, and lay stunned.

When the greenhorn recovered consciousness, he heard groans coming from the car. He went to the wreck. Mahoney was pinned in the driving-seat, his leg broken.

"Get me out, kid," gasped the bush-whacker.

It took a long while. At last, Mahoney was settled as comfortably as possible under the bank, with his shattered leg roughly splinted. "See if you will be able to get the car going again, kid," he muttered.

The inspection took a very short time. "It is no use," reported the young man. "The car went down on to a boulder. The transmission and under parts are smashed."

The bush-whacker grimaced philosophically. "That means I must lay here four or five days. Luckily, there is a bag of water for each of us. Do you think you could walk back to Barloohoo in four days?"

"I'm sure I could, old man."

"Then I will be all right. Lay my food and water-bag beside me, and make your own into a pack to carry on your shoulders. When you reach Barloohoo, a car will be able to come out and get me in a few hours. Go on; get the food and water."

Arthur King climbed into the wrecked car; and suddenly cried out in dismay.

"The water-bags! They are both pierced, and there is no water!"

The bush-whacker was unmoved. "Bring the bags here, son."

The young man brought two limp canvas receptacles. There was a large jagged tear in one. The other had a small hole in the bottom, from which there dripped a last drop of precious water.

Mahoney inspected the second bag. "This can be repaired," he said.

"But what is the use?"

"Never mind. You'll find insulating-tape in the tool-box. Repair the bag."

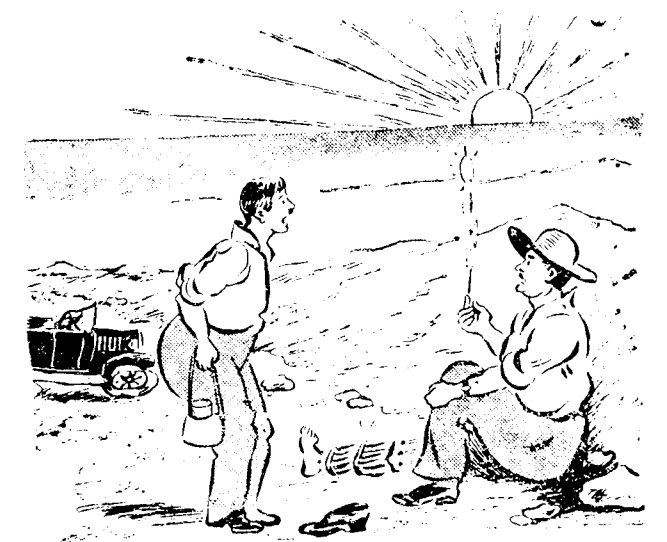
Arthur King obeyed.

"Now fill the bag from the radiator of the car."

The tenderfoot gave a cry of joy. "I forgot that," he burred. "We won't die of thirst, after all."

Mahoney smiled grimly. The water from the radiator filled three-quarters of the one bag.

"There you are," said the older man. "Pack that on your back, and get going. The water is a bit rusty and greasy, but it will just about get you there. Take the compass, and keep on a bearing of two hundred and eighty. Good luck, sonny!"



The boy gazed at his companion in blank astonishment. "But what about you? I cannot leave you here to die of thirst."

"Be sensible, kid. It is impossible to move me, and we are five days away from water. There is barely enough water for one of us. I have no chance at all. You must take the chance, and go."

"Of course I won't. Listen, I'll leave the water-bag with you, and try and reach Barloohoo without it."

"That only means we would both die. I got you into this mess for my own ends. I was taking you to Bushman's Dip to rob you. There is no hill of silver there. You don't owe me anything. I'm just a rogue and a gambler; and this time I have lost."

"I don't believe you. Let us at least divide the water."

"That would be certain death for both of us."

"Then I will leave all the water with you."

Painfully, the bush-whacker raised himself, and argued earnestly. Only the youth had the slightest chance of surviving, and to do that he must take the water.

"I don't care," said the lad. "You have right to half of the water."

Mahoney sighed. "All right," he said. "I will gamble my share of the water against yours. That is fair, isn't it?"

Arthur King looked puzzled. "We must toss for it," insisted Mahoney. "If you win, you take all the water. If I win, I have it all. Half of the water is

no good to either of us. By God, if you refuse, I will blow your brains out." And Mahoney drew his automatic from his shoulder-holster.

The youth sat silent. "All right; I agree," he said at last.

"Do you swear to abide by the spin of the coin? If you win, will you walk straight off with the water?"

"I swear."

Mahoney fumbled, and produced a penny. "Here you are, kid," he said. "I can't move, on account of my leg. You toss, and I'll call."

The lad spun the coin.

"Tails!" cried Mahoney, sharply.

Arthur King uncovered the coin in the palm of his hand. It was heads.

Mahoney sat alone in the pitiless desert. The sun was setting. His lips had cracked. His tongue was swollen. The tortures of thirst were upon him.

He dragged himself into an upright position, and drew his automatic. He unloaded the weapon, and methodically tested the mechanism. He loaded it again, taking the cartridges from his pocket. With the cartridges came a penny. Mahoney looked at the coin with a wry grin.

He raised the automatic to his temple, and pressed the trigger. The penny rolled out of his hand, and lay on the sun-baked earth beside him. There the search-party found it, a week later.

It was a gambler's penny. It had two heads.

THE END

QUACK, QUACK! -(Continued from page 17)

Although the story appeared as an avowed piece of satire, it was so acceptable to current journalistic taste that it was extensively reprinted in France as a real item of news. The unhappy author spent several years chasing his *canard* through the columns of the provincial press; but the story travelled faster than his denials, and was repeated as news all over Europe.

The furious disclaimers of the author only served to draw increased attention to the story; and soon the *canard* of the *Matin* passed into common speech in several languages. Gradually, any distasteful and extravagant report, dished up as a news-item, was a *canard*.

THE END

At last the story reached America. With true Transatlantic enterprise, an editor over there brought out the report accompanied by the sworn statement of the surgeon who conducted the experiment; and printed a facsimile of the certificate of autopsy on the surviving duck, whose esophagus was declared to have been seriously injured!

On receipt of the American journal containing this final enormity, the originator of the story is said to have been stricken with apoplexy. But that is probably a *canard*!

Fun For All



First Scotsman:—I sat through that picture show three times last night.

Second Scotsman:—Why, I heard it was a terrible show!

First Scotsman:—That's just it! It was so lousy I had to sit through it three times to get my money's worth.

He:—Just what do your duties at the office embrace?

She:—Just the boss.

"Has anyone told you about my forebears?"

"Gracious, no! Don't tell me you're an animal trainer."

"I don't like my mother-in-law."

"Listen, don't you realise that you wouldn't have your wife if it hadn't been for your mother-in-law?"

"Yes, that's why I don't like her."

"Where have I seen your face before?"

"You should know, sir. I lost my head the other night and when I found it, it was on your shoulder."

"Gosh, that new office boy is dumb. I sent him out for a Corona-Corona and what do you suppose he brought back?"

"A cigar, of course."

"No, two typewriters."

Brunette:—I certainly wish nature had blessed me with hair the colour of yours.

Platinum Blonde:—Well, I wish Nature had blessed me with it, too, dearie.

Executioner:—We're going to give you anything you want for your last meal.

Condemned:—All right; can I have some champagne?

Executioner:—Sure. Any particular vintage?

Condemned:—Yes, 1984!

"The horse I was riding wanted to go one way and I wanted to go the other."

"Who won?"

"He tossed me for it."

"My wife explored my pockets last night."

"What did she get?"

"About the same as any other explorer—enough material for a lecture."

Natalie:—Tell me, Billy, why they use knots instead of miles on the ocean?

Billy:—Because, darling, they've got to have the ocean *tide*.

"They say bread contains alcohol."

"Is that so? Let's drink a little toast."

