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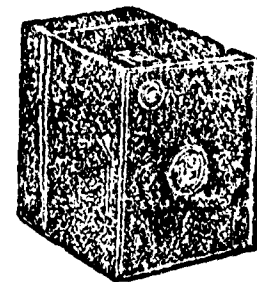
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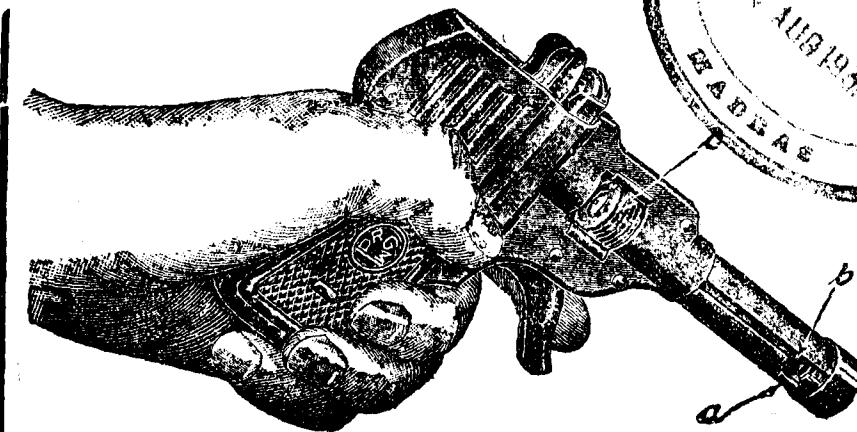
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The MERRY MAGAZINE



Madras, August 22, '36

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John

A. Henry

&

A. A. Roland

★

Diana Don

SPARKS FROM OUR ANVIL

Reuter reports that all the European powers have agreed in principle to preserve neutrality in the Spanish Civil War.

Only aeroplanes are pouring in to the country from abroad, apparently to see if the principle is observed!

A Fascist bull-fighter who edits the Fascist A. B. C. in Spain is reported to have written that they would rip open the Communists like pigs.

Apparently there is much shortage of bacon among the insurgents.

General Franco the leader of the rebels announces: 'If we win the war, the new Spain will be based on the corporative system as in Portugal, Germany and Italy.'

This has caused a severe strain on the promised neutrality of Germany and Italy.

The Bishop of Pamplona announces that he will give 100 days' indulgence to everyone accounting for a Marxist life.

Which seems to indicate that a Marxist life is at least more valuable than a Bishop's!

The 'Laurel-Hardy' Comedy, *The Bohemian Girl* has been banned in Germany. No reason is assigned.—*Reuter*.

Is not Germany a sufficient reason?

Speaking at the annual meeting of the U. P. A. S. I., H. E. Sir K. V.

Reddy is reported to have said: "It is my conviction that safeguards in regard to racial and commercial discrimination will prove to be utterly unnecessary."

We are surprised to find Sir Kurma among those anxious to discredit the new constitution!

On the other hand, the President of the Sind branch of the European Association says: "We must be insistent on the rights conferred on us by the safeguards being actively exercised. We must not allow the safeguards to become moribund by disuse."

These two gentlemen must cultivate each other better!

Sir K. V. Reddy added: "A politician would not be a politician if he did not indulge in occasional vapourings. It pays him to do so."

Thank goodness, we don't pay him to do so!

Commenting on the City corporation's refusal to present a civic address to the Acting Governor, the Hon'ble Mr. P. T. Rajan, in the course of a statement says that as a result of it Government might not select an Indian for the high honour in the future.

If only we could be sure of that!

Paying a tribute to the improved fielding of the Indians, Hobbs says: "It will be remembered that in the early part of the tour, they couldn't chase the ball."

Because they were chasing one another too much!

It is stated that the Indian team will break up on the return journey, some leaving for the Continent, some for America.

We thought they broke up ever since they reached England.

A news-item records that the Maharajkumar of Vizianagram was X-rayed, and will go into a nursing home after the third Test match.

We don't see the point of this announcement on the eve of the match!

Addressing a conference of students at Lucknow, Mr. Jinnah is reported to have declared that the communal question will exist so long as religion remained.

Then it is a pity we should be getting more and more deeply religious!

"Though the Pope has the use of the telephone, he is never known to have said Hallo!"—From an account of the Vatican city.

Much less, of course, Hello!

"For the third year in succession, Mr. Baldwin has won a first prize for the best show of hot-house plants at a flower show."

This naturally adds greatly to his prestige as Premier!

India has retained the Olympic title in Hockey by beating Germany in the final by eight goals to one.

This is expected to raise the question whether Hockey is a Nordic game.

The Anglo-Egyptian Treaty

It is an ill wind that blows nobody any good; and the news that has come over the week-end announcing the satisfactory conclusion of talks between British and Egyptian representatives marks the closing of one of the most vexatious chapters in the history of British imperialism. The terms are not yet divulged; but the fact that both sides have expressed satisfaction is enough for us. What has happened is nothing short of a miracle in the political sphere. Either Egyptian national opinion has surrendered more than it seemed likely to, or British imperialism has compromised its demands more than it was prepared to. We think the latter is more likely to have happened than the former. And what induced Britain to take such an attitude of accommodating helpfulness? The answer is to be found in the near-Eastern situation as modified by two important factors. These are the extinction of Ethiopia, and the continuance of trouble in Palestine. So long as Britain was the only power that counted in near-Eastern affairs, it did not matter if its relations with the smaller countries were dictated by the consciousness of her own superiority. But when Mussolini re-coloured the map of Africa by force of arms, a supreme challenge was implied to the supremacy if not the safety of the British Empire. Egypt's place geographically and diplomatically became invested with a new importance, a source of security or menace according to circumstances. The Palestine trouble is not at an end; and judging from the reported developments, from day to day, looks like being an ugly affair with a tendency to get uglier with lapse of time. The Arabs have no Gandhi to lead them along the path of non-violence. They have taken to violence with a ruthless thoroughness which, with all our sympathy for them on the major issue, is steadily estranging our feelings. But, of course, our individual feelings don't count in that struggle. But it

is an episode the ominous consequences of which we cannot predict, in view of the dubious position of the British Government itself in it. But it must have contributed its due share to an appreciation of the realities of the Egyptian problem by the Conservative Ministry in England. It is a matter for sincere gratulation to both the parties that the right spirit of adjustment and compromise was shown, and the relations between the two countries placed on a footing honourable to both. A contented and friendly Egypt would be a powerful ally of England, and a useful buffer in times of International crises. This diplomatic success will strengthen the British position generally in world affairs, and specifically in Africa, and Britain may look forward without anxiety to the future.

The moral of this must be brought home to all our wobbling countrymen. What the Wafd Party is to Egypt, the Congress is for us. The Wafd put up a gallant fight with the objective never obscured, or its ideals never lowered. It is the Wafd who is the builder of the New Egypt. So may the Congress be of the New India, if only it could go on with a single-minded devotion to the cause of freedom. There must be, there is bound to be, a similar negotiation. We do not wish Britain to get into trouble in order that we may take advantage of it. But, it is human nature to seize psychological moments for effecting enduring changes. Britain has reached a stage in her history when she is the object of envy to many other countries. She cannot hope to brave them in the breezy manner in which she amassed her Empire. She could neutralise that envy by making her own possessions self-satisfied, and self-contained units, who would protect her and themselves against the jealousy of the whole world. The British genius for compromise has manifested itself in the case of Egypt. May it also come to her aid in the case of this country.



Money Talks—

by Albert A. Roland

Reading Time • About 10 Minutes

A sudden trumpeting smote on my ears. I started violently, threw down the paper I was reading and looked behind me.

My friend Sitaram stood there resonantly blowing his nose.

"Oh, it's you!" I growled. Whereupon he ceased trumpeting and delivered himself of the following remark—

"I've been thinking, Mani, that it's amazing, positively amazing, how the greatest, the profoundest

thoughts will sometimes come to us when we least expect them!"

"You're right," I agreed, fixing a piercing eye on the handkerchief in his hand. "We may, for instance, be performing some simple little act; blowing our nose, say, in what appears to be our own handkerchief. Suddenly, catching sight of some initials in the corner of that article, we realise (that's if we've any conscience at all) that it's the one we borrowed last week from our friend."

Sitaram looked embarrassed, but only momentarily.

"Oh, sorry, Mani!" he said. "I'll return it after it's been to the laundry."

I waved his apology aside.

"Let me proceed with the example," I said. "At that very moment, like a bolt from the blue, the mighty truth flashes in upon us:—*Nothing's better for mankind than good literature. And nothing's easier to acquire. A valuable library can soon be built up from BORROWED books.*"

Sitaram squirmed and actually blushed.

"I'll make a point of returning all your books this week," he promised.

"I'll be gratefully surprised," I said drily. "And now, you sinner, what brings you here at this hour of the night?"

"Well—er—you know I recently helped you with an article on Hair-Restorers-and-Removers. You expressed yourself as being pleased with that help. You also expressed your readiness to consider any further ideas I might offer on interesting themes."

"Right," I said.

"You also, if my memory serves me correctly, said something about sharing the spoils."

"I did, and I'm a man of my word. I've already put aside your share. But you shan't get an anna of it till you return my books and—"

"To-morrow!" promised Sitaram.

"And the handkerchief."

"And the handkerchief? Surely you don't set so much store by this old rag?"

"My best girl gave me that handkerchief!" I said indignantly. "What would she say if she knew it was being blown into by Sitaram Iyer?"

"I shall launder and return it to-morrow," he declared. "And now, Mani, I've got some ideas for another article—on a Filthy but Ever-Interesting Theme."

I frowned.

"I don't know that I'd care to write—" I began dubiously.

"Filthy Lucre, I mean," he grinned.

I took out note-book and pencil.

"Go on," I said.

"The idea for this article came to me in a dream not half an hour ago. I'd actually retired to sleep, but the dream was so vivid, and the ideas so good, that I re-dressed and—well, here I am."

"Go on," I repeated. "I'm taking it all down in shorthand."

"I dreamt I tumbled off a cliff and while I was falling, everybody I owed money to appeared before me—"

"Everybody?" I interrupted.

"Yes, everybody."

"You must have fallen an awful distance!" I said.

"When I finally reached the end of my fall, I found myself in a beautiful woodland pool, swimming to reach the bank. And swimming by my side was a lovely woodland nymph. We reached the bank together, drew ourselves out of the water, and lay basking in the sun. Suddenly, I turned to the beautiful maiden and asked her to marry me. Her answer made me terribly sad."

"No," she said, 'I could never learn to love you.'

"But my darling," I pleaded, 'I'm worth a few thousand rupees.'

"She sat up quickly and looked at me with a new interest. 'Then give me one more lesson,' she murmured."

"I was about to take her in my arms, when she held up a restraining hand."

"Before a woman lets herself fall in love with a man," she said, 'she finds out what he's worth—in other words, she gives him the Asset Test. Now don't look so hurt, dear. That's how the modern world is, and you might as well accept modern conditions. Say, dear, what do you do for a living?'

"I try and sell Japanese cars and radios," I replied, 'and in my spare time earn a little cash by supplying a journalist-friend with ideas for articles. He's a jolly decent chap,' I added, 'but he doesn't cough up much cash.'

"She looked sympathetic."

"I believe I could give you some good ideas for an article," she mused. 'I've thought quite a lot about one subject—Money and the Modern Woman.'

"And then we had a long, long talk on that very subject. She gave me some splendid ideas—some of them positively profound...Towards the end of the dream, she began to fall in love with me, I could see from the amorous look in her big eyes...Alas! It was such stuff as dreams are made of!...I awoke, tenderly kissing my pillow. And then the reaction set in. I wept like a baby at losing my dream girl. I even contemplated suicide for a few moments. Then reason returned, and I realised that she had given me something, at least."

He sighed pathetically. Then he pulled himself together and went on smilingly.

"She left me some negotiable ideas on Money and the Modern Woman."

"Negotiable ideas?"

"Yes, ideas I can turn into money—if you keep your promise. And I've a special reason for hoping you will. But I'll tell you about that later. Meanwhile, here are some of the things she said..."

* * *

The modern woman's idea of a stepping stone to success is—the diamond.

Nowadays a woman without principle draws considerable interest.

It takes two to make a bargain, but only one (the woman) gets it.

The modern girl never marries a man for his money—but divorces him for it. Yes, in these days of high alimony, it's the high cost of leaving that hurts.

When a woman says she's reducing, it's generally some man's account. Many a wife who cares nothing for her spouse, lives on his account.

Man is the only animal that can be skinned more than once. He may be the captain of his soul, but there's usually some woman who commands his salary.

The old flame who marries a man with money to burn makes a good match. But the man who marries money usually finds himself wishing he had a little 'change' now and then.

The man who calls a girl 'sugar' sometimes ends by paying her a lump sum.

Money may talk—but it never gives itself away. It's easier to raise a laugh than a loan. And it's a long loan that has no re-turning.

When a girl has plenty of hard cash, it's pretty soft for her.

The best way to have your wife or sweetheart think a lot of you is to make a fortune, will it to her, and then drop dead. The man who dies a millionaire leaves much to be desired.

It costs money to bring a baby into this world and—if it's a girl—still more to take her out into it later on.

Many a girl has found that the man who is made of money can be quite worthless.

Financially speaking, the wages of sin generally have to be handed over to the lawyer for the defence.

The question of what constitutes a living wage depends on whether you are paying or receiving it.

A bankrupt is one who has everything that money can buy—but no money.

