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SNORING
BY
S. V. V.

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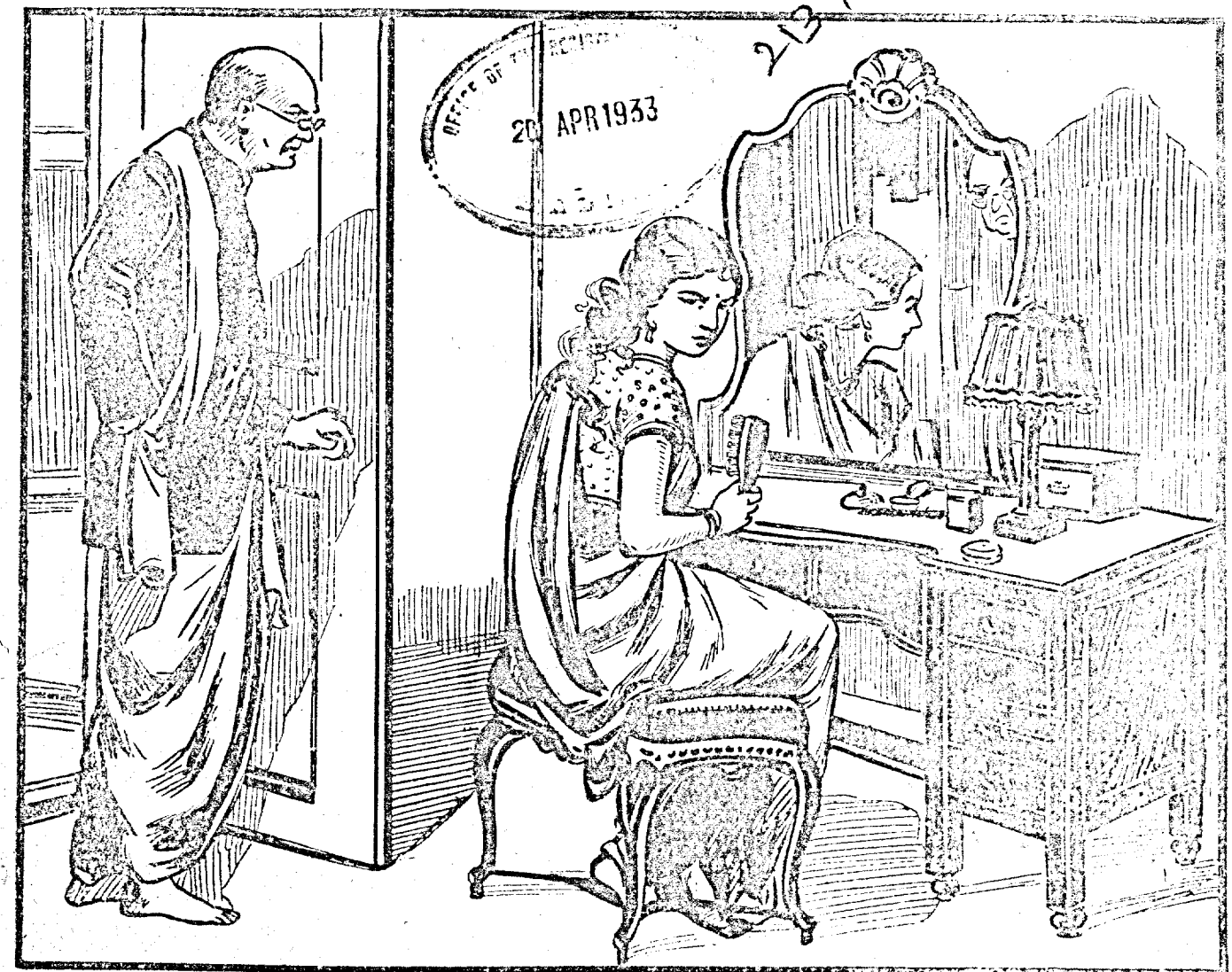
MAINLY DRAMATIC
BY
V. V. S.

The **MERRY** *MAGAZINE*

Vol. I

MADRAS, 10th APRIL, 1933.

No. 7.



48 Pages

"What happened yesterday evening at the Beach?"

As. 2.

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SPARKS FROM OUR ANVIL

The report of the murder of M. Rakovsky is described as an invention. Apparently, journalistic necessity was the mother of it!

'Given to me by mother Kali,'—is the defence plea of a man accused of stealing temple-property. We deprecate this tendency to waning confidence in the legal profession.

In connection with the Ministerial muddle at Madura, the Chief Minister is reported to have stated that he was sorry if he had committed any mistake. It is opined in ministerial circles that this attempt to set up a novel precedent in parliamentary practice should be condemned as unworkable and dangerous.

Things which might have been better put: "...but the whole country agrees that British subjects must not be made the subject of any shortcoming in official prospects." Mr. Thomas (Reuter's report) on the arrests of Britishers in Russia.

If this is not King's English, it is at least King's minister's English.

Mr. Rafi Ahmed Kidwai, a prominent congressman, asked for his impressions of the White Paper said: 'I have not read it.' How many of us can say the same!

To punish three men found guilty of spreading false reports, King Nadir Shah has ordered that the culprits should be taken on foot to tour the whole of Afghanistan, from South to North. They are to be accompanied by a Government escort. We should like to know what the offence of the unfortunate escort was!

Casualties in Germany are still confined to Communists only. According to Nazi reports, suicide seems to be a favourite pastime among them. Herr Hitler declares that Peace has its victims no less renowned than war.

Mr. Basu complains that 90 per cent of Bengal Hindus have never heard of Dr. Ambedkar, and were not aware even of his existence. Who are these two people anyway?

The New Burma-Shell House is a magnificent addition to the architectural beauties of Madras. And to think that it all came out of smoke, which we imagined was the last of our petrol bills!

Butter-milk is, we understand, likely to be sanctioned for civil disobedience prisoners. There is no limit to the extravagance of our bureaucracy.

Sir A. P. Patro deplors that there are no Andhras in the Secretariat. It will be recalled that the problem was non-existent when he was there—for he was a host in himself.

Another member complained that there were too many Malayalees there. The answer is: Also elsewhere.

It's shocking to hear of the sad death of Mr. Kolan-dai on the eve of the poll. We offer our profound sympathy to his relatives, and the other candidates who withdrew from the contest.

At the Sheriff's meeting held for the purpose of honouring the memory of the late Mr. Arokiaswami Mudaliar, The Hon'ble Mr. P. T. Rajan concluded his speech thus:—'His absence from the council was keenly felt at a time like the present when constitutional questions were being considered. He had set an example which could be followed with advantage.'

We're afraid the Opposition is not in a mood to take the hint.

'But surely, should they have waited all these years to get what was forthcoming five years hence?'—asked the Kumararaja of Venkatagiri in the course of the debate on the White Paper.

Is this an example of Relativity applied to politics?

Sir A. P. Patro declared that 'the intelligentsia was disunited and unorganised, and incapable of sound and disinterested leadership.'

Either the Justice Party is *not* composed of the intelligentsia, or the gallant knight is not its leader. May we appeal to Dewan Bahadur A. Ramaswami Mudaliar to resolve the dilemma?

SNORING

(S. V. V.)

Science has achieved several wonderful things. I wish it does something about snoring. If a man from the upper berth should be blowing away like all the bellows of the world, while you yearn for a little quiet and sleep, it looks sad that you could do nothing but entertain desperate and futile notions of sand-bagging the fellow, or pitching him out of the window. I do not grudge any man the pleasures of his snoring. Personal freedom is the breath of a man's nostrils, and an inestimable possession, and I concede that a man must have the liberty to make any noise he likes. By all means, let him snore to his throat's content, if he should be so disposed, or if it is any comfort to him. All that I say is, please let him do so in his private bed-chamber.

There is a limit to the exercise of one's personal freedom. As one writer has said if a man should choose to take codliver oil instead of his morning coffee, who shall say him nay? But if he insists on sharing his castor oil with me, he 'buffets the shining face of liberty'.

Similarly, I agree, that no man need present his card to me, and request my permission, before he wants to snore, but I must have the right to insist on his not doing it, when I want to exercise my liberty to sleep. And yet, what remedy have I against the tyranny of the man on the upper berth. Can I choke him, throttle him, or stick a pin into his flesh, that he may keep awake and not make that hellish noise? The law will choke me. All that is left to me is to scratch my head, curse the fellow, and resign myself to his hideous music, or pack up my things, curse the railway, get down at the next station, and allow the train to go without me. An awful state of affairs, you will agree, in this civilised age when the boast of civilisation is the comfort it is every day affording to man.

The reflection that something ought to be done about snoring, occurred to me the other night, when I travelled by the mail, back to my place from the city. I felt tired. A mofussil gentleman always feels tired when he

catches the train back. City is not the place where he can get rest for his body, or repose to his soul. He goes there for a 'spell' of two days, probably the penultimate Saturday and Sunday, and the number of things he has to transact for himself and his friends within this short time is a legion. The first thing on arrival in the morning, he has to shave, and then purchase a rose garland and four lime fruits to 'pay his respects' to the Secretary to the Government or some member of the Board of Revenue, living somewhere in the Adyar way. (Many people believe in the efficacy of a rose garland and four lime fruits, as a potent charm to turn one's luck, or tide over temporary difficulties.) And then he has to interview a clerk in the Secretariat, living at Chintadripet, to ascertain what has been done 'on his paper'. He has to visit his son-in-law, who is in the Teacher's College, Saidapet, and another son-in-law in the Royapuram Medical School. One or two friends at Mylapore had told him, "I won't forgive you if you fail to meet me when you come to Madras." He has to visit them.

He has, besides, several purchases to make. Two bags of coffee at Ganesh, asafoetida in Govindappa Naik Street, fruits and English vegetables at the Moore Market, a few yards of ribbon, and an embroidery frame, and design book, for his daughter; some toys, chocolates, and biscuits for the little one, note-paper, cover, and turban cloth for himself, some yards of canvas for his easy chair, and a second-hand disc in the Moore Market for his Primus stove. He has to get his watch repaired somewhere. He has to buy Tennis balls at Spencer's at the farthest end of the Mount Road for the Secretary of his club who had given him money. And again he has to buy some gramophone plates, where he has to hum the tunes because he doesn't know the names of the music.

And he has in the meanwhile to chase pick-pockets. There is nobody like a mofussil gentleman to lose purses into the hands of pick-pockets.

He has also to go to the Merry Mag Office and pay the subscription, because hav-

ing come to Madras he could save the M. O. Commission; and then he has to go to the Druggists and buy Codliver oil for his children and Aletris Cordial for his wife.

A terrible budget of business. No doubt, betwixt whiles, he reinforces himself by going into restaurants and ordering dishes with strange names, taking the chance of his liking them, but the richest of nourishments would be too poor for this kind of muscular and nervous exertions. A mofussil gentleman's life in the city, I tell you, is a dog's life. You can know him from the way he breathes, pants, and perspires on the pavement, getting down from buses, or waiting for trams.

I had two days' dog's life in the city, and when I lay exhausted on my berth, I was mere flesh and bone, with absolutely no nerves. The door opened and Mr. Jagannath rolled in. He had engaged the upper berth. He was a huge person, a small mountain in human form, afflicted with shortness of wind, and unwieldiness of bulk, with a massive head perched on a thick neck, with his chin ripping in folds over his collar, and flanked with two enormous ears, the size of the fist of a champion pugilist. In Mr. Jagannath, Nature or God's economy of material seemed questionable; six well-built human beings could have been made of one Jagannath.

He loosed his tongue without reserve, and became chatty in no time.

"You want to stare at me?" he said.

"Why should I?" I asked in surprise.

"Because I am fat, more than normal" he said and winked in good humour.

I wanted to be polite and I also liked his good humour.

"I don't know. If a man has more wealth than his neighbour, people deify him. If one has more brains than another, people worship him. If a man carries about his person a few pounds more of good flesh, a few inches more round his girth, why should people stare?" I said and laughed.

"Yes, why should they, but they do." he said. He was the only fat man I had come across who thought nothing of making and taking a joke, at his own bulk.

"Please give me a hoist up. I can't manage it myself, that is a draw back of fatness" he said, and laughed. I gave him a hoist, taking care to stand a little away by his

side instead of below him, so that in case the 'hoist' should miss, I shouldn't be a chutney for the rest of my life. The upper berth bulged down one foot below its normal level.

In a few minutes Jagannath became unconscious of the world, of me, and of his own fatness. The upper berth became noisy. First there was a rumbling noise, and a little while after Jagannath sounded like the birth of a cyclone. For sometime the noise was only hissing, though he hissed like the Boat Mail engine when it is in a fit of vanity over its importance and then he started to work his throat to its full capacity. At one time it was stertorous in a long drawn way, at another time it took the form of porcine grunts, now it was merely hissing like a cobra, and again it became long drawn curling noises, gurgling as if he was rattling pebbles inside his throat. He went over the whole gamut of weird noises and went over it the whole night without a stop. The train was thundering its way, the electric fan over head was terrifically buzzing like a steel bee; and Mr. Jagannath was snoring away like all the blazes of the world; as if he would rouse the Seven Sleepers.

"Mr., please stop that snoring. I can't sleep for the noise. If you turn over, it will stop," bellowed Jagannath from the upper berth. Well, that was the limit of check. I didn't say anything because I was too much consumed by my own misery, but wished Jagannath was drowned by his parents in his infancy. It would now take an ocean to drown him.

Now is this a proper way of using one's throat? *Sic utero tuo ut alienum non laedas.* (So use your own property as not to harm that of another.) That is the maxim.

Poor man, Jagannath was not to blame. He was quite a nice fellow, as I told you; and if he grew wicked in sleep it was unintentional. If science could inoculate him against snoring, he would get inoculated and would have been amiable even in his sleep. But as it is he couldn't help being a nuisance.

Why shouldn't science do this little service to suffering humanity. And then the railway company would ask every passenger, "have you the inoculation certificate against snoring?" before issuing the ticket. How pleasant would it then be?

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Snoring

Mainly Dramatic

(V. V. SRINIVASA IYENGAR)

Recently at the Suguna Vilasa Sabha of Madras, they staged a play in Telugu called *The Rangoon Rowdy*. The hero was not a rowdy and there was nothing about Rangoon except the name. We think the choice fell on Rangoon merely for alliteration and like rowdy, Rangoon begins with R. We are reliably informed that the councillors of the Corporation of Rangoon are seriously contemplating changing the name of their city.

After this who can say that the stage has lost its influence?

Speaking of the Suguna Vilasa Sabha, I am reminded of what happened the other day. There was a performance proceeding at the Victoria Public Hall and I peeped in and found the auditorium half empty. I enquired about the reason but I learnt that the question was *sub judice* as a committee has been constituted to enquire and report at an early date whether the case is one of the boycott of the public by the Sabha or of the Sabha by the public.

The latest piece of stage news in South India is that a well-known professional actor and another famous professional actress, both of whom have been great friends and mutual admirers, have at last fallen out. Thereupon theatre-managers began to despair and popular audiences began to clamour. At such a crisis in the South Indian stage we understand that an obliging and resourceful dramatist has rushed in to save the situation by writing plays in all of which the hero and the heroine quarrel and abuse each other from start to finish. It is conceived that incidentally this step will be calculated to make the performances on the stage somewhat natural.

We were curious to discover the reason why in South India theatre-managers have recently shown such a strong predilection to Bala Sabhas in which all the actors are little boys. We wondered if it was due to the boys being comparatively so cheap or to their eating so little. We have, however, reason to believe that it is due only to the fact that adult actors are found to be not so easily amenable to the discipline of the cane.

Speaking of Bala Sabhas, our readers will be interested to learn that some weeks back when an S. P. C. A. Inspector was refused free admission to a performance, he made a report to the President about the cruelty to the boy-actors practised by the proprietor of the Sabha. On the matter being referred to the committee, it would seem that a preliminary objection was taken by a lawyer member that the association had no jurisdiction as boys were not animals. It is understood that the question has been referred to the learned Advocate-General for his opinion and that he, in his turn, has asked his juniors to put up all the authorities in the matter up-to-date. The said juniors, it is learnt, have not had time to do so because they have had every evening for some weeks to listen to the lectures of Puri Jagadguru Swami.

It appears that when professionals are performing on the stage, the audience often times suddenly calls upon an actor to sing any favourite tune of its choice without any regard to the play or appropriateness. In due course of this process, the audience would become the prompter to the professional actors. I am however glad to think that the amateurs insist on having the prompters at the sides and not in front.

When I was an Advocate

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

BLESS my soul! I've never yearned to be an advocate in real life. My family buzzes with vehement advocacy all day round. The lawyers among us quite outnumber a stray teacher or an absent engineer or a potential banker. The dining hall, the evening walk, a game of cards—and the lawyers are the dominant factor. The incompetence of judges and the insufficiency of the judicial apparatus are ever the targets of criticism. As for the lawyers themselves,—could you doubt it?—they are the Meek Men, the one enduring bulwark of justice, the insignificant vestiges of Ramaraj.

I am the silent member whenever we assemble to dine or to engage in a game of Auction Bridge. As far as possible, I think of the Dark Lady of the Sonnets, Hans Calstrop and Huxley's Fifth Philosopher. But occasionally, the riot of felicitous talk going on around me will drive away other cheery fancies and inject into my memory some precise perversions of judicialdom.

I suppose these extraneous germs in my fabric had been multiplying like microbes and were, for some time past, only waiting for a suitable opportunity to make a bid for mastery of my whole self. In no other way could I explain the extraordinary things that happened to me, and about me, in my dream two days ago.

After all there was nothing particularly out of the way in the bed I slept in, nor the place, nor the time nor in my own mood just then. It had been a busy day for me and the meal had been rather heavy—but I have gone through much busier days and certainly managed thrice as heavy meals. The time,—it was between one and three in the afternoon, and thus it has been for months. And I was sleeping in a bed kindly supplied to me by a good friend of mine. Where was the harm in that? None that I know of. And yet the nightmare—is it more properly the daymare?—I was put through by inscrutable fates was, to say the least, severely uncomfortable.

In the first place, I dreamt that I was an advocate,—an M.A., M.L., in fact, and practising in (the idea!) Madura. Mind you, whatever else I may have suffered me to be, never would I have countenanced advocacy as a profession. I was barely three years old when I overheard a conversation between two elderly gentlemen, one of whom impetuously ejaculated: "I don't like to talk to a lawyer if I could possibly help it. Your profession is simply and solely to assert that a white-horned cow is really black-horned and that cats really swallow dogs. Lawyers are all liars!" This had made a deep impression on me and indeed hardened into my texture as the most powerful of my childhood complexes (*a la* Sigismund Freud). In vain my parents and friends in latter years found in me the sure potentialities of a Norton and a Bhashyam: I stood adamant and decided upon pedagogy and journalism. But that is all a very old story.

To continue my narrative, the difficulty is that the insanity of dream life has not even a methodical

background to sustain it. You see, I was a lawyer, and perhaps successful at that, (because I owned a car) and yet I was allowing touts (the untouchables of the professions, though some emancipated souls give them quarter) to enter my office! Other funny things I notice: when I am in the course of a pulverizing argument, I observe my opponent (a lean figure whose income, my subconsciousness tells me, runs to four figures) lingering his pocket and, in an unguarded moment, I catch sight of an apple! I forget the Queen's Bench decision and roar: "Your Honour! this is infamous: my friend tries to frighten me with apples! We, the honourable members of the Bar, know that he eats apples in dozens,—but I ask, why worry me? I beg your Honour to adjourn the case, for I'm sure my nerves are now shattered." The higgledy-piggledy crowd of gowns laughs, but the Judge is sensible, and deaf to the thunderbolts of Apple Advocate, adjourns the case.

My Junior (he is an incorrigible ass, and learns and earns nothing through me, but is mighty useful to me in that he gets me fat senior briefs) pulls me by the cloak (or gown) and tells me that Miss Suniti, Additional Sub-judges, has already taken my case up. I rush to her august and sweet presence and—do I wake or dream?—find her leisurely eating *bajjis* in open court! Advocates and witnesses wait uncared for, and it is two o'clock. And then I hear a scream. Everyone is perturbed: even the Sub-judges turns round, and at once comprehending the cause of the disturbance, peremptorily makes a sign. And then somebody, who may be man or woman, it is not clear who, brings some burden in her or his ample folds,—and would you believe it?—Miss Suniti snatches it from the creature and you know now it is a child! It is not very beautiful, but it doesn't cry now. The integrity of the Subjudges vanishes and she showers the child with kisses, and deposits it on her left shoulder, and so supports it with her left hand, and cooes a soft lullaby:

Chubby bibby sleep ye,
Chubby bibby sleep ye,
These vekkils will sing to thee,
Sense or nonsense, one to thee.

