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: ARTIJI :

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DIANA DON

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K.S.R. SASTRI

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SITHARA

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JOHN A. HENRY

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ANNAS TWO

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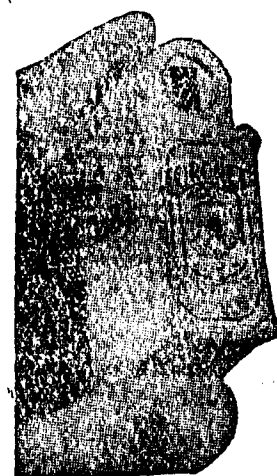
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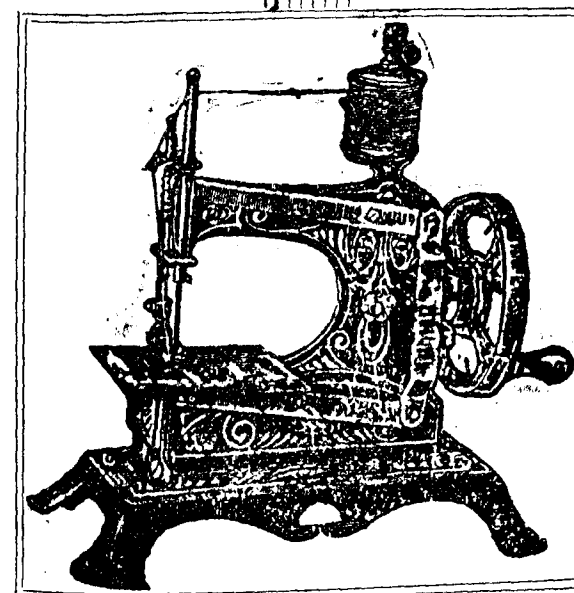
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Madras, August 8, '36

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Sithara

★

John
A. Henry

★

Embusque

★

Artiji

SPARKS FROM OUR ANVIL

Addressing the Canadian pilgrims to Vimy, Mr. Baldwin is reported to have said: "If the world can find no other way of settling disputes than by war, it deserves to perish."

But we believe that Nemesis will overtake the National Government much earlier!

* * *

He further added: "Many of the world's troubles were indubitably due to our having lost numbers of young men in the last War who to-day would have been our leaders."

They never knew that they were fighting for a Baldwin!

* * *

It is authoritatively stated that Britain maintains her traditional neutrality in the Spanish Civil War, and no embargo on the export of arms is contemplated.

Business as usual!

* * *

Negotiations with Italy as regards frozen debts to Britain have been suspended on account of disagreement.

Now that the thaw has set over Eden, we may expect them to be resumed!

* * *

It is stated that the Ethiopians have discovered in garlic an effective antidote to mustard-gas.

But we fear that it will avail them nothing against Mussolini!

* * *

At a luncheon given in his honour by the Federation of Master Cotton Spinners in London, Mr. Sodhbans stressed the need for greater publicity in India for British textiles.

It must be news to many of our countrymen that Britain is manufacturing textiles also!

* * *

"A German who prepared a brochure containing the 1000 best jokes about the new Germany and its government was sentenced at Cologne to 15 months' imprisonment."

—Reuter.

Unfortunately however this particular joke is not found in it!

* * *

"British Naval Construction.

Sir Samuel Hoare revealed that the recommendation in the draft report on the vulnerability of capital ships to air-craft would not affect the designs of the battle-ships."

—Reuter.

So, the British Navy has still some designs, in spite of all professions to the contrary!

* * *

"Big Fire in Berlin Theatre: Gen. Goering fights the Flames."

We daresay that his experience of the Reichstag fire stood him in good stead!

* * *

From Reuter's account of the second innings of the Second Test Match: "Merchant and Mushtaq scored all round the wicket, and proved that England's attack was not strong enough for Australia."

Is this a diplomatic way of saying that it was not good enough for India?

* * *

The News Chronicle said: "Merchant is the sort of cricketer England would like to disguise as one of her opening batsmen in Australia."

We hope he would prefer to play openly for his own country!

* * *

"Davis Cup: Final Round.

Perry's keen anticipation enabled him to return almost everything."

Except the Cup!

* * *

The Daily Mail understands that the Marquess of Willingdon is likely to be appointed Chairman of the B. B. C.

We ourselves are wondering what he will be appointed to *after* that!

* * *

Referring to personal attacks on him, Sir R. K. S. Chetty, the Dewan of Cochin said in the State Council: "If I were sitting on the benches opposite, I could have effectively replied. But my regret is that I am not."

This is a regret which many more share with him!

* * *

Speaking at Jolarpet of the work of the Justice Party the Hon. Mr. Kumaraswamy Reddiar declared: "If any one should enquire of the ryot to-day what he wanted for his village, he would say a road, a well, a dispensary, a school, and so on."

In short, everything that the Justice Party has *not* given him all these years!

* * *

"July 27. His 80th birth-day, yesterday, found (Mr. Bernard Shaw) the wittiest sage of the age, conscious of having passed the allotted span..."

And also, we fear, past the wittiest age of the sage!

The People's Party

We all know the story of the man who, anxious to please everybody, ended up by making a sorry exhibition of himself. We are reminded of it in connection with the inauguration of the People's Party in Madras. It was mooted some months ago, and one of its organisers has been making a languid attempt to propagate it in some mofussil centres. Like some of our contemporaries, we do not propose to be influenced one way or the other by the personalities sponsoring the Party. A zamindar has as good a right as any other to take a live interest in politics. In fact, he has a greater obligation to do so, if we remember that Burke looked up to this class as men of light and leading. Unfortunately for us, in the past some of the gilded fraternity thought only of the opportunity, and not of the obligation. Hence in the popular mind the class as a whole is suspect. In the present case, the Maharajah of Pithapuram has excellent credentials. His first great virtue is that he has thus far stood aloof. He has a reputation for being interested in the philosophy of living rather than in the excitements of it. Studious and scholarly, he has shunned the foot-lights, and has preferred the ease and dignity of a private gentleman of means and leisure. But these very virtues are a serious handicap to one who is ambitious of a political career. They smack too much of moderation and sweet reasonableness which are not assets but liabilities to a would-be political leader. The public has to familiarise itself with the new personality before it can take any interest in the principles for which he stands. And when we consider these principles, we see at once that the Party can never hope to make any head-way. Our recent political growth has been too alarmingly rapid for the comfort of those who think of homeopathic remedies

for the ills of the body-politic. The People's Party has further burnt its boats, even before it started on its uncertain and precarious journey, by antagonising the Congress. To say that the Congress is not a party at all, because of its revolutionary mentality, is neither clever nor prudent. At one stage, it was given out that the Party was intended to pursue a middle course between the extremes indicated by the Congress on the one hand, and the Justice Party on the other. That pretence is off now, and on many vital questions of immediate concern, we find the People's Party frankly conservative, and perhaps, with lapse of time, reactionary. But the most amusing feature of the new party's programme is the clumsy mix-up, not of religion and politics, for which there are many precedents, but of an anæmic type of morality and an uninspiring political platform. It is not going to affect the course of elections materially. It may perhaps provoke a certain number of triangular contests; and it will have the unenviable distinction of forming the base. The sponsors of the People's Party may be honest men; but their political destiny is to be absorbed into the Justice Party whether in success or in failure. Centre parties, as the present one claims itself to be, are incapable of growth in countries like ours where the system of government is fundamentally unnatural. They require an advanced stage of political growth, with the stability of the constitution as an accepted fact. These conditions do not exist in our country to-day. When the fight shall have been fought, and the country is free, then will be the time for the conservative temper to assert itself for the preservation of the gains of our present struggles and our past heritage. Till then we must set our faces steadily forward.

These Pressing Times



The March of Events

The People's Party, inaugurated by the Maharajah of Pithapuram, has evoked different sentiments in different breasts. Some received the news of the Party's formation with a shrug, some with a smile, some with a stare, some with a nasty gnashing of teeth (I mean people having natural teeth only). And what about me? I received the news coolly. Believe it or not. It is all a question of psychology, if you know what I mean. A man's (and, of course, a woman's) reaction to out-of-the-way happenings around him is an astonishingly true indication of his character. The *Madras Mail* received the new-born party with a dubious pat on the infant's back. The *Hindu* calls it 'an unwanted party'.

I ask, where is the harm in a Maharajah forming a party? For the matter of that, where is the harm in anybody forming a party? It happens I am awfully bored with things just now. If I want to amuse myself by forming a party, what the devil have you—I mean anybody—got to do with it? I find something oozing out of my neck. I took a sample of that oozing and sent it to the Chemical Analyst to the Government. The Analyst says that the substance oozing out of me is love and concern for the poor people of India. So I am starting a Party too. I am not a Maharajah, but I am as good as one, because a tramcar conductor said to me this very morning, "Make room there, rajah, for this lady." And tramcar conductors are fellows with great discernment. I will release the Mani-

festos of the Party as soon as I am the author of a couple of sons. I have not yet thought out the Manifesto anyhow. But I can tell you this much in advance: Auntie J. J. is going to be Chief Organiser, so you may look out for hot stuff.

★

Don't you think our comrades are overdoing this love stuff? Whenever Mahatmaji speaks of love, he invests it with a sweet harmless halo. Anyhow he is a great old harmless darling. The other day Comrade Jawaharlal was advising us Socialists to win over antagonists inside the Congress by love. But how? All the antagonists are either stout stalwart chaps, far gone in years, or lean wiry fellows who always go about as if they had a permanent grouse against somebody. I always understood that kissing forms no inconsiderable part in love-making. How can we kiss these anti-Socialist Congressmen? Good Lord! Imagine me kissing Rajendra Prasad whose speciality is earthquakes. How can I look soulfully into Satyamurti's eyes and rub my cheek against his? Some of the *vibhuti* which he so beautifully sports would come off him and stick to me. You can't do a thing to C. Rajagopalachari; he wears coloured glasses. No, that road leads us nowhere. On the other side, would they care to be made love to by males? But how about us disguising ourselves as charming women and making love to all these gruff gents? If the Socialist High Command is prepared to give my idea a trial, I

am quite willing to go about dressed in a *sari* and blouse and pull really hot love stuff. Years ago in our school theatricals I was given the part of a young woman. At least half the school masters fell in love with me. Naturally I had an easy pass that year. I place my services entirely at Jawaharlal's disposal.

★

During the Second Test Match at Manchester, after C. K. Nayudu had made 34 runs, the Maharaj Kumar came in to bat, but appealed against light—so says a message.

I think it was dashed cheeky of the English light to fail just when the Maharaj Kumar came in to bat. After all the Maharaj Kumar is a Maharaj Kumar, a prince with blue blood in him. I register my sorrow at this scurvy conduct of British light.

★

Addressing the members of the Pachappa's College Union, Sjt. C. Rajagopalachari said that the place of students in politics was like the place of bachelors in married life.

Congratulations, my dear students, you lucky dogs!

★

A graduate of the Madras University was asking me last week, "How do you define 'sob-stuff'?" Can ignorance be more profound? It is possible there may be other graduates whose idea of sob-stuff is something of a 'London particular'. So be it known to whom it may concern that sob-stuff is onions, or alternately, chilly powder in your eye.

The Sunshine Girl—Bless Her Heart!

You may talk of high blood pressure, brain fever and the like
At this season when heat-strokes are the rage;
It is risky—far too risky—for old athletes to 'hike',
Or active competitions now to stage;
The 'forest-flame' in all its ruddy splendour has burst forth
Where the *Coal* and the *Sath-bai* sport around,
But our sprightly care-free maiden thinks it's only 'tommy-rot',
By no such trite conventions is she bound!
Our sunshine girl, as bright as any pearl,
With her radiant cheek just tinged like a full-blown pippin brown,
In her saucy beach pyjamas or her dainty cotton shorts,
She's the life and soul of every modern town.