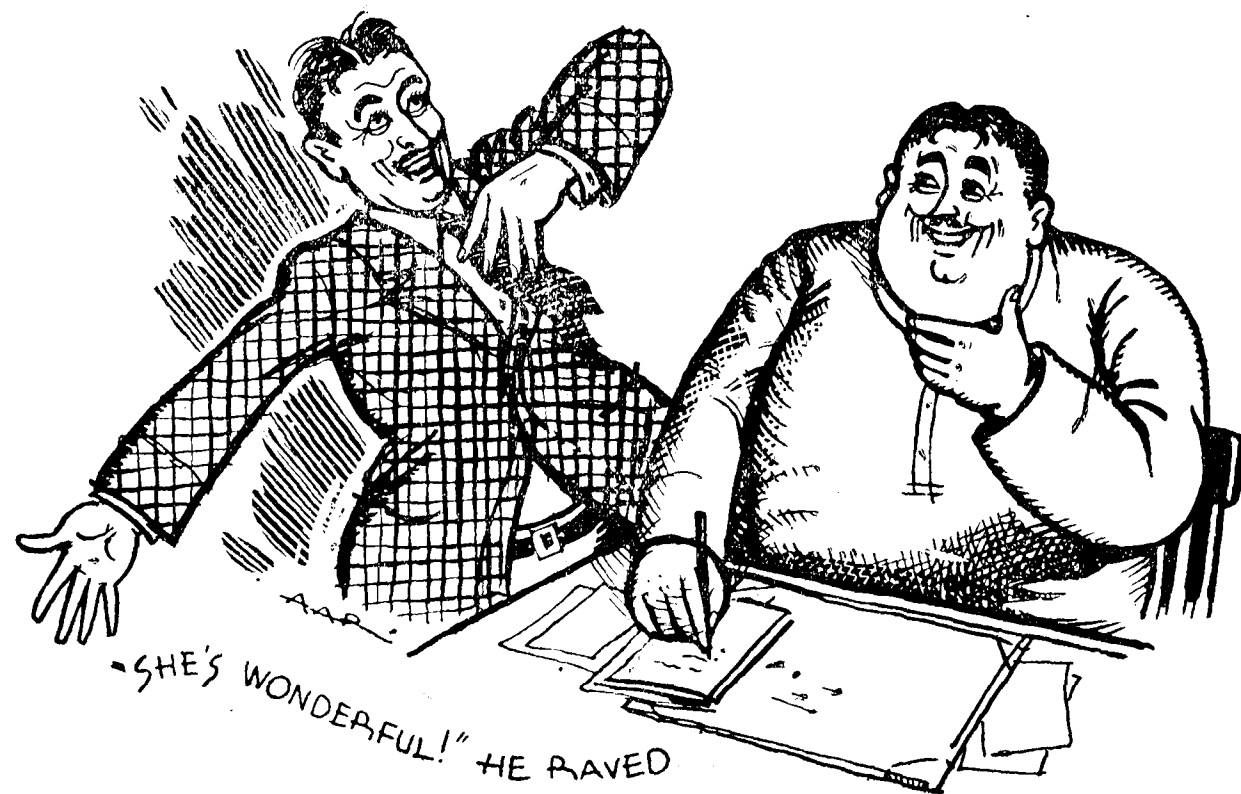
If money is the root of all evil, the hubbies in this country must be growing better and better every week.

All these things spake Sitaram.

I was amazed at the fluency with which he trotted them out. My fingers were beginning to tire in their effort to keep pace with that fluency, when suddenly he stopped. He looked at me very sheepishly.

"Well?" I asked, stretching my cramped fingers.

"Er—I've been thinking and talking so much about money," he said, "that I've almost forgotten the real reason I came to see you at this hour of the night."



"You've explained that," I said. "It was to help me with an article and yourself to a share of the spoils."

"But that's not all, Mani. I'm in love, and I want—"

"With your dream girl still?"

"The girl I dreamt about was the living image of the real girl I met yesterday. I've fallen for her, proposed, and been accepted. We're getting married in a month or so—"

"Sitaram!" I gasped.

"She's wonderful!" he raved. "Oh Mani—er—can you do anything—er—to make love's young dream come true? Could you manage me eight hundred rupees or so, until I sell a few more cars and radios? Why Mani, what's amusing you?"

I was roaring helplessly with laughter. When I could speak, I said: "I was just thinking of your

dream girl's saying: 'It's easier to raise a laugh than a loan.'"

He was crestfallen.

"Oh. Then you can't manage it?"

"I can, Sitaram. But it mustn't be a long loan—you know, the sort that has no re-turning!"

"Mani!" he cried earnestly. "To-morrow I return your handkerchief and all your books! That'll convince you how determined I am to repay the eight hundred as soon as is humanly possible."

Money talks. It got me back my precious handkerchief and books. It got Sitaram his wife, and made his dreams come true.

But that was some considerable time ago. I'm still waiting for repayment of that eight hundred rupees.

Yes, Money talks. But it would seem that it mostly says "Good-bye."

THE END

Fun For All



Woman: I was to have met my husband here two hours ago; have you seen him?

Shopwalker: Possibly, madam. Anything distinctive about him?

Woman: Yes, I imagine he's purple by this time?

The daughter of the house was reading aloud from a book.

"Thomas means 'good,' I see," she said. "James means 'beloved.'" She blushed somewhat, "I wonder what William means?"

"I sincerely trust, my dear, that William means business," put in her mother tartly.

He was an inveterate practical joker, and as he wandered round the country graveyard he came across a tombstone bearing two inscriptions.

The first read:—

"I await my wife. May 26, 1919."

And the other:—

"Here I am, December 14, 1930."

The practical joker chiselled the following words with a knife: "Late, as usual."

The following story is an example of anti-Nazi wit circulated in Germany at the risk of the tellers:

God, in creating Germans, endowed them with three qualities: intelligence, honesty, and Nazism. But God in His wisdom imposed one restriction: A German could possess only two of these three qualities. In other words, if a German is a Nazi and honest, he cannot be intelligent; if he is a Nazi and intelligent, he cannot be honest; and if he is honest and intelligent, he cannot be a Nazi.

The suitor stood nervously waiting to interview the girl's father. How would he take it?

"Just a moment," interrupted the father as the younger man started to explain. "There's one question I want to ask you before you begin. It's important."

"I'll do my best to answer it, sir," the young man said, fearfully. He knew he couldn't give her the things she had been used to.

Eagerly the old man continued: "What won the 4-30?"

Interviewer: Do you ever go to church?

Film Star: Regularly. I refuse to be married anywhere else.

Mistress: But why haven't you brought you references with you?

Maid: Because I don't consider none of them does me justice, ma'am.

Housewife: Look here, my good man, you should take your hands out of your trouser pockets when you're asking a favour.

Tramp: Sorry, madam, but the fact is I'm asking for a pair of braces.

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9

Common-sense

(Considered From A Common Angle)

by Yen Kay

Reading Time • About 5 Minutes

Is not common-sense essential as the air we breathe, the water we drink, to the organs of the mind? Is not common-sense the only even keel of human conduct? And would not, if common-sense were not in its place at the bottom of the mind, waiting nonsense take the vacant place?

Yet, speaking generally, nonsense has always had an all too powerful allure for mankind. The old matron has no charms, to speak of, but age does not wither the elvish mistress, nor custom stale her infinite variety. And so it is that men are so ready to jump out of themselves and become free thinkers in mind, free-lances in conduct, soldiers of fortune flying in disgust from society, and to romp and frick and dance gleefully in fresh woods and pastures, where reason's writ does not run, where the warning voice of common sense is not heard.

Therefore, does the cynic cry that there is no common sense in mankind and confidently proceed to enunciate the theorem that "the difference between human beings and animals chiefly lies in the fact that common sense is not common to them, though there is much room for doubting whether it is human beings or animals that are distinguished by the blessing."

"O judgment, thou art fled to brutish beasts,
And men have lost their reason!"

cried Mark Antony, appalled by the assassination of Caesar. Of course, he was referring to the circumstance that had the assassins been burdened by some, if never so little, of the intellectual goods called common-sense the muse of history should have been spared the ghastly sight in the Roman Senate. The cynic, no doubt, can lay his hands upon much 'chapter and verse' in support of his contention.

We all know that when a house catches fire the first thing to be reduced to ashes generally is the common-sense of its inmates. A similar thing takes place even on very tame occasions. I saw the other day, what probably everybody sees every day, the amusing

spectacle of two well-set-up pedestrians on the road coming from opposite directions and meeting. Both the pink of politeness, they tried to make way for each other, synchronously and identically, so that in a little while their foreheads struck violently together, as two steamers in a thick sea-fog. Then of course their minds became clear, and one stopped, while the other passed by, both emitting a pettish oath in honour of the incident. In fact, every day everywhere, in small as well as in great matters, in the ordinary occasions no less than in the critical junctures of life, we see actions and occurrences from which common-sense has either been studiously excluded or to which it has quietly given the slip.

From the ordinary man's point of view, at any rate, it is, therefore, highly necessary to set this matter of common sense in as clear a light as possible.

"What is common-sense?" one may ask, and the answer would be that the only way to know what it is is to know what it is not. For instance, it is not common sense to eat too much. Yet how many million do, as if we ought only to live to eat! It is not common sense to speak ill of our neighbours. Yet how many ever desist from thinking that those who live a hundred miles away would most likely be a hundred times better than our neighbours? Surely, indubitably, it is not common sense to quarrel with one's own wedded partner in life. Yet one can't think that there would be one man in a thousand who does not often approach the mistress of his home in as cantankerous a frame of mind as he could achieve. Let us take our own prized, cherished, jealously-guarded Hindu-Moslem problem. The truth is, as any one could see with half an eye, that so long as we have the plain and simple dress of common sense on us we do not seem or think ourselves combustible. But should we put it off or should it somehow slip off our persons, as it has a little way of doing, particularly in a critical hour, we at once begin to smoke, and, as we all know, there is no conflagration to compare with

that which occurs when the ravelled skein of human feelings is on fire!

Need more proof be cited in order to show that ninety-nine per cent of our 'imperfections' are occasioned by our own uncertain attachment to common sense, the silent invisible regulator of life's vicissitudes, the prime minister of the mind, the captain of earthly destiny, the ultimate arbiter in human affairs.

Do you hold fast then, whether you be but one in a host or a host in yourself, to this Cinderella of your inner household, in sun and rain, in fire and water, in thunder and storm, in spring-time and winter-tide, knowing and believing that her gaily-decked, nimble-footed, light-hearted young step-sister, the daughter of

nonsense, is up to no good when she casts amorous eyes at you from her hiding place in the mind.

The clever man conceals, the wise man honours, the great man uses, common sense. The trouble is that most of us are not clever, wise or great. And the common people of the world really stand in greater need of a wholesale communization of common-sense than even the communization of wealth. It is because no step has been taken in this direction, not even in Russia, that every one man in a thousand continues to grind the noses of the remaining nine hundred and ninety-nine and the 'classes' in general continue almost everywhere to ride on the shoulders of the masses.

THE END



"Babu carried his bat to-day, auntie!"
"What a silly fellow, with all our servants about!"

Designs And Designs

by Designer

Reading Time • About 6 Minutes

TO design or not to design, that is the question. Shakespeare once designed a line that sounded something about a certain Lucretia—not Lucretia Borgia by the way. But I design this article on Designs and Designing in the hope that my designs to help my readers may be successful.

Designing, for the purpose of this article, may be divided into three important sub-headings, namely, designing fashions, designing sign-boards and buildings, and, lastly, but not by any means leastly, designing females. Which reminds me, there was once a story about a fight between a dragon and a designing female over a bottle of beer. Everyone who read the story felt sorry for the dragon.

There is nothing I would better like to be than a designer of female fashions, unless it be a designer of new and better rates of payment amongst Editors. For, fashions for the female form will, for ever, be fearfully fascinating. It is a well-known scientific and medical fact that without fashions for the female form, we wouldn't have female forms.

Our Victorian aunts and grand-mothers took a strange and blood-curdling pleasure in hiding their lights under bushels—bushels and bushels of hoops and bullock-cart tyres and petticoats and—horrible thought!—long, frilly trousers. And not only did they hide their lights, but their livers and their kidneys and their hearts, in short, their giblets, and their—well, yes, I suppose I'd better leave it at that.

But fashions that are designed now-a-days, or females now-a-days that have thus designed, have changed all that. Petticoats? Bah! Hoops! Two bahs! Trousers? Bah! Bah! Bah! Pocket handkerchiefs and lace embroidered with non-transparent materials? Well.....h'm.

But I forgot for a moment. This is supposed to deal strictly with Designs and Designing. Let us keep to the context.

In order to be a successful designer of fashions for the fair sex, a man has to, firstly, have at his fingertips a good knowledge of where to allow for fascinating curves and things. I mean, one wouldn't be a good designer if one made dresses and things that didn't have a certain amount of room, extra room, here and there—and especially there.

And if a designer is in the enviable position of having to try his finished designs on Eve, he must remember that his designs must be purely sartorial.

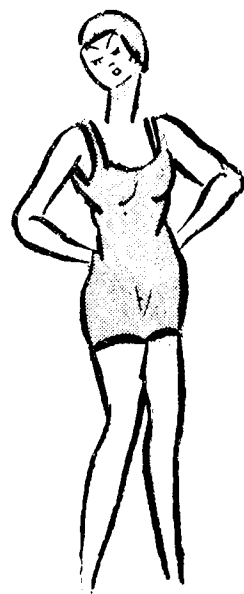
But, human and erring as I am, I can't *imagine* how such a man could *merely* think of fashions under the circumstances. I mean, he'd have to be a robot or a wax dummy if he did, wouldn't he?

To design a *brassiere* is, I believe, no light task, all-encompassing as it is. I have also heard that such strange things as compasses and set-squares, and, in isolated cases, coconut shells have to be utilised in the process. In fact, one famous designer told me once that he had to purchase two parachutes

from the nearest aerodrome. I wonder why? He never told me, and I'm *sure* elephants are not very particular about moulding their forms and all that.

So much for fashions. No man really knows anything worth knowing about fashions until he is married, anyway. And then he discovers the real meaning of that old saying, 'Money is Power'.

Designing sign-boards and buildings is quite dull when compared to designing fashions, and so we will leave the subject with a grunt or two. Grunt, grunt.



Now we come to that very interesting subject, or object, (whichever you like)—the designing female.

In all fairness to the fair sex I must acknowledge that there are also designing males in this world, just as there is a bird called a dodo sporting itself somewhere. But it is also only fair that I remain true to my sex, praying at the same time that the ladies will forgive poor John A. Henry and remember that a nurse—a female nurse—dropped him on his head when he was a baby.

