

Something Snappy By S.V.V.

The **MERRY**
MAGAZINE

Vol. I
No. 1

MADRAS, 18th JANUARY, 1933.

As. 2.



A GOOD BEGINNING.

K. S. VENKATARAMANI, LEO, P. P. SAMUEL.

THE MERRY MAGAZINE

PUBLISHED ON THE 10th AND 25th OF EVERY MONTH.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

Annual—Inland subscription	Rs. 2-4-0.	Foreign.	Rs. 4-0-0.
Half year "	Rs. 1-4-0.	"	Rs. 2-2-0.
Single copy "	As. 2.	"	As. 3.

Subscriptions must be paid strictly in advance by M. O., and they may commence in any month. Overseas subscribers may pay subscriptions by M. O. or B. P. O.

Change of address must be intimated to us before the 8th and 23rd of the month. The subscription number must be enclosed, otherwise no attention will be paid.

The subscription number is printed on the right hand top corner of the wrapper. Subscribers are requested to quote it in all their communications. Where a reply is required, a stamped and addressed envelope must be enclosed.

Contributions must be sent to the Editor while all business communications must be addressed only to the Manager.

ADVERTISEMENT RATES.

One Full Page	Rs. 50-0-0	Quarter Page	Rs. 12-8-0	} Per insertion
Half Page	Rs. 25-0-0	1/8 Page	Rs. 7-8-0	

Advertisement charges payable in advance.

Telephone: No. 3311

Telegrams: "VIRATAN" MADRAS.

The "Merry Magazine" Office.

244, Mint Street, MADRAS.

'DEPRESSION!' YOU MURMUR.

BUT HAVE YOU EVER TRIED TO COMBAT IT?

YOU HAVE, OF COURSE, BUT NOT WELL-EQUIPPED.

Depression has not lessened the demand. But goods continue to rot in your go-down. An empty cash-box grinds your heart. Tears may fetch you alms but not business. Fatalism cannot solve the food problem. Pitch upon the right medium of business contact.

ADVERTISE IN THE MERRY MAG.

"Be for ever merry bidding farewell to worry."

THE MERRY MAG

Ourselves

During the past decades, we have been brought into closer and ever closer contact with the West, and have participated in the doubtful benefits of Western civilization. Poverty has been our national heritage, and the impact of the West has but served to emphasize and accentuate our inheritance. The present hard times are of universal prevalence is small consolation to us. Everywhere, in railway train, electric tram, or motor omnibus, the casual talk always reverts to the one topic, that of our national poverty. Some call it one name, some, the other. You may choose to talk of the economic depression, or of the fall in the purchasing price of the rupee, or, if you want to appear slightly more well-informed than your neighbour, you may talk of the tariff-wall and the reactions of the fluctuations of international stock-markets on the national balance of trade. Failing all this, there is always the more personal problem of the 10% cut.

We cannot, by taking thought, add a cubit to our stature, and talking about difficulties never yet solved a single one. Of us, too, as a nation, it may be said that we take our pleasures somewhat sadly. Undoubtedly, we have good reason for our gloom, but those reasons are not good enough for our continuing in the dumps. Laughter is a wonderful tonic, both physical and mental, and it is a pity, we have too little of it. This journal is an attempt to correct that paucity.

We will not purvey news, the public is already plentifully supplied with it. And the news that one does get nowadays, is never very cheering. No news, therefore, is good news. Our aim is not to elevate or instruct, but merely to amuse.

If our readers, in the process of being amused, are also instructed, we shall have no regrets. We shall consider ourselves amply rewarded, if our little magazine helps the reader to forget, at least for a brief space, the cares and troubles of an already much-troubled world.

We propose to run competitions for the competition-minded, and incentives to effort will not be lacking. We welcome contributions of a light or humorous nature. The average reader has often felt, when reading some slight sketch or humorous tale, that he could have handled the thing much better, given a more dramatic twist to the ending perhaps, or made the opening more effective. The average reader may now stop merely speculating on it, we invite him to write to us and for us. We want to know what he likes, what he appreciates, what he chuckles over, what moves him to unrestrained laughter. In short, dear Mr. Average Reader, we ask for your co-operation. We are certain we will have it and with your help and sympathy, we shall march confidently on to our goal, with the slogan inscribed on our banner, "Laugh, and the world laughs with you. Weep, and you weep alone."

'Something Snappy'

(S. V. V.)

When the Editor of **THE MERRY MAGAZINE** asked me to write something, I said I would write on "The quintessence of Bhagavat Gita."

"I will make the article very instructive and informative, and pitch it in such a high key, that it would make your readers turn pious overnight—so pious that Lord Krishna and Sri Rama would be fighting, each to appropriate for Himself, the spiritual souls of your readers" I said. The Editor laughed.

"Oh! Mr. S. V. V., I am not out to make men into saints. I am out to make them laugh heartily, and improve their digestion, health, and virtue. Doesn't laughter do all that? Give us something snappy, that would amuse people, and make them laugh" he said.

Well, really, I don't know—I mean, I am not able to decide what would make people laugh. The world is of all sorts. There are people who would laugh only to-morrow, if you told them a joke to-day. It took so much time for the joke to soak into them. I had once an experience of that kind. I was walking with a friend, along the China Bazaar Road, one day, when he suddenly burst into a huge guffaw of laughter for no obvious reason.

"What is it?" I asked.

"Ha! Ha! Ha! Very fine. The joke you told us yesterday. The whole of yesterday and to-day I was revolving in my mind the point of the joke. I have got it. Ha! Ha! Ha! ripping, Ha! Ha! Ha!" he said, and laughed madly, nearly falling on the ground. After all, that was something, wasn't it? Better than never seeing the point at all.

There are others who would laugh at everything, without knowing why. They would laugh reading the Railway Time-table,

or the tram ticket. They would laugh if you stumbled and fell, or ran desperately behind a tram to catch it. Which is not so bad. They would laugh at their mother's funeral. For them, one need not write anything snappy or amusing. It would be enough if you merely tumbled or purveyed to them the old mother-in-law joke, that a man, after drink, saw two mothers-in-law instead of one, and gave up drinking, because one mother-in-law was damned bother enough in all conscience.

There is a third class who might be moved to laughter, but would not laugh, because they fancy they have a superiority to uphold, and cannot afford to distribute compliments cheaply, by indiscriminate laughter. The utmost you can get them to say from their superior pedestal is "Not bad. Fairly good for the common folk. Yes, that is the kind they want."

There are others who could never see a joke, even after it is explained to them. The other day I was reading a famous humourist, and burst into laughter at a ripingly fine joke he had written. My wife who was standing a little distance away, admiring herself in the mirror, asked me "Was I a lunatic? Why was I laughing all to myself?" I told her the fun betwixt laughter, but all that she said was "What is there to laugh at, in it?" I swear men have committed murder for less. If I had explained the joke to my dog Fido, he would have laughed. I got vexed with my wife, but a wife was a wife, and I had taken her 'for better and for worse.' Besides, a wife is as difficult to shake off as a lame leg or a twisted nose.

The only occasion when I made my wife laugh was when I told her that the face of neighbour Kittu's wife was as handsome as that of a monkey, who had its tail caught in the wedge, and then she laughed inordinately,

and said I had humour in me. Which only shows, that even one like my wife may be made to laugh if you told her the appropriate thing.

Taken altogether, I think there is a great lot of people in the world, who have a relish for laughter, and have plenty of humour in them to appreciate, if only you had a clever and funny thing to say.

But have I the stuff in me? I fancy I could write on Cosmogony, a subject in which I can make what guesses I can, and challenge my opponents to prove the falsity in my theory. I could perhaps write also on other speculative subject, such as the Origin of Races, and give a point or two to Sir Artur Keith, or write on the future of the world, and ask H. G. Wells what he thinks about it. Like H. G. Wells, I am always fond of fashioning the world after the Utopia I have imagined. The difference is that H. G. Wells has achieved print, and a large audience, and I have not. What a pity that neither H. G. Wells, nor I can live to see who has fashioned the world better!

But as for things snappy and light, well, I don't know. The world has completely altered its way of taking life, and how it would amuse itself. The fashion has been set to us, by modern American humourists, and French light-literature writers, that nobody would now like to read anything that had not a dash of eroticism in it. Nobody would now like to go to the cinema, unless the girls on the screen wore dresses that revealed more than

they concealed. So far have cinemas and American literature changed the tastes of our young men and girls, that, I fear, nobody would care to read or see anything that hadn't a girl and a 'boy' in it, who took life as if it was composed only of chocolates, tea-shops, furious flirtations, and kisses, and on the whole, took life as an 'awfully' jolly joke. Thank God! our young men and girls don't live that life yet, but they are fast acquiring a taste for it, which is only a preliminary.

I don't know whether I can manage any such thing for your readers. I think a writer has himself to be a bit of what he wants to say. I am too old to manage kisses, of the kind that modern girls and young men would appreciate, and I am of opinion that kissing a modern girl leaves a taste in the mouth as if you had kissed a paint pot.

But I am ambitious to see myself in print, and I want to do something that would make newspaper editors keep my obituary notice ready in the pigeon-hole, expecting the day of my death. Personally, I prefer to live, and make the obituary notice rot in the pigeon-hole. I would set the Cooum on fire. But by God's grace, I would give your readers some humour that is healthy, that is chaste, and that would settle their digestion and temper. I am afraid I must defer it to the Editor's next issue, that is, if he would let me speak to his readers, which I fear, he may not, from the taste he has of this.

Barrister to witness in the Box, "And, now tell me, my dear man, how long have you been connected with the Turf?"

"About thirty-five years, off and on."

"How old are you?"

"Thirty-five."

"What do you mean by your answer, then?"

"You see, I have been off the turf for about 17 years and connected with it for the next 18."

Mr. Hardfax: "That blushing rose, you wear, exactly matches your adorable complexion."

Miss Peachbow: "But the rose is artificial."

Mr. Hardfax: "Yes, I noticed that."

"Bulls close their eyes when charging."

"Some shop-keepers do the same when overcharging."



LAUGHTER POACHED

Professor of Chemistry: "Which combination dissolves gold quickest?"

Student: "The Marriage combination."

Doctor: "Above all, you need plenty of fresh air. What is your grade now?"

Patient: "Aviator."

"Your fiancée has money but if you marry her, you will have to give up smoking and drinking."

"Yes, but I do not marry her, I shall have to give up eating."

Mother: "Who is the cleverest boy in your class?"

Son: "Bobby Jones. He can hide behind his atlas and eat apples."

"Do you know the difference between a woman and a telephone?"

"No."

"Well, both repeat what they hear, but the telephone repeats exactly as it hears."

Chief: "That traveller of Smith & Co. managed to foist a lot of rubbish on us. What can we do about it?"

Manager: "Could we offer him a job here?"

"Such a long cigar, and the doctor told you not to smoke!"

"Yes, but he died the day before yesterday."

Jackie had drawn a caricature of the teacher.

Teacher: "You seem to be an artist in black and white."

Jackie: "Yes, Sir."

Teacher: "Now, I will show that I am an artist in black and blue."

Host: "Can I serve you a little more beef?"

Guest: "A little bit—a very little bit—just like I had before."

Hyde: "Were you lucky at the races yesterday?"

Wyde: "I should just think I was. I found a shilling after the last race. So I did not have to walk home."

"I would like to marry your daughter who might be moved to our profession?"

"Traffic policeman."

"Then, it was you, who arrested me for exceeding the speed limit?"

"Yes, but of course—"

"Splendid. I have a chance of revenge at last. I will let you marry my daughter."

"Julia has invited me to her golden wedding."

"Her golden wedding?"

"Yes, she is marrying a millionaire."

Elsie: "Henry is so original. He says things to me I have never heard before."

Violet: "What? Has he asked you to marry him?"

"It is an awful business going to a wedding."

"Then, why go?"

"Idiot, I am forced to go. It is my own."

"My uncle has committed suicide and left me six millions."

"Heavens! Think what you will have to pay in income-tax!"

"My son went west to make his fortune."

"What is he worth now?"

"Well, last month, the State was offering a thousand dollars for him."

Visitor: "Your maid is very impertinent."

Hostess: "Yes, I ought to have dismissed her long ago, but—"

Bobbie: "You owe her six months' wages, don't you, Mummy?"

Like An Old Coin Turning Up.

(LANKA.)

Forgetfulness is my only weakness; and so my friends get many an opportunity to enjoy fun at my expense. They may have baums in their eyes, and yet they will have no scruples in straining their vision at the mote in mine. However, I do not feel uneasy when they do so. Are not the world's greatest men and women (You may include children also, if you so desire) victims to this foible? Does it not follow that forgetfulness is a passport to reputation? Great men are always absent-minded.

Anyway, of one thing I am always proud. I am accustomed to lose my umbrellas very, very frequently. Nobody can hold a candle to me in that game, and I am prepared to beat all records, if any exists. Every

year I provide for the purchase of 25 umbrellas in my family budget, but more often than not, I find it extremely difficult to balance the same. In other words, I buy an umbrella every fortnight only to lose it before long. And then my better half, (mind you, it does not follow that I am her worse half) who has the devil of a temper, especially towards me, is all frowns. "You are, after all, a superannuated officer getting a pittance of a pension instead of a large salary and a still larger supplementary income. Surely, we cannot afford to be so wasteful as to buy a new, costly umbrella every week." I need hardly add that this admonition is always lost on me.

One day, I set off for the town to do some shopping. Kamala had given me definite instructions to buy only a second-hand umbrella. I meekly submitted to her proposal, for I dreaded even to imagine the consequences, if I were to refuse. For the life of me, I shall never prefer scorched Dhossis and diluted Coffee to sweet Pongal and delicious Ovaltine.

I spent the whole of the day in exploring all the shops in the Moore Market. I am a pacifist to the backbone, and yet, could not help getting entangled, quite against the grain, in noisy altercations with several of the shopkeepers. I shall not dwell on those unhappy incidents. Suffice it to say, that at length, I was able to select an umbrella after my heart. It looked as good as a brand-new article save for a few pinholes in the folds. Its price was marked Rs. 3-0-0, and I bought it for Rs. 2-15-11. It was true that a clamorous wrangling turned upon a pie; but in these hard days, a pie is a pie. Besides, bargaining is the charm of business.

Winter came on. I was cocksure that the umbrella, which had screened me well from the burning sun, would also shield me from the monsoon showers. On the morning of the first day of December, I was going to the Taluq Office to receive my pension. I carried the umb-

rella aloft over my head, and had the vanity of a Chatrapathi. The sky was overcast with dark clouds, and it was gently drizzling. People were sauntering up and down the thoroughfares leisurely as usual. Yet I felt it was raining cats and dogs. The little boys and girls in the street, who wore busy floating paper-boats in the stagnant pools, were jeering at me. "Look at the grand old man in motley!" they cried at the top of their voices. I looked at myself. My apparel had been thoroughly soiled. I looked up, and lo! there were big holes in the umbrella cloth. It was obvious that I had mistaken thickly-varnished Japanese cloth for black silk. So, once again, the Moore Market has not belied its reputation for shoddiness. Englishmen are noted for their integrity, and it is a

thousand pities, that the Moore Market should perpetuate the memory of one of that race.

