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MERRY

MAGAZINE

2058
"Amarnath's Defence"

Dorothy A. Scott

★

Vissalam Gases

Sithara Thriambak

★

The Disobliging Cow

Embusque

★

Molehill to Mountain

K. L. Bernard

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ANNAS TWO

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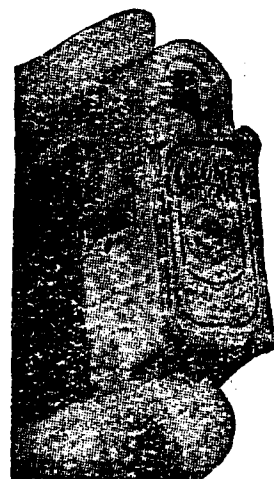
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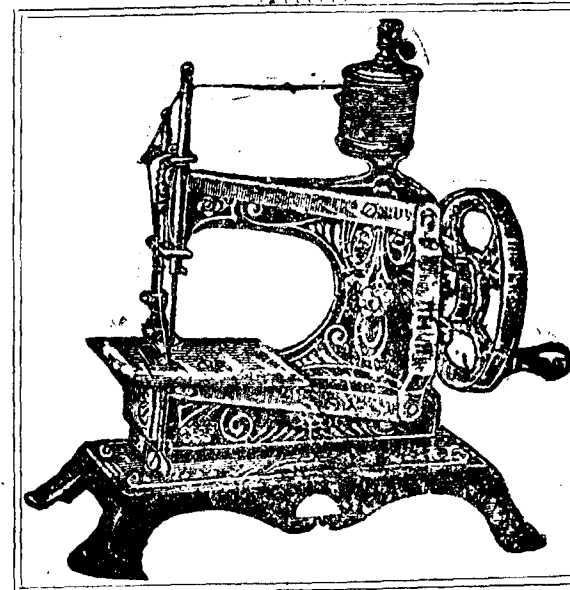
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The
MERRY
MAGAZINE



Madras, August 1, '36

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Sithara Thriambak

Jilebi Devi

Jilebi Devi is not, as you suppose (and we don't blame you) a woman who eats *jilebis* to the exclusion of all other food; nor does she wear *jilebis* as ear-drops, though there is no reason why she should not. She is the Prima Donna of Ind. This is an exclusive interview, a journalistic scoop in fact, in which we are aided and abetted by our bright Lady Correspondent. You will love Jilebi Devi.

Diana Don

Brother Rabbit

Do you know why crocodiles have such tall mouths? Do you know that the age-old feud between rabbits and dogs had its origin in a loose sort of Eternal Triangle? You don't? Well, then, this yarn will put you wise.

Artiji

The Cricketer

Cricket is very much in the air; so are stud bulls. The Bulls are not our business, because they somehow lead us to the Facts of Life. But Cricket is. So we commissioned our special male correspondent to find out how cricket was played in Ancient Times. He flew to Mahanje Daro, selected a cosy ruin, had a quick one, as, probably, Gibbon had before his time, and produced this beautiful write-up. My! (We should have said 'we!') isn't truth funnier than fiction?

SPARKS FROM OUR ANVIL

Referring to the proposed resumption of emigration to other parts of the Empire, the Parliamentary Under-Secretary to the Colonies is reported to have said: 'I believe that in every part of the Empire there is a real desire to see good people. I lay emphasis on that; only good people—from this country.'

We wonder if the qualification is intended to discourage emigration altogether!

A British admiral says: 'If the old British Lion wakes up, stretches himself, and gets his teeth and claws in order, I don't think we have anything to fear.'

This merely proves once again that there is great virtue in—IF!

Dr. Roy Howard, the American journalist, says that Herr Hitler is a 'dramatic, high-strung personality.'

This however throws no light on the question as to who pulls the strings.

A Reuter message says that Mr. De Valera has declined to participate in next year's Coronation.

Consequently, he will continue to remain the uncrowned king of Ireland!

Speaking on the occasion of the celebration of the centenary of the Cambridge University, Mr. Baldwin, its Chancellor, is reported to have said: 'I ask you to produce poets in your universities.'

Is this also a part of the country's re-armament programme?

The organ of British tailors and cutters complains that the number of firms supplying clothes on hire

for formal occasions has multiplied several times since the War.

This is perhaps due to the growing popularity of the nudist cult.

News comes from Ceylon of an organised protest by barbers against a regulation that they must keep their finger-nails short.

This has merely aggravated the length of their tongue!

Head-lines in a contemporary: 'BRITAIN'S NEW COINAGE: PRECEDENT TO BE BROKEN: KING WANTS FACE LEFT.'

At least, one part of the Empire is prepared to follow his Majesty's lead!

"Rugby, July 25.

Ridge by the King will be broad nadian War memorial on Vimy Ride by the king will be broadcast from Daventry on the 26th July at 13-10 hrs."

—Indian Express.

A sample of the interference we may expect over the wireless?!

A British official wireless says: 'The usual good-natured chaff provided a number of humorous incidents to lighten the night sittings of the Commons' in connection with the debate on the House-hold Means Test Bill.

Apparently, calling Sir John Simon a liar is an example of British humour!

In the course of the correspondence, released in connection with the Amarnath affair, the Manager says that there have been no internal troubles.

Only the gear has gone out of order.

It is authoritatively denied that the Nawab of Bhopal has been asked to quit his state.

We hope that this is not another instance of the mixing up of politics and Cricket!

Writing on the eve of the Second Test Match, Jack Hobbs says: 'Though the odds are heavily in favour of England, it is a question whether they will be able to get the Indians out twice in three days.'

If they fail, it cannot be for lack of co-operation from our Captain and Manager!

Speaking at the International Rotary, a speaker said that in forty years England will be a land of old people.

Thus justifying more than ever the endearing title: 'The Old Country'.

Cinema Notes: 'A Tale of Two Cities' gets its title from the fact that all the scenes are laid principally in Paris and London.'

And not as you might have supposed in Berlin and Warsaw!

A cricket correspondent to an English paper, commenting on the First Test, says that the Indians' weakness so far has been their inconsistency.

Particularly the Captain's, who wobbled over the Amarnath affair.

"Facilities for the blind:

The British post office concession for sending blind literature is the raising of weight from 6½ to 11 lbs., and the maximum postage will be 2d."—The Hindu.

Even those with eyes can't see through this!

The Spanish Disorders

It is a characteristic of very old and enfeebled countries or very new states to have a fondness for revolutionary methods to bring about changes in political organisation. The Latin states of South America and their spiritual parent Spain furnish good examples of these two types. Having tasted the bitter-sweets of world-power for a brief space in the fifteenth century, Spain has been content, ever since, to mark time, and be a curiosity among states. In course of time, and inevitably, it was stirred out of its complacent inactivity by the force of world-events, and has been convulsed off and on by democratic movements. When some years ago, monarchy was abolished, it was thought that the country would be free to progress along lines indicated by the more advanced countries of Europe. But, next to monarchy, the greatest power in Spain, as elsewhere, is that of the church. It has never reconciled itself to defeat, and has shown a pertinacity and resourcefulness in rehabilitating itself, which the movements of the left have generally lacked. The recent triumphs of Fascism in Europe have only whetted the eagerness of reactionary forces in Spain, and we are, at the moment, witnessing a mortal struggle between dictatorship and democracy. Some time ago, it was the popular front, that was put down with the usual thoroughness of dictators; now it is the turn of the 'Communists' to return the compliment to the Fascists. What we see is a duel between two incompatible concepts of the good life—the Socialist and the Fascist. Whatever the immediate outcome, it does not require prophetic skill to predict that it will not decide the issue once

for all. So long as there is no unity of outlook in Europe, such duels will be inevitable; it is even possible that one or the other of them will lead to a conflagration involving all. Thus the present outbreak is merely symptomatic of the confused and diseased state of the mind of Europe.

Amarnath and the Board

Poor Amarnath! How typically school-boyish his conduct has been! At first he was prepared to do anything to be retained; he was willing to sign any kind of abject apology; on his return here, he did even worse, and was willing to go back at his own expense. Then when he found that all this availed nothing, he rushed out with a long statement, giving an account of pettiness at headquarters, bullying and bluffing, which are disgusting. Cricket is a snobbish game even in England; but the snobbery is so natural, and has been so sanctified by tradition that it has not caused the kind of disruption we have just witnessed. It is a pity it is in the hands of snobs, here too. But the difference between our snobs and their English counterparts is that the latter never let themselves down in public. If the present incident will discredit the indigenous snob sufficiently to prevent him from being a force in Cricket, it will have served a high national purpose. And by the way, we confess we would like to know a little more about these outsiders who inveigle themselves into these organisations which are and should be purely Indian in personnel and management. We would warn Cricket associations in this country: 'Once Britten, Twice shy!'

The Retort Courteous (?)



Tram-conductor: Sir, this is compulsory.
Passenger: And is this compulsory, too?

A London Sunday paper says: "London is full of Americans. Let us keep them. They find London an excellent substitute for Paris. Give them a good time. Be polite to them. Entertain them. Make way for them at public functions....."

See how big-minded Englishmen are! Won't the Yankees feel all hot up when they hear what they are going to do to them in England? The mean, commercial-minded amongst you might say with an elaborate sneer this is the Englishman's peculiar way of combining business with politeness. Nothing of the sort! They are capital fellows, and their capital can be found in almost every country in the world. India, happily, is full of Englishmen. Let us keep them. They find India, in spite of its regrettable climate, an excellent substitute for any old where. Give them a good time. Entertain them.....

★

This reminds me of what Marquess Hartington, Parliamentary Under Secretary for the Dominions said in mail week speaking at the Constitutional Club, London. He said that Home Emigration to the Dominions which had had to stop due to Dominion legislation was to be resumed within a few months. "I believe," said his lordship, "that in every part of the Empire there is a real desire to see good people. I lay emphasis upon that; only good people—from this country moving into various parts of the Dominions and taking up a life there."

Thank God that we in this country never passed legislation



barring the entry of Englishmen to our old, old Ind. I echo the noble Marquess's sentiment and say that the desire of every part of the Empire, particularly of India, is to see good people. We are dashed lucky in having real good Englishmen right amidst us. I honestly believe that the Englishmen in India represent the flower of English manhood, though the flowers at the top at Home are looking a trifle faded over their performance in the Italo-Ethiopian business. I am so fond of Englishmen in India that I find it hard to part from them. But selfish, personal considerations should not blind us to our obligation to the Empire, which is a very happy family indeed. So if any part of the Empire wants to have real good Englishmen, we will spare some of our Indian Englishmen, won't we, brethren?

★

Vicount Castlerosse in one of his weekly 'log' notes in the *Sunday Express* wrote rather a touching paragraph. Years ago Father Bernard Vaughan asked Castlerosse: "Do you know who

was greater than Napoleon? Do you know who was greater than Lord Northcliff?" Poor Castlerosse! How could he know! So he said: "Ask me another" or something like that. Father Vaughan said: "Napoleon's mother was greater than Napoleon; and Northcliff's mother was greater than Northcliff." Isn't it very profound and touching? And do you know who is greater than me? My! How intelligent you are, gentle reader! Yes, my mother.

★

At last all this pother about the Howrah Bridge construction has been set at rest. The contract went to the Cleveland Bridge and Engineering Co. Two crores of rupees are involved in this contract, and naturally our chaps are looking a bit blue in the face at the turn this contract has taken. But there is one consolation, which our boys don't seem to appreciate. It is given out by the Big Boys that if building material of the right quality could be had locally, orders for it would not go out of India.



This is what I call history repeating itself, if His Holiness Sri Sankaracharya of Kamakoti Pith will condone my sacrilege in calling Ramayana history. You remember when that ten-headed thug carried away Sita, her husband Sri Rama went after the fellow to rescue her. When he came to the Gulf of Mannar, he stopped there looking wistfully across the small stretch of water at Ceylon where his beloved wife was held in duress. Being God, Rama could very easily have walked over the water to his destination, as the Son of Man did on the Sea of Galilee. Unfortunately Rama had a regrettable habit of forgetting that he was a god. So Hanuman the mighty came along with a band of monkeys and they started throwing a bridge across the Straits of Mannar. Now it so happened that on the trees on the mainland a number of small squirrels sat and watched the monkeys rolling boulders to the sea-shore for the bridge under construction. The squirrels thought that they too would help. Being only small creatures, the poor mites could not push boulders and things, except nuts. So they

wriggled their darling bushy tails in the concrete mixture (which the monkeys ashore were mixing), ran over the boulders and wriggled their tails free of the cement over them. The monkeys laughed at what they thought the ridiculous antics of the squirrels. But not Sri Rama. He smiled his heavenly smile and watched the squirrels at work kindly. When at last the bridge was built, a great tea-party was given by Lakshmana, Sri Rama's personal assistant. The squirrels were given nice nuts and Sri Rama took up each squirrel in his hand and caressed their tiny backs. Now Sri Rama was an extra Blue-Black one. When he fondled the squirrels some of his paint came off him and stuck to the backs of the squirrels, where you see it to this day in two or three parallel lines.

So, my dear Indian contractors who submitted unsuccessful tenders to this Howrah Bridge contract, take heart and be good little squirrels. If you are naughty, how could poor history repeat itself?

A headline from *Swarajya*:
A New Experiment in Irrigation
Artificial Water Famine

That is a devilish nice idea. There is only one way to create artificial water famine—by shutting up the sluices of all the feeder canals in the Presidency. The water in the canals would dry up except for small puddles in the beds of the canals. When the crops fail, as they must, the ryots would walk down to the canals and sail paper boats in the puddles to amuse themselves.