Designing females now-a-days are not so numerous as they used to be in gone-away days. In the old days the ladies were so well shrouded in bustles and mystery that they had to design nasty plans and things for snaring men. They sort of had to prove to men that they *were* females (the ladies of course, you asses!) and not merely giraffes with large lumps bringing up the rear.

Which brings us to the bustle, that tantalising back-yard that was designing females' most effective weapon. It was devised by a woman who was so thin she was afraid of sitting down in case she wore hole in the furniture. In fact, she made her own curves—

To captivate a man in those days, a woman just waggled this bouncing protuberance at him. Sometimes the man fell into the bottomless pit of feminine guile, and sometimes he took her at her face value and ran, not being able to bear the thought of too much back chat in the house.

And the bustle was the central idea of that wonderful old song—"She was a only Butcher's daughter, but oh! *How* she could bustle!"

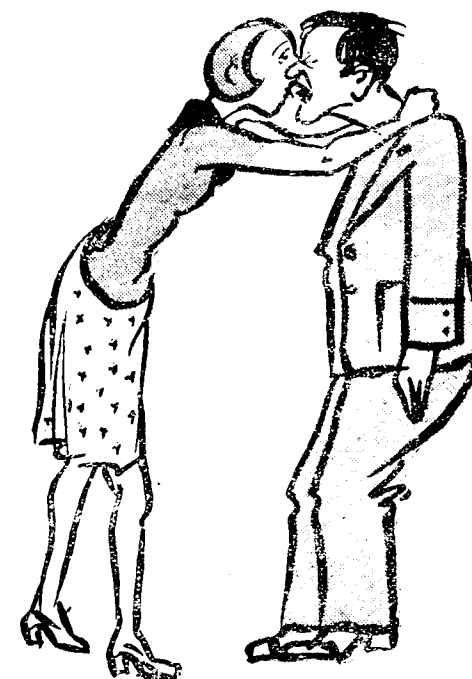
Yes, in these modern times, the designing female is rather scarce. All a girl has to do is to walk about in her ordinary clothes if she wants to get her man. There is a well-known phrase that goes—"Adam will always be Adam and Eve will always be legs."

A very important weapon of the designing female to-day is the bathing costume, of which the latest designs are the most efficacious. Many a husband has been hooked along with other types of fish at the seaside. "Get into a swimming costume," says Eve in a murmur, "and his sense will swim." Cruelty to dumb fish.

It is always dangerous, if your wife is a suspicious woman, to let another girl design patterns all over your face by pressing her lips and lipstick to it. It is strange how very few wives believe a man's statement in such a case when he avers that even grown-ups

can get measles and scarlet fever.

There are yards and yards more that I could add to this article, but that would only be a design on my part to pad in the hope that the Editor would pay more for it all. And so, in the hope that all my married readers' designs may be little ones, I design the following words.....You cannot dodge the designs of Fate!



The Sun-Dial In The Temple

Reading Time • About 3 Minutes

by Diana Don

THE Temple is a haven of repose in the arid heart of London. The wayfarer passes under a low, ancient archway, almost lost between towering modern buildings, and at once the roar and fum: of the traffic is left behind. Here is a peaceful mediaeval garden, surrounded by quiet, mellow houses. A fountain splashes gently in the centre of the court. Lovers pace the time-worn stones, hand in hand, whispering.

Once this dignified garden belonged to the Knights Templars. When that order of chivalry was dissolved by reason of its unchivalrous goings on, the Temple became an Inn of Court—an enclave dedicated to the lawyers of the King's Bench. What the law takes, it holds. The Temple is still an Inn of Court.

Tourists wander into the quiet garden, and stand amazed at this piece of the middle ages, this pastoral plot where the space occupied by each blade of grass is worth a hundred rupees. And always they are attracted by the sun-dial.

It is a very old vertical sun-dial, that told an age without clocks when it was time to go to the courts. On its face is written the best of all mottoes for sun-dials. The pointing finger throws its shadow warningly upon the hour, and beneath are these solemn words: "Be gone about your business." Countless sightseers have admired the old dial, and wondered what long-dead lawyer thought of that apposite inscription.

In sober fact, the inscription got on to the dial by reason of a remarkable blunder. When the dial was erected, the Benchers of the Temple were undecided about the important matter of an inscription. The maker of the dial was directed to attend the Library of the Temple on a certain day, when the Benchers, in full conclave, would choose their motto.

But the matter was overlooked; the meeting was not called. When the worthy artizan came to the library, he found no one there but a certain irascible barrister, who was feverishly seeking a reference in the great tomes of the law.

"Good sir—" began the artizan.

"Don't disturb me; what do you want?" cried the benchers, impatiently.

"Good sir, a motto for the sun-dial," said the man.

"Be gone about your business!" howled the lawyer, throwing a mighty tome at him.

"Yes, learned sir," replied the artizan. He was used to the testy manners of the lawyers. He went away, and cut the words on the dial, and embellished them with the finest gold.

When the dial was put up in its place, and the lawyers saw the words on it, they agreed that no more appropriate motto could have been chosen. And the words are there to this day.

THE END

The Futility Of It All

by T. Narasimham

Reading Time • About 7 Minutes

THE College Union Societies all over India, and also societies which have nothing whatever to do with colleges, are now discussing some really momentous problems.

Such as:

Is Machinery as exemplified by the internal combustion engine of the motor car a menace to Mankind, as represented by Man the Pedestrian?

Does India need clothing at all?

Does Muscovite sex-morality give the vatican a pain in the neck?

Why in the name of all that is short, don't our young women wear sleeveless blouses?

Are Chinese confucius?

Or discussions, such as:

In the opinion of this House, a redistribution of India's Rs. as. and ps. is a crying necessity.

Is the tomato a fruit or a vegetable?

Do worms have any cerebral activity, or in plain words, do they think at all?

Well, I suppose all this is frightfully full of education and uplift. But I am blown if these delightful debates would lead us anywhere. Does all this help us one step forward towards the millennium? Does it, to put it in a homely manner, give us free coffee? Alas no.

Take for example the question—Whether the tomato is a fruit or a vegetable. The society debating that great question splits itself into two camps. They get hold of a High Court Judge to preside over the debate. They also get hold of another tall chap to do the observing. What in the name of pink roses he is supposed to observe, pink roses alone can tell. He certainly observes the silly faces around him. He also observes the clock with undisguised disgust. But that is by the way.

A fellow goes up to the platform and begins tearing his hair off in handfuls supporting the proposition that a tomato is a vegetable. He traces the origin of the tomato to the time of Justinian and nearly bites his

opponents' heads off with biting sarcasm. The president whispers: "That will do!" The fellow gets down thinking hard thoughts of the president. (Continued applause).

Another fellow from the opposite camp now gets up on the platform. He also does some hair-pulling. He traces the tomato to Confucius and kicks his legs vigorously to drive the argument home. Once again the president says, in an undertone of course: "That will do!" The fellow thinks to himself, "Damn the interfering old humbug!" and gets down looking rather silly. (Deafening applause).

Meanwhile the audience shows signs of restiveness. It coughs, sneezes, and looks up at the clock with growing alarm. Now is the time for the observer. He gets up, smiles at the president and lets go. The beauty about these observers is that they neither say 'yes' or 'no' to the issue on hand. They go on saying things that a deaf cat would get bored with. Somewhere about here a fellow in the audience begins casting apprehensive glances all around him. He rises timidly and sneaks out, as if he had committed a murder. Whatever the people on the platform think, this murderer has the cordial sympathy of the audience. Five minutes elapse. Another murderer gets up and makes a rush for the exit. The observer goes on observing with growing anger, the murderers sneaking away. He also observes the clock and he gingers up the tempo of his speech. He begins a new diction, a new delivery. He thinks that he is being very clever. That is his honest opinion. The audience, however, think, equally honestly, that he is saying the most sickening balderdash. The exodus in the audience begins in right earnest. Murderers don't cast apprehensive glances any more. They go out boldly, almost smiling. It is now a race against time. The observer quickens his delivery, the audience quicken their pace. It strikes six. The proposition is talked out. A silly culmination to a silly argument.

What then? Nothing. There is all the pathetic futility of it. The tomato goes on being a tomato. A thousand debating societies couldn't make it anything but a tomato. If the poor tomato has any sense

of humour, as it must on the authority of Sir J. C. Bose, it must be laughing at us behind its hand. All the votes given to us under the New India Act would not change a tomato one iota. If the tomato considers itself a vegetable, no array of votes is going to make it produce slippery pipes and a sweet nature, like a college girl who finds her name in the pass list. If, on the other hand, it considers itself a fruit, we may call it a vegetable till we are blue in the face, but it will not make any difference in the tomato's nature.

Or take the worm. Has it got any cerebral activity? Does it think? This is another fatuity. If the worm doesn't think, how does it spot the female of the species and—well—become the author of a litter of baby worms? You cannot get away from this tremendous fact.

And finally, about that grand question which has dogged the foot-steps of Man from the palmy days of Adam and Eve, namely, Redistribution of Wealth. They cry themselves hoarse over this question, year in year out. But is anything got done finally? Alas, nothing. I can say a lot about this redistribution business if I choose; but I respect your feelings, and cut down that lot to one single instance, just to make you emit a hollow croak of a laugh.

Last week I saw a Marwadi in Harrison Road, Calcutta, counting on his pillow, a great bundle of

currency notes with pale green marks on them. I watched him counting fascinated, for full five minutes. A strange emotion was surging in my breast. The emotion swelled; I could not contain myself. Neither could you, if you were I. I went up to the Marwadi and said: "Look here, Sait, how about handing me over a dozen of those crisp papers?"

"What!" said the Marwadi in an unfriendly tone.

After all, he is an ignorant man, who has never heard of Socialism. So I said with an engaging smile, "Poor Sait! Haven't you heard of redistribution of wealth? Come, be a good citizen and let me share the responsibilities of your wealth."

The fellow yelled at the top of his voice, "Robbers! Murder!" A crowd collected, with two Police Sergeants adorning it. It took me nearly two hours to convince the police that I was only discussing Socialism with a Capitalist outside the provisions of the Criminal Code.

So, what I say is, all this fine debating around us is just bunk, nonsense with whiskers on. In spite of Jawaharlal, I shall never again believe in redistribution of wealth. I shall believe it if the Editor sends me a cheque for Rs. 2785-15-10 as remuneration for this article. That is final.

THE END



Literary Gent: I love Scott's 'Lady of The Lake'.
Chemist: And I like his emulsion.

The Little Hero

When I straddle this fine pole, and go with prancing paces,
It is not a pole, but is a steed that swiftly races.
I have got a fine cocked hat, with streamers proudly waving;
Out into the world I go, both death and danger braving.

All the world, the great big world, lies just outside the railing;
All the sea, the great big sea, where ducks and drakes go sailing.
I a knight, on trusty steed, with sword in hand will wander
Out into the open waste, where dwells the Goosey Gander.

Doubt nor that I know the way—the gate swings on its hinges;
Someone's left it open, and for that will suffer twinges.
When they find I can't be found, O won't there be a chorus!
But, my steed, what do we care?—we've all the world before us.

Months ago, my faithful steed, that Goose attacked your master.
How it hissed, and how I cried! It ran—but I ran faster.
Down upon my face I fell. Its awful wings were o'er me—
Mother came and picked me up, and off back home she bore me.

Months have passed, my trusty steed; both you and I are older.
Sheathless is my wooden sword; my heart, I think, is bolder.
Always ready bridled thou, whate'er the time or weather;
Woe betide the Goose today who meets us both together!

Up then now, my hobby-horse, my steed of prancing paces!
Time it is that you and it won something more than races.
I'm a knight, my charger thou, together we will wander
Out into the open waste, where dwells the Goosey Gander.

—Louisa Dyer



The Little Brown Packet

by Emkay

Reading Time • About 8 Minutes

VEERAMMA held between her thumb and forefinger a little brown packet. It contained two things; a pinch of powder and the whole of Venku's independence. It worked like a charm: not that a charm was needed to 'do' Venku; but it served as a safety valve.

Long years of disciplinary dealing had reduced Venku to docile school-boy-like obedience. He had come to look upon his wife as sort of a guardian angel sent by a kindly Providence to take good care of him. He loved to bask under the warm sunshine of her condescending smile. His best, he did, to win it. All he cared for was a little peace of mind, yes, even at the cost of his liberty. Of what use was liberty, sans peace? Such was Venku.

A smallish man with horn-rimmed spectacles and a suggestive stoop, Venku worked all day long at the office desk and brought home at the end of every thirty

days, in currency, silver and nickel, the sum of rupees forty-one and eight. The wife stood at the threshold awaiting her husband and relieved him of his pay-laden purse. She fed him, she housed him and she clothed him. In short she attended to every one of his legitimate comforts in a wifely way. What more did he want? If even he did, didn't she know how to cure him of such unbusbandly desires? How could they afford to waste a copper? Did not four quarters go to make up a complete whole? Such was Veeramma.

The calm husband and the clamorous wife went beautifully together and the wheel of life jogged on. If ever a cog in the wheel got stuck, Veeramma waved the little brown packet with a dramatic flourish and said: "If you bother me like this, I will dissolve this powder and..." But she hadn't need to finish. Venku shuddered at the possibility of her drinking the

dissolved stuff. What could he do then in this wide, wide world, all alone? Discreetly he came round to Veeramma's point of view and she won. This happened every time there was a difficult question to settle which called forth an argument.

Thus passed the silver jubilee of their wedding. But at last even a worm turns. Doesn't it? And for once Venku turned too.

"Look here," said Veeramma waving the packet before Venku's face, after a protracted discussion, "if you bother me like this, I will dissolve this pinch of *pashanam* (poison) and with one gulp close my eyes for ever. What do you say?"

The 'bother' in question was a four-anna bit of silver. It was the evening of the third of the month. Venku had placed his monthly earnings at the feet of his wife but had reserved the bit of 'bother' for an ear-marked purpose.