I was seized with a desire—nay a passion—to get rid of the umbrella earlier than I usually would. But man's is only to propose. I could, of course, easily have thrown it into the Coom or consigned it to the fire, but conscience forbade me from doing either. Once I left it deliberately in a bus and coolly went home. But the next morning, the conductor of the bus called on me to hand over the wretched article. And the dickens, he demanded a little reward!

We had a library in our locality. The reading room is in the upstairs of a spacious building, and visitors had to leave their sandals and umbrellas in a corner of the verandah in the lower storey. And not a week passed without the librarian receiving a complaint about the loss of umbrellas. Here was a way to secure my end, and I was hopeful of cutting the Gordian knot.

And it did take place as I expected. One day, I had placed my umbrella in the verandah, and when, after spending a couple of hours in the reading room, I returned, I could not find it there. To my great joy, it had disappeared and I heaved a sigh of relief.

The very next day, I purchased a new one. I had already told my wife of the great humiliation, I had to suffer at the hands of street-urchins all-along of the d-d second-hand article and this time, she did not demur.

A week later, stepping into the reading room by chance, I was literally carried off my feet to find the old, rotten umbrella, reclining in the corner. I had hoped it had disappeared for good. Recovering myself in a minute, I placed the new one beside it and went away to read the newspapers. When I came back.....I literally gasped for breath. The new umbrella had vanished, while the old one grinned at me with the liberty of whilom friendship—like an old coin turning up!



Veterinary Surgeon: "Administer a spoonful of this medicine once every four hours."

Cowherd: "Ah me! My cow will require a bucketful of it!"



Shells from the Seashore

Let a girl alone and she will court you.

Among things that do not turn out as we expect are cars.

Beauty and the beast go well together, if the connecting link be Rs. As. Ps.

Women are fitted for almost any kind of business except minding their own.

The feminine of bachelor is lady-in-waiting.

Nothing is harder in this world than trying to make easy money.

A good man is a man who is good to us, and a bad man is one who doesn't do what we want him to do.

A woman cannot hope to draw until she has learnt to paint.

Some drivers never stop to think, others never think to stop.

A woman never thoroughly cares for her lover until he has ceased to care for her.

"Strange foods journalists eat" is the title of a magazine article. But think of some of the stuff they ask their readers to swallow.

Marriage is a lottery and alimony is a gambling debt.

A film star is a finlady who can d her way blindfolded to the altar.

The first preparation for marriage is a life insurance policy.

To love successfully in any language, or under any latitude, one must be a good liar.

An old-fashioned debating society is the policeman's lathi.

When a girl makes up her mind to marry a struggling young man, he might as well stop struggling.

At the musical conference, a vocalist complained that it was difficult to hold notes for a considerable length of time. We find the same trouble.

Children are being sold in some of the native States of Central India. Oppression or Depression?

The most pathetic situation nowadays is no situation.

A woman is always willing to share a man's lot provided it is a lot.

An eminent economist says the depression will be worn out before 1934. So will the world.

Vanity is the touch of Nature that makes all women kin.

The trouble with our going concerns is that they are gone before you have a chance to collect from them.

Happy is the wooing that is not long a-doing.

A response from the men in Mars is certain, if we signal we have money to lend.

The way to make an enemy out of a friend is to talk to him, as only a friend should.

"I can forgive Alfred Nobel for having invented dynamite. But only a fiend in human form could have invented the Nobel prize." —G. B. Shaw.

Women cry for the moon, because they have been told that there is a man in it.

Being poor is a mere trifle. It is being known to be poor, that is the sting.

"Turkish women are discarding their veils in order to be like western women," says a news item. Well, they will have to discard considerably more than that.

THE MERRY MAG

Mr. Punch, Tobacco, and Matrimony

(P. P. SAMUEL).

When Mr. Punch says "Don't" to those contemplating marriage, one wonders if the grey old man, with surging grey colls in his brain, is a hard smoker, and his wife has been worrying him through the years to give up the one delight a man enjoys on this side of Heaven. Could anything short of that sin, in wifely behaviour, put up the back of a level-headed husband, and compel him to shriek into the plugged ears of young men, "Don't marry"? The cry perhaps rises from the apex of his heart, and is intended to be, like Newton's, a Law in Matrimonial life—the equal and opposite reaction to the constant wifely crooning. "Don't smoke, dearie." It looks as though Mr. Punch would prefer his bluish mistress

Nicotine to the sweetest, rippingest, angel of a wife, if it comes to that.

Of all the winsome wenches, from the fabled Sirens down to Miss 1932, Little Lady Nicotine is perhaps the most alluring. She wafts you into a delightful realm in a blue-white aromatic cloud. A whiff and Hey presto! you forget you are one of the earth, and you have tied yourself into a knot round her celestial neck intoxicated with bliss. But alas! there comes in a well-meaning wife, who has probably had lessons from the Salvation Army, and yearns to lift you from the slough of bad habits to the righteousness of teetotalism in its total sense. She takes your

chin in her soft, plump hands, and talks to you of hygiene, good looks, the nervous system, tobacco—heart, heredity, children, and the cost of living, until you are fattened under the cumulative effect of her eloquence. Well, the grey mare is often the better horse; her velvet words, importunity, and perhaps the inexorable logic of tears melt you. And it is the beginning of sorrows!

When Rajam promised his lachrymose wife to stop smoking, he did so with a proviso: he was to stop only from the next Monday. "Just three days, dearie, to adjust myself to the new situation," he begged. She patted him on the cheek, and said "only three days, mind you" nodding her little forefinger. He went about with a scarlet tin of Craven A in his pocket, instead of the usual cigarette-case, feeling like the man in the Bible—who ate, drank, and was merry, for, to-morrow he was to die, and smoke with nervous haste, as if the world was going to sizzle out, and he wasn't quite sure if there were cigarettes in the Beyond. Before the fourth tin had disappeared out of his pocket

into the dustbin, Monday came round, before he knew it did. It always does, like that, curse it!

"A fine morning!" Leela chirruped.

"Rather," stammered Rajam, lifting himself part by part out of his bed, as a ten-in-one spanner opens.

"Tweet, Tweet. Tweeeeeeet," sang a little sparrow from the window, echoing in birds' language what Leela had said. The little biped seemed to agree *in toto* with Browning that God was in His Heaven and all was right with the world.

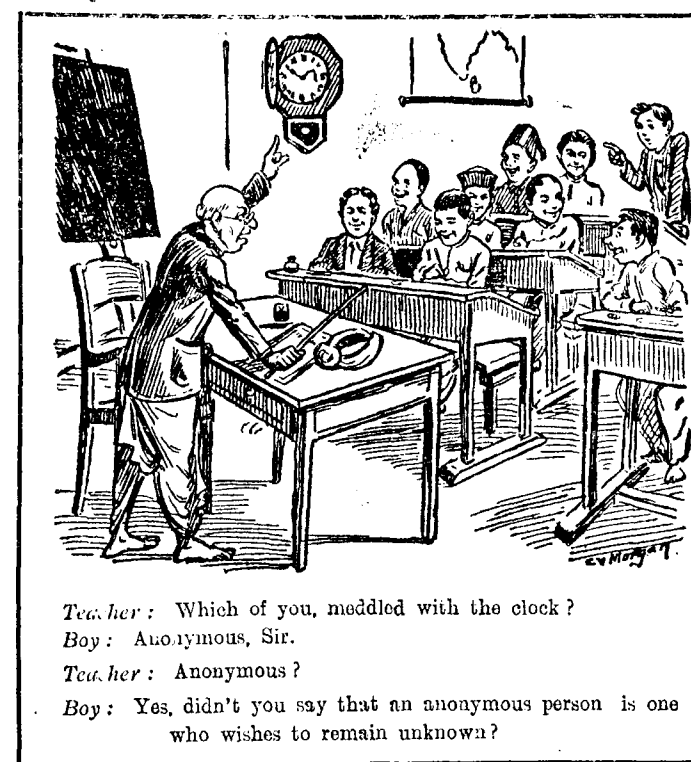
"Tweet, Tweet, Tweety, tweety, tweet," continued the little disciple of Browning.

Rajam didn't agree with the sparrow. He was rather inclined to lament, with Bernard Shaw, that God perchance was in Heaven, but all was wrong with the world.

And when Leela sent him out into the world at 8-30 a.m., breakfasted, dressed, and kissed—but minus the blissful morning cigarette—he didn't find the cosmos smiling at him. Men stared at him viciously, as if he were Pussyfoot Johnson in Chicago. Motor cars spat and mewed, shrieked and groaned, as they pas-

sed him. And a jackass turned round and brayed dolefully in his face. He didn't quite understand if it was acting for the meteorological department, and prophesying rain, or shouting "Gods, what fools these mortals be!" Rajam knew he was a fool to give the mitten to Lady Nicotine. Tears from the depth of some divine despair rose in his heart, and gathered to his eyes in remembrance of the sweet jilted girl. Yes, he would make amends for it. And in front of the next tobaccoist's he stopped, and peered in with the touching earnestness and devotion of the dog on His Master's Voice gramophone.

The sight of men luxuriously smoking cigarettes or long naked cigars, without any patent fear of being answerable for it to the wife or on the Day of Judgment, surprised him. To him smoking seemed an unpardonable sin, though he had to cry every moment, "Get behind me, Satan." Satan, evidently, was accustomed to such rebuffs, and didn't think obedience was a virtue. If he did, he would, long ago, have thrown up his job.



Teacher: Which of you, meddled with the clock?

Boy: Anonymous, Sir.

Teacher: Anonymous?

Boy: Yes, didn't you say that an anonymous person is one who wishes to remain unknown?

What drove the iron into his soul was the rampant philanthropy abroad. Mere acquaintances pulled out their cigarette cases with an insinuating "Have a lag," and looked grieved when he refused. And friends who used to touch him for cigarettes had a plentiful stock of the commodity that day, and were distributing it with unusual generosity. They stopped him by his coat-tail, and thrust cigarettes in his face. The brutes!

"A smoke, Rajam?"

"Don't please....."

"Come on, old chap. You look blue at the gills, a cigarette would buck you up."

"Ever tried a Valhalla? Beats Craven by three lengths."

Yes, the iron entered into his soul and came out on the other side. "Oh! for a lag from the blushing Craven tin, with its little blue clouds of etherealised rapture....." Well, I fear I am waxing poetical, while Rajam found life dull prose.

Leela read it in his face when he returned home that evening, down in the mouth like a bulldog disappointed in its first love. And he sprawled the whole evening in an easy chair reading "Autosuggestion for the Man in the Street—Barber—1 s." Leela did not quite know what it was all about, and her husband was a great smoker. "I hate smok-
—berg."

ing," he repeated to himself, lying on his back, chest out, lower extremities parallel to each other, upper extremities at 90 degrees to the trunk, in strict accordance with the directions on p. 53 of the book. "999 times," said the book, but Rajam doesn't remember to this day if he went the whole hog. But he does remember the glittering galaxy that marched past him in a long procession. Cravens, Goldilocks and Passing shows were in the vanguard; while Elephants, Bears, and Rulers brought up the rear.

"Here is a little Birthday gift for you," twittered Leela, the next morning, giving him a golden casket, of Cigarettes. Rajam did not gather her up in his arms and crush her, like the hero in a six penny novel, or pause to call her "sweetie" and "angel". He blew a grateful cloud, and, with a shudder, thought of what might have been, if his wife were unimaginative.

Then, Banyan's Pilgrim would have jumped out of his grave, slapped the Evil One on his woolly chest and called him an "old sport" for having let him off so easily. The devil—may Beelzebub bless him—had sent Christian only to the Valley of the Shadow of Death—not to the withering, scorching, broiling, blasting Yellow of No-Cigarette clouds.

have joined Mr. Puhoh, Mary! — was blue in the face — "Young men,

But, as it happened, Rajam now says, 'Young man, don't marry unless you can get a girl like Leela'.

"What is the difference between a sea-gull and a small baby?"

"The one is cradled in the rocks and the other is rocked in the cradle."

Gentleman to a small boy smoking a discarded cigar-end. "Boy, what brand of cigar is that, you are smoking?"

Boy: "Robinson Crusoes, sir."

Gent: "What's that?"

Boy: "Castaways, sir, Castaways."

Old Lady on Race-course to a Bookmaker, "Mr., I will take eight to one."

"Yes, madam, which horse?"

"Oh, tell you the name of the horse, which has been given to me in strict confidence and have you shouting it all over the place? No fear."

Among the most cherished possessions of Miss Amelia Earhart, the famous Atlantic airwoman, is a large album in which are pasted thousands of congratulatory messages sent by admirers from all over the world when she flew the Atlantic solo this year.

One of the most amusing of these is a cablegram from a New York firm of dry-cleaners who used to "valet" for her. It reads,

"Congratulations. Know you would make it. We never lose a customer."

(Pearson's Weekly.)

Schoolmaster: "A tyrant is a ruler that is hated and feared. Now, give me a sentence with the word in it."

Pupil: "The teacher struck the pupil with his tyrant."

(Pearson's Weekly.)

Very third-rate actor to bored friend, "And, do you know, old boy, when I last played Hamlet, it took the audience 20 minutes to leave the theatre?"

"Why, was he lame?"

My First Speech

(K. S. VENKATARAMANI)

Somewhere I wrote, "The spoken word held me in trance in my younger days." When did I first taste that glory? I trace it to a national event, which has ever since been a rejuvenating force in our life. It gave birth to a united India and set free my tongue for public service. Can you guess the event? It was the Partition of Bengal, which swept away the text-books from our aching, young hands, and crowded us on the *maidan* for Swadeshi and boycott propaganda.

Early at school out of sheer hatred for arithmetic, I had cultivated a taste for English—at any rate, to consolidate a reputation in English, I ruined my arithmetic with generous invectives and careless indolence. The *Hindu* in those days was a very great help to juvenile revolt. It extracted at full length with reverent fidelity, the speeches of Lord Rosebery and other eminent English statesmen and orators, obviously for lack of such exciting subjects as untouchability and temple-entry, and perhaps also of decent indigenous correspondents, though the late Dewan Bahadur Raghunatha Rao did his best everyday to make up for the provincial deficiency. Rosebery coruscated even in the broken print of the *Hindu* of those days, unblessed by the lino or rotary. His polished, metallic phrases set in my memory like rubies in gold. I was supplementing Rosebery with Burke, and I vigorously compounded them in solitude in evening rambles; then as now I never played any games, a thing which ball and bat manufacturers have never ceased to regret. Compounding of such combustibles as Burke and Rosebery, surely meant an explosion one day. It exploded; the Partition of Bengal fired the fuse—it injured my fingers, it (Lord Curzon) took away my memory for ever. And all ill-luck in later life, I attribute to this tragic explosion, my first speech which cost me my

memory, and thus I.C.S., F.C.S., and a settled salary as secure as the revenues of India.

