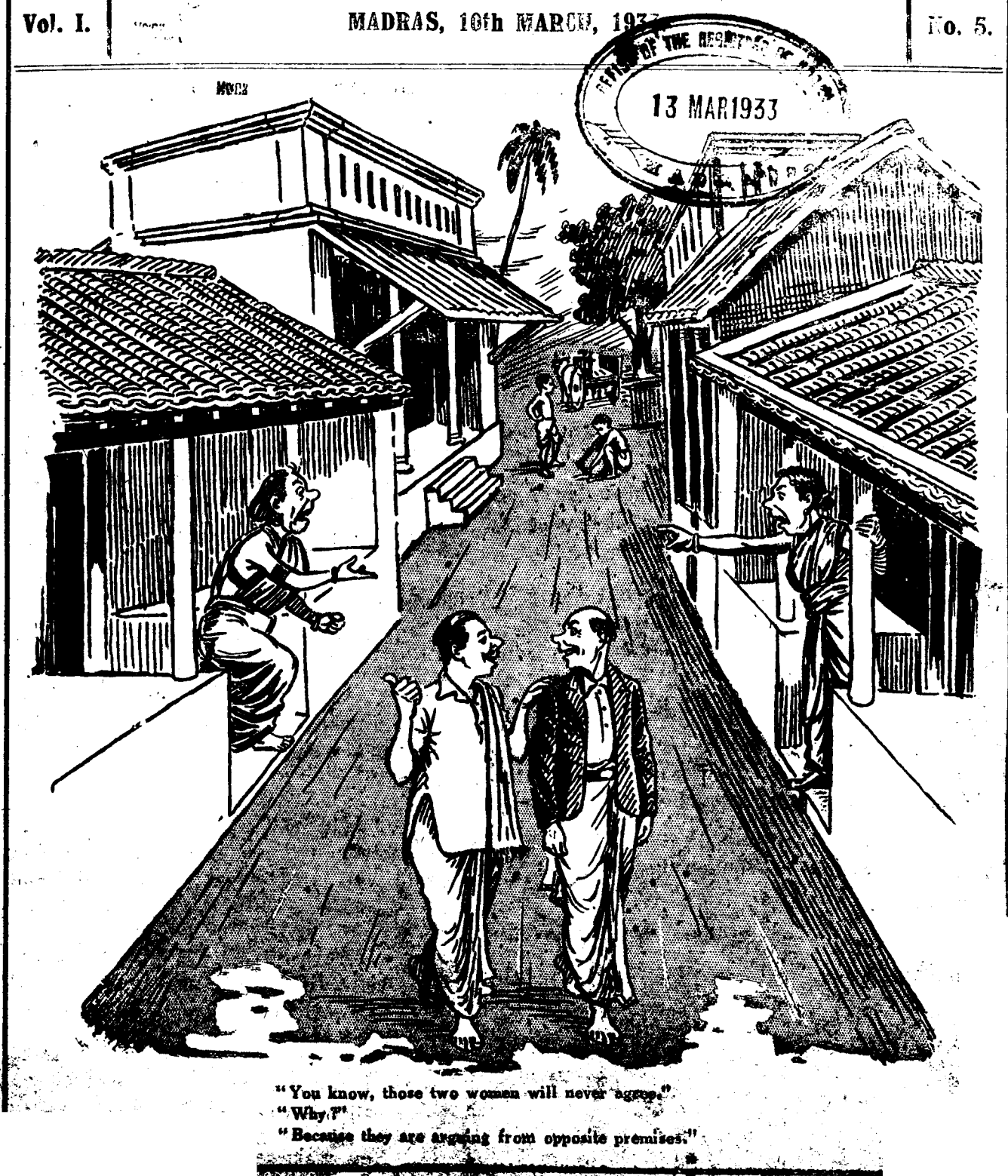


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Things One's Own

(S. V. V.)

I can understand, to some extent, the human nature behind one's pride over one's person, one's intellectual attainments, or even one's handiwork; but it seems to me somewhat queer, that we should be conceited over some of our worldly possessions, for whose creation or behaviour we are not in the least responsible. And yet, the way we sing their praises and grow apologetic over their misbehaviour, is sometimes very pathetic. Your fountain-pen, for instance, is always the best in the world. Other peoples' fountain-pens will only strut on paper, and would not release ink, except copiously on their fingers and in their waistcoat pockets, but yours is "a duck" of a fountain-pen. "Can you guess how long I have had this watch? No, you cannot. Let me see, I got it when I was reading in the P. A. class. Thirty years now. Yes, thirty years, and I haven't yet opened its back; nor oiled it. It hasn't lost or gained one second yet. What do you think of it?"

I have a friend who is one of those smart up-to-date young men, who carries about with him all sorts of gadgets, of which he is so immensely proud, as if he was himself the inventor. The other day, he cadged a cigarette from me, and just as I was going to offer him a match he waved it away, and fished out of his pocket a mechanical cigarette lighter.

"Bought it from Spencer's, yesterday. Only one rupee. Wonderful at the price" he said.

"When you open the lid and press a button, it lights up" he instructed me.

He did open the lid, then he looked at it reprovingly, and shut it again. He repeated this movement, same as we do our Miller locks, but it didn't light. Then he began to open and shut it, as quickly as a fly does his mouth, when he wants to snap it. No spark.

"When you pull it apart, it lights. At least, it ought to. It did yesterday" he said.

He began to unscrew some thing with the small blade of his knife.

"You see the screw presses up against a tight spring which holds on the flint,—"

"Loosen it" I said helpfully.

"I have got the spring. Now the flint goes in here, quite simple. Isn't it? wonderfully neat, eh? And only one rupee, mind you. Isn't it cheap?"

"Of course, if it will spark" I said.

"It will" he said, tinkered with it for some time, and gave it up as hopeless.

"The thing is cantankerous today. Wants a bit of humouring probably. I will have it done nicely tomorrow. Wonderful thing, this gadget, isn't it? and at that price too," he said, and left me, perfectly satisfied with having convinced me what a superior person he was to possess that gadget.

The same thing about our cars. Ford lives thousands of miles away across the seas, making his millions, and who apologises for his handiwork? You and I, even while we rattle in the cars of his creation and break our bones.

My old friend, Rangu has purchased a second-hand car, of which he is inordinately proud. It is of the Alverton make and he says that the Alverton is the best car in the world.

"Rolls-Royce, Essex, Chevrolet, these they say are the best ones" I said.

"Bunkum" he said "Duds everyone of them. I wonder how they got the name. Nothing like Alverton."

"New make, eh?" I queried.

"Not new. The merit about it is that the camshafts are so disposed that the cylinder head may be removed without disturbing the valve timing or adjustment" he said, and began to extol the other moral and spiritual virtues of Alverton. I was unfamiliar with motorese and I suspect that he was himself passing on to me only the terms that the owner of the car had repeated to him.

"I will take you for a joy-ride tomorrow, ten or twelve miles, and you will see how nicely she runs" he said.

I saw the car. It didn't look to me much of a car. I excused myself the joy-ride, but he pressed it on me, I believe, to get me to admire his car. And I consented to wait for him at my house next day at ten.

No car arrived at ten. But at eleven I was awakened by a terrific crash. I looked up in alarm, and caught sight of a contraption that looked very much like a piano, with Rangu inside it.

"Well, get in" said Rangu, and began to wrestle with one or two rusty levers.

There was a horrible din in the interior, but nothing else happened. Rangu was frightfully disappointed, jumped to the ground and started to do a bit of grinding with the starter. I will say that Rangu put his back into the job. He toiled and he sweated, I believe, praying within himself the while, but there was no movement inside the bonnet.

He then got ten passers-by to push the car from behind, and they pushed it from the Mint Buildings up to the crossing between the Mint Street and the China Bazaar Road, when it coughed, and started running mad.

It made the morning hideous in every road we passed through, and most of the houses rocked a bit as we came by. But the car progressed,—by fits and starts. At one time it bumped against a lamp-post, and left it with an inebriated air. At another time it collected the traffic policeman on the radiator, when Rangu perhaps, suddenly jumped on the accelerator.

All the while Rangu was explaining to me with a flow of technical language how his own coolness and resource had saved us from these catastrophes.

Rangu swanked as much about his driving as about his car.

"Some men get that worried through not having complete control of their car. They are too anxious and nervous. Of course it may be excusable when they have an inferior car, but with a car like the Alto know what he said.

Just then the gates of a level crossing were closed in front of us. The Alverton dashed forward, inflicted a compound fracture on the gates, and settled down for a snooze across the railway line, considerably complicating the railway traffic problem.

We engaged a number of coolies to drag the car to Rangu's house with ropes and things, and we took the electric train back.

"Such a nice car it was," bemoaned Rangu. "I tell you, my man, when you buy a car, you must buy an Alverton, and none else. There is not another like it" he said.

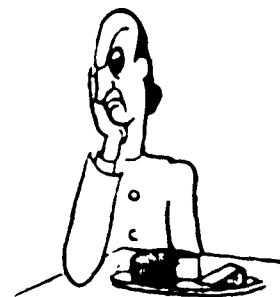
I knew that there was not another like it; and I have also come to know human nature a little better.

A little Welshman was refused for the Army on the ground that he was too small and weak. He went to work along his own lines and now he is nominally a private in the R. A. F. His name is Lawrence of Arabia. He has made even the Army admit that they were wrong in keeping him out.

Artist:—"Whatever success I have had I owe it all to the telephone."

Friend:—"How's that?"

Artist:—"Well, while I was waiting for them to connect me to the number I had given, I practised drawing on a pad."