The whole city was talking of the dance performance and Venku's half-quenched desires had been kindled. Whose heart does not pulsate with redoubled vigour at the prospect of witnessing the dance of far-famed female artistes? Breathes there the man with soul so dead, that seeing a dance announcement, he doesn't say unto himself: "This is my show. Surely I will go!" If such a man did exist, clearly it was not Venku. Missing the performance meant missing the sight of such exquisite poses, such lovely cream-lined curves, such angels in Dacca muslin, that even Gods couldn't afford to miss.

"Come what may," thumped Venku his slender fist on the office table, "I shall be the first to book my seat to-night."

"Even You!" asked the head-clerk in surprise.

"Why not?" fired back Venku. "Am I not man enough?"

"But..." put in the second clerk, "there is a 'but' in the bargain, Venku!"

"That is what I too meant, my friend!" added the head-clerk.

The office-boy, even he, let go a little 'guffaw' at this interesting 'aside' in the busy office.

This settled all doubts, whatever Venku had till then. He had decided now to be the first at the theatre, if not to see the show, at least to show the white-haired head-clerk and the pop-eyed second that he, Venku, was not the lily-livered fellow, that they took him to be.

On his return home, Venku asked himself the question: "Am I not lily-livered?" Search himself however he might he could not exonerate himself to his conscience by uttering the obvious falsehood, "No, I am not." Still, like all good men who deceive themselves by saying "Let us see," when they know there is little chance, Venku also told himself, "Let me see."

At home he placed everything before his wife and took the four-anna bit of 'bother'. Discussion ensued.

"Why do you want it?" asked the wife.

"I want it," put in Venku, meekly.

"Why?"

Venku had not thought of a convincing enough lie that would have satisfied her. He could not say the truth and go to the show, his skin intact. Which old fashioned wife would be a party to her husband's visiting a semi-nude show? Venku kept silent. Veeramma pressed his silence to her advantage.

"To whom do you want to give it?" she asked.

"What do you suggest?"

"Then why do you want the money?"

Even an Oedipus couldn't have answered this woman, however much he might have been able to browbeat the Sphinx of Thebes.

"I want it... I want it," murmured Venku again.

"What do you take yourself for? A nawab's son?"

"But, dear, I take only four annas!" cringed he.

"Look here, if you bother..." pronounced Veeramma her formula, waving the little brown packet significantly.

"No... No... Take it... Take it," said Venku, and throwing the four-anna bit at his wife, dashed out of her sight.

That night, as he tossed sleepless on his bed, a storm of conflicting emotions surged within Venku. What could he do to visit the show? How could he face his pop-eyed colleague the next day? Was he worth the pittance of four annas?

At this a bright idea flashed. Yes...that was the thing. Of what use was life? He would end it. He got up from his bed. It was mid-night. A lonely jackal howled: a stray owl hooted: the outside fitted well with his gloomy inside.

Slowly he marched to his wife's bedside and stole from beneath her pillow the poison packet. With one long lingering glance at her, he retraced his steps like the Buddha and locked himself up in his room.

He dissolved the stuff in a glass of water and with closed eyes, muttered all the prayers he knew for the safe voyage of his soul to the unknown Beyond. At last he gulped the dissolved poison and eyes still closed, lay on the bed, muttering 'Ram...Ram...Ram'.

Three hours later, when the first cock crew, Venku opened his eyes and pinched himself to see whether really he was alive. He was. A popular brand of tooth powder only cleans the teeth and does not kill! It leaves a taste, sweetish-sour, in the mouth. That was what Venku's tongue recorded. "What! She has been duping me like this for these twenty years and more!" he said to himself, insult added to injury. "I will show her what I am." Thoughts of murder, vengeance, justice and retribution swayed riotously in his breast. Within ten minutes, he replaced the little brown packet underneath the pillow from where he had stolen it.

"Come what might," he said again to himself, "I will attend the show to-night." This time he meant every word he said.

"Are you coming to the show?" asked the head-clerk of Venku, "or had you been there last night?"

"I am going to-night. I had a head-ache last night. If you don't mind I will come away straight from office. Have you enough change on you for both? I could repay later," replied the changed Venku.

"What about getting permission at home?" mocked the second clerk.

"If you are afraid of your wife, we don't mind waiting for you just awhile at the theatre," sneered Venku and the trio visited the show. At the show he even made one or two remarks of comparison between

the angel on the stage and the devil at his home, at which his colleagues laughed with satisfaction. They simply couldn't place Venku. Had he changed? Or were they mistaken all these years?

* * *

The house was turned to hell on Venku's return.

"Where had you been?" asked the wife.

"Why, to the dance of course?"

"What?" thundered Veeramma.

Venku smiled sardonically.

"Where was the money?" she asked.

"Venku does not toil all day long for nothing."

"Well... well," burst in Veeramma at this unexpected reply and rushed inside for a glass of water.

"What do you say?" she threatened.

"No, dear, you shouldn't do that," replied Venku. But there was not the same enthusiasm or the old play of emotions.

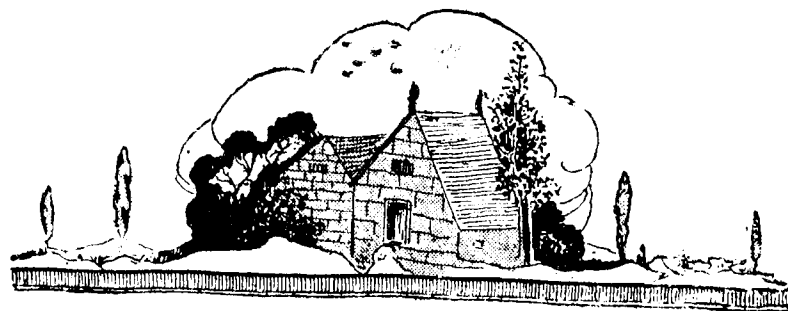
"I am not joking... I will do it... do it..." said Veeramma and opened the packet and threw the stuff in the glass of water. Venku pretended to be agitated sorely at this. Suddenly Veeramma gave a startled cry. She knew that her tooth powder never frothed up in glorious effervescence but this stuff did. She looked up at Venku. "I will drink this and close my eyes for ever," she said.

"It will do you good... especially your bowels," said Venku, for there is a salt on the market which effervesces in water and exercises a laxative influence. It was that.

Veeramma the virago gave place to Veeramma the woman. She burst into sobs for once.

Venku won. The little brown packet vanished from their lives.

THE END



The Menace Of The Monsoon

by Bragwat

Reading Time • About 8 Minutes

A damned bitter thing, this monsoon. What with the muddy streets and ruddy streams, you are faced with the irritating and monotonous problem of what-to-do.

Of course, some people will suggest that there are such things as umbrellas; then why not go for a pleasure trip and leave the wreckage behind? Well, if there is such a thing as decency or honesty in such men's head, they won't ask such silly questions. Or, if they do, they will at least check themselves in time and blush methodically. For, you know perfectly well, that the worship of the umbrella is, thank God, a bygone hoax. Of course, the umbrella is not quite extinct. Even in the West, they do go in for umbrellas. But there always is nothing like orthodoxy, isn't there? Whether it be East or West, there are such people as still cling fondly to the little black roof. Most of you know that Madame Umbrella has the nauseating habit of preventing rain from attacking any spot except you. She has a curious affinity for water from which she is intended to defend you.

What then? The raincoat? Well, as a temporary measure of defence, while man is inventing some other ingenious method of protecting himself from rain, the raincoat is not bad. But to carry on one's shoulders a burden of something like half a maund, in the vague hope that sometime or other the rain will fall, is to say the least, unworthy of God's noblest creation. And so are raincoats, if you think comparatively. And even if you do possess a raincoat, it is difficult to handle it properly. It may get completely wet and then you have to hang it in the window. There is also that psychic trouble with the raincoat as with the average umbrella. It is, that rain is almost sure of not visiting you when you have the enormous thing with you. And when, after having seen the experience repeated you leave the bally thing home in disgust, down come the piercing shafts with all their might. Neither is it of any use looking over the daily forecasts, because no two of these will ever

agree; and in the end, you have got to be the beast of burden.

But as matters stand, you can't help buying raincoats or at least umbrellas. It's a sort of routine, which must be faithfully observed, like going to the doctor's. And as raincoats are not within the limit of one and all, some of you must go in for umbrellas, or, foolishly enough, for second-hand raincoats. I said 'foolishly' because I have a fat lot of reason to say so. But the best thing will be to give you illustrations. Two of my friends *did* buy second-hand Barberries once with but disastrous consequences. Shankaran was one. Now, Shankaran had really no business to buy any raincoat. He is a farmer, or, to use a more dignified appellation, an agriculturist. He could work in the fields wrapped merely in a rural blanket and still be guilty of no breach of etiquette. But Civilisation *did* approach Shankaran's village, and poor Shankaran, *did* taste of the bitter fruit. He *had* to go to the Juna Bazar to gratify his want. He did so during his fortnightly visit to the town, and brought home with him a huge, grey, dusky-looking affair, called raincoat. It was full of holes and smelt awfully. But Shankaran was very proud of it, and exhibited it to the better and less cynical of his friends. They wisely refrained from making any comment. But, soon there was a soft drizzle and Shankaran who erstwhile used to work nonchalantly in a downpour, hurriedly put on his raincoat and rushed into the field. He then stood there, arms akimbo, thinking whether he should first cut down the grass for his cattle or wade in the paddy field. The latter activity would obviously have spoiled his new purchase; but to cut the grass also was unnecessary because there was still heaps of it in the barn. While he was thus in a pensive mood, surveying his field in a general-like manner, small birds gathered in the field and twittered and twattered and inquired each other whether that new thing up there was real stuff or merely a scarecrow, and eventually arrived unani-

mously at the conclusion that the motionless figure was nothing but tags-rags-and-wooden-cross. So they fluttered down, and perched on his arms and pecked at his nose and plucked out his clothing; till the poor cultivator came to life and struck them furiously and retired home in disgust, poorer for the damage done to his newly-purchased raincoat.

The second victim was Manilal. Unlike his co-sufferer, Manilal was urban, or at least sub-urban in character. He lived at the distance of about twenty minutes' run from the metropolis—I mean railway run of course. Like Shankaran, he bought a darned good or, more truly, a good darned raincoat. But although it was certainly patched in places, it was undoubtedly a fine and ostentatious raincoat. Manilal considered he had struck a bargain at four chips. Manilal, you see, is a subordinate clerk in the railway goods-office. He is small and skinny. Manilal's raincoat was really exceptionally good; although, as in the case of Shankaran, it was horribly loose. It was long and of green-colour and reached Manilal's ankles. It had a double row of big, rupee-sized buttons and its waist-band also was in proper order. Manilal was full of joy and pride. When its collar was kept standing, it completely hid Manilal, from neck to foot. Curiously enough, this 'broad' and extraordinary quality of the cloak led to a rather embarrassing episode in Manilal's life.

It all happened thus. Manilal, you know, is an absent-minded guy. Once, Manilal went out without taking with him his much-prized raincoat; and the rain naturally came down pouring like hell. Manilal was wet and frozen. As soon as he stepped into the house, Manilal demanded (meekly) a cup of hot coffee as a precaution against pneumonia. Strange as it may seem, he got it. Then he was shocked to find that he had absolutely not a rag of spare clothing into which he could change himself, though of course *sarees* of various colours could be seen neatly adorning the greater part of the ceiling. Of course he had to sit shivering. And he would have continued to do so, had he the brains of a pig. But Manilal had the brains of an inventive genius. He thought of a brilliant plan—a plan which could not only have saved him from the immediate danger of catching cold, it could also have enabled him to go for his usual evening walk. For, Manilal was a very regular chap as far as the health chart was concerned; and how could he walk if he had no clothes? The brilliant plan then amounted to this: Simply to divest himself of the clothing that still clung to his body, then wear nothing more than the

big and spacious and fraternal raincoat and go stolidly for his health-walk. After all, the road was quite deserted and the coat could conceal whatever there was of Manilal, and nobody could be the wiser. To be sure, a most ingenious scheme to hide the shame.

Boldly Manilal acted up to it. He put himself carefully into the raincoat, and leaving the house in a swaggerly fashion as if nothing unusual had happened, he went about the world 'dressed'.

Nothing untoward happened, and upto the sixth furlong Manilal sang merrily and occasionally swallowed something hard, in self-satisfaction and self-admiration. Then just as he was about to complete the first mile, he heard queer tunes of a marching song which rapidly became so loud that they completely drowned his own music. Manilal put forward his giraffe-like neck to see a slowly approaching battalion of small boys. Manilal was very fond of boys. As the regiment approached him, he could see that they were about twenty in number, with small haversacks, water-bottles and long wooden sticks, and they were leaderless. To Manilal, who from his childhood to clerkship had received nothing but bossing, this was a refreshing sight. Soon he was by their side and admiring their harmonious march. And just then the thing happened.—

A small freckled chap who finished the rear of the troop-climbed on the low stone-wall which formed a little bridge on the stream which the road at that place crossed. Manilal watched him half in fear, half in indulgence. And then the foot of the little boy slipped and with a scream, down he fell and disappeared into the foaming waters. There was a swift commotion. The boys stopped music and looked at the waters horrified. Manilal went quickly to their aid.

"Can you swim?"

"We only learned it this summer, sir. But we dare not get into the water."

Nobody could blame them. They were all too young. As I have already told you, Manilal very often forgot himself. Otherwise he could have borrowed one of those turkish towels that were half-peeping out of the twenty haversacks. Instead, he threw off his raincoat, and ran swiftly down the slope. And when he got down, he could see that the little urchin had entered the small 'tunnel' and was trying to catch crabs. The urchin told him that he had merely jumped down for this very purpose, and that what he had heard was not a scream but a war cry and that as to his safety,—well, wasn't there enough of soft grass? And as to water, well, it was in no place deeper than two feet.

THE END



A Vitamin Story—

by D. P. Lahoti

Reading Time • About 5 Minutes

66 **N**OT this way," admonished Zia, stalking into the room where I sat nibbling delicately at one of the several apples the wife had sent up for breakfast.

"You don't eat apples like *that*, do you?" he continued, looking at me severely.

"I do," I said resignedly, "what then?"