★

The mountains are a-calling, invitingly to all
Who are prone to prickly heat and other ills;
The humdrum life in cities is beginning to pall,
(And some have not yet paid their Christmas bills!)
The homeward boats are laden—overladen some folks say
With tourists, rajahs, *burra-sahebs et cet.*—
Not to mention kids and 'nannies', or ayahs bright and gay—
But our artless, lissom, maiden does not fret!
She seems content and happy in this muggy atmosphere,
The summer solstice worries not a whit;
Of cocktails and such trifles she shows no hint of fear,
If told to 'slow', she nearly has a fit!

★

But soon she's sure to leave us, and we'll miss her heart'ning laugh
On the tennis court or sea-beach where she reigns.
She scorns our sun-proof Khaki, and declares she'll get a cough,
With the warm breeze blowing now across the plains!
Some day her plans she's bound to change, and fly beyond our ken,
We shall read in social columns of her deeds;
In far Kashmir or Ooty, she'll be cheerfully on duty
With an austere matron, clad in widow's weeds!
Fie! Our nut-brown maid, with her locks a golden shade,
So neatly 'permed', and eyebrows trimmed to match;
She dons her evening gown, with something like a frown,
When her aunt insists some 'big-wig' she must catch!

★

But we'll not grudge her married bliss, for we know she'll 'play the game'
Whatever fate may have for her in store;
We entertain the hope that her spirit won't grow tame,
Though doubtless mated to a grumbling bore.
With *chota* pegs to cheer, and our Sunday quart of beer,
We'll stick mosquitoes, heat, or what you will,
And spend a fortnight's pay on a gift both flash and gay,
When the postman brings along the 'bitter pill'.
Ah! My sun-kissed girl, my poor head's in a whirl,
These stimulants don't 'buck' me, as of yore,
I send this verse to greet, and lie at your dear feet
Stockingless, but blistered now no more!

—'Mike'

THE END

The March of Time



"Don't you remember this bench, dear? We used to sit on it in our early wedded days."

The Cricketer

by Artiji

Reading Time • About 7 Minutes

ONCE upon a time when God was in one of his off moods there came into this world an ugly, shapeless lump of flesh which the initiated called a baby. And in the course of events, God being either ignorant or over-forgetful, the baby grew to manhood and became less innocent and more appalling. Any one meeting this phenomenon on a dark night would have mistaken it for a cross between a half-breed ox and an American bison. It was sluggish, soulless, and over-developed—a disgrace to posterity, and an insult to creation. But it was also a Prince Regent—and its intelligence was akin to that of a sheep.

Time passed and the Prince Regent like many other Prince Regents who had gone before, conceived the idea of playing cricket. The people who were used to the vagaries of sheep accepted the decision with a resigned shrug of their fatalistic shoulders. Arrangements were made, the audience prepared and, on the twenty-first of October,



Taking him gently by the hand, the Prime Minister and the Secretary of Finance conducted him to a space between the wickets, placed a wooden plank between his fingers and bade him a tearful and pathetic farewell. The bowler ambled down the field, a care-free smile on his beatific face, and gently rolled the ball towards the wicket. The Prince Regent wept and looked at the sparrows. The ball curled off the edge of the bat and dropped neatly in front of silly mid-off who kicked it to cover point. Cover point looked up, dropped his volume of Tolstoy, and a sign from the Prince Regent carried the ball to the boundary. The audience who had all been bribed by the Chancellor of the Exchequer applauded the stroke with undisguised eclat.

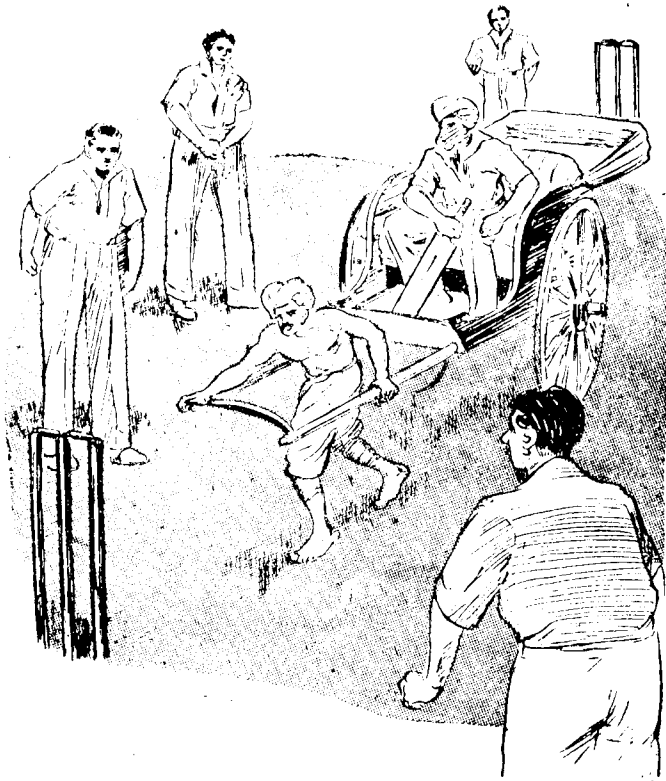
At lunch time the Prince Regent (whom his brother

sheep called Pirree) was not out with 51 and long hop had completed an essay on dramatic philosophy. At tea the score was 169 for 7, Pirree 76 not out. The light was failing and conditions were adverse. Cover point was getting hungry. The deep field had just put in an impassioned request for a further supply of American journals. It was a critical situation and Pirree rose like a buffalo to the occasion. He dispatched the next ball to the boundary. He dispatched it more by accident than design but that, as the State Attorney would have said, is beside the point. The ball rolled over the boundary and the out-field chucked it into the river. The crowd cheered and Pirree applauded. The opposing Captain hired a boat and went on a fishing expedition. Pirree obtained a rickshaw and continued to parade between the wickets with ten minutes off for light refreshments.

At a quarter past five the retrievers returned with three fish, two crabs, and a report on the doings of the international armaments committee. Pirree who had just completed his double century, carried his bat in triumph to the pavilion. The critics whom long years of experience had immured to bluff and hypocrisy, spoke in endearing terms of his feline grace and punishing ability. The crowd applauded, applauded and continued to applaud. The new batsman became an overnight sensation.

Fortunately for Pirree (though he failed to realise it), he lived in a country where aristocracy and even

sheepish aristocracy was regarded with reverence and unrequited awe. There is something about a prince—more often than not the money he possesses—which warms the cockles of a nation's heart. The heart-warming capacities of Pirree were the type that occur once in a blue moon and twice a generation. It is only fair therefore to conclude that his rise to fame was unexampled and unsurpassed.



Bluff gave Pirree his position and ballyhoo maintained it. The path of his rise to glory was strewn with bribery, graft, and corruption. His advance to cricketering prominence was a milestone in controlled hypocrisy. His maintenance in that position was a monument to filthy lucre and a standing insult to public opinion.

It was perhaps unfortunate for everyone concerned that the Council of Elders began at this stage to take an interest in local proceedings. They met in assembly one fateful day, surveyed Pirree's exchequer and permitted their hearts to glow with the vital sympathy which Councils of Elders invariably feel for Prince Regents in general and sheepish ones in particular. Then with that cheerful idiocy which characterises all Councils of Elders and the majority of lunatic asylums, they requested him to lead the next test team to Georgia.

In due course the team sailed from the benighted shores of Wallyhoo, a collection of labourers led by a prince of fools. They met cricket talent at its best—

and they went down without a struggle. They received a few consoling words from too kind-hearted critics, and a cold insolent stare from honest public opinion. They fought and muttered and dissented. They missed catches in the slips and argued in the pavilion. They drank port wine and confessed themselves a failure.

As for Pirree, he sallied down the field secure in his prowess and his position and was clean bowled by a long-limbed son of Satan who, being a democrat, had no respect for sheep. The public were astonished but not yet disillusioned. Pirree repeated his delightful performance, and at the seventh successive encore, felt a pressing need for a holiday in Brington. Now it happened by one of those peculiar turns of fate from which even buffaloes cannot be exempted that the team won its first match of the season in the absence of its prodigal protege. The more cynical among the enlightened public thought this a good opportunity to put two and two together; and one mordant wit was unkind enough to suggest that Pirree's leave of absence be extended. Now this was really hard on Pirree who, all said and done, had done his level best to improve the Porkshire bowling analysis. And he was not slow

to demonstrate his feelings. The exact nature of his speech is a little too overbearing to be discussed, but it had no effect on the critical fraternity. The Council of Elders, however, still placed in the ham-like hands of Pirree an implicit and child-like devotion. They gave him a second chance and he muffed it with surprising facility. The public groaned and the cynics cheered. And Satan with a benignant frown upon his face seized the recumbent form of Pirree and roasted him over a turning-fork in hell.

That at any rate ought to be the end of the story, but it isn't. Real life is not a fairy tale and posterity is unduly kind to sheep. In actual fact Pirree lived a hale, hearty and undisturbed existence mellowed by time and his sheepish intelligence. And despite the organized howls of cricket devotees he marched from failure to failure. And the Council of Elders continued to trust in him with an implicit and child-like devotion. And he himself played cricket to the end of his blistering and incompetent career.

[What a mess! Thank God, we in this enlightened age play cricket so delightfully different from all this ballyhoo—Ed.]



THE END

Jilebi Devi—

by Sithara Thriambak

Reading Time • About 7 Minutes

“MUSIC is the language of the Gods,” murmured Jilebi Devi the Prima Donna of Ind. How agreeable her voice sounded against the hubble-bubble background of the hookah she had just laid aside.

She was reclining on a gorgeous Ex-Dewan as she made this statement. Yes, dear readers, a prodigious Ex-Dewan in the flesh, super-imposed upon a common or bed diwan.

Whatever portions of her anatomy the Ex Dewan's lap could not accommodate, the bed diwan took charge of. The effect was to say the least, strikingly original. But then Jilebi Devi has always been renowned, next to her voice, for her original and unconventional atmosphere.

My roving eye fell on two gigantic and heavily ornamented tamburas set against a richly

embroidered rug. Jilebi Devi noticed it at once. “Yes, they are mine,” she confessed, in dulcet nasal tones. “The gourds of those tamburas I grew in my own little back garden in Miraz. I hardly dared to grow them in the front garden lest they should be stolen. I was so young, but even then my soul yearned towards music. With my own hands I manured those gourds, watered them, dried them, and when I

One must be well cushioned to withstand the hard knocks Life deals.



was old enough to hold a tambura, my aged uncle rewarded my labours by presenting me with two thamburas made with those precious and hard-earned gourds. The ivory embellishments came later. I was commanded by His Highness the Maharajah of Chotapura to sing to his state elephant which had suddenly gone mad, and for whom no treatment was of any avail. Such was the charm of my voice (if I may say so without boasting), that the elephant, overcome by remorse, died. Out of gratitude, His Highness presented me with its colossal tusks. These were later converted into the decorations you now see on my tamburas.

“No, my name was not Jilebi Devi,” she said, answering as it were my unspoken question. One thing about Jilebi Devi is she is so psychic, so capable of divining your thoughts. “My name,” she continued, “was Gokul. Jilebi was a name conferred on me because of the sweetness and richness of my voice—like the rich syrup oozing out of a freshly bitten

jilebi. Jilebi Devi I have been ever since to my multitudes of admirers.

“No, I have no husband.” Thought-reading again! “At least I had one but that was long, long, long ago, and I sacrificed him for my art. He was a nice man,” a pearly tear dimmed her raven eye, “but my Art was threatened with extinction because of him. Art and Matrimony do not alas go hand in hand.”

“My wants are very simple,” continued Jilebi Devi, “and very few. A dish of pilau, a dozen or more chupatties and curry, a jug of tea, half-a-dozen varieties of sweets to provide the sweetness for my voice, my faithful hookah—and oh, my *pan*, my *pan supari*!” She clasped the large jewel encrusted *pan supari* box, gift of another admiring Maharajah, to her ample bosom. “I can never be without my *pan*. Wherever I go, my fans bring me loads of *pan supari*, and I give them my autographed photograph free of all charge. As to superfluous weight I do not worry. One must be well-cushioned to withstand the hard knocks Life deals, and of which I have had so many. When I was at Kupchipala, the state car collapsed under me, dealing me a very hard blow indeed. Cushioned as I was it took me weeks to recover from the shock. I do no special exercises. I get all the exercises I require from my singing and when I am tired, I relax completely as prescribed by the Yogas, and am my old self once more. No holidays for me. Art is a hard taskmaster. But I always manage to spend a month at Miraz in the summer. True the temperature is 120° in the shade, but then it provides me with the warmth and passion so essential for singing, and so much commented upon by my admirers in my voice. Last year we had a heat-wave and the temperature was 132°. I was in a delirium, but my audience raved over the dramatic quality of my music.” She paused here, took a meditative whiff at her hookah, and settled herself more firmly on the Ex-Dewan.

