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House Shifting By S.V.V.

The **MERRY** *MAGAZINE*

Vol. I

MADRAS, 10th FEBRUARY, 1933.

No. 3



The Bridegroom who bought The Merry Magazine.

P. P. SAMUEL

As. 2.

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PRINCIPAL CONTENTS

	PAGE.
TEST CRICKET	65
HOUSE SHIFTING (S.V.V.)	66
MY LEARNED FRIEND (C.S.I.)	69
LOOK ON THIS PICTURE	70
SENSE AND NONSENSE	72
THE DECISION	73
MY UNREALISED DREAMS (SEA PEA ORR)	74
A MURDER AND A PROVERB (A. GOPALRATNAM)	75
SOUND BUSINESS (P. R. S. GOPAL)	78
THE ADVENTURE WITH THE MOUSE TRAP (V.S.S.)	79
SHELLS FROM THE SEA SHORE	80
GOLDEN EGGS (P. P. SAMUEL)	81
BALA, THE BAD WOMAN (DEISVI)	84
MUSINGS ON MAIDENS (G. VENKATACHALAM)	88
THE CREAM OF THE JEST	90
SPARKS FROM OUR ANVIL	91
COMPETITIONS	92

THE MERRY MAGAZINE

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THE MERRY MAG

Vol. I.

MADRAS, 10th FEBRUARY, 1933

No. 3.

TEST CRICKET



As it might easily be hereafter.

House-Shifting

S. V. V.

NO one who owns a house in which to live all one's life and die, can know anything about the trials and tribulations attendant on shifting from one house to another. Considered in every way, it is altogether a wretched business. The only people who seem to do the job nicely, cleverly, without much trouble, and perhaps also putting some joy into it, are those who disappear into the immensity of space after twelve o'clock in the night, carrying with them all their worldly belongings in a swift motor-lorry or two. No body had known they were moving. In fact, till eleven in the night, the house had presented a festive appearance, the lights had been ablaze, the gramophone had been going full tilt, friends had assembled, ate, drank, shouted, danced, and made themselves merry. But the next morning discovered that the tenant had gone—nobody knew where. And with the disappearance of the tenant, also disappeared the pecuniary hopes of the land lord, the milkman, the baker, the sweeper—woman, the tailor, the dhoby, the petty soda-and-betel merchant at the corner of the street, and of all those who had in their own little and great way, generously helped the tenant to lead a comfortable existence in the house. It is only such people who can manage the business neatly, in the minimum of time, and with the maximum of speed.

I envy this sort of gentlemen. They are persons who always live in a nice house, with a nice wife, keep a nice car, a nice chauffeur, a nice set of servants, and a nice lot of children who lack nothing in this world. They eat well, they drink well, they live well, and above all, particularly, they dress well—and doing it all, without, in the least, troubling themselves to find the money for them, but always making

is twentyfour thousand miles, as the astronomers say. They can do but a very small part of it in one life, and can leave the rest of the world's circumference as a legacy to a succession of descendants.

But you needn't fancy you can do it also. It is not an easy job. It requires wit. And for you and me, I tell you, it is neither here nor there.

I am of the moving-in-the-day variety.

I had decided to move the next morning, and my wife and I spent the previous day and night in gathering up our things, so as to be ready to cart them in the morning without waste of time. Two hours we spent wondering where to begin, and then we set to work. My wife went about the house the whole day in tousled hair and smutty cheeks; and I was, all the time, crawling on all fours, diving under almiras, chests-of-drawers, and bedspreads, and digging things out of them—including a scorpion sting. Once when my wife pulled a brass vessel from the kitchen loft, all the other vessels followed it without her volition, and crashed on her head, making a noise, like the explosion of a bomb in a metal factory. But, house-shifters know, that we have to take it all rather philosophically, as being inevitable incidents in the shifty nature of things. Towards evening we had piled all our furniture and things in all sorts of places, and they had occupied all the available space in the house, so that it looked as if we could sleep only in the cowshed, and eat our food only on the top of the roof.

We had allotted two sacks into which to throw all the rubbish and unwanted things. To prospective house-shifters, I should here like to give a bit of advice. Please examine the takings in these sacks well, before you throw them away. They have an appetite to devour even things which have a property

value. There is an instance on record, of how a sack once attracted a rich aunt into it, who jumped out of the dustbin, and fled crying out angrily that she would cut out the person in her will—that she would. You may throw a brother-in-law into the dustbin, without compunction, but you must be careful that a rich aunt like this, does not get mixed up with the takings.

I engaged six bullock carts to carry our lighter things, and employed six men to move heavy ones on their heads. The cartmen started removing. They were careful fellows; I will say that of them. They approached with reverence, and handled with awe, such things as mattresses, rusty mouse-traps, and empty Ovaltine tins, and carried them like tender babies, but as to things like the clock, my wife's harmonium, and picture frames, well, I refrain from saying anything. The sight was simply horrible, and there was no use of mere shouting to them to be careful. All things had been brought out and spread in the street, and our house-front presented the appearance of the odds-and-ends shops on the fringes of the Moore Market. You may not have any idea how raffish and disreputable even the best of our things look when they are exposed in their nakedness to the street. And what shall I say of the innumerable mutilated things that one cannot help exposing in the course of removal? The fact that all the neighbours keep looking on these, our dear household gods, is enough to sear our sensitive souls. It is a drawback incidental to moving in the day. But it has been so with removals through the ages, and so it ever will be. A removing household must be prepared to put up with a great deal of shock to its vanity.

There was trouble with the heavier furniture, particularly, the rose-wood double wardrobe with full length mirrors. It would not go through the door. I don't recollect how I managed to take it in, but now the beastly thing showed an utter reluctance to leave the

house. The coolies heaved at it, straining, and perspiring, and making all sorts of noises, each giving urgent directions to the other, and alarmingly shouting that it was toppling this side or the other. But the wretched thing would not budge out of the door. In the midst of this cataclysm arrived my dear brother-in-law.

"Leave it to me. I will carry it" he said.

"Come on. That is a sport" I said "I would love to see you strolling gaily in the street with a big wardrobe on your back."

"Stupid, I meant I would direct the operations": he said, and directly took command.

"Heave, you idiots" he cried and the coolies heaved. There was more toil, more labour, and more perspiration.

"It will not go through the door, sir, never with the legs on" said the coolies.

"Remove the legs then" commanded by brother-in-law. And a man with a lion-like courage seized a screw driver, and began sapping and mining operations underneath. There was an ominous creaking.

"Why didn't you hold it, you dunder-heads?" demanded my brother-in-law "Now, heave, you chaps, up, hummm" he grunted.

Eventually the wardrobe left the house, and my brother-in-law went behind it gently and reverently carrying two of its legs in his hand.

It was in the front doorway of the new house that the wardrobe became finally and irrevocably wedged. All that we could do was to push it a little in front so as to allow the door to be closed.

"What are we going to do about it?" I asked.

"Oh! well. I can't stay here all night. I will come and shift it in the morning" he said.

"In the meantime?" I queried.

"Use two ladders—one to go up the top of the ward robe, and the other on the other side, to descend into the house," he suggested, and disappeared.

It is now something that we have at last—got into the new house. Of the things that were broken, and of the things that were missing, I forbear to speak. Such experiences, I suppose, are common, and the hardened householder looks for them, indeed expects them, and perhaps would feel disappointed if they didn't happen.

I may however give you a few examples of how our things arrived in the new house.

My office chair had dropped one back leg, and it now stands slanting with a back ache.

My table drawer, which had previously only four sides, has now developed six. I am now racking my brains over the geometrical puzzle how it did it.

My dear wife's harmonium has shed four black keys and three white ones, and has

besides contracted a rent in the bellows so that it now hisses like an old man with a shortage of teeth.

My mother-in-law's bromide enlargement looks on us with one eye (poor, departed beauty) having only a big hole for the other.

My brother-in-law's picture has got its left leg amputated, and shows signs of gangrene having set in, in the left lower abdominal regions.

My wife's picture has acquired sooty tattoos all over the face, and she now looks like a Honolulu huntress out to kill.

I can't say any thing of my picture, as I have already smashed it to bits, and thrown the bits into the gutter.

My wardrobe stands on the threshold, as you know, like the leaning Tower of Pisa.

And personally, I have as many wounds on my body as there are anatomical parts. And my wife is now lying in a swoon, amidst the wreckage.

The Limit

I can stand a man who stutters;
I can stand a man who snores;
I can stand a man who utters
platitudes and talk that bores;
I can stand a gormandiser,
tho' his waistcoat never shrinks;
I can stand an honest miser,
tho' he never pays for his drinks.

I can stand a man who glories
in another man's defeat;
I can stand a man with stories
that he's anxious to repeat;
I can stand a man who fusses
over trifles that are small,
Such as catching trains or 'buses,'
tho's I hope he'll miss them all.

I can stand a man who rarely
free from petty ailments feels;
I can stand a man (tho' barely)
who is 'noisy' at his meals;
I can stand a man who'll borrow,
'Till tomorrow' trifling sums,
Tho' I've learnt that his 'Tomorrow'
is a day that never comes.

I can stand a blatant 'swanker'
tho's I own he makes me yawn;
I can even stand my banker,
when I am not overdrawn;
But the man who most affects me,
Whom I long to shoot at sight,
Is the man who contradicts me,
and I find that he is right.

R. H. in the Pearson's Magazine for September 1923.

My Learned Friend

(By C. S. I.)

MY learned friend has not much mellowed by his fairly long career as a lawyer. He is the same easily excitable gentleman as he was years back, with hardly any artifice necessary to show him off in the profession. True, he is generally impulsive though never wilfully offensive. His record of academic achievements is not at all insignificant. His diligent research in some branches of the Law has impelled him to produce books, which are much more eloquent of his abilities as a clear-thinker and lucid expounder of the principles underlying them than what he appears to be. His nerves are ever so sensitive that they betray him frequently into a distinct loss of his equanimity. No provocation is really needed to unsettle him; he is himself simple enough to mistake a pat from you for a premeditated blow.

Nature has not aided him much with her bounties. Rather she has been slack in her care for him. But for the very fortunate circumstance that his complexion does not readily permit of a flushed face being recognised, he would sooner court trouble than good-will. On the other hand everybody feels diverted on his emergence into the heated atmosphere that commonly prevails over the deliberations of the Advocates Association. His appearance at the Association table causes wry faces to expand with mirth. With his coat on, he resembles, not exactly, the heavily stuffed pillow bulging out of its cover. His paunch has developed with a grandeur and proportion adequate to the rich Pongal and Pulihorai he eats and which he has a special quality of preparing at home. His heart is as roomy as his stomach, for he likes to share all his dainties with his friends. Many a time the half-starved lawyers only too alertly respond to the twinkle of his eye indicating the hidden treasures in his pockets.

His fingers are thrust into his pockets, instinctively as it were, for taking out and distributing fried groundnuts or sweetmeats to a clamorous group crowding round him. The sight of ripe melons or luscious oranges arranged on the roadside by the vendor (generally a woman) attracts him so much that, without even waiting for the bus to stop or the conductor to cry halt, he rolls down in a bundle to the ground with loud, indistinct protests at the driver's wilful neglect of his urgency to step down. He is a past-master in higgling for a good bargain with any fruit-seller.

He is usually a sight at his threshold for passers by. If you go by in a car, he is sure to greet you uproariously. If you are a bit unobservant; an instinctive fear would take hold of you that you have carelessly run over a poor soul, who in distress produces such distracted sounds from under the very wheels of your car. But when you behold him, a comely figure indeed, whole and hearty, standing and in the literal sense of the term 'darkening' the threshold of his house, your spirits would rise equal to the occasion.

My learned friend was once a regular member of our local club and was a source of attraction on the tennis court. He played a steady game, but his hilarity and high spirits always evoked response even from the indifferent and serious-minded. He owned a racket which, though it could not boast of much shape or tension in the strings, displayed great skill in twisting in

return the baso-line drives of his opponent. He was not drawn to any other pastime at the club save the game of cards and its constant votaries. His feelings often proving beyond his control, he used to let go the reins and plunge headlong into the babel of voices emanating from the enthusiastic circle. It so chanced that one evening a gentleman aimed a pack of cards at my learned friend for not following his instructions at the game and the little rub ended in a full fledged quarrel as a result of which the slate, used for marking the score, was thrown at his shining head. Mark you, it was the slate that broke into pieces and not his head. The occasion was so exciting to the rest of the members that a humorous and gifted friend described in verse the situation, on the wooden frame of the broken slate, which was long preserved by us as an historic record of our club's best traditions. The lines began thus:

'The game is lost that caused the fray
The fun is caused that made us gay.'