"Then you believe that your husband's death was due to a broken heart?" asked the coroner. And the wife replied, "Yes, if he hadn't broken my heart, I wouldn't have shot him."

"Why do you say that beautiful photograph of your wife was just a snapshot?"

"Well, it must have been. Her mouth was shut."

"Did I actually hear Tommy say that his mother-in-law has the skin he *loves to touch*?"

"That's right; it's *suburned* and he likes to hear her holler when he *suburns* it!"

The Mightier Sex

Written and Illustrated by A. A. Roland

Reading Time • About 7 Minutes

THE person who lays it down that Women are the Weaker Sex is either unable to differentiate between chalk and granite, or else makes that statement just before or during incarceration in a lunatic asylum.

True, Shakespeare said "Frailty, thy name is woman." But then Shakespeare was a philosopher and a poet—not a prophet.

Were he living to-day he would not hesitate, in the light of modern experience, to re-write that line. Perhaps something like this:—

"Thews and sinews,
Stamina, energy, virility,
And force.
Overbearance, arrogance,
Audacity
And brass—
Thy name is Woman."

Or may be:—

"If thou be top-dog,
Thou be Woman."

Or simply:—

"Thou bully—thou art Woman!"

I suggest all this in no mere spirit of cynicism, nor am I attempting to dogmatise. It isn't very difficult to prove that Woman is the Mightier Sex.

Who dances till four in the morning, and turns up fresh as paint for work at nine? Woman. And who, in order to keep going, pays innumerable trips to the bar, and arrives at office with dark rings under the eyes and a head shrieking for aspirins? Man.

Who in the winter never catches cold—whether dancing in the flimsiest of bare-back frocks—or bathing for hours in costumes mostly composed of holes—or flitting about in nudist camps? Woman.

Who, when dieting, can subsist on the very minimum of food? Woman. Who, when *not* dieting, consumes vast quantities of indigestible pastries, pickles and sweets? Every man who has had to foot a dinner bill will answer without hesitation—Woman.

Who can play golf without swearing—a feat that few can accomplish? Woman.

Is it man who's utterly fearless in African Hunting Expedition? No, it's Woman.

Is it man who flies round the world these days? No, Woman.

Is it man who swims the Channel? No, Woman.

Though the rules of tennis veto five-set matches for Woman, everyone knows she can play longer and faster than man at this or any other game.

If a married couple is leading a fast and furious life, it's always she who's fast, and he who's furious.

And Woman can out-smoke man, even in Ireland, where they smoke cigars and clay pipes.

No man can stand up to Woman in the matter of cocktails.

No man can ride to hounds like Woman.

Or drive huge cars with her verve and recklessness.

Or dig for gold with her perseverance.

No male can emulate the chorus girl who dances so late each night after running round all day with her boy-friends.

No male's skin would tolerate the treatment a Woman's does: powders, creams, lotions, astringents, mud packs, steaming, lifting.

Woman's hair never falls.

Woman's eyes are always bright.

Woman's teeth are always like pearls.

Woman's nerves are unfailingly sound.

Woman's figures are generally graceful.

Even stout women are to be respected. What they lack in grace and agility, they make up for in strength and staying power—as many a Henpecked Husband will bear out.

Look at the Circus Queens! Could men equal their agility?

Look at the Hula Dancers! Could men shimmer or shake so astonishingly?

What man could stand the bearing of children? Look what Mrs. Dionne did! Is there a man living who could do a quarter as much?

Women box.

Women wrestle.

The old-fashioned girl studied cooking when she wanted to learn to hold a man. The modern Miss studies Ju Jitsu.

Woman can wind man around her little finger—especially when he hasn't any backbone.

And can Woman be tenacious? An acquaintance told me the other day: "When I married, I got a woman who will stay with me whatever I do, wherever I go." "Gee!" I remarked, "it must be great to have a wife like that!" "Say," he said, "I'm talking about my wife's mother!"

The same man declared that his wife's lips *prove* there is such a thing as perpetual motion. She talks in her sleep.

Woman gets her own way in all matters. The wife who selects everything in the home will even pick the quarrels.

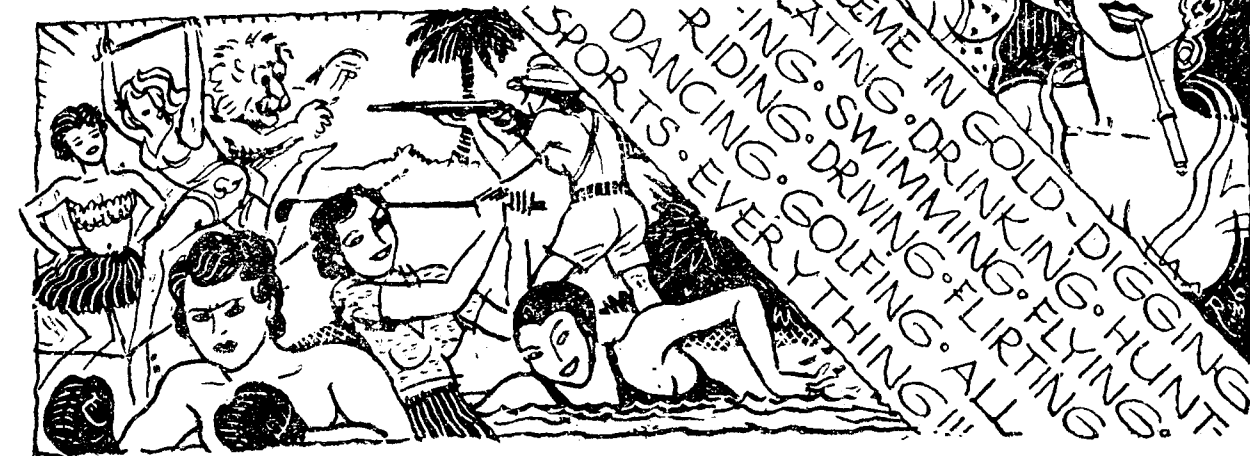
You've heard the expression, "Born leaders of men." It refers to Women.

With an elaborately reverent bow, I handed the foregoing Ms. to my wife.

"Read it, my dear," I begged, "and let me know your reactions to my argument."

She hesitated, then glanced at the headline.

"What's this?—'The Mightier Sex.' Another of your tedious articles, isn't it? I prefer reading your stories, especially the ones about Henpecked Husbands and Wives who—"



"You *would*!" I murmured under my breath; then aloud: "Do read it, love—the theme's similar, and I'm sure you'll be interested."

She began reading at once. As she proceeded, I noted the varying expressions on her face with interest. She was alternately pleased, annoyed, amused, delighted, horrified and flattered. She handed me back the Ms with an approving smile.

"On the whole," she said, "not bad! But—er—"

"Well?" I waited for the inevitable word of criticism.

"Aren't you rather careless in your typing? I notice, wherever the word 'Woman' occurs you've used a capital 'W', but you've forgotten the capital for 'Man'."

"That," I beamed, "is neither carelessness nor forgetfulness. It's significantly deliberate—a further tribute to The Mightier Sex."

"I see, my dear," she giggled. "Well, I'm glad you acknowledge our superiority. Let me read it through again, and see if anything else occurs to me."

She re-read the Ms. Then:

"Darling," she said, "I think the article ends rather tamely—sort of tails off. Couldn't you round it off with a strong, summarising sentence?"

"I'll try," I said, and began furiously to think.

"I've got it!" I said presently. "How about this?"

"You *wretch*!" she cried, as she read my effort. It went like this:—

"Well, there you have a picture of The Mightier Sex! And things being what they are—all I can say in conclusion is: *PITY THE POOR SULTANS!!*"

THE END



Kittu went to the countryside and was struck by its beauty.



The Culinary Wager

by Emkay

Reading Time • About 6 Minutes

IT was a curious bet. You may even call it silly. But it had a touch of dash in it. Believe me, it had.

"Now that the cook is out, you are at our mercies, dearies, you are," mocked the girls.