He sat down, with a sigh of pity.

"You don't peel 'em," he said. "You're losing all the vitamins in that skin! Up there, we always eat the *whole* fruit—skin and all. Like this—". He grabbed a couple of fruits firmly between his fingers. These he set out to devour ravenously. Soon his hands were empty.

"See?" he said. "Now pick up one apple and let me see how you do it."

I picked up an apple weakly.

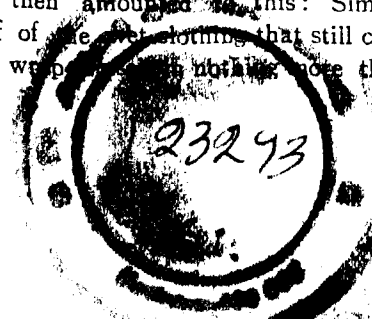
"There, there!" he cried. "You don't even know how to hold it." He snatched the fruit from me.

"You hold it like this—between two fingers and the thumb, see? Then you move your hand towards the mouth—like *this*—and the mouth towards the hand—like *this*—until they meet—like *this*. And then—" He bit a big hole and chewed it down. He bit another hole, and yet another until the fruit had disappeared.

"There you are!" he said, triumphantly. "Now, then, show me."

"Oh yes," I said, bitterly. "Shall I send for more apples?" My plate—thanks to a performing Zia—was quite empty now.

He waved his hand. "Don't bother," he said. "You can try that in your spare time. In the meantime, I will tell you a vitamin-story." His voice had suddenly touched the tragic note.



36-4-34

"A vitamin-story?"

"You heard what I said," he said furiously. "Now, don't you interrupt me. It was like this:

You know (said Zia) Leila, the girl I was gone on? Yesterday her father invited me to his house for an interview.

Now you know how modern they are—Leila's people? They have got—in absolute working order—a couple of Fords, and about a quarter-dozen manservants doing all sorts of odd jobs about the house. Their womenfolk always wear georgette and never do the cooking themselves. They smoke and drive the odour away with lozenges.

I, therefore, took great pains to show myself to advantage among such a fashionable lot. I put on my best tweeds, and set out for the momentous interview with a fluttering heart.

I gave a dignified rap at the door of the tryst and was let in by a liveried footman. He stretched his hand for my hat but, thinking it would be a pure shame not to let these people see the 'new angle', I didn't surrender my headgear.

He took me in and my would-be pa-in-law came out to greet me with a smile. He took me straight into the room where my charming Leila and her mother were awaiting me.

I was led to a table on which were served an array of green, red and yellow vegetables. The old man motioned me to a chair. Before me were a range of vitamins which I had never seen assembled at one place before. There were beet-roots, tamarinds, tomatoes, sweet-peas, apples, peaches, and a knife and fork. I wondered if I should have to eat them (excepting the last two, of course).

I didn't have to wonder long, though. As soon as I was seated, the mother beamed on me.

"Eat, please," she said, and I knew that my worst fears were realised.

Waving all my protestations aside, they all joined together and succeeded in handing me the knife and the fork and settled down to watch me eat.

"Don't you like fresh vegetables?" the father asked me.

"They contain vitamins," supported the mother.

I nodded my head in agreement. Slowly, *peeling* the tamarinds, the tomatoes, and the apples and the peaches, and nicely cutting them into pieces, I ate the lot. This done, I smiled pleasantly.

The girl rose from her seat and went to her father's side. She whispered something into his ear which I took for the shy maidenly protestations of love for the 'gallant' suitor—me.

Immediately, her father rose from his chair, looking at me in an inhospitable manner. He came over to me and took my hand.

"Come on, Mr. Zia," he said drily. "We'll have a talk in my library."

I followed him tentatively into his library. Perhaps, after all, I thought, it was only to settle the question of dowry. I wouldn't accept anything less than Rs. 15000/-, I decided. I was firm on that point.

When we were seated and he had lighted a cigarette and I had cursed him enough for not having offered me one, he tapped me rudely on the shoulder.

"I'm afraid it's a flop, Mr. Zia," he told me.

"Beg pardon?" I said, dazed.

"My daughter doesn't approve of you."

For a few minutes we both sat in silence—I trying to smile, and he watching me disinterestedly. I was unequal to the climax. It was a stiff one on me—the stiffest one I had had for years. And for some moments, I felt I had missed several heart beats.

After, however, the philosopher in me had softened my inside, I captured back some of my courage, and looked at the old man.

"Why?" I asked in as casual a tone as I could manage.

"Don't ask me," he said.

"But really, I must," I insisted. "One likes to know one's shortcomings, and to overcome them if possible."

He gave me a sympathetic look.

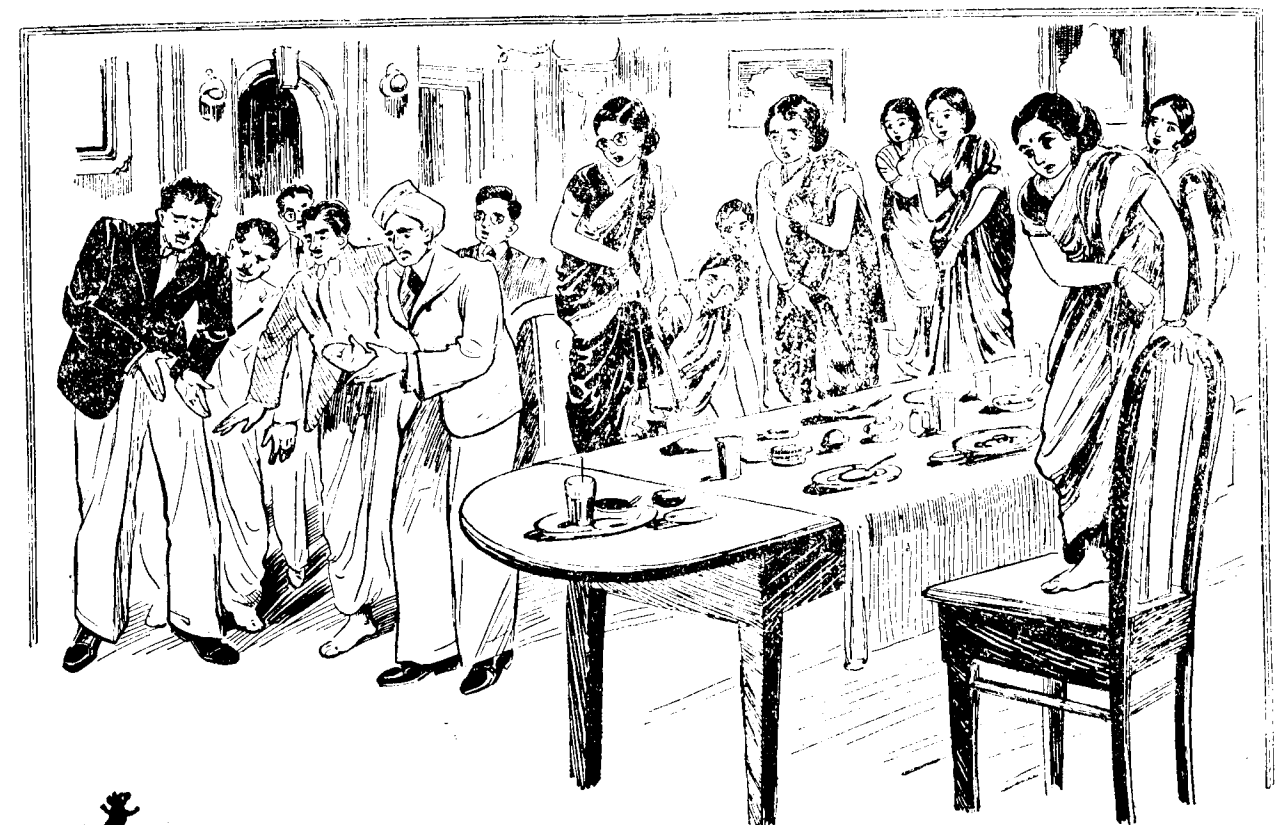
"Well, if you must know," he said, "it was like this. You see, the item of making you eat was only a test, really. We wanted to see whether you were modern enough not to overlook the vitamin-value of the vegetables we gave you. But you *PEELED THEM!*"

"So there you are," Zia concluded. "A lack of the knowledge of vitamins cost me an A marriage."

"How much do you want to touch me for?" I asked him.

"Only a couple of rupees, old chap."

THE END



The Mouse and The Lap-dog

(An Admonitory Tale)

by Embusque

Reading Time • About 3 Minutes

THERE was once a very respectable family of mice, living in modest comfort in the air-passage of the furnace of a maker of sweet-meats. The family constantly increased, but the air passage remained the same size. Sometimes the confectioner poked into the hole with a long stick, saying angry words. When this happened, it

was time for the bigger children to find fresh quarters.

One young mouse, being of a dutiful nature, sought his father's blessing before departure. To his blessing, the old mouse added some sound advice. "Find a rich household, and attach yourself to it," he counselled.

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"It is better to be a well-fed dependent, than a hungry free lance."

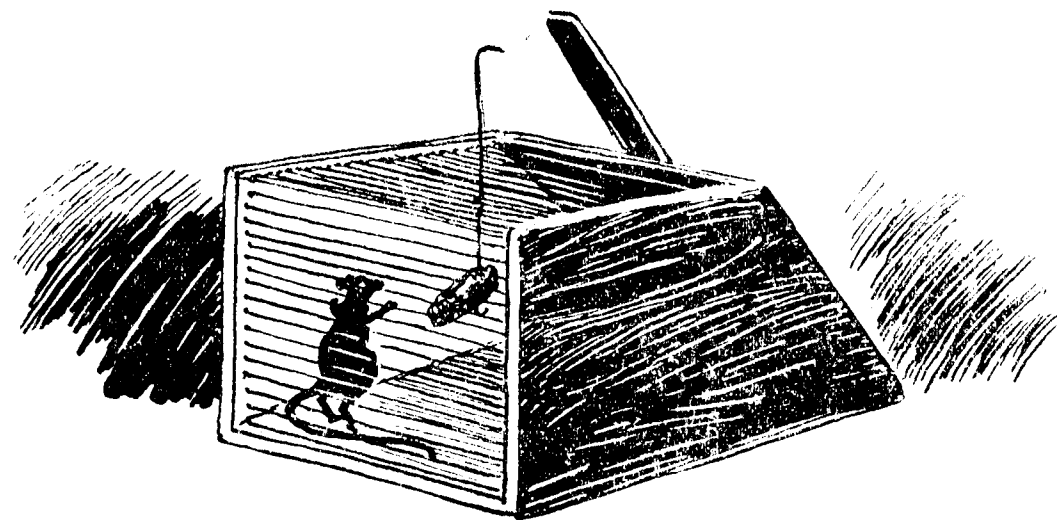
Accordingly, the young mouse chose the house of a rich banker, and established himself behind the sideboard in the dining room. But strange to relate, very few crumbs were permitted to fall from the table of the rich banker. The young mouse nearly starved.

"Clearly, I have not established myself as a dependant," reasoned the mouse. "I must make myself known, and then I shall be fed with tit-bits, like the little dog."

The banker's wife had a lap-dog, an ugly little devil of Chinese derivation. This disgusting creature attended the mistress even at meals. The company was expected to admire and applaud the fawning buffoonery of the wretched animal, which was so fat it could hardly walk.

"I can do better tricks than any lap-dog," reflected the mouse. "I have only to exhibit myself, to be received into favour."

That night, the banker gave a grand dinner to the chief personages of the city. During an interval of the entertainment, the mouse crept out from behind the sideboard, and began to display some pretty antics.



THE END

The ladies gave little squeaks, and stood on the chairs and clapped their hands. The gentlemen jumped to their feet, and shouted in deep, booming voices. The mouse lacked the self-confidence of the lap-dog, and was not used to public acclamation. He was alarmed, and ran back to the sideboard. Still, he felt that his first appearance had been a success. It had attracted a lot of notice. Perhaps now the banker would adopt him as a dependant, and give him tit-bits. So rich a banker could easily afford to support a humble mouse.

The next day, these expectations seemed to be fulfilled. To his delight, the mouse found a special little house behind the sideboard, all ready for his occupation. The house had a wooden framework, and the walls were made of wire bars set closely together. It was, decided the mouse, modern, artistic, and hygienic. There was an ingenious door hung on a spring, and, to complete everything, there was a nice piece of toasted cheese set inside the house, to tempt the appetite of the projected occupant.

With a heart bursting with trust and gratitude, the young mouse entered the house, and the spring door closed behind him.

* * *

And the moral of this story is, if you want to be the dependent of a rich man, you must understand the arts of fawning and buffoonery.

Lucre and Luck

by J. H. Acott

Reading Time

About 4 Minutes



THERE are several ways of making money.

The best way to make it so that you can keep it is to work for it. The easiest way, of course, and obviously, is to steal it.

Now, money, as you all know, is a very funny thing. It seems to come to you with difficulty and a limp in its left leg. And it goes away from you at the canter, and often at the gallop (as if it has a bunch of crackers tied to its tail) when you have a wife or a sweetheart.

If you are married, and have little or no money, the stork persists in presenting you with babies at the average rate of one every year, unless, of course, you know how to shoo that stork away from your chimney. But if you have plenty of money, the stork doesn't come near you very often. That is very unfair, for it does not comply with that old Biblical quotation "Unto him that hath shall be given, and from him that hath not shall be taken away".

I think it would be a good idea if arrangements could be made for another brand of stork besides the one which presents babies. This bird could be called the Balancer Stork. It could keep an eye on the Presenter Stork, and when the former loses its sense of proportion, it could take away or prevent undue accumulation of babies in one spot. Liberty! Equality! Fraternity!

Well, this is supposed to be an article on money, not on storks and their parcels. I don't know how they got so badly mixed up. Babies and money do, as a rule. (You are right, old man.—Ed.)

Money is usually made by the Government through the process of stamping effigies on coins or drawing complicated designs on bits of paper. But the greater part of Indian coins are not made by Government. I'd like, for instance, to catch the blighters who made twenty of the silver rupees now reposing in my purse.