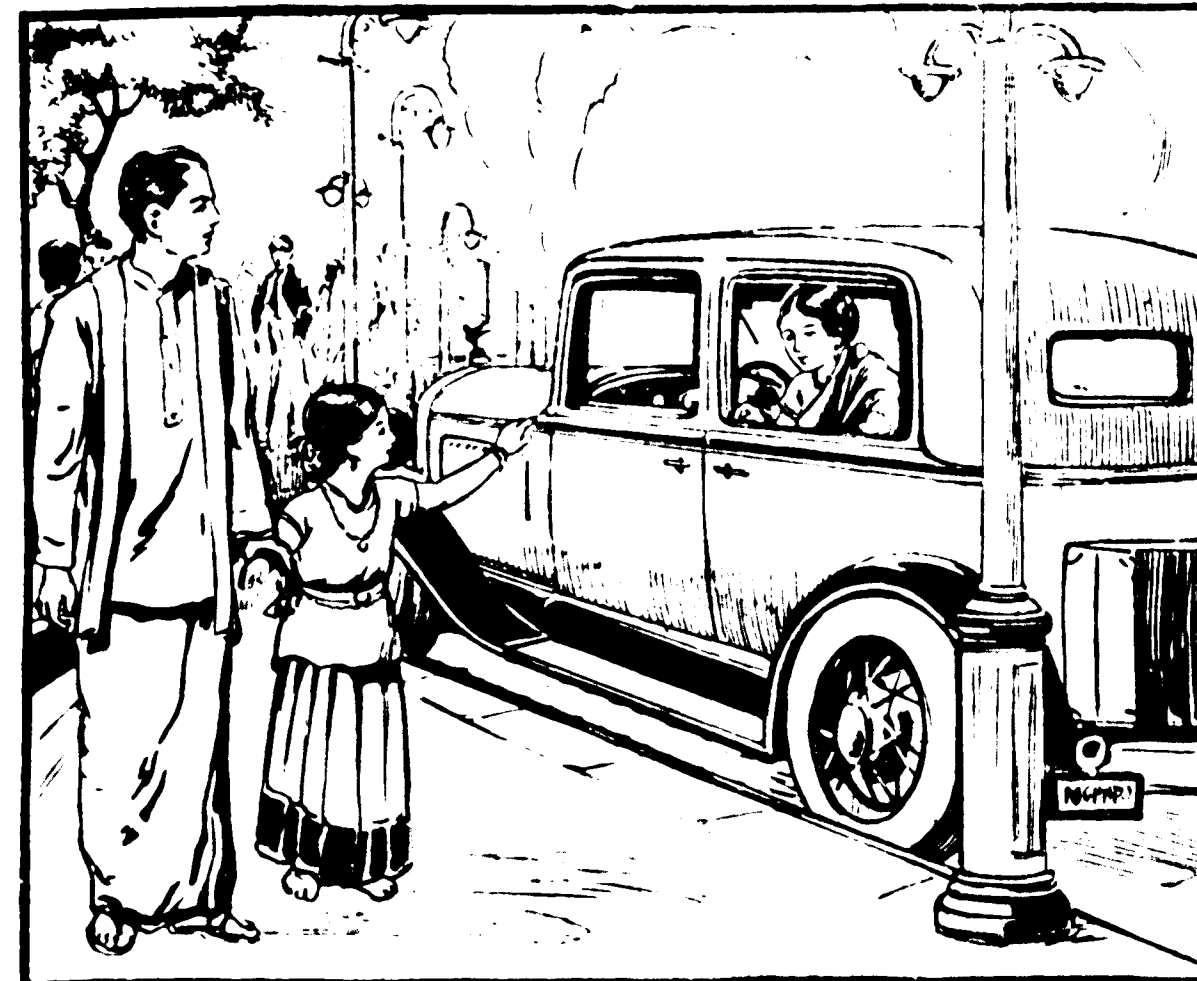
Carib! I will trial I thrice,
 Canine! I will twenty times,
 The rascal to I kill! with ginger,
 Stuffed with my little finger.
 The tooth still aches,
 Oh, Holy Snake!
 He raises such hullabaloo,
 Honest! I don't know what to do!!



-LIZ

PA 100: VI

BALA MEETS HER DREAM BOY



"There she is! The lady who is going to give all of us a nice big party!"

(Synopsis of the previous four 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 with 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 never to return to it that night. Bala settles down to the humdrum existence of married life in her husband's house in the City but the dull monotony tells on her. Feeling tired of the kind of life she is obliged to lead, she one night pho-her husband with a number of questions. "Why did you marry at all, and of all persons on earth, me?" asks Bala. Her husband tells her that her horoscope is bad and that the indications are that she would lead a 'husband-less' life. Looking idly out of the window one day, Bala sees a child in the street run over by a car. She renders first aid and later tells her husband that she wishes to give a treat to all the children of the neighbourhood. Her husband consents and Bala goes out shopping, in the car. In the street, a strange man smiles at her.)

I never realised till I went out shopping what position my husband occupied among the commercial community. Wherever I went, the old clerk who accompanied me whispered to the shop-keepers who I was, and straightaway I was received by them and attended to, like a queen. But all the time, back of my mind, there was the strange man in the portico and his very familiar smile, haunting me and distracting my attention.

I ordered sweets, toys and soft drinks, fixed up a cinema-show and a magician for the children's party and late in the evening returned home and had a refreshing bath. My husband came home that night earlier than usual and after his supper, I accompanied him to the terrace and there told him all about my shopping, while he merely nodded approval.

"But just before I started from here, something funny happened."

"What was it?"

"A man standing in the portico of the house opposite to ours, smiled at me in a very familiar manner."

"Who was he?"

"I wish I knew!"

"That is funny!"

"Very. I was greatly upset."

"Why should you be?"

"What could he mean by it?"

"May be, he knew you when you were a baby and was too shy to come and talk to you now that you are grown up."

"I don't think so."

"Why?"

"That is how I feel about it."

"Oh! put the incident away from your mind! After all, he might have been smiling at somebody else or perhaps at himself."

"Anyway, I am glad I told you about it."

"I am glad too."

"I came to ask you for something. May I have the car in the evenings?"

"Certainly. You can send for it whenever you want. But it would be better if you take with you Nainu or Sornam, so that——"

"So that—what?"

"If any more strange men attempt to smile at you, you could at least, ascertain their names and addresses."

"Well, you don't know me. Next time such a thing happens, you wait and see."

So saying I left him to his newspapers and books and descended downstairs and retired to my bed-room.

Lying on the bed that night, I tried to visualise the incident of the morning. I got up and stood before the mirror and tried to reproduce the strange man's smile. I made many attempts but couldn't do it perfectly. I

got into my bed again and tried to divert my thoughts: but they returned again and again to that strange man and his smile. "Now, look here Bala," I told myself, "if strange men smile at you, it is not a matter over which you should get so greatly agitated. He may be one of those gay Lotharios who try to kill by mere looks and smiles. Don't be a silly idiot and lose your head. You are the wife of a staid, orthodox old man, who does daily *pooja*. Remember that and live up to it!" After which soliloquy I went to sleep.

But peaceful sleep was not to be mine that night. Dreams disturbed my sleep: dreams in which the strange man came and whispered soft words of love into my ear. In my dream, he caught my hands, pleaded, entreated, begged for just one kind word, one soft look: while I pushed him away, crying "Don't touch me! I am married! I am married!"

"Married? you call that a marriage! What right had that old blighter to marry? And if he needs must marry, why should he covet the fairest lotus in the land, and make it pine and wither? Bala, have you no heart? Dear, you and I are made for each other. Look at me, and tell me you hate me, and I will go away and never come back."

I looked at him and his face was so sad and pitiful that I had not the heart to bid him go away. He guessed my thoughts, gathered me in his arms and crushing me to him, covered my face with hot kisses that made every nerve in my body tingle. I screamed and sat up in my bed, wide awake. Perspiration covered my forehead and my breath was coming in short gasps. I was feeling hot and uncomfortable. I got down from my bed, switched on the light and looked at my face in the mirror. It was pale and scared. I shouted for Erraiya. He came.

"I am not feeling well. Wake your master."

Erraiya hurried away and presently my husband came.

"What, what is the matter?" he asked anxiously.

"Oh, nothing. I had a bad dream: a nightmare. I was feeling lonely and afraid."

"What did you eat tonight?"

"Nothing unusual."

"You had better wash your face with cold water and drink a tumblerful also. Then try to read something. When you feel sleepy, you can get into bed. If you want me, I shall stay here till you go to sleep."

"Please stay. I shall wash my face and come back."

When I returned to the bed-room my husband was lounging in a deck-chair which he had apparently asked Erraiya to bring. There was a similar chair for me also, and near the chair was a small table with some books and a lamp on it. I sank into the chair with a sigh and asked, "What exactly are the causes of dreams?"

"Oh, leave dreams alone and read something. I shall tell you all about dreams some other day."

I picked up a book and attempted to read, but I couldn't.

"Why should one's thoughts be so uncontrollable? Thoughts seem to control us entirely."

"This is hardly the time to answer such questions. You must try to sleep."

"Very well. I'll get into bed and try."

I got into the bed while my husband rose and lowered the lights. From my bed, I could not but pity him. He was a nice old man. I wished he was my father instead of being my husband. I told him so.

"Don't be funny," he said and chuckled.

"I hate to see you in that uncomfortable chair; you can come and lie down here. You could stretch your legs, so!"

He looked up at me, very much surprised,

"Baby, you are afraid!" he said.

"Not of you," I retorted.

He rose smiling and advanced towards the bed, while I made room for him. He lay flat on his back on the bed by my side, crossed his arms over his chest and closed his eyes.

"Sleep!" he said.

"I will," I said and closed my eyes.

Not a word passed between us for about twenty minutes. I was wondering if he had gone to sleep. He turned: rose from the bed with slow silent movements believing I was asleep: got down from the bed and picking up a shawl gently covered my feet: laid his hand over my forehead: took it away and holding his chin in his hand stood looking at my prostrate form for long. I was looking at him with half-shut eyes and was about to say 'a penny for your thoughts!' but kept quiet, curious to see what he would do next. He heaved a sigh and walked out of the room. I thought he would come back, but I don't think he did. Sleep had at last gathered me in her arms.

Though obsessed during the next few days by thoughts about my dream-lover and his kisses, I attempted to divert my thoughts elsewhere and chiefly in completing the arrangements for the children's party. I sent for the school-mistress and had a long talk with her. She promised to make all the arrangements for bringing the children to the party and their escort back to their respective homes. I sent Erraiya to Radha's house to enquire how she was progressing and he brought back encouraging news. In the evenings I would order the car and drive along the Marina and ask Manikkam to park the car near the kerb. He would do so and retire to a respectful distance. Sitting all alone in the car, I would either allow my thoughts to wander as they liked, or look at the passing stream of fashionable people.

One evening, while thus sitting in the car and lost in reverie, I was startled to hear a familiar voice near by. "There she is! The lady who is going to give all of us a nice big party!"

I turned round to see Radha, standing on the sidewalk holding the hand of the strange man of my dreams. I shrank back in the car, greatly confused, but Manikkam

appeared from somewhere and opened the door of the sedan and Radha climbed into the car and sitting by my side, she looked up at me and smiled.

"Who is that, Radha?" I asked her in a whisper.

"That? Oh! Don't you know? That is Father!"

"Your father?"

"Of course! Shall I call him?"

"Please don't!"

"But he wants to talk to you?"

"How do you know?"

"He told me so."

"No: I don't think it would be proper to talk to strangers."

"He is not a stranger: he is my father."

I couldn't help laughing at myself in my inability to meet this argument. Radha's father had retired to a distance from the car and was looking at the stars. Manikkam was nowhere to be seen.

"How are you Radha?" I asked her.

"May I call him?" she entreated.

"Do, if you want to."

"Appah!" she shouted and clapped her hands.

Her father turned and slowly advanced towards the car, smiling.

"I have come to apologise," he said.

"Very sensible, indeed," I remarked a little stiffly.

"I ought to explain that I never intended to behave as I did. The whole thing was so sudden and spontaneous. Radha and I have been discussing you so often: you had already become one of us. I hope you understand."

"I do a little. But....."

"Yes?"

"Oh, nothing."

"Appah, I want to go home in this car," said Radha.

"Alright, dear. I'll take you," I said to Radha and turning to her father asked him "You don't mind?"

"Certainly not. If you are dropping Radha at our house, may I make a request?"

"What is it?"

"Will you see my old mother and speak to her? She is very orthodox and never stirs out of the house and she is very eager to see you."

"I shall certainly see her and tender my respects and I should like to see Radha's mother also."

"Radha has no mother."

I drew the child closer to me. "Oh, my dear, I never knew. But the other day when she had the accident, she told me that her mother would be angry."

"She calls my mother so."

"And who sent me that note?"

"I did."

"Indeed!"