Again, at the annual meeting of some Association, when speeches were made in support of resolutions, my learned friend happening to be in the audience, could not brook keeping quiet and burst out with a jerky request to the Chairman to be allowed to speak. The wary chairman somewhat hesitatingly permitted him to do so, when to the complete relief of all those assembled, who were hitherto experiencing the dullness of being passive participators in the meeting, my learned friend began to cleave the air with a sentence which almost proved an inadequate vehicle to the crowd of ideas gathering in his brain. He said, 'I wish to say something in Sanskrit' meaning evidently that he wanted to cite a Sanskrit quotation. But before he could finish the first line of the stanza he forgot the next and looked so amusingly agitated that the listeners, one and all, felt thankful to the chairman for providing them such real mirth at end.

It is no exaggeration to confess, my learned friend is soaked in music and can persuade the serious-minded to change into the light-hearted. His fondness for the art is so great that he could not tolerate the stale old ragas being sung at a music concert and wished for fresh ones, that were not much in vogue. He got up, suddenly unable to bear any longer the obsession of his ideas and interrupted the singer with a 'please'. His words being not clear, his motive was mistaken for sheer impertinence and voices drowned him, demanding silence.

Such is my learned friend with many parts but few arts to create a favourable impression on others. How many of us are ready to excuse impulsive natures? It is not uncommon for even the sober minded to retaliate to unceremonious words. Hence my special plea on behalf of my learned friend, if he is liberal to his own sensitive feelings. If people are not keen enough to rate him at his true worth, it proves their want of judgment and not his inherent lack of merits.

'Whatever record leap to light
He never shall be shamed.'

Good man! he reminds me of the jack fruit with its prickly exterior protecting the golden fruit within.



"Oh by the way, does the telegram say what were
second and third.

H. G. Wells was travelling in a railway train and was addressing his fellow passengers on Hygiene with immense enthusiasm. All of them but one, listened to his discourse with rapt attention. But when Wells remarked "we must drink water only after it is boiled," the unsteady listener added "yes, sir, I quite agree with you." Wells was pleased and inquired if the man was a doctor. "No, sir, I am a coal merchant," came the quick reply.

shall I or not?

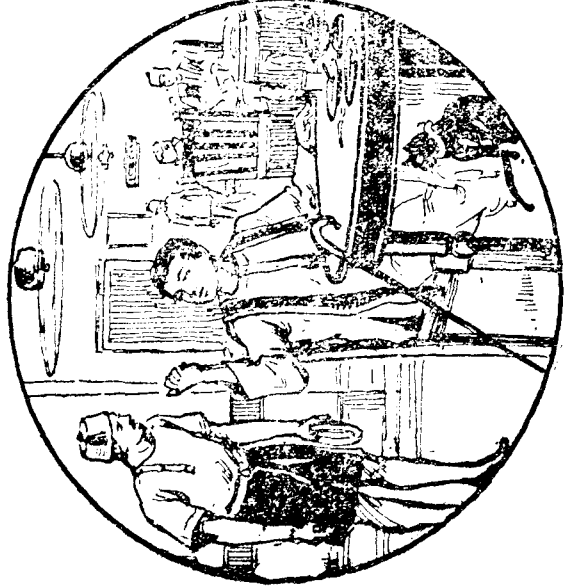
why not? ... while ... no one is...

... looking.

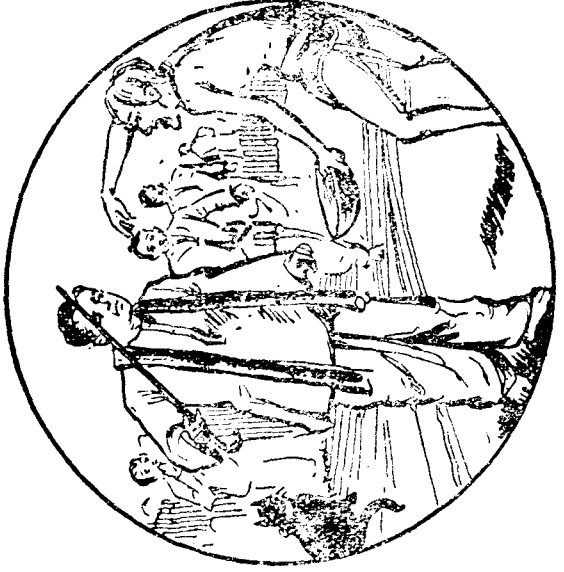
DIAL

Look on this Picture . . .

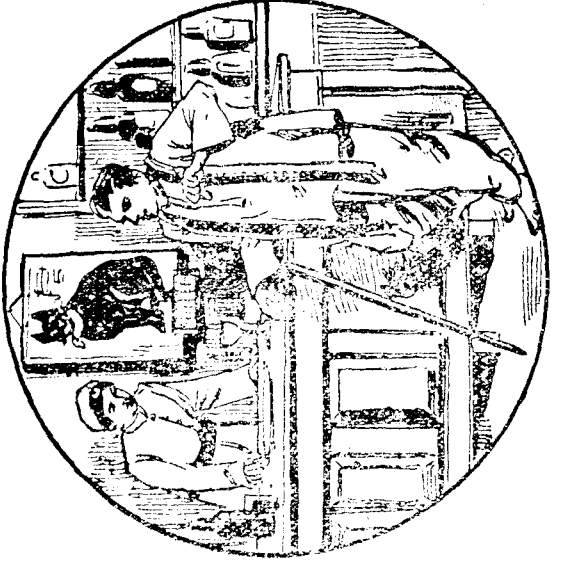
The Caste Hindu



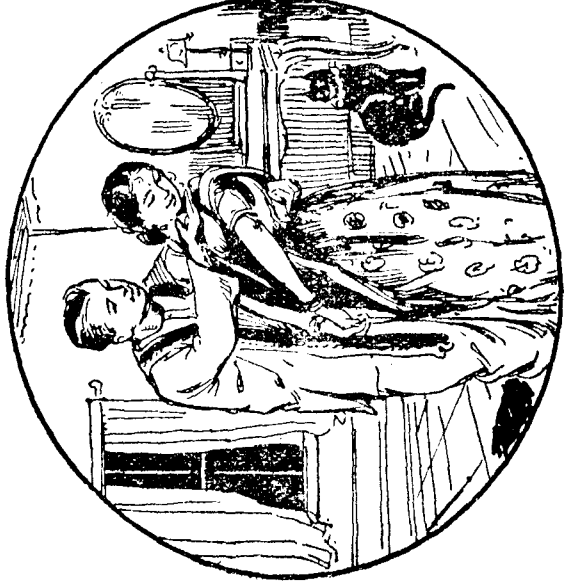
Is inordinately fond of a beef-steak.



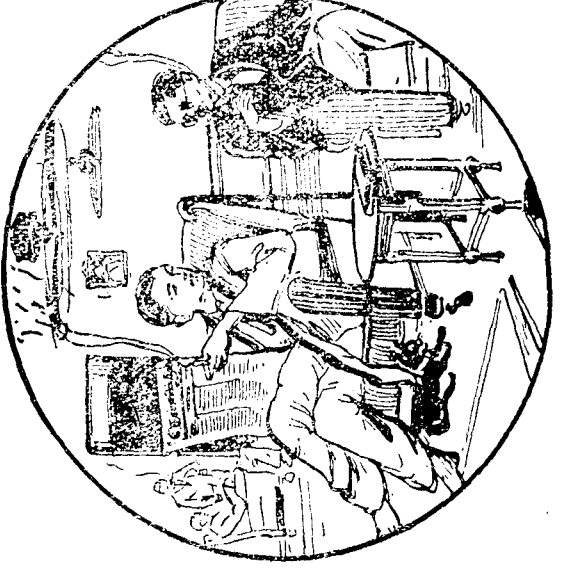
Is no believer in indiscriminate alms-giving.



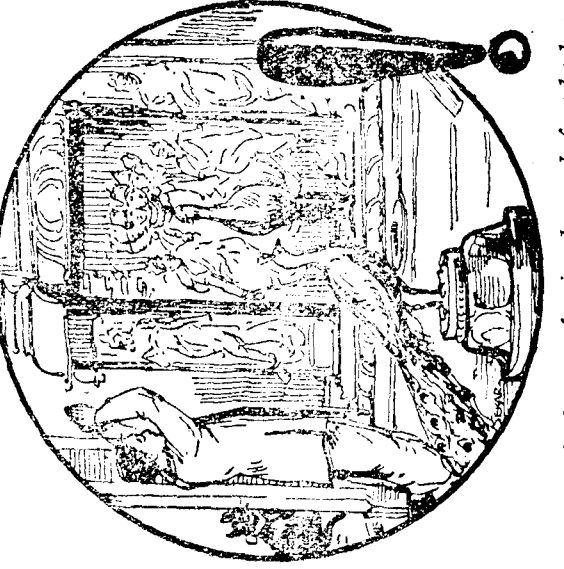
Neither does he believe in putting too much soda in his whisky.



Like all men, a deceiver.



A clubman of course.



But won't dream of going home before he has worshipped at the local shrine.

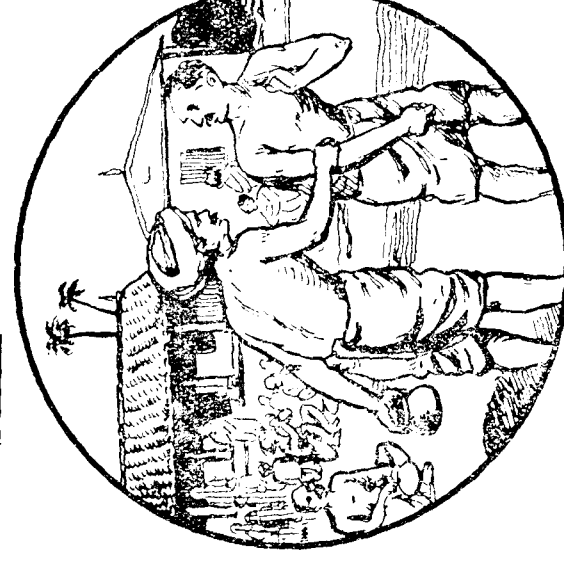
The Harijan



A vegetarian both by choice and by necessity.



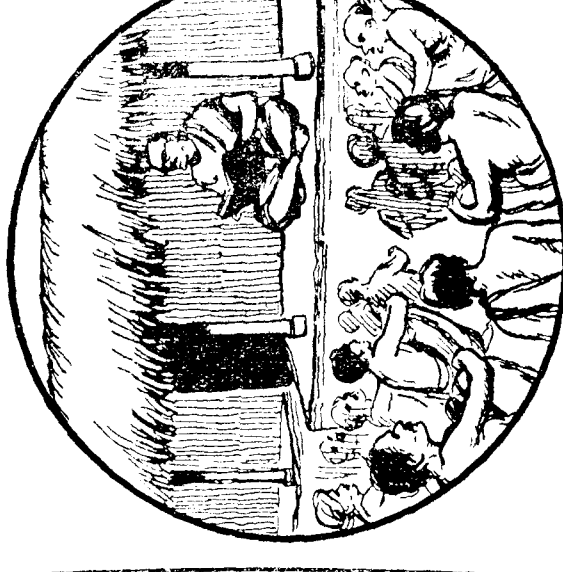
Shares his humble meal with a stray mongrel.



Resists the blandishments of his bibulous friend to have a pot or two.



At home and at peace.



Drinks in tales of Mythology and religious lore.



And is indignantly denied admission to the Halls of God by its Caste-Hindu guardians.

. . . and on That

My Unrealised Dreams

(BY SEA PEA ORR)

I will not give you my life-history. It is dull and monotonous. I have more lands in my village than brains in my head. My political principles are responsible for that. I am a violent boycotter of education. When I was twenty and in the third standard for the fourth time, I assaulted my schoolmaster, and paying two hundred rupees to make peace with the educationist on the battle-field of a Bench Court, and another five to a half-starving vakil, I bade final farewell to education. I have half a dozen children both of the male and female variety. I know a few words in English, but when and how to use them I have not learnt. Mind you, I am a Taluq Board member. What if it cost me five thousands? They say if the King Emperor comes to my village, he will catch hold of me with his gloved hands and shake me. Suppose India gets Swaraj tomorrow, who will be the Dictator in my village? Myself. I get "The Hindu" everyday, but I concentrate my attention on the picture page, because I know enough of arithmetic and I need not total up the letters in the other pages.

"You have everything except a tail," often complained my friends. Perhaps 'title' is derived from 'tail.' Yes, I must have a title. Why should I be plain now? In my younger days, I was known as a 'half crack.' Somehow that title has disappeared. I do not remember to have refused my title during the non-co-operation days.

I have a uniform in which I attend Taluq Board meetings—red pith turban and green alpaka coat (my marriage presents) black trousers, yellow stockings, brown boots with black lace and to crown all, my 'apla kudumi' must give me a wonderful appearance. I put on this unique uniform and sitting in my twin cylinder ox-mobile cart, I went to the Sub-Collector's bungalow.

I did not know that the Indian Sub-Collector had been transferred and a European had come in his place. So when I found in the bungalow, besides a few bulldogs, a gentleman in white trousers, white long-coat and white turban, with a green sash round his waist, I imagined he must be the Sub-Collector, salaamed him and putting rose garlands round his blessed neck, and standing at a respectable distance with folded arms, I begged his honour to confer on me a title. The man in

white said something in broken English which I imagined was a demand for money, and so, quietly handing over the five hundred-rupee currency notes, which I had obtained by mortgaging a portion of my patrimony, I repeated the salaaming, like a doctor his quinine prescription got back, to my ox-mobile and to my village.