★

Nazi Storm-troops have been ordered, during the pendency of the Olympic games, to be polite to the Jews. They were also "ordered to give up their places in public vehicles to Jewish women, if necessary, and to pick up and return to the owner anything that may accidentally be dropped by Jewish women."

All very nice indeed, and I am sure the Jews, especially the girls, are very much beholden to the Big Swastika in the Fatherland. Still I think that "anything" needs some clarification. Women drop so many things in public conveyances, you know. Suppose a Jewess in a Berlin tram invites her husband who is a red Communist to sit on her lap, because there is no place where the poor fellow could sit on, and there is no rule against a husband sitting on his wife's lap. Suppose in one of tram's jolts the Jewess drops her hubby unwittingly on the floor. Would a Nazi Black-guard pick up the Communist and restore him to his wife? Come on Goebbels, old man, let us know just what that 'everything' means.

Vox Populi !

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

A Pat To Pinto

Kasaragod:- I fully concur with the old gent who said, "Blast me sir, blast me. I have heard and I have heard ever so many running commentaries.....but yours is the best joke of the year!" in Marcel S. Pinto's story "Running Commentaries." (*Merry* dated 18th July 1936.) If ever there is a way of finishing off a bore, Mr. Pinto has showed it and I would like to congratulate him on the good reading matter he has given us. Incidentally I remember the good work Mr. Pinto has put in his story "And That's Love!" which appeared some time back in the *Merry* and I would request him to give us more of the same calibre.

—M. Bhasker Rao

★

Brides, Where Are Your Smiles?

Madras:- Latterly our newspapers have begun printing pictures of society girls as they appear either during their wedding or immediately after they are married. And of course their newly-married husbands, figure beside the girls, either sitting or standing. This enterprise of our newspapers is what I call a move in the right direction. I simply love to look at newly-married brides and bridegrooms. But what I object to is the glum look (almost universal) of these Indian newlyweds. Look, for instance, at any foreign pair, newly wed. They are all smiles. Is marriage such a serious business in India that these boys and girls look so

scared? I am a bachelor, so I want to know.

—Bachelor

(Your single state explains your difficulty. Get married to a nice girl, and find out for yourself.

—Ed. V. P.)

★

Charity Begins At Home

Patna:- Our Muslim friends in this country appear to be extremely fond of their co-religionists in Palestine. This is a very touching sentiment very touchingly expressed all over India by the Muslims. At the United Provinces Palestine Conference held a few weeks ago, the delegates denounced the British policy "of making Palestine part of the British Empire under cover of mandate," and decided "as a humanitarian measure of sympathy that British manufacture be boycotted, that no Muslim should participate in the proposed Durbar of the British King and that no Muslim should help an Imperial war with men and money."

Won't it be a good idea if our Muslim friends spare a little of this great humanity to their own poor Motherland?

—Prem Kumar Sohani

★

We Are Angels!

Mambalam:- I have just read with great pain, a book by an American author. This man says that angels, contrary to popular belief, are men! You beastly men have appropriated all the top places in the world, including those of husbands. Need you deny us this simple consolation, our so far uncontested right to angelhood? Angels are men indeed! Imagine a man like

Hitler with that funny moustache in a pair of dinky wings!

—Nalini S.

★

The Ghostly Father

Calcutta:- Of late the Editor seems to have grown fond of ghost stories. I was once a ghost myself. I am still a ghost. Perhaps you would be interested to hear my story.

I fell in love with a girl. Unfortunately the fall was not reciprocal. What was I to do? Yes, sir, I cut my throat, and promptly became a ghost. You see I died with a great desire unfulfilled. I became an earth-bound spirit. The funny thing about it is I never noticed the difference between me as me and me as my ghost. Funnier still, the girl also did not notice the difference. I haunted my girl's house and being a ghost, I carried out all her impossible behests, to her great admiration. At last she relented and one fine day we were married. That was two years ago. I am now the proud father of two screaming twins, both chubby girls. When the twins arrived, I thought I had gone far enough. So I fell on my knees before my little, unsuspecting wife and confessed my ghostly imposture. Believe me, sir, she just laughed and tweaked my nose. All she said was, "Poor Bimal, you have been drinking again. Don't you dare to come to me in this disgraceful condition!" Now, sir, what shall I do?

—Bimal Bihari Chakravarti

(I heartily sympathise with you, poor ghost. Since you have done me the honour of consulting me, I would advise you to cut your throat afresh. Ed. V. P.)

Fun For All



Reporter—Aren't you afraid of the police when you appear in just that string of beads at the night club?

Dancer—Not a bit. They're not stolen beads, and I can prove it.

* * *

"Did you hear the audience weep when I died in the last scene?"

"Sure. Can you blame them? They knew you were only acting."

* * *

"I'll be back at midnight to carry you off and tomorrow, we'll be married. Do you think you can slip away without detection?"

"Oh, certainly. Mother and father have both promised to help me."

* * *

The old belief that if you drop a knife or fork it means company is coming, is quite true. What's more, if you miss a knife or fork, it means the company has gone.

* * *

"And what time did you get in last night?"

"At a quarter of twelve."

"Nonsense; I heard the clock strike three."

"Well, three is a quarter of twelve."

* * *

Scotsmen lead good lives, so they won't have to pay for their sins.

* * *

"I don't see Charlie half as much as I used to."

"You should have married him when you had the chance."

"I did!"

* * *

"Honest, I'm beginning to think you have kleptomania. Why don't you do something about it?"

"I am. I'm taking things for it."

"You should have seen the circus parade this morning. First there were the elephants, then the other animals and then Lady Govida on a horse."

"And what came after that?"

"A policeman with a summons!"

* * *

Her Mother—Young man, if you should marry my daughter, it would kill me.

Suitor—Is that a promise?

* * *

Mr.—I don't know where this child got her temper. I'm sure it is not from me.

Mrs.—No, my dear, I notice that you still have all of yours left.

* * *

Mother—When he proposed to you, was he on his knees?

Daughter—No, I was.

* * *

"If you had your choice of all the great lovers of the screen, which one would you prefer?" asked one old maid of another. To which the other replied, "The one who could get here the quickest!"

* * *

"It seems to me I've seen your face somewhere before."

"How odd!"

"It certainly is!"

9

Swimming Without

(For Wives Only)

Reading Time • About 7 Minutes

THE English holiday season is in full swing. The bookstalls all along the railway line in this country are displaying English holiday and Summer 'Annuals' in the most tantalising fashion. No man, no Indian that is, with the necessary coins in his pocket, whose soul is not utterly dead to all sense of beauty, could hold himself in leash from rushing to the bookstalls and buying these 'annuals' by the dozen. No wonder, with all those marvellous girls in the pinkest of condition, in bathing dress, beckoning to them with bewitching smiles from the cover pages of the 'annuals.'

I have a weakness for these annuals, I admit frankly. I buy them not to read the contents, but to look at these beauties who show such a generous stretch of leg and arm and back and abdomen. Beauty being Truth, I am as surely glimpsing the beatitudes of Truth as Mahatma Gandhi is experimenting with Truth according to *his* lights.

Old Confucius put his finger on the bull's eye when he said that a thing of beauty is a joy for ever. With a slight modification of the text I would say, and most everybody would agree with me, that a beauty in a bathing costume is a joy, if not for ever, at least till the season is over.

Bathing costumes, naturally, make us think of bathing, among other things. And that is the matter we have on hand just now.

It is a pity that Indian magazines don't have on their covers pictures of lovely Indian girls in bathing dress stepping off the plank to the inviting pool below. Who is to blame for this sad deficiency in magazine journalism in this country? I don't blame the poor artists. The fault is with the ladies. They have let us down, and it is up to them to pull us up again. Not one Indian artist has seen an Indian girl in the appropriate dress ready for a splash in the brine. Thus they have no material to work upon,

I have seen a girl some time last year in an unfrequented part of the Madras Marina, in a green bathing suit looking doubtfully at the breakers, while a man by her side, probably her husband, was persuading her to hit the waves. I remember the scene vividly. Unfortunately I am not an artist to reproduce that girl for the benefit of this Magazine. On second thoughts I don't think I would draw the girl. She was too disconcertingly fat to thrill us pilgrims after Truth, except exceptionally lean fellows who are said to be drawn towards feminine fat like iron filings unto a horse-shoe magnet.

One of the reasons why our girls don't amuse themselves, and incidentally us, with aquatic exercises is their native shyness. Happily they are shedding it surely, if slowly. Another reason is, and that is the crux of the problem, they are not good at swimming, except those lovely girls of Malabar who, I am told, are perfect ducks.

Thus if our girls are to play up to the modern spirit they must learn to swim. Why don't they learn swimming then, and supply a long-felt want? asks the irreverent reader. Well, my dear man, there is nobody to teach them the art, and that is flat.

But I don't see why somebody should not step into the breach, so to say, and drop a few broad hints about swimming, for the benefit of the ladies, in the approved correspondence school manner. I am a husband, and also a father in a large way; and I claim to know what wives are. That is the reason why I have prefaced this article with "For wives only." Such of the ladies as are not yet wives, must, I am afraid, go elsewhere to learn swimming.

Married ladies! Follow these instructions carefully, and I doubt not that one day you will swim the Bay of Bengal at its widest with as much nonchalance as, let us say, shedding one sari and wearing another,

Tears—

by A Hubby

After you retire in the night to your comfortable bed, don't fall into sleep immediately, for it is rather difficult to learn swimming when your faculties are in a state of coma induced by sleep. Shut your eyes, drive away every other mundane thought from your mind and mumble: "I am going to be a swimmer. Indeed I am. I *am* going to be a swimmer." Do this for five minutes. The hubby by your side, if he happens to be awake, would want to know what you were saying. Kiss him on the nose and say, "Darling, I was talking in my sleep." He won't pester you again. Presently he will fall asleep, and very probably snore. Let him. It doesn't matter. After all he is your hub, poor man!

Lie flat on your back. Draw your legs in. (By the way, it would be an idea if you dressed for the part.) Stretch your lovely arms back over your head. Concentrate all your strength in the middle of your spine. Kick your legs down, simultaneously bringing the arms to your side in a semi-circular motion. The result would be that you would shoot beyond your pillow and hit the bed post with your head. That smack to your head would drive away all extraneous thoughts from your brain. You should not mind the pain. You must remember that you are now fired with the zeal of the neophyte. This exercise is called the back stroke. Now turn the other way about, and lie on your abdomen. Stretch your lovely arms as in the back stroke, but don't draw your lovely legs in. Stretch them loosely, a little wide apart. Now this time gather all your strength in your abdomen. Brace yourself like a panther springing on its prey. Throw your lovely arms vigorously on either side in a wavy motion and kick your legs heftily. This is called the breast stroke in swimming circles. This time you won't hit your head to the bed post, which is as well. Ultimately too much of a good is bad for you as for every body.

Now for the side stroke. Lie on your side. Stretch your arms and legs down as far as they would

go, in a straight line. You will observe that the leg and arm on which you are resting are more or less pinned down. Don't unpin them, but hold them loose. Throw your top arm and top leg up and down in a parabolic motion, at the same time wriggling the two limbs underneath.

If you have mastered these three strokes you are a finished swimmer. Oh, I beg your pardon. There is diving which is the *piece de resistance* of swimming. Lie across the bed with your beautiful head hanging down. Using your knees as a lever, go overboard. Your head will land first on the floor. You must not let this rattle you. Remember swimming is not only a test of endurance, but of sweet temper too.

During these exercises we have forgotten the hubby who is snoring by your side. During the play of limb, your arms and legs (how I wish there were refined names for these limbs) will poke the poor man in various parts of his body. If he is a brute, he will protest. If you can't talk him round to reason, push him down to the floor where he will spend the rest of the night.

If you want to give a touch of verisimilitude to your swimming practice, get a bucket of cold water from the bath room and throw it on the bed. After throwing which, you are heartily welcome to go through the exercises once again. It is unfortunate, though, that you cannot altogether eliminate the husband element. Most probably he will object to cold water being thrown on his bed. If you want to mollify him, gather the bucket, go to the kitchen, fill it with hot water, come back to the bed and throw the hot water on it exactly as you threw the cold water. This will have a countervailing effect on the cold water douche.

That is all for the present. If you want any further information, please write to me, care of the Editor. And don't bother to enclose postage.

THE END

Cigarettes were freely distributed in order to give the necessary smoky atmosphere.



Vissalam Gases

by Sithara Thriambak

Reading Time • About 7 Minutes

MY DEAR KAMALA,

GAYPUR is so gay now, that I am sure you in desolated Lonur will feel envious if I write to you even a tenth part of what is going on here.

I think you must remember Lila—or to be more exact, Laila. She was married last week. Such a modern wedding, my dear. A one-day's affair. No smoke, no noise. The *homam* was kept in an iron spoon, the bride and bridegroom sat on a chromium-

plated sofa (holding hands), whilst one priest recited an abbreviated service composed by the bride's father, an eminent Sanskrit scholar. Cigarettes were freely distributed in order to give the necessary smoky atmosphere.

There was such a scene in the morning though. (I as an old friend had gone very early.) Laila is a very decided person and would not wear the traditional nine yards *saree*. She insisted that they tie her



A wedding in high life specially reported by our Lady Correspondent for the benefit of the Proletariat.

madishar with a six-yard affair of yellow, red and gold georgette. Eventually, Menoo solved the problem by tying her brother's scarf between Laila's legs and the effect was just as good. I can strongly recommend this idea, my dear Kamu, both for reasons of economy and hygiene. Think of the saving in soap, temper. Think how much less we would have to carry, whilst at the same time upholding our orthodox traditions.