The whole country was mad with excitement, and protest meetings against the Partition of Bengal, I don't remember the year, were held everywhere. Even somnolent Mayavaram felt the throb of the new life and lazily responded to the call of the nation. I was in the fifth form. A cultured cynic was my teacher, and a stern disciplinarian our headmaster. So all the keener was the impulse to revolt to the very sensitive lads that we were.

We, of course chiefly I, I being the sole beneficiary of the public function,—let Bengal get what benefit it could, as a bye-product of my juvenile eloquence—arranged for a boys' meeting of protest in the very school premises against Lord Curzon's high-handed action. Of course, as a reward for my organising skill, I announced myself the only speaker, and by way of complete authority stipulated also as the unconditional price of my eloquence that no fellow boy should preside. And nobody was eager to shoulder this great task though I heard of low, murmuring discontent at my dictatorship. I always thought that chairmanship of a meeting was an irritating distinction conferred on a worthless fellow, and a degradation to the learned lecturer, and one of the many anomalies of this ill-ordered world.

The Headmaster was a sensible pilot; otherwise he would not have retained that post against a succession of so many honourable chairmen of the Municipality. He ignored totally my meeting as a toy affair, and allowed us to protest against the high-handed action of the Viceroy. We assembled in large numbers in an airy room upstairs. I did admirably the executive part of the work and secured really a juvenile but enthusiastic audience,

worthy of me and the occasion. But what about the artistic part? No doubt, I was cocksure of my excellence as I am now, even after fifteen years at the Bar! The compounded phrases of Burke and Rosebery, I thought, were adequate to tide over a national disaster and create a personal fame for oratory.

The clock struck five, the fatal hour. A few minutes before, I was solemnly conducted by my comrades, only the garland was wanting, and we, in our innocence, did not know of it at all as the only reward for fine arts, and honest political work. I was solemnly conducted to a special chair and made the dictator of the meeting. But, alas, in the very moment of triumph, I felt a strange sensation of cold at the feet. Instead of the tongue, every pore of my body, all the countless millions became active. Beads of perspiration began to gather thoughtfully over my eyebrows; indeed to supplement the tears that would soon follow! Memory, the sacred gift to man, vanished with a vengeance. Tongue clove in utter dismay to the roof of the mouth seeking high comradeship in peril. All the vital sources became dry. How could eloquence show its head amidst such signs of death?

I stood up automatically but trembled. But I firmly seized the table with both the hands and had neither the courage nor freedom to bang a protest on the table so that Lord Curzon might hear that at least, though not my spoken and reported speech. For I clean forgot the subject for which we had met. So complete was the partition of my memory from my own being. Perhaps so complete a' so was my righteous and patriotic indignation that it left me literally without speech.

There was of course pin-drop silence in the earlier stages awaiting eagerly my famed eloquence. In the first few moments, everybody thought, I had raised high expectations, that my initial silence was but preparatory to a flood of eloquence, to a fine broadside of choice phrases. But alas, the more I strove to capture my memory, the more it fled from me like a shy girl or if you please like the mosquito that sings a rare tune at night by your ears, but ever escapes your patting hands in appreciation.

In that crowd of my admirers, I had one mortal enemy—he is now a Headmaster and sufficiently punished by that, for this, his original malice to me that day. He boldly stood up, broke the silence and me, and proposed to the chair the name of my rival in the class whose industry and arithmetic I despised; a hardworking, thin, small-bodied, calm, collected, puny-looking fellow. He proved an ideal speaker and did indeed so well the chairman's introductory remarks that he gave me the cover to slip back from the special chair to the comfort and security of the audience. I picked up in due course enough honesty, courage and even gratitude to applaud the chairman when he finished. But, I resolved then and there, that the world shall one day hear of me and hear me as well. You are doubtless waiting for both. I too am, for the tide in the affairs of men.

But there is an epilogue to my first speech. I did not attend school for a week. Fever had set in the same night, and in the delirium I delivered my undelivered speech on the Partition of Bengal. Kind reader, pray, where and when do you place my first speech?

"A little bird told me what kind of a lawyer your father was."
"What did the bird say?"
"Cheep, cheep."
"Well, a duck told me what kind of a doctor your old man was."
(Pathfinder.)

Lives of great men all remind us,
As their pages o'er we turn,
That were apt to leave behind us,
Letters that we ought to burn.
(Vancouver Province.)

ASTROLOGERS ALL!

(S. RAMASUBRAHMANYAN B. A.)

It was a wintry morning. After a square break-fast, (really, I hadn't fasted to break it), I took my seat in the 'Office Room'. No client had yet turned up. Not even my clerk had come, and I stood in the position of not being able to chastise him. No one can chastise a clerk with four months' salary in arrears. The cruel depression, which had taken away mirth and cheer even from many a prosperous home in Mylapore, had played the very dickens with my luck also. Who was I to escape it? As befits a scion of the great Kusika dynasty, I tried to stand four-square to the blizzard like a Trojan, and couldn't do it for more than a while. Appearances could not be kept up for long, and I couldn't help going under. Needs must when the devil drives. But on this unhappy, though universal tale of agony, I shall not dwell. I took up the "Hindu" and tried to drown my sorrow.

I went through the advertisements.

"Wanted—A suitable bride for a Brahmin bachelor aged 50. A gentleman at large. Atreya Gothra. No objection to a fair widow if affluent. Correspond with *horoscope* and photo, to Shishma c/o 'The Hindu' Madras."

Such 'matrimonial solicitations' as Lamb called them, were not unfamiliar to me.

But the next was astounding. Bless my soul! What an advertisement?

"Wanted a youth to harangue on the benefits of drinking coffee in front of our A-1 restaurant. Salary forty cups of coffee, per mensem, and idlies for overtime work. Apply with *horoscope*, to the 'Govardhana Bavan'."

The next one fairly took the cake.

"Wanted Porters to serve on the platform of the new Railway Station at.....in connection with the ensuing.....conference. *Horoscopes* should accompany applications. Preference to applicants of the fair sex."

Fair Sex, forsooth. If women will be porters, what will men be? Bear children, eh? And then, is it gallant to ask a woman to say when she was born?

The next one was the usual notification by the Public Services Commission.

"Public Services Commission—A competitive Examination will be held on..... to recruit candidates for clerical posts in the Ministerial service. For further particulars, Vide, Fort St. George Gazette dated..... Applications must be accompanied by certified *horoscopes*."

Horoscope again. *Horoscope* to marry, *Horoscope* to harangue before the coffee-house, *horoscope* to become a porter, and *horoscope* for what next?

Medical certificates have enriched Asst. Surgeons! It looked as if the day had arrived for astrologers to prosper.

I passed on to the news item. The proceedings of the Assembly were lively as usual. The great guns had thundered to the echo. The Home Member had been severely heckled. A volley of questions regarding the ensuing 117th R.T.C., had been mercilessly showered on the embarrassed member. Poor man, he was all in a stew, and hadn't an answer in his mouth.

He must have looked sheepish, as if he was caught in the deluge and didn't know the way out.

Q:—What is the expenditure estimated to be incurred in connection with the ensuing 117th R. T. C.?

A:—Approximately five lakhs.

Q:—How many more conferences will have to be summoned before a satisfactory solution of the Indian question could be arrived at?

A:—The Government do not anticipate that the ensuing conference will end in a fiasco.

Q:—What is the view of the Hon'ble, the Astrology Member?

President:—The Chair disallows the question.

Q:—Why was the gentleman recommended with one voice by Indian commercial institutions and organisations, given the go-by?

R:—Horoscope found wanting!

Q:—Was the Hon'ble, the Astrology Member consulted?

R:—Yes.

Q:—What was his opinion?

A:—He was not able to recommend the selection of the gentleman in question. I anticipate the Hon'ble Member. It is all along of Saturn in Leo.

My head reeled. Whence this great demand for horoscopes? Poor astrologers! Let them have their bite. They courted ridicule by predicting ever and anon the release of Mahatmaji *ad nauseam*, and had their reputation tattered beyond repair; but, all on a sudden, they would seem to have become an indispensable part in the machinery of Cabinet Government! It looked a dream. Was I reading 'Punch'? I turned up the first page, and it was.....'The Hindu of Oct, 33, 2032.'

Ah! Dear me, slipped into the arms of Morpheus even while reading the paper? There was really something in the Shastraic injunction against a nap in the forenoon. The mellifluous reproach of Kamala woke me up. She had come to ask for a little 'Change' to buy vegetables and had caught me slumbering. She laughed whilst I felt dizzy. Was there any point in her argument that because I slept in the office, the office also slept with me? It didn't matter if we both slept. There was nothing in the office to do.



The Inspector was putting questions to the class.

"What do we call a man," he asked, "who keeps on talking and talking when people are no longer interested?"

"Please sir, replied a boy. "a teacher."

Having sent her away with the change, I once again went through the news in the 'Hindu' that was the source of all this unique experience viz., my imagination running riot. It read:—

"Some day, a man seeking a job may have to take his horoscope with him and no question will be asked about his ability or academic qualifications.

"At the recent conference of the psychologists and Educational Scientists of the British Association, Mr. Guest of Birmingham spoke as follows:—

"If I were engaging a person, I should ask him the date, time and place of his birth and make my own horoscope for him. It would reveal more than all intelligence tests.

"The stars will tell such characteristics as honesty, mathematical or literary ability, the kind of occupation he would be good at, and similar things.

"People with criminal tendencies can have them revealed by a horoscope. Many might be shy because too much would be revealed.

"Some people say that astrology is simply telling fortunes, but it is not. Its basis is sound."

Dear reader, you may be too sceptical to believe in the Science of Dreams. But if you prolong your life for a hundred years more, you will see my dream come true, that is, if you are not already fed up with life. The Astrologer will then be the man, the all-in-all.

Do you doubt it? Let us settle it with our fists. If your fighting weight be less than 92lbs, I am your man. And *au revoir* till we meet in the arena.

The Handicapper's Dream.



The Judge's Nightmare.

Our Ultra Efficient Municipality.

(M. S. K.)

The other day, I met Rama Rao, the amiable Manager of our Municipal Office. As the dutiful treasurer of the local Reading Room, I gently reminded him that he was in arrears for the last three months.

"Are you surprised?" he asked me with his habitual smile, "the office has not paid me for the last three months!"

"What?" I cried, "Is it possible?—I thought Municipal service was like Government Service in the matter of prompt payment."

"Yes, if the money is available," he put in informatively.

"You don't mean to say that you have run out of cash? And you have six months more to go! And you drow up the budget, did you not?"

"Yes, I did; but certain sources of income have failed, because....."

"Well, well, well; I am not surprised. With such an inefficient set of fellows like you to run the show,...."

"Look here, I can tolerate a good deal for friendship's sake, but don't charge us with inefficiency. If we pride ourselves on one thing, it is our efficiency....."

"Well, I don't know....."

"Listen. Don't go away with the impression that we are slack in collecting our dues. You remember that case about encroachment on the road near the Big Well!

The party concerned was a municipal councillor, and a big gun of this place; but how tactfully we got him to shell out the compensation amount! And about that chap who was appropriating the street refuse for his own use, didn't we catch him properly and make him pay through the nose? These are major items, as we call them. I will give you an instance or two to show that we are equally mindful of small dues. You remember Parasuramayyar, who was in the Temple Street year before last. He is now at Tanjore....."

I was afraid that he had got started on one of his long yarns. I tried to escape from it, and began with, "Yes, yes; I understand. I was only joking. I am sure that with you at the helm, our Municipality,....."

"Thank you, thank you.....Umm.....Where were we? Yes, about that Parasuramayyar. Water-tax of two annas and eight pies was due from him, and we sent him the usual bill. We got no reply. We sent him a duplicate bill by registered post, acknowledgment due. The receipt was all we got for our trouble. Many others would

have given up the job in disgust and dropped the matter, but not we. We belong to the King Bruce of Scotland school. Well, we sent him a lawyer's notice. It was returned to us, "addressee not found"; and two days later, strange to say, we got two annas six pies in stamps from Mr. P. We wrote back to him to say that the amount would be kept in suspense till the balance of two pies was paid up. He maintained silence, but we kept on bombarding him with weekly reminders. The best part of the story is that when I went to his house last month to attend his daughter's marriage, I jocularly, as it were, referred to the matter, when he was with some friends; and he jocularly, as it were, put two pies on a silver plate along with some *pan* and *supari* and presented them to me. See, don't charge us with inefficiency; and don't go about thinking that we are not keeping a watchful eye on our income."



Astrologer: (to departing client). May I remind you? You have forgotten to pay me.

Client: My! I thought my horoscope told you I hadn't a copper on. Oh! Be easy, amn't I coming into the luck you predicted.

"Goodness gracious! keeping an eye on the income is not all. You have to keep an eye on the expenditure also! How much, did you say, you spent in postage to get those paltry two annas and eight pies?"

"I say this is hardly fair, you know. You try to catch us both ways! we have our routine....."

"All right, all right. I didn't mean to hurt you. And don't forget the Reading Room when you get your pay. I too have a few efficient, you know, people!"

Old Boor's Almanac for 1933.

(GEM)

"When an astrologer comes out with a prediction, I am inclined to cry, 'Prithee, hold thy tongue. Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof.' My religion enjoins on me to love even my enemy as myself. Yet, I cannot, for the life of me, shake off my hatred for those who pretend to read the future by gazing either at the constellations in the spacious firmament on high or at a sheet of paper which they call a horoscope. I make no bones about it and if, on that account, my soul were to be condemned to bottomless perdition, well, I shall not mind it."

The above is extracted from an essay on 'Horoscopy' by an imaginative—not imaginary—friend of mine. I shall not pause here to examine the soundness or otherwise of his prejudice. Suffice it to say, that his attitude is not without justification. We have amidst us astrologers who predict the impossible *ad nauseam*. Thus, for instance, an almanac published in this country states, "1933 shall be the brightest year in the annals of Indian history, for Mother India will enjoy the edifying spectacle of her sons making a united effort for freedom." We have amidst us *seers* who delude credulous people with false hopes and in the end, gather a lot of hornets' nests about their ears. How often their predicted 'wins' prove to be 'also rans'? And then, an astrologer, hailing from a remote corner of South India has the audacity to cast a horoscope for the Mahatma, when the Gandhis themselves say they do not know the exact time when the Great Soul saw the light of day. Another goes further and casts a horoscope for the entire New World. Surely, most of these planet-seers and crystal-gazers must be out and out humbugs, and who can have patience with their nefarious trade? Even Job himself could not.