“No, I don't use Cutex, or Elizabeth Arden's Face Powder. Give me henna leaf and rice powder any day. *Pan supari* provides my lipstick, and in what way am I inferior to the painted beauties of to-day?” challenged Jilebi Devi, proudly raising her hydrocephalous head.

“It is true I contemplate a Continental and English tour. What is the use of confining my music to India alone? Art is universal and I am sure my true and pure music will be heard and appreciated both by the crowded audiences in London Halls, and the



lonely Steppe dwellers of the Steppes. When I return, you will of course be the first person to whom I shall divulge my impressions of those now to me unknown countries. I have unfortunately made this same promise to half a dozen other people, and you shall have to be very quick if you really want to be first.

"I haven't decided when to start. You see I want to travel incognito, but I require a terribly large supply of *pan supari* to last me throughout, and if my departure is private, my admirers won't be able to present me with their usual offerings. I am torn between two desires! What shall I do!" She gesticulated dramatically. Her bosom heaved and rose with suppressed emotion. Then almost immediately that supreme self-control which has guided her through her intensely emotional life asserted itself. Her gesticulations ceased, her bosom fell.

"Won't you have some tea?" she proffered. "Or some pilau, or chupattis? Not even a sweet? You are not surely caste-ridden? For me I have no caste;

I am a Bohemian. My father was a sweeper, my mother a 'mehtharani', my grandfather a jaduwalah. My seal you will notice bears a broom and underneath the motto, 'Sweep Pride Away as You Do Dust'. I am President of the All India Sweepers Association, and somehow or other manage to attend every conference. When I am in England, I intend along with my singing to promote the cause of the Sweepers, and see that vacuum cleaners and such modernities are made more accessible to them. I am not caste-ridden, but my community *must* be more widely represented. Since you won't have tea, take some *pan supari* and before you go, here's a copy of my photograph. I have omitted my signature, as you have omitted my usual gift of *pan supari*. Good afternoon."

"Good afternoon," I mumbled, and backed out too stunned by the force of her magnetic and sweeping personality, to say more. It was only at the tenth milestone that I recovered sufficiently to find I had gone the wrong way, and my petrol tank was minus—!

THE END



Landlord: Professor, the shop down below is on fire, get out of here at once.

Professor: I am entitled to three months' notice.

Why Not Winter Sports?

by Vyasa Rao

Reading Time • About 6 Minutes

A mordant 'wise-cracker' once remarked that any discussion either in an article or in a debate on the question of Married Happiness would not be complete without a reference to Married Happiness. Similarly a discussion of winter sports in the middle of summer, or almost in the middle of it, may not be complete without, what our college professors of English literature used to tell us, local colour. That is, conditions around one must be wintry, before one started to write about winter sports or winter wooing or winter anything. The weather conditions at the place where I am writing this are worse than wintry. It is more than a fortnight since the sun deigned to peep at us. All the time it was either raining cats and dogs or kittens and puppies. The cold is worse than biting, the wind is howling through the trees from which all their green conceit was knocked off, the canal is full and our life is abominably dull.

This unnatural arctic weather at a time when our shirts ought to be sticking to our backs with the sweat of our honest bodies, has started a train of thought in me. Could we not 'liquidate' this dullness by some sports attuned to the weather conditions around? Almost every kind of sport which our masters affect in the Old Country has found an echo in India in sincere and enthusiastic imitation. Why, then, shouldn't we have winter sports? It is pretty obvious that somebody has blundered badly here. We have got football, badminton, tennis, cricket, polo, golf, hockey, weight-lifting and pocket-lifting, the sport of kings, and the sport of communal hooligans which is a thousand times as exciting as the three fancied horses in a race dead-heating. In short we are running the whole gamut of international sport except, as aforesaid, those delightful winter sports.

I repeat, why not? Most people would say, indeed every one of you would say, that I am a blundering old dodderhead; that one will have to have snow to indulge in winter sports; that I am off my 'nut'; and that I had better get a doctor to overhaul it.

I am an elderly man who took my degree in the school of hard experience. I understand the impatience of youth, and I smile indulgently.

What about the Himalayas? There; on the majestic slopes of this heavenly range of mountains, you have inexhaustible supplies of snow. We can get this snow down to the plains in bullock-carts any time we like. Being a home-grown commodity there is no duty on helping yourself to Himalayan snow. If we could get the Government interested in the imperial idea inside this winter sports business, the rural uplift department of the Government will supply all the bullock-carts we need with the greatest pleasure.

Having interested the Government in our little scheme and distributed the snow all over India, the stage is set for us sportsmen to step in and enjoy ourselves.

The most popular winter sport is ski-ing. All you need for ski-ing are two splinters of wood like abbreviated catamarans. Those who are not conversant with the lingo of Madras surf-riding may not know what a catamaran is. To such I say that all you need for ski-ing are two bits of wood like a match-stick, only much wider and about sixty times longer than it. Hang it all, any two sizeable dealwood planks will do. Having got these planks, sit down on a stool and tie the planks to your feet. This is very important. The planks must be tied to your feet, and not your feet to the planks. When you are nicely tied up, go to the top of a hill and slide down it. As you slide down, the cold, rushing air would get into your nostrils, ears and mouth. You will feel a tremendous exhilaration. In fact, you will think that you are going to heaven. You are! Your beautifully preserved body would be picked up next day or the day after, deep in the snow.

Another popular sport very much favoured by undergraduates of the English Universities who have a dash of sporting blood in them is mountain climbing. This is a marvellous sport which brings out all the good qualities in you. Besides it tends to develop team-spirit which we lack so woefully. A party of a dozen adventurous freshmen is more than sufficient for this mountain climbing sport. Of course, if you want to climb a mountain, there must be a mountain. So,

choose a good mountain and then start climbing it. You haul yourself up to the top by a rope hanging sheer down the sides of precipices. The beautiful point of this game is that all the members of the party are roped to one another, so that there is absolutely no fear of anybody losing the way in mountain fastnesses and dying of starvation. All the party will reach the top almost simultaneously. Per contra, if one of the climbing party falls down an abyss, all the others will fall down with him, so that all die together. A very brotherly sport, isn't it?

During the discussion on skiing we agreed that your body would be found beautifully preserved the next day or the day after. In mountain climbing, your body is not so lucky. It will be beautifully preserved all right. But it may not be found at all. It is eminently advisable, therefore, that before you go mountaineering, you leave at home an understudy of your body, or at least a charcoal-drawn caricature of your profile on the bed-room wall.

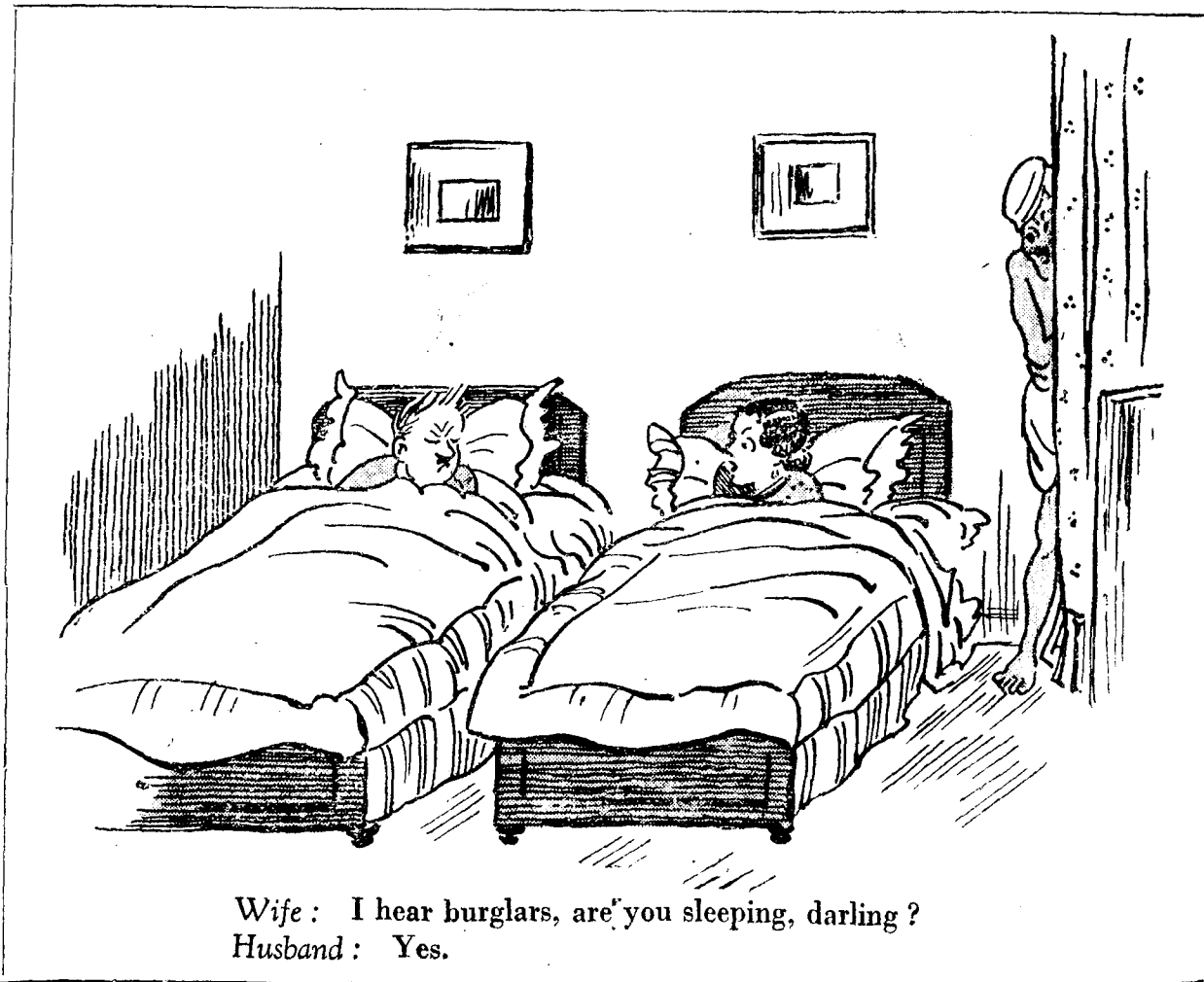
And then there is ice-hockey, which, as the name implies, is playing hockey on ice, not, be it noted, the

other way about. It requires six men (or women) on either side to play ice-hockey. Before entering the field, the players will have to put skates on. The game is much the same as un-ice-hockey, except that you will have to leave sundry bits of your body on the ice before the game was finished. If you want to import punch into the game, I would advise you to play with mixed sides as you do in tennis. The umpire will have a hell of a time sending out the male brutes off the field for fouling. Don't, however, enter the field with the notion that the ladies are angels. They are apt to develop body-line play and that is not healthy for your bones.

The games I have just described are all outdoor games, unless you build a house big enough to hold a couple of mountains and a hockey field.

There are indoor winter games too. As there are a large number of female and male bachelors among the readers of this Magazine, I had better not say anything about indoor games, just now. I shall wait till the single ones are married and tell you all about indoor games in winter.

THE END



Wife: I hear burglars, are you sleeping, darling?
Husband: Yes.



"Nobody can say anything bad about that girl."

"No. Let's talk about somebody else."

—Cornell Widow

* * *

First Angler: I caught a fish so big that my friends wouldn't let me pull it aboard in case the boat was swamped.

Second Angler: I quite believe you. I once had a similar experience on board the *Mauretania*.

—Drumheller Mail

* * *

Boss: My wife heard that I took you out to dinner the other night.

Secretary: Well?