There was a gorgeous 'At Home' in the evening. The garden was 'en fete' and people were on their feet. Sights of all descriptions illumined the place. Even Nature assisted and fireflies flitted round in shimmering glory. And the music! In one corner Miss Dhanalakshmi was dancing, in another Rajapatu Gajavathi was singing, in a third, Fiddle Vidwan Keechapeecha Shastrigal was entralling people with his soulful music, while in the fourth corner could be

heard the bell-like sounds of Brahmasri Mudalur Tickatickappa's veena.

As for the guests, my dear, they were infinite. There was the Rajah of Baradarajapuram with such a lovely head-dress of gold and diamonds, closely followed by his C. I. D. Officer to see that it was not stolen. There was his wife, ablaze in jewellery, and clad in a kerosine oil coloured *saree* with a border of brinjals (the national emblem of B—puram) in natural colours and gold, and a *munthani** composed entirely of the words "Long Live Rama Bahu Raji Raja Kirthipathi Manney Sanney Aga Hyder Nawab Bahadur Gajapathy Salar Jung Maha Rajah of Baradarajapuram." Isn't this original? You know, my husband is hoping for a Rao Bahadurship, and when he gets it I am going to have a *saree* with "Long Live Rao Bahadur Pichipudungal Paramanatham Shastri, B.A., B.L.,"

*The loose end of a sari.

embroidered on it, to wear at all the functions of the season. My, won't my neighbour Kumudini be jealous! Everyone will know who I am then, and awkward explanations need not be entered into.

To proceed. There were numbers of other Rajahs, Sirs, Right Honourables, Dishonourables, Sheriffs, Munsiffs, Caitiffs, Judges of the High Court, District Court, Sessions Court, Tennis Court, Rao Bahadurs, a very small sprinkling of Commoners, and a heavy spicing of Europeans. Speaking of Europeans reminds me that I forgot to mention the band conducted by Signor Connamonna Titalundi of world wide fame. It was a great attraction and his vigorous gesticulations were much applauded. Even Vidwan Pulikutti Mundachari could not have done better. English palates were catered for by Messrs. Pockiri of Hotel Pockiri, Thirudan Road fame. Monsieur Pockiri himself was there to see that things were done properly and that every guest had a glass of his famous 'Cocktail a la Pockiri'. Even my hub took one, and was positively gay the rest of the evening. He even asked for another, but was told that as it was a gift from Monsieur, only one glass per person could be had.

Reo Venkata Camas catered for the Indian Section. Since every hotel indulges in a 'Neo', Venkata Krishnier hit on this original idea of prefixing 'Reo'. 'Camas' is merely to show his love for that particular *raga*. He is the rage now, my dear. Caters for everything and everyone. Even his burnt *thosais* taste unique. His service too is so marvellous. Everything is wrapped in cellophane covering to prevent flies, and each guest is given an oil cloth napkin, in case a waiter happens to spill tea or fruit salad on your lap. Guess what he gave us! Maharajahs Bog, Reo Ladoo, Pearl Drops (Caraboonthi) Round Table Vadai, Baradarajapuram Bujee (Brinjal Bujee). This last was in honour of the chief guest. Then we had Sandalwood Ice Cream, and Quetta Fruit Salad.

After tea the happy couple were introduced to a few select guests, and the presents were inspected. The bride looked charming in a *sarce* in the new 'Beige de Neige' shade, with a fruit salad border and a *munthani* in the now fashionable Everest design. Gold slippers from Mugal Para encased her beautiful feet, and in her hands she carried a gold mesh bag, the product of O. Parr and Sons, and an enormous bouquet of Ooty flowers presented by them. Messrs. Kummidi Guruvappa Chetty were responsible for her set of gold ice cream, jilebi bangles and caraboondi chain. Ambalal Ltd. provided her diamond neck-

lace, bangles, rings and ear-rings, straight from Antwerp, whither Mr. Ambalal had been personally to select the gems.

The bridegroom wore the usual double-breasted suit and dazed look of the newly-married. He carried an ivory-headed cane which he continually sucked. He is worth (I believe) pots and pots of money and has travelled extensively. By way of recreation he poses as a barrister, presides at meetings, delivers addresses, lays foundation stones and gives away prizes.

It was a love match. He saw Laila on the Marina and quite lost his heart to her. Further, he refused to eat until he was promised her hand in marriage. Of course, being excessively fat, the effects of this fast were not evident, but take my word for it, this is truth.

Laila of course reciprocated all his sentiments, and as her usual week-end fast turned up just at that time, she was able without the least inconvenience to go on hunger-strike. So of course her parents had to give in. He calls her 'Lai' and she calls him 'Ragi' short for Raghavendra. Isn't that romantic? I have asked my husband to call me 'Vissa' instead of clearing his throat, and suggested I should call him 'Paramanam', but he is so old fashioned and economical even in speech. Besides, his old mother might die of shock and then where would I be! Anyhow, the Rao Bahadurship will, I hope, alter matters. We must keep up some style then. I have ordered a Kavacha, price One Rupee plus V. P. charges, to expedite matters.

Now let me describe the presents. These were on display in a special thief-proof pavilion made by Messrs. Bodrej and Choyce of Hoodle Boodle Street.

The Rajah of B-puram had given a tea set (in gold) with his photograph engraved on each item, and his wife a dressing set with engravings of herself.

The Beauty Society of which Laila is an ardent member, gave her an electric fat roller, and a case of cosmetics from Courjois, Rue Tigre. The Athletic Association, a carrom board and a mah jong set. The Child Welfare Centre, a sterilizing set. The other Rajahs gave cheques, ear-rings, necklaces and *sarees*; the Right Honourables and (Dis) Honourables gave silver tumblers and *conja* sets; the Judges hair brushes and photo frames; the Rao Bahadurs cigarette cases, and the Commoners just gaped at everything, the idiots. At 8 P.M., there was an open air dinner of thirty-six courses, with a fireworks display by Match-box Mallikarjunan of Malabar. I am writing down

(Continued on page 35)



Auntie J.J.

THIS week, my dears, your Auntie is not in a frisky mood. She caught a cold, and she forgot where she caught it. If only I could remember where I caught this cold, I would go there and un-catch it. I am dictating this from my bed to my boy stenographer. Why not? Male bosses have girl stenographers. So a woman boss like me having a boy stenographer is perfectly all right. It is too awfully larky, dear nieces, having a boy stenographer. However, being brought up in Puritan traditions, I draw the line severely where it should be drawn. For instance, it is popularly believed that one of the important duties of a girl stenographer is to sit on the boss's knee, so that (so they aver) she may hear all the words that come out of the boss's mouth. I see the point, and handsomely concede the reasonableness of the arrangement. In my case, I have drawn the line just here. I don't lift my boy stenographer and place him on my knee. I have no false ideas

about feminine modesty, mind you. What is a knee anyhow? It is a knobby thing whether it belongs to a man or a woman. I have a strong resonant voice, like a radio announcer's. My boy stenographer could hear me fifty yards away. In any case, he would look silly sitting on any woman's knee, let alone mine. Poor boy!

So this week I am answering pending correspondence.

★

A little niece who begins her letter with "Dear Auntie, I am a Straits Settlements Devil," asks:

Is your Editor sombong?

Very, my dear. In fact he is so sombong that he walks about the streetongs whistlong comic songs.

Or am I wrong about that word? You see, my dear, I have not yet spotted my truant Malay dictionary.

Will God send me to hell if I eat frogs, snails, snakes and dung-cakes?

Certainly not. What a green one you are! God created frogs, snails, snakes, and if he has not exactly created dung-cakes, he has created grass which cows and other quadrupeds eat. And whatever God created, He created for our benefit. Anyhow, sending a girl to Hell is not God's business. It is Satan's department. So eat as many frogs, snails and snakes as you can. Only see that you don't bust. If I were you, I shouldn't eat dung-cakes. I saw a baby once who ate a bit of dung-cake. For the next two hours it tried to tie itself into knots. I am sure the dung-cake did not agree with the little mite.

★

Another dear girl writes from Malacca calling herself 'Amarhe,' which is naughty of her. She asks four questions.

Do you wear sari, Auntie? If you do, what happens to your coat and trousers?

How would you like me to help you run your page?

Do you know Miss Fairy of Penang?

Was Lord Byron mad or just spoilt?

Of course, my dear, I wear sari. Whenever I wear a sari my boy stenographer wears my trousers

and coat. The poor boy says he feels a certain nameless pleasure kindling him when he wears my trousers and coat, especially the trousers. Uncle G pinches my trousers and coat sometimes and wears them on the sly. He says that whenever he is inside my clothes he gets altogether a new slant on life. He expresses this new outlook by drawing pictures in the Surrealist tradition.

I would love to have you by my side to help me run this page. You would be interested to know, my chicks, that you girls have been more loyal to me than the boys, the beasts.

Oh, yes. I know Miss Fairy of Penang. Indeed I knew her since she was so high. As a baby she never kicked her little legs and arms more than was necessary. She never yelled in the nights. And when visitors to her parents fondled her, she never tried to eat their noses, as ordinary babies do. As a little girl she kept herself scrupulously clean by licking off all ink-stains on her hands with her little tongue. At last the great goodness of Miss Fairy reached the

great ears of Archangel Gabriel. On a dark cool night he descended to the earth and came to where Miss Fairy was sleeping. He took out from his attache case two small lovely wings and stuck them on to Miss Fairy's little back. And that is how Miss Fairy came to be called Miss Fairy. Latterly she took to amateur Journalics, and writes to a journal called *The Student* among whose readers she is very popular.

Don't ask me anything about Lord Byron, my dear. It rakes up sad old memories. He was neither dear nor spoilt. He was only shy of us girls

DO YOU KNOW?

1. What are the two chief causes of insomnia?
2. What is considered the most easily tainted of all foods?
3. What grasses grow 50 to 60 feet high?
4. Who, born in Stockholm, in Sweden, in 1820, sang in the streets in girlhood and became a famed prima donna?

Answers on page 21



The Disobliging Cow

by Embusque

Reading Time • About 7 Minutes

IN the village of Baglegaon there lived a worthy pundit who had a wife, a cow, and a son named Govind. Govind was a smart youth; and after a period at the local scholastic establishments, the lad was sent to the University to complete his education.

The worthy pundit was very proud of his son, for he was the only young man in the village to enjoy the supreme advantages of Western book-learning. But alas, after graduation Govind was unable to obtain a post suited to his erudition and talents; so he was forced to return to Baglegaon and dwell beneath the paternal roof.

Now the pundit's cow was a very refractory creature. When the good wife went forth to draw the morning milk, the unkind animal used to kick, and upset the pot; and many a day the household went without curds for breakfast.

The morning after Govind's return, the cow was acting with particular fractiousness, and the lady of

the house appealed to her husband to come out and help. The good pundit tried to soothe the cow while his wife did the milking; but though he recited many efficacious *mantras*, it was all to no avail. The animal kept on rearing and pitching and overturning the pot.

At last the husband said: "My dear, there is no need for us to struggle with the cow. We have a son who has been to college for seven years. He has learnt everything. He will know exactly how to milk a kicking cow. Go and call him."

Govind came out, and examined the animal through his gold-rimmed eye-glasses. Then he said: "Father, it is all a matter of scientific deduction. Have you observed the anatomical structure of this cow?"

The good pundit was not sure that a Hindu cow would have such a foreign apparatus, but he listened respectfully to the words of his son.

"The action of kicking must follow the principles of mechanics. If mother will kindly attempt to milk the cow once more, I will note its *modus operandi* of kicking."

The pundit was sure that no orthodox household ought to possess a cow with a *modus operandi*; but his wife obediently set the pot, and began to draw milk. At once the cow delivered a hearty kick that sent the poor woman sprawling in one direction, and the pot in another.

"Splendid!" exclaimed the learned youth. "Go on, mother, let me watch it again."

The good woman declined the suggestion with some heat. "No matter," mused the young man. "I think I saw enough. See, father; before the cow can kick, she has to arch up her backbone, and retract her pelvis. If we can prevent the cow from arching her back, she will be unable to kick."

"Well, my son, I do not see how you can prevent it."

"It is easy, dad. It is simple mathematical logic. All we have to do is to determine what position represents the fulcrum in the system of anatomical levers that makes up the skeleton. Then, if we place a heavy weight to counterbalance the leverage, the cow will be unable to kick. Go on, mother, approach with the pot once more, and we will watch the cycle of operations."

"The cycle of operations?" muttered the worthy pundit, gazing at the cow as if it were going to sprout handlebars.



Very reluctantly, the good wife submitted to be kicked. "That is fine!" enthused the student, as his devoted parent rolled in the mire once more.

"Have you found the bicycle?" enquired the pundit of his son.

"Here is the fulcrum of leverage," replied Govind, pointing to the cow's withers, "and here is the spot where we should place the weight." And he pointed to the middle of the back.

"Why, son, that is where any weight is always placed on an animal!" exclaimed the pundit.

"Yes, papa; but it is much more satisfactory to confirm the fact by applying scientific mechanical principles. Now all we have to do is to ascertain what weight should be applied. Mother, do you remember with what force the cow kicked you?"