"How, may we know?" asked we, also mockingly.

"Suppose we go away too..?"

"But where—to Andamans after Craik?" asked Micky icily.

"We only suppose, you bad men...What will you do? Can you cook? Are you game?" taunted Yasoda.

"You talk as though you were the only two on earth who knew how to cook," I retaliated.

"Cheeky, I call it," said Micky.

"As though cooking were black magic. A bit of salt, some chillies, a little dal, a few chippings, and a lemon and presto, there is *sambar* for you!"

"Rice and water," I added.

"The whole dressed up with cocoanut scrapings," he continued, "and aye, I forgot *asafoetida*, very important thing."

I felt relieved to know that Micky had so much culinary lore. I wondered where he had learnt it. The girls looked at each other knowingly and smiled an innocent smile.

"So you think you can manage?" they asked.

"Think! Bah! We know."

"Then shall we have a bet?" one of them asked. We all thought for a while. Susila broke the silence.

"Shall we say, a suit length of tweed if you win?"

"Yes," I agreed, "the one we saw at Nallarams."

"Suppose unfortunately...?"

"Not likely..." cut in Micky.

"Still to complete the pact, shall we fix it up as the lace and silk *saree*, we saw Saroja wearing?" she asked.

"A bit costly," I grunted.

"Don't bother," said Micky, and turning to them, nodded, "done."

"So as not to disturb you," they said, "we shall fly away now and be back at twelve. Dinner for four, mind you, and yours is the word of gentlemen."

"And yours, that of honourable ladies," I returned. The pact was sealed. The girls left us.

Micky lit the stove. "You fool!" I bawled out, running to his aid. "Don't hold the spirit bottle so near the flame." So saying I snatched it from him and placed it aside. Micky said: "You are very nervous: it couldn't have caught fire so easily."

I said gently: "Micky, spirit is inflammable, and can catch fire within two inches of a naked flame."

"Exactly. I was holding it four feet away," he said.

What can you say to such a fellow? "All right," I said politically and changed the talk. "Who was the tailor who was clever at tweed you said, Micky?" I asked.

"John Hawkins. See how I get my suit done! The girls were for once a bit too audacious, don't you think?" Micky was pumping the stove with an energy and enthusiasm that would have sufficed to blow ten stoves into pieces.

"Please, Micky," I said, "don't pump so

hard: stove-bursting tragedies are reported every day."

"All right," he said, stopping the piston. "The stove is ready. What next?"

"That's fine! You fellow seem to know everything on earth," I put in. "Where did you learn cooking?"

"Who said that I learned it?"

"Anyhow, you know the trick," I comforted.

Micky looked hard at me. He said that if he wasn't sure of my culinary knowledge, he wouldn't have said a word about it to the girls.

I said that the whole situation resolved upon him and him only, and all I could do was to run errands and finally taste the things and say what was wrong with what.

Micky, who has the unfortunate quality of getting angry with others over his own faults looked at me a look that a blind man could have diagnosed as 'murderous'.

"Think you are funny, don't you?" he asked. The only way to placate Micky was to get angry myself. So I also pretended anger and asked him what the devil he meant when he waxed eloquent over asafoetida and coconuts.

"All right. When one has to deal with fools, one should look for such things," he said with a nasty laugh.

"One has to," I assented.

"Oh, shut up! Go to that darned hotel and get things for four soon. Run up!" he ordered.

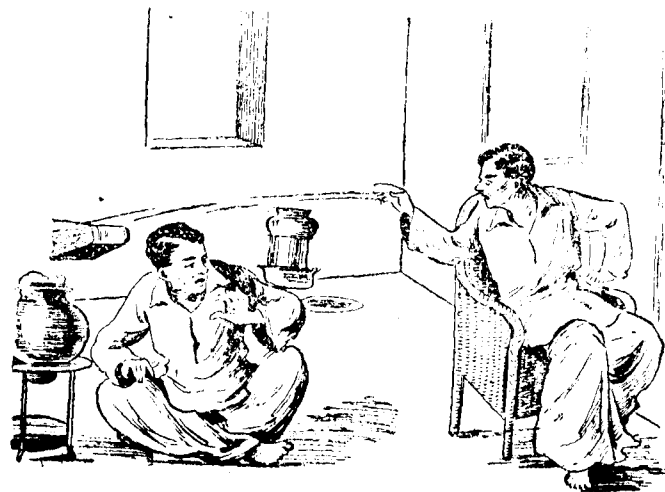
I ran up to the hotel and returned, wiser and out of breath.

"The girls are clever," I said to him.

"Who said they aren't?" he replied savagely. "But where is the food?"

"That is why I said they are clever. They knew that the only hotel hereabout is closed down, while we, ordinarily more informed than they are..." I began, but he wasn't interested in my comparative study.

(Continued on page 28)



The Fountain Head

by Penn

Reading Time • About 5 Minutes

IN the golden days there lived in the City of Imanganj a stipendiary Magistrate, Munshi Imandar Baksh by name. Now the word 'Iman' in Urdu means 'Honesty'. Consequently, 'Imanganj' would mean 'the city of honest folk', and 'Imandar Baksh' would mean 'an honest fellow'. Now this is just where Fate had dealt a cruel blow. The blow was both cruel and subtle, for, since the very beginning of Time, all the scoundrels in creation had flocked to Imanganj and made this Honest City their home.

And our Munshi Imandar Baksh, Magistrate 1st Class, was a worthy citizen of this very honest city. Each case tried by him added substantially to his money-bags...and his already ample proportions. But the long-suffering public paid, and continued to pay gladly, and in silence—for this was Imanganj—the City of Honest Folk.

Then Fate evolved another cruel jest. It sent to this City, as Kotwal, a Sub-Inspector named Thakur Bayiman Singh. Now if 'Iman' implies 'honesty', even the suckling babe would answer that 'Bayiman' implies 'dishonesty'. Never was a man less appropriately named, for, poor unfortunate Thakur Bayiman Singh was one of the honestest men that had ever lived. So rigid was he in his scruples that if duty sent him to a village on an investigation into some crime, he would refuse even a cup of water from that village—nor would he sit at anyone's house, or on anyone's *charpoi*—no matter whether it rained, blazed, or snowed—a RARITY—there is no other word for it!

Now to complete the jest—for Fate is always thorough—it was ordained that Thakur Bayiman Singh should work under Munshi Imandar Baksh. Conscientiously would Thakur Bayiman Singh prosecute, daily, cases before the 'learned Court', and as consciencelessly would the 'learned Court', in the person of Munshi Imandar Baksh, take bribes in them.

After months of patient labour and elaborate scheming, our City Kotwal had succeeded in catching

'red-handed' the most inveterate gamblers in Imanganj, Sher-Khan, Sher Ali, Sher Mohammad and Sher Ahmed—men who lost and won, won and lost, thousands in an hour's play. Things looked black for the four 'Shers'. Jail seemed certain for them. One single star stared forth from the inky heavens—the trying Magistrate, Munshi Imandar Baksh. He alone could save them from jail—but at a price.

Negotiations began. The four 'Shers' believed in dealing directly with the 'fountain head'. Yes, the case was black against them. It was hardly worth while for the 'fountain head' to tamper with justice in this particular instance. Long-suffering authority would not allow such a flagrant miscarriage of justice to pass unheeded. They *must* be punished. Well, even that could be contemplated. Punish them...Yes—"Let justice be done, ere the heavens fall,"—but jail?...Oh! spare them jail? Here was a solution...a brilliant brainwave. A thousand apiece, to be spared the ignominy of a jail sentence! Four thousand changed hands that night. The four 'Shers' thought it worth while.

"I shall take up your case at 6 a.m. sharp tomorrow," growled the 'fountain head' as they bowed out of his presence.

Court hours, be it noted, were from 11 a.m. Not 6 a.m.