I once had a large sum of money left me by an uncle. And the same large sum left me a week later through a racing tipster. Yes, it left me far behind, and it took my last shirt with it.



There is a rather bewhiskered saying which goes thus: 'Money isn't everything'. And the answer is equally senile... 'No, but without it life is nothing'! And without a wife life is nothing but an empty shell, and without money you can't have a wife. What a nasty, unfair life this is! But if you have money, plenty of it, and have a wife or a few dozen, you've usually got dyspepsia and can't eat anything but charcoal. So life's still an empty shell, as man cannot exist on love and charcoal alone. What a mix up!

'Money is the root of all evil' that is a saying which has taken the place of 'Woman is the root of all evil'! But 'woman' and 'money' are quite synonymous, so we needn't worry about the alteration.

I was once seated on the pier at Bombay by the side of a girl, with whom I was just on speaking terms, having met her half an hour previously. She asked me if I'd get her an ice-cream. I said, "I've got no money!" She said, "Oh! How sweet of you to call me *honey*! When are we to be married?" And there you are, we've still got no *money* but we've got a dozen emblems of the *honey* of love! I wonder how these things happen? I've dug up all the cabbage patches in the garden but can't find any more hidden away. Decidedly queer. Can't trust Marie Stopes' book on Gardening.

Money and a pain in the neck go hand in hand. No money goes hand in hand with a pain in the stomach. A miss is as good as a mile, and a little money is as good as a bad smell.

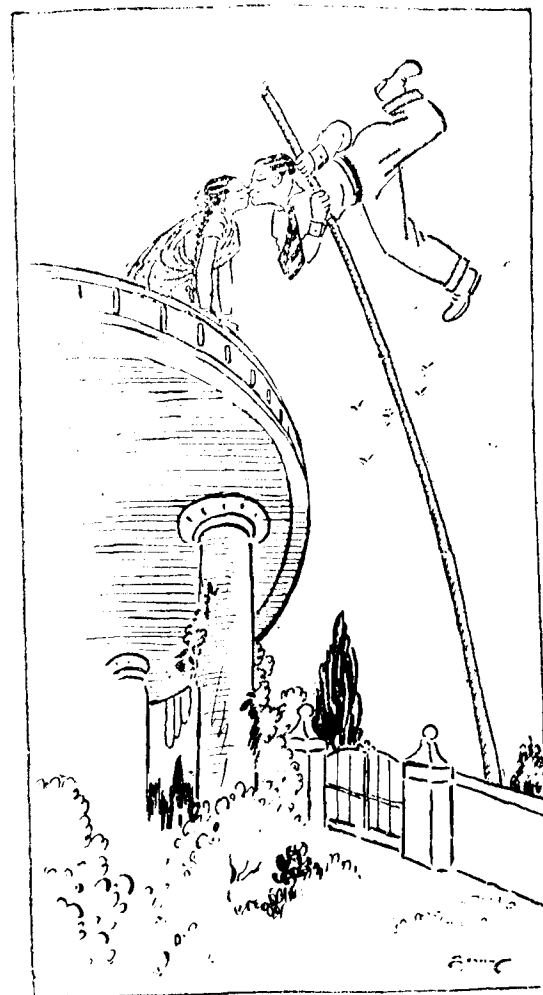
A fool and his money, we are told, are soon parted. Then we must all be fools, and the few exceptions who *don't* get parted from their money are called skinflints and misers. What a queer world!

Some people keep their money in an old stocking, some in a tin with a slit in the top, some in a safe, and some in their pockets, but I can usually keep *all* my money in my left ear. You can just nicely fit a four-anna bit into an ear! You've got to be careful not to sneeze too hard though.

The strangest thing about money is the measly amount of it we writers receive for our articles and stories. I believe there is a new book coming out on the stalls. It is entitled 'The Value of Money' and is written by 'Editors in India'. To which we authors are replying with our 'She was only An Editor's Daughter, but Oh! How She Could Spend'!

[To which you will probably get our further reply—'She Was Only an Author's Daughter, but Oh! How She Could Tripe'! Ed.]

THE END



The circus acrobat who doesn't want to disturb papa downstairs.



"I believe in Empire products."

The 1950 Motor Olympiad

by Gurmit

Reading Time • About 3 Minutes

THE first International Motor Olympiad was held in Santiago De Chile, in the month of January, 1950. Ika Destu, Chief of the Isipingo tribe of Africa was flown all the way in a 'China Clipper' to perform the opening ceremony. After fumbling with the wrong key, set with rubies and emeralds, and enclosed in a casket of Mysore Sandalwood, he declared the exhibition open with the assistance of all the engineers and overseers present. The opening speech, delivered in his native language, was broadcast. After this ceremony was over, the vast and distinguished audience entered the show-rooms. Except for a nasty incident involving the Marchioness de la Hey and a banana-skin, the function went through without a hitch; a tribute indeed to the high consistency of the organisation.

The political and social elite separating from the rank and file were among the first to enter the Leg-strong Diddely stand presided over by Miss Gloria, Cornflakes the noted Elstree film star.

In the meanwhile, there was a small turmoil at the gates, the reason being the expulsion of a few of the visitors from India, who wanted to be placed on a par with the elite of Chile. Chief Inspector Muchacha, on investigation, found that the real complaint was not based so much on the expulsion as on the fact that a Congresswalla had got in with the elite, while Kothandapani Gownder, who had come all the way to purchase a car for the Zamin of Kondipathi, was kept out. The Inspector, realising the gravity of the situation, chased out the Congresswalla in true Indian

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style with a Malacca cane lathi; much to the satisfaction of Mr. Gownder, who however, was not let in. The Tenault stand was presided over by Miss Chic 'la Mour, who was by the way, wearing the latest creation in head-dress, a cap made of sealskin, which could at will be converted into a fire bucket. Mr. Stanhope, the American millionaire, spent more than one hour in this stand much to the satisfaction of the Tenault Co. But soon they discovered to their dismay that the presiding genius had eloped with the millionaire to Yuma.

In the face of such opposition it was but natural that doubts were entertained regarding the ability of Britain to maintain her admitted superiority in the field. But her motoring prestige was duly upheld by the display of a gold-plated Molls Voyce and a silver plated Faimler, the latter with a new kind of sports body, upholstered in genuine octopus leather. In co-operation with the B. B. C. the two cars were boosted up as the best value in the market. The stand was in charge of Miss Marie Lou the famous bathing beauty. All this was fully justified, when H. H. The Nawab Jugila Khan purchased both the cars and to the astonishment of one and all, married Miss Lou. Interviewed by Reuter, later, the Nawab said, "I believe in Empire products."

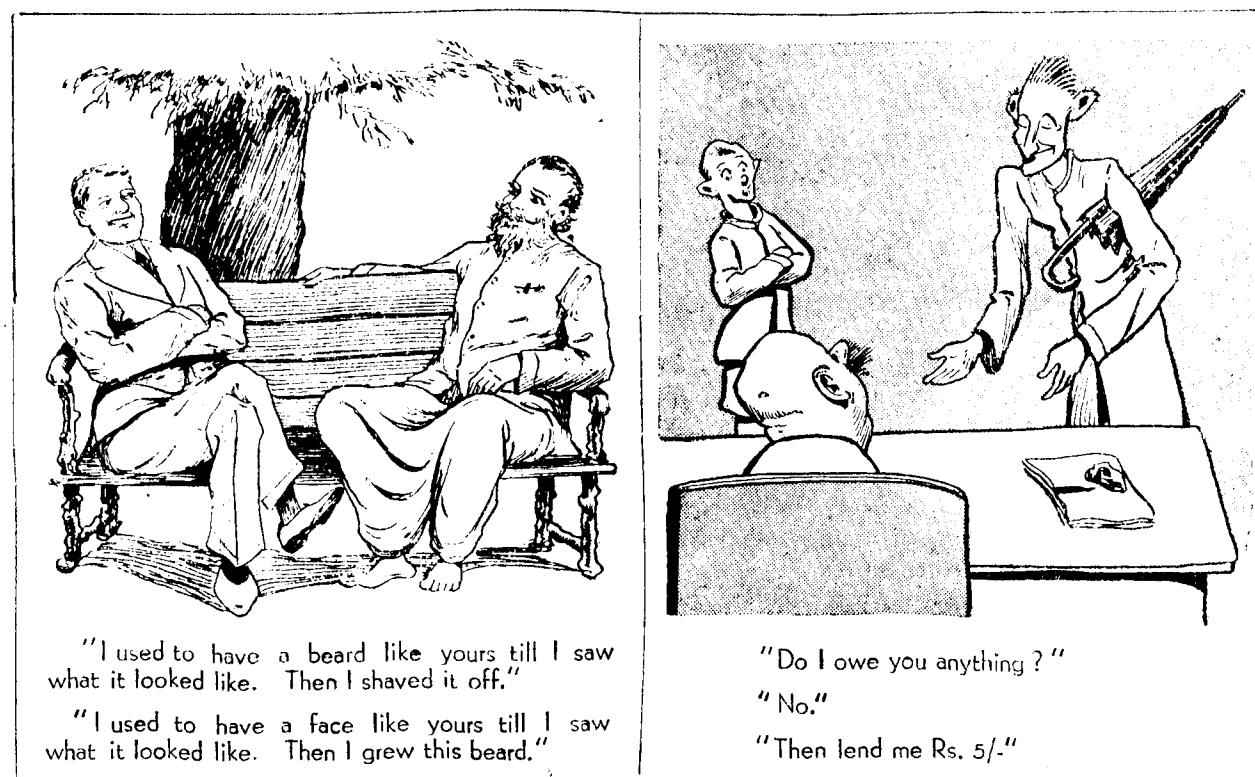
But though all this reflected much credit to British Industry, we are compelled to hand the palm to

America. Their 28 cylinder Panhard was a marvel of Automotive Engineering. Complete with radio, television, flyswatting and disinfecting apparatus, the car was the centre of attraction. Their Sales Agents had already hooked the Maharajadhiraja of Bapiala who was very much fascinated with the car. Torn between loyalty to the Empire and personal vanity, he at last succumbed to the latter and bought the car. In the meanwhile his suite of rooms at the Hotel de Palais were rifled by a gang of Chicago gun men who had come down specially for this purpose.

To this American challenge, the Italians answered with a 22 cylinder Benito Berniani fitted with a castor oil cooled swell head valve engine, lubricated by Macaroni hash. This was a triumph of Italian Motor Engineering. After a prolonged trial run, the Abyssinian, Ras Mulugetta expressed the opinion that the car will not be able to climb the heights of Mackale on top gear. Having thus insulted the Italian Automobile Engineering, the Ras left for Addis Ababa utterly ignorant of the fact that he had kindled the fire of Italian wrath. Before Ras reached Eritrea, an advance Batch of the Desperata Squadron flew to Abyssinia, and dropped leaflets threatening the poor Abyssinians with war.

Thus the International Motor Olympiad precipitated an international situation of grave and serious nature.

THE END



Under The Moon

by John A. Henry

Reading Time • About 3 Minutes

THE moon and lunatics are closely associated with each other. The word 'lunatics' is derived from the Latin 'Luna' meaning 'the moon' and the Modern 'ticks' meaning 'things you get on dogs'. Hence 'mad vermin'.

But all jokes aside, even the one about the man and his faithful wife, the moon plays a really important part in our lives. If you've heard the latest joke about Mae West and a parson in the moonlight, you'll understand what I mean.

Without a moon we could have no moonbeams, no moonlight, no moonstrucks, no lovers' moo(n)ing and no such passages, as we find in stories, as: "His

moustache twitched thrillingly in the moonlight as he bent his head to kiss her, and as the moonbeams scintillated through each gently waving hair of that platinum blonde whisker, she lost her heart to him completely and murmured 'I love you! I want you! I need you! I kiss you—thus and thus and thus!' Smack! Smack! Smack! M'mmm!"

Yes, 'The Moonlight, the Danube and You' would never have been written as a song if there had been no moon to inspire it. Imagine how poor and unromantic the same song would sound with this title. 'The Electric Light, the Danube and You'—or even 'The Gas Light, the Danube and You'.

It is a well known fact that of the three sexes, male sex, female sex, and insects, the first two would be completely lost in matters of love if there was no moonlight to show gently each other where to kiss. Insects, of course, nearly all have feelers and so do not find moonbeams so necessary.

If we didn't have a moon, there is every possibility that we wouldn't have any lunatics. Just think how dreadful that would be! And how dull life would be. And the number of lunatic asylums there wouldn't be. And the number of marriages there couldn't be! Such phenomenal things as Bing Crosby crooning and mooning in the moonlight and one grasshopper jumping over another grasshopper's back in a sylvan glade, that shouldn't be, wouldn't be. (Get a grip on yourself, John Ed.)

The moon, so scientists tell us, is 240,000 miles away. And my mother-in-law couldn't understand me the other day when I said unto her, "I wish you were the moon!" Poor, unschooled woman...she thought I had become a lunatic.

A 'moon-like face' is a phrase we often hear. Now, if there had never been a moon, that phrase wouldn't have existed, and we wouldn't be able to, always, adopt that 'moon-like, vacant countenance' when our wives ask us why we get home so late at nights, or rather, so early in the mornings. Why!—

even Mussolini's face wouldn't have been on his head at all, and he would have had to walk backwards to impress us with the difficult moves he was thinking out behind his brain.

Just think what a terrible drop there would be in the demand for joining Nudist Colonies off-handedly for the year or for life! Most people would only want to become day members. I would be one of the 'most'; I can tell you that! For a Nudist Colony wouldn't be any good at all if there wasn't any moonlight. What's the good of prancing about in 'the altogether' in the dark? The Nudist Authorities wouldn't be able to tell whether you were all keeping to the rules or not...the rules of not wearing any clothes I mean.

Nobody would be able to have a moonstone as his or her lucky stone. Nobody would ever have written anything about the man in the moon and we would never have been able to wonder whether there was a woman in the moon too. Girls of forty or so would have had to woo in the light of day or in cruel electric light instead of in the softening beams of the moon. And, speaking all in all, and devil take the hindmost, I think many a man would thank his lucky stars for this.