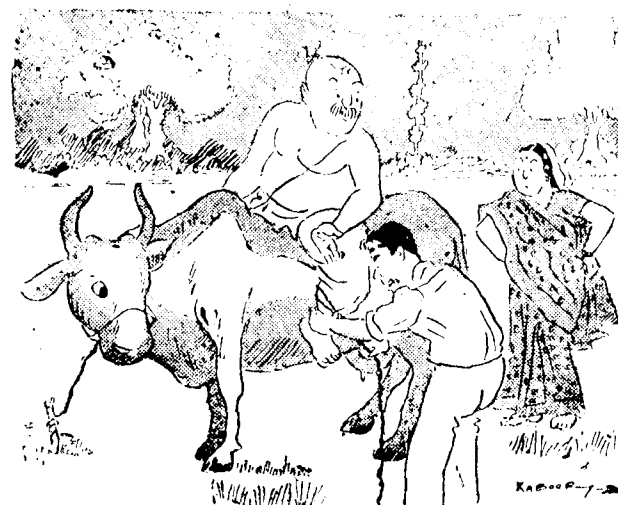
"It was a hard kick."

"No doubt; but I want to observe accurately the force of the blow. We had better get the cow to kick you once more."

This, mama steadfastly declined to permit. In the end, the youthful scientist had to estimate the force of the kick. He set it down as equivalent to a pressure of twenty seers. Since the load was to be placed one-third of the distance from the fulcrum, a weight of sixty seers was required.

"Put sixty seers on the middle of the cow's back and she will not kick," concluded Govind, triumphantly.

"Bravo!" cried the pundit, marvelling at



the knowledge of his son. "But where shall I get a weight of sixty seers?"

"That is about your own weight, father. Sit on the cow's back, while mother milks her."

"Ah, my son, I am too feeble to sit on a cow's back, at my age."

"But, papa, I can arrange that part, too. I will tie your feet together under the cow's belly, so she cannot throw you off. Go on, father; sit on the cow."

"Well, my son, I suppose you know more than I do." And the old gentleman clambered on to the cow's back, and Govind tied his feet together under the cow's belly.

At the unwonted indignity, the cow began to buck violently. The pundit was cruelly tossed about.

"Govind, cut the rope!" cried the old gentleman. He wanted his feet to be released, so that he could descend to the ground; but Govind misunderstood his father's wishes, and cut the rope that tied the cow to the peg. Away bounded the frightened animal, with the pundit hanging on for dear life.

The cow rushed along the village street, endeavouring to shake the load off her back. "Help, good

people, help!" bellowed the pundit; but no one cared to step in the path of the furious beast.

When the cow had gone a considerable distance, the old gentleman remembered a remark of his learned son—something about a cycle. The cow's horns were outspread before him. These must be the handlebars. Greatly daring, the valiant pundit seized the horns, and began to steer the cow like a bicycle.

The device was successful. The cow gradually circled round, and the old gentleman steered her home. When she got back home, she stopped of her own accord, panting and trembling.

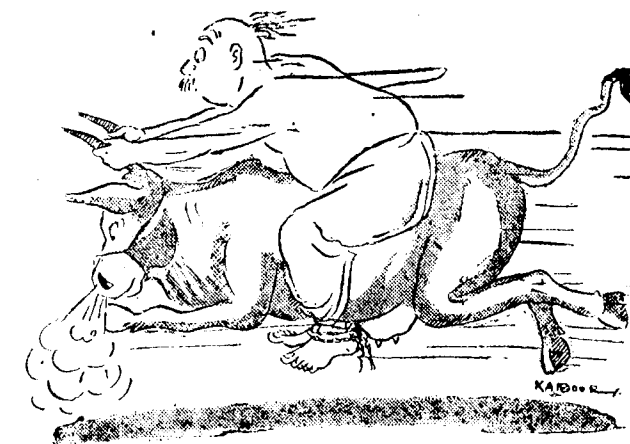
"Don't get off yet, father," urged the young man. "The cow will surely stand still now, while mother milks her."

The good wife approached with the pot, and commenced the operation of milking. The cow stood still, but no liquid splashed into the vessel.

"Hurry up, good wife," urged the pundit, still astride the shaking quadruped. "What is the matter? The cow cannot kick now."

"Nor can she give milk," replied his wife. "She is too tired and frightened."

And the moral of this story is that you cannot milk a cow by mathematics.



THE END



Modern Marriage

by Omega

Reading Time • About 5 Minutes

WHY are more people drifting into the cult of 'single-blessedness'? Has married life lost most of its attractions?

Who said it—a marriage is a "whole-time job"? You can't trifle with it. It is not a bed of roses, rather in most cases it is a hotbed of worries and anxieties.

Here is a piece of typical revolt against modern marriage:

"The modern girl does not want children. She cannot cook; she can't or won't mend her husband's clothes; she does not intend to sit at home. Why should I marry in order to take a girl (and always the same girl) to the pictures?"

Well, some of these arguments are worth considering. Evidently children are now at a discount in

most countries, of course, excepting Italy and Germany where a lot of 'gun-fodder' is needed. The modern Eve has no great fancy for them. They are an obstruction, a positive hindrance in her revels. And I must sympathise with the woman in this respect. It is no joke to bear children. Imagine all the throes of confinement and child-birth. And then comes the suckling period. Is it not so very unfair on woman that she should undergo all this botheration while her blooming husband—the author of the mischief—is gadding about here and there with the triumph of an acknowledged master, the head of the family, the father of the new-born babe and all that? It was manifestly unfair on the part of God to inflict all these pangs of child-birth on woman. Why should man have been spared? Really, Eve and her daughters have paid dearly for their indiscretions in the Garden of Eden.

The second complaint against the modern girl is that she cannot cook, nor can she darn or mend clothes. Why, you are really hard on woman if you expect her to do all this. For ages women have been working as cooking and sewing machines. Let them have a respite now. It is man's turn to look to these domestic occupations. Modern education, it is complained, equips woman not for efficiency in domestic matters but in fine arts and *belles lettres*. Which reminds me of this talk between a girl and her father:

A young lady, home for the holidays from college was in great glee over her success in her recent examinations. "Papa," she said, "you ought to be very proud of my reports, and to be more satisfied with my high marks in political economy, fine arts, music, logic and languages." "So I am," replied the parent, "and your general success in life seems almost assured. If your future husband can show testimonials from his school in housekeeping, cooking, nursing, mending and the use of the sewing machine, I think you may be very happy yet."

This is the conservative view of men about female education. It is said that women's education should have a single purpose—it should turn them into good wives and good mothers. One should not be surprised if modern girls who have tasted some of the joys of knowledge and breathed into the free atmosphere of an academic institution rebel against the traditional standpoint. It is sheer injustice to ask woman to remain within the four walls of the house and look to domestic needs while you dabble in politics, art and literature.

No, it is impossible; the modern girl will not sit at home. "I have made up my mind," said the husband, "to stay at home." "No, that cannot be," said the wife, "I have made up my face to go out." She must go out, with you or without you. So it is best to

resign to the inevitable and take your wife wherever you will go. Otherwise, you will repent. You can't expect ladies to stay at home while you keep late hours in the club or in the theatre. It is the usual complaint for modern women to make that their husbands return home very late at night. But they have their own way of bringing the husbands to their senses.

Young Mary was in this predicament. Her husband always returned home late in the night. He

would not listen to her repeated entreaties or even threats. So one day when Mr. Thomas Jones came at the usual late hour and knocked at the door, his wife Mary said through the keyhole: "Hullo, have you come, William? Rather late today." This was a stunning shock for Jones: William was neither his Christian name nor surname. Henceforward he never returned late and always slept with a revolver under his pillow, ready to shoot the apocryphal William. So that is that.

You can't afford to antagonise your wife. Women have a mysterious way of doing things. It is monotonous to take the same girl, day after day, to the

pictures. But then, looking from the girl's point of view, is it not monotonous to go with the same young man to the pictures every day? Is variety not the spice of life for them? What is sauce for the gander is not sauce for the goose. Marriage is for those who believe in the accommodation of rights and a wilful curtailment of liberty. For such as are believers in unrestricted freedom, the 'free-lancers'—whether they are men or women—matrimonial alliances are not meant. It is only by a careful adjustment of rights and obligations that married life can be happy, otherwise it may be a cat-and-dog existence. Shake off your illusions, young men and young girls, before you enter the wedlock. Otherwise, marry in haste and repent in leisure.

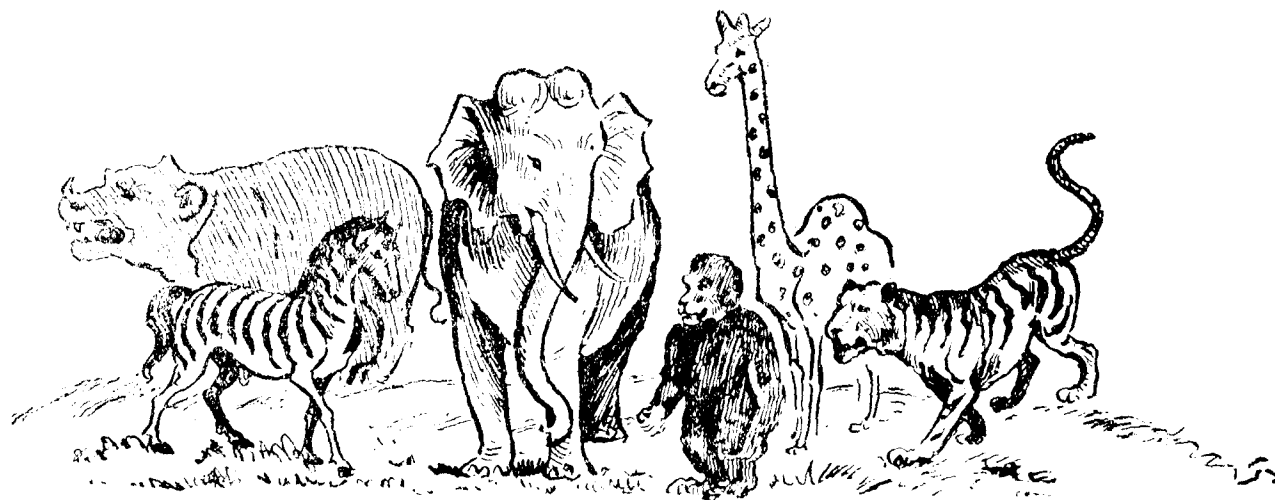
THE END

YES, I KNOW

Answers to questions on page 16

1. Indigestion and nervous disorders.
2. Butter.
3. Bamboos.
4. Jenny Lind.

★



Giving Zoology A Try-out

Reading Time • About 9 Minutes

by A. T. MacNaughton Thomas

TORTOISES, I can understand them. Giraffes, there is some sense in their existence. Hippopotami, I own, are useful in some way. Ptarmigans, I find pleasure in them. Marmosets, I adore them. But whenever Prof. John Selvanathan buttonholes me and asks me in his University Extension manner: "What is the difference between a zebra and a quagga, a cougar and a jaguar, a caterpillar and a post-pillar?" I go goosefleshy all over and start climbing trees. I mean, cougars and jaguars are all right—in their places, but when you are asked to tell the difference between them, and how a cobra sloughs, you heartily wish such animals never existed to give you the jitters. Where is the sense, I ask you, in knowing how a cobra sloughs? You can't, for instance, when you are at dinner, contribute usefully to the general chit-chat by saying: "Pass the salt, please. Do you know how a cobra sloughs?" You'll be admitted outright into a loony-bin and no questions asked.

When Prof. Selvanathan started the Society For The Diffusion Of Zoological Knowledge in our town, with a view to improve us intellectually, we knew what we were in for. And, when he zealously enrolled me as a member of the S. D. Z. K., I submitted myself to be one such, not because I was dashed keen

on fauna, but because there were plenty of smart, young girls who were red-hot on knowing how a panther washed its ears with its tail and all that sort of rot. Here was a golden opportunity (as the advertisers say) to fool away my time with them. And there was particularly a sweet young thing—one Lily V—(Pure wool, all through. Guaranteed not to shrink.) who, I decided, was the best girl with whom I should hit the altar. Each morning, after one of his zoological talks, we had to fill in the Taxonomical Chart, like this:—

TAXONOMICAL CHART	
Name.....	Puma (Felis concolor)...
Branch	Vertebrata
Class	Mammalia
Order	Carnivora
Family	Felidae
Genus	Felis
Species	Concolor
Remarks.....	

One day Selvanathan was telling us something about birds and specially of the Order *Anseres*. One of the bright young things remarked that her aunt had a duck which was for ever swimming in the bath-tub. Another, probably a film-fan, dwelt on the habits of Donald Duck with a rare eloquence. Then, an elderly lady told us a story about her daughter, who was called 'duck' by a young scapegrace, and suddenly remembering something, she hastily suppressed what promised to be a spicy anecdote. Somebody else graphically narrated the encounter he had with a flock of geese. The Secretary reminded us that he had a brace of geese going dirt cheap. The Professor, pointing his index at me, asked me this question:

"What grows down?"

"Cow's tail, of course," I replied, looking encyclopaedias at him.

"No, you mutt. Swan and eider. But, of course," went on Selvanathan, undismayed by interruptions, "we must also devote our attention to Herpetology—another great branch of Zoology that concerns itself with reptiles, such as alligators, lizards, and snakes."

"Snakes! The horrid things, shouldn't be included at all in our study," protested a Mauve Saree.

"They must be fearfully fascinating to watch," remarked a Blue Saree.

"It's time we had a board of snakes and adders for the club," suggested the Secretary.

"And then," continued Selvanathan, "there is Entomology—another branch of Zoology, which mainly deals with insects. For instance, there are spiders—"

"Oh, I would scream if I saw one. Or, is it the other thing?" wondered the Mauve Saree.

"Tarantulas, you mean?" asked Selvanathan.

"Don't know."