And so, next morning, whilst Imanganj and the City Kotwal slept, our hardworking 'fountain head' proceeded to court to try the four 'Shers' for gambling. It was an amazing trial. No word was spoken. The 'fountain head' was busy writing on some summary trial forms. The Court Reader sat respectfully awaiting orders.

The 'fountain head' finished writing, and looking severely at the four 'Shers' he began:

"It is finished...Go!"

The four 'Shers' literally bounded out of the Court-room fearing lest a whimsical Magistrate might suddenly change his mind.

The 'fountain head' turned to his Reader. "I have fined each Rs. 300/- under the Gambling Act. Here is the money,"—twelve crisp Rs. 100/- notes—"Prepare the deposit papers!"

The Reader smiled. He knew; he understood; perhaps he even shared!

It flashed round the city that the four 'Shers' had been acquitted. A bewildered Kotwal burst in at 11 a.m.

"Have you acquitted them...sir?"

"Acquitted them?" thundered the 'fountain head'. "I have fined each 300/-... a heavy sentence...the rascals deserved it... they admitted...here are the files!"

True enough. There was the sentence of the Court:

"The accused admit the offence. A deterrent sentence is necessary. I fine each Rs. 300/- in default of fine I sentence each to 6 weeks S. I."

THE END

Below:

"Fine paid in full."

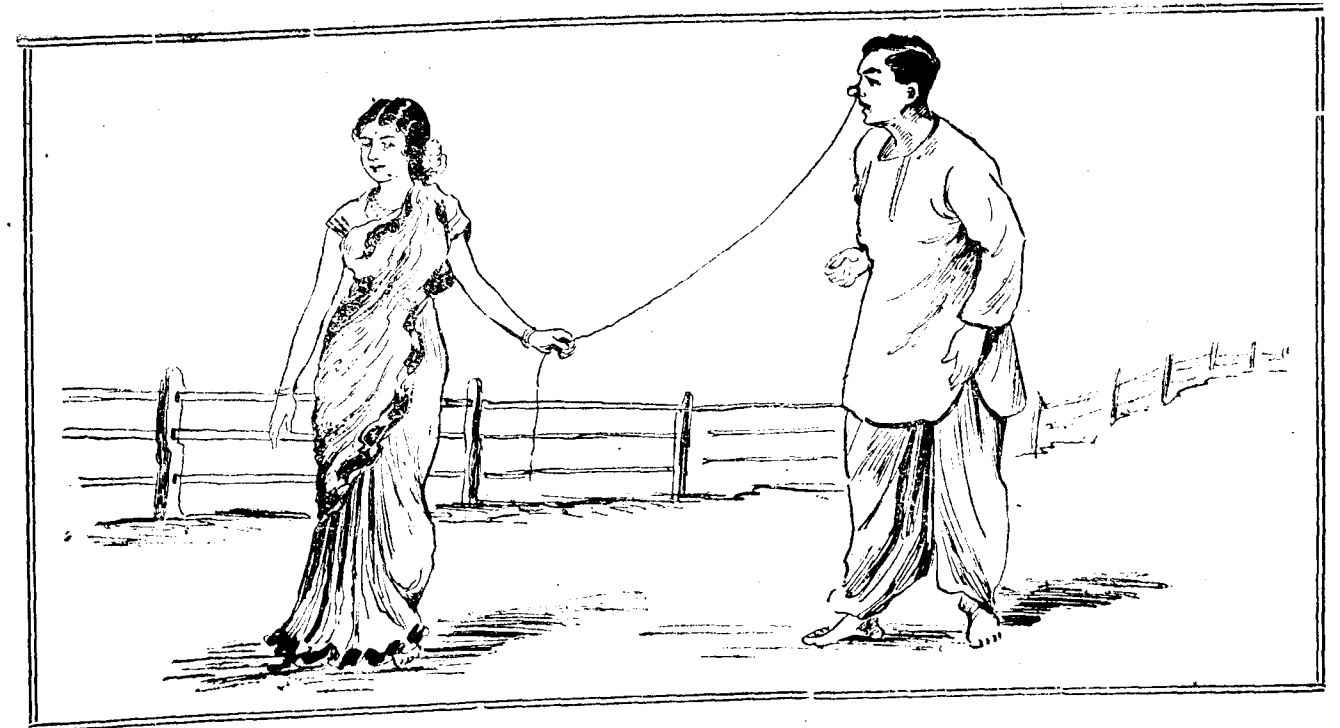
Thakur Dayman Singh, City Kotwal, thanked Munshi Inandar Baksh, City Magistrate, for this excellent sentence and left the Court. The four 'Shers' had been severely punished. The 'scoundrels' had dared to give out they had been acquitted.

Later that day the Police, according to rule, took their thumb impressions. This was disconcerting. That night again they sought out the 'fountain head'.

"The Police have taken our thumb-impressions—although you acquitted us!"

"What harm is there in that? You *know* I acquitted you. Give them all your finger imprints...toe-imprints as well...if they want it!"

And the 'fountain head', Rs. 2,800/- to the 'good'—thought this joke of his merited a laugh, so he unbent and laughed.



Leading By The Nose

by A. T. MacNaughton Thomas

Reading Time • About 6 Minutes

"Will you kindly shut up?" he begged. Next minute he was in the chair, blubbing like a child. I, on the other hand, kept my head. You might say, I was the monarch of the situation.

"Come and help me, you!" I commanded. "We shall do something."

"So you know cooking after all?" he jumped.

"No more than you," I replied. "But what is there in it?"

"A bit of salt..." Here I quoted Micky's own words. I had just time to dodge the complete works of Shakespeare which Micky threw at me.

Micky's eyes proclaimed murder. I never till then knew that under slightly altered circumstances one's words could count for so much as then they did.

Micky again retired to his seat and sulked.

Meanwhile I managed to prepare one dish—rice. It was almost ready, but having none to tell me whether it was quite cooked or not, I decided to keep it a while longer on the stove. The clock struck twelve.

Like fate and with the same precision, the girls returned home.

"I am dead if you don't serve me my dinner now," said one.

"I am starving," said the other.

The dinner was served. It was black magic. The soup was 'piping', there was a fine 'sweet' and refrigerated curds. It was one of those rare dinners of which the kitchen-gods of 'Mohana Vilas' are so proud. For the girls had foreseen our difficulties and brought everything from the city in the car.

I tried my preparation on Skelly. He didn't relish it and he invited the crows to it. Skelly is our dog.

After dinner the silence was broken by Yasoda. She gave out an impressive monosyllable. She said: "So?" Susila gave out a little roguish laugh.

"With your husband for a partner in any bet who can ever hope to win?" asked Micky of Susila.

I asked the same question of Yasoda.

"We knew it, and so we bought the silk and lace direct so as to save you the bother," said Yasoda and Susila in one voice, handing over the bill.

THE END

'Quod facimus bene faciamus' quoth Virgil or Ovid or someone, (anyway, one of the Blue Water School) which, the complex-tortured reader will admit, is as good as anything else to set the eye-ball rolling. A singular instance of quod facimusing with bene faciamus is just to hand.

The American publicity experts, it seems, after having thoroughly exhausted the possibility of advertising by appeal to the ear and the eye, are now preparing an assault upon the nose. A new kind of ink is used for printing advertising matter, which can be scented in accordance with the commodity to be boosted. Thus leaflets commending vanilla chocolate give off a smell of vanilla, calculated to make the reader's mouth water; while lemonade is advertised by bills that exude a thirst-provoking aroma of fruit-juice.

The insurance companies have been quick in adopting the new device. One firm, it seems, sends out circulars in envelopes which, when opened, emit a pungent odour of burnt wood—with a warning that

such a smell pervades an uninsured home. What are we coming to? as the Malayalee asked his Neapolitan guide when he took round the Indian to the next object of architectural interest in his city.

Instances by which the public have been led by the nose, are brought to our notice, which we shall set down as they occur to us.