"If the acknowledgment of a kind deed is an offence, I plead guilty to it."

"I hardly know what to say. I think I will go home. Radha! push that small button by your side."

"Why?"

"Do so and see what happens."

The electric horn summoned Manikkam who climbed into the front seat.

"Well, Radha, shall we go home?"

"Yes: Yes: Appah, you can't come in this car but some day we will buy a car like this and then, you and I will go everywhere. Come home quick, for I want you to tell me that story again."

Her father nodded cheerfully, looked at me with sad and reproachful eyes and moved on. Manikkam had pressed the self-starter.

"What is the story, Radha?" I asked her while Manikkam was engaged in making the speedometer register forty.

"It is a nice story about a wicked, ugly old man and his lovely wife. You must hear father tell that story."

"You tell me. I want to hear it."

(Next instalment—Radha's significant story: The dream comes true)

He:—"I have waited an hour for you."

She:—"But, dear, I said I might be five minutes late."

First Girl:—"My boy's a grocer. He tells me the price of things. What does yours talk about?"

Second Girl:—"Oh, mine's a tram conductor. He keeps on saying 'Will you sit a bit closer?'"

Mistress:—"The last maid I had was too fond of policemen, Mary, I shall expect you to avoid them!"

New Maid:—"Don't worry about that, I 'ates the sight of 'em. My father's a burglar!"

During a certain dance East African natives hop round one another and pat each other on the chest. In England this is known as heavy-weight boxing.

Peter:—"If I'm naughty I have to go to bed without supper."

John:—"That can't happen to me. I have medicine to take after meals."

Manager:—"If you can't do your work better I'll have to hire another boy."

Boy:—"Thank you very much, sir, I could get along much better with some help."

"Alright. Once upon a time there was a village and in that village there lived an ugly, wicked old man who married thirteen wives."

"All at one time?"

"No. He married one, she died: then he married another: she died. He married a third: she died."

"Why and how did they die?"

"Father didn't tell me that: I think they died because the old man was old and ugly."

"And then what happened?"

"In that village, there was a lovely girl. The old man wanted to marry her also. The beautiful girl thought she would get a nice young husband. But her parents cheated her and gave her away to the old man."

"Why?"

"Because he had pots of money."

"And then?"

"The girl didn't like the old man."

"How do you know?"

"Father says so. It is in the story."

"Oh, yes. I forgot that. Tell me the whole story. I want to hear it to the end."

"There was a nice young man in the village who loved this girl.....But, look, that is our house!"

Bob:—"There is a word of one syllable in the English language that is always spelled wrong, even by the most educated people."

Bob's chum:—"What is that?"

Bob:—"Wrong."

"A doctor fell in a well,
And broke his collar-bone.

The Doctor should attend the sick
And leave the well alone."

Wife:—"All men are fools."

Husband:—"Not all—some are bachelors."

"I am making a ten days' tour of Northern India. Can you recommend a suitable guide book?"

Bookseller:—"Here is the very thing. 'Hindusthani in a Week!'"

Client:—"What is the good of that? What am I to do the other three days?"

"Poor Jim Casey went up for life."

"What was the charge against him?"

"Dynamite."

The Problem



Surrounded by his sorrowing family, Dhanapal Chettiar lay dying.



Within three days of his father's death, Gopala Chetty has collected the Insurance money.



Gopal Chetty's uncle, Ethirajulu Chetty suggests that his nephew should hand over the amount to him, to be invested in a safe, profitable line of business.



While Ethirajamma, Gopal's mother, pleads, with tears in her eyes, that an annuity should be bought for her miserable widowed daughter.



Whereas Krishna, Gopal's young brother thinks it wouldn't be a bad idea to use the money for a three year's stay in England for higher study.



The much-harassed Gopal solves the problem by buying a pair of the finest Diamond Kammals in the market for his wife, Sarojini.

The Wonders of Madras

2. The Marina

(P. R. KRISHNASWAMI M. A.)

YEARS ago, when young Seenu reached Madras to be admitted into the high school, there were two wonders in exclaiming at which he seemed to suffer from temporary paralysis of the tongue. First, it was the lofty ceiling of the Central Station. The second sight was the sea which he thought was a tremendous kind of lake. There were a number of tanks round his own village, which bore names having the sonorous termination of 'samudram' (the sea). It was 'the little sea' or 'the big sea,' 'the white sea' or 'the black sea.' The irony of it all was that in Seenu's district water was scarce, and for miles and miles no waterway met the eye.

When starting from a dark, ill-smelling room in a narrow lane, Seenu walked along the Esplanade, and looking beyond the high towers of the High Court saw the sea burst on his view, his delight was immeasurable. He felt like exclaiming loudly, "The Sea! the Sea!" In those days the commercial buildings we now see crowding on the sands to the east of the High Court had not been at all, and the poor dweller of the "town" had the chance of breathing the ozone of the sea without walking farther in search of it. But even in those early days, Seenu learnt to undertake a journey by tram to Triplicane, and getting down at the High Road he would walk along Pycroft's, and reach the Marina. The tram cars in those days passed necessarily through the stinking alleys of Chintadripet, and the happiness of Seenu when in sight of the sea was very marked. He felt like having been transported to a new world altogether. But a daily visit to the Marina from the far corner of the town was impossible. It was also to be reckoned that the refreshment of the short stay at the Marina was liable to be negated by the long journey home through dusty streets. In Seenu's imagination the Marina was as

Apparell'd in celestial light,
The glory and the freshness of a dream,

and unlike as in Wordsworth's experience, Seenu's vision had no chance of disappearing.

Seenu knew the Marina when electric arc lights had not been, when horse carriages far outnumbered motor cars, and when the pile of buildings of Queen Mary's College had not arisen. The newspapers were not sold in the streets then, and the radio had been unthought of. Democracy had not dawned then, and big men were still big men in the eyes of everybody. Like Yeats, Seenu felt he would arise and go, and go to the beach, and a small cabin build there. San Thome might have provided him the coveted home, but it happened that Seenu left Madras twenty years ago, getting an appointment in the mofussil, and he has not been heard of since by his acquaintances in Madras.

II

Ramanathan, the smart young man, who does not fail to walk along the promenade of the Marina every evening, and prides himself on the number of people he meets there, with whom he has a salaaming acquaintance, regards the Marina as the true club of Madras. It is a club of which you can enjoy the membership without paying any subscription, except of course the obligation of making your appearance there with reasonable frequency. That there is a regular membership you realise, because, after you have walked along the beach every evening for a few weeks, you find the same set of people frequenting the place.

There are of course a variety of social groups at the Marina. The aristocratic centre seems to be shifting, it was originally near the bandstand where the band played once. It has since been about Queen Mary's College, but it looks as if the old bandstand may recover its lost importance. The radio marks necessarily the plebeian centre. The groups of men are easily distinguishable. The students discuss games and matches, the oratory of their friends or of public leaders, the talkies and the theatres, and sometimes their books and teachers. The clerks find humour in the plans of retrenchment adopted by the government, they are shrewd reckoners of the relative seniority of men in the service,

and they can interpret to perfection, leave and pension rules. Then there are young lawyers. The daily happenings at the High Court are of epic importance to them. Young Mohan Rao was telling the other evening, how Judge Rowland was hypnotised by the appearance of the handsome Nawab of Kaikobad, who it was said, was a descendant of the great Moghul himself. It was a court intrigue at Delhi, and Kaikobad's ancestor who was a little boy at the time, and his beautiful Persian mother fled from the Imperial harem and did not find safety till they reached the neighbourhood of Madras. The Nawab had been sued by a paltry tradesman of Madras, he looked every inch a gentleman, and Judge Rowland swore inwardly against the vile tradesman. But a witness arrived from Bombay, with an irrefutable document showing that the Nawab had played a wicked game in that city. Judge Rowland changed suddenly to indignation against the Nawab. Mohan Rao is ecstatic in his altruistic appreciation of the performance of Judges and advocates in the courts. "Judge Rowland showed himself a true Englishman, you know, justice cannot fail at his hands." When Mohan's briefs grow, he will find excuse for remaining in his chamber interviewing clients even in the evening hours, rather than discourse delightfully to his friends sitting on the beach sands.

Ramanathan makes a careful study of motor cars and their numbers. Even as a boy he had learnt to distinguish one make of car from another. But now he is keen about the numbers of the cars of his friends. He says it helps him to seek a lift when he wants it. Numbers are like human faces to him. Of a Sunday evening Ramanathan reckons the number of cars at the Marina at a thousand. Writing about cars, it is interesting to know about the Petrol Fiend from Ramanathan. People speak of the Speed Fiend, but Ramanathan avers this is only a form of the Petrol Fiend, a large army of which is maintained by the large suppliers of petrol. These Fiends are waiting at all hours on the beach road, near the High Court in the north, at the Iron bridge further south, and near Norton and Company at the southern extreme. A Fiend boards a car as soon as it arrives in the Marina region, and makes the driver accelerate the speed suddenly. Or the Fiend sitting at the elbow of the driver, induces the car being driven up and down all

the evening endlessly. What is the petrol consumed by a car running at a moderate pace for three hours together up and down the marina, having to turn round every two Miles? This is a simple sum in arithmetic, provided you know the number of cylinders in the car and other details necessary to calculate the rate of petrol consumption. Ramanathan had owned a car himself for sometime. By keeping the strictest control over the mileage done, he had believed in his ability to afford the convenience of the car. But the temptations at the Marina upset all his reckonings. His prudent old father had suggested Ramanathan's walking to the Marina every evening, leaving the car at home. And Ramanathan had pleaded that he would only leave the car at the southern extremity of the Marina, and walk on from there. But a sudden desire would spring up in his heart to drive up as far as the radio to see some friends there. Anyway, you must make sure that everybody knows that you have a car. You must succeed in drawing the attention of others either when you step out of your car or when you get into it. There are other arts of course by which you may impress on them that you own a car even while you are walking. Jane Austen did not realise this when she made Knightley tease Emma at a ball, by asking her to find out whether he had come there in a coach or on foot.

III

Ramanathan believes in Progress with a capital letter, in social matters. "Look at the women appearing at the beach in these days, you could count them on your fingers twenty years ago," says Ramanathan. "The so-called reformers then, what would they think, if they saw the present day?" Two girls from Queen Mary's were coming on to the promenade, and walking a little ahead of us. One wore a frock, she had blue eyes, and looked like a European girl, the other in a sari was a Brahmin.

"Who do you think is that white girl?" asks Ramanathan.

"Why, I suppose she is an Anglo-Indian."

"But she calls herself a Hindu, her name is Sakuntala, her father Mr. Naidu is a barrister at Gharampoor, the mother is Irish, and she prefers living at Dublin," explains Ramanathan.

Then the two girls began a conversation when Ramanathan kept discreet silence.

"Look at this old man, Vasanthu, why does he dress himself so heavily in this season of the year? See how he is sweating in his dignity," remarks Sakunthala whose skirt just reached her knee below, and whose arms were quite bare.

"I knew him, Saku," replied Vasanthu, "when he was District Judge at Vepur. His name is Ramakrishna. My father used to tell me that a Judge or Collector should never wear other than tweed suits. I am sure Mr. Ramakrishna must be still wearing the clothes he had made as a judge."