"Ah, now you know there is some value in Entomology. It teaches you to distinguish a spider from a tarantula."

"I should scream in any case," she said decisively.

As this statement was beyond argument, Selvanathan proceeded: "Next we come to Ichthyology, which teaches about fishes. Take gold-fish. Aren't they delightful to watch?"

Lily admitted with vague enthusiasm that it was so sweet of them, the kiddie-wicksie-darlings. Now I wished she would talk of me like that!

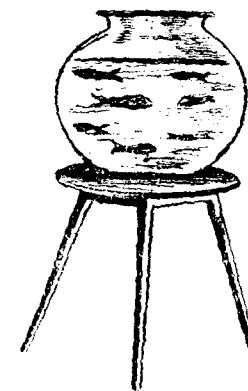
Since our zoological knowledge was still in a crude, elementary stage, Selvanathan decided to unleash us on the countryside on a sunny morning—with a good picnic feed thrown in, of course—so that we might by personal observation and investigation, enrich considerably our mental store. And, to stimulate interest in the thing, he promised to give us a lovely second-hand combination mouse-trap-and-toothbrush for the most scholarly and comprehensive notes on the ways and habits of the fauna we encountered.

When the 7-26 decanted us at the station, I managed to have Lily in two. Hardly had we covered

forty yards when we found the hens and the chickens scuttling away at our approach; and it was a surprise for us to hear the cocks of the yard swearing at us like blazes. We noted down in our observation-books that cocks, when they swear, they use *fowl* language. Presently our Secretary spotted a dingo. I don't think it was a dingo either, because we were greatly concerned for the security of its tail, as it wagged it so vigorously on the presentation of a biscuit! Besides, I don't believe dingoes stray away from the Australian wilds for the pleasure of having themselves

chained in Tamil Nad. Once we had persuaded ourselves we had seen swans, and an approach to them made us realize that we were about to cultivate acquaintance with a flock of pugnacious geese. Our rats climbed up the tree like a streak; closer inspection revealed that they had broad stripes on their backs. Our grasshoppers turned out to be the jungle diet of John the Baptist. Then we saw a bandicoot. I don't believe it was that rodent, for, why should it be engaged in a six-round bout with a snake? One of the girls identified the reptile as a rattlesnake, but we were inclined to doubt her, especially when Selvanathan told us that rattlesnakes don't leave America except for exhibition purposes. An elderly lady asked me to kill the serpent and dislodge the rattle from it, as she wanted it badly for her baby, but I wouldn't.

We sat awhile under the refreshing shade of a tree to take rest. The Mauve Saree presently identified a raven. We asked her how she knew it was a raven and not a cuckoo. She said it was shaped and

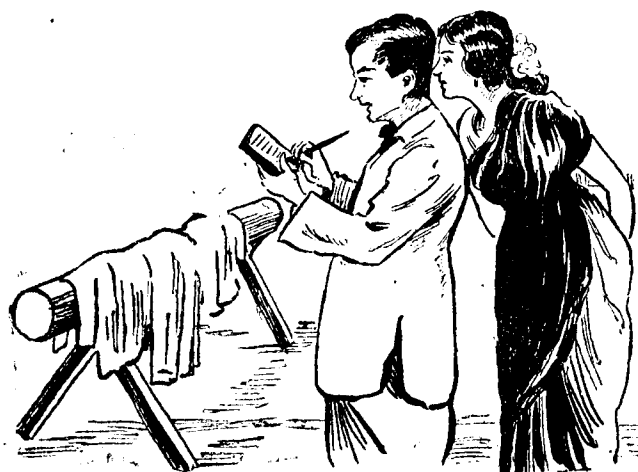


coloured like a raven and that it was noted for laying egg-shaped eggs. Then we asked her what was the shape and colour of a raven. She said it was exactly like that of the bird we had just seen. The Blue Saree now spotted a flamingo. The elderly lady discerned a kingfisher. The Secretary saw an albatross, and it was really a wonder to us how this particular sea-fowl could have left its Pacific home and travelled thousands of miles to nest in a banyan tree.

One of us suddenly espied a herd of elands grazing afar off. We stalked to them carefully only to discover that they were ferocious-looking Nellore oxen. "Funny sort of people you are," said Selvanathan, when we subsequently told him of the incident, "looking for African animals in Tamil Nad." Similarly, what we took to be a lynx climbed up a tree like a streak and mewed.

We trudged round the countryside for miles and miles without coming upon tigers, anacondas, otters, wallabies, ibexes, giraffes, or even snails. We were dog-tired, and said things about Selvanathan that would have made a retired Colonel shudder in horror. Lily and I dropped some way behind the others, for whatever one might say of the zoological expedition, it must be owned that under cover of studying fauna, it enabled us both to study each other's heart. And that drew us together more closely than ever. While I was holding her hand, and telling her of the volcanic state of my heart, I suddenly let out a shrill yelp of delight, for I beheld a caterpillar and six kiiten-pillars turning over new leaves in an adjacent tree. I made the remarkable discovery that turning over a new leaf does not improve a caterpillar's conduct. How is that for high?

When we were returning, feeling sensibly that our zoological stock was on the down-and-down, we saw a sight that gladdened our hearts. There were some ten or twelve onagri browsing along the bank of a stream. With cameras adjusted, we stalked to the animals. Strike me pink, if the onagers weren't tended by a *dhoby*!



Lily said we should have a last try before we could reluctantly forego the combination mouse-trap-and-toothbrush. Just then a fox shot out of a covert, and dashed across our path. When we approached the fox, it bared its teeth and showed itself to be an Irish terrier with a singularly unpleasant temper. What surprised me most was that my Anglo-Indian friend, Gumwater, whom I had not seen since we left the college, was stroking the dog down-stage.

"Gumwater for a ducat!" I exclaimed.

"Why, it is Tom, to be sure!" he said in surprise.

When he saw Lily, he looked at me with eyebrows arched with interrogation. I introduced her, and then told him how our zoological expedition turned out crabs.

"Zoology be blown!" he said. "You both are worn out to a frazzle. What you need is a slapping dinner. Come along and meet my old dutch. Didn't you know I was in the Forest department?"

When we reached his bungalow, Gumwater told me to throw my coat on the clothes-horse, as I was perspiring a lot. Clothes-horse! By Adam, this animal had entirely slipped from my memo! I whipped out the taxonomical chart to classify the clothes-horse. Though I was pretty sure that it belonged to the *Vertebrata* (because it had a backbone to support the clothes), I wasn't certain whether it was a mammal and came under the Order *Ungulata*. Anyway, here was an *Equus something*, of which Selvanathan himself was ignorant. Shortly, we discovered some more animals while having our dinner. It was odds-on that the lovely second-hand combination mouse-trap-and-toothbrush was now definitely ours. Because we were bursting to tell Selvanathan quite a good deal about clothes-horse, spotted-dog and mock-duck.

THE END

Molehill To Mountain

by K. L. Bernard

Reading Time • About 6 Minutes

ON Sunday, the 3rd May, 1936, at 11-30 ante meridian, Mrs. Sarala Devi Chettiyar was frying *pappadams* in her kitchen. A drop of boiling cocoanut oil fell on her hand, burning a square centimeter of her beautiful, delicate skin. The spot burnt was the very same where Mr. Ramalingam Chettiyar, the husband, very often used to kiss and shed tears of joy and sorrow before they were married, when Sarala would stretch out her hand through the iron bars of the window, unseen by her father.

Sarala made a 'hoo' which melted the heart of Mr. Chettiyar, who advised her solicitously not to meddle with the affairs of the kitchen.

Dr. Ramaswami Mudaliyar, M.B.B.S., L.R.C.P., from the neighbouring bungalow was called in. He applied an ointment on the square centimeter of scalded area; and after talking for some time about his experiences in England, Scotland and Wales which he never omitted to mention whenever he was summoned by any one, the doctor returned home with his fat fee.

At table when Mrs. Mudaliyar questioned the doctor why he was late for his dinner, he mentioned that Mrs. Sarala Devi Chettiyar was a bit scalded while frying *pappadams*.

At three in the afternoon, Mrs. Rukmani Devi visited her chum, Mrs. Mudaliyar, who deeply deplored the fate of educated ladies, mentioning by way of illustration the misfortune that befell Sarala Devi.

"Her left hand was awfully scorched, my dear, while cooking dinner for her mean husband. He is too stingy to employ a cook, the beast!"

Mrs. Rukmani Devi heaved a sigh and returned home. On her way she met Mrs. Sarojini Bai Nadar.

"What's all the news, Rukmani?"

Rukmani's eyes filled.

"Poor Sarala burnt her hands."

"Sarala burnt? How? How did it happen, dear?" asked Sarojini, with terror and concern in her voice.

"These tyrannical husbands should be deported. Poor Sarala was cooking from morning till noon, and she must have felt giddy and fallen—might be in the fire itself—God only knows

what for her hands are burnt from end to end. Mrs. Mudaliyar, living next door, saw it with her own eyes."

Mrs. Sarojini Bai wept copiously. In the evening Sarojini met Miss Sulochana on the Marina.

"How goes the world with you, Sarojini?"

"Sulo, my dear, you at least don't get married unless you are sure that your husband will treat you with respect and honour."

Sulochana looked at her blankly.

"What is the matter with you, Sarojini?"

"Nothing. Our friend Sarala's hands and feet are scorched."

"Sarala's hands and feet scorched!"



A drop of coconut oil fell on her hand,.....

"Scorched is not the word. Scalded to the very marrow of her bones, due to frying and cooking day and night for a heartless, beastly husband."



".....You at least don't get married....."

The same evening at the Broadway Talkies, Sulochana met Mrs. Sabita Devi and informed her that Sarala's hands and feet were not only burnt, but the poor soul was crippled for life.

Sundarambal, sitting next to Sabita Devi, was informed by the latter that poor Sarala was scorched from head to foot.

When the show was over, Sundarambal called aside Mrs. Sofia Bibi and related to her in detail how poor Sarala's dress caught fire while cooking and how she was carried to the hospital. She added that Sabita Devi had seen Sarala, with her own eyes, in the hospital.

On the same Sunday, 3rd May, 1936, at 10 p.m., when Mrs. Sofia Bibi was attending a party at Mr. Chinnappa Pandiyan's, she whispered in Mrs. Kamala Devi Pandiyan's ears that Sarala was in



...Wept most convulsively.

a precarious condition lying in the General Hospital, burnt from head to foot, and her husband, Mr. Chettiyar, too, was a bit scalded when he tried to put out the flames. She added that she meant to visit her next morning, for she was her classmate at the Queen Mary's, and they together appeared for the Intermediate Examination, and that when her youngest child Samyukta was down with bronchitis and whooping cough, Sarala had the kindness to visit her daily.

Kamala Devi deeply lamented the fate of the two angelic children of the victim and remarked how deeply afflicted the two sisters of Sarala would be when they would hear the terrible catastrophe that befell their darling Sarala.



When the party dispersed, Kamala Devi rang for the two sisters of Sarala, Mrs. Kamambal Chettiyar and Mrs. Rajalakshmi Chettiyar, and conveyed the sad news that the civil-surgeon was of opinion that poor Sarala would succumb to her injuries. They were shocked at this heart-rending incident, and when questioned further, Kamala explained everything in detail, how her dress caught fire when she sat too near the oven, and how she was terribly burnt before her good-for-nothing husband could rush to her help. She was told so by Sofia, Sundarambal and a lot of other ladies who came to the party.

Next morning at 7 A.M., in her own car, Mrs. Kamambal was driven at full speed to Sarala's house. She entered the house in a frenzy; and seeing the two children, Balammal and Balamani, playing outside, she clasped them in her arms and wept most

(Continued on page 28)

Sawed Tyres

by O. Yoshiharu

Reading Time • About 5 Minutes

THE thing had got to stop! If the tyres of his patrons' cars were to go on being cut at that rate—three to six every night—sooner or later they would stop coming to the Cafe de Luxe.

Already Jose de Silva had lost quite a number of regular customers. Nobody is fool enough to visit a place, however attractive, at the risk of having his tyres sawed!

Jose knew, those of his customers who had ceased to patronize his cafe were now frequent visitors at the 'Paradise', a restaurant just down the road.

The 'Paradise' was neither so attractive nor so well managed as the Cafe de Luxe.

Its proprietor was a voluminous Chinese, jealous and unscrupulous. He and Jose had many a time indulged in an argument. They were rivals, in a word.

And there was no doubt that this dastardly business of 'sawing tyres' was Fat Leong's dirty conception! He was dirty inside and out—like a pig!

"Obviously he is employing one of his rascals to do the job!" Jose de Silva's voice shook with anger. "I've got a man to look after the cars but the fool's as blind as a bat!"