The 31st December dawned. Why not some members of the Legislative Assembly seek permission of the Viceroy for two other bills to remove 31st December and 2nd June from the calendar? Or why not the Government sell honours in these days of financial stringency? There may also be "clearance sales" and "stock taking sales at rock bottom prices" off and on. Then the Government need not raise any kind of loans. Oh! how I wish I were the Viceroy of India.

That night I could not sleep. Can a prospective title-getter afford to sleep on the night prior to his getting a tail to his name? A bride before marriage, a prince before coronation and myself are all alike excited. In this state I fell into a reverie. Tomorrow I will be a 'Rao Sahib', I will get Tea parties and Dinner parties—perhaps at my own cost. In the next elections I will become an M.L.C., join this party, make a somersault and join the opposition and who knows, I may become a minister without portfolio and power, but with a huge salary etc., etc., etc., and I slept and dreamt. Oh, what a dream! I dreamt that seated on an elephant with garlands round my neck, and an army of people following and crying 'Rao Sahib ki Jai,' I was taken in procession. Brahmins offered me Poorna Kumbams as I entered the Town Hall. The man in white of the Sub-Collector's bungalow who was sitting on a throned chair with a piece of paper on which was printed in black 'Rao Sahib' pasted the same on my forehead and people clapped their hands. It must be the noise of clapping, though in my dreams, that should have awakened me. It was noon and 1st of January. The 'Hindu' was lying near my bed. The pity of it, I could not read English and nobody in my village knew this foreign tongue. I wrote to the Sub-Collector in Tamil that day, and they say that it is in his W. P. B. I am not disheartened. Next time I will catch hold of the Collector. Even if I should become an insolvent in my attempts, I will be a Rao Sahib I. P.

Magistrate:—"You here again? I told you I didn't want to see you again."

Pickpocket:—"I told the policeman that, but he wouldn't believe me."

"Would you be angry with me if I asked you to be my wife?"

"Why, no. But I would be furious with myself if I agreed to?"

A Murder and A Proverb

(A. GOPALARATNAM.)

(Copyright with author)

"WHY don't you try and catch this Lakshmi-kantham?" I asked. "You can not only get a name in the field you so desire, but can also employ your time profitably."

Ramu looked at me as one would at a pig wallowing in the mud. "You are very provoking," he said "and when you imagine you are being humorous, take it from me, you are miles on the other side. I certainly can place this man, but who will give me the necessary funds for the quest? It may be long or it may be short"

"It is bound to be one or the other....." I said.

"But in either case," continued Ramu unperturbed, "cash for the expenses is the main consideration; not to speak of arms"

"Yes, alas, you have only two!" I said.

Ramu looked at me sternly. "If you are determined to be flippant, Goodnight!" he said.

Ramu was suffering under the delusion that he was a born detective. He used to pride himself upon the wonderfully correct conclusions he could draw from apparently trivial things. He was

always wishing that something would happen in which his ability could be brought forth to shine, instead of wasting its light in the bushel like the candle in the parable.

I forced a yawn, yawned aloud and was about to say "Goodnight", when somebody came hurrying up the staircase, and pushing open the door, flew in!

"Gopal!" I cried.

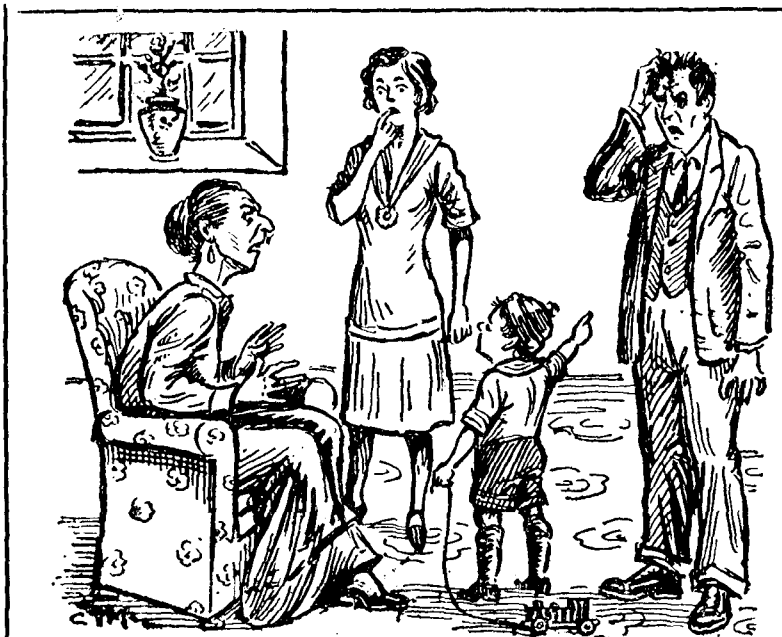
"Don't shout!" cut in Ramu. Then turning to Gopal, "Well. What's the matter, boy?" he asked almost paternally.

"The deuce is the matter, Ramu. Nothing is right at my house. The whole place is haunted. There is somebody in the house. Of that I am sure,"

"Easy, easy Gopal! Don't go on like that. Calm yourself and tell us from when you left the Wellington Cinema."

Gopal gasped. "How do you know that I had been to the Wellington Cinema?" he asked.

"Of that, anon. But of one thing you can be sure, and that is that whoever the unknown in your house may be, he did not enter through the doorway of the house, for the Yale lock you have on the door is not an easy one to pick or break."



Mother:—"Georgie, dear, come and kiss your new governess."

Georgie:—"No, I don't dare to, I'm afraid."

Mother:—"Why, dearie?"

Georgie:—"Dad kissed her yesterday, and she slapped his face."

Gopal looked wonder. "You amaze me!" he said. "How came you to know that the lock on the door is a Yale lock?"

"Even when you had bought it only day before yesterday at Velu Chetty's for two rupees and eight annas, eh?" continued Ramu calmly.

I began to be interested, whereas Gopal stared wondering. "If you can say so much," said he when he found his voice, "then you can perhaps tell us why I am here and who that person inside my house is?"

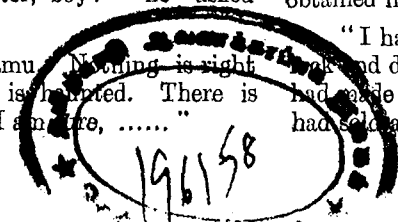
"You are here because when you opened the door, you heard somebody moving in the house,

and the house being dark, you were afraid to enter. You relocked the door and came rushing here where you knew you could find somebody to accompany you. As for who Mr. X is, we shall presently find out," he said.

In about three minutes Ramu had whisked his Angavastrum on, caught up the ever-ready flash-lamp and had taken something from the drawers of his wardrobesomething which looked very alarming.

We three reached the street and were going towards Gopal's house, when I asked Ramu to explain how he obtained his information about the lock and cinema.

"I had been today to Velu Chetty's shop to buy a flash-lamp, and during the bargain, he showed me the bill he had made up the day before yesterday and told me that he had sold a Yale lock to Gopal at the price of the bill, viz.,



5:52 PM 1961

23-1-3

Rs. 2-8-0. Gopal is alone in the house. So, what does Gopal do but lock his door and go to the cinema?"

"But why cinema?" I persisted.

"If you did not see the crumpled notice of the Wellington Cinema in his hands, which by the way he is still holding, I did! He had been telling me that he wished to see the film Maurice Chevalier was appearing in, and what more natural than that he should bring the notice with him in his hand and crumple it up in the sudden alarm on opening his door?"

"Oh, I see," I said drily.

"Everybody sees after a thing is pointed out, but here's Gopal's house. Now let us find out who the visitor is." That was all that Ramu spoke. He then grew alert, his face became set, his lips were pressed tight and his eyes sparkled. Ramu was now the hunter!

He took the key from Gopal and noiselessly opened the lock. He signed to us to be silent and then suddenly pushed the door wide open. It opened with an alarming screech, and Gopal and I were startled. "Damn" said Ramu under his breath.

Inside there was nothing but stillness. Everything was quite quiet. Pitch darkness prevailed in the passage, but the yard had a little light from the starlit sky. Presently a rich beam of light flashed out of Ramu's torch-light and lit up a portion of the passage wall. Then, as Ramu moved his hand, the patch of light travelled over the entire wall, flashed from side to side, and then inch by inch lit the floor space near the doorway, where it stopped. "Ah!" said Ramu in a hushed tone and bent down.

"What is it?" asked Gopal hoarsely. The question was superfluous: for, right in the centre of the illuminated area, a silent witness of some fearful struggle, we could plainly see the drop of clotted blood! Ramu touched it with his finger. "It is dry, but not completely. I would like to know whose blood it is," he said. He then measured the distance between the doorway and the drop of blood. It was nearly two cubits. "H'M! I expect more blood till the yard," said Ramu and the lamp flashed in a line towards the yard and sure enough we saw similar drops of clotted blood almost every two feet, until near the yard there was a little patch of dry blood. Beyond this, there was nothing.

"What does it mean?" asked Gopal.

"It means," said Ramu grimly, "that the victim whoever it was, tried to escape through the door, but was killed just when he was two cubits from the door, and carried back to this yard, when his wound was dressed. It might also be that there was no victim at all. The intruder might have cut his finger in the darkness and have gone to the light to dress his wound, after which..."

"Yes, after which?" we asked.

"After which," said Ramu in a very quiet voice, "the man either went away by the way he came, or IS STILL IN THE HOUSE, ALONE OR WITH HIS VICTIM."

I trembled. "You give me the creeps, Ramu" I said. "Don't say such things." I looked all around me like a frightened child. Everything looked sinister. Everywhere was darkness, except for the ghostly beam of light out of the flashlamp, dancing weirdly here and there.

Slowly, clinging to Ramu we walked in the yard locking the front door behind us. From the yard we passed on to the *kudam*, where we found nothing of importance.

Passing the *kudam*, we entered the front room. Here, there was glorious confusion!

On the oil cloth, which covered the table, was collected a dark pool of liquid, which we took to be blood, until Ramu pointed out the capsized red ink pot. The table lamp had fallen forward and the beautiful dome smashed in the impact lay in a thousand glittering pieces all over the floor. The chair was lying with its legs sprawled out. The door of the almirah stood open and one of the books had fallen on the floor, open. Ramu focussed the light on it and we read the title of the book: "Murder As A Fine Art."

"Gopal, why do you read such books?" I remonstrated.

"These things prove that there is a victim and a murderer and that a struggle has taken place. It is curious that one of them had been reading this book and that they should meet in this house to settle their accounts. If I am not mistaken they are both in the house."

And Ramu had scarcely finished speaking, when from the store-room came the sound of a dull, horrible thud, as if some heavy wooden body had fallen on to the floor. Our hairs stood on end, and as I clutched at Ramu, I could feel his hand trembling ever so little.

"God!" I choked, "The tension is unbearable. I am shivering with fear. I am a coward!"

"No more than this light," said Ramu. "It has also felt the tension. It is also shivering and....."

With a sickening heart I beheld the flash-lamp growing suddenly dim, shiver a little and go out. We were in complete darkness!

"I vote for going right out!" I said.

"I second!" said Gopal.

"I veto!" said Ramu. "Keep quiet, you fools! We must catch the murderer before he catches us; here is an opportunity for me to prove my worth, and by thunder! I shall not let it slip. I have an automatic in my hand and I assure you, no harm shall come to you. Now follow me." And Ramu went to the *kudam* again, passed into the yard and went towards the back-portion. It was from there that the ominous thud had issued and our hearts stood in our mouths, as we unwillingly dragged ourselves behind the headstrong Ramu.

We then entered the *kudam* of that portion and stood at the doorway of the store-room. Inside was inky darkness, and a comparatively lighter darkness prevailed in the *kudam*.

"Steady boys!" whispered Ramu. "We are going to face the murderer and catch him. He may try to scare us with perhaps a phosphorescent face or a ghostly light or some more material thing such as a knife or a revolver. Nerves steady!"

Then, loudly, in a voice that cut the silence like the alarm bell of an ill-timed timepiece at midnight, he said: "Come out! We have got you! You will swing for this murder, but we shall give you as much rope as possible! No tricks, now please. Hands up, or I shoot!"

The silence continued and there was not a sound, not even the movement of a single limb. I thought the concealed man was taking advantage of the darkness and preferred to remain there counting upon a struggle if we ventured in. I was wrong. The warning came from Gopal.

"Look up there!" he said in a guttural accent, "Oh, Horror!"

I looked up. Out of the pitchy darkness shone two baleful round orbs with an uncanny green light.

"Oh, shoot, Ramu!" I shouted "Shoot! Why don't you shoot, you fool?"

"I cannot!" he said, in a very low voice. "For the very excellent reason that what I hold is only a water-pistol!"