I don't exactly recollect how I escaped from Miss Suniti's court; my case was either dismissed or adjourned or compromised, but suffice it I remember talking to the terrible Blupatar Tirtha Ayyar in his Chamber—a rare and unique honour even for a leader of the Bar like myself. (By the by, I don't remember by which name I went in my dream.) Mr. Blupatar Tirtha, District Munsiff, was foaming with rage. I thought *pralayam* was coming at last. He was saying: "In vain I have toiled and moiled, and disposed of at the rate of twenty-five suits per day, that their Lordships of the High Court may be pleased to promote me to higher cadres—and, sir, do you know what my stupid son is up to? He squanders my monies, wants coffee twice, would write to his friends in envelopes,—and latest atrocity,—he has bought one whole piece of silk! The donkey is studying in the Pachayappas,

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It may bring you five rupees.

and I sent him thirty rupees to clear off his hostel dues and—the miserable little pig!—he has come home with a piece of silk twenty yards long and costing eighteen rupees in all. Sir, I can't bear it! I swore this morning like a Harijan or even like my own grandfather—nor have I taken my meals, nor disposed of more than thirteen suits. The silly vakils talk only of pious mortgages and subrogations,—all except you! I request you, sir,—you have a young wife and younger daughters, and not a very old mother either,—can't you, just to oblige me, buy up the entire silk piece? Soft in touch and sweet to view—somebody says that, some Judge or some poet. It is *really* good. I'll sell it with no gain,—just for what my mongoose of a son bought it. I'll grant adjournments whenever you want....."

The incredible irresponsibility of dreams! Most probably I bought the silk and thus ingratiated myself into Mr. Blupatar's favour. The next thing I remember is my being taken along the corridors to appear before a new judge, who, my Junior is telling me, always begins the session at 4 P. M. and rises for the day (or for the night) sharp at 10 P. M. I don't make out head or tail of my case: I roughly decide that it has got to do with a private tank which my client wants to construct and which the villagers (the respondents) would not allow him to do. The lower court had been against my client,..... naturally! Then I think it is enough, and tell my Junior not to complicate the issues by giving me more instructions. My case is called and I begin, magnificently oratorical: "Your Honour, a tank is constructed for storing water; and water is used for irrigation and ever so many other things. The lower court erred deeply, and as the grounds of appeal aptly point out, the learned District Munsiff allowed himself to go against the weight of evidence and the positive probabilities of the case. The respondents say that if my client constructs his tank, water supply to their village tank would be cut off. I beg to point out, your Honour, that this is a libel against God and Nature. Is He so limited in resources that but one tank can flourish under his munificences? Cant and humbug! I don't see how your Honour can escape the conclusion that justice, equity, and good-conscience are all on my client's side. If your Honour desires, I can quote a bunch of Indian and foreign decisions. In *Mua va (vs) Oya thein*, as also in *Jibrocock (vs) Pithukulli Subbaram and others*, their learned lordships incline

exactly to my view. And in the 54th appeal in the Supreme Court of Mesopotamia and also in the 4th case in the 2nd session of the High Court of Judicature at Vladivostock (all in the current year, I am always up-to-date, your Honour)....." Carried away by my eloquence, the learned Judge reverses the lower court judgment, even without offering my opponent a chance to reply.

It is now eight in the afternoon, and still clients and touts and Juniors wouldn't let me go home and have my Ovaltine. My sensational success in the new Judge's court makes a fat Chettiar (perhaps the adjective is unnecessary) engage me at the eleventh hour as Senior Counsel (senior to Apple Advocate!) in an important case. In three minutes I literally chew the facts of the case and am ready to argue. The great moment comes. "Your Honourable Honour," I begin, "my client wants to restrain the hesitations and indecisions of his son. Of his son,—the unfilial respondent of this case,—I've made a limerick for the occasion:

A full-blown graduate, and yet alas!
He tells you all he would marry no lass;
Nor could he ever decide,
By which profession to bide,
But wavers yet uncertain, like Buridan's Ass.

My client prays that your Honour will be graciously pleased to order the respondent forthwith to marry, according to Hindu rites, some lass of my client's choosing; and decide within a week about his life vocation. Uncertainty, your Honour, kills a man,—especially an old fat man like my client. And of course I have Chancery and Timbuctoo decisions in my favour. For instance,....." The Judge screamed: "Forbear, forbear: we are convinced that the Appellant's cause is just."

Impossible to beat that climax, that crescendo of congratulations, the hand shakes and kow-tows, and flutter of crisp bank-notes. I was conducted to my car with reverence; my Junior relieved me of my four-handed gown, my clerk took away my turban, and things grew hazy, (it was night, you see) vacuous all nature grew, and jumbled my impressions and expressions became, and —was it due to the speed of the automobile, or the insanity of dream-land?—all was gone, and my dear friend looked into my vacant eyes with rare affection and joy.

The world's strangest house is built in the shape of a huge elephant, the body 38 feet long, and 80 feet in circumference, the legs 28 feet long, and the glass eyes 18 inches wide. To the top of the howdah, which forms an open-air sunshine room on the elephant's back, is 65 feet, and the house can be seen eight miles away.

There are twenty-two windows giving light and air to its six rooms and to the spiral staircases which occupy the two hind legs.

This peculiar residence is at Margate city, New Jersey, U. S. A., and is a memorial to an elephant the owner loved.

A constable found a Scotsman and a Jew drunk in the street and took them into custody.

The men were brought before the magistrate the following morning, and the constable, in evidence, said the men were mad-drunk.

"What do you mean by mad-drunk?" asked the magistrate.

"Well, the Scotsman was throwing away half-crowns and the Jew was picking them up and giving them back to him."

And That Is That!

(R. C. T.)

AND so the mid-summer vacation is fast approaching! Our little town is already in a merry confusion packing up things for the holiday trips. The travelling to and fro in the train, bus, boat or bullock cart is the thing I dislike most about a holiday trip, though, between ourselves, I may as well be frank with you and let you into my secret that I, for one, will not be one of the holiday trippers this year. Not that I was one the last year or the year before the last or, even the year before that too. Of course, I have been contemplating a trip for a long time, as long as four years, yet believe it or not, I have never, up to now, been able to carry out my pious resolve. It was in June last that I decided to go for certain, to some bright and jolly spot to spend the following mid-summer vacation. When I made the resolve it was only June then, and there were still eleven good whole, solid months for the midsummer to turn up. So my prospects seemed very bright then and it appeared nothing could come in the way of my fulfilling my desire.

Thus passed the long eleven months and here are the holidays looming large before us! As the vacation is approaching nearer and nearer my prospects of a trip is receding farther and farther. So I may not go in the end after all.

Of course, it is not my fault—indeed it isn't. The funds are so low. The Town Bank here is filled with rupees of every one but mine; my chests and pockets contain everything but money—everything stands for bits of worn out pencil stumps, stray receipts, memorandums and such other precious articles)—and the financial side of the lawyers here is anything but good. Day by day, the land of K.....that is the place where I practice at present—cultivates more crop of lawyers than any other place does, I should think. It brings to mind the words, so full of wisdom and keen observation, of the famous S. V. V.—words to the effect that a certain town was full of dust, hotels and vakils. That is very much like our good old K.....So as I said above somewhere, I shall still be here, while all the fortunate ones will be enjoying their trips.

But this much I can assure you that I shall let nothing stand in the way of my enjoying a holiday trip in the mid-summer of 1934!

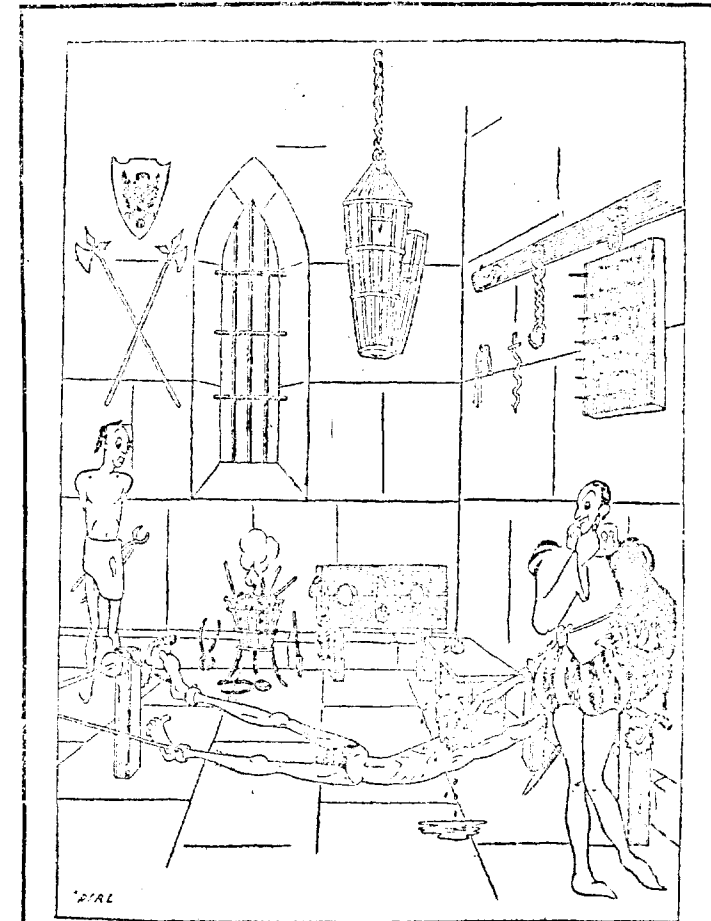
To console the unfortunate ones, like myself, who will be left behind holiday-trip-less, a circus party has deigned to grace a part of our humble K.....By the look of things it appears their intention is to enliven things up in K.....The bright and clever idea seems to be to turn the dull, quiet town of ours into quite a gay, lively one. Somewhere, within our hearing, the sweet and ceaseless whining of the circus band daily greets us in the early

hours of the morn; our meals are always attended by the band, just as those of the Governors! And, at night, the deafening roar of the circus band accompanies us to an unrefreshing sleep only to wake up the next morning with the band beating for all it is worth! Of course, I have not even once gone to see their performance as it is worse enough here with the band splitting up my ears, as it were, without any need on my part to go there in person.....And the latest, I hear is that there will be a greater number of holiday trippers this year than there were ever before! But that depends, you know, upon how long the circus party elects to keep us company. Any way, I wish I were one of the trippers!

Talking of this and that, it reminds me of our new neighbours. Our neighbours are experimenting upon cook after cook, maid after maid and still go on hoping to find new and better ones! They once asked us to

procure for them a reliable cook and trustworthy maid-servant. We would have helped them if we could. But that is the jolly old trouble, you see! What with dismissing one maid and engaging another and pointing out his or her duties to the new cook we have hardly any time to attend to matters outside our own circle. So, since neighbours will be neighbours, they are not on speaking terms with us, which, in a way, is rather our good fortune, I should say! But, there I am digressing.

Good bye, that is all for the present.



"Our relations are getting strained"
as the nephew said when he put his uncle on the rack.



The pupils of a class were asked to give examples to illustrate absent-mindedness. Many funny varieties were cited by the boys, one of whom was bold enough even to say that the teacher's way of wearing the turban at the time (in the wrong way) showed absent-mindedness. But the boy who said that "to put the burning wafer in the tongue with a view to wet it, taking it for the seal, while sealing a letter" beat all others for the best type of example.
—F. Fernandez, *Galle*.

At the end of an examination the master gathered up all the papers. Among them he discovered one sheet which, instead of being covered with historical names and dates, bore merely a crude drawing of a tombstone on which was written "Sacred to the memory which always deserts me on occasions like this."
—K. Sambamurti, *Madras*.

During his Empire tour, His Royal Highness the Prince, visited a number of educational institutions. On the previous day of his visit to an Engineering School, the Headmaster cautioned his students to be careful in addressing the Prince, to address him as 'Your Royal Highness' and not as 'Sir'. On the morning, the Prince arrived and the students were working with their instruments on the drawing board. The Prince patted on the back of a student and pointing to an instrument asked him "what is this, lad?" The boy in a hurry replied, "This is a Royal compass, Your Prismatic Highness."
—M. G. Eriyavan, *Triplicane*.

Modern Unemployed Youth—Astrologer, will my application to the Income-tax Office be successful?
Astrologer—Say a number below 109.
Youth—124.
Astrologer—How is it possible?
Youth—Why? If you go on writing from 1 to 124, you can see that 124 is below 109.
—R. Arumugham, *Erode*.

"Just where did the car hit you?" asked the Magistrate.
"Well," said the injured girl. "If I had been wearing a licence-plate it would have been badly damaged."
—P. Karunakaran Nair, *Oorgaum*.

A youngster who had lost what was for him a considerable sum on the Derby was explaining to his father how excessively hard-up he was. "Can't help it," replied the uncompromising parent. "You must learn to take your medicine like a man." "Yes, I suppose so," said the victim. "But somehow Epsom salts are particularly beastly."
—A. M. A. Arunachalam, *Pallatur*.

The story is told of a Railway Touring Inspector who was given to the habit of inflicting a uniform fine of fifteen percent (of a month's salary) whatever the offences committed by the subordinates. No wonder he was known by the nickname, "Fifteen per cent", among those who knew his ways, and when he proceeded on his tours of inspection, messages would flash along the wires that "Fifteen per cent" was coming.

On one of his tours he got into the station-room and heard the telegraph instrument rattling out the message "Where is 'Fifteen per cent'?"

The officer caught hold of the instrument and out went the reply—"I am Fifteen per cent and you are fined 15%!"
—M. K. N. Iyer, *Saidapet*.

A tourist who professed to have visited almost every place of historical and geographical interest in India, met his friend one day, and waxed eloquent in his description of scenes, while the latter was literally gaping with wonder.

Friend—Have you seen Mount Everest on the Himalayas?

Tourist—Yes, and I have ascended to higher peaks too on the mountain range; and the panoramic view which those dizzy heights command has left an indelible impression on my mind.

Friend—The 'Taj' at Agra?

Tourist—It is the supreme monument of modern architectural skill which excels in grandeur even the best specimens erected by the Moghul Emperors of old.

Friend—The 'Ruins of Humpi'?

Tourist—Oh! it is a staggering spectacle of the havoc wrought by a recent earthquake.

—O. S. Ardhanareswaran, *Dharapuram*.

Name of Prize-Winner on Editor's Page.

A girl was once asked by her school-mistress to write an essay on a football match witnessed by her. The girl reflected much over the subject but could not write anything. The old trick flashed in her mind and she wrote, "Somebody forgot to bring the ball and the match was postponed."
—R. B. Chander, *Tiruvavur*.

Once Dr. J. the international pun master visited Oxford. The students actually imprisoned him in a room and demanded a pun for opening him out.

Dr. J. cried—Opun.
The door was immediately opened.
—K. A. Chandrasekaran, *Trichinopoly*.

Magistrate—"Wasn't it the fact that you insisted on taking this lady out to dances that caused the trouble?"
Accused—"No, your honor, not at all."

Magistrate—"Well, what is it then?"
Accused—"The fact that her husband objected, caused the trouble."
—N. K. Reddi, *Vanakkam*.

Krishna returned from school. His mother was not used to big words. Casually Krishna asked his mother, "Mamma, shall I give you a narration?" His mother asked "what is a narration, boy?"

"A tale, mother."
Then when he was about to go to bed, he asked, "mother, shall I extinguish the light?"

Again she asked, "What do you mean by 'extinguish'?"

"To put out" was the reply.
Next day when there was a feast, a dog ran in. Krishna's mother at once cried out, "Krishna! Take the dog by the narration and extinguish it!"

—P. Narasimha Rao, *Secunderabad*.

"You are sure to be punished, you know," said the senior clerk to his new junior "if the head catches you smoking in the office." The recruit put down his cigarette hurriedly and was very surprised to find his mentor pick it up and put it into his own mouth. "Well, I really am jiggered—" began the recruit. "That's all right," said his senior, placidly. "I'm just keeping it alight as evidence against you."
—T. N. S. R. Chari, *Royapettah*.

The Costly Spook

(P. P. SAMUEL)

KRISHNA Pillay pricked up his ears and listened. "Only the moaning in the tops of the trees," he concluded, without conviction. His roving eyes tried in vain to pierce the solid darkness outside. But the shrill cry, as of a soul in pain, again shattered the serene silence of the night. "Narayana!" he muttered, eyes closed as in profound meditation. And when he opened them two blazing orbs were regarding him with a withering, blood-curdling stare, from just behind the crotons, outside the window. He responded with an unearthly yell and a mighty leap.

He had, in the days of his boyhood, listened to numberless tales of Yakshies, Madans, Odiyans, Chathans, and their ilk, which every granny in Malabar

in one person—himself. And here was a chance to show off his mettle by defying the monster. But he added prudence to valour by arming himself with a crowbar and a lantern when he crept out into the darkness with mincing, noiseless steps.

The brave one rejoined his fellows in a rather spectacular manner. Roaring like a mad elephant he sprinted towards the door and, running into his master, knocked the residual air out of his lungs. The primal law of self-preservation asserted itself, the men tumbling over each other in the eagerness to reach the safe side of the door first. After two minutes' silence—as on Armistice Day—one of them found his tongue and wanted to know why Kesavan had been in such a hurry.



"Shut the door, you idiot," roared Kesavan. But when he saw that all was quiet on every front he mustered the pep to tell his story.

If the tale frightened the hearers, small wonder the sight had deflated Kesavan. Ten feet above the ground he saw two blazing eyes, focussed on him with an unblinking, inhuman stare. He was only flesh and blood—not bronze. His heart looped the looped; his courage curled up and died. Then—Goodness Me!—the burning eyes vanished and some superhuman force shook

and holds its dominion till the peep of day. Then it glides away—none knows whither—scratching its shaggy mane in an attempt to recollect at least one act of malevolence of the past night, very much like a Boy Scout Recruit trying to recollect his One Good Turn of the day.

Kesavan and the other servants found their master under the table, trying to tie himself into a knot round one of its legs.

"Ya-ya-ya," he gibbered, foaming at the mouth.

"Ya?" they said in chorus.

"Ya-Yakshi, you duds!"

"Yakshi?" said the chorus.

"If anything," replied Krishna Pillay, with a snap of finality, recollecting the vivid descriptions which his grandmother had given him in the most impressionable period of his life.

Kesavan didn't believe in spirits, inspite of a loquacious grandmother. Like Bernard Shaw, he believed only

the toddy-palm in front of him with such terrific violence that the leaves rustled in the still air. He had to act in the living present, and he did so. Leaving all impedimenta behind he did a spot of sprinting and hurdling.

That night Krishna Pillay was in the Valley of the Shadow of Death. He didn't know if company cheered him, or frightened him all the more. No doubt it was restful to have company in a spooky place, but their asthmatic breathing got on one's nerves, and the mouldy smell of carbon dioxide from their lungs was none too pleasant. He lay awake, with a racking headache, till he slumbered from sheer exhaustion. But hardly had he fallen asleep when some horrible ogre was dancing on his chest, reducing him to quivering pulp. Cold steel claws were tearing his vitals. His heart galloped; the nerves vibrated in unison; the lungs went flat like a punctured bladder. He lay in bed, quivering and perspiring, until he gathered enough wits to dive under his bed and wait for God's sunlight, more eagerly than an ex-extremist politician waiting for the Birthday Honours list.

His wife was away with her mother: that was a mercy! Yakshies and their murderous kin—grannies say—delight in torturing a woman when she is with child. If she succumbs to them she becomes a yakshi herself, with tusks, claws, and what-not, and roams over the world, moaning and murdering, tempting and torturing, till doomsday. If she survives, ten to one her child is born a monster, covered with long, dark wool, from top to toe, and with two rows of teeth like a pair of cow-catchers. Krishna Pillay felt the fog in his throat when he thought of what might have been. But he was ever a fighter, and tried to face stern realities.

Krishna Vilas was his paradise—a fine little bungalow in the shade of spreading palms. The thought of deserting it as a haunted house lacerated his heart. But yakshies, they told him, were inexorable; and Kesavan swore by his grandmother that he had changed his creed and come to believe in yakshies—including the one of the previous night. The village necromancer, Govind, thought so too; but he was an optimist, and assured that any yakshi could be killed by a Yagam—expensive though.

Govind was quite a celebrity in the village. He was their necromancer, astrologer, physician, and encyclopaedia, all rolled into one. A long, lean, hungry-looking man, with eyebrows very much like the feelers of a cockroach, fathomless eyes, and a rat-trap mouth. If anyone could grip at a yakshi he was the man, and Krishna Pillay had to take him at his price.

Preparations for the yagam were in full swing. Govind took charge of Krishna Vilas and ordered the servants about in search of plump cocks and rare magical herbs. And the strange ceremony commenced at midnight, Govind being aided by two of his profession, from a neighbouring village. The figure of a yakshi was traced with rice flour, just where the spook had materialized. Govind sat on its head—without any fear—and over its body a fire was lighted with the rare magical herbs.

"Hai, hai," they shouted, starting a Zulu dance round the fire and muttering the weird incantations that only a necromancer knows. They carried on, like men possessed, until the blood and tail-feathers of the cocks were reduced to ash.