Boss: That makes you my former secretary.

—Boston Beanpot

* * *

Paderewski arrived in a small Western town about noon one day, and decided to take a walk in the afternoon. While strolling along he heard a piano, and, following the sound, came to a house on which was a sign reading:

"Miss Jones. Piano lessons, 25 cents an hour."

Pausing to listen, he heard the young woman trying to play one of Chopin's nocturnes, and not succeeding very well.

Paderewski walked up to the house and knocked. Miss Jones came to the door and recognised him at once. Delighted, she invited him in, and he sat down and played the nocturne as only Paderewski can,

afterwards spending an hour in correcting her mistakes. Miss Jones thanked him and he departed.

Some months afterwards he returned to the town, and, looking at the sign, read:

"Miss Jones. Piano lessons, \$1 an hour. (Pupil of Paderewski.)"

—Montreal Star

* * *

A golfer, no matter how badly he played, was never heard to swear. One day one of his opponents remarked upon this fact.

"Yes, it's true, I don't cuss," admitted the fozzler, "but let me tell you this. Every time I miss I spit. And whenever I spit, the grass don't grow again no more."

—Boston Transcript

* * *

"Is it easy to kiss Mary?"

"Like falling off a log."

"Where did you get that black eye?"

"I fell off a log."

—College Life

* * *

One car manufacturer tests his cars by running them day and night till they fall apart. We get the same result by just letting a friend take ours for a week-end.

—Judge

Brother Rabbit—

Reading Time • About 7 Minutes

by Diana Don

AWAY back at the beginning of time, the dog and the rabbit were brothers, and they both fell in love with the same girl.

In those days, the dog had a very melodious voice. Of an evening he used to take his ukelele and go serenading. He would sit on the wall at the back of the house, and strike plangent chords, and sing love-songs in a beautiful baritone. And the lady-love would come out on the balcony, and sigh like a steam engine.

Whenever Brother Rabbit set his mind on a bit of courting, there was Brother Dog sitting on the wall playing the ukelele. Once or twice, Brother Rabbit did his pretty dance on the grass, and made a drumming noise with his hind legs to attract the attention of his beloved; but she had eyes and ears only for Brother Dog.

Brother Rabbit perceived that his suit was not likely to prosper, so one day he waylaid Brother Dog in the woods.

"What a mellow voice you have, dear brother!" said the rabbit.

"Well, I am told it is not bad," smirked the dog, modestly.

"It is rather a pity that you cannot manage the high notes," observed the rabbit, with an expression of sympathetic concern.

"The high notes?" cried Brother Dog, taken aback. "What is the matter with my high notes?"

"A pity, a pity!" said Brother Rabbit. "Your high notes are always out of tune."

"Are they really?" said the dog, most concerned.

"I am afraid so. It is the kind of thing that your best friend won't tell you; and, of course, a fellow cannot

judge the quality of his own singing. A chap can be making the most frightful din, under the impression that he is a sweet singer."

"I am much obliged for your friendly interest," said the dog. "What do you think I had better do?"

"Put yourself in my hands," advised the rabbit. "As you know, I am a medical man. Thanks to the

advance of modern plastic surgery, I would be able to improve your voice out of recognition."

So the dog submitted himself to the surgical skill of the rabbit, who performed a delicate operation on his patient's vocal chords.

"Do not use your voice for a fortnight," said the surgeon, when the operation was concluded. "Then you will be astonished."

A fortnight later, Brother Dog went round to the lady's house. To his surprise, he found Brother Rabbit already there, sitting on the wall playing a ukelele.

"What are you doing here?" demanded the dog.

"I am playing the ukelele."

"I didn't know you were a musician."

"I have been taking lessons while you were away," explained the rabbit, striking up a tune.

"Not bad," said the dog, critically, "but you cannot sing the accompaniment."

"True," agreed the rabbit. "Look here; I will play the tune, while you sing the accompaniment." And he played the opening bars again.

At the sound of the music, the dog lifted up his head and howled. He kept on howling, and the rabbit kept on playing.

"How was that?" asked the dog, when the song was over.

"Fine!" replied his companion.

Just then, a pail of dirty water descended on them from above.

"Good gracious! Who threw that?" cried the dog.

"Perhaps it was the girl's father," suggested Brother Rabbit. "Let us go to the river, and practise some more songs; things are not auspicious round here just at present."

So off they went to the river-bank, where there was plenty of solitude. The rabbit twanged industriously at his ukelele, and the dog lifted up his head and howled.

"What the dickens do you think you are doing?"

came a crusty voice. It was Brother Crocodile, attracted by the unearthly noise.

"I am singing," said Brother Dog, importantly.

"Was that singing?" asked the crocodile, in surprise.

"Certainly it was."

"I have always wanted to sing," said the crocodile.

"If a handsome fellow like me could only sing, I'd be a great success with the girls."

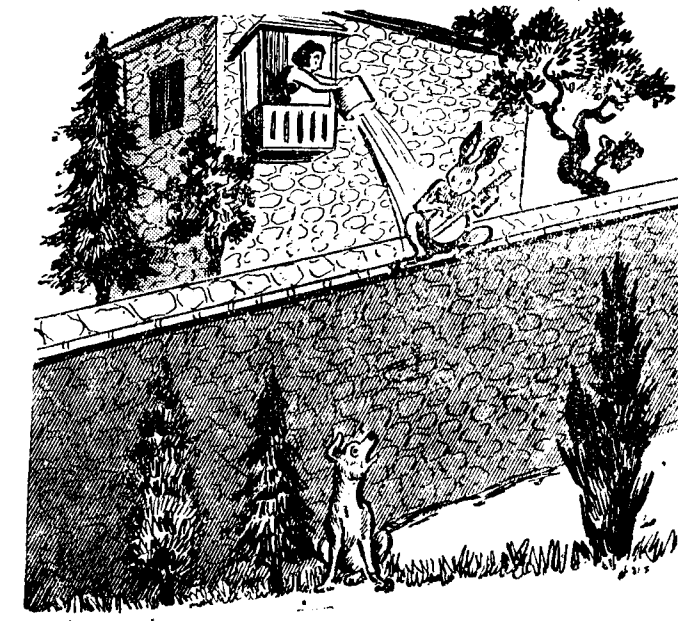
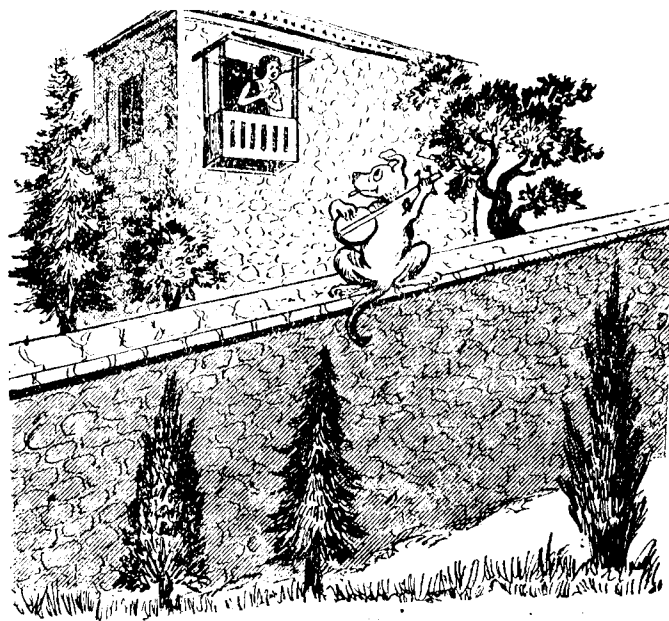
"I know how to make you sing," offered the dog. "In these days of plastic surgery, it is quite easy. Brother Rabbit did an operation on me quite recently; and now my singing astonishes everyone."

"Will it hurt?" enquired the crocodile.

"Not at all. Just a couple of snicks with the knife."

"And you won't spoil my beauty?"

"Of course not."



So the dog began the operation; but being an inexperienced surgeon, he let the knife slip, and cut the crocodile's mouth to an enormous size.

"Ow! What has happened?" cried the patient.

"It is all right; just a slight mishap," replied Brother Dog, soothingly. "The knife slipped slightly."

"Fetch me a mirror!" cried the crocodile.

When the mirror was brought, Brother Crocodile emitted a snarl of rage, and rushed at his visitors with gaping jaws. Brother Dog and Brother Rabbit ran for their lives. At last, the unhappy crocodile had to abandon the chase. He returned to the river-bank, and sat weeping.

And that is why crocodiles have large mouths, and always rush furiously at dogs, and sit at the riverside crying over their lost beauty.

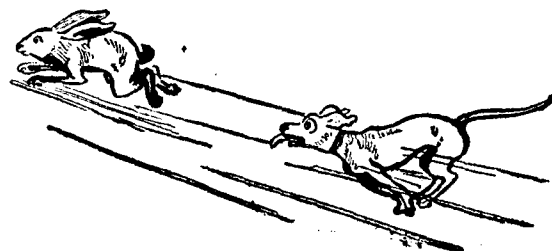
Brother Dog and Brother Rabbit were completely breathless by the time the pursuit was abandoned. Brother Dog suggested they should regain their breath, and then go and resume the serenade. "The father will be asleep by now," he remarked.

Brother Rabbit chuckled, and assented. Soon the pair were back on the wall behind the house; the rabbit strumming, while the dog lifted up his head and howled.

They were just beginning the second item on the programme, when an irate female voice was wafted down from above, and a deluge of slop-water descended to damp the ardour of the serenaders.

"What do you mean, making that dreadful din?" demanded the lady of their hearts, in tones far from dulcent.

"Darling, I was singing to you," said Brother Dog, in injured tones.



"Singing? Do you call that singing? What has happened to your voice?"

"I've had an operation. I can sing high notes now."

"High notes? You do nothing but howl all the time. Who performed this operation?"

"Brother Rabbit."

At this the fair one burst out laughing, "Brother Rabbit operated on you to improve your voice, did he? I hardly credited him with so much astuteness. Oh, there you are, Mr. Rabbit. Why don't you come round and visit us tomorrow evening? I will ask daddy to invite you. But don't bring your howling friend. Good-night."

The window closed, and Brother Rabbit was left with Brother Dog.

"So you operated on me to improve my voice, did you?" said Brother Dog, taking a stealthy step forward.

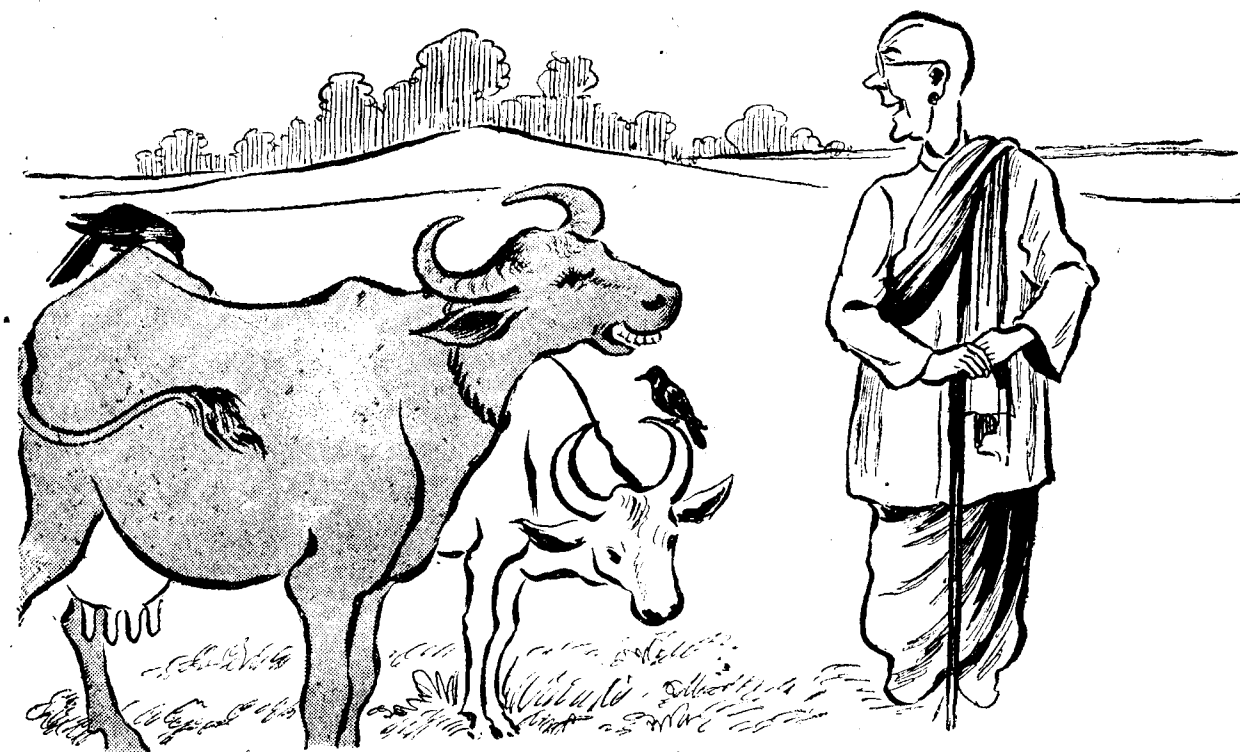
"Er—I think it is a great improvement," stuttered Brother Rabbit, taking two stealthy steps to the rear.