The other day we received a letter from a progressive Bombay firm, which, when opened, exuded a pleasant scent, reminiscent of the smell that emanates after the first shower of the South-West Monsoon on heat-parched earth. We knew instantly, without reading further, that we were asked to buy Ooka-bhoy's rubber-lined raincoats (S. B. Rs. 18. D. B. with cap, Rs. 24.) for the ensuing monsoon season. Next day, another letter from another Bombay firm, while giving off the same smell, told us in a few well-turned sentences to go in for Umachand's Unexcelled Umbrellas. The South-Wester is undoubtedly a blessing to these firms, whose motto is evidently: NEVER SAY DRY. They know how to be on the

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leeward of the monsoon. This great thought reminds us of shipping companies, Bangalore cabbages, Cuban music—

All right, shipping companies first. Now that the summer cruises are quite the go, the Bombay shipping companies, which are always on the lookout for fresh methods of inveigling the public, have not fallen astern. They are inducing their patrons, we are told, to part with a tidy sum by sending attractive brochures that smell of tar, bilge and the tang of the Arabian Sea.

But the most enterprising of them have gone a step farther. They have asked us to visit Yarmouth by pamphlets that smelt of herring; to holiday at Tangier by circulars that emitted orange flavour; to honeymoon at Naples by bills that reeked of sulphur and lava of the Vesuvius; to drop in at Aden by notices that flavoured of Turkish Delight and Arabian Sorrow; to tour Australia by brochures that were strongly suggestive of kangaroo's sweat, dingy's milk and omelettes made out of emu's eggs; but the one that neatly bowled us out, stumps, bails, crease-dust and all, was the request made by an Italian shipping company which asked us to see Addis Ababa, in a letter that was sweetly redolent of mustard gas. When the letter came into our hands, we failed to retain our perpendicular. The result: We fainted outright and broke our size 14, semistiff polo-collar bone. Italian shipping companies, YOU ARE WARNED! The commonest of common humanity demands that before you think of attacking our olfactories and pickle-factories, you should have the decency to supply us a gas-mask along with your advertisements of trips to Abyssinia. And that's flat.

Red-blooded Congress M. L. A.'s will resent if we tell them that the Government lead them by the nose. How often have we not known that whenever the Government brought Criminal Bills for discussion and decision, prodigiously scented with lavender, the Congress members took a deep sniff at the lavendered Bills, and went into a swoon of delight? The Government were so hugely pleased with their experiment that they laid up all the Criminal Bills in lavender, so that whenever occasion arose, they might lead the Congress by the nose, by asking them to smell at the lavendered Bills. That's what we call leading by the nose. Dictionaries, please copy. Deep-chested reader, if you haven't still understood us, let us explain again.

The author of this article is a double-fisted he-man. He won't allow himself to be led by the nose by any

girl unless she smells of lilac, cyclamen, otto dil Bihar, otto dil Orissa, Otto Von Bergner. Well, that's being led by the nose. Get us?

Our heart swells out in sympathy to those poor, case-hardened bachelors, who were led to the altar by the nose by scheming matrimonial bureaux that lie dotted over the country like sign-posts, who have fallen into the stride by perfuming their letters with the scent of orange blossoms.

We raise the Thomas hat (a Rattan Bazaar affair) to the Madras Urbanites Association—an association specially formed under the distinguished patronage of Sir S. Thathachari, Kt., (Knight of the most exalted order of the Tin Hat in Triplicate), to keep up intercourse with those citizens of Madras City who are overseas. It speaks libraries for their common-sense that the M. U. A. has also fallen in line with the prevailing craze by perfuming its correspondence. It seems, many a Madras urbanite who are in Colombo, Singapore, Bora, Dublin etc., whenever they get an attack of nostalgia, communicate with the M. U. A. to send them perfumed letters which, when opened, effuse in full blast the delicious fragrance of the Cooum and the sweet odour of the Buckingham Canal, calculated to raise unforgettable memories of dear old Madras. The non-vegetarians among the Madras urbanites prefer their letter to be a trifle more smelly, with the result, the M. U. A. taking the hint, has impregnated their letters with the delightful ordours of the Meersapet Market, Chintadripet Market and the poultry section of the Moore Market. The M.U.A. is seriously considering whether it should not also flavour the exhalations with the exquisite scents of the Triplicane temple tank. However, the M. U. A. aver with a justifiable pride (which ought to be fittingly recognized by every member of the Madras urban population in a deckle edged address of appreciation), that the blend of the effluvia is endowed with a three hundred horse-power of scent, warranted to knock over a non-Madrasi at a distance of seven hundred yards. Surely a proud achievement!

The political associations have not been slow in leading their constituents by the nose. If we only nosed into their letter-books, we are sure to find their correspondence, smelling strongly of jobbery and nepotism.

Take for instance, the correspondence of the Cochin Socio-Radical Wild-Goose Chasers Union. Well, we needn't smell into that now.

THE END

Legal Tripe Straightened Out

by John A. Henry

Reading Time • About 6 Minutes

THIS week, ladies and gentlemen and others, we come to a very useful section, from your point of view and my point of view, of law. You will now see what a lot of things you can do besides holding the wife's skein of wool while she wins and helping her to cook your dinner after you have had a tiring day's work, without being punished for them. There's only about one thing you can't do—no, two—one's a Scotchman and the other's a Jew—with the bare possibility of a third, namely, your wife on pay-day. But they are, of course, exceptions, and exceptions prove the rule.

1. *Nothing is an offence which is done by a person justified or believing himself to be justified by law to do it.* In the law books we have a fair-to-middling example of this type of 'non-offence'. Here it is:—B, mistaking Z to be murdering A, arrests Z. It eventually turns out that Z was only acting in self defence. B is not to blame in any way for his action. I can put it rather more clearly than that. You, believing your girl to be carrying on with another man, B, stop her chocolates. It eventually turns out that your girl was only trying to get B all goofy in order to get a substantial amount of money out of him for the sake of your booze, which you love better than her. You have committed no offence in stopping her chocolates. And, in fact, you shake her by the hand. Also, next time you see him, you pat B on the back in a friendly way. You'll most probably soon find yourself a grass-widower. But that won't be your fault. And you'll be lucky, anyway. The path of romance has its beautiful spots, just as the sea has its rocks.

2. *Nothing is an offence which is likely to cause harm but which is done without criminal intent and to prevent other harm.* To simplify it a little bit more...you know a certain undertaker Y, who charges more...you know a certain undertaker Y, who charges exorbitant rates for coffins, even when they only have brass nails in their lids. Your friend X has com-

missioned Y to bury him when he departs into the next world, top or bottom-floor not specified. You murder your friend X, put his body in a coal sack, and bury him with a yo! ho! ho! in your back garden in order to prevent other harm—that is, Y charging X too much for a coffin. You have committed no offence—not within the meaning of law anyway. And, if X was a very bony man, you'll now find it quite simple to grow marrows in your back garden, and, the nearer the bone, the sweeter the marrow.



3. *Nothing is an offence which is done by a person of unsound mind.* Getting married comes under this sub-section. As also does violent love-making and the kiss the beautiful but entirely (to you, if not to the wife) strange girl in the omnibus gives you. Mussolini's attack on Abyssinia also comes under this sub-section.

4. *Nothing is an offence which is done by a person in a state of intoxication brought about by having the intoxicant administered to him against his will.* I give here a short play for the benefit of wives. This play was, by the way, turned down by

Mr. C. B. Cochran because it was not melodramatic enough. Queer tastes some people have!



ACT I

Scene 1. A public house, commonly termed 'boozer'. Two men at a table—Jones and Smith. Smith's mouth is watering but he keeps looking furtively over his shoulder as if expecting to be stabbed in the back at any moment.

Jones: Go on, have one, Smith! Won't do you any harm.

Smith: But the wife.....

Jones: She won't know.

Smith: Won't she! Almost kills me when she smells my breath!