But, it is not proper to condemn the entire fraternity for the mispredictions of a few, nay, even of a good many. For, there are those who know that more often than not, they will be out in scientific calculations and who, therefore, sagaciously read the sign of times and cautiously deliver their predictions like the Delphic oracle of old.

Old Boor belongs to this category. I know, I shall not be carrying coals to Newcastle when I introduce him to you. For old Boor is a dark horse, having, hitherto, successfully hid his light under a bushel. But now I

shall bring him to limelight, though it may cost me his acquaintance. I shall not consider the sacrifice great if only the essayist-friend, who is now on a crusade against astrologers as a whole, will see his way to change his opinions. Here is old Boor's almanac for 1933.

January:—The New Year will set in on the first of this month. People will exchange greetings with one another. Fruits and garlands will be selling dear. Newspapers will be issuing annual supplements and will be receiving compliments for the same. Towards the close of the month, the office of the Post Master General will be deluged with complaints of non-receipt of calendars and New Year greeting cards.

February:—The Harijan Temple-entry question will assume grave proportions thanks to the stubbornness of Sanatanists. Many a reformer will declare a fast

unto death, while the corpulent *Vaidhiks* will meet this demonstration with a counter-declaration of feasting unto death. Saturn rapidly runs through the whole zodiac in the latter half of this month and everywhere there will be chaos.

March:—The chaos will continue to the last week of this month, when there will be a compromise. According to it, the temple-doors will not be slammed against the Harijans when they come in a procession, but they should, on no account, enter the sacred precincts.

April:—On the first instant congratulatory messages will be showered on those who brought about the compromise. There will be a vigorous propaganda against drink. Congressmen will raise the standard of teetotalism, while the temperance-workers will stand for 'just a peg.' The masses will, of course, choose the lesser of the two evils.

May:—The World Economic Conference will meet in London.

Rt. Hon. Mr. Winston Churchill will dip his tongue in vitriol and let it off. Lord Beaverbrook will entertain the world at large with figments of his fertile imagination.

June:—On the 3rd inst., the Birthday Honours list will be out. Honours will be conferred on all and sundry in the Police Service and congratulatory messages will be flashed to and fro; the government coffers will be swelled and the budget balanced.

WHY IS A WOMAN LIKE A NEWSPAPER?

This reason why women are like newspapers, won the prize, in a recent contest, held by the *Redding* (Cal., U. S. A.) *Courier Free Press*:

'Because every man should have one of his own and not run after his neighbour's.'

Other answers sent in were:

'Because a woman wants to know all the news and tells all she knows.'

'Because they have forms.'

'Because they have boldfaced types.'

'Because they are easy to read.'

'Because they are well worth looking over.'

'Because back numbers are not in demand.'

'Because if they know anything they usually tell it.'

'Because they always have the last word.'

'You may often disagree with them but you can't get along without them.'

July:—The League of Nations will meet at Geneva to consider the Anglo-Persian oil dispute and the Manchurian problem. To add to its troubles, the Indian communal problem and also the question whether Harijans are Hindus will be referred to the League.

August:—733 new periodicals will see the light in this province and 721 will pass away before long.

September:—A small European country will go off the copper standard in favour of the iron standard and the barter system. There will be huge commotion throughout the world.

October:—The Diwali will be celebrated with great mirth as usual. Khaddar propaganda will be carried on with great vehemence and enthusiasm. But the masses will be stunned when they learn that they have to purchase Khaddar. They, therefore, will go in for cheaper Japanese cloth.

November:—Three municipalities in the province will be superseded and the Ministry will have to face a No-confidence motion. The European debtor countries will demand a revision of the war debts and Uncle Sam will sternly refuse.

December:—There will be a general election in Germany and a volcanic eruption in Japan. On Xmas Day, His Majesty will broadcast to India a message of goodwill. On the 31st, at dead of night the church-bells will ring ushering in the New Year, come what may.

There you have old Boor's forecast for the year and you may take it or leave it, as you like. For my part, I only wish to add, that, on the last day of the year, when the nativity of the Son of God is celebrated, the Merry Mag., will ring out gloom and ring in mirth to the utter discomfiture of our Dean Ingles.

Katherinz: "These pearls were given to me on my last birthday."

Ellen: "Very pretty. How many years have you had them?"

Aunt: "You must not throw mud at people, Johnny."

Johnny: "Have I got to wait till I have a motor-car?"

It is reported that, when a famous film actress sang to American convicts, several of them burst into tears. Indian prisoners are given only solitary confinement for offences against Jail discipline.

"Where did the car hit him?"

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

The burly foreman rose from his seat.

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

An amusing memory of old Westminster days concerns an encounter between Dr. Tanner, a Nationalist, and DeLisle, a Catholic Unionist. As DeLisle was leaving the House, Dr. Tanner flung himself in the way, and said 'DeLisle, you are a fool.' DeLisle, who was a big man took him by the neck and flung him away. 'Go away, Dr. Tanner,' he said, 'You are drunk.' Tanner was not short of a repartee. 'Yes,' he said, 'that's true, but, don't you see, I'll be sober to-morrow. But you'll still be a b—fool.'

A mule and a Ford car met on a road in the South of France.

"Hullo," said the mule, "What are you?"

"I'm a motor-car," said the Ford, "And you?"

"I'm a horse," said the mule.

And they both laughed heartily.

Husband (returning from investigation of sounds downstairs, in the night) to wife, "My Dear, I think you'd better go. It's a lady burglar." (*Humorist.*)

"Did you hurt yourself much when the branch broke?"

"No, not until I reached the ground."

Mr. Hardup: "I—ah—really want a bed-sitting-room."

Hotel-keeper: "This is a bed-sitting-room, sir."

Mr. Hardup: "Indeed? Well, I see the bed all right, but where's the sitting-room?"

Hotel-keeper: "On the bed, sir."

Ram: "Why don't you take a holiday?"

Gopal: "I dare not."

Ram: "Why? Surely the firm could get on without you."

Gopal: "Easily. But I don't want them to find that out."

Borcham: "That's the second time my chauffeur has nearly killed me. I shall have to get rid of the man."

Runsack: "Oh, no, give the poor fellow another chance!"

Doctor: "You must give your husband plenty of water. If you give him spirits, it will kill him."

Eliza: "And if I give him water, he'll kill me."

The Doctor's Dilemma

(LEO)

A few weeks back, the Berlin correspondent of a leading local daily paper reported the details of a prosecution of the driver of a motor car, by the police of his city. The motorist was charged with having infringed some of the Traffic regulations. I forgot the exact offence alleged to have been committed—it was either disobeying a traffic signal or running over a pedestrian, fortunately without causing loss of life or limb. I think it was the latter; anyway, for our purposes, we need not be too precise. The motorist's defence in Court, however, had a touch of novelty about it. He pleaded that he had received an urgent call to the bedside of a patient who was *in extremis*, that every second's delay meant danger and therefore he believed he was justified in breaking the law in attempting to save a human life. What view the presiding Magistrate took of this unusual plea is not recorded. We may be permitted to hope that Justice, in this instance at least, was tempered with mercy.

So much for Berlin and the trials of the local traffic cops. Let us look nearer home and let us, as taxpayers with a sense of civic responsibility, investigate the possibilities of the position near and around us. An eminent Surgeon is summoned in frantic haste to the residence of a millionaire who has had a sudden seizure. Nothing but the most skilled and the most immediate attention will save Mr. Moneybags. Money is, of course, no consideration. The eminent Surgeon snatches up his emergency bag, thrusts his feet into the nearest pair of slippers, takes a flying leap into the driving seat of his one hundred and twenty horse-power, twenty-four cylinder automobile, presses on the self-starter with one practised foot, switches on his 3000 candle power headlamps and pushing the gear-lever into top with the dexterity which comes only from long practice, turns out

of his front gate at an easy thirty-mile clip. Very quickly, the speedometer needle reaches the fifty mark. A few seconds more; it flirts with the sixty, and comes to rest at a steady fifty-five. Into a little side-lane, the eminent Surgeon swings his car and fifty yards in front of him and on the wrong side of the road is the usual lumbering country-cart with the driver sleeping peacefully in his seat. There is just room to scrape by the cart and the eminent Surgeon might have done so in safety but that at the very instant of his wrenching his driving-wheel round to pass the cart, his head-lights pick out the figure of a gentleman strolling along the road towards him, serenely unconscious of motor-car or bullock-cart. Hesitation meant disaster and yet, here was the poor man faced with a pretty problem.

If he tried to avoid the jay walker, he would inevitably crash into the cart. A smash-up, delay, serious

injury to his own vehicle and above all, the Millionaire would go to his Maker unsurgined. To swerve past the lumbering vehicle would mean certain damage to the incalculable stroller. And to add to the horror and perplexity of the situation, the illumination of his head-lamps had revealed to the horror-struck eyes of the eminent Surgeon that the gentleman thus peacefully ambling along the lane was none other than the eminent industrial Scientist, a man of national, nay, of international reputation. His research work in industrial chemistry had evoked the admiration of the leading *scientists* of the world, and in a country, which seemed to be peopled mainly by politicians and place-seekers, this absent-minded laboratory worker's efforts were the one hopeful sign of progress towards a national, industrial regeneration, which alone could pull the country from the slough of despond towards which it was rapidly heading. What was the eminent Surgeon to do? In his hand, he held two lives and he had a split-

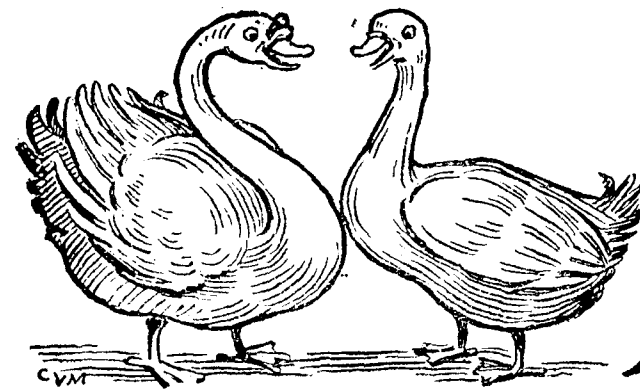
second in which to decide. Whom should he choose to kill, financier or scientist? The Millionaire's death would awaken hardly a ripple of interest. His many relations would probably benefit by his death, but then, the Millionaire, if a prudent man, would have made a will. Anyway, then, the lawyers would have their pickings. But the eminent Surgeon could hardly charge the Millionaire's estate with a bill for services not rendered. Kill the scientist and retard national progress. The easier alternative and after all, all this fuss about new methods of industry and production, this talk about mechanisation, seemed much ado about nothing, especially to the Oriental mind with its ingrained belief in predestination and the vanity of all human wishes and human aims and aspirations. The scientist be it then. But, stay. There is the inevitable judicial enquiry to be faced. These lawyer-

fellows ask all sorts of embarrassing questions and the Bench was often occupied by dotards absolutely incapable of appreciation of the subtle distinction between ethical and legal wrong-doing. To trot out the paramount duty of the doctor to his patient would not cut much ice either. Render, the eminent Surgeon made up his mind. He swerved to the right; the dazed scientist, blinded by the radiance of the car's electric lights, for a brief second, stood stock-still, the next, was flung in the ditch, a crumpled mass of humanity, and the powerful automobile slid by in malignant triumph to draw up the next minute, with a scrunch of its throttled tyres on the gravel, in front of the Millionaire's palatial mansion. Into the brilliantly lit front hall strode the surgeon, bag-in-hand and from the wings shuffled a disconsolate nephew decorously wet-eyed to murmur to the eminent Surgeon, in accents of pained reproach, "Ah, Doctor, had you only come five minutes, nay, a minute earlier."



Judge: "You are sentenced to six months' rigorous imprisonment. Have you anything to say?"

Accused: "Yes, this is my 25th conviction and what about a small jubilee celebration?"



"No Reserve Bank now," says the *People* of Lahore. We agree. We have not reserved anything to deposit in it.

"A two-headed turtle was recently found near a small lake at Schenectady and it has been taken to the research laboratory of the American General Electric Company." *News item.*

We are not surprised at this so-called freak of Nature. We have, in our midst, Janus-politicians in plenty.

The Chief:—"H'm, late again Smith!"

Smith:—"I'm sorry sir, but last night my wife presented me with a child."

The Chief:—"She'd have done better to have presented you with an alarm-clock."

Smith:—"I rather fancy she has, sir."

Vart Hem.

"How do you keep your youth?" asked Edna. And the society woman at once replied, "By not introducing him to others."

"At the North-Western University, Evanston, Illinois, the momentous problem, 'whether a college girl permits her lover to kiss her during their first meeting,' has been made the subject of scientific investigation." *Sunday Paper.*

Pending this, we suggest the postponement of the Nobel award for Science *sine die.*

"American tourists are offering vast sums of money for the purchase of a fountain at Constantinople, which is said to have the power to change a person's sex." *Sunday Paper.*

The tourists, we presume, belong to the ugly sex.

In some respects, the idea of finger-printing children seems to be a good one. At least it will settle the question as to who used the guest towel in the bath-room.

"The doctor told my wife that she should take exercise."

"And is she doing it?"

"If jumping to conclusions and running up bills, can be called exercise." *Boston Transcript.*

SENSE & NONSENSE

"An outspoken man does not keep his friends for long," says an essayist. Provided he is outspoken enough to tell them to keep themselves.

A single human hair will support a weight of four ounces before breaking.

Sadhus could now amass a fortune as porters.

London's first directory was started by Charles I who wanted a list of citizens who could lend him money. There were 1,518 names on the list.

A play had been withdrawn from a Berlin theatre because there was no cash to pay the actors' salaries; it was entitled "No Money Needed."

"Many convicts cannot write their own names," says the Jail Report.

Quite a few, we imagine, are particularly good at writing other people's.

A clerk had stolen a sum of money, and his employer asked advice from friends as to how he should be dealt with.

"Get rid of him at once," advised an Englishman.

"Keep him and deduct the sum from his wages," said a Scotchman.

"But," said the employer, "the sum he has embezzled is far bigger than his wages."

"Then raise his wages," suggested an Irishman.

Calgary Herald.

"Mr. Ahmed Abdul Wahab Pasha, the Egyptian Minister of Finance, is now touring Europe to secure an extensive market for Egyptian cotton on a barter basis." *H. Times.*

We shall be glad to oblige him by taking Egyptian cotton in exchange for rejected MSS.

A 17 year old Bermondsey girl, born without fingers or thumbs on either hand, has won a London county council art scholarship. She can knit, sew, and play the piano, and can actually write faster than most people. She holds her pen, brushes or needles between her two palms.

Where will she wear her wedding-ring?

"We do not believe in fighting with swords or guns and our weapons are argument, persuasion and reasoning," says General Higgins, Head of the Salvation Army.

We subscribe to this creed, and promise to practise it to the letter, save in the inevitable fight with our better half.