The orbs shone still brighter, and with a nerve-racking cry, they flew out into the air.....my limbs grew suddenly limp and I remembered no more!

* * *

When I returned to consciousness, the sun was streaming down, into the room and lit up the white wall in a patch of bright light. Never before had that light seemed so glorious and welcome. I was lying on a bed in Ramu's room.

A Scot consulted a London doctor, who quickly diagnosed the trouble.

"Well, you must knock it off altogether. You must become a teetotaler and leave the drink alone."

The Scot, ill-pleased, was walking to the door when the specialist said.

"By the way, the fee for my advice is two guineas."

"That is all right," said the Scot "I am not taking you advice."

Ramu was still sleeping on his cot, like a tired child I shook him and scarcely had he opened his eyes when I asked "what happened afterwards?"

"Afterwards," he said, "the man married the woman and they had children....."

"Shut up!" I said sternly. "Are you going to tell me what happened afterwards, or not?"

"After what?" he asked exasperatingly.

"After these horrible orbs flew at us."

He laughed. "Oh, we saw the murderer all right, but failed to catch him. Anyhow, even if we had caught him, we cannot prove the murder, for the victim's body was not found!"

"What had become of it?"

"Perhaps, the murderer ate it all up."

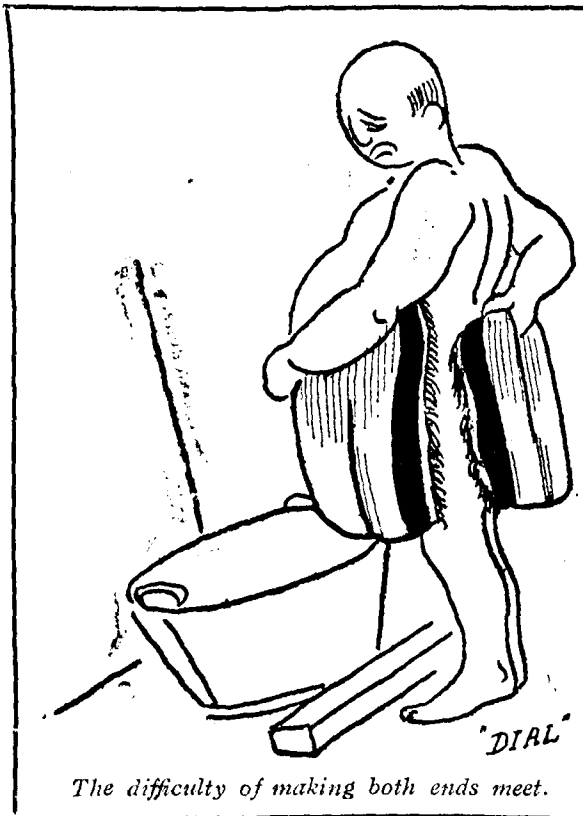
I shivered. "Don't be flippant," I said. "How did the murderer look like?"

"See what it is to be flippant? But I was *not* flippant. The murderer had really eaten up the victim, and he will perhaps commit many such murders before we can catch him. He had four legs, good teeth, strong claws, whiskers, and a tail and cried 'meauw', 'meauw', 'meauw' as I shot the water-pistol at him. No trace of the victim remained except for a little blood stain, a few hairs....."

I burst into a roar of laughter. "It was only a cat and a rat! And the two orbs were the eyes of the cat! Strange that the cat should read 'Murder as a Fine Art' and that they should come there to settle their accounts!"

"You did not seem to think it so very funny yesterday night."

I did not answer. Speech may be silvery but there are times when silence is golden.



A Scotchman was leaving on a fortnight's business trip and called back as he left home:

"Good-bye, all, and Katherine, do not forget to make little Donald take his glasses off when he is not looking at anything."

Employee:—"Sir, may I ask for a rise?"

Employer:—"Very well, from to-morrow, start working on the top-floor."

SOUND BUSINESS

(By P. R. S. GOPAL)

Mr. JAGANATH was out on business. His wife, Vijaya was very busily engaged in the kitchen, when some one called at the door. She came out of the kitchen and saw a man standing in the verandah, with a small bundle in his hand, who seemed to be a hawker.

The man, with a smiling face, began: "You know, the banker Nallamuthu Chettiar, living in the next street, ordered for a silk saree last week; but before my finishing this, he bought of some one else and I was very much disappointed. I've not e'en money for my fare. So, I've to sell this saree for a very cheap price to somebody. If you are in need of, ma'am, you can take it."

Vijaya is as honest as most women, are in so far that she never does anything which can be found out, but the lure for a bargain was too much for her and she asked to see it.

The man unrolled the bundle and produced a tightly wound and stringed up silk saree, which was of a sudden pattern, having some red flowers on the shining blue background, and Vijaya was very much attracted.

"Can you not bring this late this evening, when the master's at home?" asked Vijaya.

"No, ma'am, I am going home, say, by the 11-30 train. If you want, you can take it now or leave it off. It's full 18 cubits length, no doubt about that, why so much, ma'am? It costs me Rs. 25; owing to my present pressing demand I sell it for 15 rupees; enough you pay Rs. 5 now for my fare. If you don't like it, you needn't pay the rest, but, return the same, when I come next. By this, ma'am, what you lose is—nothing!"

Vijaya was so much persuaded that she ran in and mustered altogether 4 rupees, 15 annas, 5 pies, which she gave to the hawker. Then, she took the saree in, locked it up safely in her trunk, and resumed her work.

* * *

At about seven in the evening Mr. Jaganath returned home and Vijaya, from the kitchen, called to him and said "Come here, I've a great surprise for you." Mr. Jaganath, wondering what it could be, went into the kitchen. When Vijaya handed him the newly bought bundle, he was still more surprised.

"What's this?" he asked.

"Unpack it, You'll find!" she exclaimed.

"Something to eat?"

"No, No, unpack it, I say."

So Jaganath took off the wrapper and inside it found the tightly packed up saree. Vijaya explained: "You see, that hawker had no money for his fare and so had to dispose of this for a very cheap price. I've paid him 4 rupees 15 annas 5 pies already and we've got to pay the balance of Rs. 10, when he comes next."

Jaganath was fully satisfied: "Let me see how you look in your new saree," and, so saying he cut off the strings and unwound the saree. Ah! What was that?

Only the outside portion was up to samples and this was a strip of about a foot wide. The rest of it was simply odds and ends, probably collected from a tailoring house.

Jaganath was very much puzzled, and said, more in sorrow than in anger: "Well! My dear, this only proves how women are cheated very easily. That's why I take all the buying business for myself. I am a business man and I am never cheated."

Vijaya was very much afraid and wept. Mr. Jaganath consoled her and went on "Vijaya, my dear, hereafter you shouldn't buy anything from the hawkers. You'll promise, won't you?"

"Yes, darling, but he looked very honest, wearing a very nice dress?"

"Many a false heart beats beneath a nice dress," said Mr. Jaganath. "But, dry your tears. Of course, it does not matter in the least about that trifling amount, because, I have to-day, by a good stroke of business, gained much more than that. You remember telling me you wanted a couple of rose plants for our garden?"

"Yes, Dear."

"Well, in the evening, when I was on my way to the coffee club, I met a man with a burrow. He asked me the time and when I told him it was half past four, he seemed upset. It appears that he'd promised to meet somebody from Madras to sell the Zemindar of Somewhere or Other two special rose-plants, and he was a quarter of an hour late. Now he'd got to push these plants in the burrow all the way home, that is about 10 miles. He showed me the plants and they were really lovely. You can't get anything like that in the shops, I know. The Zemindar was going to pay him 15 rupees each for them. But now the man said that rather than take them home he'd sell them to anybody for 8 rupees the pair."

"Of course, he didn't offer to sell them to me, but I rather liked them and I thought that what was good for a Zemindar ought to be good enough for you too, darling. So I bought them for you. I've got them in the hall. We'll plant them before supper."

So they did. They really were good rose-plants. They were a pale green, with delicate leaves.

"He said they'd grow to be six feet high before this summer," said Jaganath. "Hold the pot, dear, while I make sure I don't break the roots."

But he needn't have worried. The root of that rose-plant came out all in one piece. As a matter of fact, it was a slice off the top of some unknown thorny plant, and so was the other. But they really resembled rose-plants.

He never speaks of *silk-saree* to Vijaya nowadays! And she is silent on the subject of the *rose-plants*! But, somehow I don't believe the Zemindar of Somewhere or Other did order those plants at all!

The Adventure With The Mousetrap.

(V. S. SRINIVASAN.)

"Aren't you hungry?" said White Mouse.

"Very," said Brown Mouse.

"Everything's covered up in the larder."

"Yes, I know it is. I call it a shame. There's nothing to nibble at."

"Have you seen the little wire-house? There's a lump of cheese in it."

"I know. But mother says it's a mousetrap. She says if we once went in, we should never get out again."

"Couldn't we get the cheese, without going in?"

"But how?"

"Ah! that's the question. We must think of a plan. Let's go and look at it."

"Come along," said Brown Mouse.

The two little mousies scampered down the tunnel and came out of a little round hole at the end of the larder.

The bread was shut up in the bread-pan: the sugar and the rice were in tin boxes; the dishes were all covered.

"There's not even a crumb on the floor," said Brown Mouse. "Look," said White Mouse, "there's the little wire house with the cheese in it".

"Doesn't it smell good?" said Brown Mouse.

"Yes," said White Mouse, but we must only smell it at a distance.

Don't go too close. If you put your head under the flap you're done for. Mother says it's alive. It's really a wide-open mouth, and when you go in, it shuts up with a snap."

"I've got an idea!" said Brown Mouse.

"Hooray! said White Mouse. "What is it? Will it work?"

"Ripping," said Brown Mouse. "You see that wooden spoon the one that smells of jam?"

"Well, what can we do with it?"

"Do you think we could lift it?"

"It's heavy, but we might. What then?"

"If we could run the handle of it into the mouth of the trap, what would happen?"

"Why, the flap would snap down."

"Yes, but the wooden handle would keep it half open and prevent it shutting down tight. It would leave room for us to creep in and get the cheese."

"Hooray! So it would. That's a ripping idea of yours, Brown Mouse."

"But let's see if we can lift the wooden spoon."

They tried with all their might. By shoving very hard indeed they could just push it a very little. But even when they tried with all their strength they couldn't lift it.

"Stop ho!" said White Mouse. "I've got an idea!"

"Well, it's your turn to have an idea," said Brown Mouse. "But do mind my tail! All the weight of the spoon is lying on the tip of it."

He got his tail out by wriggling at it while White Mouse pushed at the spoon. They were both panting and out of breath after their exertions.

"Now, then," said Brown Mouse, "what's the go? What dodge can we try next?"

"I saw some men lifting a stone once. They did it by swinging it to a string, then they could push it easily."

"Good!" said Brown Mouse, "There's a ball of string in that little wicker basket. Shall I nibble off a piece?"

"A good long piece," said White Mouse. "There, that's enough."

Brown Mouse bit it off with his little sharp teeth. White Mouse tied one end of it to the wooden spoon, and between them, pulling opposite ways with their teeth, they drew the knot tight. Then White Mouse took the other end of the string, ran up a wooden beam with it, slipped it over a steel hook, and dropped the string, and the spoon lifted."

"Shove!" he cried, and Brown Mouse shoved the spoon inside with all his might. He poked it right into the mousetrap. "Click!" went the flap, but it only fell upon the wooden spoon.

"Hooray!" said White Mouse, "That's the dodge, my boy! We've done the trick, and now I reckon, we can have a good feast!" They slipped in under the flap and gobbled up all the cheese between them. What a delicious flavour it had, to be sure. It was the very best cheese; besides, they had worked hard to get it, which made them enjoy it all the more.

When they went home that evening, and Mother gave them two grains of corn each for supper, they couldn't eat a mouthful. So they had to explain why it was they had no appetite, and how they had feasted on the cheese without getting caught in the mousetrap.



Shells from the Seashore

Modern woman's garb has more latitude than longitude.

A girl seeking a model husband must make sure that he is a working model.

A girl's complexion is not always all it is puffed up to be.

Some men save nothing but time, some women not even that.

Many a wife hopes before her birthday and mopes afterwards.

Monotony is the religion of a man who has only one wife.

Love and scandal are the best sweeteners of tea.

Man's aim in life is to get on, woman's to get off.

There are only two kinds of women; the plain and the painted.

Universal suffrage is the government of a house by its nursery.

Pedestrians and debtors dodge all ways.

A man never begins to rise in the world until he settles down.

Decent people hate a pessimist as much as he hates himself.

Life is what you make it until somebody comes along and makes it worse.

Each woman is a brief of womankind.

An adventure is only an inconvenience rightly considered; an inconvenience is only an adventure wrongly considered.

G. K. C.

Higher culture consists chiefly of motoring and Bridge.

The average woman is a despot; the average man is a serf.

Love is a man's delusion that one woman differs from the rest.

The camel is the only animal that can work for a week without drinking; and man the only one that can drink for a week without working.