Jones: Ever tried peppermint?

Smith: Never...oh...well, only one then!

Scene 2. Same room, littered with empty bottles, alias 'dead marines'. Smith and Jones entirely hors-de-combat under table. Jones' foot in Smith's mouth.

Scene 3. Smith's home at three in the morning. Smith's wife prominent on door-mat.

Smith: Warrerotten feller Jonesh! Forshed me—hic—drinksh. Awf'l f'lah!

Smith's Wife: *****!!!!!!!???

[Delivers several expert hooks, jabs, and uppercuts, not to speak of straight lefts, straight rights and kicks to the solar plexus belonging to Smith. Smith makes noise like punctured tyre subsiding and subsides.]

(CURTAIN)

Here Smith's wife was entirely in the wrong and could have been sued by Smith for assault, battery, and bad language. She wasn't. But that was Smith's fault and an opportunity, a golden one, lost to him. It is quite clear from the evidence before me that the intoxicant was forced on Smith by Jones against his, Smith's, will. It is even clearer, too, that Smith's wife was forced on him against his will.

5. *Nothing is an offence when it is done for a person's benefit when that person is unable to give*

his consent. For example, dear readers, Z falls from the horse he is riding. Strikes his head on a rock or on the road and gets knocked out, his fall ruining the shape of the rock or the road as the case may be. Y, a surgeon, cuts Z's legs off so that he will not be able to get into mischief and ride a horse again. Y has committed no offence.

6. *Nothing is an offence (other than the capital crime) which is done by a child under seven years.* When you are asked to 'hold the baby', dear reader, you will understand.

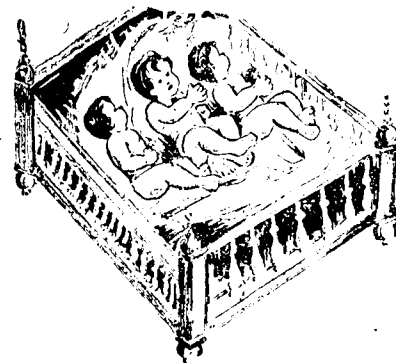
7. *Nothing is an offence when it is done by a person who is compelled by threat of grave danger to do it.* Briefly, it is no crime for you to spend Rs. 150/- on a fur coat for the wife when she has threatened that if you don't buy it she will continue to live with you.

8. *Nothing is an offence when it is done by accident provided due caution was being exercised and a lawful act was being done in a lawful manner.*

.....You are driving a steam roller along the road. Just ahead of you, you see your boss, who has recently refused to give you a rise. You suddenly, and without knowing why, lose control of the steam roller and flatten your boss into the macadam under your vehicle's front wheel. Your boss can't claim damages as you have committed no wrong. But the Municipality might—under the grouse that you have spoilt a perfectly good road.

Yes, dear readers, as I have said, there are so many things you can do which, according to law, are not offences. You can become a lawyer and not be clapped in jail. You can run a restaurant and serve dead-dog pie under the guise of rabbit pie. You can bomb people under the excuse that you are trying to civilise them. You can, if you are an Editor, publish an author's hard work and not pay him for it, telling him that you thought it was submitted free of charge. You can even keep the author's return postage.

In other words, one can usually find a legal explanation for everything...even triplets.



THE END

When Field Marshals 'Fish'ed

(A Wartime Anecdote)

It is after all the human note
That kindles dead ash to flames.
May I recall an anecdote,
And recall legendary names?

On the banks of the Meuse, (in France) all keen,
The Germans in form advanced,
The 'Allied Command' was shared between
Joffre and French—it chanced.

Sir John French, who could not speak
A word of his namesake tongue,
Addressed 'Pappa' Joffre, plump and sleek;
Their nerves were tautly strung.

Thus Marshal French: (with very faint shiver)
Through an interpreter he spoke.
"Will the Germans, I wonder, cross the river?"
Joffre let fly—grim joke!

His moustachios bristled like a porcupine.
"Oh, tell Sir John, it's my wish,
That disgusted Germans, leaving their Rhine,
Have come here just to fish!"

—G. K. Pillai



Auntie J.J.

A wicked nephew wants to know if Jack the Ripper was the elder brother of the Jack of 'Jack And The Bean-stalk' fame.

No, my dears, Jack The Ripper was not this Jack's elder brother, though it is quite possible he may have been his younger brother. However that may be the Ripper's life was not exactly a beacon-light to guide and inspire my little nephews.

Jack the Ripper was so called not because he was a dashing young flame overflowing with animal spirits, but because he literally ripped people open. He never touched men. His field was the opposite sex—exclusively those unfortunate women whom in our smug jatter-day morality we call 'the women of the streets'.

Jack was a lunatic and a sadist. Else it were not possible to explain his gruesome deeds. The most astonishing part of the business was the identity of the man. It was never known. Probably it never shall

be. This dreadful man lived in London in the late eighties, and his name sent a thrill of horror through the length and breadth of England during the four months between August and November 1888.

He enticed the 'women of the streets' into back alleys and dark corners, cut their throats, mutilated their faces, ripped their bodies open and severed sundry organs. His first victim was Mary Ann Nichols, aged about forty-five, and his last Mary Jeanette Kelley, the youngest to suffer at his hands.

The police at Scotland Yard were baffled. It is unbelievable that a man with so much blood on his hands should go scot-free; yet such was the case. As Jack ripped up woman after woman, the press set up an indignant howl, called the Home Secretary bad names and demanded the resignation of Sir Charles Warren the Commissioner of Police. When the news of Jack's last atrocity, the murder and horrible cutting up of Mary Jeanette Kelley, was reported to

police headquarters, Sir Charles Warren sent in his resignation.

It was believed that after his last murder, Jack became a raving lunatic and made away with himself. But that was only a surmise.

After nearly fifty years of this nightmare, Jack is as much a mystery as he was.

★
Gulshan Rai (Khandala): "What do advertisers mean when they say: 'Money refunded if not found satisfactory'?"

They mean, my dear green cabbage, that they would return the money if the money was not satisfactory.

* * *
Newly-wed (Shahjahanpur): "My darling wife polishes all the brass-ware in the house a bright sheen and sits before them and admires her handiwork."

What, poor man! Couldn't you afford to give the little darling a small mirror?

* * *
Private Awful (Fort St. George): "W o t d'yer mean by 'Drivin' from pillar to post'?"

Suppose, after you have retired for the night, your wife searched your pockets and found in them the letter she gave you in the morning to post. She would shake you up from your bed and make you post it. That is called driving from pillar to post.

* * *
Footballer (Calcutta): "Damn it, Auntie, I never get a good position in our football team. The captain never decides whether I am a half-back or a full-back."

Perhaps you are neither, dear chap. You appear to be a drawback.

Old Bachelor (St. Thomas Mount): "Is it a fact that baby draws a young couple more together?"

Yes, dear sir. Especially if the baby is one of those dinky little two-seater sedans.

* * *
Angling Novice (Coonoor): "I went fishing for the first time last Sunday. After plying the rod for six weary hours, I landed a small frisking fish just three inches long. What is wrong with my fishing?"

Absolutely nothing. You are too honest to be a good angler. Learn lying first and then take up angling.

* * *
Little Padma (Srisailam): "What is 'Coming off with flying colours,' dear Auntie?"

It is an air-plane pilot, my dear, who flies from one place to another with a cargo of wet paint on board.

* * *
Old Munusami (Kuppam): "I am a boomerang. Do you know, you old humbug, what it means?"

Poor chap! So your wife kicks you out daily in the mornings and you return home in the evenings?

* * *
Naturopath (Bardoli): "Honestly, what is your opinion of fellows

who ask you to boil your drinking water before you drink it?"

Honestly my opinion is that these fellows are fuel-merchants.