"What a funny old fellow, and did you notice that girl who is always accompanying the old man, is she his third or fourth wife?" asks Sakunthala.

"No, Saku, it is Lalitha, his daughter. She is in the sixth form at the Government Girls' High School," replies Vasanthu.

"But, isn't she older than ourselves, and yet in the sixth form?" asks Sakunthala.

"Vepur had no good school when Mr. Ramakrishna was there. Lalitha had to start two classes lower when she was admitted here, the standards here are much higher than at Vepur," explains Vasanthu again.

"Now, Vasanthu, I must ask you again about this rustic old man,—"

An American went to Scotland and hired the services of a professional to teach him golf. "The first thing you must remember," began the pro, "is to keep your eye on the ball." "Gee!" replied the American, "you Scotch are too dogged mean for anything. D'ye think I care if I lose one?"

"Hae you heard the noos? Sandy's cured himself o' his stammer."

"How did he do that?"

"The other day he had to make a business call to America on the Atlantic 'phone."

"Your garden's lovely. They say a garden keeps a woman out of mischief."

"It did not help Eve much."

"Dear, dear, how you call him a rustic! He was the leader of social reform at Vepur. It was such a sensation when Lalitha was the only girl attending the boys' high school."

"What I can't understand is," breaks in Sakunthala again, "that this poor girl should be obliged to keep company with this old man every evening here. What has happened to Mrs. Ramakrishna, I mean the old man's wife, couldn't she keep him company?"

"She does, sometimes. Didn't you see her yesterday?" ask Vasanthu.

"What, you don't mean that old ayah who walked behind?" queries Sakunthala.

"You are very violent, Saku. You are too fashionable for Madras. A Hindu woman after fifty cannot look better."

"I bet, Vasanthu, you won't look this, when you are fifty" avers Sakunthala.

And so Ramanathan "clubs" at the Marina every evening. Different groups arrive there at different hours. Some come there after attending teas where they have eaten heavily. Or they have sat through school anniversaries that must have run three hours at the least. Others drop in there returning from the talkies. Ramanathan has not known the Marina long after the arc lights are out and the dim lower lights are on, at half-past eight.

Ramaswami was quite a good clerk but he had periodical spells when he would apply for a few days' special leave, doubtless feeling the call of the wider world. His reasons for requiring these abstentions from office duties were, to say the least, very ingenious. On one occasion he entered the manager's office and asked for a day off—he was moving to a new house on an auspicious day and his wife wanted his assistance. Manager Rangacharlu knew something of his Ramaswami how ever and his devious methods of obtaining leave and wished to try and confound Ramu. "I do not like turning you down Ramu," he said "but it happens that I saw your wife this morning on my way to office and she told me she could manage the shifting better without you during the move and she did not want you to lose the time." There followed a silence that could almost be heard and then Ramoo said "Well Sir, it seems there are two liars in this office and I am one of them: I am not yet married."

—T. N. S. R. Chari B. A.



I was interested



Most interested



SO Interested



Till a wave—

Dial.

HE met a lovely lady
With a bucket
Full of water,
And he said,
"I'm very thirsty.
May I have
A little drink?
Just a single cup of water
Will be enough, I think."
The lovely lady smiled,
And she said,
"Oh, surely!
I've a well
Full of water
And you're welcome
To it all.
No one has touched a drop of it,
(As far as I recall).
But," she said, "before you taste it,
You must make
A solemn promise
To drink at least
A gallon
Every day
Until you die.
You must promise this, and swear it
By all the gods on high."
So he left the lovely lady
With the bucket
Full of water;
And he said,
"I'm very thirsty
And I'd like
A little drink—
But I'd rather be a desert
Than a sort of kitchen sink."

A burglar was recently found to have used a razor-blade to force back the catch of a window.

MY character has hitherto
Been quite without a stain;
From all the evil other: do
I've managed to refrain.
But now no more in honest ways
I mean to pass my time,
But rather spend my nights and days
In perpetrating crime.

The burglar's mask I'll duly don
And take to picking locks;
Already I have started on
The children's money-box.
But even though I scooped the lot,
I must in candour state
The profit that accrued was not
Particularly great.

But I am not deterred thereby.
For it is not a crude
Desire for gain that leads to my
Sad lapse from rectitude.
My frugal soul it satisfies
That my marauding raids
Enable me to utilize
My worn-out razor blades.

—Humorist.

Mathematical English

(V. NARAYANASWAMI, B. A.)

THE present possibilities of accurate expression in the English language do not seem to be quite satisfactory especially to one possessing a mathematical turn of mind. This statement will be made clear by the following example.

Suppose one has to compare the beauties of one hundred ladies. He might say that the first is beautiful, the second more beautiful than the first and the third the most beautiful of the three. But when he comes to the fourth, he is not able to make a distinctive comparison of her beauty with the beauties of the other three he has already dealt with, as there are only three degrees of comparison available to him. After all, he can just arrange the one hundred ladies in the order of their beauties without being able to indicate specifically the beauty of any one of them in comparison to the others.

This is a state of affairs which a mathematician always insisting on accuracy and precision in everything may not brook. So we must certainly seek for a remedy and try to devise means by which we could place at the disposal of all those who use the English language all facilities for accurate expression.

The remedy that I should like to suggest is very simple. Taking the illustration that I gave of having to compare the beauties of one hundred ladies, I would suggest an imaginary lady with ideal beauty being allotted the number 100. Then we might compare each one of the ladies with the lady of the ideal beauty and give each of them a number which shall indicate the proportion of her beauty to the ideal beauty with number 100. Each lady will then have a definite number as regards her beauty—the first might be 33 beautiful, the second 67 beautiful, the third 18 beautiful and so on. If, however, one should feel that by assigning the number 100 to the imaginary lady of ideal beauty, the beauties of the one hundred ladies could not be accurately expressed in integers, he is at perfect liberty to give the number 1,000 to the ideal beauty and then begin his comparison. Only he should specify the number he gives to the ideal beauty at the top of the table of comparison.

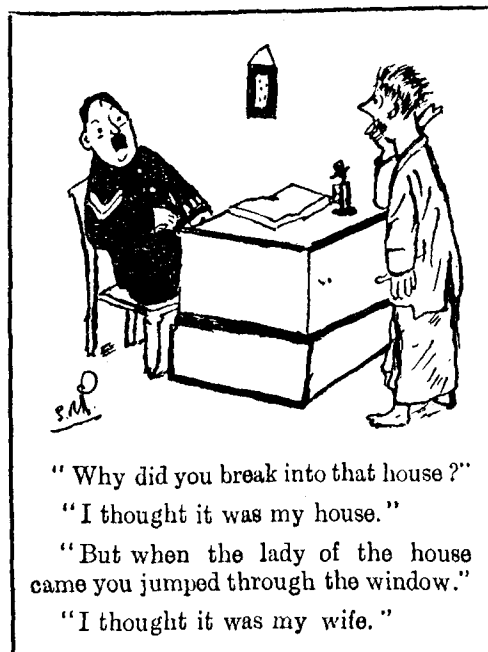
My suggestion might rather look impracticable at the outset. Some might say that this is an attempt which would destroy the sublimity of English literature by the introduction of cold matter of fact integers. But in spite of all these oppositions, I should plead for a trial being given to my suggestion.

The following might serve as an example:—

(N. B. Number 100 is assigned to the ideal.)

Once upon a time, a 73 wise and 52 learned judge was examining a 84 cunning and 69 obdurate witness. The witness made it a point not to give any straightforward answer even to questions which could be answered in monosyllables. The judge naturally became 98 angry with the witness and asked him to answer all questions, which could be answered either by 'yes' or 'no', by only 'yes' or 'no' without wasting the precious time of the court by giving answers which were not at all relevant to the question (according to the judge). The witness, 84 cunning as he was, became 97 angry in his turn and

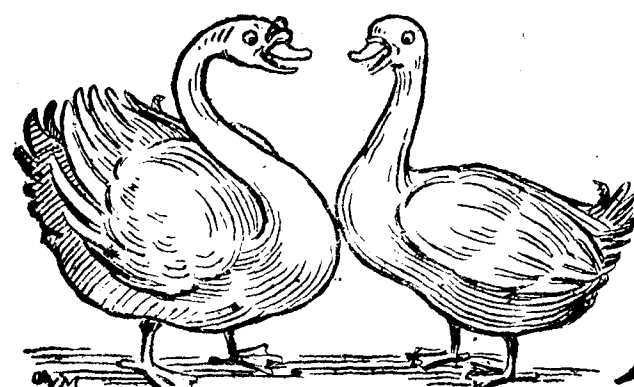
asked the judge if he would answer a question which the witness would put him only by 'yes' or 'no' without adding any explanatory statement. The judge unhesitatingly answered in the affirmative upon which the witness asked the judge whether he stopped receiving bribes from both the plaintiff and the defendant. As it is clear, by answering only by 'yes' or 'no', the judge had to grant that he was in the habit of receiving bribes and thereby he saw the necessity for explanatory statements. The judge had, therefore, no other go but to leave the witness to his own way of answering the questions, seeing the importance of some explanation or other in support of the 'yes' or 'no'.



"Why did you break into that house?"
 "I thought it was my house."
 "But when the lady of the house came you jumped through the window."
 "I thought it was my wife."

I should not forget to mention that the number given to the ideal should be mentioned at the top. It is also better in the initial stages to use the same number for all ideal qualities to avoid confusion. It might also be taken as an understanding that the number 100 is assigned to the ideal for all purposes of conversational English. If, however, one has picked up enough practice, he can give a bigger number to those qualities which are more commonly used so as to secure greater accuracy of expression. In fact by adopting this method, one can express himself to any degree of accuracy he pleases.

I am sure that this suggestion of mine will be encouraged by all lovers of accurate and precise expression and that in years to come, many improvements would have been effected and that everybody would express himself only in what is called "Mathematical English."



SENSE & NONSENSE

Here is a hard-luck story told in a French court the other day. An old man of seventy had to leave a home the aged because of a quarrel with his room-mate. Homeless, he tramped the streets, sleeping in door-ways and finding it difficult to get sufficient food. Then he had a bright idea—he would go to prison, and get food and lodgings there. He insulted a policeman. But instead of arresting him, the officer simply moved him on. He went to the nearest police station and made himself objectionable. He was thrown out. Finally, he threw stones at a street-lamp, broke it, found a policeman, and gave himself up. Meantime, however, a motorist had crashed into the lamp-post. When the old man appeared before the magistrate, the motorist was there too, and insisted that he was responsible for the damage. So, much to his disgust, the prisoner was set at liberty.

Smoking is beneficial, according to Italian bacteriologists, who claim that it destroys microbes in the teeth, leaving the mouth sterilised for some hours.

At intervals, during recent years, women have been warned of various direful consequences that might be expected as a result of bobbing and shingling. The latest pronouncement on the subject comes from an American professor, who says that if Eve persists in cutting her hair, her chest and limbs will become hirsute, like those of men. But apparently this is not all. A Japanese investigator has just announced his discovery, as a result of ten years' study of the prison population, that "the worst type of habitual criminal is generally bald." It is an awful thought that, if crime stops the growth of hair, women, scared by the American professor, may take to burglary and similar pursuits as a form of beauty treatment. Perhaps, indeed, that's the real explanation of the "bobbed-hair bandits" we read about occasionally!