An expert is one who knows more and more about less and less.

A gem of thought is often impaired by a bad setting.

Matrimonial problems are no longer solved; they are dissolved.

The reason some men take a better half is because they hope to get better quarters.

Gossip is due to the fact that the world contains more talkers than thinkers.

Golden Eggs

(P. P. SAMUEL.)

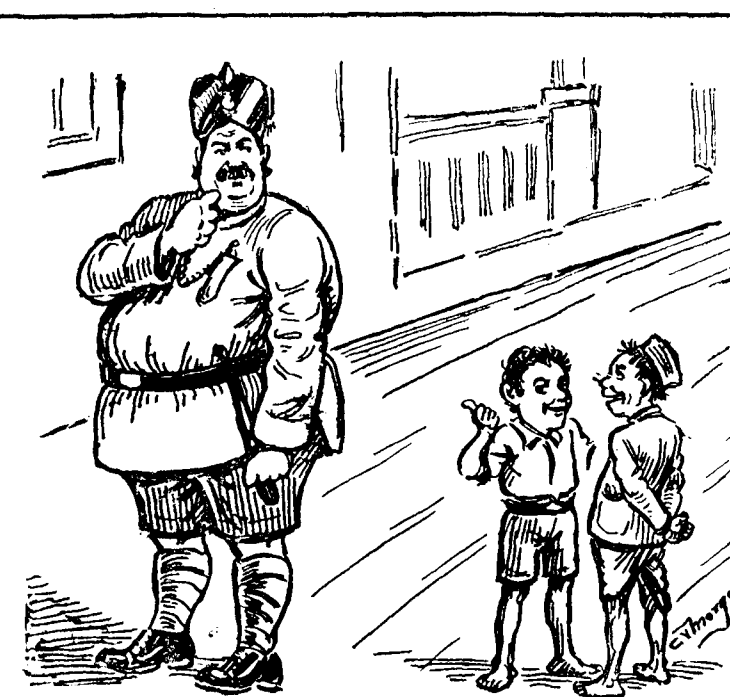
THERE is an opinion prevalent among the detractors of The Madras University that she hasn't yet produced even a single chemist or a poet. But the brilliant achievements of Prof. R. S. Nathan give the lie to the indictment. In Nathan the good old Varsity has produced something more than a mere chemist or a mere poet: she has given birth to a chemist-poet. The voice of the calumniators is *vox, et praeterea nihil*. Excuse me for the Latin. Nothing less than that classical quotation would do justice to my Alma Mater.

Prof. Nathan has published three books of poems, entitled "Eggs", "Golden Eggs", and "Chickens". Some orthodox people considered the titles rather unfortunate, as they thought that the reading public might take the

guarantee against any heterodoxy on his part. "After all," he sighed, "one can't prevent perverted folks from reading too much into the text, however much one might try."

Literary critics hung their jaws and scratched their heads when "Eggs" was published. They could not decide whether they should call it "Chemical Poetry" or "Poetical Chemistry". One, more ingenious

than the rest, objected to both the names and suggested that the right name would be "Laboratorial Poetry". "If verse dealing with shepherds and pastures is called 'Pastoral,' poetry treating of Chemistry should be named 'Laboratorial', was his plea. But they sang his praises with one accord, realising that the very first poem in "Eggs" announced the



Blimey, Bill. 'E's no good chasing a burglar but my! if he were to fall on one.

poet for a non-vegetarian. The professor was troubled and sought my help. I voted for "Eggs", without any hesitation, as I was convinced that his books were as full of real stuff as an egg, but suggested that "Addled Eggs", "More Addled Eggs", and "Freak Chickens" would satisfy even the most orthodox vegetarian. But Nathan stood to his guns. He thought that his full name—Ramaswamy Iyer Swaminatha Iyer—was a sufficient

advent of a new luminary in Literature. It was an improvement on Browning's "Rabbi Ben Ezra", and began as follows:—

A Chemist's Creed

"Grow old along with me!
The best is yet to be;
Atomic energy
Will shortly be set free!
Then you will run your car,
Madras to Peshawar,

On water ounce just one,
No petrol! no, old son."

The poem runs into a dozen stanzas of scintillating poetry, and ends on a note of wonderful optimism.

"Grow old along with me!
The best is yet to be:
And immortality
Will be *fait accompli*!"

"From petrol to immortality is a far leap," you might sneer. But have you read the remaining 9 stanzas of "A Chemist's Creed"? Browning in his grave will grow green with envy if he hears the immortal lines of Nathan quoted above. Nathan's rhyme scheme has a beauty of its own. If the Victorian had written stanza 2 of the above poem, he would probably have been tempted to make "one" rhyme with "gun", "ton", or "bun" and ruined the effect. Browning was not a great lad for rhyme; he was all philosophy and ideas.

Nathan sees men and things through the eyes of a chemical analyst. Bread is not "bread" to him, but carbon, hydrogen and oxygen. Probably, at table, he never asks his wife to pass the "bread and butter", but to pass the "carbohydrate and hydrocarbon". His analytical eye saw that all men were composed of the same elements, and he cut at the very roots of hero-worship in his oft-quoted lines on Kemal Pasha. He saw no earthly reason why Kemal—or any one else—should receive the homage and adulation of millions composed of the same elements as he. Let Nathan argue it in numbers.

"What is Kemal but Nitrogen,
Carbon, Oxygen, Hydrogen?
So are you and so am I,
Why do you worship him, pray, why?"

The chemist's-eye view is frightfully radical and some people might find in it sufficient provocation to use Billingsgate language. But I would advise them to be prudent and save their breath, as Nathan has no time to waste on controversy. "*Vita brevis, ars longa*" is his motto.

Nathan inherited his love of applied chemistry from his grandfather. He has acknowledged it in the second volume of his poems, where he has devoted not a few lines of gratefulness to his progenitor. Sings he:—

"Grandfather mine had children nine,
His salary was five and ten:
Did he sit down to mope and whine?
No! he took two grains KCN!"

And Nathan was proud of it! The ordinary man might consider the lines wicked, and the act a case of cowardly suicide. But the professor saw the reverse of the medal, which is visible only to the eye of intelligent scrutiny. In the act he saw the grim courage of his grandsire and his ability to apply in practice the chemistry that he had learned.

If Wordsworth's poetry reminds one of the sweet smell of the earth, the fragrance of the flower, the splendour of the sky, the poetry of Nathan is full of the comeliness of the crystal, the prettiness of the crystalloid and the loveliness of the colloid. Shakespeare says that a discerning eye will see sermons in stones. Nathan not only reads the sermons in solids, liquids and gases (without any invidious distinctions), but goes one better than the great Elizabethan and transcribes them in metre and rhyme for the benefit of the average man. What is the substance borax, for instance, to an ordinary person? It is just a silly-looking thing, with some resemblance to the eye of a dead fish. Here is what Nathan sees in it:—

Ode to Borax

"O Borax! thou soothest my chin,
After every beastly shave,
Heavenly soother! come thou in,
Every morning I am thy slave!

Thou aidest me in soldering,
In making hard optical glass;
Helpest my dhoby's laundering,
And sure dost give my linen gloss.

With gratitude my heart swells up,
As thou dost when I heat thee,
To get a glassy borax bead,
In practical Chemistry."

The reader might object that alum is used as a soother after a shave, and not borax. It is a matter of opinion, and Nathan's face is his own. I for one won't thrust alum on him when he cries for borax so insistently. Perhaps the only defect in the ode is that the metre and rhyme are not above reproach. But one should not forget that metre and rhyme are made for the sake of ideas, not *vice versa*. The works of many a great poet will bear out my statement.

Poetry has not made him indifferent to the art of teaching. He is—to borrow a phrase from Columbia University—an inspirational teacher. Old fogies consider his theories reactionary—they always do, as they hate to be derailed. But the dynamic, new-type teacher (full of Psychology, getthereness, and H. G. Wells) is able to see eye to eye with him when he suggests that the schoolmaster "should harness poetry to his chariot in the fight against chemical ignorance. "How easily could the dullest boy learn and remember the preparation and properties of, say Hydrogen, if he is aided by the metre, rhyme and genius of Nathan!

"Gran. Zinc plus H_2SO_4 ,
The lab. method for Hydrogen;
It is the lightest gas by far,
Sixteenth the weight of Oxygen.

H_2 plus O gives H_2O ,
With Chlorine it gives HCl,
If pure the gas burns all right,
But mixed with air explodes like hell!"

Why do these Teacher's Colleges in India talk miles about "Retarded children" and their "Intelligence quotients", and do nothing for them, when there is the Nathan way?

The professor dabbled in Medicine whenever the spirit moved him. Scattered through the pages of his books there are quite a few natty prescriptions, which a physician would be proud of.

"Five grams of Potassium Chloras,
Hundred grams of water,
Makes a goodly gargle for mumps,
Or cough for that matter."

The prescription reminds me that I have a slight cough to attend to. And now for a gargle, after a word of thanks to Nathan. Pass my Longfellow, please. Thank you.

Thanks, thanks to thee, worthy Nathan,
For the lessons thou hast taught.
For "Eggs", "Chickens" and "Golden Eggs",
Of crystallised thought!
Let me, now, be up and gargling,
A cure of cough must be wrought.

An excited military-looking man entered the editorial sanctum one afternoon, exclaiming:

"That notice of my death is false, sir. I will do something terrible if you don't apologise in your next issue."

The editor inserted the following paragraph next day: "We regret to announce that the paragraph which stated that Major—was dead is without foundation."

"At times," said the wife. "You seem to be manly enough, and then at other times you're hopelessly effeminate."

"Well, that's heredity, you know," replied the husband.

"Heredity?"

"Yes. You see, half of my ancestors were men and half women."

"Doctor, what are the chances of my recovering?"

"One hundred per cent. Medical records show that nine out of every ten die of the disease that you have. Yours is the tenth case I've treated. The others all died. You're bound to get well. Statistics is statistics."

* * *

"Now tell me why I punished you?"

"That's it," sobbed Johnny, "You nearly pound the life out of me, and now you don't even know why you did it."

* * *

Father:—"Why won't you marry Gopi?"

Radha:—"I will only marry a man who knows life and has learnt its sorrows."

Father:—"I see—a widower."

BALA, THE BAD WOMAN

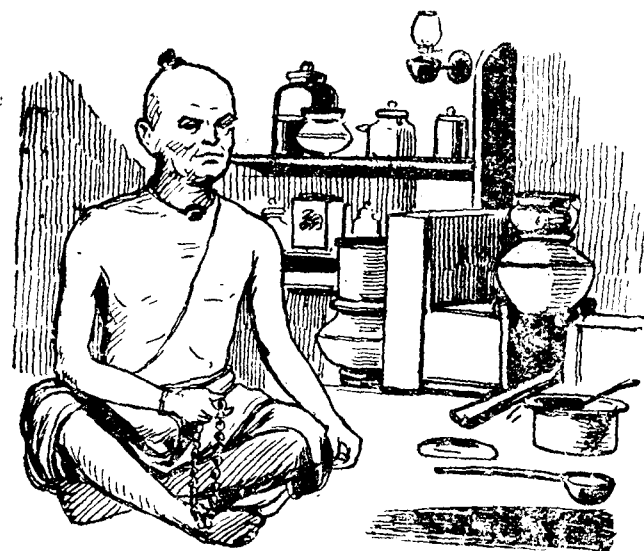
AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY

BY DEISVI

III

(Synopsis of the 1st and 2nd instalments)

(Bala receives a rude shock when for the first time she sees, just a day before her marriage, her prospective husband, who, to quote her own words, was "older than her father." She is unable to do anything to prevent the marriage and goes through it, all the time devoting her attention to a beautiful baby which had attracted her considerably. She attains age and arrangements are being made for the celebration of her nuptials. She is greatly agitated and dreads the eventful hour: but that night, her elderly husband merely pats her on the back and leaves the bed-room and does not come back till morning.)



NARASIAH, THE COOK.

"When he was not cooking, he was counting beads."

THE second and third nights were a repetition of the first night's happenings in my nuptial chamber. A few minutes before nine, my husband would enter the chamber and attempt to engage me in conversation. I would banter and bandy words with him, pretend to be sleepy and yawn, and with some excuse or other, he would leave the room. I would keep the door open just for a while, then bolt it and go to sleep. During the day I would go about the house like a lark, gay and happy. It was all play-acting, to set at rest any apprehensions which my parents might have. It worked. I overheard my mother remarking to my father: "What did I tell you! See, the girl is happy!" and his replying, "I see that: but I can't understand it. Is it because she is a child, that she has been captivated by all this luxury surrounding her? Anyway, I am glad she is happy."

When on the fourth day after my nuptials, my parents made arrangements for leaving the city, I was not surprised. The parting was difficult, in spite of the brave face I put on it. Their luggage had gone to the car waiting outside and my parents were ready to depart. I made the usual final *namaskarams* and stood up and saw my father's eyes moist, while mother was actually shedding tears. Father muttered a fervent blessing for my prosperity and said "Do write to me daily, Bala. That house there will be a desert without you, child."