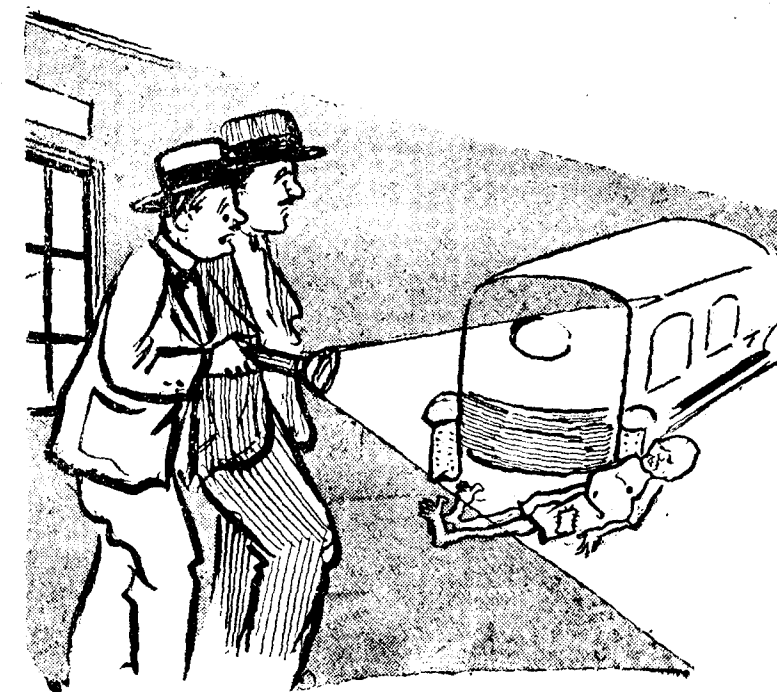
"The cars," he went on, lowering his voice, "unfortunately, have to be parked in the dark lane

behind. And that makes an advantage for Fat Leong's hireling!"

The man who had been listening attentively to Jose now spoke for the first time.

"It's really terrible, Mr. de Silva. Puncturing a tyre isn't so bad, but sawing it completely....."

Jose smote his fore-head.



"I can do nothing—nothing to stop this thing!" he said. "The man releases the air first, then saws the flat tyre. That's exactly what he's doing night after night. And he's ruining my business!"

"I have noticed that too, Mr. de Silva. But what about the police? Haven't you informed them?"

"No. It would be of no use.

This is no job for

them. Fat Leong is too crafty a fellow. He'd stop temporarily while the cops are about. Then afterwards..." Jose flung up his arms. "No. It's no use, mister! The only thing to do is to find a means of catching the hireling red-handed! That will be proof enough to land Fat Leong in gaol for some time!"

"But how are you going to do it?"

Jose's eyes gleamed with sudden inspiration.

"I have an idea. And you'll have to help me, Mr. Baxter."

The man laughed.

"I can't damn well think how I can, but all the same I'll listen to your plan...."

* * *

A few nights later.

The Cafe was unusually crowded. Jose, leaning against the counter, was quietly smoking a cigarette.

Yes, he was happy to-night. As he watched the dance he even took snatches of the song the radiogram was playing.

His girls—there were a dozen of them; slim, young, alluring, lovely—were excellent dancers. Men simply couldn't resist their charms. That was the secret behind the great popularity of the Cafe de Luxe.

Outside, the night was still—and moonless. The lane behind the Cafe was enveloped in pitch darkness...

Down at the 'Paradise', a flat, oily-faced Chinese was speaking to another—a lithe, bare-backed rickshaw coolie.

They were standing at the doorway of the kitchen.

"There is nobody guarding the cars, master," said Ah Lim, the coolie. "And there are many cars to-night."

"Good!" Fat Leong murmured. "But be very careful."

Ah Lim gave a short, confident laugh.

"Believe me, master, I'll saw the wheels as I have never sawed them before!"

"That is well. But do not delay. It is now mid-night. You had better start immediately."

Ten minutes later the swift, silent-footed Ah Lim was gliding through the dark, deserted lane.....With him he carried an ingenious little saw, specially designed for the dirty purpose.

As he neared the Cafe de Luxe, music floated into his ears.

* * *

The radiogram was playing a popular fox-trot. Jose de Silva lit another cigarette and smiled at a passing customer.

The dance was in full swing.

"Seems as if everything's all right, Mr. de Silva," remarked a voice at Jose's elbow.

"Oh!" Jose smiled as he turned to face the man. "How about a drink, Mr. Baxter?"

"Thanks. I've just had one at my table, though."

They chatted for perhaps ten minutes. Then:

"Time, don't you think, to go round and inspect?" Jose suggested.

"Let's wait a little while more. Meanwhile, I think you'd better ask someone to get the torches."

Fifteen minutes later, Jose opened the back door of the Cafe. Flashing their torch-lights, the two men stepped out into the gravel road.

Slowly, carefully they examined the wheels of each vehicle they passed by. So far not one of them was damaged.

Suddenly Jose halted and clutched his companion's arm.

"Look!" he hissed triumphantly.

Mr. Baxter obeyed.

Right in the focus of the torch, sprawled at the wheel of a beautiful saloon, with a saw beside him, was a half-nude coolie. The tyre was disinflated.

"It worked! It worked!" Jose exclaimed. "I knew the fool would smell the gas when he unscrewed the valve, didn't he!"

Mr. Baxter, who was a B.Sc., smiled. All the other cars' tyres too had been inflated with the gas—a gas that could send a man to sleep for hours at the first sniff!

THE END

Molehill To Mountain—(Continued from page 26)

convulsively. She assured the kids that she would take care of them and would educate them at her own expense.

Mr. Chettiyar and Sarala, peeping through the window, could not make out the cause for this unusual scene. At that time a messenger brought a letter from Rajalakshmi, Sarala's younger sister, in which it was stated that she was shocked to hear of the tragedy of her beloved sister and it was all due to the miserly and tyrannical behaviour of her heartless husband. The letter concluded that she would be coming there at noon to take away the two children, and under her maternal care they would never feel the loss of their darling mummy.

At noon when Rajalakshmi arrived, Sarala clapped her hands and sang in a melodious tune:

"A mole-hill was the scalded hand,
A mountain made the gossip band."

THE END

Private Defence

by John A. Henry

Reading Time • About 5 Minutes

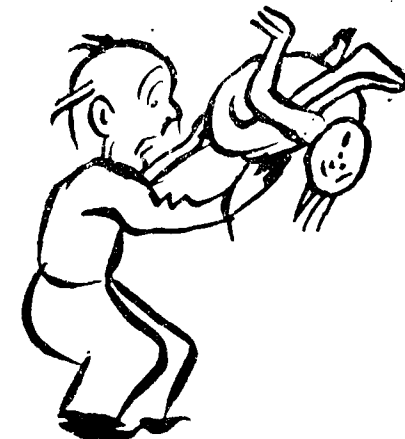
THE average layman is almost entirely ignorant of what Private Defence really is. Some may even confuse Private Defence with a soldier in the British Army or a bunch of railings round a garden. But Private Defence entitles you to do a lot of things which would normally be offences in the eyes of the law.

The right of Private Defence of property and the body commences, so we are told by the men behind the law—(not beyond it!)—when threat of hurt etc., is made against one and continues so long as that danger exists. That is not strictly accurate I know, from the literal point of view and according to law books, but I plead for a little latitude in those of my readers who happen to be lawyers. For those who are not—well, they won't know anyway!

Now, mere words cannot be a threat. For instance, if you said to Jones, while you sat perfectly still, "Jones, I am going to knock your block off in exactly one minute and a quarter's time!" or merely, "Jones, I am going to chop you into mincemeat and make potato cutlets out of you!" Jones' right of Private Defence does not permit him to attack you.



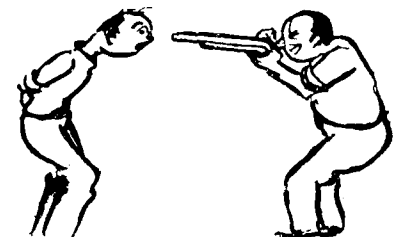
No, a threat must be encompassed by a gesture as well as words. For instance, if, when uttering the first sentence, you brandish—only brandish—a match-stick at Jones, he is quite entitled to spring on you and tear you to bits with his hands and teeth. And the same applies to the second sentence if you wave a razor blade at him or even wield a hat-pin in such a manner that your intention of cutting Jones up becomes obvious.



What I mean is, (to make it more clear), if you make a noise like a bullet going through the air at Jones, that is not a threat. But, should you, while making that noise, almost poke your finger in Jones' eye, well—you've as good as shot Jones through the head and he can now tie you into a Chinese knot without the law saying anything to him.

You cannot kill anyone in Private Defence unless you have reasonable cause to believe that death threatens you and you can't get to the nearest authorities before you're a corpse. Thus saith the law.

That means, (thus saith John A. Henry), that if some one points a double-barrelled gun at you, you can't kill the fellow behind the gun until you ascertain whether the weapon is loaded. When you have found that it is loaded, well, you just shoot or knife or kill the chap behind it, that's all. And you're quite safe now from a legal standpoint. But should you kill him first and it is found afterwards that the gun was



not loaded—well—look out! You'll hang by the neck as sure as eggs is eggs! (N. B. The best way to find out if the gun is loaded is to look down the barrels or ask the owner to shoot you in the leg first.)

If you, dear reader, are a lunatic, (which I don't doubt at all if you're in the habit of reading John A. Henry—for he'd soon drive anyone mad!)—you can do a lot of things against which no one can exercise his or her right of Private Defence. A person of unsound mind, as you know, can even murder and get away with it. The art of becoming a lunatic is one which I'd give the world to master, for there are a lot of Editors and people I want to kill.

And even now we are wondering whether the verdict on Signor Mussolini's attitude towards Abyssinia is "suicide while of unsound mind"—for there is an old saying that saith: "Those who live by the sword shall die by the sword." (But those poor turkeys at Xmas lived by eating grain. Ed.).

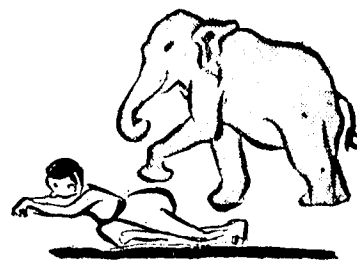
However, that's what is called a divergence. Now let's converge again.

There is no such wonderful right of Private Defence as exists in the N. W. F. P.—not in British India, that is. In the N. W. F. P. you can, if someone cuts your ear off, cut his ear off. If he cuts your other ear off, you can cut his other ear off—if you're strong enough, that is! And so on. If he steals your cows, you steal his cows. If he hasn't got any cows to steal, you steal his wives. And so you go on until you've



stolen everything from each other or cut everything off each other. Then, if he steals you and you steal him, you're just where you started—(an I for an I, in fact!)—you with your cows and wives, he with his. Then you can start stealing each other all over again if you want to. Or you can just wipe each other off the face of the earth. Or you can bite lumps of earth out of each other's grainfields just to show that you are real he-men.

No, in our law you can't have an ear for an ear. If a man cuts your nose off, you report him to the nearest Police Officer or Magistrate and this official sees to it that your assailant gets jail or pays you damages. Not bad if you can get a lakh of rupees for two nostrils and a bridge. But I think you'd feel much better if you cut the other chap's nose off in return. For then you'd at least have the satisfaction of knowing that he, too, couldn't smell the fragrance of his best girl's hair. One thing—neither of you would need so many handkerchiefs. There's only one drawback about this 'eye-for-an-eye' law. The other guy might cut off both your hands. I don't know how you'd get your own back then. Perhaps a lawyer could help you.



According to law—my law, you have no right of Private Defence against:

1. Your wife.
2. Your mother-in-law.
3. Editors.
4. John A. Henry.
5. Sparrows or tom-tits.
6. Italians.
7. The Capitalist system.
8. An elephant which has its foot on your solar plexus.
9. Yourself.

Well, there you are, chew on that for the next week. And if it makes you ill, don't blame me—blame the lawyer—(polite Oxford accent pronunciation for 'liar') who first started tongue-twisting and nasty little tricky little sentences.

THE END

Egotism Analysed

by Yen Kay

Reading Time • About 6 Minutes

EGOTISM is the exhilarating habit of talking about oneself; an all too frequent use of I and me. Who is not wise in his own opinion? Who is not good in his own eyes? Egotism is thus a universal weakness. When anything that is not exactly commendable becomes widely prevalent it nearly passes for a virtue; and even the few who at first resist its lure begin to sing its praises sooner or later.

Number One! What a granary of excellences is number one! And what is there like number one under the sun to admire and enlarge upon—for the smallest as well as the greatest! When number one holds out no charm then surely is number one in parlous state.

Yet we will often come across people who take a special delight in inveighing against the egotistical temperament. And generally such people overflow with 'wise saws and modern instances' and let loose spates of raging speech. The curious fact is that in doing so they generally forget the whole world but themselves. These 'wolves in sheep's clothing', the camouflaged egotists, not only prove the general rule, about Number One, but adorn it with the colours of bright comicality.

With the vast majority of mankind the adoration of 'I' is an open ritual. They carry their kit-bags of self-conceit on their heads! The procession is beautiful to behold and can do no great harm to anybody.

From this venial habit of egotism spring some of the most fascinating and perplexing facts of life. Some of these are shyness, slyness, individuality and anger. And one may say at once that life would lose most of its charms if 'I' and its manifold suffixes and prefixes were 'struck off the roll'. What a mirthless, dry-as-dust world we should find ourselves in if all were to attain what the sages name 'conquest of self'!

Taking life as it is, with its rolling commons of egotism, its innumerable little lapses and offences, we find that shyness is almost a virtue or, at least, a winsome weakness. Shyness torments its possessor but delights the onlooker. The shy are the beloved. The shy are the sought. The coy maiden is the lovely maiden. Her eyes contain the cream of light. Her hands hold the Creator's own cunning. Her steps strew roses on her path, and her breath smells in the air. Well, if a girl is lost to shyness she is lost to beauty as well and, what is worse, to charm, that most elusive thing which we cannot fully see, nor fully escape seeing. And few things are more charming than the human soul with exquisite sensibilities struggling in the silken meshes of shyness.

"Why are you so shy?" said one to me. She would never have spent a thought on me hadn't I been a little shy! Those lissom Tibetan girls that come annually to the Sipi Fair to sell themselves to whomsoever would buy them and have them, little know that their faces might very well be their fortunes if only they don't come to the market. No, they ought surely to think better of themselves.