Taxation in Great Britain is the highest in the world. Here are the figures of the principal countries, per head of the population: Great Britain £ 16 8s., France £ 9 10s., Germany £ 5 15s., United States £ 4 19s., and Italy £ 4 12s.

Last month a pickpocket in Germany had a very rude shock. Groping for a man's wallet in the middle of a crowd, he found his fingers trapped firmly in a small steel vice. He was the first victim of a device to catch pickpockets which has just then been produced by an inventor for the use of German plain-clothes men.

The Dean of Durham, Dr. Welldon, tells an excellent yarn of Winston Churchill's boyhood. At the time he was in Harrow, where Dr. Welldon was then the headmaster. A school magazine was published, and the most brilliant contributions were a series of articles at the expense of various masters.

They were so good that Dr. Welldon and the victims used to chuckle over them, and no official action was taken. The writer, becoming bolder, then made a fierce attack on a master, and overstepped the mark.

Dr. Welldon summoned Winston Churchill to his presence. "Churchill," he said, "some scandalous articles have been appearing in the school magazine."

"Yes, sir," replied Churchill, "but they are anonymous."

"Anonymous or not," thundered Dr. Welldon, "if any more of them appear you will be flogged."

Churchill retired, looking very thoughtful. After the next issue, the school was surprised to find that the articles had stopped.

Here is another good story about Winston Churchill.

When he was in his 'teens he made his earliest incursion into politics. There was an anti-British demonstration on a Sunday afternoon in Trafalgar Square. The meeting was at fever heat when an old horse 'bus was seen going round and round the outskirts of the crowd.

There was only one passenger in it—a youth who was standing on top waving a Union Jack. It was young Winston Churchill.

A device is now on the market which, when fitted to a light, will put it out at a certain time. There'd be a big demand for them if only they could be attached to guests.

Good Hardware

Men are just as much interested in what they wear, but they don't have time to give bridge parties to prove it.

Quebec Chronicle Telegraph.

"Elderly men do not as a rule like young women to call them by their Christian names," declares a writer. Especially if their wives happen to be within earshot.

Humorist.

fit. "Why do you say so, young man?" asked the President again. "Because we are unfit," replied Ramu promptly. "You yourself admit your incapacity, good-bye" said the President and the castle of Deputy Thasildarship also crumbled.

It was Dr. Johnson who said that patriotism was the last refuge of a scoundrel. Whatever that might be, it must be admitted that the Law College is the last resort of an unemployed graduate of the Madras University. Fortunately, there is no kind of restriction for admission into this most democratic institution. Ramu joined the Law College and passed his B. L. in the third class, his name appearing just above that of the Registrar of the University in the Fort. St. George Gazette, and on an auspicious day, with sandal and saffron elaborately pasted on his signboard, he opened his office next door to Palani Andi Pandaram's Singapore Shaving Saloon.

A vakil is like the Chancellor of the Exchequer. He anticipates income from several sources and from several people. He spends money by borrowing, on this anticipation. At the end of the year he finds that the annual revenue is zero-zero-zero, but the annual expenditure is at least Rs. 3000. The moment you have your board outside, the municipality charges you professional tax, you are caught by either the pucea Income Tax Officer or

the other for smaller incomes, and at least a hundred persons go to you a day with all sorts of false and imaginary grievances. Daughter's nuptials, son's upanayana, mother's annual ceremony, pilgrimage to all the sacred places in India, wife and children fasting for the past four days, when you know for certain that the man had in the morning two 'iddlies' with 'chutney', two 'iddlies' with 'sambar', a couple of 'murugal nai thosai' and one and a half seers of essence coffee in the very best hotel in your town. A false sense of dignity prevents you from saying nay to any of them, and the result is that, ultimately the position becomes changed and from the 'giver' you become the 'asker'.

"If Nugent Grant and Sir Alladi may get three lakhs of rupees a year, why not I?" thought Ramu forgetting that ambition must be made of a sterner stuff than his. Who would come into Ramu's office, in a town, consisting of five Malayalee Barristers, one hundred and seventy eight advocates of several castes and communities and two hundred and eighty three pleaders of the 1st, 2nd and 3rd grades? Still people came to his office not for the purpose of engaging him in any civil, criminal or revenue litigation, but mistaking his office for the shaving saloon and in course of time Ramu's business was just like that of a traffic Police constable directing people to his left to the barber's shop.

MADRAS

(A jolly song for the City Fathers)

Madras is the fairest city,
On Coromandel coast;
And, sirs, this my little ditty,
Is to propose its toast.

* * *
London stands on but one river.
My Madras stands on two!
The Cooum and the Adyar
(The Bay of Bengal too)

I like Madras, I like its noise,
Jutkas and bullock carts,
The creaking trams, the barking cars,
The noisy, noisy marts.

I love to listen to the cries
You hear in every street,
The curds-wallah (ne'er mind the flies)
The billy-goat, its bleat.

The roads may be 'frightful dusty',
But I will have them so,
For e'en if I fall like Dumpty
My head won't crack, Oh no!

Oh, tell me not of dirty streets,
(A medal has two sides)
Now, though the streets are strewn with things
Think of the clean dust-bins!

* * *
Now if you are a serious man,
And like to make some dibs,
Go to Guindy, stake all you can,
But mind the Astro tips!

For fun you have the Talkies,
As many as you wish,
A highbrow might call them squeakies,
But he's a queer fish!

And should you like to hear (not see)
An all-talkie, super,
Go to the fort where M. L. C.
Talk like a wee nipper!

Madras, thou fair Madras, prosper!
This is my earnest prayer;
The President's a man dapper,
May he be called a Mayor!

An All-Party Meeting

(K. R. SRINIVASA IYENGAR, M.A.)

WHEN Dewan Bahadur Gokulashtami Naidu, the veteran publicist of South India, realized at last that the Hindu community was sorely rent in twain on the issue of Temple-entry, he decided something must be immediately done to ease the situation. He accordingly resolved to emerge from his (in his opinion) well-deserved and (in his doctor's opinion) much-needed retirement.

Of course, he promptly issued a statement to the press (a 2400 word affair), and newspapers "invited the attention of readers" to respond to the "clarion call of Naiduji" and "muster strong at the proposed All-Party Confederation" and make it "a big success." Extracts from the statement as also the editorials were duly cabled to the *Manchester Guardian* and the *Daily Herald*.

Invitations were sent to all Hindu Associations to send representatives to the All-Party Confederation. It was to be a six hour sitting, and proceedings were to be conducted in English for the edification of the great British electorate, (who will have the final say in the matter), though the question of the chairmanship of the confederation was not touched upon even in "Letters to the Editor", everyone knew that Mahatma Gokulji will be unanimously proposed—and quite rightly too.

The proceedings were to begin at 9 P. M. on Saturday, 5th October at the Rohinkund-Hastings Hall, Esplanade. From one hour previously, the delegates with their entrance tickets marched into the Hall, holding the future of Hinduism in their nimble hands. Press reporters with a dozen sharpened pencils and carrying hot tea in thermos flasks (possibly to keep themselves awake till 3 A. M.) took their seats near the pavilion. The Hall was at last packed to the full—with 400 delegates and 30 reporters. Mere busybodies and thrill hunters were tactfully excluded.

Punctual to the second, Naiduji occupied the chair. In a brief but pointed speech he told his "brother and sister delegates" that his chief aim in convening the confederation was to "arrive at a formula" about this vexed Temple-entry question. Speaking for himself, Naiduji didn't care whether it was this way or that. They would all see that he was for compromise in everything. Was he not wearing a serge suit and over it a flowing cloth? In one of his pockets they could find a Parker fountain pen and also an ordinary quill pen; in another pocket they could find the trinity of a beedi bundle, a cigarette packet and quite the latest fashioned pipe-cum-pouch. And though he grew a tuft, he wore always a hat also. He was therefore entitled to exhort them to discuss things dispassionately and arrive at an agreed solution to present Gandhiji and Viceroyji with. The House was then open to discussion.

There was naturally great applause as Naiduji resumed his seat. Then arose the indefatigable reformer, Comrade Vengishna; he spoke for 55 minutes, with such calculated frenzy of social zeal that everyone was moved

one way or the other. His table groaned under his enthusiastic and explosive 'buts', 'therefores' 'challenges' and 'stupid customs'! He ended by moving the following resolution:

"This meeting of the All-Party Hindu Confederation resolves that all Harijans, Sivajans, and other Hindu Gods' Jans be admitted into all our temples forthwith."

Some crab-like individual screamed "I second" and sat down.

Presently, the vulture-tongued Shrimathi Ponnanni, in a fiery speech, opposed the main resolution. She said that Temple-entry for the 'Jans' was a cruel ruse on the part of the males—ever arrogant and selfish males—to deflect the allegiance of millions of devotees of the 'ammans' (all female divinities) and divert such allegiance to Rama, Krishna, Ganapati, Subramanya, Visvanatha, Srinivasa, and Nataraja, (all a black conspiracy of masculinities.) She, Shrimathi Ponnanni, will fast herself to death, taking, maybe, not even soda water but only milk or simple almond keer,—yes, she will so fast if the subversive Temple-entry movement was not stopped within her lifetime. Sister Seemasee spoke for four minutes in support of the previous speaker.

At this juncture, Brahmasri Sasemira Sastri had a mystifying doubt. He wanted to know if Brahmins could worship in Sakkumukkiliamman Temples and Mahapidariamankols in future, should they, at any time, wish to do so. It was but right, he argued, that the privilege the caste Hindus conceded to Harijans (and all other 'jans') should be reciprocated by the latter, *mutatis mutandis*. (Need I add that Mr. Sastri was an M.A., M.L., and an advocate?) As nobody objected to the inference of Sastriji, he sat down in triumph and took a tola weight of snuff.

Anon Prof. Uppala jumped to his feet and in his very first sentence deprecated the entire Temple-entry movement. "The whole thing is silly, SILLY, don't you understand?" He shrieked: "What is wanted is a diffusion of the principles of the Bhagavat Gita. The Gita, let me tell you all, is a grand, great, glamorous, glorious book. The day before yesterday, I read Abercrombie and Aldington; yesterday I read Morgan's novel *The Fountain* and the poems of Seosamh Maccaith-mahaoil; and only this morning I read both Mrs. Marie stopes and Dr. Sigismund Freud. I say it is all in the Gita; they all merely paraphrase the Bhagavat Gita. Why enter temples, I ask you? Print copies of the Gita in all languages and all dialects, in prose and verse and free verse even, as lyrics and ballads and elegies, and—AND distribute the copies, teach, explain, expound!!! (Cries of Hear! Hear!) I've myself done so in practice. As tips to peons, as Deepavali and Pongal presents, as sports prizes, as gifts to beggars, I simply distribute autographed copies of the Gita. Therefore, I move an amendment to the main resolution before us:

"That the main resolution be null and void, but that Bhagavat Gita be distributed to all Adi-dravidas, adi-andhras, and other 'adis' and 'anthams' within the Hindu fold."

Unluckily, the amendment fell for want of a seconder. (And Prof. Uppala walked out in protest.)