"I want a baby on my hip this time next year, Bala," said my mother, brushing away her tears, and handing me the usual betel and nuts.

I followed them to the front-door, saw them enter the car and depart. Something seemed to have gone out of my life altogether: something good and ennobling. With heavy feet and leaden heart I went into the house, sought my bed-room, locked myself in and lying on the bed, gave myself up to a paroxysm of grief.

"I am not feeling well: I am going to bed early. If your master comes, tell him not to disturb me," I instructed the cook and retired to my bed-room early that night. But really, I was reading a novel there till late in the night.

Next morning I woke up hearing some one knocking at the door. I opened it to find my husband, dressed and ready to go out.

"Hope there is nothing wrong with your health?" he enquired.

"Well, I don't know. It is too soon to say anything, perhaps", I replied. He missed the point.

"Can you come with me for a minute? I want to show you the house."

"Wouldn't it be better if I wash my teeth first?"



ERRAIYA, THE BOYEE.

Who belied his name and a terror-striking exterior by a pitch-black complexion and the ways of a child.

"Do so: I will wait."

When I was ready, he showed me round the house. It was really a ceremony of putting me in possession. He gave me the keys of the various rooms, boxes, cupboards etc. Showed me where to look for anything I might require. Taught me how to use the telephone, which connected the house to his shop. And when he had finished doing the thing in a very efficient and methodical manner he added: "There are two rooms which I have not opened and shown you. That one is my *pooja* room and no one enters it. I do hope, however, by and by, to make an exception in your favour. The other room contains a few personal effects of Kamala."

"Who is Kamala?"

"The former mistress of this house" he said, in sad tones.

"Hm" was all that I could say.

"Though the servants are all trustworthy, it is better to keep everything under lock and key. If you want anything, just telephone to the shop or let me know. Shall I send for a doctor now?"

"No, thanks," I told him and went inside.

I must say a few words about this household if only to indicate how environment could affect an overwrought temperament like mine. There was Narasiah the cook, a Telugu Brahmin hailing from the Nellore District. When he was not cooking, he was counting beads. And when he was counting beads no one dare talk to him. I didn't know this and learnt it only after offending against this precept more than once. The first time I addressed him when he

was counting beads, it was to ask him for a little nut-powder. He closed his eyes tightly and accelerated the speed of counting. I repeated my question: the speed increased. I was greatly puzzled and went away. Half-an-hour later, he brought me the powder, when I had no need for it. He neither explained nor apologised. I was put wise about this by Sornam, the old maid-of-all work

If Narasiah was near sixty, Sornam was nearer seventy and stone deaf. She had a chronic cough and sore-throat. One had to shout at her, while her replies came only in hoarse whispers.

"Ah, that Brahmin! He makes me tired!" said Sornam to me one day when she was sure Narasiah was asleep in the kitchen. "He and his beads! It is all fraud! He must have committed some great sin in this life to count beads like that all day. He has no wife, no children: what does he want, that he should be counting beads?"

"What would happen if he stopped counting beads and replied to questions put to him?"

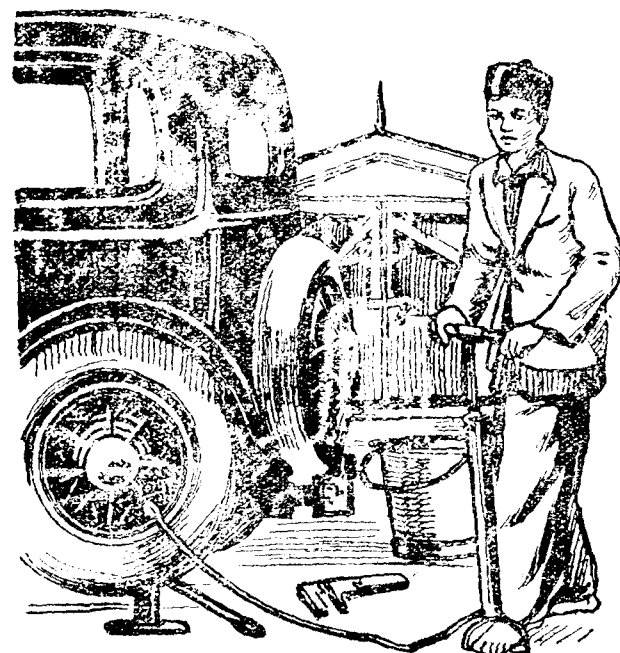
"Ah, that is what I want to know! When he is counting beads he becomes like me—deaf—that is all. But master likes him. He has been in service for years and do you know, he and the Boyee are like cats and dogs?"

Erraiya, the Boyee belied both his name and a terror striking exterior by a pitch-dark complexion and the ways of a child. But his Telugu was instilled into him in the border-lands of Orissa and was so 'pure' that even the Nellore cook Narasiah couldn't recognise it. To make matters worse, the Boyee slurred over whole phrases and luckily for me he was good at pantomime. Being a Tamilian, I knew very few words of Telugu and my attempts at engaging Erraiya in conversation, invariably brought forth a grin on his face and he would nod at me encouragingly and start gibbering in his inimitable Telugu, from all of which, I had to gather that he liked me immensely. The cook and the Boyee were ever at loggerheads. The Boyee's sole complaint was that the



SORNAM,

Who was stone-deaf and seventy.



MANICKAM THE MOTOR-DRIVER
who lived in mortal fear of losing his job.

cook never revealed samples of his culinary art for the benefit of the Boyee. The entire household staff was paid and treated well. The cook therefore felt he was justified in not offering consolation for a meagre salary by a largeness of remnant victuals.

Manickam, the motor-driver was another servant who was not well-disposed towards the cook, Narasiah. Manickam's complaint was that the cook, addressed him in a very patronising manner while, in fact, the cook and the chauffeur were just servants and therefore equals. Manickam lived in mortal fear of losing his job. He was paid very handsomely and his master was very particular about the appearance and upkeep of the car and the smallest sign of slovenliness on Manickam's part would mean the sack.

Last, but not least, of the household was Nainu, the small boy. He was a waif, picked up from one knew where, and was being fed and educated, by my husband. He was the incarnation of mischief and inordinately fond of sweets and but for him retail sellers of confectionery would be having a rather thin time. But I could see that Nainu did not like me and would never do so. His ways were like that of a cat, stealthy. He would spy upon me, catch me unawares and all my attempts to get friendly with him proved futile: if anything, he grew more unfriendly towards me as time passed.

As the days passed, I noticed with what clock like regularity the whole household worked. My husband was no doubt a very eccentric man: but there was method in his madness. At 4-30 in the morning, every light in the house would be switched on. At five, the Master of the household would have his bath: at 5-30 the Milkman would bring his cow to the front door. The Master would feed the cow with *avuthi* leaves and then proceed to his *pooja* room. He would clean the room

himself and gathering the *pooja* materials kept outside, shut himself up in the room. Before 6-30 the *pooja* would be over and he would have his coffee. By that time both the motor and the rickshaw would be drawn up in front of the house. He would dress and walking to the front door, inspect them. No one could say which of the two vehicles he would condescend to enter. Some days it would be the car and on other days, the rickshaw. The Motor-driver and the Boyee would pick many a quarrel over this eccentricity of their master. "Your motor was like a municipal lorry and so master did not ride in it", the Boyee would taunt Manickam, who would retort, "What about day-before-yesterday? Whose rickshaw was like a bullock cart?" and so on.

I was the only cog in this usually smooth-working machine that made it go frequently out of gear. I would get up from my bed any time I liked, but never after eight. After bathing and dressing, I would call for my coffee. Narasiah would bring it and tell me, "Master has left some *pooja prasadam*s on the table outside the *pooja* room. They are on a small silver-plate. He wanted me to tell you." Every day he would repeat these sentences like a parrot and then only hand me the coffee. Only once did I go and see these *prasadam*s. On a small silver-plate were some flowers and *kunkumam*. I did not touch them.

By eleven I would have my breakfast and throughout the entire day I would find time hanging heavy on my hands. There was nothing in the house to do. At one o'clock my husband would arrive from the shop. He would take his food and have a nap. By three he would leave again for the shop. He would return at about nine in the night, have a bath and supper and by that time I would be fast asleep or pretend to be so, within bolted doors.

The dull monotony of this existence palled on me. The house was like a prison; its inmates behaved like lunatics. I wanted to get out, go somewhere, see new faces, do anything except live this humdrum existence.



NAINU, THE WAIF.
but for whom retail sellers of confectionery would be having a rather thin time.

At first I read a lot of fiction but, after a time, I grew tired of reading. Then I would go to the front room and sitting in the window look at the passing crowd in the street. There was a primary school a few doors off, and little boys and girls would go along the street at 9 A. M., 1 P. M. and 4 P. M. At these hours I would invariably be perched in the window looking at these tiny tots. Many faces of these children thus became familiar to me and many were there whom I liked and christened with names of my own fancy. And if I missed one of those familiar faces on any day, I would conjure up visions of a sick-bed, a pallid face and an anxious mother hovering over it. I would heave a great sigh of relief when the next day or there after, the face appeared on the road again. How I longed to invite all those children inside and hear them prattle! Anything except this prison would be a relief. Then I thought of the Motor-car. I sent for Manickam.

"What are your instructions if I wanted the car?", I asked him.

"I have no instructions, Amma," he said.

"Well, I want to go out on business. Bring the car," I ordered. He went away but never brought the car.

I sent the Boyee to the garage. He came back and told me that Manickam's car was out of order. "May I bring the rickshaw?" he pleaded.

"No, I want to go a long way" I showed him by gesture.

That night I purposely waited for my husband. After his meal, he went as usual to the terrace. After a while, I also went there. He was lounging in an easy chair. There was a small table near by on which were books, newspapers, a lamp and drinking water. He was startled when he saw me. "This is indeed a surprise, sit down" he said. I sat on the floor.

"What's all the news?" He asked me.

"There is the newspaper" I told him.

"I mean, what brought you up to the terrace?"

"Why, of course, the steps."

"Joking apart, do you want to talk to me?"

"Yes: a lot!"

"Go ahead!"

(Next instalment "Why he married Bala?" and Bala's strange man.)

Author:—"I left a packet of jokes here for your approval. Do you happen to have read them?"

Editor:—"Yes, many times."

"Why do you beat your wife?"

"She keeps on saying she is unhappily married"

"You leave the house when I am asleep and you come back when I am asleep. If I have any complaints, to whom am I to make them?"

"Complaints?"

"Yes: Grievances."

"I never knew you had any! What are they?"

"I have a whole list."

"Let me hear it."

"I have set them down in writing. Here it is." I pulled out a paper and read.

"First: Hair."

"Hair! What Hair?"

"Don't you know? The black thread-like thing that sometimes grows on the head?"

"Please stop being funny."

"What about my hair?"

"Why, what about it? It is very nice and beautiful, isn't it?"

"It won't be at this rate. I have not been taught to comb and plait my hair myself. My mother used to do it every day. Ever since I came here, I have been dressing my hair shabbily. It is not being properly looked after. Very soon it will all wither away."

"I am very sorry. I should have made proper arrangements about it. I shall do so. What next?"

"Friday."

"What is the trouble about Friday?"

"My oil-bath. I have missed my Friday oil-baths because my mother's assistance is necessary."

"I should have thought about that also. I shall make proper arrangements. You might give me that list so that I might remember."

"Next item is Marriage."

"What marriage?"

"Our Marriage?"

"Indeed!"

"I have a strong complaint about it. Let me see how you are going to remedy this grievance. Why did you marry at all and of all, persons on earth, me?"

"I can't think why they make so much fuss of Miss Smith's voice. Miss Jones has a much richer voice."

"Yes, but Miss. Smith has a much richer father."

Husband:—"The potatoes are only half cooked."

Wife:—"Then eat the half that is cooked."

MUSINGS ON MAIDENS

(By G. VENKATACHALAM)

(1) The American Girl

"SWEET and comely are the maidens of Devonshire; delicate and gracious seeming they who live in the pleasant places of London; fascinating, for all their demureness, the damsels of France, clinging closely to their mothers and with large eyes wondering at the wicked world; excellent in her own place and to those who understand her, is the Anglo-Indian 'spin' in her second season; but the girls of America are above and beyond them all. They are clever, they can talk, yea, it is said, that they can even think. Certainly they have the appearance of so doing. They are original and look

at you straight with unabashed eyes, as a sister might look at her brother. They are instructed in the folly and vanity of the male mind, for they are associated with the boys from babyhood.....When you ask them what makes them so charming, they say: It's because we are better educated and we are more sensible in regard to men. We have good times all round and we aren't taught to regard every man as a possible husband". Yes, they have a good time, their freedom is large and they do not abuse it. They can go driving with young men and receive visits from young men to an extent that would make an English mother blink with horror, and neither driver nor passenger have a thought beyond the enjoyment of a good time".