The ceremony over, Krishna Pillay paid the stipulated amount; but Govind threw it down as if it was so much dirt.

"A hundred rupees, if a pio," he yipped.

"What?"

"A hundred, I tell you, or the yakshi comes back."

"Shut up," shouted Krishna Pillay. "I am a graduate in Biology, of the University of Madras, and know a dead brute is dead as mutton."

But it did come, the eighth night. This time Kesavan was all prudence, and instead of going out to make a scientific investigation, drew his blanket over his head, and tried to count from hundred backwards. His master resorted to ostrich policy, and buried his head among his pillows. The sun brought him relief at long last, but the servants asked to be paid off. They would

rather be unemployed than be torn to shreds by a merciless yakshi. Krishna Pillay realised that he had to pocket his pride and fall at the feet of Govind. With tears in his eyes he requested Govind to bury the hatchet and rally round.

"This," said Govind, "is none of your quarter-anna spooks. Two hundred rupees is my fee."

"Amen," said Krishna Pillay.

An hour after sunset Govind reached Krishna Vilas, armed with a muzzle-loader.

"The powder in this," he bragged, "was prepared under a hundred and one charms. Woe unto the yakshi that comes to smell it."

"Why didn't you try it last time?"

"Method, man, method," he replied, nursing his gun. And he launched forth into a masterly speech on yakshies and how to tackle them, while the grown-up children listened to him in reverence. Then he shouldered his musket and marched out like a lion, leaving the four men in breathless anxiety.

The loud report of a gun vanquished their fear. They rushed in the direction of the noise to see the shikari emerge from a thicket with a triumphant air.

"See that?"

Krishna Pillay gulped.

"Yakshi's blood, you....."

"Thank God!"

"Not time yet," said Govind. "These yakshies leave their spirits behind to carry on their work."

Krishna Pillay gulped again.

"Don't be a chicken. If you dry that blood and tie it in a silver amulet round your waist no yakshi on earth will dare approach you."

"Scoop it up, Kesavan," cried his master.

"If you don't prize your thick skull," said the shikari, taking a step forward. "Ten rupees first."

"I paid you two hundred."

"For the yakshi. Now for its disembodied ghost."

"Of all the scoundrels....."

"Twenty. The market is rising."

"Ten, please," said Krishna Pillay.

Govind passed through the gate of Krishna Vilas, the frown of Dean Swift on his brow, and ten rupees in his shirt pocket. Two hundred and ten for bagging this idiotic creature," he said to himself, swinging a little Civet Cat by its tail. "Fool! B.A. Fool!"

* * *

To this day Krishna Pillay thinks that the University of Madras has to bear the blame, and not he. He is certain, downright certain that if the Civet Cat had been in the B.A. Syllabus he would have known that it could make a noise like a soul in torment. "No other University on earth," he said to himself, "would have let me down like that!"

BREACH OF ETIQUETTE

(PINCH)

"PROFESSIONAL Etiquette," said the grey-haired doctor from the depths of a gripping Sapper Serial in the current *Strand*, "Professional Etiquette is a hazy thing. You say the young lawyers are a disgrace to the bar, the way they underbid, and nourish touts. Well, what I say is, they have to live. Now that Solicitors are all over the coast like shoals of starks, one has to hunt for oneself, and can't put too fine a point on how one makes his kill. It is long since I ceased to be bothered by hair-splitting doubts about the right and proper thing to do, for the simple reason I left off practising a long while ago. But I well remember how nearly too prudish a stickler to fine distinctions of right and wrong nearly lost me the only thing I value now at this end of my road—I mean my wife." Scanting a story we all drew our chairs near the old man.

I was in my twenties, said the doctor, when I came to settle in this town, young, energetic, and a bachelor. About the same time, there was posted to the local Taluk Head Quarters Hospital, a young chap who styled himself Capt. S. D. Hayam. L. M. S., late I. M. S.

Having fixed up my things in a house I had rented, I thought etiquette required that I should call on Capt. S. D. Hayam, L. M. S., late I. M. S. So I creaked on my pushbike, in the hot sun, perspiring profusely, only to be disappointed. Sure enough there was the Doctor's board, I. M. S. and all. But the hospital peon told me Dorai had gone to attend court for a sessions case.

Well, well, thought I, forbearing to swear at my fresh-shaven, smacking face and the general atmosphere of discouraging failure.

I creaked back home and slept amongst half-opened packing cases.

The day after the next, I had just finished arranging my things, nailing up pictures, dusting cobwebs off corners, and generally making things look hygienic, and I was pondering if a cup of hot coffee should precede or follow a hot bath, when a constable rushed into the hall, looking wildly about, asking for me. I could see he belonged to the police force, from his headgear—which bore his number and rank badge—I forgot what it was—but below his neck, he was just a peaceful citizen come out in great hurry. He had a gauze banian on, and a dirty dhoty hid dirtier legs which occasionally protruded from the flaps, as he moved about excitedly.

After one or two attempts I managed to get him to understand that I was the doctor, and wanted to know what was the matter with him. He stiffened up and in a dull whisper informed me that 'Ejaman was coming.' 'Oh, let him come' I said, rightly guessing it must be some police officer or other.

For, just then a voice gruff and authoritative, announced, "I am the Circle Inspector of this town," and as if hereafter respect, attention, and consideration

were already assured by the mere mention of the manthric charm, the owner of the gruff and authoritative voice walked in, but not before repeating the pride-filled bleat, "I am the Circle Inspector of this town."

Well, Well, I thought, one—especially one about to engage himself in private practice—has to be polite to these things even. So I waved the massive chap to a solid chair.

"What can I do for you?" I asked, struggling hard to disguise my fresh-from-college appearance portraying slight disgust at his pomposity.

"My daughter, you know, of course, Capt. Hayam, I. M. S. is treating her. But he is gone on to M—for the sessions. A case of grievous hurt. I caught the absconding criminal.....Being Circle Inspector in this place is a hard job—very hard." I was surprised to find myself nodding sympathy to this banality. But I jerked him back to business with 'What can I do for you? Is any one hurt or are you ill?'

"My daughter is unwell—nothing serious—Dr. Hayam has given her all the medicines; but women, you know, they are anxious, foolishly anxious, I told them it was alright but....."

"Let us go and see her then," I said starting forward, to make a detour round the venerable police officer in order to avoid a broken glass pane in one of the bureaux which had burst in transit.

"She is.....coming, she is being brought here."

"Miserable miser," I thought aloud. "That is alright," I said with spirited unconcern.

And then she came in. For the next few moments I hardly noticed anyone else in the room. A thing of beauty.....a joy for ever.....

She was borne between her mother and aunt, and her lump arm hanging loose behind her mother's back hit against my broken pane, and I saw it leave a thin smear on the glass. I rushed forward to find her completely unconscious, and in a high fever. Her pulse was bounding, full and fast. Pupils dilated, fixed. I laid her gently on a dusty bench, and was proceeding to examine her, when her officious father cut in:

"She will be alright soon, I am sure....."

I gave him a stare of astonished anger, and started my examination. She had a spleen, had 101.5 degrees in the axilla, and was unconscious. Nothing more. I suggested a blood examination. My microscope was not yet rigged up. But that could be done in a trice.

"Capt. Hayam was positive there was no need for a blood examination and all that. Please give her some stimulant—a dash of brandy, Doc," said the father, and winked at me. I felt nauseated.

A P. C. rushed in. 'Dr. Hayam is coming along sir,' he said, stiffening into an attitude of faulty attention. The Circle Inspector rushed out to the road, stopped a passing two seater with a military salute, and in came, an old classmate of mine—Devasabayam, but not all the half whiskers and polish, military followed by Civil assistant surgeons could give a chap, could disguise old Devasabayam,—Duffer Dev as we used to call him. He marched in as if to parade before the Company Commander, shook hands stiffly with me, and seeing the unconscious girl, "I was treating this case..." he began with an unnecessary stress on the personal pronoun.

"Yes, Yes, Capt. Sir," soothed the Circle Inspector, "but womenfolk you know..."

"I will see her at home," snapped the Capt. "Simple fever, you know" he said turning to me.

"It is better her blood is examined." I put in a neutral sort of way.

"Oh not at all necessary, not at all. She will be alright in a couple of days. "Well, Well, Doc!" and with that he was out of my dispensary, into his car, and off home.

Crest-fallen, the Circle Inspector blinked like a fish that has bunged its head against a slimy rock, and doesn't feel like deciding which way to turn the old tail. I sympathised with the poor man, knowing what old Duffer Dev was. And I? What was my position?

They carried away the girl, still unconscious between them, no doubt under the impression that she was fast asleep! (or what?) And the Circle Inspector wavered for a while and finally deciding retreat was the bright spot in all subtle situations left with a very weak "Morning, Doctor!"

I had nothing to do just then and my thoughts were full of my first case. I paced the hall up and down, up and down, turning over in my mind the incidents of the day. Clearly a case of cerebral malaria. Dashed deadly disease. I remembered a certain No. 7, Bolved, ward came in at 7 P.M. unconscious and with fever and went over the bridge at 9 P.M. unconscious, and without life.....A blood examination would fix the thing. One might give her quinine even without microscoping her blood.....Yes very deadly.....The commonest cause of death in the Tropics.....I found myself opening my microscope box, unpacking it, and fixing this screw, or tightening that nut. A few minutes later found me wandering up the street, half dressed and dirty.....No, the house was down the street. At last the Circle Inspector himself was at the door. "I should do a blood examination!" I said.

"But Capt. Hayam....."

"D—n Capt. Hayam!" I shouted.

"The thing is serious, man: She might even die unless...unless" I lost the vehemence of thoughts as I contemplated one so beautiful stilled for ever.

But the old pig was adamant.

I loafed back to my dispensary, a fine point in medical etiquette troubling my mind...and the fair form of the unconscious girl always kept intruding on my thoughts.

Yes, it was his case, and yes, certainly. Yes, he was wrong. What should one do? Save a life and show up a fellow practitioner? Or...or.....let things go on.....let him still treat her.....and let her...die! The thought seemed to choke me. I was at my dispensary. Something was wrong in my brain. Eyes dim fingers trembling, gait unsteady. This went do Dash that pane! It had scratched me too.

Stooping to loosen it and throw it away, I saw a thin smear of blood on the pane.....Her blood; In a moment I had wrenched the plate free, and knocked out a piece far from resembling a slide but one that could be fixed to the stage of my microscope, one that contained that precious smear of blood.....

Stained and seen the little red rings seemed to jump up at me and mock me for my haste, my nervousness... It is his case, his...why see the blood.....

Right! I cried for in the field under my nose had come a thin blue ring with two red dots, inside a pink round tablet: The pernicious parasite!

It was the work of a short second to fill up my syringe with the contents of an ampoule and in less time than I took for this I was at the Inspector's door.....an unwelcome, but very pertinacious pest, he must have thought me. I paused for a while.....What was this that I was doing? Unasked, uncalled for.....unprofessional. Another's case.....true the other was Duffer Dev and quite like him he was treating the case with not even as much care as he bestowed on his nails.....Dashed Bungler.....and she, she was in deadly peril, already past help perhaps. Etiquette can wait. We can explain it away later. But now, now the only thing was to get my syringe of Quinine romping along the veins of the girl.

I walked in resolutely. There was the Inspector looking more like a fish in trouble than ever.

What was it that necessity gives birth to? Invention, isn't it? And I plunged into the circle with one of mine. Dr. Hayam was busy, very busy, and after deep consideration he had opined an injection was necessary, essential. Must be given. Would I please give it?

"Could I?"

"Yes, please, yes, yes" bleated the father.

Well, the girl is alive and my wife. What followed the white lie is hardly to the point of the story.

If Hippocrates were to walk into the club this day and accuse me of breach of etiquette before you all, gentlemen, I am prepared to take my trial.

A Photographic Incident

(R. SATYAMURTI)

IS it a Tragedy or a Comedy or both? Reader, judge for yourself. Photography, like Geography, Orthography and several other graphies which must be now familiar to any crazy-headed crossworder, is the art of taking photos. The soul of the art consists in depicting the victim not as what he is, but what the photographer thinks he ought to be. It is a wise child that knows its own father and it is a wiser man that knows his own photo. Yet the art exerts its seductive influence over all. Even the holy Srikanta Sastrilu fell a victim to its blandishments and surrendered at discretion when an itinerating photowallah offered to snap him (not to bite him) for a moderate fee. Sastrilu too had a lurking vanity somewhere in his ponderous anatomy about his comely person, which he thought it his duty to hand down to posterity in the shape of a photo, to adorn the wall and get a garland now and then and who knows perchance to get offerings of incense and *nyave tyams*! In a weak moment he obeyed and agreed to give a sitting. He donned a fresh sacred thread, smeared himself with holy ashes, gave his tuft of hair the proper twist and knot, his loin cloth the proper fold and arranged the holy beads on his neck.

Is there any mortal alive who has not quailed when the muzzle of a gun was presented full square at his face? I wonder who it is that invented the camera to look like a piece of cannon and clothed it with its black drappings! The photowallah snapped out his orders more curt and imperious than any regimental Sergeant. Sastrilu was drilled for nearly half an hour, before his ponderous frame could be brought to the proper pose to the satisfaction of the photographer, and his victim began to think of his

folly and his weakness. The strain was already felt in the shape of a creeping sensation down his spine and a smarting twang in his loins. If Sastrilu had a weakness, it was his partiality for snuff. There was a ticklish sensation in his nasal regions. Would he be permitted to take a pinch? No. It will be *infra dig*. The old man heroically submitted to his lot. *Look up, please don't stare like that.* Sastrilu gulped down his anger, flushed and kept his peace. *Look at me! Look at me!! Steady!* Oh God! Is he going to add, 'Fire!' Oh! What a torture! Why does the man pause? There is a buzzing sound near Sastrilu's ear. It is only a tiny bee. It cautiously makes an orbit round Sastrilu's head, and wonders at his inactivity. It gingerly descends on his chin and leisurely walks along his face. Is he dead, it wonders. What an agony! What, would not Sastrilu give for a moment's respite, only one moment to dash off the impudent vermin from his literary face. What sacrilege! *Steady Please!* The bee goes on unconscious of everything and finally settles on the nose. Oh, horror of horrors! How long is it to last? Can't I dash it off? *Steady! One! Two!!* Why does the man stare at me in that fashion? Is he mad or blind or both? The situation is intolerable. It is developing into a crisis. Won't the torture end? *Three!!!* The bee has stung and the instinct of self-preservation has conquered. The bee was dashed off and the photographer got a smudge and a patch, while Sastrilu sat nursing his smarting nose. "Would Sastrilu give another sitting?" waited the dulcet voice of the photowallah. The victim only glared back. Unconsciously his finger pointed to his nose, where a bump was fast developing.



Music Hath Charms.

An Honest God Is The Noblest Work of Man

(N. SUBRAHMANYAM)

I HAVE no stomach for Theological or Metaphysical subjects. My brain is wonderfully impenetrable and even my learned professor's peptonised epitomes produce as much effect on me as Einstein's Theory of Relativity or Raman Effect on my maidservant. I entirely concur with the poet of Naishapur that you may frequent philosopher and saint and hear great argument all about it, but always you come out by the same door as in you went. But when my schoolmaster persisted that I should write an essay on "An honest man is the noblest work of God", my dormant imagination appeared as though subjected to shock-therapy and began to stir and start. It was the same master who proved to us beyond

any doubt that even if you go about the whole wide world searching with super flood-lights and high-power microscopes, you cannot find even one honest man at least ten carat-fine and yet all sapient sages tell us that God made man. Ergo! It follows that God is as yet unable to make one honest man and He is the cause of this baneful mass-production of imbeciles, criminals, perverts, fools and knaves with whom it is my deplorable lot to co-tenant in this huge caravanserai. The Holy Bible says man is the image of his Maker! I was afraid it might be blasphemy or heresy but instinctively I commenced speculating on the character and quality of my Original. But this course of thinking only landed me in a *cul de sac* and my irrepressible mind began new researches. I soon found that by some mental aberration the unimaginative Englishman has turned the truth upside down! Eureka! I have solved the puzzle. "An honest God is the noblest work of Man"—That is the truth.—*Ritham Brihath! The Great Truth!!*

As fluids assume the shape of the vessel they fill and also partake the colour of the crystal through which we view, immortal gods take shape and colour according to the mortal minds in which they are accidentally or deliberately cast. According to the bovine conception of God or Goddess, the Almighty walks on four cloven hoofs, shakes a pair of curved horns and whisks the flies with a tasselled tail. The monkey's God has an ever growing prehensile tail and swings with it gloriously from planet to planet, from orb to orb. The domestic fowl invokes its heavy-winged God "who eateth every minute twice

ten cockroaches luscious and juicy from the gutter". The millipede ends its morning hymn: "Oh thou million-legged One, scarlet-tinted, savoury-scented, who curlest Thy tuberous body like unto a clock-spring, bestow on me some of Thy rigidity divine that I may cheat my foes!"

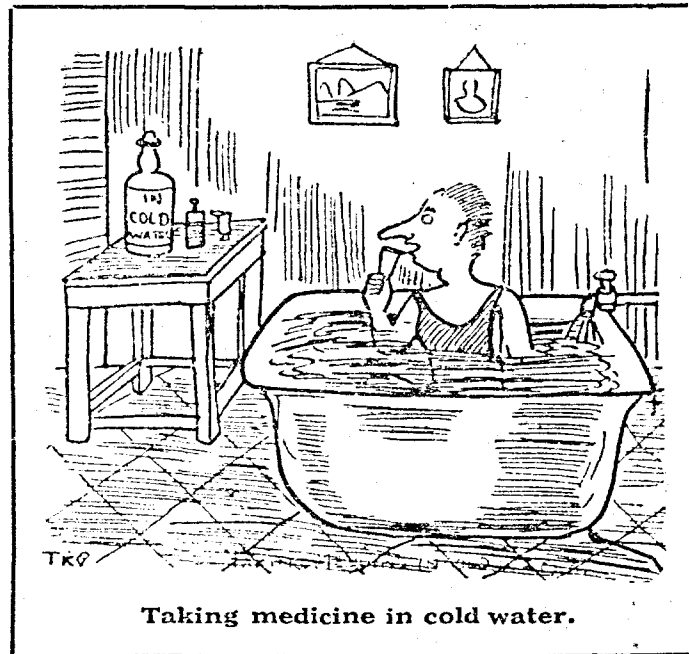
In his cradle of civilisation, man imagined a wild exaggeration and misproportion of limbs to his terrific, malefic God and offered him raw meat just butchered with fresh clubs, and implored Him not to eat him but to eat his enemy in the next cave. As Time advanced his God became more refined or debased according to his

changing culture and ever-shifting Code of Morality. Jehovah of the Hebrews was most jealous and thundered His terrible ire whenever his devotees slackened their ministrations to Him. The gods of the Pharaohs were extortionate in demanding their tributes while those of the Greeks and the Romans revelled in beauty of body and in an orgy of voluptuous pleasures. Here in India gods were bewitched with caste and assumed horizontal *vibhutis*, vertical *namams*, circular *tilakams* and various geometrical designs registered as exclusive caste-marks with the controller of caste-marks, Bhartavarsha, Bharata-

khanda. To bring gods home they must be homely—these gods must be invested with our likes and dislikes, our weaknesses, our ambitions, our vanities, our frailties, our diseases and our procreative proclivities.

Ladies would particularly desire their goddesses to be fully bejewelled and plentifully scintillating with diamonds. "Tripurasundari Amman is most charming in her new kammals and rich lace saree and my prayers to Her never go unheard", says one lady devotee because this goddess has stores of jewels—kammals, lolaks, mair-mattees, jada-billais, bracelets, bangles, necklaces, addigais, odyanamams &c. all set with diamonds and rubies but Vedavalli Amman of Anantaram Street does not get even a coconut because she is poor as her priest and wears nothing but a slim oleander garland.

My Iyengar friends of Tiruvapuram are getting anxious as the high priest has declared that Sri Srinivasa Raghaveswarar is down with stomach ache and would



Taking medicine in cold water.

not touch the usual *naivedyam* of well prepared *Puliyorai*. They are serving their God with good vitaminous food and administering Ayurvedic *lehyams* to improve His godly digestion. Masseurs massage the divine limbs with Amrutanjana and other ointments while "fanatics" fan the idol to refreshing sleep. Gods must have chota hazri, breakfast, lunch, dinner, baths, recreations, flirtations and sleep, all in proper time. Some gods even take gland preparations and rejuvenants to restore lost virility. Gods are also social reformers and one of them boldly cements communal cleavages by openly flirting with a Muhammadan concubine once a year, somewhere, I am told, far south of Dandaka.