When George M. Cohen, author of "Little Nelly Kelly," and "Broadway Jones," was a lad in the States he went to a certain theatrical manager and asked for an engagement as a trick violinist. When the manager asked him what salary he wanted, George, who had a high opinion of himself, replied: "I'll make you a fair proposition. Let me play a week and you pay me what I am worth."

At the end of the week he got a pay envelope containing six dollars.

"Can you boat that?" he said to an acrobat who shared his dressing-room with him. Albee promised to pay me what I was worth, and he hands me six dollars."

"What's the extra dollar for?" asked the acrobat.

A shooting contest organised in an American town was won by a local tailor. It may have been just a coincidence that all his outstanding accounts were settled the following day.

(Humorist.)

The suicide rate of New York city is four a day.

The effect of birth-control is to lessen the birth-rate among the better classes, and to increase it among the lower types. In other words, its actual influence is the opposite of the effect claimed in justification of its advocacy by birth-control enthusiasts.

An anti-tobacco lecturer spoke so powerfully against the use of tobacco that several of his audience went home and burnt their cigars, holding one end of them in their mouths—by way of punishment.

Sir Herbert Samuel M. P., has a pretty wit. Recently, at a public meeting, a dreary chairman introduced the Liberal Knight by recalling his career. At twenty he was this, at thirty that, by forty so-and-so, by fifty something else; the chairman paused; Sir Herbert remarked dryly: "Any advance on fifty?"

A Scotch philanthropist was so modest that he wouldn't allow his name to appear in any way when he made a donation—not even on the cheque.

"Was there any evasion on his part when you asked him for money?" inquired the manager.

"None at all, sir," replied the collector. "The evasion was all on my side. He tried to kick me out."

"Money seems to have wings these days," says an economist; yes, and it is quite devoid of the homing instinct.

Wife: "We really should get a new car this year."

Husband: "What, when I'm still paying for the car I sold in part payment of the car I've got now?"

Here is a story which is amusing Fleet Street. A journalist recently had to send a selection of newspaper cuttings to Bernard Shaw. He made them into a neat package, and then realised that he had forgotten the playwright's address. He had no reference books to hand which would help him, so he posted the package to Shaw at Adelphi Terrace, where he used to live.

Naturally, he imagined that the G. P. O. would redirect the package, so that it might reach the great man. But two days later, the journalist received the parcel back. Across it were the words, "Not known."

"She treated me shamefully."

"Ah! but she treated me worse."

"Impossible! She jilted me."

"Yes; but she married me."

Lord Darling is among the wisest and the wittiest of English Peers. Years ago, before he retired as Lord Chief Justice of England, a pretty American dinner-partner inquired whether she ought to address him as "Judge Darling or Sir Charles Darling". He replied, "I should prefer you simply to call me darling."

Employer: "In this letter, Miss Smith, you have spelled 'embarrass' once with one 'r' and once with two."

Typist: "I am sorry, sir. Which one shall I correct?"

Employer: "Why-er-the wrong one, of course."

An apple a day keeps the doctor away.



Direct action.

BALA, THE BAD WOMAN.

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY

BY DEISVI

(All rights reserved by the Author)

I was fourteen when I was married and I had not then 'come of age.' I remember the hectic days that preceded the date of my marriage. My parents were deliriously happy at what they were never tired of calling an excellent match: as subsequent events proved, it was more a catch than a match. My husband was reported to be very rich, and even a fortnight before the day of my marriage, there arrived at our house, his chief presents to me, a complete set of diamond jewels. My family raved over it and so, I recollect, did I to some extent. That I was to be the second wife (the first one having died a victim to tuberculosis) made me unhappy, for, I anticipated a disparity in the respective ages of myself and my prospective husband. And, when I once mentioned it to my aunt, she tried to convince me that it was really a blessing in disguise, as, all the world over, men were proverbially known to be more tender towards a second wife. I had reconciled myself—thanks to the diamonds and thanks also to the rumours about a big motor-car, a

sympathetic, full of unshed tears for his first wife. I was to receive a rude shock.

The marriage was to be celebrated at Chirtanoor—Alamelunangapuram. We were put up in the biggest choultry of the place in the tank-square. The Bridegroom's camp was on the opposite side of the square. These two places were decorated lavishly and, in fact, out of the innumerable houses decorated for the innumerable marriages that were to take place there on the morrow, ours stood out in glaring contrast by reason of the lavish decorations. It was evening of the day prior to the day of the marriage. My people had elaborately dressed and adorned me, and every one insisted on impressing upon me what a lucky girl I was to get so rich a husband. The procession consisting of the Bridegroom and his party was expected to start at 6-30 P. M. from their house and having visited the temple—to seek divine blessings on the second marital venture on which the Bridegroom was



palatial house and a retinue of servants at Madras—to the difference in age: but somehow or other, I had conjured up a wrong picture of my husband. He would be about thirty-five, I thought, long and wiry, with eyes soft and

about to embark—would call at our place for a formal Nischayam. I had climbed into a balcony on the first floor from which I could get a glorious view of the tank below, mirroring up the myriads of lights of the

Gopurams beyond and of the star-strewn sky above. From the position I took up, I could see the procession start from the Bridegroom's place and slowly wend its way towards ours. Evidently they proposed to go once round the tank and then proceed to the temple. That would bring the procession near our very door and I decided to stay where I was, so that I may catch my first view of the man with whose life mine was to be mated till death. There were some girls and women with me and they, I believe, guessed my intentions. "In olden days the bride would hide herself. But these modern girls who have learnt A. B. C. are very bold," remarked one crony, apparently for my benefit.

How slow, these processions can be! Now it turns the corner! Now it is in our street! It is dark and these gas-lights glare so badly that one has to shade one's eyes. I suppose I shouldn't do that. Ah, now! Here they are!.....God! Is that the bridegroom? That fat man! Could it be he? Why, he must be older than my father! And those garlands round his neck and that turban on his head, how ridiculous and comical they make him look. And his face! Why, he looks exactly like a man about to receive a well-deserved whipping! And this is to be my husband! My head reeled. I steadied myself and then ran away to the only place where I could be alone—to the terrace—and bolted the door leading to it.

Lying on my back and staring at the stars overhead, I gathered in some order the chaotic confusion of my thoughts. I thought of all my young girl friends and the husbands they married. In no case could I recollect a girl having married such an old man. The boys might have been ugly, poor, uneducated, but they were all boys. But my case looked like becoming unique. I was old enough to realise that things had gone far enough, and that even if I kicked up a row, it would be of no use in righting the wrong contemplated. I might run away—but where and how? I could throw myself into the tank at dead of night, but I didn't want to die, for, I had a fear of death and I was so young and wanted to live and bear children and bring them up. I have always loved babies and there is no child however young or old, with whom I couldn't be on friendly terms within five minutes. "She has a way with them," my mother used to remark often, "and may the Gods bless her with plenty." To me, all babies were beautiful; their helplessness drew me to them like a magnet. A girl friend of mine who had married and had become a mother told me all about babies and how they come into the world. But there were many things she left unsaid; nevertheless, I had an idea that beautiful babies are born only to beautiful parents. If I take up more space than may seem necessary in the narration of my story, to babies and my love for them, it is because it was this love for children that brought about a turning-point in my life, as the reader will be told by and by.

To resume: There on the terrace I lay tossing, undecided what to do. Looking back upon that night, I am struck with the fact that no tears came to my eyes, no sobs convulsed my frame: my feelings were like that of an animal who senses a trap that has been laid to ensnare it and finds no way of escape. A thousand plans to evade the trap were formed, discussed, and discarded in my mind for what seemed to me an eternity. And while

being so engaged, I became dimly conscious of cries below, of people shouting, "Where is Bala? Has anyone seen the girl?"

In a moment I had decided what to do. I rose and noiselessly opened the door leading to the terrace, came back and lying down pretended to have fallen asleep. I could hear the confusion below, shouts and cries, and above all, the din of the Brass Band and the *Nagaswaram* in the street. Why wouldn't someone think of looking for me on the terrace? "Mama, Here she is!" piped a small urchin, presently, who had come on the terrace to devour in selfish solitude a *laddu* which he had most probably purloined. A small crowd had by now come on the terrace and my mother was the first to reach my side.

"Kannu, Kannu! Oh, my dear! The baby had gone to sleep. Thank all the Gods, no harm has befallen her."

"Do wake the child and bring her downstairs quick. They are all waiting," my father was saying petulantly.

My mother was shaking me gently by the shoulders. I feigned, as well as I could, a gentle re-awakening and asked her:

"What is it, mother?"

"Come dear, get up! Is this the place or time for sleep? They are all waiting."

"Oh! mother, I have such a bad, splitting headache!" I moaned.

"Come down and I'll give you a cup of hot coffee and you will be all right in a moment. Remember, you are to be married to-morrow."

I rose. She smoothed a rebellious curl or two, arranged the flowers on my hair, shook the dust out of my sari and led me downstairs. She washed my face, put a fresh *thilakam* on my forehead and gave me a cup of really good, hot coffee, which braced me up considerably.

"Now, listen," said my mother. "Your face looks pinched and the bloom, that people generally would expect to find on a bride's face, isn't there. Buck up and smile, for you have every reason to be happy. I shall take you to the hall. Don't forget to make the *namaskarams*, and then, sit by the side of your husband and do as the *purohit* directs."

"But mother, you will be by my side, won't you?"

"What a child! Of course, I will!" But she never did. She led me on, amidst all that crowd of friends and relatives, and I went like a sheep to the slaughter-house. And while half-way through, I noticed a woman—a stranger to me—with a baby on her hip. It was a beautiful baby of golden hue, and a mass of jet-black curls crowned her adorable face. Her big, blue eyes gazed in wonder at all the crowd and the noise, while one hand clutched tenaciously at the mother's sari. I stopped and held out my arms to the baby and like an arrow she darted into my out-stretched arms; hugging her, I carried her away, to the decorated hall, where a huge crowd had assembled for the *nischayam*.

I never cared to notice what was happening. I was absorbed all the time with the baby. For a moment, I gave her to someone who was standing by, while I made the *namaskarams*. Then, seated myself with the baby on my lap and all my attention was devoted to her. I never looked at my husband by my side, nor do I think did he look at me. I even forgot the assembled crowd and the intonation of *purohits* and *brahmins*. I knew it was all over when someone said, "stand up, dear!" I stood up, made another series of *namaskarams* and with the baby still cuddled in my arms, walked up to its mother.

"Will you give me your child?" I asked her.

"Oh, certainly. But, my dear, soon you will have a child of your own, a thousand times more beautiful."

"Mother, I want this baby all to myself. I must feed her, and wash her, and she shall lie by my side and she must be with me all the time. Otherwise, I am going to cry," I warned my mother, who had, by now, come to my side, to take me away and strip me of my heavy sarees and heavier jewels.

(Next instalment: Bala's Nuptials.)

Datas, the world's most wonderful 'Memory Man' has, according to the American doctors who recently examined him, "the heaviest brain of any man in the world." Some of the terse questions that were put to him and the replies he at once gave are recorded below.

"When did it take four days to win the Chester Cup?"

"It took five," was the reply, "the owner, the trainer, and the jockey were all named Day, the horse was Peep o' Day, and the day of the race was 28th May 1848!"

"What was the telephone number of Adam and Eve?"

"281 Apple."

"Who is the only man to whom the king must take off his hat?"

"The barber."

"When are you going to pay for that sewing machine I sold you?"

"Pay for it? Why, you said that in a short time it would pay for itself!"

"She said I could kiss her on the cheek."

"And did you?"

"Not exactly; I could not decide on which cheek, and so I kissed her between both cheeks."

"There goes the fellow that whistles at a danger."

"Ah, he must be a very brave fellow. Who is he?"

"An engine-driver."

"She is a curious child", my mother was telling the baby's mother. "I wish you would humour her. She will take very good care of the baby and you can also be with her all the time."

"Most certainly," was the reply from the lady who was glowing with natural pride at her offspring having attracted the bride's attention. But for that baby, I couldn't have gone through that marriage. I put the future sternly away from me and if ever a rebellious thought cropped up to distract my mind and turned it to contemplate my future life, I turned to the baby to shut out such thoughts. But one or two things during the marriage festivities struck me as curious. The first was the very small number of relatives of my husband who had come to the marriage: and even among them the ladies were fewer still. Secondly, he had, to compensate as it were for the smallness of the number of relatives, a large number of friends who had come all the way with their families and a larger number of his employees, also with their families. The latter were evidently a devoted band and they gave me a thumping grand present—a fitted toilette case, the fittings being of solid gold and costing Rs. 3000.

Josephine (reading aloud conclusion of love letter)—"Then I will come home and marry the sweetest little girl on earth."

Juliet—"What a mean trick! After being engaged to you!"

Guest at a restaurant—"Excuse me, sir; can you let me use the telephone? You have been there twenty minutes without saying a word."

"Sorry, sir; but I'm talking to my wife."

The Sub-Editor—"That fellow Scribbler sent in a paper this morning entitled 'Why Do I live?'"

The Editor—"What did you do with it?"

The Sub-Editor—"Returned it with an enclosed slip saying: 'Because you mailed this instead of bringing it personally.'"

"Who was that, doctor, who spoke to you just now?"

"My first patient. I have been his medical adviser for the last twenty years."

"My goodness! What a splendid constitution he must have."

"Is that a good watch-dog you have there?"

"The best ever. He refused to let my mother-in-law come near the house yesterday."

Wife—"How do you like the refrain our Jane is singing."

Husband—"Fine! The more she refrains, the more I like it."

THE BEDROOM SCENE

BY A. GOPALARATNAM.

(Copyright with author)

"Ravishing!" exclaimed Mittadhar Arumugam involuntarily.

"Yes!" assented a voice almost at his elbow.

Arumugam started, turned and confronted a handsome youth of about twenty-five. His mischievous smiling face reassured the Mittadhar.

"May I know your name?" enquired Arumugam.

"I am called Sundara Mudali—Broker," said the youth.

The Mittadhar turned again to look at the object of his admiration. A sigh escaped him as he stood gazing at her.

Now it was Sundara Mudali who spoke: "There is nothing sweeter than spending a night in the arms of...."

"Shh!" warned the Mittadhar. "She most probably has a husband. We may be overheard."

"There's no fear of that as there is none near about. If I only had enough money..." and Sundara Mudali stopped.

"Yes, if you had enough money,—what then?" urged Arumugam.

"She would be mine—ours."

The Mittadhar laughed. "Your idea, Mr. Sundara Mudali, is exceedingly grotesque! Money can do nothing with other people's wives. There are many other factors: time, place, opportunity, consent. She is not a public woman to be bought."

Sundara Mudali looked contemptuously at the Mittadhar. "It is only cowards who falter", he said. "Money can do all things. It can arrange time, it can find opportunity and place. Consent may or may not matter. If I had money, I could prove it to you."