Shyness is the legitimate daughter of egotism, but slyness, though egotism's child, is born on the wrong side of the blanket. Indeed, slyness is shyness turned upside down. The sly look without being looked at. They think nothing of others, but all the world of themselves. Whatever else they may not do, these slippery ticklish people always take care to do two things, namely, esteeming themselves more and more highly and excavating secretly the buried secrets in others' lives.

The sly are the most interesting people we can think of. Their hiding places are a perfect mystery. Their stealthiness is a romance. Their daily little deeds are garlands of purloined pearls, wanting to sell and yet unable to come to the market. If the sly

steal our secrets, they can't sell them, and, in any case, we have to be merciful, for they and we are children of the same father, the emethyst-eyed, golden-haired and high-spirited egotism.

Now from the green-room comes individuality. Individuality is the principal character in the play. INDIVIDUALITY! thy name is Egotism. Its very appearance on the stage hushes the house. The looks command. The gestures compel. The words convert. Individuality is egotism in flower. If the bud does not open, the man does not live manfully; the woman does not attain to queenly rank. Perhaps, the male reader would wish that the bud might not open in his own lady, but so would the lady herself think in her own favour; and a writer who ought not to have any sex at all can only wish, for the sake of domestic felicity, that egotism may not fulfil itself in its apex of individuality in both man and woman. And yet one should not withhold the truth that everyone has a right to this great asset of life and must have a

measure of it to be anyone at all. One without a spine cannot stand and one without individuality will have to emboss an identification mark on one's face!

And who is the angry man but a fanatic in the faith of egotism? He fumes and flames for mere pride of place, and for that he will shake the earth and strike the sky if need be. Others must fall at his feet or fly in terror. This is 'I' in eruption.

Consider for a while what the results would be if egotism never burst into anger. Then there would be no quarrels, no brawls or battles. Mankind would be deprived of its wild flutterings and unkempt ecstasies upgathered like sleeping flowers wrapped in dreaming passivity. And let us not forget that if we are able to make twice as much sound as our size and think twice as much as we deserve of ourselves it is owing to the electric power-station bearing the immemorial legend 'I'.

THE END



You will be more comfortable.

"Amarnath's Defence"

(With apologies to Hotspur in Henry IV.
Part 1. Act 1, Sc. 3)

To The Board of Control

"My Liege, I do deny the accusations,
But I remember, when 'twas time for lunch,
When I was sick with pain and extreme toil,
Tired and faint, talking to my friends,
Came there the Manager, requesting me
To go upstairs, and when I did, he showed
Two letters writ with foul complaints of me,
And threatened me that he would forthwith send
Me back to Ind, for not behaving well,
Accusing me of foul conceit, and saying
That I did deem myself quite indispensable
To Indian Cricket, and I did reply
That no one was; and later, whilst undressing,
Excited as I was, disgusted, too,
For that I had been sent to bat so late,
I threw my pads about, but hurting none,
And talked Punjabi slang to sev'ral friends;
The Captain then came up and questioned me
Whether I my words to him addressed;
To which I answered that I had not spake
To any special one, and then, being cross,
And heated, I admit I used
Some language wrong to members of the team,
But not to Captain or to Manager.
Since then I've made apologies galore,
And, being given to understand that I
Could now return to England, I had sent
My luggage on by English Mail, when, lo,
The counter-order came—I had to stay,
Which I consider treatment most unjust.
Of seventeen associations, twelve, I know,
Have favored my return—yet here am I,
Disgraced in public, though apologies
Were asked for and received a dozen times
I now demand a fair enquiry made
By you, my Liege, before I'll e'er return
To Indian Cricket—and, spite of Manager
And Captain, for your justice still I hope,
So I beseech you, let not their report
Come current for an accusation
Betwixt my play and your integrity."

—Dorothy A. Scott.

The Clue In The Kettle

by Thirupathi

Reading Time • About 7 Minutes

IN a tea-shop in an obscure quarter of Calcutta, sipping his tea disconsolately, sat Jogan. He was a youngish man on the right side of forty, strong and wiry, with a face and build that might belong to a Brahmin, an Anglo-Indian, a Parsee, in short to anybody. When in early youth, the possibilities of his face dawned on him, Jogan chose a profession as old as the hills and as young as wet paint on a garden seat. He was a rogue, a scoundrel, a forger, a burglar, a cheat, everything that is a sworn enemy of the Indian Penal Code. Naturally he was very popular with the police of the major cities of India. Which explains why the police very often dropped in at his comfortable flat in Bombay and enquired of his health rather anxiously.

He had a wife, and oddly enough he loved her passionately, never denied her anything within the means of his purse, which was a large one. The wife also doted on him, or so it seemed to him. He treated her like a goddess. That was the only part of him which was yet human.

The tea-shop was very quiet; the day was yet young; the bustle of Calcutta had not yet started. Jogan was sitting at a corner table, cursing hard. He was cursing the cruel fate that had separated him from his dear wife all these three months. He was so occupied with his thoughts that he did not notice a man enter the tea-shop and make straight for his table.

"Fancy meeting you here, Jogan!" said the stranger heartily hitting the former on the back.

Jogan looked up with a start and recognised an old comrade in crime. "Why, it is Shorab!" Jogan greeted his friend with equal heartiness. "What brings you here? And what is everybody doing in old Bombay?"

Shorab sat down opposite his friend and ordered refreshments. "Everything O. K. old man," said Shorab sipping his tea. "Everything—er—except, perhaps I had better not say it. Nothing particular."

"Oh, come, Shorab. I am simply dying for news from Bombay." He lowered his voice. "You know

my last coup? I am lying low. Lakkhan and myself were on it. The police were hot on my trail and Lakkhan asked me to quit Bombay for a few weeks till the affair blew over. The fellow writes to me that it is still unsafe for me to go back to Bombay. I don't mind this banishment so much. I am worried about my wife. Of late she has not been writing to me. Have you seen her? Yes? How is she?"

Shorab toyed with a bit of toast. "I don't know, old man, if I may tell you. It is so damned personal, to you I mean. I..."

"What the hell are you talking about? Oh, Shorab, she is not ill?"

"I'll be damned. She was never more healthy. Oh, well, I had better tell you after all. Look here, Jogan, that blessed friend of yours, Lakkhan, is double-crossing you. He only frightened you to get you out of the way. The police never suspected you. They have gone off on a false scent. And...and your wife is going about with him. I am afraid she has let you down..."

"What!" roared Jogan. "My wife prove unfaithful! You are a damned liar, you swine!" He knocked Shorab down.

Poor Shorab picked himself up slowly. "I should kill you for this. But I happen to know that you are a wronged husband. Go to Bombay, and find out for yourself. Then come here and beg my pardon. I shall be waiting for you."

Jogan rushed out. In the train to Bombay, Jogan's head spun with wild thoughts, thoughts of love, of revenge, of murder. "No, it cannot be. That rogue Shorab was lying. My little wife would never do such a thing. And Lakkhan would never double-cross me. Ha! Ha! It is a good thing I knocked the fellow down." Thus he kept on musing. But the picture of his wife in the fond embrace of his friend Lakkhan kept floating before his mind's eye.

He reached Bombay as night was falling the succeeding day. He leapt into a taxi and drove to Lakkhan's lodgings. He had a key to his friend's house. He opened the door and slipped in. Lakkhan

was away. Jogan sat on a chair and waited. Half an hour later Lakkhan entered the house. He did not notice the presence of his friend till he had switched on the light. When he saw Jogan, he went pale. The panic was only momentary. He smiled pleasantly. "Why, Jogan, this a pleasant surprise! We have outwitted the police at last! I was about to wire you to return home."

"That is very kind of you, Lakkhan." He looked at his friend keenly to verify the story he heard in Calcutta. Lakkhan's face was the same old face, humorous, open, pleasant. No, it was a damned lie all right, thought Lakkhan.

"How is my wife? How did she bear the separation?"

"She was very miserable in the beginning, poor girl! I did my best to cheer her up. And how did you spend your time in Calcutta?"

"Oh, fine. Sit down Lakkhan. Look here, old man. You would not double-cross me, would you? That rascal Shorab was telling me a lie. That you are double-crossing me. Also..."

"Also what?" said Lakkhan with a good humoured laugh.

"I know it is a damned lie. Also that.....that you have seduced my wife."

Lakkhan laughed outright. "Poor greenhorn. You believed all that?"

"I did not. But you understand....."

"Perfectly, old chap."

* * *

"Regarding that last burglary of mine. Did you keep back my share?"

"Of course," laughed Lakkhan. "Here you are." He took out his note-case and counted into the hand of his friend two thousand rupees.

"That is all!" said Jogan very much surprised.

"Yes. I got exactly four thousand for that gold..."

"Four thousand! Are you mad? The haul I brought in was worth more than ten thousand rupees."

"But....." Whatever Lakkhan wanted to say was never said. He noticed a wicked glint in his friend's eye. He tried to laugh it off.

"Lakkhan, dear chap, I am dying for a cup of tea. Light the stove, will you?"

Lakkhan lit the stove. He brought the kettle from the shelf. As he lifted the kettle, he stiffened. The kettle was extraordinarily heavy for its size.

He was about to replace it when Jogan said in a cool voice which did not go well with the hot light in his eyes, "Bring that kettle here, dear Lakkhan."

Lakkhan handed the kettle to his friend. Jogan took off the lid and emptied the contents on the chair. Assorted pieces of fine gold jewellery tumbled down. He looked at Lakkhan with a sneer. "That, my friend, was the haul I brought here four months ago. I knew you were using this kettle daily. So I thought you could not miss it. If you have not spotted this wealth, there is only one explanation. Somebody else is giving you tea. So that harlot, who I thought was an angel, and you were carrying on scaring me away from Bombay. If you have got anything to say, say it quick." He pulled out a revolver.

"Well, old man," said Lakkhan smiling his old smile, "I think you have got me. Your wife is a marvel, I can tell you."

A muffled report of a revolver rang out. Lakkhan sagged to the floor. As Jogan turned round to leave the room, a policeman smiled at him.

THE END

Vissalam Gases—(Continued from page 14)

a few items of the menu for your edification. Baradarajapuram Soup (Brinjal Rasam), Sandal Curry, Jasmin Rice, Dasavatharam Cootu, Conference Vadai, Justice Patchadi, Unity Salad, Ethiopian Pickles, Mussolini Avial, Bombay Sagar Bath, Turkish Bath, Belisha Ladoos (made like Belisha Beacons) Appalams by Kooni Patti of Mundakanni Street, Rose Kheer, Iced Kheer, Hear Hear.

The moon kindly consented to shine and a further display of music was gone through. Munnachari played his Gottuvadya. Abdul Khadir Nawazshah the Bulbul Tharan, and Fiji Dupaduppa Pillay the Banjo.

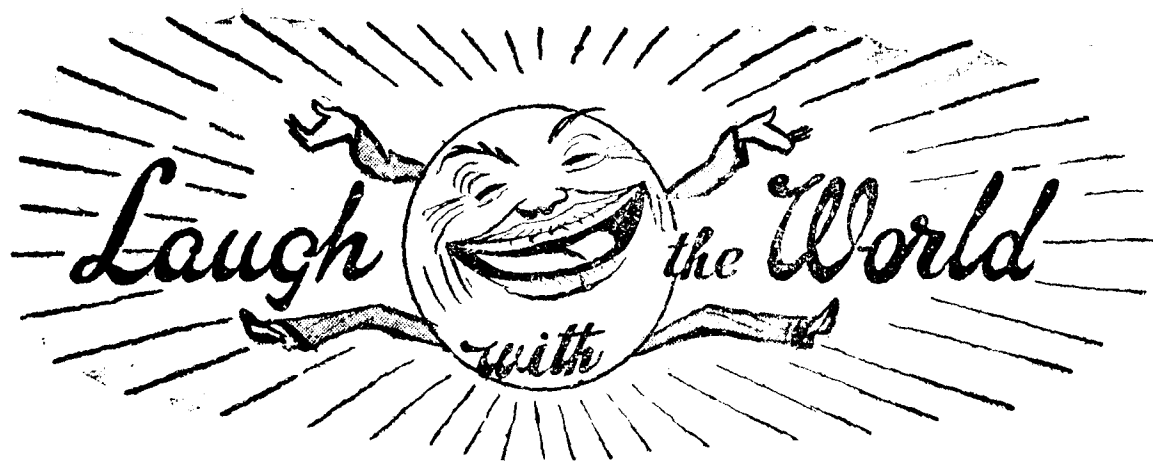
Being a privileged person, I was the last to leave. When I went to bid Laila good night, she had her nose in a plaster-cast (to shape it), a layer of cold cream on her face, and a Reduco Nightdress.

The groom was just having his night dose of Siddha Deva Muckaracooja with Extract of Halibut. So I was unable to wish him Good Luck.

Never has Gaypur witnessed such a brilliant marriage. The newspapers did not do it justice at all. Don't you feel envious? If you wish, you can still write to Laila and send her a present, preferably in silver. There is still a week for the closing date, after which hostilities against those who did not write or send anything will commence.

Well, for the present, au revoir. My love to Muthoo and Putroo, and when you do answer, give me your recipe for Mysore Pak.

Yours affectionately,
"VISSA,"



Bosky: You can't say I made any noise coming home last night.

Mrs.: That's true, but the three friends who were carrying you did.

—Pearson's Magazine

First She: First it was love—he fascinated me, and I kissed him.....

Second She: Yeah, I know—then he began to unfascinate you, and you smacked him.