Even the omnipotent Venkateswara of the sacred seven hills, who levies the performance of vows made to Him with an iron severity, does not appear to be above the human ministrations aforesaid. His Almighty is also prompt in his obligations to the Government and the Mahant. Other gods besides Himself perpetually figure

An Honest God is The Noblest Work of Man

in Law Courts and engage the use of costly tongues of lawyers to establish their rights to contest wrongful claims. They are subject to the jurisdiction of even a munsiff's amin! Suffering voluntary or involuntary incarceration in a world of mortals, even Gods subject themselves to our jail discipline good-naturedly because in Their divine wisdom They know that if They show any symptoms of intransigence, They may be flogged or Their supply of butter-milk cut off by Law Members who are mostly efficient all round and know what dietary produces Satva, Rajas or Thamas.

Some philosophers, like Frankenstein, assembled the best qualities of different gods and made gods acceptable to all tastes but in the end they lost control and they got destroyed by their own creations. The experiment is still going on in Religio-Research Laboratories of man for creating a perfect God and then an honest God. I wish they succeed and if after the Brahmakalpa of Evolution, an honest God is made, may I be reborn to see and worship HIM.

Stars on and off the Screen

If you were to meet a film star in real life you would be disappointed. For few of the stars are so beautiful as they appear on the screen, and there is none of the glamour which distinguishes their work before the camera.

The reason is that these glamorous stars, whose beauty and charm draw you regularly to the cinema, are entirely the product of the film studios' technical departments.

Take, for example Greta Garbo. When she went to Hollywood she was so gawky and dull-looking that the producers wondered what on earth they could do with her, even the man who offered her a contract thought he had made a bad bargain.

But a clever photographer found that she could be made to look seductive and mysterious. The make-up men, dress designers and cameramen did the rest.

Garbo is always photographed with high lights above her head. These throw attractive shadows on her face. Her lips are not prominent enough, and the under-lip is made fuller with the use of rouge. Her long eyelashes also are artificial. A little dark powder is put under the cheekbones to make them more pronounced and the face is shortened and made squarer by putting grease paint under the chin.

Then there is Norma Shearer. Do you remember what she looked like on the screen six years ago? Her hips and bust were too large. Her legs were too short and too big. Her teeth were uneven. Her eyes were too small. And her nose was too prominent.

A pretty long list of handicaps, but they have all been surmounted. Her physical faults have disappeared. Adrian, the man who designs her dresses, hides the fact that her legs are too short for her body by raising her waistline higher, and dropping her hemline lower. This disguises the lack of proportion.

The hairdressing department has also learned how to dress her hair, so that the "manufacture" of Norma Shearer's glitter is now complete.

Just as remarkable is the transformation of Joan Crawford. Eight years ago she was just a dancing girl,

but experts set to work to transform her. She was taught to take an interest in clothes, and now she is a rival of Norma Shearer as a fashion plate.

The dress-designer does his best to hide the physical defects of the stars. Constance Bennett's back, for example, is too thin. To hide this, most of her evening gowns are designed with cowl draperies in the back, or the resemblance of a scarf casually thrown round the neck. Ruth Chatterton isn't tall enough for her slightly plump figure. So her clothes have no broken lines, no frilly laces, elaborate beadings or horizontal stripes. Her evening gowns have trains which accentuate the long lines.

Then there is the make-up man. He can do much with rouge. An eyebrow can be altered, a high cheekbone put where one need not exist, or a prominent chin hidden. The shape of the mouth can be entirely altered.

What the make-up man cannot do, the cameraman can. Lighting is the studio's best method of hiding the stars' faults. If a star is intended to be seductive, and she isn't, the cameraman photographs her against a dark background, so that her figure is outlined. If she is wearing a close-fitting garment, special lenses are used in the camera to give the costume added glitter.

The star may have rounded cheeks, which would never do in a sophisticated woman of the screen. So arc-lights placed behind her head give it an appearance of being oval.

If her eyes are small—and you would be amazed at the number of stars who have small, beady eyes—a strong light is put in front of her. The rays eliminate shadows and throw up the eyeballs.

British companies are trying a new style of star-making. The artists are not made glamorous, but are allowed to reveal their true personalities. The comedians, such as Jack Hulbert, Ralph Lynn and Cicely Courtneidge, have succeeded wonderfully.

Whether the British policy will defeat Hollywood's carefully built-up system remains to be seen. But Dominion audiences show a decided preference for British-made films. *Pearson's Weekly.*



THE CREAM OF THE JEST

Quin once in the character of Cato received a blow in the face by an orange thrown from the upper gallery: such a circumstance would have disconcerted many an actor possessed of less presence of mind; but instead of being disturbed he wiped his face, and taking the orange up observed it was not a *civil orange*.

In the early days of Garrick at Drury Lane a tragedy was produced in which he sustained the character of an aged king. Though there was nothing remarkably brilliant in the play it proceeded without opposition till the fifth act, when the dying monarch bequeathed his kingdom to his sons in these words:

"And now between you I bequeath my crown."

A wicked wit in the pit, exclaimed:—"O gods! he's given them *half-a-crown* apiece!" The house laughed so much that not another word of the piece could be uttered.

Irving could never be angry with William Terriss, even when he came to rehearsal full of absurd excuses. Ellen Terry tells of one occasion when he was so late that Irving could stand it no longer, and spoke to him sharply. "I think you'll be sorry you've spoken to me like this, guv'nor," said Terriss, casting down his eyes. "Now, no hanky-panky tricks," replied Irving. "Tricks guv'nor! I think you'll regret having said that when you hear that my poor mother passed away early this morning." And Terriss wept. Irving promptly gave him the day off. A few weeks later when Terriss and Ellen Terry were looking through the curtain at the audience, just before the play began, he said to the latter gaily: "Do you see that dear old woman sitting in the fourth row of the stalls? *That's my dear old mother!*"

Ellen Terry did not possess a good reputation for punctuality when acting at the Lyceum Theatre. It is said that, as her cue approached, the whole staff began to get into a state of excitement, and the air became full of cries for Miss Terry. But she was always there in time for the public, and if she was a moment late the public forgave her directly she walked on the stage. Sometimes in the *Merchant of Venice* it looked as though Antonio would be unrepresented by counsel. The following comments could be heard at the back: "*That there young barrister's late. Them canals blocked again, I suppose, and the bloomin' gondola couldn't pass.*"

Sir Henry Irving was a keen enthusiast regarding stage effects. Once, when the Lyceum property-master was rehearsing some thunder claps during the progress of a storm scene, Irving suddenly stopped the rehearsal and said angrily:

"No, No! That won't do. Not a bit like it!"

The "Props" grinned.

"Excuse me, Sir 'enry," he remarked, "But I wasn't rattling the sheet just then. That appeared to be the genuine thunder outside."

But Irving was not satisfied.

"Quite probably!" he retorted. "But the Almighty's thunder is not necessarily good enough for the Lyceum!"

An amusing story is told of Richard Suett, the comedian. It appears that Suett had mortally offended a local shopkeeper by alluding to him in some play in most uncomplimentary terms through the medium of "gagging." This so offended the tradesman that he determined to give Suett a lesson which he would be hardly likely to forget. He accordingly ascertained the whereabouts of the stage door at which Suett was in the habit of entering, and determined to lie in wait for him with a horsewhip. At the proper time he hid himself behind a wall close to the stage door, awaiting the arrival of the actor. The night was very dark, added to which it was raining in torrents. Presently Suett appeared upon the scene, looking as wet and miserable as a man without an umbrella would be in such a downpour, the water literally pouring off his cape. His enemy thought he recognised the object of his vengeance, but, wishing to make quite sure that he had got the right man, called out: "Are you Suett?" "No," replied the actor, "I'm *dripping*." The reply so amused the would-be assailant that he burst out laughing, shook hands with the actor, and from thenceforth the two became the best of friends.

One of Lady Tree's most humorous remarks concerned a lady "with a past," or to be more accurate, with several pasts. She had recently married a second time. Her name coming up in the course of conversation someone asked who her first husband had been, and finished by saying, "I can't remember for the life of me. I know it began with an L." It was taken up by Lady Tree in a moment: "I should think it was—*Legion!*"

ON SWEEPS

(PAM)

I love sweeps.—Not the Harijans, of course, whom it is the fashion just now to embrace publicly, in a fit of maudlin sentiment. They are too depressed and depressing for me, and will continue, so far as I am concerned, to be untouchable and unspeakable too. Nor are the objects of my infatuation those "inky blots, innocent blacknesses" whom the tender humanity of Lamb has embalmed for ever. They are probably extinct by this time; and even if they are not, are too remote from my view. I mean to say that I love SWEEPSTAKES, which promise so much in return for so little, and which are consequently the El Dorado of my dreams—asleep and awake.

I am not ashamed of my weakness. Indeed I glory in it. Moralists may declaim against the depravity of human nature, judging from the popularity of some of the mammoth sweepstakes of recent years. I personally consider that they are as legitimate a means of getting-rich-quick, as company-promoting, stock-jobbing and similar enterprises which are considered perfectly respectable and even meritorious. It is well-known that most of them require for success, plenty of brass and little or no cash. I fail to see why sweeps alone should be placed on an invidious footing, and be singled out for moral reprobation, except on the uncharitable supposition that the objection to sweepstakes comes from people who cannot abide their neighbours' luck. It is extraordinary, when you come to think of it, how much of our happiness depends upon the consciousness of the misery of our fellows! Thank heaven, I'm not of this breed. Both as a recreation and as a hobby, I cannot think of any other modern device, to compare with sweepstakes, in soothing the nerves, and renewing our vitality from day to day, so as to enable most of us to ignore or defy the drab insipidities, the purposeless futilities of our lives.

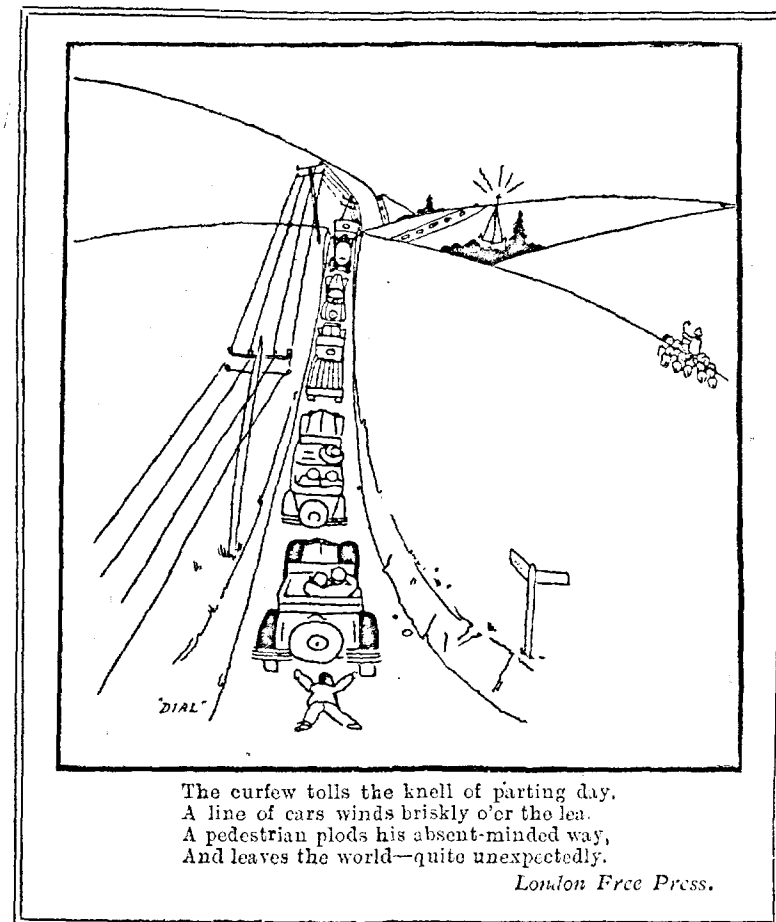
From personal experience, I can speak with authority on the prognosis, symptoms, crisis and after-effects of what

is popularly known as Sweep-fever. It generally rages in an epidemic form during certain months of the year. It is admitted on the highest authority, to spread, in some mysterious fashion, from a type of thorough-bred horse. Unlike the measles, it is capable of attacking the same individual persistently and with increasing malignity. Unlike the influenza, it leaves the victim stronger every time. Above all, unlike other epidemics, it is neither fatal, nor prolonged, nor deleterious in its after-effects. You will thus see that, though classified as a disease for pathological reasons, it is in reality a delectable experience, which, like the mystery of ultimate Realisation, is indescribable, and hence incommunicable.

The wise man hath said that it is better to go on a journey than to arrive. He anticipated me, I'm sorry to say; for I have reached the same conclusion independently. With what trembling fingers do I not open my evening paper (when the epidemic is on) and run my eye instinctively, feverishly, through the sporting columns, hoping that one of my numerous argosies has come to port. My pleasure has hitherto been vicarious; for it has attended the more fortunate and to me unknown, winners of the prizes. But nobody can deprive me of the perpetual prospect of winning a prize. It is, in fact, more exhilarating. The man who woke one morning and

found himself famous, must have felt the succeeding mornings, by comparison, a wash-out. May it therefore be given to me ever to live in a future coloured by the unfading hues of an invincible optimism!

Some are born rich; others achieve riches through flukes which are euphemistically described by various misnomers, such as genius, patience, organising capacity etc., etc.,—while a few others have riches thrust upon them. The openings in the last division are perhaps more limited than in the others. At the moment, I can only think of matrimony and ministerships. Both these are



The curfew tolls the knell of parting day.
A line of cars winds briskly o'er the lea.
A pedestrian plods his absent-minded way,
And leaves the world—quite unexpectedly.

London Free Press.

unfortunately out of the question for me. I must therefore look up to these sweepstakes for redressing the balance in favour of myself and those who, like me, consider them the dream of sports and the sport of dreams!

I have reason to believe that the most unlikely people are attacked by this fever. My friend Kichu who shouts away every beggar from his door, on principle as he is pleased to put it, and drives the hardest bargains with the vegetable hawkers, asked me the other day quite casually what was meant by a steeplechase. I put two and two together, and ragged him unmercifully on his wicked and wasteful extravagance. He gave a sheepish grin; but admitted that he was forced to take a share in a ticket in full settlement of a 'hand-loan' extracted months ago from him by Vengu, the chronic borrower of our street. I could not but admire his ingenuity in seeking to convert a bad debt into a proposition capable of yielding present satisfaction and incalculable contingent benefits. Blind Seshi, the grandmother of my fellow-tenant, who would spank his wife if she failed to fry the *appalam* for the night, by making a fire out of the refuse hay of the manger (specially dried and kept for the purpose) had, how I cannot tell, a whole ticket in the Lincolnshire H'Cap! The worst case known to me, however, is that of Anantharama Aiyer. He has already made heaps of money as a contractor; but I have found that he regularly sends for a whole book of sweepstake tickets, sells them through his clerk, obtains a commission, and himself enters the sweep with the help of the bonus ticket! It is the most melancholy instance of meanness known to me. It is some comfort, in the circumstances, that he has not obtained any prize so far; and I hope, for my faith in a retributive justice, that he will never get one. Only recently have I realised that the one touch of nature which makes the world kin is the gambling touch.

I am not an avaricious man. My tastes are simple, my wants few. My passion for sweeps does not arise from the worship of pelf. It is, if you understand my meaning, a sort of impersonal, platonic affection for the essential idea embodied in sweepstakes. The prospect of winning enables me to gratify certain sensations which are of the highest cultural value to me, as they are ends in themselves. For instance every time I travel, (I have to choose third for the simple reason that the covetous and unfeeling Railway companies have not provided a fourth class) all that I have to do to forget the oppressive odorousness of my insufficient accommodation is to look forward to the next sweep, shut my eyes, imagine the first prize mine, and then transport myself to the luxuries of the first class, the cynosure of envious eyes at every halting station. It is something to look forward to the day, when I shall leave Madras in a reserved berth by the Boat Mail, the Blue Mountain or Grand Trunk Express, and have my name duly chronicled, in the following evening papers, as among the great ones of the land who left for Colombo or Ooty or Timbuctoo. Or trudging homeward in the evenings after fulfilling my daily destiny, as a clerk, with the inevitable bundle of office-files for 'home-work,' I observe without envy the purse-proud passengers in motor-cars, plying through the beach, and speculate on the advantages of buying (with the sweep money) this or that particular make of car.

Nor can I convey any adequate idea of the storms of indecision to which I am frequently subject, struggling between the rival seductions of the baby and family types, of four and eight cylinders, of tourers and sedans, and above all, of British and American. Nor yet again is it possible to reduce to cold print the exquisite involutions of a sanguine temperament staggering under the load of an incredible, (and still hypothetical) bank balance beyond the wildest dreams of avarice. Are these not more than adequate compensations for a few rupees thrown away, if you will, but which I consider a ridiculously low premium to pay in the most romantically unlimited of modern Insurance schemes?

I should like, in this connection, to offer a few tips to the uninitiated. It is just possible that even the *habitués* may find some of my suggestions helpful in rationalising their technique or *modus operandi*. First of all, aim high. Do not patronise pettifogging raffles, humanitarian, philanthropic and other In-aid lotteries. They are organised by, and are intended to appeal to muddled minds, torn by divided loyalties. Prizes of a few hundreds, or even thousands, cheat you with the shadow for the substance of a glowing triumph. It is fatal to go through life with the burden of an imputed luck, which by eliminating you from all further chances, leaves you with a sense of frustrated effort, the springs of hope dried at the very source. If you wish to relieve distress or suffering, you can do it simply and without hope of reward. But, if you are a sweepstake-maniac, fling your quota joyously prepared to swell somebody's luck—perhaps your own! Choose therefore the highest sweeps. They are also the most respectable, because organised by the most single-minded sportsmen, viz., gamblers!

Having thus chosen the venue of your flutter, the next thing is to find the money for your ticket. If, dear Reader, you are in the habit, like me, of perpetually mortgaging the future to live in the present, (I have yet to hear of a more sensible scheme of life) you will be well-advised in effecting a series of judicious cuts in the settlement of the previous month's bills, or take advantage of the discharge of some old obligation to contract a new one. It is absolutely essential that the wife of your bosom should never be told the *intention*, but only the *fait accompli*. Otherwise, you are certain to be plunged into at least a dozen commitments, for the sake of domestic peace, which is generally peace at any price! There are other items of personal expenditure, intended to placate the old women in the house, such as the purohit's fee for the Amavasya oblation, the weekly *archana* in the temple etc., which may be shown as spent, but which you can quietly reappropriate for your new purpose. A considerable saving in cinema expense can be effected, provided you are astute enough to affect the requisite degree of indifference which would make your friends pay for you.

Having gathered your ticket's worth, wait for occult indications of the lucky day. You know the signs—twitching of the right eye-brow, shoulder or knee, the house-lizard's utterances in the Morse code, easily decoded with the help of any Panchangam, and above all, a careful study of your early morning dreams. Such of my readers as have been so far disappointed will, on retrospect, be

sure to find non-observance of or contra-indications in some of the above omens.

Then as regards the number of your ticket. You are not always aware which is your lucky number; and even where you are, you may not get it. I attach great importance to it, because it has some mystic connection with the course of our lives. Some like odd numbers; others even, while some others abhor a zero as Nature is supposed to abhor a vacuum. All I can say on this vital point is that most of us can learn from experience *which are our unlucky numbers!*

On the question of the advantages of forming syndicates with a view to control interests in a large number of tickets, there is much divergence of opinion. Theoretically, no doubt, individual chances are greatly bettered; but, *per contra*, the ill-luck of one of the number may quite possibly neutralise the combined good chances of all the rest. Since much may therefore be said on both sides, my suggestion is that you may have a fling both ways!