That's the delightful pen-picture of the American maiden drawn for us by that admirable story-teller, Rudyard Kipling. It is almost impossible to improve on it. "Only a true goldsmith appreciates the true gold; only a true jeweller appreciates a true pearl", so said Sadi, the Persian Poet. Kipling has travelled in many lands and

has even crossed the "Seven Seas" and is a true connoisseur of womankind. He discovered as many as six or seven types of girls in one single city in one of the Western States of America. There was the girl who believed in education and possessed it, who had a few thousand dollars to boot and who took to slumming. There was another type, the leader of a sort of *salon* where girls congregated, read papers and daringly discussed political, social, metaphysical and religious problems. Another type, short, small-waisted, flirtatious, who had absolutely no reverence for any social order, and who could, in one swift glance, trample upon and leave speechless half-a-dozen young fellows. And yet another type the common and the best, the "writer-girl" who earned

her own bread in a big city, because she didn't think a girl ought to be a burden on her parents. She was well-read and could quote Tolstoy, Theophile Gautier and even Mahatma Gandhi, and could move through the world "untainted" and much respected for all her twenty inexperienced summers.

Young, virile, progressive, rich and prosperous, America is best represented by her daughters. Man and woman, boy and girl, have jointly built and are building up America. In that "God's own Land", "woman's

cause is man's" and they rise or sink together. The American Girl is the "New Woman" — the product of modern democracy with no social traditions, no cultural background and no "dead hand of the past" stifling her aspirations or ambition. She leads a life of her own, independent of her elders and patterned after her own whims and fancies. She is self-possessed, without losing any of her sex-attraction. She understands the world and can take care of herself. She has the moral stamina to withstand 'temptations', and when she wants to 'go to the devil', she does so whole-heartedly and with a smile on her lips. She respects society and conventions only up to a limit and only so far as they do not interfere with her freedom or self-expression.

She is gay, laughter-loving and full of fun and play, careless of her physical movements, but woe to the boy or man who mistakes her "plays" for love pranks and forthwith betrays his guile. The philanderer has no place in her scheme of things; he is a moral leper, to be shunned

and avoided by all decent girls. Not that she is saintly or perfectly innocent: she is too worldly to feel anything "holy" about herself but she knows when to transgress or how to transgress. She has no horror for the "sins of the flesh", and a "good time" means to her complete abandonment of all restraint of body, soul and mind. She has not the elements in her that make an ideal wife, in the orthodox sense, like a Hindu or a German girl, but she has all the gifts for comradeship, for joint enterprise and experiment with human life. She is, like the woman of the Gupta period in Indian history, not wicked or immoral but fundamentally frivolous and charming.

A CONDENSED NOVEL

A Winning wife
A Sunny smile
A feather;
A tiny talk.
A pleasant walk,
Together.

A Little doubt
A playful pout,
Capricious;
A merry miss,
A stolen kiss
Delicious.

You ask papa,
Consult mamma,
With pleasure!
And both repent
The rash event
At leisure.

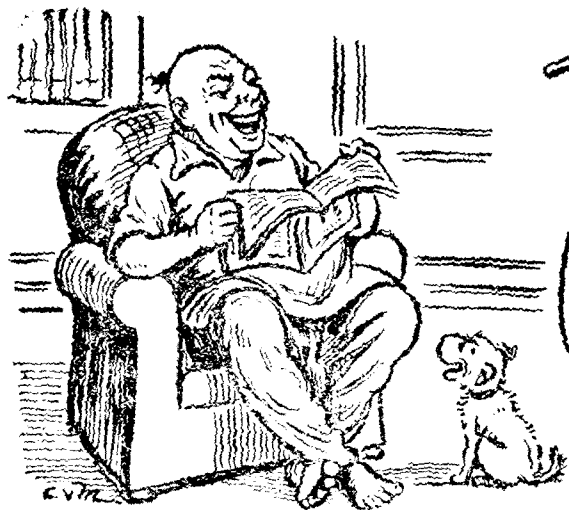
The American girl has a prescriptive right to the society of boys; her elders acknowledge it. She has her own club, where the male species are allowed by sufferance and tolerated. She makes mistakes and often burns herself in the "flame of passion", but that's part of her life and experience, which she neither regrets nor avoids. She knows her fate is in her own hands and she knows also how to respect herself. From her childhood she moves among the boys as a sister among brothers. They go out for walks, for rides, for outings for days together unchaperoned, and it is quite the natural thing for boys to give her flowers, sweets and, perhaps, kisses too. The last item has no moral or other significance; it's a thing as innocent as a put on the back.

Her life is not one round of pleasures and her pathway is not always strewn with roses. She has her problems, her difficulties, her own bread and butter to earn. No situation in the world is too low for her and no job too mean. She might have lived in marble mansions and moved about in *de luxe limousines*, but when a calamity overtakes her or her family, as it often happens in that land of "big things" and "bigger surprises", she knows how to keep her head cool and rise equal to the occasion. She dismisses her servants, disposes of her car, sells her jewellery and with a stout heart, sets about earning her bread and supporting her parents.

She rejoices in life, and life to her is a big adventure. Marriage is to her one unending romance or a quick divorce. She is not proposed to, she proposes; she woos instead of being wooed. She knows that man is not a demigod or a veiled monster, whom she must "love, honour, and obey," but just an average brained useful fellow, a sort of selfish person, who must be pleased, fed and judiciously managed. True, she often makes just the same sweet irrational choice as her sister in Europe does, but she has this advantage, she understands man, and his ways and also knows how to get rid of him easily if he should prove undesirable.

Her greatest fascination lies in her "un-moralness", in her suppression of her sex. It must not be understood to mean that she is, in any sense, un-sexed or that she is indifferent to the charm of the "eternal feminine". She has, if anything, mastered the art and secret of preserving her youth and loveliness to attract men and keep them at her command. It is not her physical display but her mental attitude. There is a subtle beauty in her attitude towards the sex problems. She feels as naturally about it as any other instinct she possesses. She does not parade it, make too much of it or give it undue prominence. She has a healthy growth because she has a healthy mind, healthy instincts, healthy desires and healthy pastimes.





THE CREAM OF THE JEST

An Arkansas man was tried for assault with intent to kill. The prosecutor produced a fence nail, an axe, a saw and a rifle, as the weapons used. The defence said that the weapons of the other man were a scythe, a pitchfork, a pistol, a razor, and a hoe. The jury retired, and delivered this verdict. "We, the jury, would have given a hundred dollars to have seen the fight."

Counsel:—"What happened after the prisoner gave you a blow?"

Witness:—"He gave me a third one."

Counsel:—"You mean a second one?"

Witness:—"No I gave the second one."

The time was midnight, and the man was leg weary and very thirsty as he trudged along the country road. At length he came to a public house by the roadside called the "George and Dragon." He knocked loudly on the door. Presently the head of a fierce looking woman appeared at a window, and she demanded what he meant by disturbing her at that time of night. It was long after closing time, and he'd never got a drink out of her.

"Go away," she shouted, "before I set the dog on you." Well, mum," said the man, "Will you please tell George I'd like a word with him?"

The talk was about premonitions and one of the company made a startling statement. He said that he once knew a man who

not only predicted the day of his death, but the nature of it, and the hour and moment when it would take place; and it all came about as he had said. "But," said one of the incredulous ones, "where in the world could he have got the idea from?"

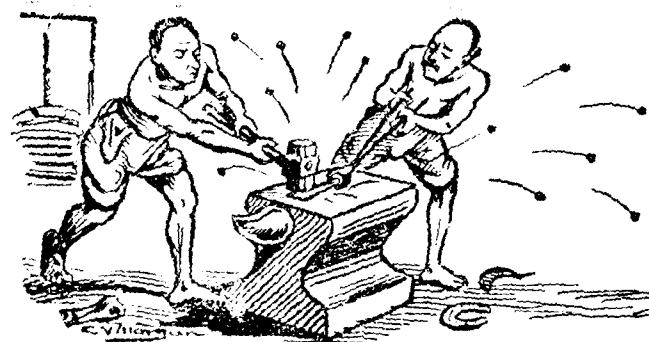
"From the judge," was the reply.

Two gentlemen from Aberdeen agreed to have a fishing competition, the first to catch a fish agreeing to stand a dinner for both. They sat by a stream for four hours before each discovered that the other was using no bait.

Some one added the word "friends" to an epitaph on a tombstone. It sounded harmless, but the inscription had read "He did his best."

In America, where the antiseptic craze comes from, a man went into a shop for a shave, and was waited upon by a man who waxed eloquent on the germ-proof nature of the business. The towel was super-heated, the razor sterilized, the soap bacterialized, and the comb and brush antisepticized. "Great scheme," said the customer, who had been patiently waiting for the discourse to finish. "But why don't you go ahead, and shave me?" "But I'm not the barber, sir," said the man.

"You're not? then where is he?" exclaimed the customer. "They're boiling him, sir," the man replied.



SPARKS from our ANVIL

The other evening, a friend and I entered a tram car at Mount Road. The time was evening and the car, as usual, was crowded. On one of the lengthwise seats, there was ample room for one of us and with a little co-operation from the other occupants of the seat, both my friend and I could have found seating accommodation though it would have been a bit of a squeeze. I sat down first (I am no Sir Philip Sydney) and turning round to the young gentleman sitting next to me, requested him in my very politest manner and you know, Editors can be the very pink of courtesy when they want to—to move up a bit so that my friend could find a little room. The person thus courteously addressed turned round in his turn, scowled at me and kept absolutely quiet. Just then, another passenger alighted and my friend was saved the necessity of inconveniencing my polite neighbour. This latter individual was a clean-shaven young man, and somewhat foppishly dressed, shirt open at the neck, white pants and the inevitable blazer—the colours on which, for all the wearer knew about it, might have been that of the I Zingari or the Free Foresters. He was obviously an undergraduate in a local College.

Alas, for the decay of manners. It is left now to our elders to show, by example and by precept, that good manners, a little consideration for one's neighbours, costs very little but helps a tremendous lot in the give and take of daily life.

A local Club recently ran a Tennis Tournament which drew large crowds of visitors.

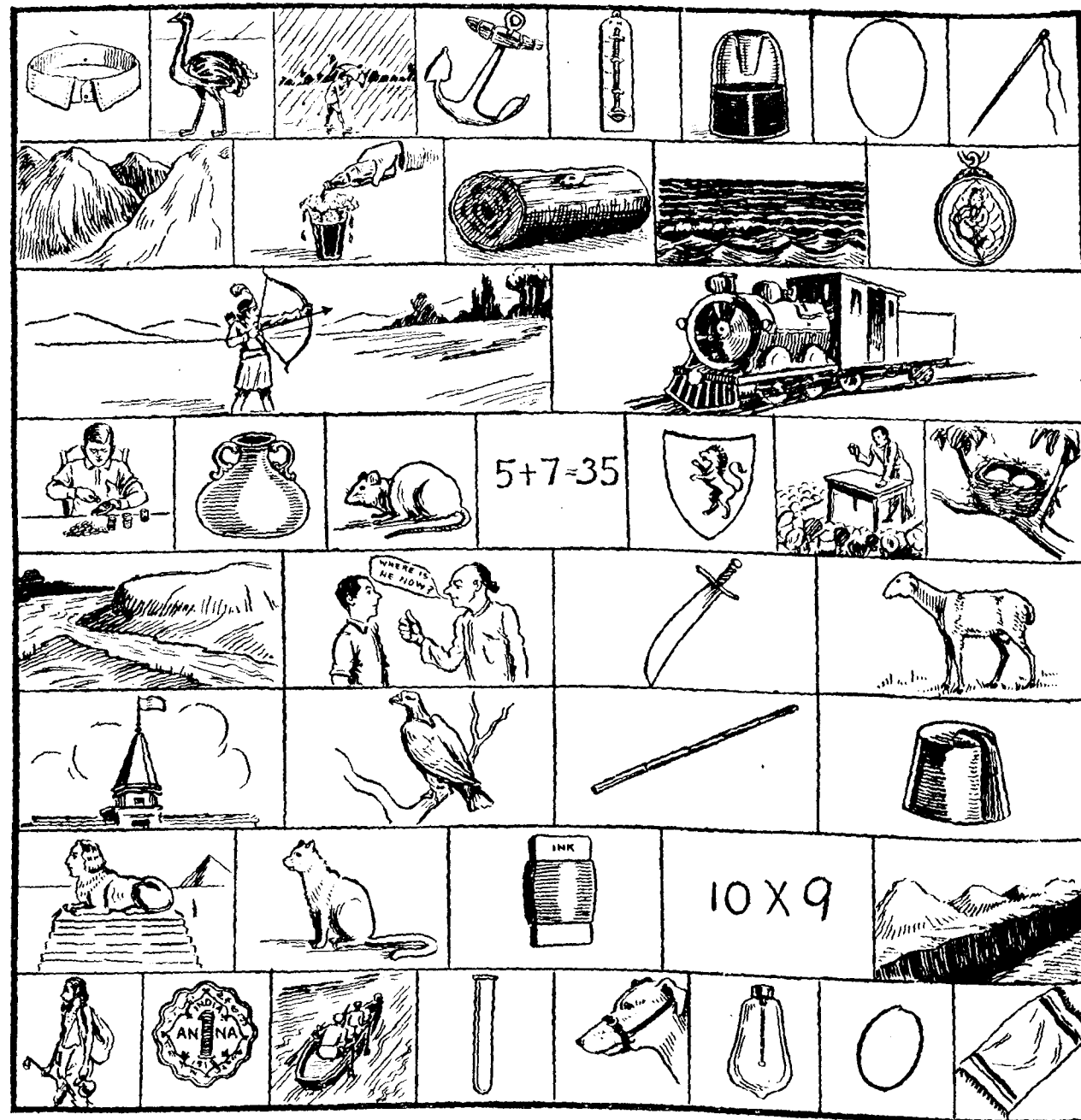
The main attraction was the presence of a team of Italian players, who were reputed to be their country's first string. I did not watch any of the matches but friends of mine who were present and who had ample opportunity of judging, assured me that the bearing of our visitors and their attitude when things were going against them on the courts, came as a painful surprise to them. Indeed, I was told that one of them who was put down to play two games in the course of the afternoon, because of his indifferent performance in the first of his engagements, jumped into his taxi, at the conclusion of the first match and, in high dudgeon, motored back to his hotel, without vouchsafing a word of explanation or apology to the waiting Committee of Management. Temperament? The late Edgar Wallace used to say that it was bad temper and nothing else. Alas, and alack, for the decay of manners.