"And you are going round to visit her tomorrow evening, are you?" said Brother Dog, baring his teeth.

"Er—excuse me—" muttered the rabbit, making off.

The dog sprang, but the rabbit was gone. The dog tore after him. The chase continued, twisting and turning, till at last Brother Rabbit was able to bolt down a hole, leaving Brother Dog to sniff hungrily outside.

And that is why dogs howl to music, and why they chase rabbits so furiously.



The Milk Campaign & After

by Dewan Bahadur K. S. Ramaswami Sastri

Reading Time • About 4 Minutes

TO-DAY the papers are full of the Milk Campaign. Everybody seems to be more full of the human kindness to milk rather than of the milk of human kindness. The stud bulls are coming into their own. May I put in a plea on behalf of that noble and much neglected creature—the buffalo? So far as I can see it has had only one advocate—Mr. S. V. V. I must confess that I have a sneaking fondness—nay, a genuine admiration—for it. Very probably I tenanted its sleek and capacious body and its thoroughly stoic and Vedantic (I beg the pardon of Vedantists) brain in one of my innumerable incarnations. Even now if anybody is crude or rude, I shake my imaginary horns in gentle, silent rebuke and admonition and disapproval and swish my imaginary tail and chew my cud. If any one lets loose a monsoon shower of wrath or ridicule upon me, I just stand and shake my horns (imaginary ones of course), and invite him to the nearest pond. Of course, not with the object of giving him a

ducking there, but with the idea of cooling his heated brain, because hot-brained persons generally end by being hare-brained. Mr. S. V. V. advises every unemployed Young Indian—whose numbers increase, though his possessions decrease—to own a buffalo. I add that every Indian had better become one. But that may not be possible. A buffalo is useful always and all round. The humans can never be so. "Man's inhumanity to man hath made countless thousands mourn," says the poet.

Anyway, I like the More Milk Slogan, be it ancient or modern. The only wish that I desire to express is that there should be no humbug about it. The slogan asks us to give more milk to children and women. But the masculine humbugs who shed crocodile's tears over the disappearance of milk forgot or refuse to remember that the milk disappears nowhere except

(Continued on page 24)

Are They The

Reading Time • About 7 Minutes

WAR has been declared! No, not a world war. Not even a war in Abyssinia. But war between that prolific writer, Albert A. Roland and myself. War Drums throb, and my heart throbs with the thrill of battle. And I herewith endeavour to besiege Albert and starve him out or bombard him with shot and shell to such an extent that he won't be able to see me for dust.

In his article, 'The Mightier Sex', Albert says: "The person who lays it down that Women are the weaker sex is either unable to differentiate between chalk and cheese or makes that statement just before or during incarceration in a lunatic asylum."

Well, Mr. Albert A. Roland, thou traitor to the weaker (?) sex!—there must be very few people in this world, women included, who do not know when chalk is chalk and when it is not granite.

True, Shakespeare was no prophet. Neither did he, as far as I know, gaze into crystals or harems, or knit his own socks or sew his own buttons on. But his words, "Frailty, thy name is Woman!" stand as firmly to-day as they did in all the yesterdays, in spite of the Amazon tribe and hen-pecking wives.

To deal with dances first, A.A.R. Who dances till four in the morning and is more contrary and irritable, more illogical and inconsistent next day? Woman.

Who is it that, after such a night, just has to smile at her boss and say, "I'm not feeling very well to-day," to be told "Oh, it's quite all right! Go home, have a good rest, and come again to-morrow or the day after"? Woman. And who has to, for fear of losing his daily bread, put his nose to the grindstone after such a night, aspirins, shrieking head, and dark rings round the eyes all included, and keep it there? Man.

Who, in the winter, does catch cold and is too weakly proud to acknowledge it, knowing full well that the flimsy frocks and things she wears are a valuable part of her ammunition, even though she freezes and sneezes? Woman.

Who, because she is afraid, diets and outwardly 'bears' the pangs of hunger so that some of her alluring charms may not suffer? And who, while 'bearing' those pangs of hunger, is like a cat with a sore head? And whose head does she, in her sublime strength and endurance of that hunger, want to bite off? Man's. Is *this* strength, O A. A. Roland?

Who can play golf and subdue her swearing merely because she knows that swearing is considered unladylike? Woman.

Is it Woman who is fearless in African Hunting Expeditions? Yes—I suppose it is—provided the expeditions include Man—that natural protector of Woman.

Who knows that Woman can play longer and faster at tennis and any other game than Man? Nobody. We all know that some women can play longer and faster than some men—I grant thee that—especially at the game of Skittling Men. There are weak men just as there are strong women.

"No man can stand up to Woman in the matter of cocktails." That is a sweeping statement, O A.A.R. But, even if it were correct, would it be a sign of Woman's strength as compared to that of Man? No, it would prove yet another weakness, for the gin, cocktail, and horse's neck guzzling. Woman finds in intoxication an excellent substitute for vivacity and Sex Appeal.

No Man can ride to hell like Woman.

"Or drive huge cars with her verve and recklessness"... ..

Or go into hysterics when there's an accident and look shriekingly round for Man's neck or arm to cling to.

No Woman's face could stand the rigours of shaving.

Woman's hair does fall—usually on the neck or coat that belongs to someone other than her husband. Oh, weak Woman! And Albert A. Roland, thou

Mightier Sex ?

by John A. Henry

renegade and turncoat!—I seem to remember your saying something about many divorces being due to this hair-falling process, in your article, 'Hair To-day—Gone Tomorrow!' Why hast thou changed? Art thou weary, Art thou henpecked, Art thou sore distressed, Art thou languid?

Woman's eyes are always brightyes.....when one more male sighingly succumbs to her blinding and intoxicating charms and all too powerful wiles and blandishments. Naturally weak Man! 'Strong' Woman! But what, O Albert, about the Lady-Killer? Strong Man...weak Woman?

Woman's nerves are never unfailingly sound. She is too restless, for ever seeking seeking fresh fields to conquer in the easiest way Eve knows how to conquer.....with the age-old, naturally overpowering attraction of the female for the male.

Who sends Man's senses reeling with her allures and then calmly blames him for his weakness?

Who was and ever will be, as long as the world goes round and Johnie Walker goes strong, the externally cunning and extreme-

ly feminine Temptress? Who, in the knowledge of her weakness, and playing her mysteries for all she is worth, brims over with self pity and says, "Yes, it is always the Man who lets the Woman down?" Who refuses to, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, countenance the fact that an equal proportion of men have been let down by women?

Whose conscience is her slave, so that she forceth it to do her will!

Who, during argument, loses her temper at logic, Man's hard-won attribute, and resorts to the 'It did' and 'It didn't' method of disentangling a problem?

Whose job in life is love—and plenty of it?

A woman and a mouse, they carry a tail where'er they go.

And who, in her weakness, guards that tale precious till the time is ripe to throw it up someone's face?

Who is Woman's greatest enemy? Woman!

Who makes herself attractive and then slaps the face of the strange man who tells her that she is lovely?

Who lies when she says she hates being stared at by men when



she is in a bathing costume or when the day is a breezy one in March?

Who, after a quarrel, when she is to blame, sulks tantalisingly until Man crawls on his knees and apologises for his 'fault'—and then, and not till then, bursts into tears and says "There is *nothing* for me to forgive. I was to blame"?

Who wouldn't be at *all* interesting and attractive if it weren't for her very foibles and weaknesses? Woman.

What is the proportion of Men to Women, O A.A.R., even to-day, who fly round the world and swim the Channel and do dare-devil deeds and break sports records?

I say, taken all in all, with nothing left out, not even the stupendous feat of Mrs. Dionne (and *please* don't forget that *Mr.* Dionne was an equally important factor in the question!)—that the sexes are *equally* mighty.

Yes—are Women the Mightier Sex? What have Women to say? Not from a sense of outraged pride

and vindictiveness, for I have not written vindictively, but rationally and honestly.

Ladies, I leave it to you to settle this sad war. Apologetically, I wait.

I handed the foregoing article to my wife when I had typed it.

"Now, dear," I said, "you read that and let me know what *your* opinion is."

She smiled at me sweetly.

"And don't," I said soothingly, "go into a senseless tantrum when you have read it or while you are reading it, otherwise I'll most probably break your neck!"

She read it through with varying expressions flitting across her lovely face.

And when she had finished, she kissed me on the nose and murmured, almost with tears in her expressive eyes:

"Darling—PITY THE SULTANS' POOR HAREMS!"

THE END

THE MILK CAMPAIGN & AFTER—(Continued from page 21)

into their capacious and rapacious stomachs. I rather think that the abundance of such crocodile tears is due solely to an abundance of such milk. The man retains the sweets of milk and ejects the salts in the shape of tears. India abounds in tea shops and coffee shops in recent times, and the milk of the land comes like the Ganges into the ocean—the rolling, dark and deep blue ocean—of masculine stomachs. Formerly India used to pour some milk on the images of deities, but now the neo-rationalists are preaching that such milk should not be wasted in that way but should be consumed by human beings. Modern men entirely agree with this view and endorse it and carry it out in practice with a vengeance. Why then play the humbug and say that women and children should be given plenty of milk?

Just a word more about the Milk Campaign? The Hindu is called a mild Hindu—is that praise or ridicule? I do not know. He is called a worshipper of the cow. But though he worships the cow and will not kill it, he is prepared to starve it. His fellow Indians are prepared to slaughter it. In respect of such slobber-

ing and slaughtering friends, the cow prays to God "Save me from my friends." I know that in big cities the milk-man milks the cow dry and feeds the calf on water. The more scientific dairyman uses sterilisers and vacuum cups and what-not and feeds the calf on air. I am a friend not only of the buffalo but also of the cow. I like nothing better than to sit down in the shade and chew the cud of my thoughts. I am starting a More Milk Campaign just for the sake of the calves. Will the *Merry Magazine* carry the slogan far and wide all over India?

I was talking about the slogan of More Water for Calves. Would you believe it? I saw yesterday a film called *Bhakta Kuchela*. There I found an intensive More Water Campaign. Kuchela's twenty-seven children had no milk to drink. Their mother—who, like *Bharata Mata*, is the personification of piety and poverty which always go together and which not even God can put asunder—gave them water and more water and yet more water. India is now in a fair way to repeating that slogan and carrying on a More Water Campaign.

THE END

Fun For All



"There's a man to see you, sir."

"I'm busy, tell him to take a chair."

"He has, sir. He's taken them all and the table and he's moving out the big desk now. He's from that instalment furniture company."

"I attended your lecture on how to cure insomnia, professor, and I want to tell you I'm mighty glad I was there."

"Oh, did you enjoy it?"

"No, but it cured my insomnia."

When the teacher asked little Willie what the lesson was that could be learned from the bee, he replied: "Never to pat one on the tail."

"Girls, my pal over there is going to surprise everybody at the party to-night by singing, so I think I'll accompany him."