Who should now get up but our esteemed friend Conjunction Pillai, who, should he die today (which gods and Ammans forbid!) is absolutely sure of a two-column obituary notice (illustrated with photographs) in the Russian *Pravda*, not to speak of the Madras *Hindu*! He roared: "If you have ears, gentlies and ladymen, I mean gentlemen and ladies, now use them carefully, what is the *Gita*, I pray, but one book, like a library catalogue or a Railway time-table? But a LIBRARY—it is a collection, a conglomeration, a confederation of books. My humble but pertinent and positive suggestion is that we should convert all our temples and mutts into libraries. You know I am an authority on libraries. I extirpated all systems of arrangement—the comma system, the semi-colon system, the interjection system, the auxiliary verb system, even the nominative absolute and fool-stop systems—and I have substituted my universally used conjunction system. Better than the *Gita* or any other silly book like *Thevaram* or *Tayumanavar* or *Tagore* or that modern lunatic *Bernard Shaw*, give all a copy of my book. Mine is not only a book (which is good), not only a book on books (which is better), but a book on libraries i.e., a place where books are kept (which is best of all.) I've proved conclusively that books are first thought out, then written, then printed, then bound, then sold, then read, then discussed, and then (after 1050 years) burnt—these being the Eight Primary Laws of Universal Bookdom. Future histories of civilization will record, I may say without vanity, that these eight laws of book-science have been more indispensable for progress than Kepler's and Newton's laws, more important even than M. C. C's Laws of Cricket. May I now move my amendment, please?" There were violent ayes and noes, "Conjunction, Carry on!" and "you pompous fool, sit down!" and "order" "order".

(Names and events in the story are fictitious.)

Editor to Contributors.

If you've got a thought that's happy—
Boil it down.

Make it short and crisp and snappy—
Boil it down.

When your brain its coin has minted,
Down the page your pen has sprinted,
If you want your effort printed,—
Boil it down.

Take out every surplus letter,—
Boil it down.

Fewer syllables the better—
Boil it down.

Make your meaning plain. Express it
So we'll know—not merely guess it;
Then, my friend, are you address it—
Boil it down.

Cut out all the extra trimmings,—
Boil it down.

Skim it well—then skim the skimmings—
Boil it down.

When you're sure 'twould be a sin to
Out another sentence into,
Send it on, and we'll begin to
Boil it down.

Order was restored at last, but not till Shrijut Pillai was prevented from moving his precious amendment. For some minutes there was profound silence. Presidentji was visibly tired. And then, from a corner a bright young man cleared his throat and adjusted his spectacles, and thus addressed the chair: "Sir, I recently had occasion to read a new book on Ibsen—a very capital and well got up book (price 25 shillings net.) I need hardly say that Ibsen is a flourishing institution. I've written on this subject again and again (for instance in the *Calcutta Review*); not even my M.A. answer papers could elude Ibsen. Such a stupendous, tremendous, —once Norwegian—literary—now universal—all-embracing institution is much more worthy of discussion than the crudities and insipidities and obscurities and futilities of temple-entry. I've already said these things at length in my review of the book, which I cordially recommend you to read, (I mean my review, not the book.) You will then see that Ibsen as an institution ought to be preserved with more cause than religions and temples which are meaningless fossils from a primitive age, when men talked to one another without waiting for introductions!!! May I know, sir, if I could frame and table an amendment on the Ibsen basis?"

Veteran Naiduji looked blue, and so did the confederation too. Ibsen,—what was Ibsen? A new Edisonian tooth-pulling invention? Nilakanta Sastrian archaeological find? or contraceptive manufacturing American millionaire? How naughty and sacrilegious to talk of things like Ibsen in an all-party gathering like that? Suddenly, Naidu garujishouted: "the young, gentleman will sit down." (He sat) Then he slowly stood up and with emotion emitted some English language which puzzled everyone: "sary of no respek. We cans gree. We can gree anles tagree nawt tu. Thinks arr nawt nu az an I waz eng. We dina spek op Hipson (ich is Brawndy's en winez name) in rilligous confederazions. Dho' me tizz anles tooftty fy I dissol the eating."

And so the All-party meeting ended,—agreeing thus to disagree. (The usual photographs and three hearty cheers for the President were not dispensed with, however.)

MISCHIEF

(T. L. EDWIN)

SHE was a student of the Women's Christian College, aged nearly seventeen, neatly dressed in a light green Karachi saree, with a dainty little bag hanging from her arm. She was extremely pretty with long dark hair, a sweetly serious expression and black eyes that were large and wistful. Appearances are sometimes deceptive, for she was a great source of anxiety in the college, and her parents were frequently asked to find her a suitable college somewhere else.

She was walking along aimlessly towards the College at 8-30 A.M. when suddenly a mischievous impulse seized her. With a smile she entered the Egmore Railway Station, and going up to the third class booking-window, tapped impatiently with an anna. After a few taps a Brahmin booking-clerk showed his face.

"What do you want?" he asked. Kamala seemed surprised.

"Why, ticket of course. What do you think one wants at a railway station? Vegetables?"

Now it was the booking-clerk's turn to be surprised. "What class? Where do you want to go?" he demanded with irritated rapidity.

"Well, I have always wanted to see New York, with its sky-scrappers and countless other attractions, and perhaps my wish might be gratified. But....."

"Here, beat it!" he said viciously. "I can't waste all my time....."

"You are not getting angry, are you?" said Kamala with mock anxiety.

"I want a first class ticket for one anna. Any station. I'm not going anywhere but I am collecting railway tickets and Nestles picture stamps."

The booking-clerk was furious by this time. He almost forgot that he was speaking to a girl, and a beautiful one at that. He lectured to her about the dignity of his post, about the enormous wealth of the South Indian Railway Company, and the powers the said company had vested in him. But Kamala with her wistful innocent-looking eyes pretended that she was quite unaware of the sin she had committed, and the booking-clerk had to explain with an air of superiority, that the lowest third class fare was one anna.

"Well, then give me a third, anywhere" she pleaded.

The clerk dated a ticket to Chetpat, sparked down her anna, and flung the ticket to her and disappeared.

Kamala took her ticket with all gravity and presented it to the Anglo-Indian ticket checker, at the platform entrance, who clad in white, was smoking a cigarette, held at a rakish angle, and looking as important as if half the station belonged to him. He glanced at the name on the ticket and handed it back to her. "Other side," he said sharply. Kamala turned the ticket over and presented it again.

"That's the other side of it," she said seriously, "but I think you could have done it for yourself."

"I mean your train is on the other side. The electric trains do not run on this platform" he said patiently.

"Oh, but I hate electric trains and would rather travel by steam trains" she said sweetly.

The Anglo-Indian swore under his breath. "You can only travel by an electric train, for other trains do not stop at Chetpat," he said.

"Thanks so much, can you show me the bookstall please," she cooed.

The 'please' moved the Anglo-Indian and he promptly showed her the stall. Kamala glanced at the books, opened her bag and shut it again, picked up a book and put it down. The youth in charge who had studied up to sixth form, and who rather fancied himself a Don Juan picked up an 'Oppenheim' and proffered it. "Seen this, miss?" he asked.

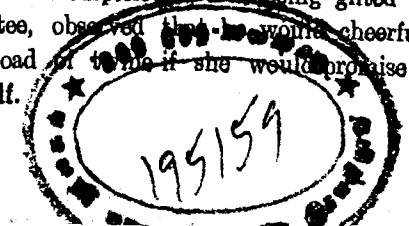
"I have now," she said. "what I want is a Nestles chocolate picture stamp album."

"Afraid we do not stock it. We ain't sweets dealers," he added mischievously.

"An album is not a sweet, 'tis only a book. Fancy a big grown up boy being so ignorant. Yours is a case which clearly shows the need of a compulsory educational scheme for India" she said and tripped away leaving the boy stunned.

She walked the length of the platform, came back and demanded a copy of 'The Hindu' newspaper for the fourth day of the preceding month. He said he could order it for her. She said she was sorry but could not wait. A little later she paid a third visit to the stall to enquire if he had a reel of twine. The youth had grown angry and suspicious. But being gifted with a knack of repartee, observed that he would cheerfully give her a cart-load of twine if she would promise to go and hang herself.

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1.5



With a smile she left the platform and came to the first-class booking office. There she saw a young man providing the automatic machine with a fresh consignment of platform-tickets. He was doing important and responsible work and so he did not look at the mischievous angel who tripped up to the machine. Kamala with great deliberation shoved her ticket with great difficulty into the slot. Nothing happened, which was very much what she had expected.

"Oh please, could you help me? This machine won't work," she pleaded to the man. "Won't it, madam? I just now set it right. Are you sure you put your anna in?"

"Quite certain. Of course it wasn't an actual anna, but—"

"How do you mean? Four quarter annas or twelve pice won't do, you know." He was quite patient and even compassionate.

"It was like this. I'd bought an anna railway ticket and then I found I couldn't go today. My aunt is suffering from tooth-ache, and I have to be near her. And I thought I'd get a platform-ticket to see how the machine worked. Was that wrong?"

"Why, of course, it was. That ticket is not the same weight as an anna, you see. I imagine next you will be trying to get a ticket by pouring an anna-worth of ice

cream inside the slot. Now the whole machine might have gone out of order. I shall have to get that out again."

He undid the screws at the back and rescued the ticket, bent and frayed. Kamala expressed sorrow for all the trouble she had given, wished him good-day and floated away to the third class booking office again. There she found that there was still half an hour for college.

Meanwhile the Brahmin booking-clerk was relating his encounter with Kamala to another co-worker. "And," he was telling, "it was only just then that it flashed across my mind, that she had been pulling my leg. I do not know where this modernism amongst Indian girls, is going to lead them. If I was that girl's brother, well—"

"Hallo," cooed Kamala, "I bought this ticket from you, a little while ago. I have given up collecting tickets and I find it's no use. Might I trouble you to give my anna back for it?"

His first impulse was towards peremptory refusal, accompanied by threats. Then something approaching to admiration came over him.

"Half a minute, miss," he said sweetly. Slipping by the back door he ran to the shop opposite the station, purchased a Nestles chocolate for four annas and came back quickly to his seat.

"Here you are miss," he said. "We give away chocolates for unused tickets."

The mayor of an American city tells this story:—

"I was a member of the party of American mayors that visited France last year.

"In Paris I was called upon to make a speech. I spoke for fifteen minutes. There wasn't a bit of applause.

"I sat down and another man took the floor. He talked in French and delivered a fiery oration, with gestures. He was applauded at every pause.

"I joined in the applause until a neighbour whispered, 'I wouldn't applaud so much if I were you, Mayor; that man is interpreting your own speech.'"

"They say you married her because her aunt had left her a fortune."

"That is not so! I'd have married her no matter who left it to her."

An Irishman, who had been advised by his solicitor to plead guilty as a first offender, stood in the dock.

"Are you guilty or not guilty?" asked the magistrate.

"Guilty, yer honour, and I've got witnesses to prove it," replied the prisoner.

The superior young person had been shown to his room in the hotel.

"So this is for me!" he grumbled. "Rather like a prison, don't you think?"

"Well, it is just a matter of what one is used to, sir," replied the manager.

The teacher was most anxious that his class should "shine," as the inspector had arrived and was about to examine the boys' knowledge of history.