—Indiana Inksense

He: There's a certain reason why I love you.

She: My goodness!

He: Don't be ridiculous.

—Bell Hop

One evening after a large dinner, three doctors began boasting of their prize accomplishments.

"I grafted a leg on a man, and he later became a champion runner," boasted the first.

"That's nothing," ventured the second. "I grafted an arm on a man and he became a champion golfer."

The third doctor thought for a minute. "Hell! I have you all beat," said he. "I grafted a smile on a jackass and made him a governor."

—West Virginia Shampain

He: Let's go outside and watch the harvest moon climb from the ebon night of Beebe Lake.

She: Okay, I feel like necking too.

—Cornell Widow

"Where does the virgin wool come from?"

"From sheep that can run the fastest."

—Northwestern Purple Parrot

Prof.: If there are any dumb-bells in the room, please stand up.

A long pause and then a lone freshman stands up.

"What, do you consider yourself a dumb-bell?"

"Well, not exactly that, sir, but I hate to see you standing all alone."

—M. I. T. Voo Doo

Farmer's Wife (to druggist): Now be sure and write plain on them bottles which is for the horse and which is for my husband. I don't want nothin' to happen to that horse before the spring plowin'.

—Texas Ranger

When the congregation knelt to pray, the little fellow on his first attendance asked: "What are all the people doing, mummy?"

She answered, "Shush! they are saying their prayers."

"What!" exclaimed the nipper, incredulously, "with all their clothes on?"

—Everybody's Weekly

MERRY'S FILM FOLIO

KASHMEERA (Hindi)

Producers: Ranjit Movietone Co., Bombay.

Showing At: The Select Talkies, Madras



Miss Madhuri

Kashmeera is a tall story. With beautiful Madhuri as the coveted object of two young gallants in love, anything can happen—even a valiant soldier will lie unashamedly and shine in borrowed plumes. A warrior brazenly swearing to a deed of valour, which is not his, is therefore nothing. Anything can happen, that is, and can be justified as "All is fair in love...." before the lovers are united. But, carried on even beyond the period of their marriage, this lying has disastrous consequences. Vijay (E. Billimoria) of Gujarat and Ajit (Raja Sandow) of Malwa, both of them Rajputs, are learning swords-both of them and other arts of Rajput princes at the court of Shardul Singh of Malwa. They are fighting beauty Kashmeera (Madhuri), trusted to his care by a neighbouring chief on his death-bed. He lavishes all his affection and indulgence on this ward of his, to the exclusion of his own daughter, Rajul. Of the two, Ajit and Vijay, Ajit is the more accomplished and noble. When their hearts are aflame, and Kash-

meera knows it, Ajit's character and gallantry appeal to her hero-worshipping nature. But to Vijay, Kashmeera becomes an obsession. Ajit respects Vijay's friendship too much to let his desire for Kashmeera sully it.

So he aids Vijay to get into Kashmeera's good books and abets in his lies to achieve it. They are married.

War breaks out between Malwa and Gujarat. Meanwhile Kashmeera learns that it was Ajit who cowed the tiger and Vijay has been deceiving her about his bout with the tiger. Kashmeera is furious at Ajit's betrayal. When Ajit comes into her buidoir, she shoots an arrow at him from a bow, with the string made from her hair. Vijay intercepts the arrow to save his friend—and falls. And the story, in fairness to the trait of Rajput nobility, even if belated in its emergence, ought to have ended here with this last act of expiation of an erring warrior.

But when one sees Vijay come to life,—the coward who made the dastardly attack on Ajit's seven year old son which killed him—sit up to make love to Kashmeera and not to repent for his misdeeds, one would feel like kicking him.

Some of the scenes are brilliant and the other technical departments have made excellent use of their resources. But none of the stars give any outstanding performance except perhaps Raja Sandow as the gallant but loyal-to-a-fault friend, Ajit.

The impression of the general excellence otherwise is vitiated to a degree by a weak-kneed story.

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Around the Studios

SOUTH INDIA

Bhagavath Gita:—Latest attempt of Messrs. A. L. R. M. Company, Producers of *Chandrabasa*.

Veera Abhimanyu:—In Telugu, with Pulipati Venkaieswaralu, Nagabhushana Rao, Miss Surabhi Kamalabai, Kanchanamala etc., under production at Sagar Movietone.

Manasa Devi:—A puranic plot with social interest and full of stunts and thrills, will be produced by Madras Films Ltd., under the direction of Mr. A. Sundaram.

Bhama Parinayam:—With T. P. Rajalakshmi, Vidwan Srinivasan, Serukalathur Sama, etc., under the direction of Mr. Y. V. Rao, at National Movietone will be ready for release shortly. Producers, Royal Talkie Distributors, Madura.

Bilwamangal:—With Miss Aswathamma, Serukalathur Sama, Vidwan Sama, Srinivasa Rao, B. A., etc., under the direction of Mr. Y. V. Rao at National Movietone will be produced by Royal Talkie Distributors, Madura.

Krishna Tulabaram:—Title of new Tamil Talkies of Messrs. Saraswathi Stores, Mount Road, Madras. Further details awaited.

National Movietone. *Seemanthini* was censored last week and will be screened at Madura and Salem. *Parvathy Kalyanam*, is almost complete. *Sati Tulasi* shooting is progressing and they have filmatised the dance of Ragini Devi in Vaikuntam. National Movietone have fixed up *Mohini Rukmangadha* as their next talkie in Telugu and the cast is being chosen. Vemuri Gaggiah and Miss Ramathilakam are already fixed.

Sundaram Sound Studios. They have now taken up *Raja Bakthi* in Tamil, for which they have obtained rights from the Marathi Author Waman Rao Joshi of Amraoti. P. S. Ratna Bai sisters are in the lead and rehearsals are afoot.

Madras Super Talkies. Shooting is in progress at Pioneer Films, Calcutta of *Veer Abimanyu* in Tamil with Miss T. P. Rajalakshmi and Maharajapuram Krishnamurthy.

Tiruppur Talkies Ltd.—Shooting is in progress of *Vasantasena* under the direction of Raja Sandow at Saraswathi Cinetone, Poona.

Modern Theatres, Salem. Are busy with the construction of their studio at Salem. Stars are being chosen for their maiden hit, *Sati Ahalya* in Tamil. They have signed Thavamani Devi, the daughter of Mr. Kathiresan, Proctor in Ceylon. She is married and belongs to a respectable family.

Jupiter Pictures, Ltd., Tirupur. This new firm of producers will filmatise *Chundrakantha* the well known novel of Mr. J. R. Ranga Raju.

Prabhakar Pictures. This new film concern has announced, *Chundrabasa* and *Nara Narayana* in Telugu.

Mohan Movietone, Madura. Shooting is going on of *Samuga Thondur* or *Chandra Mohana* at Film City directed by Raja Sekhar, with Messrs S. V. Venkata Raman, M. K. Radha, Misses Mangalam and T. N. Meenakshi.

United Artistes Corporation. Their next will be a social which will be shot at Madras.

Devi Films. Their *Samsara Nowka*, first social hit in Canarese, was shot at Vel Pictures Studio and is now in the editing room.

Ganesh Films. Shooting is going on of *Kalidasa* at Vel Pictures with T. S. Santanam and M. R. Santanalakshmi.

Salem Films, Salem. Have signed Director P. Y. Altekari to direct their picture. Artists have been selected for their first picture and rehearsals are taking place in Salem. The troupe will start for Calcutta early. They will filmatise *Bhishma Pratigna* in Tamil.

Indian Art Cinetone. Their first Telugu Social Talkie, *Prema Vijayam* or *Triumph of Love* will be released in Madras and Andhra centres simultaneously very shortly.

The Week's New Pictures

KOLHAPUR

Shaline Cinetone :—

Shalini Cinetone has recently appointed Messrs. Peerless Pictres, 116, New Charni Road, Bombay, as their Distributing Agents for the whole of the Bombay Presidency excluding C. P., C. I., Rajputana, Khandesh, Berar, and the new pictures *Aseer-i-Havis* and *Savkari Pash* will be released through them along with *Usha* and *Rajmukut*. Messrs. Peerless Pictures, have taken Mr. N. M. Gokhley (late of Famous Pictures, Bombay) as their General Manager and they have already taken up the distribution of Huns Pictures, whose premier production *Chhava* is running at the Majestic Cinema, Bombay.

Savkari Pash:—Completed :

The new Marathi picture *Savkari Pash* almost completed. This is entirely a different version of the silent *Savkari Pash* which Mr. Baburao Painter had taken nearly ten years before, at the Maharashtra Studio. This picture is depicting the real life of the innocent Indian farmer and as to how they are butchered by the so-called big people of society like the money-lenders. The picture deals with one of the greatest problems of rural India in its true local colour.

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The Wellington
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Starring Jan Kiepura and Gladys Swarthout. A Romantic Operetta.

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Gaiety Talkies
Srimathi Parinayam (Tamil)
Producers: Sri Ram Talkies, Kumbakonam.

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SRIMATHI PARINAYAM

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HOT FROM HOLLYWOOD

Learning!

D. W. Griffith was watching his one-time office-boy and water-carrier, Van Dyke at work. Van Dyke learned all that he knew about pictures from D. W. Griffith and he immediately came over to Griffith and pumped his hand and invited him to lunch with him. But Griffith said he wanted to watch and learn how they all did their work in their new processes. Meanwhile, Eric Von Stroheim dropped in and Griffith watched him (another pupil, settle down to work on an 'original story he was trying to write.' Griffith, by the way, is now out of active work.

Smiling As She Was Weeping

It is interesting to know the idea behind the famous scene in "The Ziegfeld Follies" when Luise Rainer, as *Anna Held*, phones her congratulations to Ziegfeld on his marriage to Billie Burke.



Luise Rainer

William Anthony McGuire, writer of the screen play, was sitting one evening in the Brown Derby. In the next booth a young woman was telephoning her young man and, with tears rolling down her face, was begging him to reconsider their quarrel and take her back.

"If only that girl's voice were smiling as she wept, what a scene it would make!" McGuire said.

It did make an unforgettable scene some months later when Rainer's voice smiled as she wept.

He Knows!

At a recent gathering of film folk, Errol Flynn was heard to remark, "Don't tell me anything about the French! I know!"

The tone caused considerable raising of eyebrows in these parts. Lily Damita, the wife, is French, one remembers.

Realistic Rioting

Five hundred movie extras rioted in earnest on the Paramount studio in Hollywood when a number of their group swung police clubs too realistically.

It happened on the set of Walter Wanger's *The President Vanishes*. Some husky, the group were acting as leaders of a mob storming a synthetic White House. The mob started up the street, shouting, fighting and rioting, with the leaders fighting back to

keep them in line. Several of the extras were struck on the head with little billy clubs. They resented it and revolted. Two fire hoses were brought into play to rout the rioters.

Snappy Shorts

The Chinese are noted for their proverbs—terse logic and philosophy—sort of sermons in a hiccup. America, too, has her proverbs—mostly due to the conscientious collaboration of one Benjamin Franklin, the Philadelphia kiteflyer. However, proverbs, like Eddie Cantor's Chase and Sanborn coffee, become dated. Also they apply too generally—there is no pointing them at a certain spot, like those concocted by Paul Gerard Smith for that golden, glittering California place of Hollywood, where:

He who hesitates is a genius.

Necessity is the mother of a cut in salary.

All's well that ends.

Matches are made in the publicity department.

Those who live in glass houses wish they didn't.

A word to the wise is practically impossible.

Everything comes to him who stalls.

A rolling stone cleans up his roll and blows before they catch up with him.

It's a wise child that recognizes its own story after it has been photographed.

Waste not—and you'll be making "quickies" all your life.

The early bird catches a new formula and the rest take the gravy.

A bird in the projection room is worth two at a preview.

Beauty is only Max Factor deep.

The Contagion

Reddie Bartholomew, Miss Jane Harding and now Eddie Fellows of *She Married Her Boss* fame is the cause of a quarrel between the parents. Again it is over the control of the girl-star's weekly salary!



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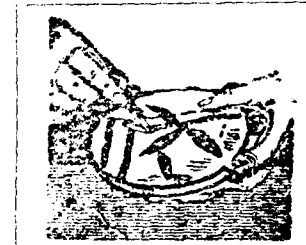
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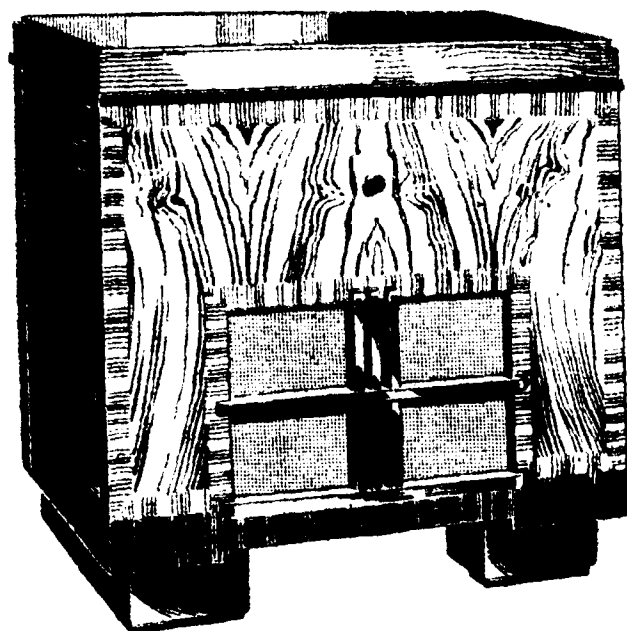
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