"On the piano?"

"No, to the hospital."

Hubby:—I'm going to ask you a riddle. What makes my life so miserable?

Wife:—You got me.

Hubby:—That's right.

"Thank goodness, I got away at last. I just had a dance with the hostess and it was just terrible. Did you dance with her yet?"

"I don't have to. I'm the host."

"If you added seventy-six thousand nine hundred and twenty-three to eighty-one thousand, four hundred and twelve, what would you get?"

"A wrong answer."

"Why do I find you kissing my wife?"

"Because you wear rubber heels."

After a race meeting, a sad-eyed man approached a nearby bar and moodily asked for a punter of beer.

"A punter!" exclaimed the barman. "That's a new one on me. I know pots and schooners and butchers, and other names come and go, but what is a punter?"

"A big mug!" explained the customer.

"This castle has stood for 600 years. Not a stone has been touched, nothing altered, nothing replaced."

Visitor: "Um, they must have the same landlord as we have!"

Officer: Say there! What do you think you are, digging up the street like that?

Drunk: Well, officer, I was told to take this street home.

Film Star: Yes, I said I wanted a home with at least ten children.

Friend: My dear, what makes you say such foolish things?

"The publicity department."

Friend: Are your poems widely read?

Poet: I'll say they are. More than twenty editors read the last one.



Laddakh—

Reading Time • About 2 Minutes

by D. P. Lahoti

ZIA owes me innumerable fivers and tenners. I trust you will understand, therefore, my sentiments towards him.

Yesterday, after he had helped me to finish my oranges and apples, he thumped his fist on the table, and said wildly: "I am going to Laddakh."

Now, I've never in my life wished Zia to go to Laddakh—unless, of course, Laddakh means blazes. I therefore raised my eyebrows and registered enquiry.

"I guess you want to know why I am going to Laddakh, eh?" Zia said in a manner that was too familiar to be encouraged.

"No, no," I said hurriedly. I knew he would reel off some cock-and-bull story about having dropped the purse, etc., etc. So I made an attempt to change the angle he was approaching me from.

"But where is Laddakh, anyway?" I asked.

"Chinese Turkestan," he said, struggling artfully with a lump in his throat. "It's a far-off, god-forsaken place without civilization."

I knew the symptoms. The catching-me-on-the-soft-rib-stunt.

"Ah!" I said, eulogising the merits of Laddakh. "The blessings of solitude! Away from the din of town-life! Ozone, fruits, hikes into the country, streams in wild fury, nature at its best—" He interrupted me.

"—with a population of criminal tribes who only shoot to kill," he continued.

"Nothing like spiced adventure for the nerves, old man," I said encouragingly. "Laddakh seems the ideal place for you."

He gave me a frozen look. "No picture-houses. No tea-shops," he said, undaunted.

"Oh, yes?" I said. "Healthy, rustic life, eh? No nerve-tingling, hectic amusements! That's wonderful!"

"—Nothing to eat—except—er—melons."

"Well, melons are only *jumbled-up* lemons. And lemons, as you know, are simply *stored sunshine*. Looks as if you've struck paradise, after all, old man."

"Paradise be hanged," Zia said desperately. "I'm going there to die—" he gulped. "—Unwept, un-honoured, and unsung. A refugee from life!"

The clever rogue! He'd brought me to the point of asking him the 'why'. His salvation seemed near.

But I was determined not to let him outwit me any more. Therefore, thinking furiously, and getting the ghost of a plan in my mind, I put him the old question. "But why contemplate such a perilous move, old man?" I asked.

I just swung round from my reclining position to catch him suppressing a triumphant grin.

"Because I'm broke," he said pathetically.

He waited for me to tap him sympathetically on the shoulder and invite him to be my guest until he got his next allowance from 'the uncle'. But I did neither. My mind was made up.

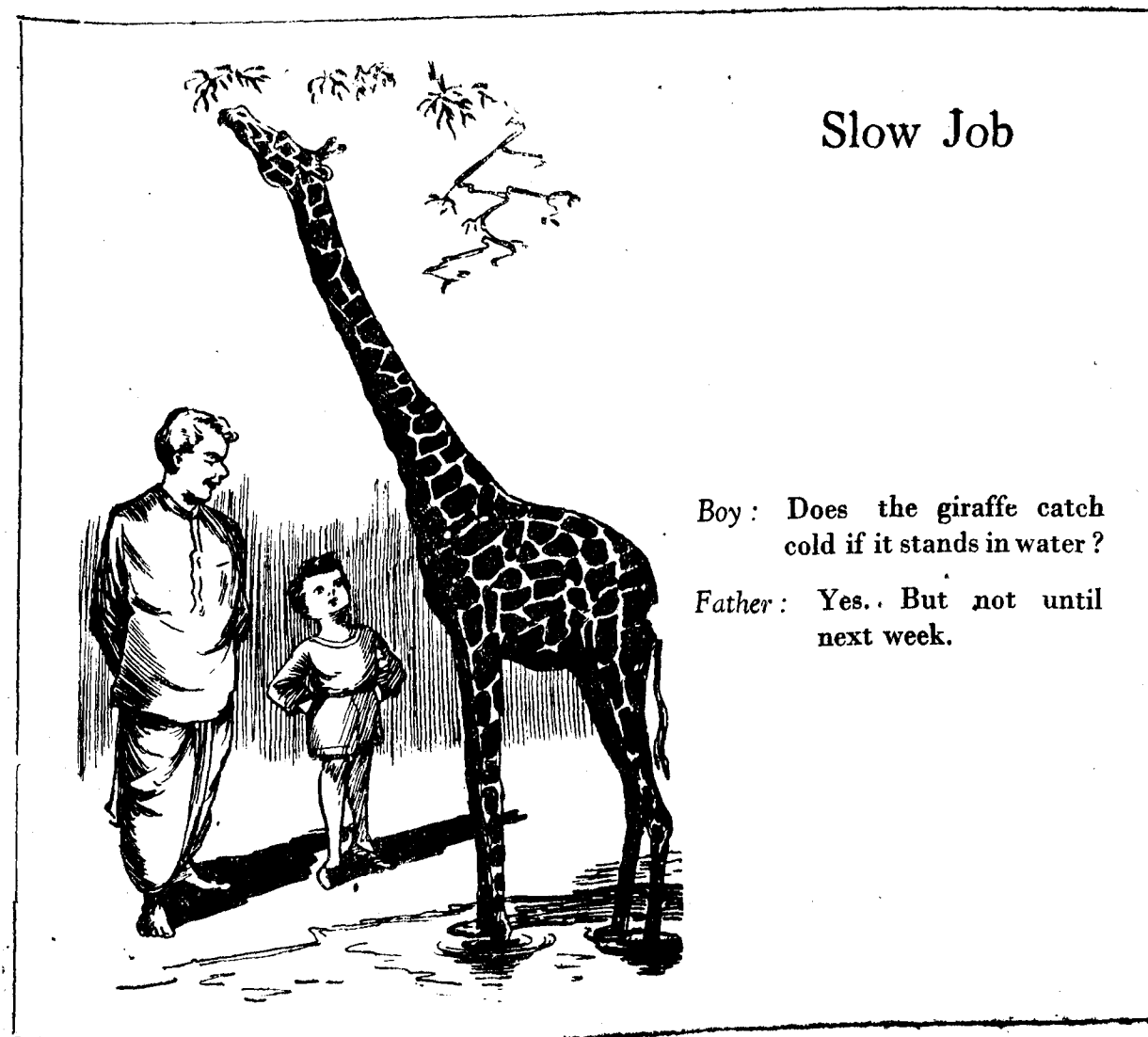
Artfully working tears of sympathy into my eyes, I extended my hand towards him.

"In that case, give me your hand, old man. I am going to Laddakh, too. Thieves broke into the diggings last night and bolted with the goods." I preferred Laddakh to giving 'this blighter' any money.

He stared at me stupidly for sometime. Then he thumped his fist again, muttered 'damn' between his teeth and made a defiant exit.

He has not left for Laddakh yet!

THE END



Slow Job

Boy: Does the giraffe catch cold if it stands in water?

Father: Yes.. But not until next week.



Tom And His Lady

by Emkay

Reading Time • About 6 Minutes

"LOOK here, Susila! It still you don't drive Tom out, well, good-bye!" I said and looked for my walking-stick. She ran to me and asked: "What's all the fuss about?"

I directed her kind attention to my office chair.

"Well, you can drive them out without staging a drama--can't you?" she replied. It is her way of keeping cool over others' worries. I simply couldn't stand such unsympathetic aloofness on her part.

"What do you mean, may I know?" I cut in, throwing a ton of sarcasm in the words. She placed me.

"Well, I should drive them for you, perhaps; where is the stick?"

I told her that had I got the stick, I wouldn't be wasting my words there. I also paid one or two choice compliments on the efficiency of her manage-

ment, thanks to which things were pulling on wings and wheels.

Susila ran in for the stick. I was not making a fuss over nothing. I fought on principles, as I always did. It was on the best of my 'principles' that I resented five kittens and a cat occupying my office chair just at the very moment I wished to occupy it myself. The mother cat was none other than Tom's mistress. When I refer to the cat as such, Susila to this day takes objection.

"You are harsh on Tom, dear!" she says.

"You talk as though you acted as bridesmaid at their wedding!" I say and silence her.

"I don't indulge in scandal, referring to the cat as a doubtful lady. It is solid fact. She came to our household only the other day. Tom brought her, presumably to show the house round. The lady seemed to like it--especially the lumber-room."

"Look, what a fat friend Tom has!" I said. Overhearing me, Tom led her away. If it had ended there, I would have called it a comedy.

But the purpose of the visit came to light the other evening, when I sent my servant to the lumber-room to fetch a pair of old shoes. He returned with a strange doubt.

"With or without the kittens, sir?" he asked.

"Don't talk nonsense!" I abused him and ran in to see things myself. The servant was right. The pair of shoes formed a pair of cradles for a pair of kittens. There were three, nestling close in the middle of a rattan chair. The mother cat, (no other than Tom's mistress) occupied a box-top and looked pleased with the new surroundings.

"Hi!" I said, hurling my stick. Next minute I was dashing across the lawn in front of my house, feeling my back with the palm of my hand to assure myself that the skin was intact. This was only a few days back and now the whole family had moved to my office chair. If at this I put my foot down, it was to my wife only, 'staging a drama'. Phaw! Not with cats and kittens for an audience.

"Look, how I drive them out now," said Susila, coming out with a stick. I ran to her and before the cat caught a glimpse of her intentions, I snatched the stick out of her hands.

"Don't play the fool, if you wish to have your skin intact!" I said.

"What would happen?" she asked, innocently.

I told her that the consequences were not pleasant to contemplate--that there was a wide range of possibilities--that the cat's paw being what it was, the



result might extend from a mere 'autograph' on her back to something more spicy.

"Will she hurt me?" she asked again. It was her firm belief always that where others failed, she would succeed without question.

"If the look on the cat's face meant any-

thing," I told her, "she does not seem to be the sort who would spare her own sister."

"What shall we do?" she asked.

"Have you a long range gun?"

"Please don't, dear! There will be a sin on your head like that on Cain."

"Well then, I won't court sin," I said. "Goodness knows for what sin I committed I am now a Brahmin!"

"We want somebody to do it..." murmured Susila. Just then the 'bread-boy' came. We almost embraced him.

"I won't call you rude; you can drive them out payah!" said Susila, pointing at the cat and her kittens.