Solemnly clearing his throat, the inspector addressed the class:

"Who was it," said he sternly, "who exclaimed in despair, 'A horse! A horse! My kingdom for a horse!'"

The teacher was anxious till at last a boy put up his hand.

"Please, sir," said the boy, "it was someone who'd drawn a blank in a sweepstake!"

Doctor:—"You are no better? Did you drink hot water an hour before each meal, as I told you to?"

Patient:—"Well, I did my best, doctor, but I had to give it up after about ten minutes."

Advocates and Advertising

(M. L. S.)

IT is an accepted code of professional ethics that an advocate should not advertise himself. Mercenary motives have (should have?) no play in the life of an Advocate. He is expected to live for his noble art, and if he can manage it, on it. He has to be discovered—and lucky he is—rather than advertised. And never a more difficult problem have we set our laymen than this.

We have all doubtless heard very much of the value of advertising. A tradesman may advertise his wares, extol their qualities, real and imaginary, a dentist may pride himself on his painless method of teeth extraction, a quack may put forward his stuff as the cure for all and every illness imaginable. Even a medical man may

justly be called an Ear Specialist or an Eye Specialist. It all means for one thing that there is after all some thing in advertising and that advertising pays. Now we know why Advocates don't get paid. Not even a 'Lunacy Specialist', or a 'Matrimonial Specialist' or 'Small Cause Specialist' after their names. Nothing but a bare B. L. (Budding Lawyer) to announce their vocation and worth. No wonder that many just

sink, never to rise up again. Parading dummy briefs, occasional paragraphs in newspapers and feigning business when any prospective client peeps in, don't go a long way.

It would be interesting to contemplate what the outcome would be, if this ban on advertising by lawyers is lifted. Surely, "men that hire out their words and anger, that are more or less passionate according as they are paid for it and allow their client a quantity of wrath proportionable to the fee which they receive from him," cannot be supposed to be stinting in their words when it comes to a question of advertising themselves. "Mr. X. Y. Z. Advocate," would run a column, "the very man for your case. The winner of verdicts." "Don't go anywhere else to get cheated," another may say, "come here." "If you have any complicated case bring it here," would modestly advertise 'Mr. B. Advocate.' Another would more appropriately advertise himself; "Mr. A. Advocate. Hair-splitter in arguments." "Don't throw away your

money aimlessly," doubtless will say another. "If you want the full value for your money, Mr. C is the man for it." How will this serve: "Bring your legal troubles and matrimonial tangles here"? Or this; "No case is too small for me and no case too big. Everything nicely and properly executed." "Are you worried? Does your tenant refuse to pay the rent due? Does your wife refuse to obey you? Are your neighbours annoying you? If so I shall be glad to place my services at your disposal for a moderate fee. Anything in the legal line." "The case was ably argued by Mr. M.N.O. for the appellants.....", Extract from a judgment delivered by learned judge. "If you have any case requiring able argument, I shall be glad to do it," may pride another.

You will have specialists by the score, for anything from Abandonment to Workmen's Compensation. "Don't pay your creditors. Consult Mr. B.C. D. Advocate, the Insolvency Specialist. Charges moderate. Hours 6 A.M. to 10 P. M." What a relief for the financially embarrassed and bailiff-ridden judgment-debtors! And what a convenient hour! "Have you committed murder?" may another legitimately ask, "Then have no fear. The services

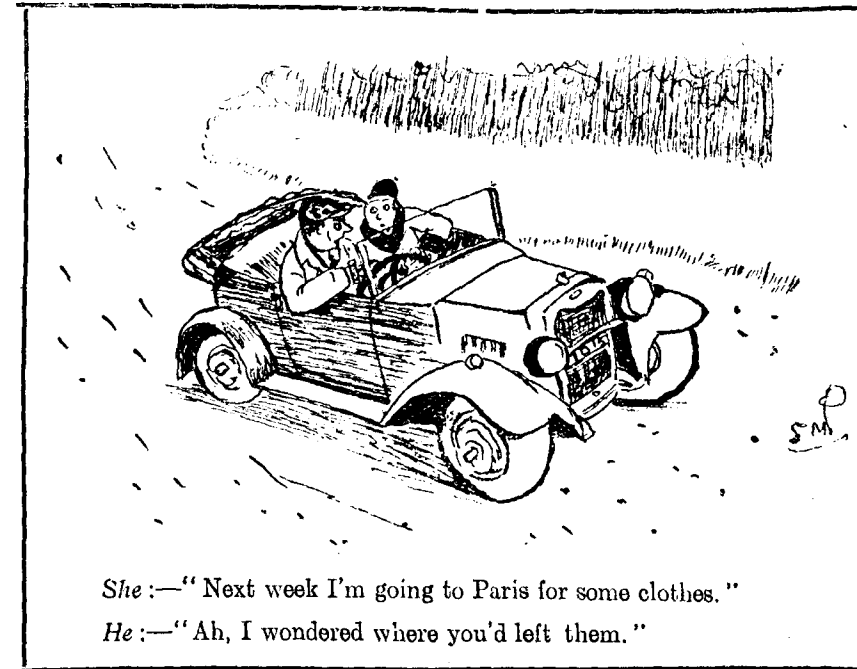
of Mr.....Advocate, Criminal Specialist, are at your disposal for a moderate fee. Highest references." What more could one want? After all,

"Going to law in these expensive days, Is much the same as going to the dogs."

(Willock's "Legal Facetiae".)

In spite of Lord Chancellor Westbury's advice: "Pay your adversary £ 10/- rather than go into court about anything. The lawyers get everything." It seems that as Jim Carstairs, the burglar said, "Lawyers are sometimes needed to keep one out of Law." If so, why not have the pick of the lot, the most advertised one? As Lord Birkenhead said, "You can spend as much as you choose upon surgeons, counsel, dentists, and tailors, but it by no means follows that he who pays most is best served."

Then, what is the real harm in advertising oneself?



She:—"Next week I'm going to Paris for some clothes."
He:—"Ah, I wondered where you'd left them."



THE CREAM OF THE JEST

An army officer asked a body of recruits if they had any complaints to make, and one man stepped forward and declared excitedly that he had been supplied with a ginger ale bottle that contained, not ginger ale, but benzine, and that he had drunk half of it unwittingly. "All right," replied the officer, "You had better not smoke for a few days."

Wife (reading a letter at breakfast table): "Mother has written to say, dear, that she intends having her portrait painted, and asks if you can recommend a really good artist."

Husband:—"Oh, Yes; Louis Wain."

Whilst big game hunting in Africa, a man came across a baby elephant that was walking dead lame, and seemed in great pain. On examination it turned out that the animal had a thorn in its foot. This he extracted, and then let the animal go free. Some years after he visited a circus in England, and he was much interested in a huge elephant in the arena. There was something familiar about its appearance. It reminded him somehow of the one he had befriended so many years before. He knew he was right when the huge beast walked over to him, lifted him out of a 3s. seat, and deposited him in a 5s. 9d. seat.

Mr. Levy was much disturbed when, towards the end of a banquet, he was told by Mr. Rubenstein, on his left, that he had already secured three silver spoons and two silver forks, and had stowed them away in his coat-tail pocket. So when the viands were removed, and the sing-song part of the show well on the way, Mr. Levy rose and said, "Ladies and Gentlemen, I was not able to sing a song nor to make a recitation, but I am very good at what you call ze slight of hand." (Chorus of voices, "That's all right, old man; let's have some of that.") "Zoh, I will take these three spoons and two forks off the table and I vos put them in my pocket, zoh; and then I say 'Hey Presto!' and wave my hands zoh; and now you will find the spoons and forks in the pocket of ze gentleman on my left." Collapse of Mr. Rubenstein, and Mr. Levy goes home with the spoils.

"Do you know if it is true that Jenkins is dead?"
"I don't know, but they've played a dirty trick on him if he isn't, for they've buried him."

A man was suspected by his wife of receiving telephone calls from other women. One night he was rung up, and his wife heard him say: "Hello, George. Is that you, George? Certainly I will, George. Of course I will, George. No, George. Good bye, George." Then he turned to his wife and said, "That was George, dear."

Letter from bank manager to client: "I beg to call your attention to your overdraft which now amounts to £150, and I await your instructions."

Client wires to bank manager: "Invest overdraft in War Loans."

A man who was suffering from toothache met a friend, who said, "I am sorry, old man, but cheer up. I can tell you a certain cure; at least it cured me. I had it beastly badly some time ago, and had to leave my work and go home. When I got there my wife just took my head on her shoulder, stroked my face, and made a bit of a fuss of me, and the pain went away like magic. If you'll take my advice, you'll try the same treatment." "I will," said his friend, "Is your wife at home now?"

Old Gentleman (to street urchin): "Can you tell me the way, to the Battersea Home for Lost Dogs?"

The Boy:—"It's a long way; are you in a hurry?"

Old Gentleman:—"Yes, I am."

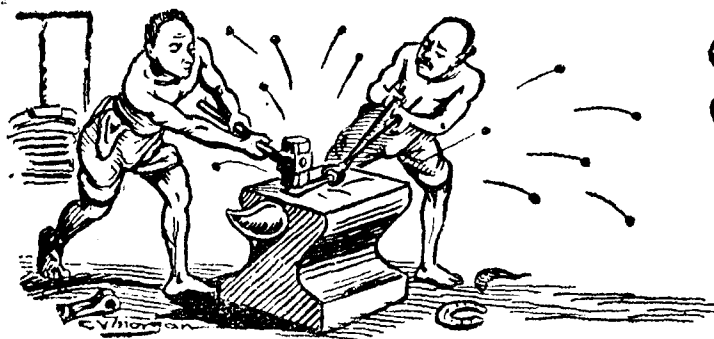
The Boy:—"Then, if I was you, sir, I should bite a policeman."

Tragedian:—"I think it within my right to ask for real wine in the banqueting scene."

Stage Manager:—"Right, old man, and perhaps you'd like real poison in the death scene."

Some things are difficult to explain away. For instance, a man had a grudge against a sausage merchant, and one day when the shop was crowded with customers he went in and threw a dead cat on the counter with the remark, "That makes up the two dozen!"

"Yes," said the chairman, sadly, "our temperance meeting last night would have been more successful if the lecturer hadn't been so absent-minded." "What did he do?" he was asked. "He tried to blow some imaginary froth from a glass of water," was the reply.



SPARKS from our ANVIL

Death has been busy among the English men of letters. Arnold Bennett started the melancholy procession: Edmund Gosse, George Saintsbury, George Moore, John Galsworthy and Earle Welby have passed over to the other side. Welby was not exactly of the elect but we, in Southern India knew him first as Editor of the Madras Mail and later and more appreciatively as the writer of literary gossip in the columns of the 'Hindu'. A cultured and widely-read literary critic, he was on terms of affectionate friendship with many great writers. To very many of us, who used to await with eagerness his periodical letter to the 'Hindu,' his death comes as a personal loss.

Of George Moore, Mercury Patten wrote "The greatest English prose writer we have ever had is dead." I respectfully disagree and so does S. K. Ratcliffe. Asks the latter, "How can you have a plain or absolute greatest in an art which compromises a hundred instruments and styles?" But *de mortuis*, and the *connoisseurs* rank him very high indeed.