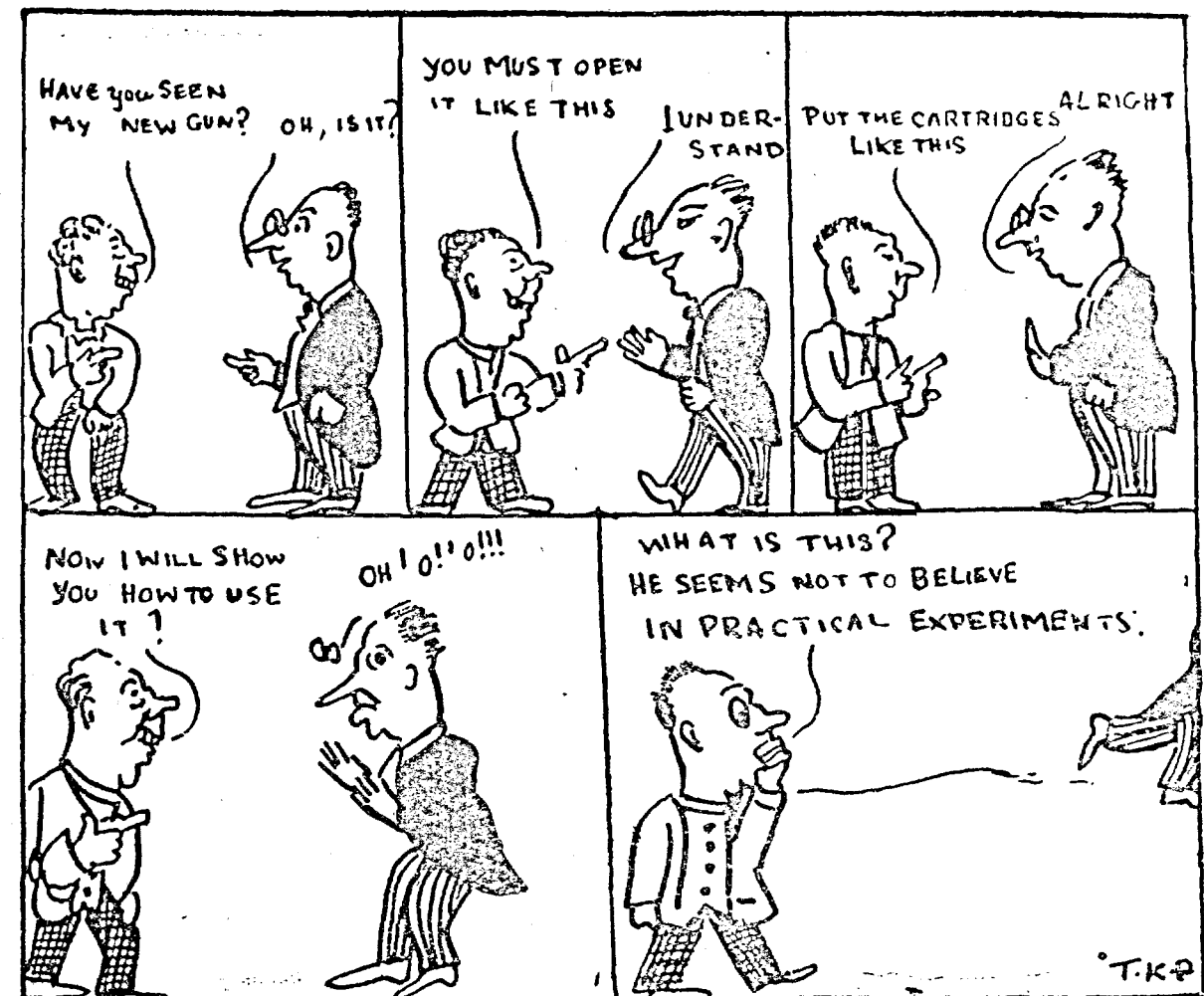
The last stage of our romantic enterprise is, in some respects, the most vexatious of all. It is the fabrication of *Nom-de-plumes*. I started with nicknames current in the family, then went on to the stars under which all my near relatives were born. Finding none of these lucky, (a fact obvious to me even otherwise!) I gave the celebrities of history, past and present, a chance, with

the same result. I have been driven to the end of my resources, and am now planning an alphabetical list of our gods and goddesses. I expect this will keep me going for the rest of my natural, gambling existence.

It is said that winners of prizes in sweepstakes are never heard of afterwards. No wonder! Few of us can withstand the combined attacks of relations and friends who are certain to claim a share in the distribution of annuities. For my part, I shall be the exception to the rule. I am determined (if I win the prize) to brave the cohorts of consanguinous envy, and the jealousies of candid friendship. I shall keep them at arm's length by paying them their price, by anticipating their demands. I shall turn politician, only to indulge in the luxury of speaking home-truths all-round, and perhaps pay for it too. I shall spare no pains or thought in devising original, disinterested methods of running through my fortune in a minimum of time, to the greatest uneasiness and discomfort of the maximum number of those around and about me; and thus prove conclusively that what I love is not filthy lucre, but the sweepstakes themselves.

Let me conclude by quoting the impressive exhortation of the poet:

"Mortals, that would follow me,
Love Sweepstakes, if you would be free
They can teach ye how to climb
Higher than the sphyry chime....."



"R. R."

(Dr. T. V. S. SHASTRI. L. M & S.)

"R. R."—Railway Receipt. That is what most people, especially businessmen who are daily in the habit of writing, "R. R. is sent herewith" to customers, will take these two letters or rather the doubling of one letter of the alphabet to mean. Some of those efficient people who are never without the latest Railway guide and a "concise Oxford" dictionary ready to hand, neatly laid on their tables, might be inclined to think they mean "Refreshment Rooms," more so, if their appetites are healthy enough for them to feel, that being robbed by the managers of these dacoit dens, is a favour done to them.

But "R. R." in our story means "Resourceful Ramoo." True, it did not always mean that, though it referred to the same person from the time, young Ranga Raman, began to affix these two letters, as a sign, that the responsibility for the production of the document so marked, was his. During those early days the middle school teachers, whose dull routine was very much enlivened by the R. R.'s pranks, also expressed openly that it meant "Rascal Ramoo". It is also true that this story has something to do with the Railway—though it has nothing to do with Receipts or Refreshments. But let it be understood that in this story "R. R." means Resourceful Ramoo only, and that exhausts my list of abbreviations.

To be the undisputed holder of a popular title, like "Resourceful," is not so easy as that of securing a Rao or Dewan Bahadur, and one must have been the principal actor, in a series of well-known incidents. Ramoo was. But the present story deals only with one, and that too not his first.

"R. R." was travelling by train. Second class. He could afford it and not regret it afterwards. In spite of the noisy fan and the ice compartment, railway travelling in the S. I. R. during the month of May is like having a reduction course of treatment of Turkish baths. The climate of the country is responsible for it, not the Railway company; and for people like Ramoo whose latitudes threatened to equal the longitudes, the compartment appeared like a furnace. After settling himself inside, he proceeded to peel off, one by one, the garments, which contact with the west has imposed on all people who pretend to have a status, and at least, the rudiments of an education.

There was another occupant of the compartment, a European going to the Kodaikanals, that delightful resort, wherefrom sultry summers have successfully been eliminated. He was gazing with envious eyes at Ramoo, who was doffing clothes like those trick riders on galloping horses in a circus. He was merely looking on, until Ramoo came to his banyan and just as he was about to make a vigorous effort to take that off also, he could not contain himself. It is not too easy for people built on generous lines, to doff a banyan, especially when one's silly old breathing mechanism seems to await the slightest indication of exertion, to step on the accelerator, and increase the normal symbol of the existence of life. Ramoo had crossed his hands across the front of his circumference and had managed to get a grip as far behind as possible like a dentist about to pull a well planted

molar. He was just taking a deep breath to fill his lungs, so that he may not be disturbed by want of breath, while he tried to pull the banyan off at one steady heave, like a good dentist. Just as he had half inflated himself, the European tapped him on the foremost portion of his body, the region covering his bread basket or rather rice pot.

Ramoo let go the hold of his hands and the air he had managed to gather in. He was surprised. He had been tapped over his abdomen before, but always with the fingers of skilled professional men who percuss in style, or with the feet of infants who have always been tempted by the smoothness and extent of the area, to commence their early attempts at dancing whenever he fondled them. But this tapping was neither of the skilled variety nor of the playful infantile sort. It resembled that of a careful purchaser of mud pots who is not easily swindled out of a large number of pies by any crook of a potter. Having more respect for his essential organs than for a mud pot, Ramoo resented the attempt made by the other party to elicit a resonant sound. "Are you an inveterate typist who has mislaid his machine or are you testing the degree of my inflation? I didn't want any pressure gauge" he said testily.

The European assumed a dignified tone as he felt that his superiority needed assertion.

"Why do you take off that underclothing also?" he asked without directly replying to Ramoo's questions.

"Because I want to expose all areas of my circumference to the cooling effects of the fan. Isn't it obvious to you, when the weather melts men, like flame melting candles?" asked Ramoo simply.

"But you can't expose your body in a public railway compartment," said the other.

"I can," said Ramoo. "I am still wearing my dhotee?"

"You ought not to," shouted the European.

"I may" said Ramoo.

"No."

"Yes," said Ramoo.

"I will speak to the guard and ask him to forbid you from travelling" threatened the European.

"What for?" asked Ramoo, not always a believer in brevity.

"For want of decency in clothing. See the rules."

"Are you not exposing your knees and neck and chest?"—the European was wearing shorts and a shirt with all the buttons (of the latter, of course) open.

"Yes, but you shouldn't uncover your abdomen."

"Why not, when it is so sultry?" asked Ramoo.

"It is not decent" snapped the European as if he wanted to end the discussion. He was not used to discussing things, he was pampered by obedience especially when dealing with members of races other than white.

"If it is a question of decency you ought to have your face covered. You ought to be restrained from frightening children and weak-minded people," said Ramoo.

"Shut up and don't uncover your—your....." the European was wandering in search of a descriptive word which would correctly convey the degree of contempt he had for Ramoo. While the other was still groping for the

elusive word, while mechanically repeating the word 'your', he began.

"Outside of a flourishing maize field, such abominations ought to be covered. It might there do duty in place of a scarecrow to ward off the evil eye. If you doubt it, look at the mirror opposite and find out for yourselves whether pimples and summer boils do really improve the beauty of a landscape whose contour and colour are distinctly indicative of the Simian origin of Man."

The matter might have proceeded even further and might even have not stopped at words, since the discussion had gone on to topographical descriptions of the physical features (in a geographical sense) of the surface anatomy. But fortunately there entered a third passenger—passenger No. 3, not a 3rd class passenger—and far from being a mere passenger, holding a purchased ticket, he was the very man wanted at such a juncture. He had no ticket, but he held a warrant (a Police warrant) for he was paid to hold the peace, and so could easily get hold of a warrant. In fact he was a Police Inspector. The European appealed to the Police, knowing full well, that deference to the wishes of scions of the Ruling Race, was an innate trait in the character of the department, in which personal favouritism plays such a large part in the matter of promotions. The Inspector was in a dilemma. The sultriness of the weather was such, that he could very well understand that converts to the cult of Nude and returns of the dress fashions of the Garden of Eden days, could be eagerly expected, if not actually countenanced. But he also felt that the European's sense of decency could not permit him, to gaze on an uncovered area of the human body of the size of R. R.'s ample anatomy. He agreed that a shirt with buttons open was the utmost that decency might favour as limit, in a railway compartment, though in other places like Nudists' camps, Sadhu Sanghas or Bathing Ghats, further dismantlings may be overlooked. Finally a compromise was effected, as it was found that nothing short of force and the administration of a general anæsthetic might induce Mr. R. R. to don any of the clothes he had managed to doff, that he might remain as he was with banyan on.

Unable to exert himself in more than one direction, R. R. left it at that, and making free use of the contrivance in the fan for changing its direction of play, allowed it to dry up different tracts of his body by a system of adjustments, similar to those employed by landholders for the agriculture of acres of lands from one solitary well. But he was obviously in the sulks and it is said that, during these sulking moods only, his mind conceived the most wonderful of schemes.

He was silently turning over the pages of the Illustrated Weekly of India, looking at the pictures idly and mechanically reading the footnotes. On the page, wherein the "Indian Review" advertisement appeared, there was a bearded man. Underneath it was the following: "Ivan Oho Whisky—the wanted Bolshie, supposed to have been purposely sent to India, to create a revolution. A reward of Rs. 1000 has been offered for his apprehension."

After the footnote in smaller print was added: "In this connection it will be remembered, that our weekly was instrumental in getting for one of our numerous readers, the handsome reward of Rs. 500 offered for the capture of a Bengal Anarchist, who identified the wanted man from the picture published in our columns." In the midst of the nebulous masses of clouds of sulkiness,

rushing one after another in the vast spaces of R. R.'s mind, a thought had begun to appear. Soon it condensed and a few glances and a few scratches with a pencil developed it into a definite idea. And that was a star idea too. He knew the mentality of the Police. You pretend that you want to keep something private. At once they will want to pry into it even if it is an exchange of compliments or something like that between two youths of opposite sexes. Their sense of duty is such, that they don't allow such insignificant sentiments, as delicacy to interfere with it. 'Better probe into a thousand private affairs than let one possible detection escape' is their motto, though the number of undetected crimes may not induce you to believe it.

He fiddled about with the page in a furtive manner, quietly observing that the Inspector was watching him. With a few strokes of the pencil he drew a copy of Ivan Oho Whisky's picture in the margin of the page. Then with a rubber he erased the poor Russian's beard and moustache. The result was astounding.

It bore such a striking resemblance to the European fellow traveller that the closely watching Inspector's eyes dilated. Visions of rewards and promotions began to float before the Inspector's eyes. He began to think of all the things he had left undone for want of a little extra cash. His numerous children began to appear one by one before his mind's eye, and began to repeat their unsatisfied cravings. He saw his wife, whose desire to emulate a neighbour, in the matter of the possession of a jewel had till now to be postponed *sine die* for want of a fat Zemindar murder case.

"Will you kindly let me have a look at that paper, sir," he begged of R. R.—a new note of respectful admiration, being noticeable in his voice.

"Certainly," said R. R. smiling affably. A closer glance at the picture and a fuller understanding of the footnotes made the Inspector's eyes gleam. Respectfully he nudged R. R. in the ribs and winked enquiringly.

R. R.'s only answer was a deflection of his left thumb in the direction of the European fellow traveller, who, to avoid the catastrophe of being dragged into conversation with a couple of brown people was immersed in a newspaper. He accompanied this with a pantomime of shaving his beard and moustache.

The Inspector raised both his hands and respectfully thanked R. R. in the time-honoured Indian way and inclined his head in deep obeisance. R. R. nodded acknowledgment.

At the next station, in spite of vigorous protests, the Inspector insisted on the poor European getting down with him and accompanying him to the Police station. They went, the European, as is the custom, threatening the Inspector with dire consequences, and the Inspector actually jubilant over his ability, with his right index finger extended like a razor blade, overcoming his habitual respect for the white skin at least once in his life. A thousand rupees dangled before a family man is a sure mechanism for working miracles.

R. R. stood up and heaved a deep sigh. Then crossing his hand once again round as much of his circumference as he could contrive, he took a firm grip and inspiration worthy of the occasion, and pulled the too lovingly embracing banyan off his body at one steady go. A gentle smile expressed his satisfaction as he wriggled his acreage beneath the fan and the train moved out of the station.

THE GUARD

T. L. EDWIN

THE evening, though coming to a close, was oppressive with the heat of the unbearable South-Indian summer sun. Saraswati slipped out to the wide verandah, in the room behind her, Natarajan, her husband, stood by the table, putting the extra box of cartridges, and the packet of bread and butter into his knapsack. Poor Natarajan, barely a week since his marriage—and now he must be setting out leaving his young wife alone on the outskirts of the frightful Malabar jungle. A district forest officer in outpost had a busy time of it. True there was a village nearby, but that was two miles away, and useless for an emergency.

Meanwhile Saras was standing on the verandah, looking out on the dark scene, like a frightened deer, crooning a song to herself to bolster up her courage. She had known, of course before her marriage, that she would have to spend many lonely nights in the forest, and so had taken with her the servant boy Natesan who had been in her mother's house for a long time. But now as the time drew near for her husband's departure for the first time, she felt a nameless sense of danger creeping on her. She was uneasy as the minutes slipped by. Silly of her of course, but—

From a tree close at hand a sudden ghostly cry rent the silence. Ku-hoo. Ku-hup. For an instance Saras was frightened and her body tensed rigidly, and then slowly relaxed. It was only the hoot of the small black-owl. Natesan had once told her that the black owl's hoot meant danger, and when it hooted shrilly, it meant death.

"Saras, darling." She at once tripped inside. She was a pretty, slight woman, scarcely more than a girl, with jet black hair and eyes that were wistful. She was



extremely fair, though not quite like the leprous whiteness of the western folks. To-night she was almost

trembling for she had never in her life tasted the bitter draught of loneliness. "Don't be away long, my husband" she cooed. Rajan caught her close in his arms. His eyes smiled down at her. "Don't you realise that you are now the wife of a forest officer, who must be about his business when a mad elephant grows bold in his territory. I'll have a go at it, and be home again before you know it. Tomorrow night at the latest. There isn't a particle of danger.

She nodded and forced a smile. "What about my jewels?" she asked. "Please take them along with you, dear." Rajan smiled and kissed her.

"You silly, they are much safer in that safe than anywhere else," he said. "There really is no danger. I'll ask Natesan to sleep in front of that safe. By the way, Saras, where is the cook?"

"She has gone to the village to attend a wedding. I gave her permission, dear. I'd no idea you would have to go to-day." Rajan looked grave. "You are too easy with her," he said.

He put some papers and the money box in the safe, closed the iron door, then called out to his men who were waiting outside the thatched house, to fetch his gun and knapsack. He smiled down at Saras, his strong arms tightly about her. He kissed her and bent his head down so that he could rest his cheek against her soft hair. They loved each other very dearly. They were happy here far away from the busy world. Rajan kissed her for the last time and went down the path, and along the narrow track after his servants. The moon slipped up over the black outline of the jungle on the far hills.

Two hours later Natesan fell asleep in the kitchen and Saras did not want to wake him, and ask him to sleep in the room where the safe was. She could not sleep. She tried to read a few pages of 'Soundra-Kokilam', a novel she had begun only that morning. But the words were unintelligible. What if something should happen to her lord. She could never go on without him. She tried to forget such an unpleasant thought. She turned back again to the bedroom. Innumerable insects hummed about the lights. Lizards, fat and overfed, scuttled with difficulty back and forth in quest of their food. Saras blew out the lamp and tried to sleep.

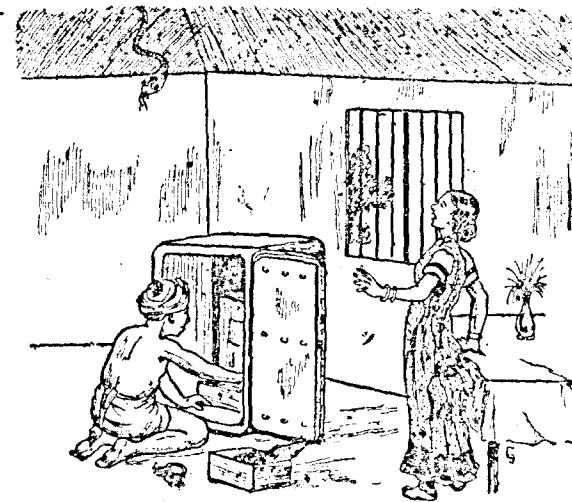
Far away an owl hooted and she shuddered. Suddenly an icy wave swept over her. Her startled ears heard a sound of stealthy footsteps. She tried to turn her eyes towards the door-way. Behind her she could now distinctly hear the sound of someone breathing. Then a ruffianly voice broke the silence. "Hist, if you make a move or utter a sound, I'll rip your throat. Where do you keep your jewels? Hand them over quick."

Saras could only look at him. She found that it was very hard to speak.

"I do not know," she stammered "My husband has taken them with him."

The burglar laughed. "None of your fairy tales with me, be quick and show me the safe." His big mouth took an ugly curve. Saras mutely showed the safe in the corner, hidden behind a screen.

"Come on, open it," he commanded. With an effort she forced herself to remember the numbers her husband had taught her. Her hand trembled. Presently the



massive safe door swung open. She stepped back and saw the ruffian kneel and reach his eager hand into the

Sir Malcolm Campbell, the speed king, tells this amusing story. A motorist was travelling "all out" along a deserted country road when suddenly a policeman appeared from behind a tree and held up a warning hand. He looked very stern and very formidable.

The motorist slowed down. He felt sure that he had been exceeding the speed limit. So, thinking to make the best of a bad job, he stopped and said, "Sorry constable; but I'm in a deuce of a hurry. Sick wife. Off for a doctor. Look here, take this pound note and say no more about it. Not a word. Shan't occur again. Good day."

Restarting his motor, he whirled away, leaving the surprised constable staring at the note in his hand in obvious bewilderment.

Some hours later a battered motorist, just recovering consciousness in the local hospital was heard to murmur, "I wonder if that constable only wanted to tell me that the road was under repair round the corner."

An academic and absent-minded old Oxford don took duty for a clerical friend at a country church. After reading the Ten Commandments, he looked over his spectacles, apparently thinking he was in the examination hall, and remarked to the congregation. "Not more than five of these subjects should be attempted."

safe. Overhead from the thatched roof came a sudden sinuous rustling, a sharp hissing sound. A magnificent cobra swung into view directly above the miscreant. She watched fascinated and was about to cry out, but she couldn't. The burglar hastily swept the contents of the safe into a cloth-bag and rose. Something cold came into contact with his neck. Without looking he brushed his neck with an impatient flick of his hand. Suddenly he screamed and hurled something from him. The cobra glided away through the open door.

The man threw himself into a chair by his side. His teeth were chattering, his breath came in gulps. "God—a cobra has bitten me," he wailed. She saw a thin crimson line etch itself across his wrist. His arm jerked crazily. His face was grayish black. Saras nearly swooned. It was frightful to watch. Why did he breathe like that? A dark shadow crept about his mouth, and he stared with distended eyes at the mark on his wrist.

Saras heard someone run up to the room and turned to face Natesan.