Yes, there are, when you come to look at it, more things than we realise, under the moon!

THE END



Country Bumkin (watching fieldsmen changing): Wouldn't it save a lot of time if the bowlers kept wicket and the wicket-keeper bowled?

The New Woman

Reading Time • About 6 Minutes

by V. Vyasa Rao

BY God I'll do it. I will write about Narasamma one of these days when I build a film-studio and purchase a second-hand camera and sound-recording outfit. I am going to write a scenario about my favourite girl, who is of course Narasamma. Look out, friends; you will be astonished, astounded. It is going to be so originally original.

This girl Narasamma is about twenty, but looks like fifty-five. If you were to meet her in the trams and buses or even in the Grand Trunk Express, what do you think you would think of her? Nothing. Absolutely nothing. Believe me. If anybody who knew Narasamma saw her in the public conveyances, he or she would say: "Oh, there goes Narasamma," and forget all about her.

There is no distinction in her dress, no charm in her manner, no grace in her deportment, no anything about anything about her. You simply wouldn't think anything about her. Unique, isn't she?

Great God! The things this dear Narasamma has not done! The things Narasamma has not done in her life are really, utterly amazing.

She never went into her dark bedroom and found in that room a burglar or some lover who had a snub nose, a squint in his left eye and one of his front teeth missing. No, gentlemen, Narasamma has no detective bent of mind. She would be of no use whatsoever to budding Sherlock Holmes in the resolution of shocking mysteries.

Narasamma is a tremendous traveller. In fact she travels about 6000 miles a month, not counting the distance she covers by foot. Daily she travels between Mambalam (where she lives) and Madras (where she works). A distance of sixteen miles either way, per day. Does anything happen to Narasamma on these journeys? Does the guard of the electric train ever look at her in a manner suggestive of the Grand Passion? Does any college *beau* assume a silly swagger when he sees Narasamma getting into or getting out of a train? Does any ticket examiner linger in her compartment more than he need? To

all of these interpellations, the answer is in the negative.

Narasamma doesn't use talcum on her face; neither does she fancy the myriad array of vanishing creams. She still thinks that the soap is a creation of the devil. She bathes daily, of course, but what a bathe! She smears all over her body (in the privacy of her bath-room) a generous quantity of turmeric and comes out, twenty minutes later, all yellow. She wears a *kunkum* blot of about the size of a rupee coin on her one-inch-wide forehead. Yes, Narasamma is innocent of cosmetics.

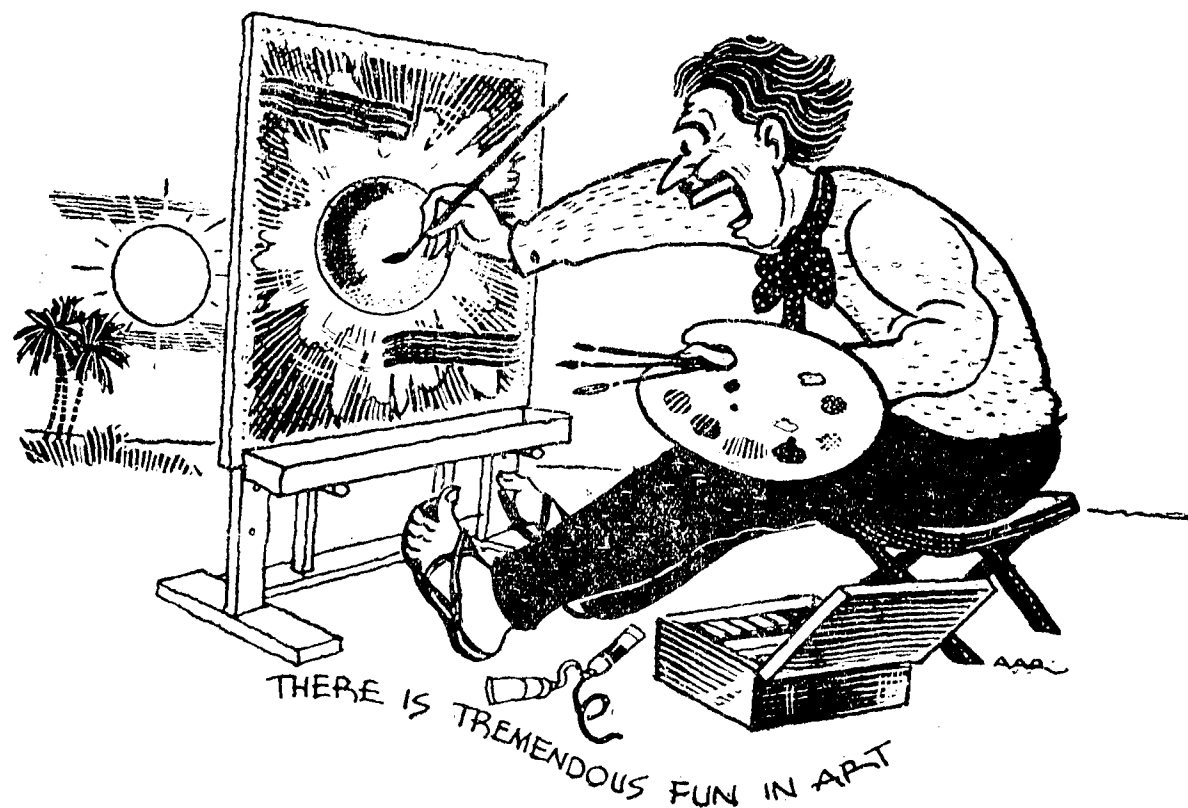
No maharajas ever made love to Narasamma. Even the Government of India is quite anaware of Narasamma's existence. And, what is still more strange, even the Mayor of Madras does not know anything about her.

Narasamma's ancestors were hardy sea dogs. That explains why she is so passionately fond of the sea. She goes to the Madras beach often. But not, as you suppose, in bathing dress. She stands at the water's edge and plays with the waves, as other women do. The rude males who go to the beach to enjoy a free display of feminine leg, don't look at Narasamma's legs, though she lifts her *sari* a few inches above the limit affected by the other women. What is wrong with her legs? Don't ask me. You can imagine. Once Narasamma went out to sea on a catamaran. A big wave knocked her down. The fishes brought her ashore and left her there. Even the fishes don't want her. What a girl!

Narasamma's eyes are not at all mascara-filled. Her eyes are not at all like Greta Garbo's. Not even like the eyes of Claudette Colbert. The most you can say about her is that they are like the eyes of Charlie Chaplin.

Narasamma is not a member of the Justice Party. She never spoke to the President of the Legislative Council, nor did she ever speak to the Rajah of Bobbili.

(Continued on page 39)



It's A Great Life!

by Leonardo Albertini

Reading Time • About 7 Minutes

It has been said: "If you can Write, you can Draw."

I strongly suspect that this slogan was first devised by an enterprising Correspondence Art School to bring more grist to its mill. But I may be wrong, of course. It might equally as well have been invented by a Forger.

All I know is that it's very true.

There are far more people who can't write at all (as any Editor or Illiteracy-Inspector will confirm) than there are persons who can't draw at all.

My little daughters and sons and nieces and nephews, and I've no doubt yours as well, can barely write. But they can certainly draw. And they prove they can draw by leaving specimens of their genius in

the fly-leaves of my books, diaries, private letters—in fact, on any available surface which will take pencil, crayon, ink or paint!

How many of them, I wonder, will care to develop this early predilection for drawing in later years? Some thoughtless criticism of early efforts will probably shrivel up the delicate genius of some. Others will be lured away from art by Mammon and Big Business.

Ah, but Art can be worth-while, too! If you're lucky, there's money in Art! There's Big Money for you!

What? You can't draw, so you can never hope to make any money with Art? Tut-Tut! You may have within you—in fact, you have within you, all unsuspected, a latent flair for drawing!

Why not put your talents to the test? Start with simple little things. When your friends, for instance, confront you with autograph books and requests to "do something" in them—"preferably drawings"—here's a tip. On such occasions, I recommend drawing a picture-frame. A simple picture-frame will suffice, but if you can manage an elaborate one, so much the better.

Then underneath it, write the caption: "Portrait of an Influenza Germ." This rarely fails to impress owners of autograph books. Sometimes, however, they will complain that you have not portrayed the germ, and won't accept your argument that an influenza germ isn't visible. In which case, just to please them, draw in the germ (preferably in red ink). This is all you need do to indicate an influenza germ.

As you develop your artistic ability, you will realise there is tremendous fun in Art. And if you happen to create a new and peculiar style, you will most likely find there is Money in it, too. It isn't the artist who reproduces objects realistically that makes the most money. It's the one who gives the world *something new* that names his or her own price.

Sooner or later, you will discover your own style, your own forte, your own level.

Let me tell you how I found mine. It may be that you will find something of interest and usefulness in the story:

I was applying for the post of an artist in an important advertising concern. I never expected to be honoured in the way that I was with the invaluable advice imparted to me by its Art Director. Let me recount it here.....

"Thirty years ago," he said, "I entered this life as a born Commercial Artist (New Style). Since then, I have lived no other."

I smiled expectantly.

"The result is," he went on, "that all my sympathies are with the Commercially-Artistic-minded, and I entertain only such feelings as pity and condescension towards those who are either neither or one or the other without being both."

Here, I am afraid that I gaped at him, for he looked at me rather severely and a little pityingly.

Then he smiled suddenly in a sentimental kind of way and continued:

"Sundry, old-fashioned photographs taken of myself at a very tender age bear certain indications of this prodigy soon to be developed and thrust on an admiring world."

I wondered, in all meekness, how such characteristics could be spotted in an old-fashioned or any

other photograph. But I forbore to enquire. I felt I was in the presence of a really great man.

"My earliest efforts in art," he continued, "were commercialised, in the sense that they were unfailingly produced with an eye to domestic or monetary reward. Many an extra share of sweets, many a penny for the money box, was so secured....."

"And after school days (during which Art had full and profitable rein—I used to do the others' drawing at so much a time), my misguided parents launched me first upon the career of Engineer and then of Architect. Neither proved my forte. In the workshop I was an artistic terror. The buildings I



designed were neither understood nor appreciated by my principals.....

"And now, I am an uncaged Commercial Artist, taking an unbridled pleasure in giving my individuality full vent through the medium of my art. You really must see some of my specimens....."

With this, he dived into a handy drawer and fished out a portfolio of drawings and cuttings that appeared to be thumb-marked from much handling. He opened it at the first page proudly. I held my breath in ecstasy.

"Beautiful!" I cried. "And how realistic—how delightfully realistic! I like that one of the sunset!"

He glowered at me in a way that was terrifying. He hissed:

"That, young man, is *not* a sunset! That is a design for bacon, and shows a plate of eggs and Blanky's Breakfast Bacon. This just shows how much you know about modern Commercial Art!"

I felt crushed, humiliated. I stared at the picture, dejected. Then, my gaze wandering to another design, my spirits revived somewhat. Here was something I *did* know.

"Just my stupidity," I admitted. "I felt all along it was eggs. But *that* picture! Now I must congratulate you on the startling resemblance. I would recognise Mussolini's portrait anywhere."

I thought he was going to have a seizure. Even in Himalayan sunsets, I've never seen such an intense shade of lilac-purple.

"Mussolini!" he snarled. "It's a *vegetable*! Don't you know a modernized pumpkin when you see one?"

I was downcast. My great self-pity must have touched him, for he patted me on the shoulder, reassuringly, and said in comforting tones:

"Don't look so bewildered! This is all part of what you will have to learn if you wish to produce the real thing. It's not your fault that you do not appreciate this art now. It's the fault of the training system in art schools. I'll help you, however....."

"I like you, and I like your specimens, though"—scornfully—"they are hopelessly realistic and out of date. Your horses *look* like horses at present. But I'll soon change all that. I can teach you to leave out the essentials and put in the incidentals....."

"You're receptive, I think. You saw immediately my point about the eggs. You're engaged!"

And so I got a start in the real thing. Now my work is developing amazingly. And it's so profitable and *convenient*. If a motor-car client does not like my drawing for one of his advertisements, I have no difficulty in selling it to a

camera client, as an illustration, say, of a Brownie. Patent medicine illustrations need but a few additional triangles and circles added, to turn them into perfect fashion drawings or Mae West caricatures.

And the remuneration! You can charge prices for this wonderful modern stuff that ordinary, realistic work could never hope to command. But you must get hold of a client whose artistic education has been neglected—one who's scared to protest or confess his ignorance.

Oh yes! I recommend you to become a Modern Artist! It's a *Great Life*!



THE END

Gold In Gomati

by V. N. R.

Reading Time • About 9 Minutes

It was altogether an extremely astonishing thing, because 'Gomati' the Harijan settlement was not a very likely spot for gold; and Selvan, its donor, had been there for nearly one year without suspecting its presence; and yet rumour ran that it had actually been picked up in the central yard. Of course, rumours of that sort were often started in that part of the city after a liar of the first brand had had an innings at the adjoining toddy shop, and his astonished listeners had not encountered the wet blanket, sure to follow sooner or later. And things seemed to be happening rather rapidly the evening when some of the city-lights elected to go visiting the 'Gomati' to discuss the extraordinary rumour of gold being found in the settlement yard.

But this rumour was actually started on the spot and Ponnann had discussed it with a puzzled man, not at all given to romancing, who somewhat reluctantly confessed he had actually seen a sample that had been picked up.

"And it's gold," said he, "well worth digging. Looks like a treasure island or something. Of course, it might evaporate like petrol but it's a funny thing, all the same."

Anyhow Ponnann thought he would go over and see Selvan and tell the tale to him and see what he thought of it.

As his car was under repair,—Ponnann had to go on his bicycle which too had a puncture in the front-wheel tyre and the mudguards nearly off—it took him some little time to get ready.

About half a dozen members of the Harijan colony stood around him to help him and succeeded in hindering him very effectually, while they grinned happily to each other over his fiery language, and the amazing list of uncomplimentary names he had called them. Nice fellows these, the Harijan colony workers, full of humour!