Which brings me to John Galsworthy. Of his place in the literary hierarchy, there can hardly be two opinions. He did not write best sellers. His books latterly sold in tens of thousands but that is not, by any means, a record. *The Man of Property* published in 1906, established him firmly with a select though small public. Later on, in the same year, the production of *The Silver Box* marked his debut as a dramatist. From that time, he has not looked back. His public has grown in

numbers and in warmth of admiration. Never a conscious propagandist, many of his writings have been a protest against injustice in any form or from any source. *The Forsyte Saga*, in the opinion of many readers, his crowning achievement, was a faithful picture of the life of the upper middle classes of his day and the historian of the future may turn with confidence to this book as a truthful chronicle of the period. The later years only added to his literary reputation and as a consequence, to his material prosperity. His American and Continental reputation was immense. The film industry is believed to have paid him a record figure for the film-rights of some of his writings. The holograph of *Loyalties* was auctioned at the 1929 dinner of the Royal Literary Fund and fetched £3,300 for his poorer colleagues. He founded, supported, and patronised the P. E. N. Club. (Poets, Editors and Novelists.) The O. M. came in due course and was followed by the award of the Nobel Prize. The prize money, some £9,000, it is reported, has been willed to the Club.

I cannot do better than give you R. H. Mottram's words. "To think that we shall never see him again, that he will write no more, is incredible nonsense. He is of those who do not merely endear themselves. He has left an ineffaceable mark on those with whom he came in contact, the literature he adorned, the country of which he was so central a type. I would choose for my last words on him his own, written of his father in *A Portrait*, ".....the soul of Balance. He knew its tranquil seer", and where he is there must it still be hovering."

There are a number of errors in the picture given in the previous page. For example, the man near the bottom left hand corner smokes a pipe and at the same time holds a lighted cigarette in his hand. That is an error. Again, on the top right hand corner, the clouds appear behind the sun; and that is another error. Thus if you look at the various objects, you will find a variety of errors. Each error pertains to a particular object and does not bear upon the general aspect of the picture as a whole.

The errors are clear and decisive and readers need not worry over unnecessary details.

When you discover an error, mark it with number 1 in the picture with red ink on the spot where the error is or quite near it. Number the next error as 2 and so on serially. Then in a list show the numbers and the corresponding errors against them as:—

1. Two smokes at the same time,
2. Clouds appear behind the sun, & etc.

In defining the errors, be as brief as possible. It is enough if you make us understand that you have spotted the error.

As. 8 should be remitted for each entry. Every entry should contain the following :—

- (1) the picture with errors marked in red ink.
- (2) A list showing the numbers and the corresponding errors as marked in the picture.
- (3) The coupon for entry.
- (4) Money Order receipt for entrance fee remitted.

A prize of Rs. 75 will be awarded to the reader who finds out the largest number of errors; and a prize of Rs. 25 to the next in merit.

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

No responsibility can be undertaken for coupons lost or delayed.

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

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

Competitors must write on the envelopes the words, 'Errors Competition.'

No. of errors.....

COMPETITOR'S NAME AND ADDRESS

This coupon must be filled in, in ink and sent with the M. O. receipt to the Editor, The Merry Magazine before the 5th April 1933.

THE EDITOR

OF

THE MERRY MAGAZINE

Offers a Prize of Rs. 100

FOR A HUMOROUS STORY

Be Brief.

Be Humorous.

Write on envelope, "Story Competition"

The following gentlemen will judge the entries:

1. Mr. V. V. Srinivasa Iyengar, B.A., B.L.
2. Mr. P. P. Samuel
3. Mr. R. Krishnamurthy
4. Mr. S. Singam B.A., B.L.
- and
5. Mr. S. S. Vasan

Copyright in the winning entry will become the
Editor's property.

Entries must reach this office on or before 25th
April 1933.

'DE' COMPETITION

The Editor regrets that he is unable to announce the results of the 'De' Competition (set on 10th February 1933), in this issue. The Merry Magazine is shifting house now and will reside at
2/140, BROADWAY, MADRAS.
from and after 15th March '33.

Results therefore in next issue. Don't send any more solutions. 5th March 1933 was the last date for receipt of entries.

Do you feel Tired of Razors and an ever increasing
Growth of Hair.

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



THE IDEAL
HAIR REMOVING
CREAM.

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

If correctly applied hair once removed within 8 minutes do not grow for several days leaving the skin clean and fresh all the while. Every application of OHIO makes the hair grow finer. Frequent use of it reduces and slackens the growth of hair so that they are finally turned into soft down. Unlike Razors Ohio does not darken the skin nor causes irritation.

Directions for use enclosed in each tube

A Tube Costs Rs. 1-4. Three at a Time Rs. 3-12.

To purchasers of Packing & postage free

SRI DHANAM & Co., POST BOX 119,
MADRAS.

Look Sharp!

Look Sharp!!

A GERMAN COMBINATION BOX

(CONTAINING 130 ARTICLES.)

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

Get One Box by V. P. P.

Price Rs. 2-12-0.

THE KRISHNA AGENCY,
POST BOX 119, Madras.



Easy to Solve! Try & Win!

Rs. 1000

IN

Chari's Missing Letter Competition No. 2

Last posting date 23rd March 1933.

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

- | | | |
|---------|-----|-----------------------|
| 1. REVI | ... | return to life |
| 2. D | ... | ... boy |
| 3. P P | ... | Bishop |
| 4. E | ... | to go |
| 5. REVE | ... | to return to ... |
| 6. KAL | ... | A wild ... animal ... |
| 7. A M | ... | Injure |
| 8. REV | ... | to examine ... |

Note:—All clues are direct from Chambers 20th Century Dictionary. Substitute a letter for each dash to get the given meaning.

Entrance Fee Re. 1 per entry and Rs. 5 for any number of entries. Other rules as per leaflets. Entries by post and Fees by M. O. must be addressed to:—

CHARI'S COMPETITIONS,
246, MINT STREET, MADRAS.

KOMALA HAIR OIL,



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

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

SHRI DHANAM & Co.,

Post Box 119,

G. T. MADRAS.

Books on Health & Happiness

	RS. A.		RS. A.
Married for Money	... 1 0	Grace Darling By G. W. M. Reynolds	... 0 12
Carters Magic and Magician	... 1 0	Secret of Sex or Happy Long Life	... 0 12
Howard Thurston card Tricks	... 1 0	Sexual secrets	... 1 4
Unmarried Mother	... 1 0	Rati sastra	... 1 4
Fortune Telling by cards	... 1 0	Mysteries of Married Love	... 1 8
Astrology Explained	... 1 0	Secret of Sex Virility	... 1 0
How to become Beautiful	... 1 0	Diseases of sex organs in men and	...
Palmistry Made Plain	... 1 0	how to avoid it	... 0 12
Palmistry Illustrated	... 1 0	Kissing in Theory & Practice	... 2 0
Palmistry and Allied Arts	... 1 0	Fruits of Married Love	... 0 12
Easy Money	... 1 0	Secret of Sexual Bliss	... 1 0
Dont Marry	... 1 0	A Manual of Birth Control	... 1 0
Kellar's Wizards Manual	... 1 0	Sex organs in Men	... 0 12
Art of Ventriloquism	... 0 10	Sex organs in women	... 0 12
Laughing Gas	... 3 0	A Guide to Conjugal Happiness	... 1 0
Vasikarna Tantarum	... 1 0	Young Mother's Guide & Delight	... 0 6
How to read Character by Handwriting	... 1 0	How to train boys & Girls	... 0 8
Mother How was I born?	... 1 4	The Mystery of Dreams & dream Reading	... 1 8
Mary Stuart By G. W. M. Reynolds	... 0 12	The Real Lovers. (A Doll Story.)	... 0 2
Steam Packet	do	Modern Astrology	... 1 0
Agnes 9 Vols.	do	A Guide to the study of Hinduism	... 1 0
Empress 3 Vols.	do	Short Stories	... 0 8
Moral Maxims and Proverbial Aphorisms	... 0 6	The Hidden Powers in Man	... 2 8
Omar 4 Vols. By G. W. M. Reynolds	... 3 0	Hidden Exercises of Enjoyment	... 0 8

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SAFEGUARD YOUR PROPERTY?

ENSURE absolute protection to yourself, family, loved ones and valuables with this Automatic Alarm pistol that needs no license 6½" x 3" in size and looks like a real one. The mere sight frightens Burglars, Thieves, etc. First 6 shots in 6 seconds, sufficient to scare away a whole gang. Every home needs one. Instructions with every pistol.

Price Rs. 5-8-0 with 50 shots.

V. P. P. As. 8 extra. Extra shots Re. 1 for 50.

The Genuine Watch Co.,

P. B. 119, Madras.

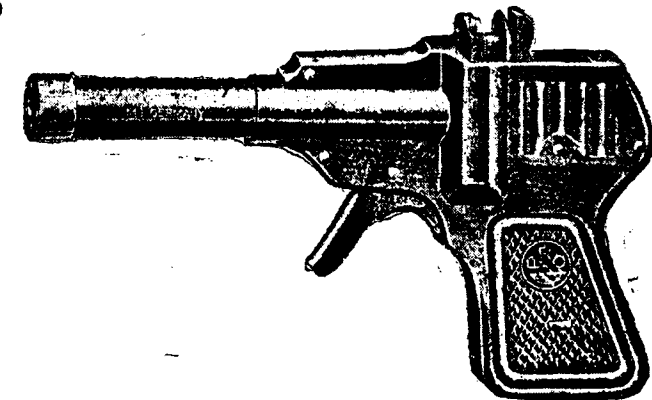


PHOTO ALBUM.



An Album containing 12 Beautiful nature Studies of Sexes in Real life. Most indispensable for decorating Bedrooms etc.

Price Rs. 1-14-0 each

THE KRISHNA AGENCY,

P. B. No. 119, MADRAS.

ROLLED GOLDEN NECKLACE.



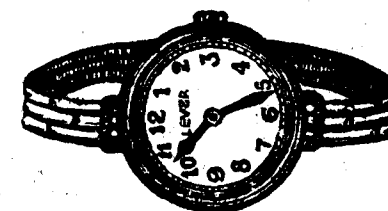
These are made of pure Rolled Gold and set in with imitation diamonds and rubies etc., workmanship is unrivalled. Beautifully engraved and decorated as per illustration. Very pleasing in presenting a charming appearance to the eye. Can be compared with real gold chains. May be used by all nationalities. Each in a Pad. **Price Rs. 1-8 each.**

GENUINE WATCH Co.,

P. B. 119, Madras.

GOLD PLATED "FIDO" LEVER WRIST WATCH.

Rs. 7-14-0



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

Free with a fine Goldplated wrist chain

Rs. 7-14-0 only.

(Postage As. 7. Extra.)

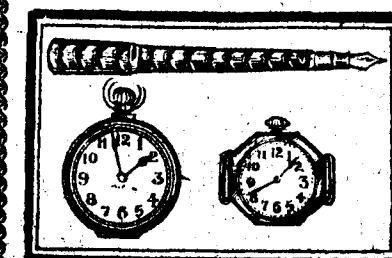
Sole Agents:—

CANADIAN WATCH PEOPLE,

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

**A ROCK-BOTTOM PRICE
YOU CAN NEVER DREAM OF**



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

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

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

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

THE KRISHNA AGENCY,

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