Silence prevailed for two complete minutes. "Supposing I find the money, how much would be necessary?" asked the Mittadhar. He was still looking at the woman.

"Two hundred and fifty rupees should be quite sufficient."

"You almost take my breath away!" exclaimed Arumugam. "Why so much?"

"One hundred for me. Fifty for the old servant Ponnammal. One hundred for your night with Dhanalakshmi."

"Ah, you know her name and her household? Well, Two hundred and fifty seems a lot, but I will risk it, if you agree."

"Agreed," said Sundara Mudali.

Was it with shame that the moon had hid her face? Was it laughter at the consummately villainous plan that

made the stars tremble and sparkle? Was it to drown sounds that the wind blew so hard?

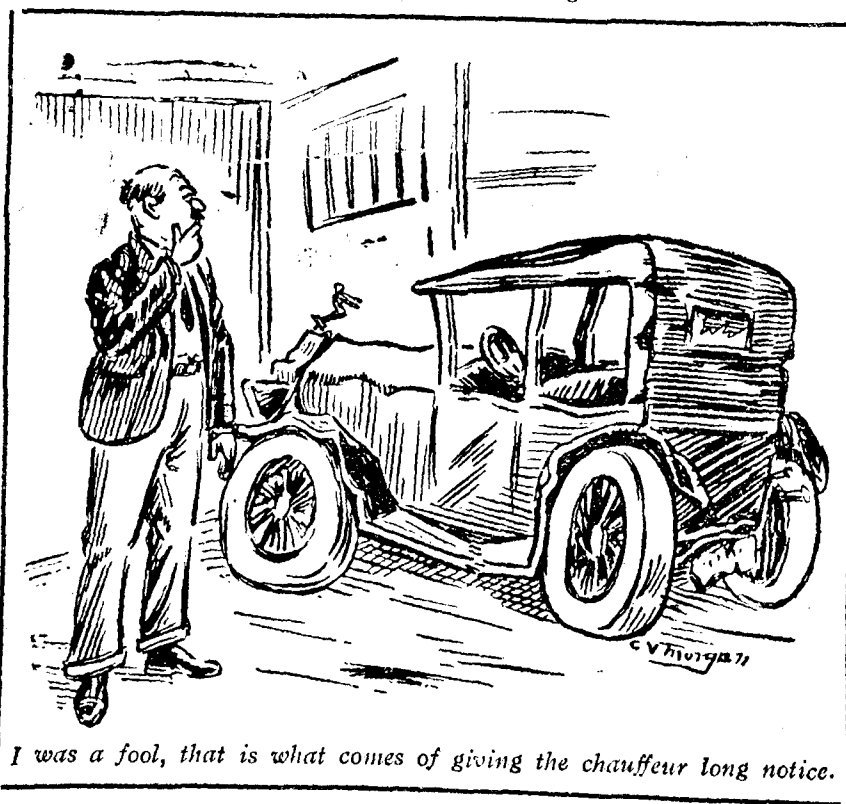
A clock struck the hour of ten. Two figures stood in the darkness before the storeyed house.

"See that lighted window," said one of the figures to the other, "It's her bedroom. Every thing is O. K. You have to knock thrice at the door, wait a minute, and knock twice again. Ponnammal will come and open the door to you. Get in and go direct to that room. A happy night to you!"

Mittadhar Arumugam, for that was the other figure, was not at all sure whether he stood on his head or his feet. Two hundred and fifty rupees, already paid in advance, was a mere nothing in comparison to the pleasures he would presently revel in.

Everything happened as specified by Sundara Mudali. The door opened and old Ponnammal allowed him in with only the words: "Come in. Master has gone to the theatre. He will return by two. Be quick."

The Mittadhar never knew how many steps there were to the staircase. He could remember only eight. He stood a minute before the bedroom door, which was slightly ajar. The room was dimly lit. A heavy



I was a fool, that is what comes of giving the chauffeur long notice.

odour emanated from the scented sticks that were burning inside. He entered silently.

Milky white was the luxurious pillow and the counterpane on the cot, and can we liken the breezy mosquito-net to foam or mist? Crystal-like shone the big mirror near by, richly framed in some dark wood.

It was not at these that the Mittadhar looked. He was staring at the figure standing near the cot, facing the bed. His two eyes seemed scarcely enough. He wished he had twelve eyes like the God whose name he bore.

Gently, slowly, almost in a whisper, his mouth framed her name: "Dhanalakshmi!"

The woman turned with a startled look, and the anger that at first shot into her eyes slowly gave way to a softened look, as she said: "Oh, it is you! Are you Arumugam Pillai, the Mittadhar of Kampiyampadi?"

"Yes!" said the Mittadhar, agreeably surprised. "So you know my name? I never expected you would know or you would be willing."

"Unexpected things happen so many times," she exclaimed sweetly and with rather unnecessary emphasis.

The Mittadhar could suppress his ardour no longer. He advanced towards her.

She receded from him little by little, without the slightest haste. She smiled.

"Tut, tut!" she said, "Haste makes Waste! Why so much hurry, that you can't find time even to place your cane in yonder corner?"

Arumugam laughed. Only then he remembered that he still held his walking stick in his hand, a thin bamboo. "Beauty blinds my brain" he said and going back, placed the stick against the corner of the wall.

"When I saw you the other day, I never for a moment dreamt that this pleasure awaited me. I have not even taken food properly to-day. I have often wondered how Rambha, Menaka and other Apsaras looked. I know now.....What is that sound?" broke in the Mittadhar.

He spoke not a word more. A pang of fear shot through him. His heart fluttered like a bird in a cage. With open mouth and vacant look he listened to that terrible sound.

It was a knocking at the street door. He could hear it plainly. Presently, he could also hear Ponnammal shuffling to the door and asking "Who's't?" The voice outside said: "It is I!" The Mittadhar looked the incarnation of fear. He looked at Dhanalakshmi. She was trembling.

"Damn it all! Drama! Pooh! They have made a fool of me and robbed me of my three rupees! Inconsistent action, inappropriate songs and music and all noise and tobacco smoke! Never such a drama in my life again," said the new arrival, mounting the steps of the staircase.

"Who? Who is it?" querulously asked the Mittadhar. His tongue scarcely moved. It was so parched. All the moisture in his mouth seemed to have come out as perspiration on his brows.

"My husband!" said she.

The steps came nearer and nearer. Ah! The figure stood on the landing, then he came towards that very room.....

Mittadhar Arumugam Pillai looked wildly here and there and then hid himself under the cot! What if he was a Mittadhar? Circumstances alter cases.

The next moment the door opened and Dhanalakshmi's husband strode in.

Hell! The first thing that he saw was the cane in the corner!

"Oh, what have we here? Whose is it?" he said and took it up. Before he could turn, Dhanalakshmi was clinging to him and saying: "Dear, dear! You came just in time. I was going to bed after putting out the light, when I thought somebody entered the room. Immediately I lighted the lamp again but there was nobody, except this cane in the corner. I thought you might have bought a new one, but I was so afraid."

With the sweat dropping down like tears, without daring to move even a single limb, his heart hammering away like a drum, afraid to breathe, the Mittadhar under the cot, heard the words of Dhanalakshmi and his heart sank. It was just like a woman. A foolish excuse, a useless fib that would not only not stand scrutiny but would also lead to the devil of a husband examining the building top-floor to cellar. The husband had already begun to examine the room and the very first place he looked for the thief was under the cot!

It must be with great wisdom that the ostrich digs her head with alacrity into the sand or that the cat closes her eyes in the presence of enemies. If not, why should Arumugam Pillai, a human being with reason, close his eyes, turn to the wall, curl up and pretend to look like a bundle of clothes?

The husband drew him out unceremoniously. "SWISH! SWITCH!" sounded the horrible cane. Arumugam never expected that one day his own cane would belabour him like that. But, as Dhanalakshmi said, "unexpected things happen so many times." He raised not his head, he emitted not a sound. Like a hero he bore the raining blows. Escaping? Who ever could think of escaping when that rascal of a husband gripped and held him like vice!

The relentless cane tested his head, back, face, hands, legs, chest and sides. Every blow was a blow indeed! If the cane had been a stick, to judge by the force of the blows, Mittadhar Arumugam would have breathed his last, that very night. At last came a blow, with all the muscle-strength behind it and the cane flew to pieces and the Mittadhar groaned. An iron hand caught him by the small of his neck and was pushed at a rapid rate forward, his tormentor calling him heaps of names, none too sweet.

Some moments later the Mittadhar was hurtling through space, so at least he thought. If he counted eight steps when he went up, he now counted only ONE, when he went down. It was not a 'getting down', it was a 'rolling down'.

If the Mittadhar had nothing else, he at least had sound common sense. Immediately he touched firm ground, he hastily took to his heels and never stopped until he had placed a good half mile between himself and the wretched house. Not even the village dog could compete with him in his run on that night of nights.

Dhanalakshmi smiled. Her husband burst out into a roar of laughter. "Ponnammal, bring the milk!" he cried, and then took off his moustache and his whiskers.

Four months after the above incidents, Mittadhar Arumugam attended the feast at a marriage. Just before meals, he was thunder-struck at a sight he saw. He could not believe his eyes! He stared and stared! What? Could those two persons, he saw speaking to each other so publicly, be Dhanalakshmi and Sundara Mudali? Yes, yes, there was no doubt about it. Dhanalakshmi, inaccessible to him had become friendly with that pig of a broker?

The Mittadhar called the host, Mr. Ekambaram, and pointed out the couple to him. "Do you know who they are?" he said.

"Yes" answered the host, "she is Dhanalakshmi and he is her husband Ramanatha Mudaliar."

"WHO?" hissed out the Mittadhar.

Ekambaram started at the anger behind that single word.

"Why, he is Ramanatha Mudaliar" said he hesitantly, prudently covering his cheeks with his hands. Perhaps he expected to feel the Mittadhar's palms at close quarters.

"Is he not broker Sundara Mudali?" asked the Mittadhar.

"Sundara Mudali? Never heard such a name" said Ekambaram.

Even now Ekambaram could hardly explain the strange behaviour of Mittadhar Arumugam Pillai, when at the end of the conversation, he foamed, fretted, swore, cursed, and boiled with rage, and without waiting for the feast, ran away like a lunatic.

After standing a long time scratching his head and looking in the direction of flight of the Mittadhar, Ekambaram could only conclude that Arumugam had suddenly gone raving mad.

It is but natural, you see, as he was not aware of the BEDROOM SCENE.

Physician:—"Have you any aches or pains?"

Patient:—"Yes, doctor; it hurts me to breathe—in fact, the only trouble now seems to be with my breath."

Physician:—"All right; I'll give you something that will soon stop that."

There was once an instrument, known as a hatchell, which had sharp iron teeth and was used for tearing apart hemp or flax. That is the word which gave us the term "heckle" for the persistent interruption of a speaker.

It is estimated that about three thousand new words are added to the English language each year.

"When did you hurt your hand, Smithers?"

"Coming home last night from Johnson's party, I'd very nearly reached the house when some clumsy idiot trod on it."

"A scoundrel insulted my wife and I walked five miles through a blinding snow-storm to his home so that I could give him a thrashing."

"My! but that was a distance to walk to thrash a man. Did you walk back?"

"No, I rode back in an ambulance."

"I married my typist."

"Why?"

"Because I can dictate to her."

"I hear your uncle died and left his fortune to an orphan asylum."

"Yes."

"What did he leave?"

"Fifteen children."

Excited lady (at the telephone):—"I want my husband, please, at once."

Voice (from the exchange):—"Number, please?"

Excited lady (Snappishly):—"How many do you think I've got, you impudent thing?"

"Lawyer, can you do anything for my brother?"

"What is the matter?"

"Worrying about his wealth."

"Oh, I can relieve him of that, all right."

"Doctor, I want to thank you for your great patent medicine."

"It helped you, did it?" asked the doctor very much pleased.

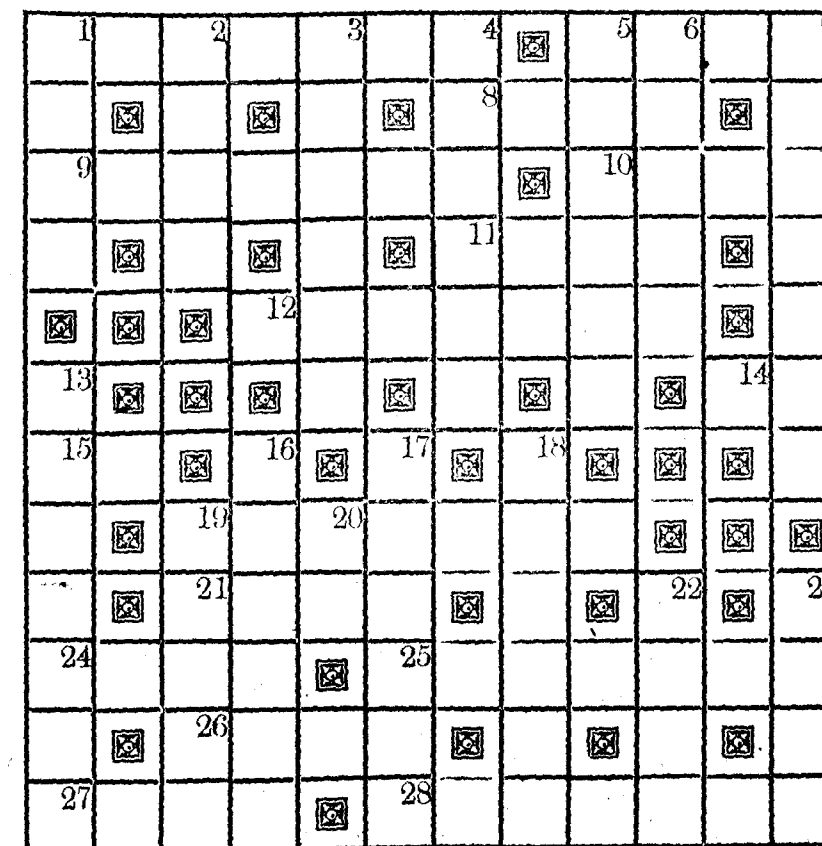
"It helped me wonderfully."

"How many bottles did you find it necessary to take?"

"Oh, I didn't take any of it. My uncle took one bottle, and I am his sole heir."

Rs. 100 Must Be Won

"EASY CROSS WORDS COMPETITION."



CLUES ACROSS.

1. Madeira—Port.
5. Imitated.
8. A Home of Industry.
9. Confuse Arab and get a river.
10. Catch sight of.
11. Reshape the hillocks in Devon.
12. Thrill.
14. Type Measure.
15. Preposition.
19. Associated in English Literature with Pitcher and the Pink-un.
21. Mixed Pins.
24. An Egyptian king.
25. You must have a dark cap to ride in this car.
26. An Indian symbol of good wishes.
27. Where waste oil flows.
28. The Ace of Diamonds for instance.