"What's the matter?"—he began and his eyes widened at the sight of the twitching figure of an evil-looking man in the chair. Both watched silently while the man huddled forward and fell against the safe.

"Cobra, Natesan," she whispered hoarsely: "It struck him." She pointed to the red mark on his wrist. Natesan crept slowly, and gingerly touched the man and proclaimed him quite dead. From the tree near the house the owl hooted shrilly, once—twice.

Nothing is so fascinating as the story of people who come into easy money.

Nothing so fascinating and nothing so staggering.

The more humble their origin, the more senseless their desire, even their anxiety, to fritter their riches away.

It was said of Flo Ziegfeld, the world renowned American showman and inventor of the *Follies Girl*, who died recently and who made in his day an enormous fortune out of this alliance of Bally-hoo and Beauty, that the pride of his life were his two gold telephones!

The only other person in the world who has a gold telephone is the Pope.

Flo Ziegfeld had also a passion for sending telegrams. He once wrote a 1000-word telegram in bed and sent it to his press agent, who lived across the street.

Strange stories are told of the luck of the Grand National. Even to-day there are book-makers who will shudder if you mention *Manifesto*, the horse whose victory in 1897 cost their fraternity over a million pounds. It was not backed at all heavily until a day or two before the race, when the Tsar of Russia issued a manifesto on World Peace, which was front page news in all dailies. The sporting public, seeing an omen in this, rushed to back *Manifesto*! And for once the omen was a true one.

G. K. CHESTERTON

(Grow Fat Along With Me)



Mr. Gilbert Chesterton
(He weighs approx. a quarter ton)
Is full of fun and paradox:
I don't mind if he's orthodox.

A weekly skit he contributes
To Illustrated London News,
And keeps himself in evidence;
Not by his bulk! No, no, his sense!

Religion, Art and Politics,
And sometimes even Polemics,
He tackles with dexterity;
Just think of his audacity!

But yet, despite his artistry,
And quite a little poetry,
A critic says "He's all trifles,
Tremendous Trifles! if you please.

"For instance Brown's intuition,
A 'sleuth-hound' should be logical!
His paradox and such like stuff
To me are nothing more than bluff."

Perhaps. His compleate works I've bought.
And they make me laugh such a lot.
That you shouldn't get a shock, old son.
If one day I weigh quarter ton!

—LIZ.

TICKLERS

(CONDUCTED BY TUT-TUT-TUT)

1. Who might have said the following:—

- Silence is golden.
- Oh, to be in England, now that April's there!
- Grow old along with me,
The best is yet to be!
- Save me from my friends.

2. What is meant by:—

- A Mare's nest.
- The Greek Calends.
- Dog-in-the-manger policy.
- A maid-of-all-work.

3. What do you know of:—

- Rao Bahadur Krishna Rao Bhonsle, I. S. O..
- Motor-Vehicles taxation.
- The Lost Dominion.
- Sneddib.

ANSWERS TO TICKLERS

1. Who might have said:—

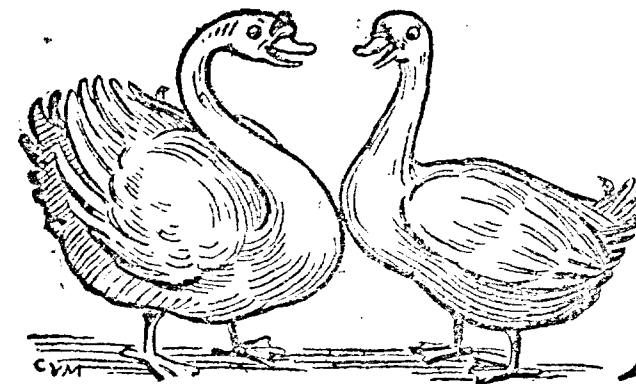
- Mr. Ramsay MacDonald's reply to the query why he did not take part in the Commons debate on the White Paper.
- The dejected chorus of former Round-Tablers rejected from the Consultative committee.
- Mr. C. C. Ghose, retired Judge of the Calcutta High court, and just appointed to act for Sir B. L. Mitter proceeding on four months leave.
- The Rev. Fr. Bertram, S. J., after his defeat in the recent Syndicate elections.

2. What is meant by:—

- A non-existent thing, generally applied to any futile quest. All this talk of an Indian Federation is a good example of it.
- The date on which the above,—i.e. Federation—is to be inaugurated in this country.
- To prevent another from enjoying a privilege denied to you. For instance, one of the members returned to the Syndicate of the Madras University is actually outside the Presidency.
- One doing odd jobs ill, and getting correspondingly ill-paid for it. Hack-writers are also sometimes so called. For example, X. Y. Z., can write on anything from the Mahabharatha to Mela-kartas.

3. What do you know of:—

- He is always 'among those present.'
- A quarterly penalty of varying amounts exacted from owners of automobiles. Popularly known as Car-tax; not to be confounded with Car-fax, a retail dealer in jokes.
- The title of a book to be written in the future, an advance review of which was kindly furnished to the members of the Legislative Assembly by Dewan Bahadur A. Ramaswami Mudaliar.
- The pen-name of the occasional humorist of the Hindu Illustrated Weekly. To judge from the nom-de-plume, almost certainly suffering from a perpetual cold.



SENSE & NONSENSE

David Belasco tells a story of a playwright who sat in the front row on the first night of a new piece of his own. The piece failed: failed dreadfully. As the author sat sad amid the hisses, a woman behind him leaned forward, and said "Excuse me, sir, but, knowing you to be the author of this play, I took the liberty, at the beginning of this performance, of snipping off a lock of your hair. Allow me now to return it to you!"

Buster Keaton has now announced his temporary retirement from the screen. For several months past he has been in poor health. Now he has arranged the cancellation of his contract with Metro-Goldwyn-Meyer by mutual consent, and he will soon sail for Honolulu on holiday.

Prof. J. B. S. Haldane who recently resigned his Chair as Sir William Dunn Reader in Bio-chemistry at Cambridge, is one of those brilliant galaxy of scientists who have often risked their health and lives for the sake of humanity and medical science. While trying to find a remedy for convulsions in babies, he induced spasms in himself. In an endeavour to ascertain the effects on the body of acids and alkali, he cultivated over-breathing, and consumed as much as three ounces of bicarbonate of soda a day. He even drank hydrochloric acid, which is so strong that it can dissolve the teeth. It was as a result of his eating an ounce a day of ammonium chloride that he was able to prove that it was of the greatest utility in the treatment of tetanus and the lives of thousands of children have since been saved.

A certain small-part actor used to haunt his agent's office.

"Anything for me to-day, Ted?" he would ask. And Ted would respond. "Sorry, Charlie; nothing to-day."

And Charlie would go away disconsolate.

As the weeks went by, words became superfluous. Charlie would look in, lift his eyebrows inquiringly, and Ted would shake his head with monotonous regularity.

This went on for months. Then one day, Charlie broke silence.

"Oh, by the way, Ted," he said sadly, "don't book me for anything during the next fortnight. I've decided to take a holiday."

In renewing her contract with Metro-Goldwyn-Meyer, Greta Garbo has secured the right to select her own stories, her own leading men and her own directors. She will also be able to say in what countries her films will be made. "Christina," a drama of 17th century Sweden, will be her next picture.

Prof. W. H. Keesom, Loyden University, has produced a temperature 272.3 degrees below the freezing point of water. This is only seven-tenths of a degree below what scientists describe as the point where all heat vanishes. This low record was reached with liquid helium.

At a party in the village, the headmaster of the local school felt that he had partaken rather freely of champagne, he determined to be careful and avoid showing any of the usual signs of having had too much.

When they arose from the table some one suggested that the hostess exhibit the latest addition to her family. She agreed, and presently the nurse appeared with a dainty pink basket containing twins.

The headmaster, mindful of his determination, steadied himself and said, as he gazed into the basket, "What a beautiful baby!" *Pearson's Weekly.*

Mr. Fred Hall, the Socialist M. P. for Normanton, is the oldest member of the House of Commons. He is seventy-eight and entered Parliament nearly thirty years ago, as member for Normanton.

Naturally he has some good stories to tell of politicians. One of his best concerns a member who, in the course of a debate, said that Mr. Winston Churchill was evidently suffering from *beri-beri* a disease of which one of the symptoms is a swollen head.

Mr. Churchill, in his reply, pointed out that the member was in error. Swollen feet, not a swollen head were the signs of the disease.

"It makes no difference," retorted the member, unabashed. "What I meant to convey was that Mr. Churchill is too big for his boots."

Recently Mr. David Low, Britain's leading cartoonist received this amusing letter; "Dear Low, you are so low that you'll have to take a balloon to get to hell."

Here is an amusing story about the Prince of Wales.

When he was little, his grandfather—King Edward—came upon him studying industriously and asked what he was reading.

"All about Perkin Warbeck," replied the Prince.

"And who was Warbeck?" asked King Edward.

"He was a pretender," came the answer. "He pretended he was the son of a king. But he wasn't. He was the son of respectable parents."

It was wet, the bus was late, and endeavouring to make up time. Suddenly an old gentleman appeared waving frantically an umbrella. The compassionate driver stopped.

"Do you go to Waterloo Station?" called a quavering voice.

"Yes," replied the conductor. Come along, dad. I'll give you a hand."

"That's all right, thank you," went on the old man. "I want to go to-morrow morning."

The handshake is now frowned upon in Italy. When friends meet they are expected to exchange the Fascist salute—"handshaking", it is stated, "is unhygienic."

Well, perhaps the "no handshaking" order will produce the desired effect. Habits can be altered. The Chinese, accustomed in his own country to shake hands with himself when he meets a friend, soon falls into the Western custom when he comes to Europe. And discipline counts for a lot in modern Italy.

Already kissing has been virtually abolished in the land of Mussolini—at least in public. Censors cut out all the kisses from the films, and cinema-goers who supply their own find themselves arrested by the militia. Even holding hands in public is an offence punishable with a fine.

The Labour leader was standing on an orange box and fiercely attacking capitalism. "You may think that car is yours," he cried to a man on the fringe of the meeting, "but in reality it is ours." Interruptions grew, and the speaker sprang down for a personal word with one of the hecklers. When the dispute was settled he discovered that the orange box was missing. "Where is my orange box?" he roared in huge indignation.

From Lyusdal, a village in Northern Sweden, comes a story about Mussolini that sheds a new and pleasing light on the nature of the famous Italian Dictator.

Some music-loving youths in that remote little hamlet had raised 20 pounds between them to buy an accordion. They sent the money, with an order, to a firm in Rome.

Weeks passed by, but the accordion did not materialise. So one of the lads wrote and complained to Mussolini about it.

Within a few days there arrived at Lyusdal a far finer instrument than they had hoped for. The Duce had personally investigated the matter, only to find that the firm to which the order had been sent, had been declared bankrupt, and that the money had been annexed by the Official Receiver.



"How much do you think I will be able to get if I am able to dispose of all this jewellery?"
"Five years."

Now not even a Dictator dare flout the bankruptcy laws to the extent of reclaiming money already allotted to the creditors of a tradesman officially declared bankrupt. So Mussolini bought from another firm one of the best instruments to be had in Rome, and sent it off, with his compliments and a covering letter explaining the circumstances, to the young musicians.

The consulting Medical Officer to the British Ministry of Pensions, Sir John Collie, tells a good story about India. There was no Pasteur Institute in our country in those

days, and every soldier who received a bite from an animal suspected of suffering from rabies was sent to Paris for inoculation.

"The number of cases which had to be sent off was surprising," he says. "But one day a doctor was visiting a sick man and struck his foot against a hard substance below the bed. On examination he found it was the lower jaw of a dog, firmly attached by wires to a board, and above it the rest of the skull attached with a hinge.

"This was used to produce a dog-bite. It was, of course, supplemented with a statement that the animal had rabies, and had disappeared into the jungle!"

"The first time Mr. J. H. Thomas visited the Colonial Office as His Majesty's Secretary of State he asked the doorkeeper to direct him to the Colonial Secretary's room. There was some hesitation and eventually Mr. Thomas had to explain that he was the Colonial Secretary. Whereupon the doorkeeper turned to his colleague and said: 'Poor bloke! Another shell-shock case.'"

MUSINGS ON MAIDENS

(G. VENKATACHALAM)

(4) The Indian Girl

BY the silvery singing waters of Ruknabad, Hafiz, the Poet of Persia, sang thus on the lovely women of his land, who were the "fair disturbers" of his youth; "A rose, a lily, a dove, a serpent, a little honey, and a handful of clay—that is woman." But the Hindu Philosopher, Vatsyayana, with deeper insight and profounder wisdom, spoke of the origin of woman as follows: "When Brahma, the creator of the universe, was minded to give a helpmate to man, he became, to his consternation, aware that he had already used up the whole of his material on the latter. Not knowing what to do, he looked about him and took the stuff to fashion woman from the rest of his creations. He took the lovely curve of the moon, the sinuous undulations of the body of the snake, the mobile grace of the quaking grass, the satin softness of the flower, the tender tendrils of the climbing creeper, the witchery of the dancing sun-beam, the slender suppleness of the willow, the vanity of the proud peacock, the ingratiating wiles of the cat, the sweetness of the honey, the gentleness of the dove, the cruelty of the tiger, and withal the coldness of the ice and the heat of the fire. After this manner did Brahma create woman."

The modern student of psychology, in the profundity of his ignorance, would dismiss these observations as characteristic oriental exaggerations and poetic fancy, and not worthy of his serious consideration. Whatever may be the learned conclusions of the modern "sex pundits" and their "exact sciences" on the mystery, known as 'Woman', no man, who has dispassionately observed and studied woman, as mother, wife, lover, comrade, friend and enemy, can deny that she is, in the ultimate analysis, a strange admixture of some or all of these opposing and attractive elements. It is these that make her the puzzling and complex being that she is. Women of all races and nations and in all stages of development share, in a subtle manner, these common traits. The superficial physical differences, in environment, upbringing, birth, colour, caste or creed, merely hide the undercurrent of primitive impulses, feelings, thoughts and emotions.

The Indian woman shares these fundamental instincts with the rest of her kind in the world. But she has a richer disposition because of her intenser cultural heritage.

She has poise, a gentleness, a meekness and a tenderness, which are, rightly judged, virtues in her sex, and are not, as foolish people believe, the hall-mark of the weak, of the oppressed or of the slave. She is tyrannised over, it is true; she is often helpless and ignorant, it must be admitted; she suffers untold social and economic disabilities, it cannot be denied; she has not had a square deal, a fair chance, a decent start in the game of life, it is obvious; and yet, in spite of all these manifold disadvantages and handicaps, she is still a power, a force to reckon with, both at home and abroad. The Indian woman, it is



"I will go on the films and take a pseudonym."
"Then I will shoot you both."

Der Wahre Jakob.

true, doesn't enjoy the apparent social freedom that the Western woman enjoys; and she hasn't, as yet, asserted her right to live a life of her own, independent of man, but still, in things that matter and that vitally concern society, she is the supreme dictator, the ultimate authority, both in the house and in the community. Her position is by no means perfect or ideal,—nor, for that matter, of any in the world,—but it cannot be denied that in such affairs of life, as birth, growth, marriage and death, she has the last word; and, with rare exceptions, she is the tyrant at home, though she seems an apparent victim to all outward appearances.

Her place in life is unique indeed! She is the slave that humbles the master; the victim that is ever the tyrant; the vanquished that is ever victorious!! Her strength and secret lie not in her physical charms, not in her intellectual attainments, not in her religious piety—these she has in abundance—but in her consummate moral nature. She has a different outlook on life and is moulded after a different ideal. She claims no rights, in the modern sense; her rights lie not in taking but giving, not in dominating but yielding, not in exploiting but in sharing, not in commanding but in serving. These noble traits, though seemingly out of place in the modern cut-throat competitive world, raise her above the animal and make her really and truly human.

The Indian girl, in spite of a slight venom of modernism creeping into her life, and her changed outlook on men and things, has much of this "old-world" ideal deep in her. The modern Indian girl has, like her Western sisters, a craze for new-fangled ways and ideas, and like them, she wants cinemas, motor-cars, cheap

luxuries, love, romance, travel, and believes in "having a good time". She wants to be independent of, and compete with man, in all walks of life; aspires for leadership, for power, for fame, and in other ways shows signs of developing into a new type of woman. And yet, deep within her, she is but little changed. Timidity is still a strong feature in her; loyalty a big factor in her life; her devotion is still pathetic, and her self-denying qualities are still her strong points. She may win the highest academic distinctions; she may have travelled half the world all by herself and unattended; she may be as economically independent as any male in position, wealth and power, and yet, her womanliness, home-instincts, attachments, dependence and helplessness are touching to a degree.

True it is that the Indian girl does not possess the same freedom the average Western girl possesses; does not enjoy life to the same extent and intensity, and gets no opportunity to grow to her full stature as her kind elsewhere. True, also, that she becomes a woman before she knows the joys of girlhood, the tender dreams and romantic moods of maidenhood; and her cares and worries begin ere she can, physically or mentally, bear them, thus crushing her spirit of adventure and action. These she is slowly winning, with the changing conditions in the country, and ere long will come into her own.

She has her obvious strong and weak points. She lacks initiative and has no pluck for doing things. She is intelligent but not clever, brave but not courageous, daring but not adventurous. She is positive in her attitude and negative in her reactions. Her "charm" is not an acquired accomplishment nor a social pose, but a heritage of her race. She can be wicked without being malicious, naive without being stupid, and attractive without being sexy. Motherhood is a strong instinct in her, and its sacredness, almost a religious passion. She welcomes joy or sorrow, tribulation or difficulty, penury or fortune with the same equanimity as she welcomes the changing

weather. She is a fatalist and seldom grows frantic over trifles. She is self-composed, and lives in the centre of her being and not on her nerves. She is stolid but not insensitive; crude but not inartistic; innately shy, not because of any consciousness of her bodily defects, but because of her tradition and up-bringing. Modesty is a charming thing in itself when viewed from the right angle. It can be mockery, and often is, but it all depends upon the person, place and time.

The girl humanity of India is as bewilderingly rich as its varied landscapes and as multicoloured as its gorgeous sunsets. The fair, timid Kashmiri girl, the tall, proud Punjabee maiden, the stately, stern Sikh woman, the moon-faced and lion-hearted Rajputani, the golden-coloured, elegant girl of Gujerat, the strong, sturdy Mahratta maid, the nutmeg-complexioned and romantic-minded Bengalee girl, the dark-eyed and gentle-mannered South Indian lass, the veiled, henna-dyed beauty of the Muslim harem, the bob-haired, scarlet-lipped flashy flapper of the Anglo-Indian world—these constitute the wealth of modern Indian womanhood.

Vast, deep, tranquil and mysterious, like ocean, lies the world of woman, all about us, and even the most daring voyager can only glimpse the foam floating on its surface and the restless beating of its waves on the shores. The awful mystery of Woman, like Life itself, baffles all attempt at understanding. Where the mind gets dazed and refuses to reason, the heart swells and sings: "O Woman, you are not merely the handiwork of God, but also of men; these are ever endowing you with beauty from their hearts. Poets are weaving for you webs with threads of golden imagery; painters are giving your form ever new immortality. The sea gives its pearls, the mines their gold, the summer gardens their flowers, to deck you, to cover you, to make you more precious. The desire of men's hearts has shed its glory over your youth. You are one half woman and one half dream."

£ 1,000-A-Year Beggars.

"Master-beggars" alleged to have been earning from £ 500 to £ 1000 a year, have been rounded up by the police at Moravska, Ostrava.

These men were the heads of a large organisation of beggars, whom they are stated to have fed, clothed and housed.

In return, each beggar had to hand over at least 2s. a day to his chief. One of the 'ordinary' beggars spent 10s. every night in a cafe which he frequented when "off duty."

Dr. Swagger and Miss. Simple were at a dinner. "So you write poems, doctor?" she said. "A little, just to kill time," was the reply. "Why," asked the lady, "have you no patients?"

An Evening At Home

(ATRI)

THE evening hour, after work and before play, is sacred to me. It is the hour of my daily valediction over 'the day's dead sanctities.' I relax my faculties, and suffuse my being in twilight consciousness. A cup of tea or a glass of lemon-squash, made up to the required weakness or strength, contributes materially to a feeling of quiet contentment. But the one drawback to this beatific state is the uncertainty of my wife's temper. As often as not, I find her in one of her belligerent moods, rendering the very atmosphere prickly with her barbed silences. Some cog in the domestic wheel has gone wrong; or may be, the cook has been more than normally impertinent. Then, she waits for my arrival in the evenings, to vent her spleen on my devoted head. Then, my cup (of weak tea or strong lemon-squash, as the case may be) is, figuratively, dashed to the ground; and I resign myself to the pre-ordained martyrdom of husbands.

It is no doubt theoretically possible to ignore her. I have observed with fearful envy some husbands carrying everything before them with a breezy callousness. But being made of softer stuff, I am tempted to restore her to equanimity. Usually I succeed in making two people miserable where there was only one before. This, I need not point out, is an excellent tip to maintain domestic tranquillity.