The late Joseph. H. Choate, once American Ambassador at the Court of St. James attended an official reception which was ablaze with the brilliant uniforms and decorations of the many members of the *Corps Diplomatique* who were present. Mr. Choate was, as usual, in plain evening dress, it being the convention that members of the American Embassy do not wear uniform. One of the guests, a somewhat la-di-da type of young gentleman not unnaturally, mistook the American Ambassador for one of the waiters and stepping up to him, said "Call me a cab, will you?" "You're a cab" replied Mr. Choate. And, in retelling the story later on to some of his friends, the young gentleman is reported to have said "At least, if he had called me a hansom cab, I wouldn't have minded it much."

Rs. 300 Cash

Must Be Won

IN
'De' COMPETITION.



How to Solve?

Each line of pictures represents a word. The first line is illustrative. The first picture in the first line is a *Collar*. Starting with the letter C we have *Ostrich* in the next square, which gives us CO. *Rain* gives us CO R. Thus we get CORATION. The letters D E should be prefixed, to get the word DECORATION.

Now, you can start on the other Seven lines, each of which will form a word, if the letters DE are prefixed.

RULES.

(1) An Entrance fee of Annas Eight must be paid for each entry either by M. O. or in person. Other payments in respect of subscription etc should not be made along with Competition entry. (2) Solutions must be filled in, in ink, on the Coupon. (3) Any number of solutions may be sent but only on Coupons, each of which must be accompanied by an entrance fee of Annas Eight. (4) Every solution not personally handed over, must be accompanied by the Money Order receipt issued by the Post Office, failing which the entry will be disqualified. (5) The first prize will be awarded to an all-correct solution and the second to the one which in the Editor's opinion, is the next best. An all-correct solution is one which agrees in all respects with the one in the Editor's possession. The first prize will not be awarded if no all-correct solution is received and the prize amount will be carried over and added to the prize-moneys in our next competition. (6) In the event of a tie, the prizes will be divided. (7) No responsibility can be undertaken for coupons lost or delayed. (8) The Editor's decision in all matters relating to this competition is final. (9) Persons connected with *The Merry Magazine* or its associated journals are not allowed to compete. (10) Competitors must write on the envelopes the words 'DE' competition.

I Prize Rs. 200.

II Prize Rs. 100.

'De' Competition Coupon

1. DECORATION

2.
3.
4.
5.
6.
7.
8.

COMPETITOR'S ADDRESS

This Coupon must be filled in, in ink and sent with the M. O. receipt to the Editor, The "Merry Magazine" before the 21st February 1933.

Results of Competitions

Name the Towns.

No all-correct solution was received. 13 competitors have sent in entries containing one error. The 2nd and 3rd prizes are pooled and the sum of Rs. 100 is divided among these thirteen entrants. The first prize of Rs. 100 is not awarded and will be carried over and added to the prize-money awarded in the next competition. The total amount to be awarded in prizes for the next competition will therefore be Rs. 300.

List of Prize Winners.

(1) R. SUNDARA RAMAN, Valavanur. (2) C. D. PARTHASARATHY, Mettu St., Extension, Salem. (3) P. K. NARASIMHAN, No. 157, II Agraharam, Salem. (4) A. V. RAMASWAMI AYYAR, Valavanur. (5) K. RAMASWAMI, V. O. Hostel, Kumbakonam. (6) C. K. KUPPA RAO, 15/74 Baja St., Coimbatore. (7) V. ANANTAKRISHNA AYYAR, Vakil, 20, Kallarai Lane, Madurai. (8) N. CHANDRAHASAN, 15, R. C. T. H. S. Hostel, Chidambaram. (9) K. S. RAJAGOPALA AYYAR, Anandha Bhavan Lodge, Teppakulam. (10) A. M. A. ARUNACHALAM, Pallathur. (11) K. K. SWAMI, The New Mysore Sports Ltd., Coimbatore. (12) V. SYAMA RAO, The New Mysore Sports Ltd., Coimbatore. (13) do.

(Turn to Page 94 for Correct solutions and names of winners in Cross-Word Puzzle Competition.)

1	F	U	N	C	H	A	L	4	5	6	E	D	7
	E	8	O	9	I	10	H	I	V	E	11	A	
9	N	A	R	E	A	D	A	10	E	S	P	Y	
	S	11	E	12	T	13	S	O	R	T	14	T	
	12	P	13	U	L	S	A	T	E	14	O		
13	S	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23		
15	T	O	M	D	S	18	19	20	21	22	23		
	R	19	E	20	I	C	A	N	21	22	23		
	A	21	S	N	I	P	22	N	23	J	I		
24	F	U	A	D	25	P	A	C	K	A	R	D	
	E	26	L	I	M	E	27	H	28	M	E		
27	S	U	M	P	28	R	H	O	M	B	U	S	

Name the Towns Competition.

1. CALCUTTA.
2. MANGALORE.
3. CAMBAY.
4. PABNA.
5. RAIPUR.
6. MADURA.
7. GUNTAKAL.
1. NAGORE.

Cross-Word Puzzles.

Four all-correct solutions were received from MESSRS. R. PEREIRA, Kilburn, Purasawalkam High Road, Kilpauk, Madras. S. KRISHNASWAMY, 45, Mowbrays Road, Royapettah, Madras. E. HODDAY, Teachers' College, Saidapet. and MRS. J. PHANUEL, 16, Mathhala Narayanan Street, Mylapore, Madras. The prize of Rs. 100 is divided amongst the above entrants.

Rupee one
per entry

Win Rs. 1000

IN
Crosswords

Last Posting
Date 24-2-33.

SEALED KEY SOLUTION DEPOSITED WITH "MY MAGAZINE OF INDIA," MADRAS.

1	E	2	O	3	I	4	E
	A	5	H	6	M	7	
6	L	8	O	9	S	10	R
	11	E	T	I	R	E	
12	H	13	I	14	T		
	14	P					

Clues Across:—2 power. 5 during. 6 behold! 8 a person of brilliant qualities. 11 to go to bed. 12 a male person. 13 a corner. 14 small.
Clues Down:—1 faithful. 2 exclamation of contempt. 3 during. 4 a chimera. 7 precious metal. 8 to ascend. 9 a slight tinge distinct from the principal colour. 10 to repose. 12 interj. expressing wonder.
Ref:—Chambers XX Century Dictionary.

RULES OF ENTRANCE.

1. (a) Rs. 500 will be awarded for correct solutions posted on or before 24th February, '33. (b) Rs. 300 will be awarded for solutions with one error. (c) Rs. 200 will be awarded for the largest number of entries received, containing a correct solution. (d) If the full amount of prize money i. e. Rs. 1000 is not realised 40 per cent, 25 per cent and 15 per cent of the net collections will go for prize, a. b. c. respectively. (e) When ties occur the prizes amount will be equally divided. (f) No competitor can win more than one share in the competition.
2. A correct solution is one which agrees letter for letter with the Sealed Key Solution deposited with "My Magazine of India," Madras, and each word affected will be counted as one error.
3. (a) An Entrance fee of Re. 1, will be charged for each entry. (b) Entries (by Post) and fees (by M. O.) should be posted on or before 24-2-33. (c) Solutions will be accepted in any readable form.
4. Results within 1 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, THE MADRAS CROSSWORDS BUREAU, 41, Broadway, Madras.

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alternative in this puzzle.
There is only one correct
solution for this competition

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IN

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SEALED KEY SOLUTION DEPOSITED WITH "MY MAGAZINE OF INDIA," MADRAS.
Last Posting Date 22nd February 1933 (Results in a week.)

1	B	2	S	3	E	4	E
	A	5	F	A	M		
B		6	T	I	M		
	7		L	E		8	
	9	T	10	N			
11		R		12	C		
			13	U	14	O	Y
			15	E	R		
16							

Clues Across:—1 master. 3 never. 5 report. 6 a season. 7 a valley. 10 not. 11 strong. 12 the body of a ship. 15 a king. 16 an exchange.

Clues Down:—1 a slipper. 2 since. 3 reputation. 4 an uncle. 5 a list. 6 to beat. 8 fortunate. 9 to put to the test. 13 destiny. 14 a male animal.

N.B.—All clues are EXACT and direct from Chambers XX century Dictionary and all forms are treated as direct. Supplement also used, words from foreign languages etc. are not taken.

RULES.

- (1). Entrance fee Rs. 2 for any number of attempts in one cover by one person. (2). Rupees. 150 will be awarded for correct solutions posted on or before 22-2-33, and Rs. 100 for solutions with one error. (3). The prize amount will NOT be decreased in any event but may be increased at the discretion of the Manager, and in case of ties prizes will be divided. (4) No competitor can win more than one share the competition and the decision of the Manager must be accepted as final and legally binding. (5) All entries (in any readable form) and fees (by M. O.) should be posted on or before 22-2-33, to:—

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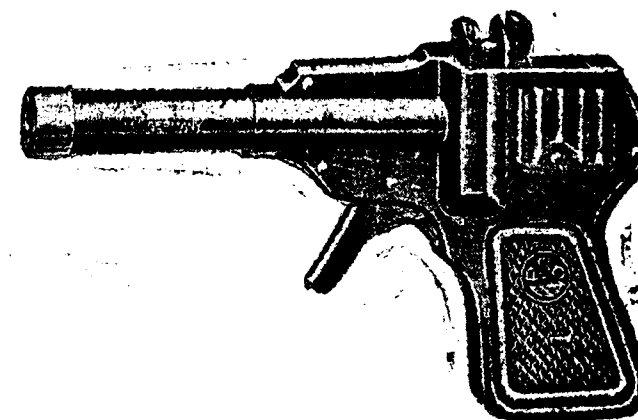
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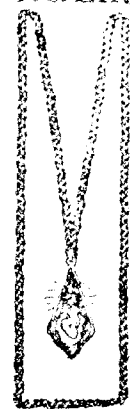
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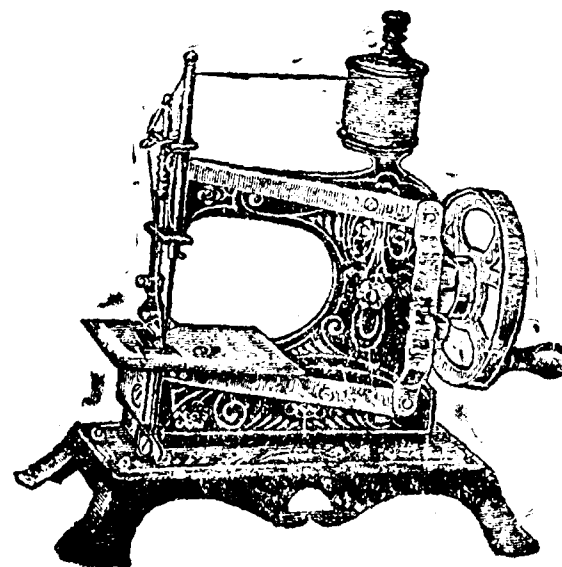
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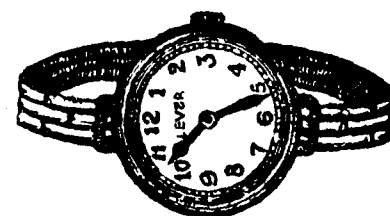
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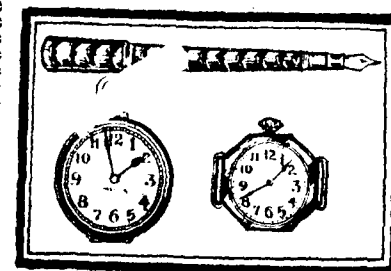
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