CLUES DOWN.

1. Not a hedge though they sound like it.
2. Morn or Eve, the poet can glorify it. (Hidden.)
3. "Departmentalism is not a moral delinquency but an intellectual —" (Lord Curzon).
4. Make a slash in Tibet.
5. Prevents.
6. D'artagnan's favourite oath.
7. Where they speedily make records and break them.
13. Curses in the Fatherland.

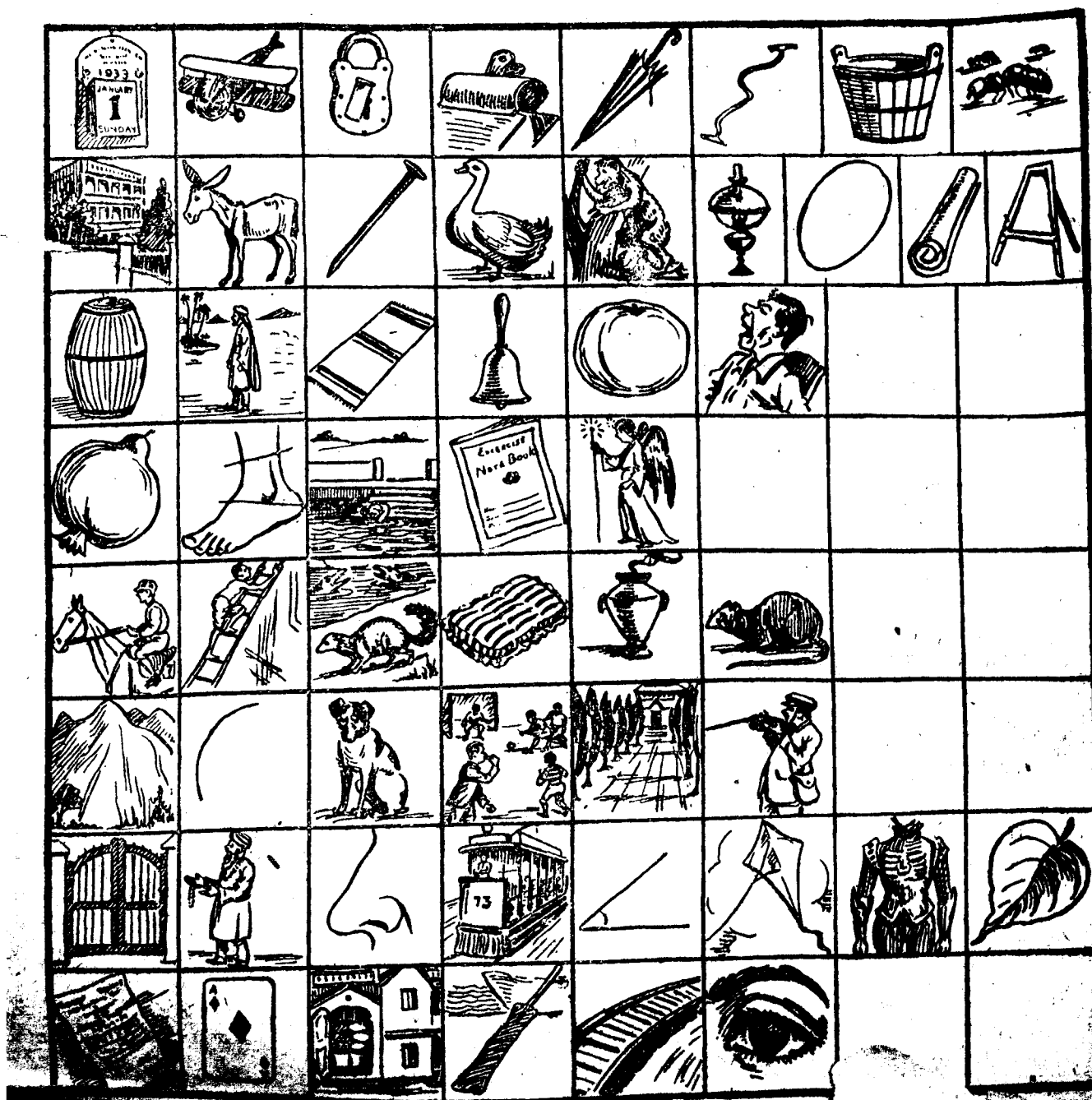
16. Is mixed bathing forbidden in these hills?
17. Red Pip. (Anagram.)
18. La Mancha's faithful henchman.
19. Biblical Lamps.
20. Chinese measure of distance.
22. A window-fitting.
23. Beheaded brides.

RULES & CONDITIONS.

- (1) Each solution must be accompanied by a Money Order for As. 8. No stamps.
- (2) Complete puzzle in ordinary ink. Cut out the whole puzzle square and send it along with the M. O. receipt issued by the Post Office. Solutions sent without M. O. receipts will be disqualified.
- (3) Any number of solutions may be sent, but an entrance fee of annas eight is necessary in each case.
- (4) A prize of Rs. 100 will be given to the sender of the correct solution.
- (5) A correct solution is one which agrees entirely with the one in the Editor's possession.
- (6) If no all-correct solution is received, a prize of Rs. 50 will be awarded to the Solution with the smallest number of errors.
- (7) The prize money may be divided if more correct solutions than one are received. No correspondence will be entered into, in this matter. The Editor's decision is final and binding. Solutions must be filled in, in ink and must reach the Editor on or before the 5th Feb. 1933.

Rs 200 Cash must be won!

'Name The Towns' Competition



How to Solve?

Each line of pictures represents the name of a town. The first line is illustrative. The first picture in the first line is a *calendar*. Starting with the letter C, we have *aeroplane* in the next square, which gives us CA. The *lock* gives us CAL and the *clip* followed by the *umbrella* CU makes CALCU. The *tag* and the *tub* concluded by the *ant* make TTA, the town name being CALCUTTA.

RULES.

An Entrance fee of Annas Eight must be remitted by Money Order only.

Solutions must be filled in, in ink, on the Coupon which will be published in 'The Merry Magazine' of 25—1—33.

Any number of solutions may be sent but only on Coupons, each of which must be accompanied by an entrance fee of Annas Eight.

Every solution must be accompanied by the Money Order receipt issued by the Post Office, failing which the entry will be disqualified.

The first prize will be awarded to an all-correct solution and the second and third in the order of merit. An all-correct solution is one which agrees in all respects with the one in the Editor's possession.

In the event of tie, the prizes will be divided.

No responsibility can be undertaken for coupons lost or delayed.

The Editor's decision in all matters relating to this competition is final.

Persons connected with *the Merry Magazine* or its associated journals are not allowed to compete.

I Prize Rs. 100.
II Prize Rs. 50.

Ten III Prizes Rs. 5 each,
Rs. 50.

The Editor To His Readers.

The Editor of *The Merry Magazine* invites contributions from his readers. The only condition that he makes is that the matter sent to him for consideration should, as far as possible, be humorous. The form does not matter. Light verse is as welcome as a sketch or a short-story. Parochialism must be avoided. There are no other restrictions. All accepted contributions will be paid for, rejected ones will not be returned unless accompanied by stamped, addressed envelopes.

If Jokes are sent, they must be on postcards; a postcard for each Joke. There are no new Jokes under the sun. So send along the old ones but try to change at least their setting and their garments and indicate the source, if any, they have been borrowed from. Original Jokes will be paid for, and also old ones thoroughly disguised. Results of competitions will be announced in this page, as also information on matters connected therewith.

Letters from readers on all topics are particularly welcome, and the Editor is always glad to hear from his readers. Serious matters are treated seriously; flippant letters sometimes get answered.

THE MERRY MAG ADVERTISEMENTS

EASY TO SOLVE.

TRY AND WIN.

Rs. 1000

IN

Chambers Missing Letters Competitions

No. 8.

RUPEE ONE PER ENTRY.

Last Posting Date 26th January, 1933.

Sealed Key Solution Deposited with

"MY MAGAZINE OF INDIA" MADRAS.

- | | |
|---------------------|---------------------------|
| 1. D - VO - - | solemn. |
| 2. MA - L | to beat with a mall. |
| 3. - - - - ER | to exchange. |
| 4. - - - KING-GLASS | a mirror. |
| 5. PE - - - | to paint. |
| 6. RE - - - E | to disown. |

Note.—All clues are from Chambers XX Dict. Write a letter for each dash to get the given meaning, and the 4th dash in No. 4 above is only a Hyphen.

Rules of Entrance.

1. Rs. 500 will be awarded for correct solutions posted on or before 26th January 1933. Rs. 300 will be awarded for Solutions with one error. Rs. 200 will be awarded for largest number of entries, containing a correct Solution. If the full amount of the prize money i.e. Rs. 1000 is not realised, 40%, 25% and 15% of the net collections will go for prize, a, b, c, respectively. When ties occur the prizes amount will be equally divided. No competitor can win more than one prize.

2. A correct Solution is one which agrees letter for letter with the Sealed Key Solution deposited with "My Magazine of India" Madras.

3. An entrance fee of Re. 1 will be charged for each entry. Entries (by Post) and fees (by M. O.) should be posted on or before 26-1-33. Solutions will be accepted in any readable form.

4. Results within a week from closing date.

5. The decision of the manager must be accepted as final and legally binding, in all matters regarding this competition.

6. All communications, Entries and fees must be addressed to:

The Manager,

Chambers Missing Letters Competitions,

3, Appasami Lane, G. T. Madras.

ELECTRIC RINGS.



Specially made of light metals and quite fashionable. Immediately on use, the electric and mystic power of the light metals is carried through the fingers to all the tender

parts of the body and cures all kinds of diseases. A real boon to all sufferers.

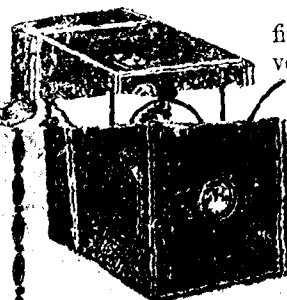
Use with out delay Price per ring Rs. 1-8-0
3 Rings at a time Rs. 3-12-0.

GENUINE WATCH Co.,

Mint Building P. O.

MADRAS.

PHOTO HAND CAMERA



This Pocket Camera is fitted with powerful lens very compact and durable constructed. It takes nic pictures in 8 1/2 x 2 1/2 inches. Easy to operate. No previous knowledge necessary. Price per Camera with necessary chemicals, plates and directions complete.

Price Rs. 2-15-0.

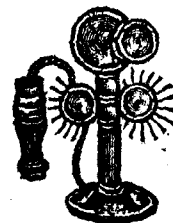
THE KRISHNA AGENCY,

POST BOX No. 119,

MADRAS.

UNIVERSAL TELEPHONE

German make, fitted with double diaphragm and a few yards of cord suitable both to speak to each other and hear clearly like big telephones. Easy to fitting in shops, hotels, rooms or anywhere. Operates at all times, Strong



mechanism. Finished in black and nickel with 2 Bells. Height 9 inches, complete with all accessories and direction will be sent with phone. Our clearance sale price Rs. 2-0-0.

THE EAST WEST AGENCY,

GEORGE TOWN,

Madras.

THE MERRY MAG ADVERTISEMENTS

American Airguns

Just received a fresh stock of Airguns. Birds can be shot at easily. Aims can be taken very correctly. No licence is necessary. For self-protection at nights and for pastime games, this is the exact thing required.



Price per Gun with 100 shots free. Rs. 4 12 0

100 shots extra Rs. 0 8 0

Postage extra Rs. 1 4 0

The Geninue Watch Co., Mint Buildings P. O., Madras.

"MANMATHA STHAMBANA" TABLETS.

This is the secret blood purifier medicine of great sage "Agastya". A tablet once in two days will do wonderful good. Nourishment is necessary when taking these pills. A strong medicine necessary for weak men for restoration of Health and Strength. Price per phial of 10 Pills Rs. 2 0 0

SRI DHANAM & Co.,

P. B. No. 119, Madras.

18 ct. GOLDPLATED RINGS



Set with imitation diamonds. The best present day and dazzling jewellery for your fingers. Appearance like real gold. A feast for your eyes. Price per ring Rs. 1 8 0 only.

Postage free for two rings purch at a time.

The Genuine Watch Co., Mint Buildings, MADRAS.

THE GHEE OF CHINTAMANI

PREPARED BY THE GREAT
SAGE KOKOHAR

An effective *lehim* made from numerous rare herbs, for all diseases and generally to infuse Vigour, Health and strength for old and young.

196 and more kinds of important Herbs, seeds, Unani *misris*, gold Ambar, almonds, Acroot, salkuja, with good milk, ghee and honey have been used in preparing the ghee. Weakness, mental disorder, stomach pains, indigestion, and other kinds of diseases will disappear by regular usage and good taste and beauty will be the result.

Price per tin for use
of 48 days Rs. 5-0-0.

SRI DHANAM & Co.,

P. Box No. 119, MADRAS.

Do you feel Tired of Razors and an ever increasing

Growth of Hair.

Here is Marvel of Modern Chemistry to satisfy you
RESULT IN 3 MINUTES.



THE IDEAL
HAIR REMOVING
CREAM.

REFRESHING
AND
SOOTHING

(Highly Perfumed.)

This is a fatty ointment that does not dry up and excels owing to pleasant coolness during the duration of treatment whereas with other ordinary watery depilatories, available in the market there will often arise some burning feeling on the skin. Ohio Cream excels owing to beautiful lilac scent and hence can be used at any time.

If correctly applied hair once removed within 3 minutes do not grow for several days leaving the skin clean and fresh all the while. Every application of OHIO makes the hair grow finer. Frequent use of it reduces and slackens the growth of hair so that they are finally turned into soft down. Unlike Razors Ohio does not darken the skin nor causes irritation.

Directions for use enclosed in each tube

A Tube Costs Rs. 1-8. Three at a Time Rs. 3-12.

SRI DHANAM & Co., POST BOX 119

PHOTO ALBUM.



An Album containing 12 Beautiful nature Studies of Sexes in Real life of French, English German. Most indispensable for decorating Bed Rooms etc.

Price Rs. 1-14-0 each

THE KRISHNA AGENCY,

P. B. No. 119, MADRAS.

ROLLED GOLDEN NECKLACE.

Guaranteed for 3 Years.