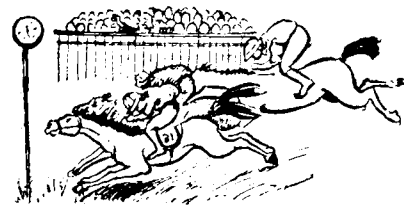
* * *
Merryfan (Mahalakshmi): "What is a boring story?"

It depends on the person reading the story, dear boy. Anyhow if the plot of the story is laid in an oil-field, it is more or less a boring story.

The Philosophy of Gambling

by D. Ramachandran

WHAT is gambling? My stolid and matter-of-fact neighbour acidly defines it as the art of ruining oneself in trying to get rich



quick. I know, however, that it is not the correct definition; for, the wise man has defined it as the science of self-discipline. I shall presently illustrate my point by taking the most popular form of gambling, viz: betting on horses.

The thousands of punters who crowd the Race Courses all over the world are not get-rich-quickers as people generally suppose. They are every one of them self-disciplinarians and searchers after truth. It is not the paltry fifty-to-one dividend which the 'Tote' might return on a 'Dark Horse'; nor the "Twenty-to-one bet" with the bookies on a 'sure tip'; nor even the double or the triple to ten that attracts the punter to the Race Course; but it is the thirst after spiritual experience of winning or losing with utter unconcern and in fact his zest for self-discipline that draws him to the vast congregation that gathers on a Race Course. He may cry his throat hoarse when the animal he has backed looks like romping home; he may curse the inefficient jockey who cannot ride his mount to victory; he may even collapse after witnessing the faithless performance of a rider who 'pulled' his animal; but deep down in his heart he is a real philosopher for all that. He tries to follow the

path of many a saint who by severe austerity and penance tried to achieve that equipoise of soul and mind which is so essential to spiritual advancement. He tries to look unconcerned after drawing a big cup. He actually tries to smile and whistle before his friends after having lost a fortune. By dint of such practice and experience, he aspires to the ideal—the ideal punter, who does not hurrah or dance with delirious joy after pocketing a fifty-to-one bet, who does not die of heart failure, because he lost his only shirt on a horse, whose left hand does not know what bet money is made over by the right hand to the bookie and whose mind remains calm and unruffled like a drop of water on a lotus leaf. For, has not Lord Krishna said that he alone is a Jnani who is neither elated by success nor depressed by failure and to whom prosperity and adversity are alike immaterial?

Such is the quintessence of the punter's philosophy and such his strivings after spiritual advancement. A patient study of the philosophical aspect of any other form of gambling, will lead one to a similar conclusion, namely, that it is not self-ruination but self-discipline which is the ultimate objective of its votaries.



So, friends, don't decry punters and punting.

THE END

MERRY'S FILM FOLIO

GULAM DAKU (Hindi)

An 'Imperial' Production

Showing At: The Select Talkies, Madras

Gulam Daku is a lesson in film-story adaptation. Even as a double of Victor Hugo's masterpiece *Les Miserables*, *Gulam Daku* is original in its presentation and back-ground. The pathos which wrenches tears from your heart are admirably balanced by and blended with the other human feelings—particularly delicate humour. And there is not one situation where a song is sung nor a comic scene introduced needlessly. There are at least a hundred scenes where one's emotions are stirred to the depths and in the Tamil filmland, each such scene would have been exploited by a tortuous, heartrending song.

It is necessary, to be able to recapture the difference in the version of this moving tale, to recite briefly the story which opens with the tyrannical zamindar Raiji treating his men to a taste of his horse-whip.

On a country road, a village cart gets stuck up. It blocks the road to the passing Police Inspector Fulasingh and his party. Jairam, a labourer, puts his shoulder to the axle of the cart and lifts it up to the amazement of all.

Jairam goes home to a wife in tears. There is no milk for the hungry, sick baby. Nobody would give him some. So he goes to Raiji's kitchen and steals milk. The maid finds him there and raises an alarm. He is caught. He begs to be allowed to take the milk home. His child is dying for milk. He prays for mercy. The policemen don't understand mercy. There is a struggle. He frees himself from their hold and reaches his baby—too late. Hunger had already taken its toll and ended the baby's woes. The police raid his house. The sight of the dead child and the miserable, helpless, clinging wife does not mean a thing to them. Jairam goes to prison.

On a Jubilee Celebration Day, the convicts are served milk. In Jairam's cup, over the milk, appears the face of his dead baby. He couldn't drink it. He gets a flogging and the solitary cell. Morning finds the bird flown through the broken bars of the only window.

Jairam arrives on a burning-ghat. There he finds a piece of long, new cloth. He needs it. As he is about to make away with it, a man appears there, his former friend, and informs him mournfully that the burning body is Jairam's wife.

Leaving the burial-ground, he sits on a wayside bridge. A woman travelling in a village cart lets go of her bundle of jewels. Jairam picks it up and keeps it, brandishing the knife at the prayerful woman. (The song that the bandyman sings here is a 'thing of beauty'.)

Thereafter, Jairam repeats what Jean Valjean does in Victor Hugo's masterpiece in a cleverly managed Indian setting. It is all so admirably done. Jairam becomes the millionaire millowner 'Jairamdas' and an Honorary Magistrate.

The woman whom he had divested of a package comes up to him for trial, convicted for street-walking and soliciting his chief clerk. The truth is the other way about. Jairam acquits her and takes her home; learns that she has a daughter Rohini who is in the clutches of a hotelwallah. A young doctor, Dilip the nephew of Raiji, who treats her is in love with Rohini. The zamindar also wants her. Trusting Rohini to Jairam Das, Sarala passes away. The end finds both Jairam Das and Fulasingh who traces him, gone. Raiji is repentant for the injury he was to have done to his own daughter! Rohini and Dilip are restored to each other to live happily ever after.

I would boldly compare the portrayal of the pathetic role of Jairam-cum-Jairamdas by Gulam Mohamed with that of Jean Valjean by Fredric March. Gulam Mohamed, as Jairam, is superb. Among the others, Baba Vyas, as Mahant Ramdas more than plays his part; he lives it. He looks the very embodiment of *ahimsa* and piety.

Jamshedji as zamindar Raiji is convincing while Fulasingh and Dilip are done well. Lovely Miss Rose is excellent as Rohini.

The scenes and settings are excellent. Sound-recording and photography are at their best.

The Week's New Pictures

Wellington

Trail of the Lonesome Pine

Paramount:—A Walter Wanger Production.

A powerful, splendid picturisation of John Fox Jr.'s novel of mountaineer's feuds done entirely in colour. Sylvia Sidney, Henry Fonda and Fred MacMurray and the whole cast excellent.

Elphinstone

Here's to Romance

A Fox picture. A romance of an opera star's private life and loves.

Featuring: Nino Martini, Genieve Tobin, Anita Louise, Madame Ernestine Schumann-Heink, Reginald Denny, Maria Gambarelli and Vincente Escudero.

The Paragon

Tough Guy

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer production. A mild and moral little piece about a little boy's (Jackie Cooper) adventures when kidnapped with his dog (Rin Tin Tin junior). Gangster Joseph Calleia is excellent and Rin-Tin-Tin Jr. is the real hero.

Minerva Talkies

Lava-Kusa (Telugu)

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AROUND THE STUDIOS

New Theatres, Ltd., Calcutta

Nitin Bose's Double version Pictures:

Outdoor shootings of Nitin's picture have all been taken and the same indoors will be commenced shortly. Big sets are under preparation and shootings are to commence as soon as they are ready. Full cast is given here of both versions:

Hindi—Saigal, Jagadish, Bikram Kapoor, Nawab, Jemo, Vaid, Harimati, Rajlakshmi, Kalyani (a new find of outstanding merit) and Kamalash Kumari.

Bengali—Saigal, Durgadas Banerjee, Indu Mukerjee, Amar Mullick, Boken Chatto, Basanta Babu, Harimati, Rajlakshmi, Kalyani and Chandravati.