The other evening, I was caught in one of these recurrent fits of temper. The signs of it are usually as follow:—

"Any letters, to-day?" I ask languidly, before I go up to change. I knock against the first bump of silence.

The second sign is that I am not given the usual benefit of choice between my favourite potations. I am driven to the ignominy of swearing at the cook for giving me tea when I feel like having the squash, and vice versa. The silence of the wife still grows, the while I gulp down the compulsory drink. I lean back in my easy chair, and think of going away to the club, leaving the wife to stew in her own—silence. I change my mind however, anxious to show that I can be magnanimous. An ingenious idea comes to me.

"Last night I had a funny dream." Every husband knows or ought to know, that Man fell through Woman, who fell through Curiosity. Having thrown the bait, I waited for results. Not a ripple on the sea of silence. "It was a very funny dream," I repeated reminiscently, dreamily. The bait was last taken, but not in the manner I had anticipated.

"I don't know why dreams are always called funny," she snapped; "they're mostly stupid, and sometime horrible. One might tell the dream and leave the description alone."

"Pardon me," I said with judicial severity, "you're suffering from a confusion of thought. We discuss dreams

only in the waking state, in retrospect; and it's the contrast between the dream and reality that strikes us as funny. But if, for instance, I were narrating the dream within a dream, then perhaps what you say might be true, provided of course, it was a stupid or horrible dream. Furthermore—" She interrupted me just when I was warming up.

"That sounds awfully clever, I'm sure; but aren't you getting away from the point?"

"Not my fault, my dear," I said indulgently, "it's your reprehensible habit of contesting the most self-evident truths."

"Oh, thank you," she retorted icily, "you needn't go out of your way to insult me. I'm sure I didn't start the conversation."

"Precisely my complaint, my dear; why didn't you?"

"What! and keep you away from your gambling friends at the club?"

"Are you aware that you are being defamatory?"

"But it's true, isn't it?"

"What is Truth?" asked Josting Pilate, and would not wait for an answer."

"Very likely; he must have been in a hurry to go to his club. Is he one of your gambling friends?"



Lady:—"You seem to have seen better days. How did you come to this pass?"

Beggar:—"Lady, all because of a woman. I was once a millionaire and my wife by indiscriminate alms giving, has reduced me to this state."

'Dear, dear; you shock me by your historical ignorance and unparliamentary language. Gazetted officers, and people with four-figure incomes do not gamble; they merely play for stakes. And stakes, you may not know, are the sauce to sport. I sometimes regret that you've had no mother-in-law to complete your education.'

'If your mother had been alive, I'm sure she would be entirely with me in this matter.'

'True; but she would have been against you in a dozen others, so that to preserve the balance of power, you wouldn't have scrupled to ally yourself with me,—on my terms.'

'I don't know what you mean. I see you're impatient to go to the club. Come as late as you please. You needn't bother if the cook has just given notice. On the contrary, you'd be very pleased, I'm sure, for you can now lose a little more money every day.'

'If the cook wants to go, he will do so without notice. So it's not an imminent tragedy. As for your allegation that I lose daily, it's at least an exaggeration. Taking a long view of the matter, and that's the essence of finance, the losses and the gains cancel one another, on an average; but the joy of battle remains.'

'Then why does my small change disappear every day?'

'Pure hallucination, my dear; or bad accounting. I've observed that you've wasted two sheets of paper, specially reserved for my literary work, to calculate the cost of one and five-eighths measure and a half-ollock of ghoe; and the ultimate total is, I regret to say, wrong.'

'What, and didn't you say it was alright when I showed it to you?'

'If I did, it only proves that I have greater regard for your feelings than can reasonably be expected of husbands.'

A junior House Surgeon narrates this amusing incident in a recent issue of *Pearson's Weekly*:

One night I yawned and stretched myself. I went back to my little room and must have dozed off.

It could not have been many minutes before I realised an attendant was shaking me.

"Case of attempted suicide brought in," he said.

This was a young boy only twenty. He had given way to a moment of despair, and had swallowed a whole bottle of aspirin tablets.

It was touch and go and so I sent for my senior.

"Must have been an extraordinarily cheap drug," remarked my senior dryly, as he examined him. "It's having quite the opposite effect aspirin taken in large quantities should have. I think we shall save him."

Half an hour later the boy was out of danger.

That same afternoon, when I was off duty and had rested, I met my senior house surgeon again.

'Indeed! You're never tired of telling me that I'm a fool. But I didn't know till now that it gives you pleasure to make me look a fool even to the servants. Regard indeed! Good heavens, how contemptible you must hold me to betray me like that! Wherever you start, you manage to arrive at the same conclusion—that I'm an ignorant, stupid and unworthy creature unfit to be your wife. I'm sure you hate me. I wish I were dead and made way for my betters.'

The storm was now in full blast, and both of us in the deluge.

'There, there,' I said soothingly, 'off you go at a tangent again. It's late in the day to protest my love for you. If you think I don't love you, nothing that I can say or do will make you change your mind. But, much as I dislike repetition, let me say again that I love you; and if you believe I love you, and know that I know that you believe that I love you, then.....'

'Oh, go away,' she cried, struggling hysterically between her tears and laughter.

'That's better,' I said insidiously, 'I do believe you cry on purpose. Do you know your eyes are positively dazzling. I shouldn't wonder if it's Nature's recipe for brightening the home. Well, so long—' and I prepared to go out.

'So you're after all going to the club?'

'Not if you insist otherwise.'

'Oh well, please yourself; but you might tell me that funny dream of yours, before going.'

'What dream? Oh that—Dear me, it's clean gone out of my mind—Let me see, what was it.....?'

'Don't pretend! You shan't go without telling me.'

'I dreamt, my dear, that we lived on and on for ages together, and never once had a quarrel between us. Now, isn't it very funny!'

"That man—No. 9," he began.

"You mean the grey-haired, refined, down and out. He'd got....." I burst into medical details.

The other man shook his head. "You ought to have noticed how pat he was with his symptoms," he retorted.

"Why?" I asked.

The other explained. This man had been a doctor himself and had become a drug addict. He had the most ingenious method of getting the drug for which he craved.

He would collapse in the street, generally at night, and some kind policeman would put him into hospital. With his knowledge of medical matters he found it moderately easy to stimulate symptoms of trouble for which morphia would be prescribed—and at that time of night scrutiny would be less severe than in the day-time.

The next morning he would collapse in a different area, another ambulance would take him to a different hospital, and with the same results.

War and Peace

G. PANCHANADAM B. A. (HONS)

IF Leo Tolstoy hadn't a nagging wife, it was his good fortune. But if he had had, the contents of his classic *War and Peace* would have been different.

War is not very common when we have the League of Nations. But there is war and it is in my home. That much I can tell you with certainty.

But one thing I can't tell you—who began it. The Doctor's dilemma was a degree simpler than mine. For, if I say daddy began it, I will be in "the direct line of the three-headed sentinel at Hades," or one whom "the thirties of the twentieth century have utterly spoilt past redeem." I wouldn't like to be all that, you know, with the prospect of a decent dowry. And if I say, just for the sake of saying it, that mammy began it—well...well...well!

The party that suffers most due to these quarrels is poor Ramu. Daddy's wristlet (slightly dislocated) goes to Orr's, Ma's silver cup (with the sides flattened and a punch) to Yuni-midiar's, my "Shakspeare" (having described a dozen somersaults in the air and lodging in the dustbin a furlong off) is replaced, but Ramu's teeth (usually prominent and two in number) are—absent.

Well, how does it begin? "You never can tell." But one fine morning, one rises up to find Ma's eyes flaring with anger. With still sleepy eyes Ramu whines.

"Ma...Coffee Ma..."

And then! what generous spirit sends out his seraphim with the hallowed fire of his altar to touch and purify her lips!

"You burdensome whining lap-dog! You snivelling sneaking snail!"

Truly, who says Ma had no inspiration?

"You drivelling drone! You daddling damn little devil! You...You...You want coffee, do you? Don't you want coffee, dear? You are the heir of a multi-millionaire, aren't you? Do ask for *that*, baby; Coffee, u-hm!"

Crash! Down descends Jove's thunderbolt. Ramu's back bends and straightens, his nose and the floor come into intimate contact, and dad looks up across his table.

"Hm-m" sighs dad and resumes work.

Heard melodies are sweet; and those unheard are sweeter. But those most heard are.....?

Ramu vents his full power and sets up a wail with full-throated ease.

"You rascal...you roguish imp...you weep, do you?"

Ma takes a pinch of Ramu's left cheek between her right thumb and first finger, and screws it tight; then taking off her said right thumb and the first finger, which aided and abetted the right thumb in screwing the said Ramu's aforementioned left cheek, leaves it quite red and plump as a plum.

By now dad's boiling point is reached. He grows red about the ears, redder about the nose, and sneezes violently. Summoning fortitude with a large pinch of snuff, dad sallies forth.



"Harry, I wish you'd put your hand over your mouth when you yawn."

—Der Lustige Sadise.

With all the man in him, and the lot of snuff in his nose, dad doesn't come off with flying colours. With an exchange of compliments during which time the whole pedigree on both sides is dragged forward and slashed, and after the raking up of old mother-in-law's time-honoured bones, Ma retires to the kitchen with loud sobs and profuse tears. Then for a while, only the brief sobs of Ma from the kitchen corner. There are a few "asides" on men in general and this man—her husband—in particular. Dad retorts with "*Mulier est hominis confusio*." [Woman is the confusion of man] This sentence in a language which Ma doesn't understand opens the floodgates of complaint. There is an appeal to Destiny, which we be to it, lodged this goodly dame in a monster's household; another to God, who, for aught she knows, is for certain devoid of the organs of sight—

else, why should He be witnessing her present misery and not call her away? There is a dig at the imaginary nocturnal visits of some good cousin long since dead, who died, so they said, with her wish unfulfilled;—might be, she too had a husband like this unfeeling man, Ramu's dad. To all these, a noisy, unintelligible, scarcely musical full-length supplement, intersticed with sneezes and coughs.

"Oh, dear, dear, de...ar" groans dad, walks up and down the parlour and dashes off to his office. Ramu has had his morning share and doesn't like to have a "double-dose" and he chooses his corner and his toys. I, having no other alternative, walk off to college: all the while, our stomachs keep striking the same tune: "I beg permission to bring to your kind notice that I have not been given my due meal. I request you will be kind enough

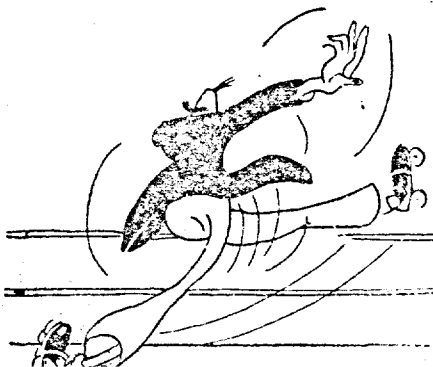
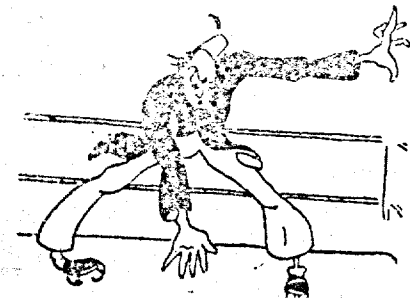
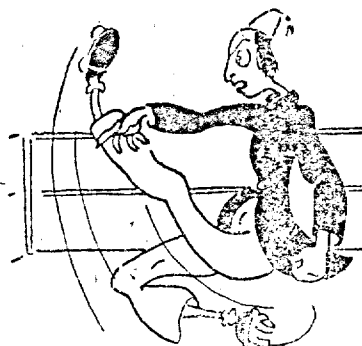
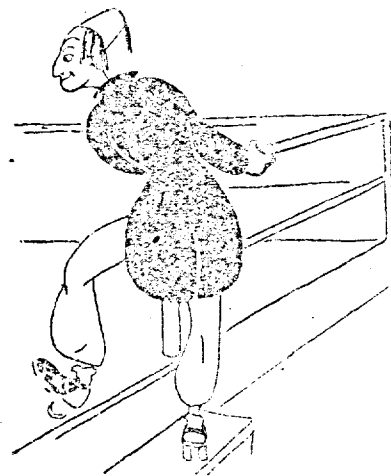
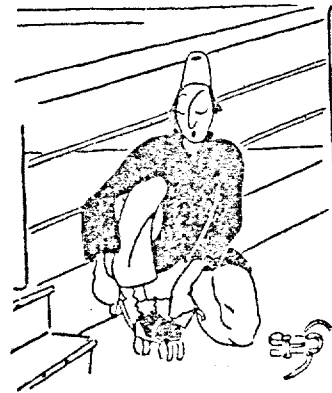
sidelocks on either cheek. It was quite an easy thing for me to do so, for a generous Providence had granted me a profusion of hair. My face, like the South American Republics, was subject to overnight revolutions. I could go to bed with a face as bald as a billiard ball and wake up the next morning—a bear! And as I was saying, I had cultivated a square inch or so of hair on either cheek, when I came home for the holidays. I could distinctly remember that there was nothing of the sort on Teddy's cheeks then. But imagine my resentment, when a couple of days afterwards, I found small plantations of bristles bursting into growth on Ted's cheeks. This fellow must be taught a lesson, I said to myself. I do not want people to look at Teddy and say "Well, he is a chip of the old block. Can't you see the square inch of down pasted on his cheeks". I wanted to baffle him of his delight, and so the next morning, my side-locks fell a victim to the razor. The fellow is well served, I gloated in delight, I won't allow him to pass off as my brother, merely with a square inch of plantation on his cheek. But my exultation was short-lived. For razors and blades! Teddy too had scraped off that extra inch of hair on his cheek the next morning. I deliberately said "Dumme". Now I always say "Dumme" when I am in a temper. Why could not the fellow shave the whole of his blooming pate off, if he wanted to do something distinctive, instead of playing second fiddle to me—that is a thing I cannot understand.

I can never cease bewailing the irony of Fate which made Teddy almost the same size as myself. My coats,

shirts, collars and socks fit him like the proverbial glove and my wardrobe is never secure from the ravages of this raider. Now there are certain articles of my apparel, which I am particularly fond of, as a mother is of a crippled child. There is that shirt of mine for instance, whose sleeve was slightly burnt that day I overcame the nerves—I mean that day I did particularly well in an amateur theatrical performance and brought down the whole house and won a medal to boot. That shirt to me is redolent with pleasant memories and reminiscences. To me it acts like a spring that flings the folding doors of imagination wide apart and gives me pleasant visions of a bumper house, the well-graced actor leaving the stage with richly deserved plaudits. The hole in the sleeve has long been patched up but still I don't wear it myself. It would be a sacrilege to do it. I preserve it as dearly as if it were the embalmed robe of an Egyptian mummy. There it remains in my wardrobe, like a statue in a niche, a golden key which for me opens the happy past. Even this long-cherished and dearly loved possession of mine, this 'relic of my palmy days, even this, is not sacred to that infidel and iconoclast, Teddy. It has been the victim of his vandalism time and again, but the last time that he committed sacrilege by putting it on, I read out to him a few chapters of Genesis and threw out a subtle hint that the story of Abel and Cain might be repeated. But the fellow is too thick-skinned to grasp a hint. Whoever said that charity begins at home, had no brothers, I am sure.

THINGS THAT LOOK EASY

Skating



"DIAL"

The Fateful Saturday or The Cup of Disappointment

(PRAKRIT)

CAN any pair of sisters show each other such love as Kamala and Vimala? Yet, circumstances divided them. Kamala lived in the brilliant city of Madras, while Vimala was doomed to spend her time in the sleepy hollow of Nidragiri. Kamala's husband was a 'reformer' and addicted to city-life and Vimala's was quite orthodox and cherished an unshaken faith in the country. The former could not be persuaded to visit the country, and the latter would not go to the city. Thus the sisters pined for a meeting place. Sisters have a competitive sense born of vanity and Kamala was perhaps the vainer of the two. Everything about her own home was A₁ and she was full of pity for the dwellers in the country. When she paid a rare visit to her sister in April last, she experienced no doubt some inconveniences characteristic of Nidragiri. The two miles to the place from the railway station had to be negotiated on an uneven road in a jolting 'Jutka'. Kamala's silver 'kuja' rolled

husband of Vimala, was plied successfully, and he and his wife agreed to spend a week-end in Madras.

They were arriving on a Saturday morning in May, and Kamala waited for them at the railway station. The mail train was timed to arrive at six in the morning. It was a point of satisfaction to Kamala that they would go home in the cool hour of the morning, in

contrast to the hour before midday when the train arrived at Nidrapur. On this Saturday morning, however, Kamala was sorry to learn that Vimala's train was a whole hour late. The reason was not clearly known, but it was understood that the English mails arriving that day had something to do with it. It was seven when Vimala and her husband got down from the train, and the May sun had already risen to some height. They all got into a taxi to drive home. The car was to pass by the marina road, as it could be driven fast, and also because Kamala hoped to dazzle Vimala by



Horseman :—"This wretched horse of mine doesn't move an inch!"
Cyclist :—"Did you use your spurs?"
Horseman :—"Of course I did, yet....."
Cyclist :—"Ah! may be he is punctured!"

the sights along that road. The car sped along gloriously, past Senate House, the Chief Engineer's Office, the Presidency College, the Scout Association Quarters, the Widows' Home, and Queen Mary's College, each appearing as if in the twinkling of the eye.

"This is Queen Mary's College, Vimala. Kamakshi will be joining the College in July, you know. We are glad we are in Madras for Kamakshi's education," says Kamala.

Almost the next moment, a loud explosion startled the persons in the car, and the car came to a standstill. One of the tubes had been punctured. Kamala was full of chagrin. The spot was not one where you

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to grant me that for three times a day, from morning to evening, both times inclusive, and oblige, for which act of kindness.....etc.....etc...."

In the evening dad comes home. And the first thing he meets with is Ma's missiles.

"That old fool"—that's her father—"he might as well have dropped me plump into a well";—and then a brief and silent invocation to the Muse to help her to soar with no middle flight—"Oh, Lord, why should I live in this world where nobody cares for me? Why shouldn't I die soon?....."

Who knows why she shouldn't?

"But this wretched soul,"—a thump at her breast where, I understand, her soul is, Alas! poor soul of hers—"this soul wouldn't leave the world. But I'll soon look to that....."

That's an assurance which daddy, if he is wise, may welcome.

"There's none so miserable like me. Ah! poor me, wretched, wretched me! You got away, you brute!"—That was just an "aside" to Ramu—"Are all people in the world like me? Look at neighbour Neelam. She has got a new necklace. An ideal husband, hers...."

How do you like that, dad?

"And friend Kamu...and Rajam...and...and....."

Ma takes breath, throws down another promise to quit the world at her earliest opportunity and begins anew.

Dad walks up to the kitchen to see if there is any earthly possibility of his getting a meal for the night; and—naturally enough—pussy comes out of the snug little oven. Dad asks Ma why there is no cooking in the house. Ma makes no reply. Dad sends in a plaintive note that he is tired. Ma positively assures him that he need labour under no illusion that she cares a straw of her mat for him. And dad goes to bed with an empty stomach. I go to bed with an empty stomach, Ramu goes to bed with an empty stomach and—Ma doesn't get to bed!

Whether it is lucky to see a fox in one's dream or the mad dog that haunts our street biting his own tail, Ramu is not sure. But the truth probably is that he saw both in his dream that night. And the next day—Oh for a life of such eternal joy!—he is fondled and petted, kissed and fed. What this is all due to, Ramu knows.

It looks as though we shall soon be living in rubber houses, sitting on rubber chairs, dining at rubber tables, walking on rubber roads, wearing rubber clothes, driving rubber cars, sailing in rubber ships, sleeping in rubber beds and riding in rubber trains from rubber stations on rubber lines.

Two thousand inventors and chemists in Britain devote their whole time to discovering new uses for the natural product of a tree, the only use of which used to be to "rub" out pencil marks from paper. Manchester has recently experimented with a new kind of rubber road which may revolutionize road-making, at the same time abolishing dust, vibration, and noise.

Dad had given him some bright golden coins—may be a dozen—and asked them to be handed over to Ma.

Dad goes to office that day with a round and full-fed belly, and comes back home in the evening quite early. And then, Ma is ready. Oh, my, how the dear old man is perspiring! Poor dear soul, he is awfully tired! Where is this wretched fan? Oh, he needn't trouble himself, she'll fan him. Coffee is ready and a good tiffin too, piping hot. Why, doesn't he want it? Sweet self-neglecting man! At this rate, he can't manage in his office. Already he is growing weak. He took his dinner at 10 A.M. or so; and he *must* have some tiffin now. Does he want a cup of milk? A cold drink? Lime is ready, and sugar too. Ramu, ask brother to get some ice. Her dear, dear man! Only this afternoon Neelam was telling her how kind her husband was. But could Neelam's husband approach to a toe's worth of her own kind, generous-hearted, young little man! [Dad was fifty one last New Year Eve].