I know a type who braves a task the more adroitly, the more hideously you paint the dangers involved. I thought the fellow belonged to that type. So I handed over the stick to him and dilated upon the consequences involved in using it. The boy clearly didn't belong to that type. The ruse failed. He had

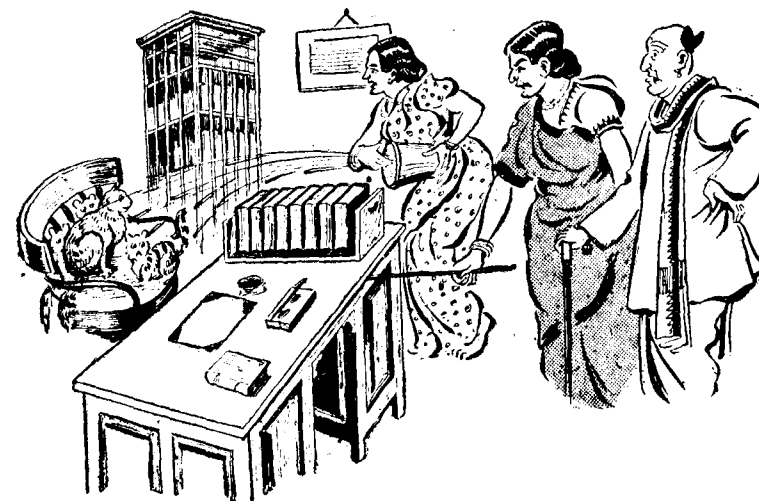
run off, even as I didn't with the cat well on my back the other day.

"The coward!" said Susila.

"No grit in the fellow!" I added.

"Why not set Skelly against her, dear?" she suggested.

"Not on my life," I replied. "No, Skelly won't do."



how to take people's money only to reduce them to tears in a couple of hours.

Let us censor some of this surplus sob-stuff. Let us limit producers to, say, one or two deaths per story, a couple of tender farewells, three starving children, one act of cruelty to a dumb animal and half a dozen broken-hearted sobs from the heroine.

Hang it all, we go to the theatre to be entertained and, although some people may obtain a fair measure of enjoyment from witnessing the anguish of a stage or screen mother, when some factless individual tells her that her favourite offspring has fallen out of the third-floor window and is, at the moment, lying in the hospital beautifully laid out. I maintain that the average theatre-goer doesn't want this sort of thing. No, indeed, he wants something cheerful, something that will make him forget that he's pinched the money he brought from home to buy some vegetables in the market.

It would appear that if one doesn't possess a good crying voice, one hasn't a chance of success either on

the stage or on the screen, and that a really life-like dry sob is worth anything from Rs. 100 to Rs. 100,000 a month. What is the matter with everyone in the show business? Have they been spending their spare time attending funerals, or is it that they have brought up a large stock of onions and want to use them up?

Frankly, it beats me. I thought that the sob stories such as *Harischandra*, *Nala* and *Uncle Tom's Cabin* had exhausted most of the world's tears, but it would seem that I thought wrong. People seem to have an unlimited supply of tears only waiting to be shed.

Now, you producers and scenario-writers, please allow me address you an earnest plea for less sob-stuff at least in the immediate future. I like a good cry as well as any one, but even you will be bound to admit that six good cries a week are sufficient to tax the strength of any ordinary mortal.

Let us have some fun. Let us laugh. We don't mind growing fat. Dash it all, there is enough crying in this world, without you fellows butting in to ginger up our misery.

THE END



"Don't marry that fellow. He loves only his money!"
 "But, I love his money, too."

Small Bits From Large Ones

The instinct that makes people send flowers as a farewell is a right instinct and the inculcated notion that they should wear black and pull long faces is a monstrosity. If we cannot rejoice in the memory of of the dead we had better let them alone.....

—G. B. S.

Coolidge was once a member, newly elected, of the Massachusetts House of Parliament. In an attempt to heckle him, another member asked: "Say, Cal, is it grammatical to say 'a hen sits' or 'a hen set'?"

"Well," drawled Coolidge, "it is a good deal more important question back in the country where I come from, to know when a hen cackles, whether she has laid or lied."

Charles Lamb, than whom no gentler or kinder-hearted wit ever breathed, at times found it impossible to restrain himself from the personal. For instance when he covered a friend with ridicule at a whist party: "Gad, James, if—if dirt were trumps, what a hand you would have!"

Some years ago G.B.S., dissatisfied with his lodgings on account of the dearth of clean linen, decided to make a change. On leaving he told the landlord that the lack of clean towels had driven him away.

Chagrined that he had not complained before, the landlord exclaimed: "Well but you have a tongue in your head!"

"Yes," retorted Shaw, "but I am not a cat."

A story is told of Noel Coward and Lady Diana Manners, who met at a dinner party in England at a

time when they entertained no great liking for each other.

"Did you see my last play?" enquired Mr. Coward of Lady Manners.

"Yes."

"What did you think of it?"

"Not very amusing."

There was a little pause.

"Mr. Coward, did you see me play the role of the Virgin in the *Miracle*?" asked Lady Manners of Mr. Coward.

"Yes."

"And what did you think of it?"

"Very amusing."

Alexandre Dumas was on his death-bed. His old retainer was sobbing audibly in a corner of the room. Slowly turning his death dimmed eyes towards his servant, Dumas said faintly: "Don't weep, my friend; if I want anything up there, I will ring for you."

A guest at the White House was astonished to see Mr. Coolidge decant his coffee from his cup to his saucer. The guest thought that it was the latest mode, and not to be outdone, he also poured his coffee into the saucer. The President slowly added sugar and cream to the coffee in his saucer and tasted the mixture with a spoon. The guest also added cream and sugar to his coffee and was about to taste it, just as the President did, when the President placed the saucer on the floor. His dog licked it up.

The Match-Maker

by Tien Ham

Reading Time • About 8 Minutes

ONE dark, sultry night, along a pleasant country road skirted by trees heavy with summer blossom, which gave the air a rakish tang of perfume, a sleek car sped on. The sole occupant of the car was at the wheel. The heavy scent of the wild flowers got into his head, and his thoughts turned to love.

He was a registered accountant, this Giri Kumar Bose at the wheel. He was the only auditor practising a not unremunerative business in Gopigunj, the modest town which he left a mile behind. It is a curious fact that English fiction writers have never taken kindly to accountants. If they bring an accountant into a story at all, they parade him in the best Uriah Heep tradition, making him do things which the worst villain in history would rather not dirty his hands with. It would be worth somebody's while to enquire into the rationale of English story-writers' grouse against such a useful profession which accountants pursue. Giri Kumar was everything that a young man should be. He was a natural athlete, not a bad-looking man, had the correct supply of brains, and above all he made a fetish of integrity—which trait may not be a virtue in him, since every moment of his professional life demanded it of him. A dishonest auditor is a danger to society.

Gopigunj, as has been said, was a modest town; but it was not so modest as not to accommodate a lady doctor who sported a M.B., B.S., after her name. That was Dr. Miss Urmila Devi. Like most members of her noble profession of mercy, Urmila was not only good looking but positively beautiful. Indeed if the City Fathers of Gopigunj permitted themselves the luxury of a 'beauty parade' Urmila would reach, to borrow a term of the turf, the winning post by quite a few heads. She possessed a rare charm of manner, and a rarer grace of deportment. The predominant colour-scheme of her dress was white. Her blazing white sari and white jacket which she invariably wore denoted a subjective virginity which the evil glances of gay local gallants could never besmirch.

Urmila, while at college and outside it, had broken many susceptible hearts with that delightful, impersonal aloofness with which doctors amputate our limbs.

Not that she was insensitive to the 'grand nuances' of life. She took her professional work too seriously. She lived for it. She elected to remain single. Yet she was free from the sickening cant of conventional morality.

Her remaining single was not good for Giri Kumar. He fell in love with her the very first time he saw her at one of the Gopigunj annual health exhibitions. He was an ardent lover, and patient. He avowed his passion for her at least a hundred times, and almost invariably her answer was: "But, Giri dear, what about my work, my patients? I have no time for love and marriage. Be a good boy and talk to me of something else."

To which, as invariably, Giri Kumar would say: "But, Urmila darling, if every man and woman lives for his or her work, what about love, a home, children, and all the romance that is waiting to be picked up? Besides, you have wounded my heart mortally, and I am your senior patient. If girls like you become old maids what is to become of the world?"

"It will go on somehow, silly."

"It won't. What you say is not logic.....I..... what I mean to say.....well, let us have a kiss at least," Giri Kumar would wind up illogically.

"Very well, you may kiss me, but not so hard as you did last time; and also not so long either, it hurts."

They would kiss and part, to meet only a few days later and go through the argument on the old lines.

Today they met early in the evening, and when their customary kiss, which Giri Kumar made a long, hot one in spite of the usual injunction to the contrary, was at last over, he said still hugging her, "You are going to marry me one of these days, Urmila sweet."

"I won't."

"I have an intuitive feeling that very soon I am going to hold you like this for ever and ever. My intuition has never misled me."

"It is going to, this time. The conceit of the man!"

Both of them laughed heartily and parted just as night was falling. An hour later, Giri Kumar got his car out and left the town by its northern exit for a spin. A little later Urmila left the town in her dog-cart by the southern exit to pay her weekly professional call at a bungalow three miles outside the town, where lived Mr. Gurdit Singh, a Punjabee engineer with his wife who was seven months gone with pregnancy. There was only one male servant at the bungalow. His woman servant fell ill and went home on a short leave of absence.

The northern and southern roads converged at a point almost within hailing distance of Mr. Gurdit Singh's bungalow.

His heart full of love, Giri Kumar drove his car at a modest pace. As he neared the point where the roads met, he noticed the familiar dog-cart with the white-clad figure holding the reins, coming towards him. The two vehicles drew near. They were within thirty yards of each other, when destiny stepped between them in the form of a frightened rabbit. The rabbit scuttled between the two vehicles, from one side of the road to the other. The horse shied and bolted. Giri Kumar jammed his brakes just in time, and averted a serious disaster. As it was, the car's mud-guard caught the on-side hub of the dog-cart. The car stood the impact, but the cart toppled over. Urmila, with her bag of medicines, was thrown out. The young man vaulted over the door of his car and rushed to Urmila's side. He caught her arm and waisted to help her up. She uttered a cry of pain.

"Oh, Giri, I am afraid I have broken my wrist.... Open that bag.....yes, that way.....get that strip of bandage out.....now, hold my arm.....firmly..... pull my hand.....that way.....now, tie up my wrist.....yes, yes.....my, you would make a wonderful doctor!" She laughed bravely.

"Come, Urmila, I'll take you home," said Giri Kumar lifting her in his strong arms.

"Home! Not before I have seen Mrs. Gurdit Singh in yonder bungalow. You are driving me there."

Arrived at the bungalow, the first thing they noticed was the old servant wringing his hands on the lawn. Urmila jumped down and ran to the servant. "What is the matter, Sant Singh?" she asked.

"Master is away from home, memsaheb, and....." he pointed at that part of the bungalow where the bedroom was. Muffled moans and screams came from that room. Urmila ran up to the room, with Giri Kumar carrying her bag at her heels. She entered the room and found Mrs. Gurdit Singh in pains, two months before her time.

She assumed command. Under her crisp orders, warm water was got ready instantly, and a few basins of it was arranged on near-by chairs. Clean towels were spread out. She was about to wash her hands before putting on the antiseptic gloves, and remembered with a constriction at her heart that her hand was useless for the time being. She decided quickly. She opened the door and called for Giri Kumar.

"Come in....What are you gaping at?" she almost shouted at him, as he lingered outside.

"But how can I come in.....in there?" he asked, scandalised.

"I have broken my wrist, and this is no time for nonsense. You are going to help me at this childbirth. Step in, you idiot! A life is at stake..... Take your coat off.....wash your hands in that basin.....put these gloves on.....now, that instrument..... hold it like this.....no, no.....that's right.....now.....it is over.....thank God, it is over.....It is a male baby.....hold it by the legs, you fool.....upside down.....that's right.....smack its hips.....smack hard I say....."

The tiny baby yelled hoarsely, surprised at this rude treatment at its debut into the world.

A third person walked into the room, a stalwart, bearded man, Mr. Gurdit Singh. Urmila spun round and smiled at him. "Congratulations, Mr. Gurdit Singh," she whispered. "There is your son, arrived two months before he was expected. Quite healthy and kicking."

"But.....but....." stuttered Mr. Gurdit Singh, ".....but who is this man? Is he a doctor come to help you?"

"No. He is Mr. Giri Kumar Bose of....."

"My God, a man at my wife's bed-side, touching her and....."