Then he rubbed his oily hands on the head of one of those standing by and started off. When he came to an incline, he started to sail airily down it, whistling

loudly. Then a stampede followed. The path was crossed by a score or more of dashing pigs. He had no time to pull up before he found himself sailing through space and alighting with a thud bottom first.

He rubbed his hind parts and reached Selvan's.

"Dirty pigs! Hundreds of them dashing across my path, dirty omen I call it! I was starting on a gold-mine hunt and look at my blooming luck!"

"You must have fallen pretty hard," said Selvan, with a roar of laughter and his head thrown back.

"Not a bit of it, my boy," laughed Ponnann, "I managed thundering well. I came down plump on top of a squeaker and nearly caught him, the beast, if it hadn't been a champion wriggler. Look here, got some coffee or something? I have come over to discuss that gold find. I thought we'd go and have a look at it tomorrow. You see there's to be a great gathering at 'Gomati' tomorrow to discuss the phenomenon and about working it and all that."

"Come in. The old man is here. What's the gossip?"

"Old man, here? Hullo! Heard about the gold find? Gold fairly gleaming in the sunlight—positively dazzling the eyes of fellows looking at it!"

Old man Kannan scratched his head and smiled quizzically.

"I've heard of that sort of gold before now, Ponnu. It must be the boys' eyes that dazzles."

"No, no, this *is* not just a yarn. One of the workers in the colony was digging around, amusing himself and he picked up a bit of quartz with strains of gold. It was the youngster Balu, you know, artful little fellow with those twinkling eyes. He showed it to the Secretary who was immediately struck with the formation, and went to have a look at the spot where he found it. They didn't find any more then, but marked it for future investigation. The next day, Balu finds another piece somewhere around—a bigger one and the same indications of gold. Later in the day, yet another. You can guess how



Guest (to host in new home)—Hello, old pal, how do you find it here?

Host—Walk right upstairs, and two doors to the left.
—*Cornell Widow*

* * *

Gent (in furniture store): What is that piece called?

Girl (behind counter): Highboy.

Gent: Why, er; how do you do?
—*California Pelican*

* * *

Of all the "give me a sentence with the word" jokes we've heard, we give the prize to the who put effervescent and fiddlesticks in one sentence. He said "Effervescent enough covers on the bed your fiddlesticks out."
—*Punch Bowl*

* * *

Newlywed: I married a girl with a twin sister.

Bachelor: How can you tell them apart?

Newlywed: I don't bother; the other one has to look out for herself.
—*Exchange*

* * *

Salesman (beginning to unroll his samples): I'd like to show you—

Merchant (emphatically): No, no, I'm not interested.

Salesman (eagerly): But couldn't I just show you—

Merchant (firmly): Not a chance. I'm not interested.

Salesman (wistfully): Well, would you mind if I looked at them myself? I haven't had a chance to see them for three weeks.
—*Red Cat*

Landlady: If you don't stop playing that saxophone you will drive me crazy.

Sax-player: Ha, ha, you're crazy already. I stopped playing an hour ago.

* * *

Slightly inebriated (to girl on Broadway): Do you speak to strangers on the street?

Sweet Little Dove: Oh, no.

Slightly inebriated: Well, then, shut up!
—*Burr*

* * *

"I'd ask you for this dance, but all the cars are occupied."

—*Penn Punch Bowl*

* * *

"What's the big idea, wearing my raincoat?"

"It's raining. You wouldn't want your suit to get wet, would you?"
—*Yale Record*

* * *

A lad looking through the telescope on top of the Botany building the other night, muttered, "Gawd!"

Pretty good telescope.
—*Froth*

* * *

"Down South we like our liquor hard and our women soft."

"Up here we like our liquor straight and our women curved."
—*Sundial*

Jean Jacques Rousseau

by Thirupathi

Reading Time • About 9 Minutes

EVERY boy of six or thereabouts looks ahead into the future, twenty years away, and pictures himself as he would wish to be in early manhood. Of all such boyish plans recorded of great men, not one has conformed to the original picture. It has been said of one of the better known Victorian publicists that he wanted to be the owner of a pub when he grew up to man's estate. He ended up as a great merchant prince and missed a peerage by a certain oversight. Swami Vivekananda, when he was a boy of six, wanted to become a syce, a man who drives a buggy. How he ended is too recent to need mention.

Likewise, Rousseau wanted to be remembered by posterity as a great lover, outstripping his compeers past and contemporary; but he succeeded in shooting France into a great revolution. His amatory adventures are despicable.

This great philosopher was born near Geneva in the year 1712. His parents were of Protestant persuasion. Later he changed over to the Roman Church through the good offices of a priest, who introduced him to a gay lady, Madame de Warens, a beautiful brunette not yet thirty.

This woman, when she was barely fifteen, married a man almost treble her age. A union such as this could hardly be called romantic. Madame did not like her husband's sober ways. And one fine day she left home with a handsome lad called Anet. She took not only all her personal effects but most of the valuables in the household and set up house openly at Chambrey with her young lover. Her husband did not make any effort to win her back. He was wise in his generation.

This woman gave an asylum to young Rousseau. She fed him and clothed him and when an opportunity occurred, she secured for him the position of a valet in the household of some friends who lived in Turin.

Rousseau's life at Turin marked his debut into love and intrigue. He made a start in the lower strata

and, before long, he had to his credit a pretty long list of conquests. All these conquests were mostly servant-maids and dressmakers. But he aspired higher. He longed to nestle in aristocratic arms, but those downy arms would have nothing of him. Rousseau was sore, bitter and bewildered. He cursed his poverty. And naturally, he traced his failure in high quarters to his humble station in life.

He tired of the humble girls who gave themselves to him without much effort on his part. He returned to his benefactress Madame de Warens. Meanwhile the society of young Anet was beginning to pall on Madame but she was still enough gone on him not to let him go. Thus when Rousseau reappeared before her, she almost hugged him. She evidently subscribed to the maxim that variety imparts colour to life.

Rousseau was a hardboiled egoist. He didn't like the presence of Anet in the house, and it went against his grain to know that another was an active partner in the firm. He told as much to Madame. But she was firm; she wanted both men. And so Rousseau gulped down his feelings and became one side of this delightful triangle.

Madame's love for Anet was a very strange one. The way she doted on him got on Rousseau's nerves; but beggars cannot be choosers.

Presently Anet died and the two remaining partners took their loss with true Christian resignation. All the fine clothes in which Anet made himself, lovable passed into Rousseau's wardrobe.

A day came when Rousseau's love for Madame de Warens faced a test. Madame went bankrupt. All her money vanished, and with it Rousseau also vanished.

After that Rousseau migrated to Paris with an introduction to a wealthy, charming lady in his pocket. He called on her and sent in his credentials. It happened that this lady was dressing when Rousseau sent in his letter of introduction. The lady, who was in a semi-nude state, sent word that Rousseau might

come up. It was not brazen immorality. The aristocrats of those fine pre-revolution days treated the 'proletariat' just as they would treat cats or dogs. But Rousseau in his conceit did not view the familiar interview in that light. He took it for Cupid's invitation and stepped into Madame's room with a light step. He swaggered up to the lady and kissed her. The woman was taken aback, and when she regained her wits, she gave him a resounding smack on the nose.

In this monstrous treatment, Rousseau saw the eternal insolence of the aristocracy towards the common people. He still believed he was a fatal 'killer' and set down his failures in high quarters to the prevailing unnatural social distinctions.

For nearly ten years after that, Rousseau managed to pull on sponging on society women. He moved in high circles, but always felt that he was not one of them. He wanted to build up a reputation as a great lover. He was disappointed. Some lady friends even advised him to give up love-making and go back to his books. This great love-making urge, which was always kicked and suppressed, embittered Rousseau's outlook. He took to literature. His first book was an attack on the aristocrats. He called them paratiess.

But the aristocrats didn't mind a bit. The more Rousseau called them bad names, the more they liked him.

Presently Rousseau became world famous with his "Social Contact".

"Man is born free, and is everywhere in chains," wrote this great philosopher. He is today remembered as a great thinker and philosopher. Nobody thinks of him as a lover.

THE END

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"How on earth did you miss that bird?"

"It flew zig zag. When I fired at zig, it flew zag."



Yet Another Lexicon!

by Tien Ham

Reading Time • About 5 Minutes

A—The first letter of the English alphabet. Since it is the first letter of almost every other language in the world, the English language need not get conceited about it.

Abattoir—Pronounced abatwar. It means a public slaughter house. It also means two or more abbots at war or fisticuffs.

Abide—To bide or wait for. If you put an 'r' after the 'b' 'abide' becomes a nice girl whom you can kiss, provided you are a bridegroom.

Abigail—A lady's maid. Also a big pain.

Example: Suppose you meet an abigail in the public park. If you are a wicked fellow, you will get fresh with her. And if she is the girl I think get fresh with her. And if she is the girl I think she is she will whack your nose. Your nose, as a consequence, will assume a nice pink condition and swell to double its normal size. This abnormal condition of your nose is called A Big Ail.

Acorn—The seed of the oak. Also a thing, or rather a protuberance, on your toes, which people insist on treading, which makes you jump with pain. Thus anybody who gives you a pain may be called an acorn.

Aga—A Turkish chief officer or commander. Latterly it has come to mean a man who owns very successful race-horses. But don't call the Rajah of Bobbili an Aga. He may not like it.

Again—The exact opposite of a loss.

Already—Rather hard to define. The origin is obscure, but generally traced to Al Capone the beloved of the Americans, because Al was always ready, except in one fatal instance, in the matter of his income-tax. By the way *Already* has nothing whatever to do with *Eveready*, that electric torchlight of U. S. origin.

Arctic—Only ticks on a dog's skin which have developed an arc or curve on their bodies like,—but you know what I mean.

Arm—Cockney for 'harm'. Also one of the two limbs attached to a human male torso. They are very useful for holding a girl tightly in the dark.

Arise—A very useful term in heraldry and investiture. If I am ever created a Lord, the King will tap me on the shoulder and say with a delightful smile: "Arise my Lord Tien Ham."

Atom—A tom cat, a rather undersized tom cat, to be precise.

Ayah—A Hindustani word meaning 'She has come' which is rather nice of her.

B—The second letter in the English alphabet. It also means a buzzing insect which attends to our honey supply. My God, what a lingo!

Bait—A thing you decoy things by, or a wooden plank with which you hit balls.

Example: Cricket baits.

Ball—A spherical thing.

Example: Eye ball. It also means shout; it also means a gathering of merry people who do nothing but eat and dance. Again I say, My God, what a lingo!

Bank—A fine building in which you may keep your money if you want to, but there is no compulsion. The people in the bank are very clever. Sometimes they become so clever that even the police want to hug them.

Batta—A little perquisite to which government and other employees are very much attached, like you are attached to your wife.

Been—A near relation of 'be'. It also means a head as exemplified by the following little conversation:

"Where have you been, Herbert?"

"I have it on my neck, silly."

Bellicose—Anything done in the cause of your stomach or, vulgarly, belly.

Bevy—A flock of birds. Especially those birds with bright saris and jackets on.

Bloom—The name of the present Premier of France.

Bodice—Wait till I am married, you fellows.

Bud—A baby flower. Also a baby woman. A baby man is called Buddy.

Bug—A sucker in the true American sense. There is an unholy alliance between bugs and transport companies. Something has got to be done about it. Bugs are particularly fond of furniture made of rattan.

C—Yes, you have guessed it! It is the third letter etc. It means a broad expanse of salt water which is very useful for salt satyagrahis. Also a very expressive admonition, like: "I gonna bash your beezer, see?"

Caddy—A small cad, at least so the elderly golfers think.

Cadence—The condition of being a cad.

Cadre—A Moslem name, as, for instance, Abdul Cadre.

Cain—A slender rod with which you hit school children to make them howl.

Cant—A word coined by either Thomas A Becket or Chaucer. Something to do with Canterbury.

Canto—Short for "O God, I can't".

Carbon—Buns you eat with your girl-friend in a car.

Cash—The one, of which most of us are always short.

Castor-Oil—A fine lubricating oil for babies.

Curve—Please, don't ask me to say vulgar things.

Cyst—This is a bag in animal bodies containing morbid matter.

Example: Your head.

THE END

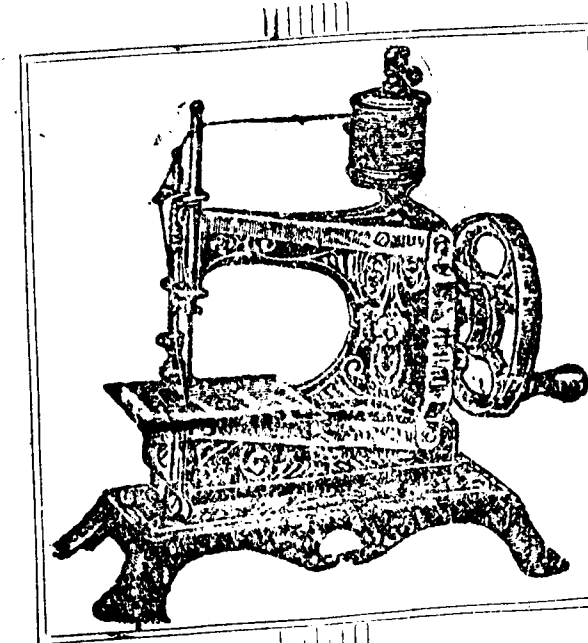


Poet: When you read
my poems, were you all
fire and flame?

Editor: I was not—the
poems were.



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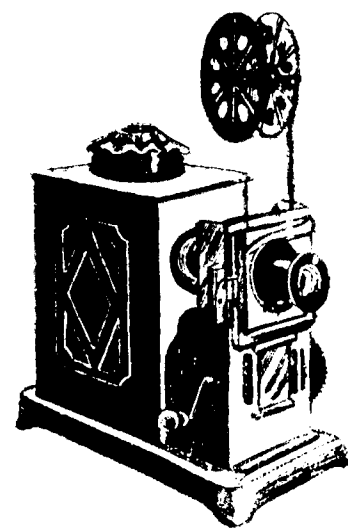
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