The names of Nitin Bose's pictures have not yet been finally settled. Nitin Bose has introduced entirely new technique and story in his present picture. The design of sets and settings have also been done in a very new line.

Hem Chander's New Picture:

The Selection of the cast (Hindi version) for Hem-Chander's New Picture has been done and it is given here. Nawab, Nemo, Pahari, Saigal, Babu Lal, Jagadish, Kapoor, K. C. Dey, Uma, Rajkumari, Rajlakshmi, Harimati. Saigal and Uma will be in the leading roles. The picture will be on the set by the end of this month.

Players in Hem Chander's Bengali version Picture are:—

Amar Mullick, Indu Mukerjee, Bhanu Banerji, Durgadas Banerjee, Silen Paul, Boken Chatto, Ahi Sanyal, K. C. Dey, Umasashi, Chandra, Rajlakshmi and Harimati.

It will be seen from the cast that the combination is a really good one. Bhanu Banerji's return to the screen after a long time will cause a pleasant surprise to his fans. It should be mentioned here that the report that Bhanu Banerjee has joined another company is without foundation.

Director Hem Chander should do something big with such talent at his command.

'BEJOYA':—(a talkie in Bengali) The picture is almost ready for the screen. Director is D. R. Dass. Outdoor shots have been taken and indoors are being shot with considerable precision on well thought-out plans. This story of Sarat Chatterjee

was a great success as a stage drama and its screen version is likely to be doubly so. There is great team work, which will surely result in a unique success to Director Dass and all concerned. It is being produced at New Theatres No. 2 Studio where the great DEV-DAS (Hindi) was produced. This is enough guarantee of Bejoya's success. This film will be released at Rupabani, in Calcutta and the distribution will be done by Prima Films Ltd., of Calcutta.

'Maya':—(Hindi and Bengali) Director Barua is busy with this double version Ramneck Production and New Theatre release. About three-fourths of the picture is finished and in about one month's time the picture will be ready for the screen. Big sets and settings are being used for this picture. Everything in Maya is being done in an extensive scale—in a way never before tried in Indian films. The theme of the picture is an ultra-modern one and full of appealing angles to interest every class of audience.

'GRIHADADA' has been passed by censors and is awaiting release at Chitra. Director Barua has introduced some unique and clever twists in this picture. The dialogues and songs are perfectly suited. Audiography and Camera-work are of the usual New Theatres standard. "Manzil", the Hindi version of "Grihadada" is also ready for release and prints may be sent out in the course of this month to different centres and circuits.

'MILLIONAIRE' has made a tremendous hit at Bombay and the box-office collections have broken all past records there. The press reports are very encouraging and Director Hem Chander should feel himself a proud man. MILLIONAIRE is his first, independent picture and he has done exceptionally well in this his first venture. Now that Hem Chander is well-established and we ought to be getting from him greater pictures in the near future. MILLIONAIRE is to be released at Calcutta (New Cinema) in August.

All the units of the New Theatres are working full speed and about six pictures are in the course of production, and some more are under contemplation. The artistes are all engaged and are feeling happy over the fact that they will be seen on the screen oftener than before. The technicians are also busy night and day—and there is not one idle moment for them.

The day is dawning ★ The Sun rises

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HOT FROM HOLLYWOOD

The Marrying Half

Some day the young and pretty Hilton Sisters, better known as the "Siamese Twins," because of the physical deformity which makes them inseparable, will recognize that the motion picture theatre has advanced somewhat since sideshow days of P. T. Barnum, writes a film-gossip, and substitute a more acceptable method to attract publicity attention to their stage engagements at picture houses, to replace their worn-out gag of attempting to obtain in each large city they play a marriage license for one of them.

Naturally the city fathers are stumped when a chap presents himself with the freaks at the courthouse or city hall and requests a license to marry half of the duet. This perplexity always causes a delay, and "tired of waiting," the twins and the "groom-to-be" depart "in a huff," giving expression to the injustice of the treatment.

Publicity-seeking authorities of some of the less important places in the states had extended invitations to the twins to visit their Commonwealth, promising that the wedding of the one would be arranged without hitches. But, evidently, the booking route of the act does not take them within the boundaries of such obliging States.

The Sunny Spot!

During the spring-time months, there is a lot of quiet trekking out the valley among famous movie people, all of whom carry in their arms, lovely little bouquets of flowers.

The destination of these stars is a sunny little spot called The Los Angeles Pet Cemetery. Here most of their beloved pets are laid to rest.

In one spot lies Alice Brady's beloved Sammy who lived with the star sixteen years before going to dogdom's heaven. Rudolph Valentino's beloved Kabar, who died of a broken heart after his master's death, occupies another spot. Puzzums, Mack Sennett's cat, John Gilbert's Topsy, Miriam Hopkins' Jerry, Billie Burke's Prince, Gloria Swanson's Rusty and Dolores Del Rio's Da Da, are all resting in their own corners.

Over Louise Dresser's pet dog, Bubbles, is a tiny marker reading, "Gallant Little Soldier."

Many of the animals worked in pictures and were beloved throughout the industry.

★

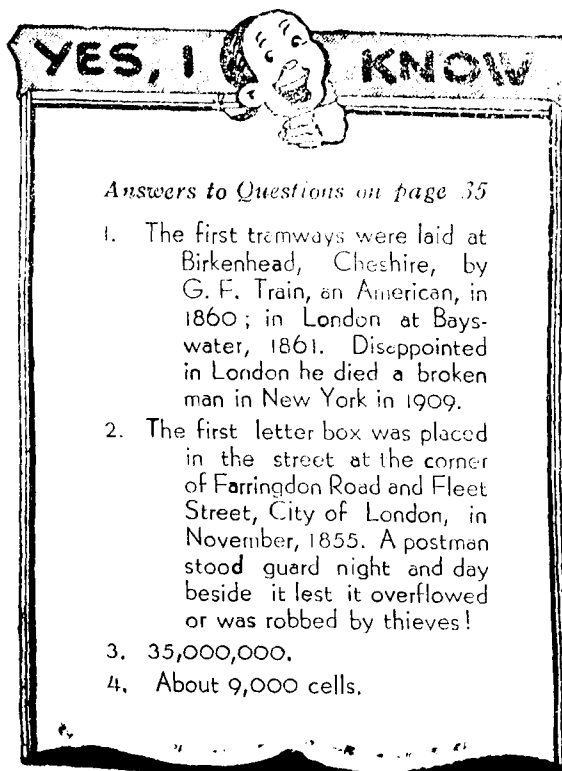
Entering a Sunset Boulevard market where he has been a customer for months, Jack Mulhall wore a smile from ear to ear. All those clerks smiled in return. It seems Jack had just been given the lead of *Craig Kennedy*, the detective, in a series of pictures for an independent studio.

"I'd rather have the praise from you boys," Mulhall told the clerks who crowded around him, "than congratulations from all the big shots in the world. You boys were my friends when I was down."

"The nicest part of it is," said one of the clerks, "Jack means it."

The Dog's Chance

Hollywood luminaries have long since learned how to avoid the usual gold-brick salesman who besiege them daily—but before small boys they don't stand a show. The Columbia Company on location to make *So They Were Married* got took nicely, it seems, and by the most angelic-faced little boy you ever saw. He came trudging down to the camp tugging a cringing pup on a strap, and (separately) persuaded every member of the troupe that the animal was a find at three dollars. They shelled out one and all, but when it came time to leave, the only sign of boy or dog was a puff of dust far down the road.



Answers to Questions on page 35

1. The first tramways were laid at Birkenhead, Cheshire, by G. F. Train, an American, in 1860; in London at Bayswater, 1861. Disappointed in London he died a broken man in New York in 1909.
2. The first letter box was placed in the street at the corner of Farringdon Road and Fleet Street, City of London, in November, 1855. A postman stood guard night and day beside it lest it overflowed or was robbed by thieves!
3. 35,000,000.
4. About 9,000 cells.

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