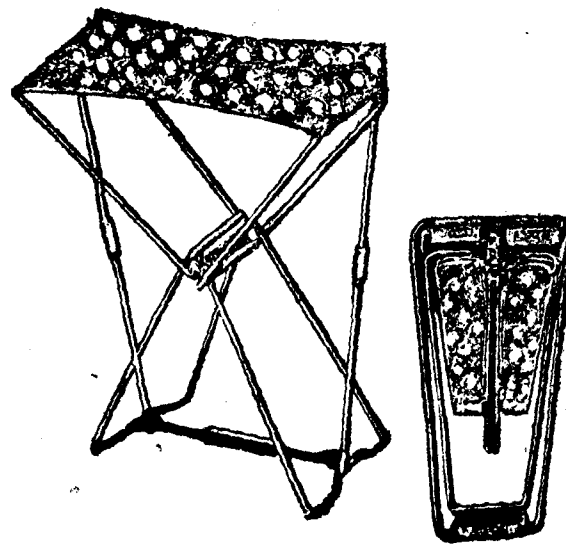


These are made of pure Rolled Gold and set in with imitation diamonds and rubies etc., workmanship is unrivalled. Beautifully engraved and decorated as per illustration. Very pleasing in presenting charming appearance, to the eye. Can be compared with real gold chains. May be used by all nationalities. Each in a Pad. Price Rs. 2 each.

The East West Agency,

George Town, Madras.

POCKET FOLDING CHAIR.



Wonderful invention. This strange, light-weight and steel chair can be folded and carried in the coat pocket itself. Even in a small space available, you can use the chair.

Very strong and at the same time light. Quite useful for travellers. Trial orders have been mostly accompanied by lump orders.

Price per chair Rs. 2 12 0 only.

Postage Re. 1 0 0 extra.

Advance of Re. 1 0 0 should be sent with the order.

AGENTS:

THE GENUINE WATCH Co., Mint Building, Madras.

Look Sharp!

Look Sharp!!

A GERMAN COMBINATION BOX

(CONTAINING 130 VALUABLE ARTICLES.)



A beautiful Fountain Pen fitted with Gold Plated Nib, Gold plated Imitation Diamond Rings, Shirt Buttons, Brooches, Dolls for Children, Knives, Key-rings & Chains, High class Nibs, Money Purses, Ink Bottles, Ink Pills, Scent Bottle, Transfer Pictures and Safety Pins. Altogether 130 Articles.

Get One Box by V. P. P.

Price Rs. 2-12-0.

THE KRISHNA AGENCY,

POST BOX 119,

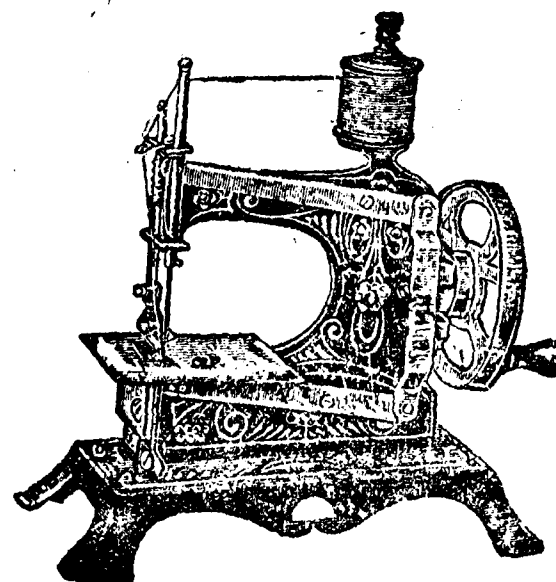
Madras.

Latest Novelty!!

Latest Invention!

HAND SEWING MACHINES.

(Made in Germany.)



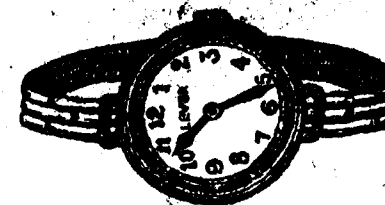
These are just imported, measurement overall height 5 inches, length 5 inches, width 2 inches, made of sheet metal throughout, black Japanned with litho, decoration; steel and nickel plated parts and attachments, and so scientifically constructed as to make it do the actual sewing, like big machines. Can Stitch Bed cover, Cushions, window-Curtains, Cloths, Flag, Shirts. Underwear, Jackets, Etc. Can be fastened anywhere. Every machine tested and ready for use. Simple enough for a child to operate. Every home should possess one. Each in a box complete with 1 Reel Thread and 1 Screw-driver.

Price Rs. 2-14-0.

THE KRISHNA AGENCY, P. B. 119, MADRAS.

GOLD PLATED "FIDO" LEVER WRIST WATCH.

Rs. 7-14-0



Your loss in repair of Cylinder watches will be recouped and you will get rid of worries if you go in for our Lever wrist watch. No need of repairs. No lever watch sold up to now at such a price.

Free with a fine Goldplated wrist chain.

Rs. 7-14-0 only.

(Postage As. 8. Extra.)

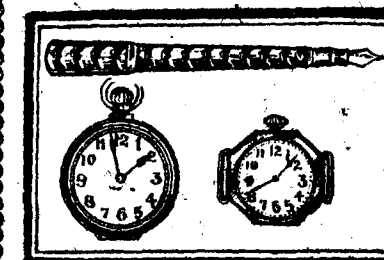
Sole Agents:-

CANADIAN WATCH PEOPLE,

George Town, Madras.

Rs. 2-15-0! Only Rs. 2-15-0!!

A ROCK-BOTTOM PRICE
YOU CAN NEVER DREAM



Here is an offer of a famous and registered Fountain Pen, with a gold plated Nib. Purchasers will also get Free a lever pocket

watch, guaranteed for three years. This is the chance you get your daily necessities at such a low price. Don't miss.

**One Fountain Pen, With
Free Pocket Watch Rs. 2-15-0.**

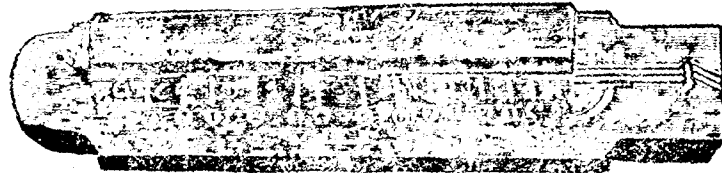
Purchasers of two Pens at a time will get a Free Gold plated Wrist watch, guaranteed for five years, instead of the Pocket watch.

THE KRISHNA AGENCY,

P. B. 119, G. P. O. Madras.

LATEST IN MUSICAL
INSTRUMENTS

BUL-BUL-THARANG



It has reek like harmonium and the sound is sweet and melodious like Veena. Very compact in size and can be carried easily. One can play the instrument very easily. Most indispensable for every home. Price of the instrument with direction.

Rs. 4 8 0 only.

Postage Rs. 1 0 0 Extra.

An advance of Rs. 2 0 0 should be sent with the order.

The Krishna Agency, G. P. O. Madras.

CRYSTAL BALL!



Youngster! Do you wish to know the future of the lady you love? Do you wish to know who you will get married? or when your ears will get success in life? Young lady! you like to have a glimpse of your future happy days? Oh, old father! Don't you like to be joyful on the happy days to come of your descendant children? Yes; all of you have got ambitions to know the future. Here is the way. A crystal ball having 32 numbers will reveal all secrets. Try this immediately.

Each ball with
Instructions Rs. 1-4-0

The Genuine Watch Co.,
Mint Buildings P. O. MADRAS.

KOMALA HAIR OIL.



Per Bottle Rs. 0 12 0 3 Bottles Rs. 2 2 0

6 Bottles Rs. 4 0 0 12 Bottles Rs. 7 8 0

SHRI DHANAM & Co.,
Post Box 119, G. T. Madras.

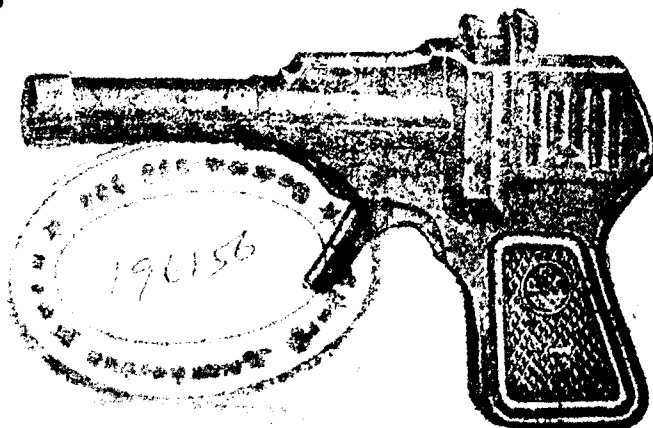
SAFEGUARD YOUR PROPERTY?

ENSURE absolute protection to yourself, family, loved ones and valuables with this Automatic Marm pistol that needs no license 6 1/2" x 3" in size and looks like a real one. The mere sight frightens Burglars, Thieves, etc. First 6 shots in 6 seconds, sufficient to scare away a whole gang. Every home needs one. Instructions with every pistol.

Price Rs. 5-8-0 with 60 shots.

V. P. P. A. 8 extra. Extra shots Rs. 1 for 50.

The Genuine Watch Co.,
Mint Buildings, Madras.



Rs. 100

FOR THE BEST SHORT STORY IN TAMIL

The Editor of "ANANDHA VIKATAN" is offering a Cash Prize of Rupees One Hundred for the best original short story in Tamil. All stories intended for the Competition must reach him before 28th February, 1933.

The following will constitute the Board of Judges:—

Sjt. T. K. Chidambaranatha Mudaliar, B.A., B.L.,
Commissioner, Religious Endowments Board.

Sjt. K. S. Venkataramani, M.A., B.L.,
Advocate, Madras.

Sjt. K. Swaminathan, M.A.,
Professor of English, Presidency College, Madras.

Sjt. S. V. Vijayaraghavachariar, (S.V.V.)
Tiruvannamalai.

Sjt. P. N. Appuswami Iyer, B.A., B.L.,
Advocate, Madras.

Sjt. S. S. Vasan, EDITOR,
"Anandha Vikatan", 244, Mint Street, Madras.

Sjt. R. Krishnamurthy, ASSOCIATE-EDITOR,
"Anandha Vikatan", Madras.

For other rules of the Competition, see "ANANDHA VIKATAN" of 15th January.

REGD. No.

OUR AGENTS.

Copies of "MERRY MAG" can be had from the following agents.

MADRAS CITY AND
SUBURBAN AGENT.

B. KRISHNAMURTHI RAO,
Madras.

Ambasamudram—P. Lakshmana Pillai.
Ambur—A. S. G. Chengalvarayaiyer.
Arkonam—S. Doraiswami Iyer.
Arantangi—T. Venkatrama Doss.
Ariyalur—A. R. Madhava Rao.
Arni Road—A. Panchahara Mudaliar.
Bangalore—Imperial News Agency.
Bhavani—Sivalinga Vilas Book Depot.
Bodinayakanur—S. Veerabadrin Chetty.
Bombay—S. R. Subramanian.
Calcutta—N. Santhanam.
Chidambaram—N. Dandapani Aiyer.
Coimbatore—C. N. Narayanan.
Colombo—A. Balakrishnaswamy.
Conjeevaram—S. Srinivasan.
Coonoor—A. Govindaswamy.
Cuddalore—The Cuddalore News Agency.
Devakottai—M. Kasi Nathan.
Dharapuram—K. Moideen Sahib.
Dharmapuri—D. M. Rajaratnam & Bros.
Dindigul—G. Krishnaswamy Naidu.
Erakulam—P. R. Ganesh Iyer.
Erode—P. A. Sreenivasa Iyengar.
Kallakurichi—K. S. Namasivayam Pillay.
Kannakudathur—M. Selamalai Iyengar.
Karaikal—K. Hafeez Md Shaik Hussain.
Karaikudi—M. Chidambaram Desigar.
Karur—N. Pattabiraman.
Kodumudi—K. V. Arumuga Mudaliar.
Koilpatti—Sheik Baban Sahib.
Kothamangalam—R. M. A. R. V. P. Venkatachalam.
Kottaiyur—O. A. P. L. Palaniappa Chettiar.
Krishnagiri—K. M. Abdul Sathar Sahib.
Kulittalai—S. Ramaseshan.
Kumbakonam—S. Muthuswamy & son.
Kuttalam—K. Athmanathan.
Madura—T. Govindaswami Naidu.
Madurantakam—R. S. Ramamurthi Iyer.
Mannargudi—K. V. Palaniappan.
Mayavaram—P. Ramnatha Iyer.
Melur (Madura)—N. Muniandy & Sons.
Mettupalayam—D. N. V. Raja.
Nagore—G. M. Ali Hussain.
Namakkal—L. Anantaraman.
Nannilam—S. Sadagopa Iyengar.

Nagapatam—S. Venu Iyer.
Ootacamund—Patrick & Co.
Palghat—N. Maruthachalam.
Pallatur—N. P. Ramaswamy Chettiar.
Palni—P. Arumugam Pillay.
Palladam—P. O. S. Ameer Sahib.
Papanasam—A. Ratnaswamy.
Pattukottai—N. Maruthamuthu.
Periakulam—K. T. Vedantam.
Point Pedro—K. Kanapathi Pillay.
Pollachi—A. S. Balavenkatrama Chetty.
Pondicherry—Lakshmana Prasad & Co.
Poonamalle—C. V. Venugopal Chetty.
Porto Novo—V. Govindasamy Chetty.
Pudukottah—The Pudukottah Automobiles.
Penang—A. A. D. Medical Hall.
Rajapalayam—P. P. Subbarao.
Rangoon—Naveena Katha Book Depot.
Rasipuram—R. V. Jayaraman.
Salem—S. L. Sanjeevi Naidu.
Satur—M. A. Sankaranarayana Pillai.
Shermadevi—M. R. Rajapalanappa Mudaliar.
Shelavandan—A. N. Pillay & Son.
Srivilliputhur—M. Sikkandar.
Sriyakkuntam—S. Sankaranarayana Iyer.
Tanjore—N. L. Iyer.
Tenkasi—S. Ramaswamy Naidu.
Tinnevely—K. Ganapathi Pillay.
Trippattur—U. T. Venkatachala Mudaliar.
Tirupur—M. Kannayiram.
Tirutturaipundi—A. Nataraja Iyer.
Tiruvadamardur—P. K. Srinivasa Iyer.
Tiruvannamalai—S. Vamadeva Sastriar.
Tiruvavur—Punitham & Co.
Trichinopoly—Imperial News Agency.
Trichur—S. Venkatrama Iyer.
Trivellore—Khadi & Swadeshi Stores.
Tuticorin—P. Samuel.
Uadmalpet—M. Venkataswamy Naidu.
Uthamapalayam—M. Sundaram.
Vannarponnai—M. S. Subramaniam.
Vellore—V. T. Rajamanikka Mudaliar.
Villupuram—E. Rangachari.
Virudhunagar—M. P. S. S. Sankaralinga Nadar.
Vriddhachalam—V. P. Ganapathi Pillay.

Wanted selling agents for "MERRY MAG" in unrepresented places throughout
India, Burma and Ceylon and Foreign countries.

For terms and conditions to:—

OFFICE, 244, MINT STREET, MADRAS.