"Don't get excited Mr. Gurdit Singh," explained the doctor. "The choice lay between Mr. Bose and your old servant to help me here. You see I have broken my wrist. I could do nothing. Mr. Bose saved your wife. Don't let his intimate presence in this chamber grieve you. Mr. Bose is my husband."

A couple of hours later as Giri Kumar drove Urmila home, he asked her. "Didn't I tell you that my intuition never lets me down. But Great God, what a nerve you have to lie so coolly about me!"

"It is not a lie, blockhead! We are going to marry tomorrow first thing at the Registrar's."

THE END

Priceless Gems Offered Free!

Music is the only language in which you cannot say a mean or sarcastic thing.

—John Erskine

I have read some obituaries with savage pleasure.

—Clarence Darrow

Poor Matt (Mathew Arnold) he's gone to heaven no doubt, but he won't like God.

—R. L. Stevenson

Women are meant to be loved, not to be understood.

—Oscar Wilde

All of the animals excepting man, know that the principal business of life is to enjoy it.

—Samuel Butler

Americans aren't people. They're just sales outlets.

—J. N. Leonard

I am an old man and have known a great many troubles, but most of them never happened.

—Mark Twain

I have nothing to declare but my genius.

—Oscar Wilde

No man has a good enough memory to make a successful liar.

—Abraham Lincoln

Tight shoes are the greatest blessing on earth. They make you forget all your other troubles.

—Josh Billings

Some people instead of trying to drown their troubles take them out and give them swimming lessons.

—Billy Sunday

Nothing is particularly hard if you divide it into small jobs.

—Henry Ford

Diplomacy is lying in state.

—Emerson

Slang—Language that takes off its coat, spits on its hands and goes to work.

—Carl Sandburg

Conscience is an inner voice that warns us that somebody is looking.

—Menken

It is not how old you are, but how you are old.

—Marie Dressler

A speech should be like a woman's skirt—long enough to cover the subject but short enough to be interesting.

—Walter Winchell

Eat, drink and be merry for tomorrow you diet.

—Don Marquis

Matrimony is not a word, it is a sentence.

—Eddie Cantor

A curved line is the loveliest distance between two points.

—Mae West

If I were running the world, I would have it rain only between 2 and 5 A.M. Anyone who was out then ought to get wet.

—W. L. Phelps

The great secret of successful marriage is to treat all disasters as incidents and none of the incidents as disasters.

—H. Nicholson

Never go round with a married woman unless you can go two rounds with her husband.

—Eddie Cantor

Life

"Young man, measure not thy stature by its shadow in the morning sun."—Pythagoras.

Life's mazy paths, untrod, untried—
Youth scans the view with eager eye,
And scarcely sees the world too wide
His daring hopes to satisfy.

'Tis his to scan the depths of thought.
What theme for him too high, too great?
'Tis his to teach—himself untaught—
'Tis his to change the laws of Fate.

Where throbs the heart he cannot sway?
To win he needs but to desire.
And where the hand his will can stay
Who needs must triumph if aspire?

Yet all the hopes of passion born
Bloom but to wither to a close;
And but the cruel, cankering thorn
Is left to mind him of the rose.

'Tis then in Fate he learns to trace
A sense, a lesson, erst unknown;
Discerning rightly each man's place
And better skilled to find his own.

And thus the noontide hour goes by;
And, with the onward march of Time,
Recedes—still shortening on the eye—
The shadow of his morning's prime.

Then blest is he who learns in time
To mete his merits at their worth.
From grief preserved, perchance from crime,
He wins who covets least from Earth.

So, as the day comes to its close,
And eve draws on with level light,
He marks the shadow as it grows,
And has no fear of coming night.

—Conrad

MERRY'S FILM FOLIO

SRIMATHI PARINAYAM (Tamil)

or

SRIRAMA JANMAKARANAM

Producers: Sriram Talkies, Kumbakonam.

Showing At: The Gaiety Talkies, Madras.



Miss Srimathi

The idea of a sane, sensitive, stoic ascetic like Narada being influenced by a girl may seem like an unconvincing and unpleasant theme but for the clever direction and settings which make it believable.

Why was Rama born? Not merely because King Dasaratha prayed for a son, as you would say. That was only one of the reasons; prayers are not always heard; Dasaratha's too might not have

been heard at all had it not been predestined. The real reason dates back to the period (according to this picture) when Narada and his disciple Parvata fell head over heels in love with Srimathi, King Ambarisha's beautiful daughter. Now you didn't credit Narada with such foibles, nor connect him with an uppish disciple who *would* rival him in the affair of his heart. What were the consequences? Who married Srimathi in the end? The picture tells you all. Narada's pride itself brought his fall. He left Mahavishnu's presence in a huff saying: "Why worship Vishnu? He is sex-ridden!" Then it was that Manmatha, God of love, decided to 'larn' him and did bring about his discomfort. They Visited Ambarisha's Court, saw Srimathi, and were conquered. Narada obtains Ambarisha's consent for his daughter's hand and Parvata from the queen. In the end a Swayamvara is arranged to get out of this dilemma. To Srimathi, Narada and Parvata look a bear and monkey respectively. Srimathi swoons and Mahavishnu carries her off. For this Narada curses Vishnu to be born as a son to Dasaratha and suffer the pangs of separation from his beloved. That is all!

A Miss Srimathi plays Srimathi. Narada and Parvata sing well but the songs they sing convey that Paramahams's pieces were in vogue even in Narada's times! Good singers that the guru and disciple are, they must have been bewildered by Ambarisha's singing. Photography and Sound-recording are well done but the dialogue is very slow-moving and makes the tempo of the picture a little less impressive.

AMUSEMENTS IN THE CITY

The Elphinstone

Tudor Rose

Or

The Story of Lady Jane Grey

Gaumont-British (Gainsborough) Production.

Starring: Dame Sybil Thorndike, Sir Cedric Hardwicke, Nova Pilbeam, Desmond Tester, and John Mills.

The final months of the ill-fated Lady Jane Grey's life.

★

The Wellington

The Rainmakers

A Radio-Production.

Starring: Wheeler and Woolsey and Dorothy Lee. Typical riotous slapstick thrills for admirers of the wellknown comedians.

★

The Paragon

A Tale of Two Cities

A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Production. Directed by Jack Conway.

Starring: Ronald Colman, Elizabeth Allan, and Edna May Oliver. Adaptation of Dickens' famous novel.

★

The Roxy

A Midsummer Night's Dream

A Warner Bros' production. Directed by Max Reinhardt and William Dieterle.

Starring: James Cagney, Joe. E. Brown, Dick Powell, and Olivia De Havilland.

Lavish presentation of Shakespeare's play which has been treated with respect to tradition and is a notable achievement in stage craft.

Kinema Central

Derby-Ka-Shikar (Urdu)

★

West End Talkies

Buck Jones in Red Rider

With William Desmond and Marian Shillong.

★

Select Talkies

Gay Birds (Hindi)

A Sagar Production.

Starring: Motilal, Sobana, Samrath and Aruna Devi.

★

THE ROYAL THEATRE

Mysore C. K. Nataka Mandali

Samsara Nowka

M. Peer	...	Sundara
Rajamma	...	Sarala
Simha	...	Madhu
Madhava Rao	...	Dicky
H. Subramaniam	...	Acharya

The moving human story of this play is too well known to need recapitulation.

M. Peer's versatility will be patent to everyone who has seen him in this difficult role of *Sundara* in *Samsara Nowka*, and the robber in *Satharam*. His capacity for emotional portrayal is 'infinite' and his make-up too is a delight.

Rajamma is a nice *Sarala*, sad and lovely.

Madhava Rao plays *Dicky* as if he were thinking of Puck. He bristles with complexes like a pin-cushion and Madhu is soft clay in his hands. I will remember the author as *Madhu* for his bananas-cum-oranges-eating act.

H. Subramaniam as *Acharya* sings beautifully and attains to scientific heights effortlessly and his caricature of that hypocritical class is very natural.

THE ROYAL
ASTROLOGER 1,000,000



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HOT FROM HOLLYWOOD

Suicide Ducks!

Ole Peterson, versatile exhibitor of Beaver Falls, Nebraska, has turned inventor, contributing to science and the world of sports an unusual device for killing ducks by the hundreds at one time.

The duck season opened recently in Mr. Peterson's native Calmus Valley, and, not having a gun, he took from his theatre a portable projector and rode out to the wet lands west of town. There he pointed the machine at the white wall of a marble cliff which stood out in the night, and began running a short reel of some lake scenes as soon as he heard the ducks coming down his way.

The scenes—displayed upon the cliff-walls—of sylvan lakes with birds soaring above and fish leaping from the waters, proved most entrancing to the oncoming ducks and they crashed their heads against the cliff in attempting to alight upon the phantom waters. Mr. Peterson then proceeded calmly to gather up several hundred ducks and rode back to town.

At this point the local authorities, unappreciative of Ole's inventive genius, stepped in and formally arraigned him for killing the ducks. After hearing the defence set up by his attorney, they were in a quandary what to do with him. Mr. Peterson's lawyer contended that he had committed no offence, as the game laws do not mention motion picture machines as lethal weapons, nor was he guilty of killing the ducks in the first place—they had committed suicide!

Narrow Escape

In *So Red the Rose*, you'll have seen a scene in which Randolph Scott stabs a man with a bayonet. That scene almost turned into real, not mock, tragedy. Although the extra player was padded with bayonet-proof material, something went wrong, and when Randolph stabbed, the bayonet pierced the man's mouth! It came out through his cheek; an inch the other way and it might have killed him. Randolph was so unnerved that they had to suspend production for some time.

Falling Horses!

Were any of the horses hurt in the battle scenes in Cecil B. De Mille's *The Crusades*? No. With blood apparently all over the place, with horses falling right and left and looking dead as a doornail, not an animal was hurt. Those horses that fell, you know,

are called "falling horses." They are well trained and they are darned good actors. Besides, all those soldiers, you saw handling the horses are really old cowboys, and nobody would dare hurt a horse if a cowboy was within shooting distance. De Mille, and every other director in Hollywood, leaves horse-stuff to the cowboys. And they care for their horses as tenderly, and as jealously as a director cares for his \$10,000-a-week star.

Standing—Not Still!

Paramount Pictures has an actor on the roster of its studio in Hollywood whose financial stratagems in business make some of the motion picture financiers of the present-day look like correspondence-school students. He engineered a 380,000,000 dollars business deal so that he might retire in comfortable state of pocket-book to pursue his favourite pastime of acting on stage and screen.

Sir Guy Standing, 63-years-old Knight Commander of the British Empire had been playing on the British stage since 1899 when he joined the King's Navy for service in the World War. His meritorious performances on shipboard under fire caused the late King George to knight him. At the time he felt the King's sword descend on his shoulder, Guy had but £40 in his pocket and a healthy ambition for theatricals in his bosom.

Came the mad race in 1919 to rebuild war-torn Europe, and Guy Standing set out against heavy odds to buy up miles of uncrated American equipment lines along the Rhine—tanks, tractors, automobiles, locomotives and what-not, which he intended to resell on the Continent for the reconstruction. Motor Organization, Ltd., was formed and through his friends, he raised the funds to complete the purchase.

Working quietly on another front at the same time were some interests who were planning to do the same thing with a like amount of similar equipment owned by England. Such competition would have ruined him, and so he pulled some rabbits out of a hat and bought this material as well. It took Sir Guy nine years to unload the stuff, piecemeal, at a gross of some 350,000,000 dollars, which left him with the fortune he needed to give him the proper incentive for his art. Standing—but not still!

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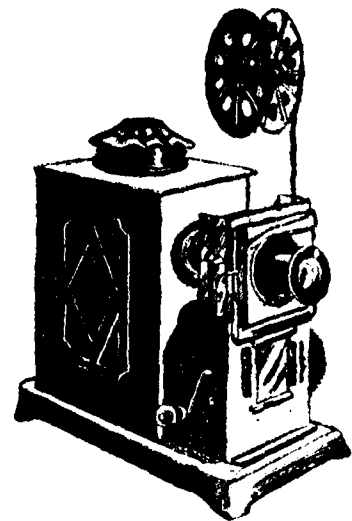
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