And at supper, wonderful. Buttermilk won't suit his health. Why not have milk? That cursed Gopal has adulterated it too much. One of these days he must be handed over to the health officer and fined. Why, what is the matter with him? He takes such an absurd little quantity of food. Isn't he well?.....and so on and so forth.....

That night the storm had ceased. White patches of cloud float in the air. The moon sheds her silver sheen and smiles at us in all her splendour through the skylight. A calm and tranquil atmosphere pervades everything; and through a hole in the tiled roof, I can see a sportive star play hide and seek.

All is silent but for the rustling of the dry leaves agitated by a gentle breeze, the occasional mewing of a neighbour's cat or the short screeches of its unfortunate victim. Amidst this reigning stillness, dad suddenly waxes poetical. He is an admirer of Thomas Hardy, you should know. And his lines on Shakspeare come to daddy's memory uncalled for. Yet half asleep, I can hear the fond kiss and dad fondly whispering into Ma's ears:

"Bright baffling soul, least cajolable of dames,
Who display'st a mouth of fair surface,
But leavest no intimate act or personal trace
Of frightened me, outside thy artistry
Of calling me names—
Still shalt remain at heart beloved eternally."

The armistice is signed; and there is PEACE.

Queen Alexandra was famous for her impulsive generosity. Once a letter came to her from a man who said he had five children and was starving. "I'll look into the case," said the secretary. "Look into it!" the Queen exclaimed. "There's no time! The man's starving. Send five pounds to him immediately." And it was done.

An unemployed young man paraded the streets of Manchester with a large placard bearing the words; "Stop me! Employ me! Experienced in footwear, clothing, drapery, debt-collecting, court-work, inspecting, supervising, etc. Thank you."

ON BROTHERS

(NEIL A'CANTEN)

"How many brothers have you?"

NOW there was a time in the good old past, when I used to answer that question quick as a shot. There was no need for any meditation then. I could answer it as smartly, as I could answer 'When was Waterloo fought?' in my school days. But that was long ago. And the pity of it is, that while I can still answer the latter question as briskly as of old, I cannot say the same thing of the former. For the Waterloo affair is a historical constant. People living a century back would have told you that it was fought in 1815. People a century hence will be saying the same thing. But not so, about the number of my brothers. If you had asked me that question sixteen years back, I would have answered 'Two'. But if you ask me that now, well, let me see,—there is Teddy, there is Bob, there is Henry—that makes three. Then there is John, Dick and William, well, they are six. The fact is that every third year a puling, little bit of humanity insists on announcing his advent into the world—a pocket edition added to the family book-shelf, not to mention the editions-de-luxe—I mean the girls. I never knew till recently that I was the brother of such a big lot. An insurance agent chappie trapped me into taking out a policy in his company and led me to a doctor for medical examination. And in the doctor's report there was a column for entering the number and the respective ages of the applicant's brothers and sisters. It was then that I raked up my memory and made the grand discovery—that I had six brothers and three sisters! And no wonder, the doctor had to encroach into the next column to fill up the necessary particulars.

Brothers—they are a problem! I have a vague suspicion that they came out of that magic box which gave us all things unwanted—civil disobedience, epidemics, examinations, Pandora, public lectures and Bernard Shaw, to mention only a few. And the worst of it is, that the perversity of fate has raised me to the 'bad eminence' of being the eldest of the lot. And unlike the brothers and sisters of the little girl in "We are Seven", all my fraternity are still going strong and manage to make their existence felt. To lord it over a little kingdom like that implies certain responsibilities. I, myself, for instance, am fond of a cigarette or two after dinner but when John, who is just ten, opens a miniature tobaccoist's in his coat pocket, I exclaim, "This is a case for immediate and summary action. His pocket must be cleansed like the Augean stables and I am the Hercules to do it". The fellow hands over the contraband goods to me, but, while doing so, murmurs sullenly "Well, you smoke". "Do as I say, not as I do" I have to tell him.

Then there is Dick, who is just four. He is an idealist and a knight errant. If on putting on my coat, I dip my hands into my pockets and salvage out a few shells, stray buttons, marbles, pieces of cord, I know it is Dick's work, for my coat pockets are his old curiosity shop. Try as I might, I have never been able to drive the idea out of his head, that my patent leather shoe is not a dragon's castle where is imprisoned his damsel in

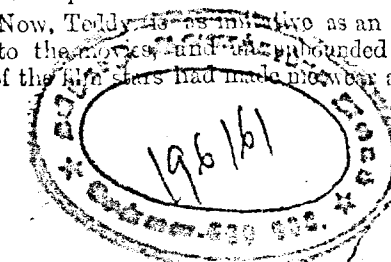
distress. And on one occasion, the knight-errant was about to pull down the dragon's castle with one of those used razor blades whose future will, ever remain a mystery. But as luck would have it, I came upon the scene just in time to rescue my shoe from the invader at the point of a cane.

I really don't know what an elf is like, but I know that my youngest brother William is one, when he is at mischief, which is always. Pencil sketches are his hobby, as our walls bear ample testimony, and given the materials, he would have filled the walls of the Royal Academy with futuristic sketches. But unfortunately for me, the pages of my books form his canvas. Now, I am very fond of my books, though not over particular about keeping them in order. In fact I like them to be piled pell-mell on the table before me, so that I can dip into any one of them, as I please. And as soon as my back is turned, the little rogue would slip on to the table, with a pencil or a pot of glue—and the potential Gainsborough begins operations—on my books! When I return and stare at the ruin, I can only exclaim, like Newton, when his favourite dog upset a lighted candle on his table and burnt some of his valuable papers—"Ah? Diamond, Diamond, thou knowest not what thou hast done."

Then there is Teddy, the heir-apparent to this kingdom of brothers. Though he is not old enough to be entirely independent of me, he is big enough to defy me with impunity. When the fellow first flaunted a burning cigarette in my face I said, 'Let be: Patience is a Christian virtue'. But when he had the impudence to shamelessly ask me for a cigarette, *me*, his elder brother, I gasped: "Damn your cheek, sir, you will have to understand that I stand no trifling—least of all from you." Even a worm will sting when it is trampled upon. "Can flesh and blood bear it?" I asked my calmer self. "Certainly not," was my calmer self's reply. "youth must be taught to respect grey hairs."

He is a thorn in my side, this Teddy. Now I like to do every thing in style. I flatter myself that there is an individuality about every one of my actions. There is what I call the 'Neilish' touch about it. That was why I went in for an eye-glass—an eye-glass, mind you, not ordinary spectacles—while I was at College. It was the hankering for the advertisement of the ego that made me swank about with poet's bows round my neck while my friends were content with neckties. It was to parade the personal element in me that I used to dress my hair in careless curls while others brushed back theirs, and appeared as well groomed as a king's aide-de-camp. And I do not like anybody imitating me. Imitation, sir, is not the best form of flattery, where I am concerned; I would like you to understand that. I want to go down to posterity like the phoenix, as the one and the only one of the species. I do not want to be the model for any counterfeit copies.

"Now, Teddy is as imitative as an ape. Constant visits to the mirror and the unbounded admiration for some of the little stars had made him wear a square inch of



could change into another taxi, nor was it on the route of the bus or tram. The taxi had indeed a stepney ready with an inflated tube. But was it worth while waiting for the change to be made? Kamala's house was hardly two furlongs off. Srinivasan suggested their walking home. And so they did, even without umbrellas to protect themselves with. The morning sun was not tender to them and Srinivasan quoted a Sanskrit stanza which emphasised the unwholesome quality of the morning sun. This was not calculated to soothe the disappointed Kamala.

As it was Saturday, Kamala decided that Srinivasan should have his oil bath. A large copper vessel was full of hot water.

"You, see, Vimala, we can have plenty of water for bathing here, we do not need to draw it from deep wells," says Kamala.

Srinivasan began his bathe. The first stage was over, the wash with soapnut powder. He covered himself now with soap suds. The hot water in the copper was hotter than ever, and suddenly the tap water had failed.

"It must be some repair going on somewhere," explains Kamala, "we are sure to recover the supply in no time."

But Srinivasan, with the soap suds all over his person, felt impatient and uncomfortable, and he was loth to wash himself in the scalding water. He urged Vimala to find him relief.

"Is there no well in the neighbourhood, sister? I could go and draw some water from it," suggests Vimala.

"The nearest well is two furlongs off and the water must be stinking, as it is quite unused," replies Kamala.

"How shall I solve the trouble? My husband has a bad temper and will be sure to remember this against me," pleads Vimala.

Kamala opened two soda water bottles, and poured out also a tumbler of boiled water found at the bottom of an earthen jug. So Srinivasan completed the bathe in a funny fashion. He felt a queer sensation on his skin, later in the day.

After the morning meal Srinivasan went to sleep, and when he got up, it was time for

lunch to be served. Delicious dishes had been prepared, both sweet and savoury. Kamala meant to have a triumph in this. But Srinivasan complained of an intolerably bad smell as he was getting up from sleep, and he felt like vomiting. He was soon able to locate the source of the evil.

"These Madras houses are horrid, with the bath-room coming next to the sitting one," remarks Srinivasan.

"But this is an exceptional day, you know. These Harijans are a law unto themselves. The scavengers get a holiday on Saturday afternoons," explains Kamala pathetically.

In the evening Srinivasan was taken out for an enjoyable drive. Dinner was prepared on a lavish scale. Vegetables and puddings filled the leaf. Then came rice and ghee, and Srinivasan just started eating, when a sudden darkness came over the world. The electric current had failed, and Kamala asked her servant to bring up the Dietz lanterns, but they were so laden with dust, and it was not easy to make them ready for use. When at last they did come, Srinivasan was not willing to eat his meal. His orthodoxy prevented his eating the meal interrupted by the failing of lights. He washed his hands and was sitting on a chair in the verandah.

"I wonder how I am to spend my time now," says Srinivasan.

"The *Hindu* must arrive now. The Saturday issue has at least 24 pages, there will be plenty of reading matter," promises Kamala. From half-past seven to eight, from eight to half-past eight, and from half-past eight to nine, and again from nine to half-past nine, they kept a continuous vigil waiting for the *Hindu*, but it never arrived. The Cup of Disappointment was full for Kamala, and yet she knew the explanation.

"The delivery peon is not above selling away a copy of the Saturday issue, sometimes, as it fetches him two annas," says Kamala.

Srinivasan resolved during a sleepless night to leave Madras the next morning. Vimala thought it wise not to propose a Madras trip to her husband for a long time later.

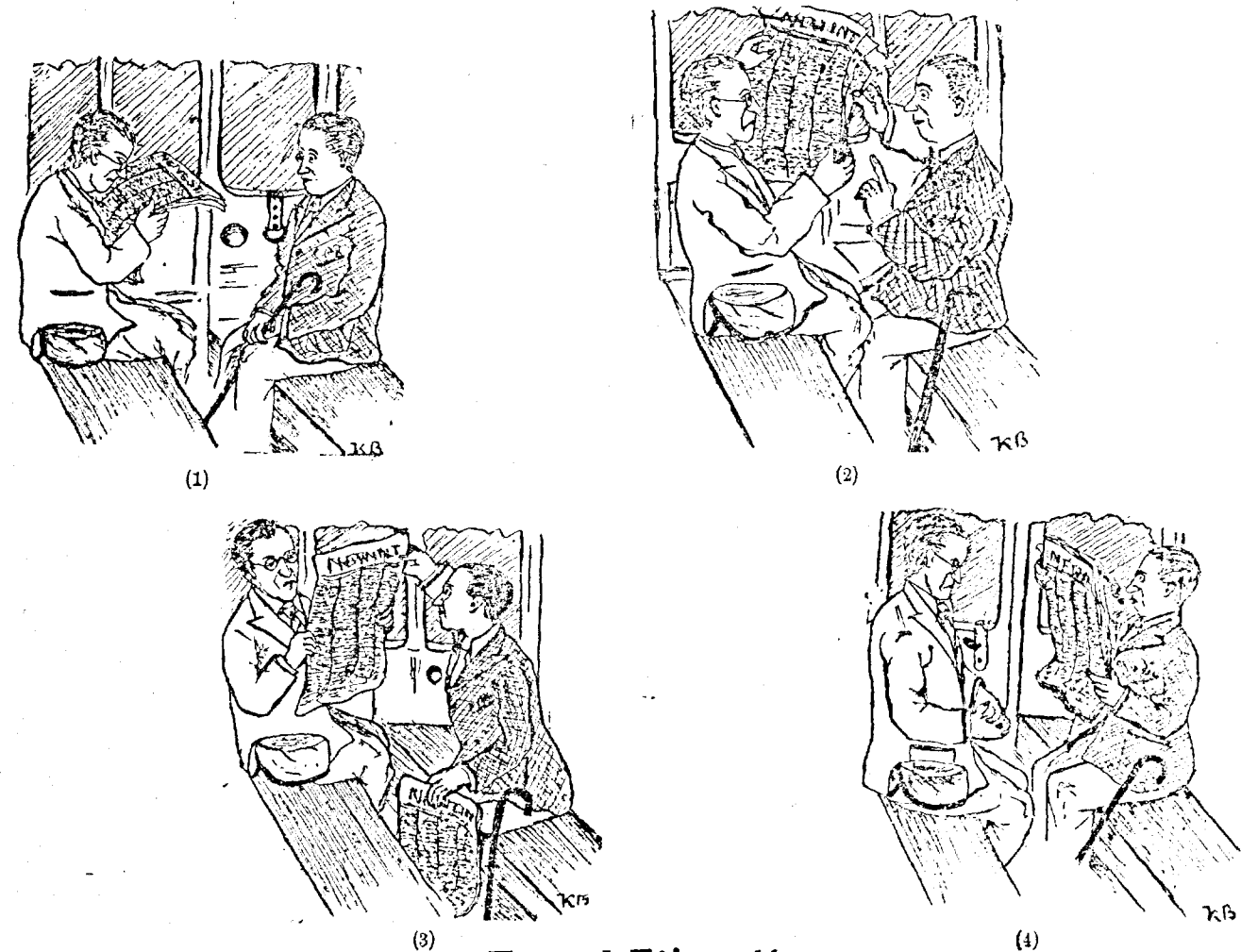
An Artist's Bill

(G. V.)

When the authorities of an Indian State decided to make some repairs in the interior of the Palace Durbar, an artist of the Bombay School was employed to touch up several large paintings of Ravi Varma adorning the walls. The artist presented his bill in due course, but payment was refused as full details were not specified. The next day the account was presented as follows:

	RS.	AS.	PS.
Embellishing Maha Vishnu and adding new diadems to his crown	...	...	35-0-0
Putting a new tail to Hanuman and mending his broken leg	...	...	15-0-0
Re-pluming and re-gilding the left wing of Garuda	...	...	10-0-0
Renewing Heaven, adjusting the stars and cleaning up the Moon	...	...	55-0-0
Washing worshippers' faces and cleaning out Narada's ears	...	...	20-0-0
Mending the <i>angvasthanam</i> of Brahma and the broken pitcher of Shiva	...	...	35-0-0
Touching up Lakshmi's nose and adjusting Parvati's nose-ring	...	...	25-0-0
Brightening up the flames of Hell, restoring lost souls and doing several other odd jobs for the damned	...	...	75-0-0
Re-touching Ravi Varma's name and restoring his faded glory	...	...	10-0-0
			250-0-0

His account was promptly settled.

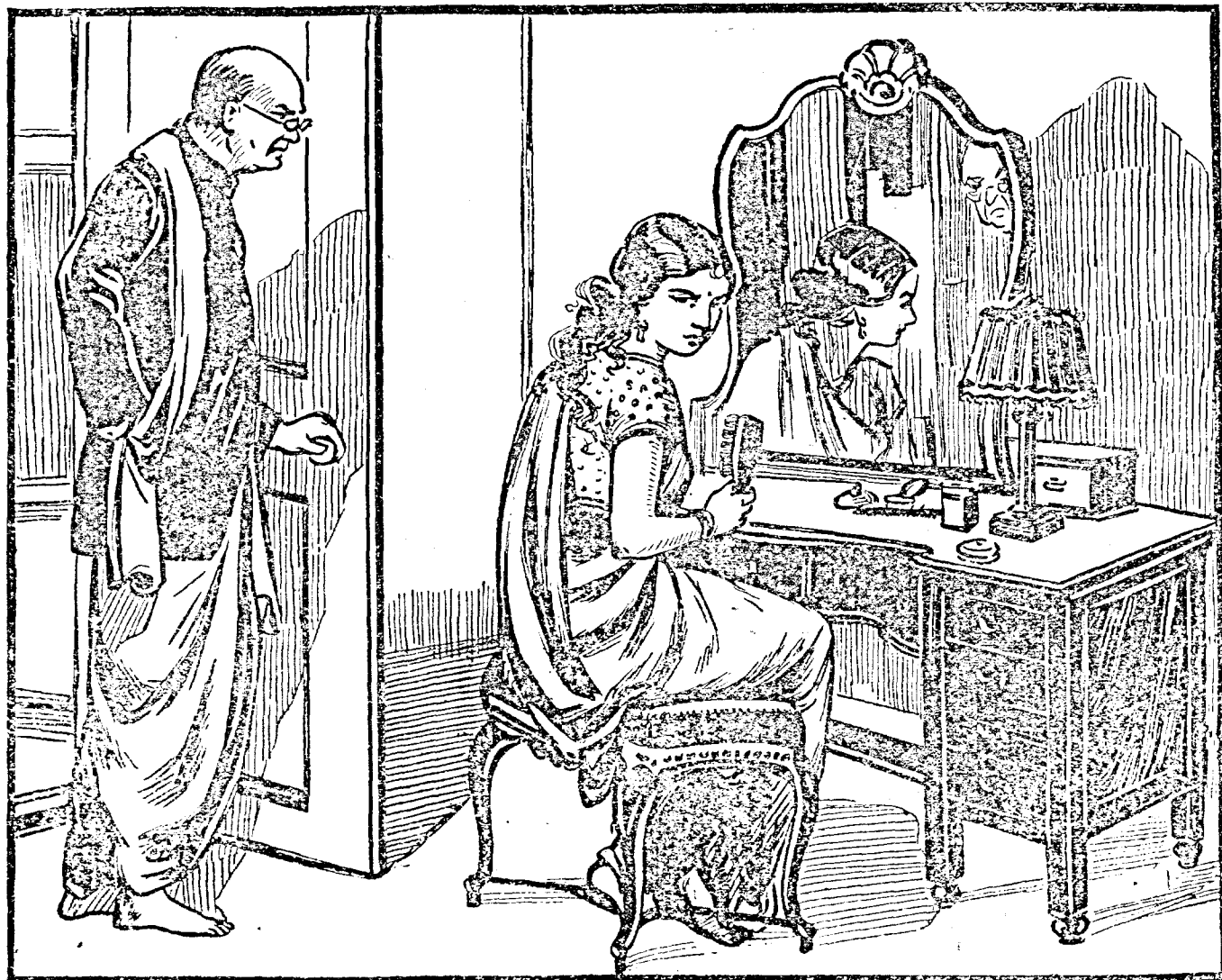


Travel Etiquette

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF BALA, THE BAD WOMAN

BY DEISVI.

BALA CROSSES THE RUBICON



My husband startled me with the following question: "What happened yesterday evening at the Beach?"

In the preceding six instalments

(Bala is given in marriage to a man old enough to be her father. She attains age and comes to live with her husband. He is an orthodox man and tells Bala that her horoscope is bad and that the indications are that she would lead a "husbandless life".

Looking idly out of the window, one day, Bala sees a girl (Radha) run over by a car in the street. She renders first aid to the child.

Going out in the car another day, a strange man smiles at Bala. This man appears in Bala's dreams and makes love to her.

Bala sees on the Marina, her dream-lover and Radha walking hand in hand. She learns that he is Radha's father. Bala

takes Radha home in the car and on her way Radha tells a story. The story is merely an exaggerated version of Bala's married life. But it implies that the sentiments of Radha's father were inclined to be romantic towards Bala. The dream supports Bala's inference and she makes up her mind not to have anything to do either with Radha, or her father. But destiny takes her to the Beach and while sitting all alone near the water's edge one evening, Radha's father accosts her, enquiring for the whereabouts of his daughter. Bala takes him to task for telling stories to the child, but he takes her in his arms and strange to say, Bala doesn't repel him. What is more, says she, while concluding the last instalment, ".....and drawing his head down, I gave him, what I have never given any man before, my first kiss."

HIS lips on mine were ardent, demanding, hungry. We forgot everything in the glory of that ecstatic kiss. In that wild bursting of long pent-up emotion, reason and honour were swept away. It was a whirling strangling, mad, sweet world that contained only us two. All else ceased to exist.

And pressing me close to him, crushing me, his lips sought mine again and again. His chiselled mouth, firm, warm, terribly hungry and quivering, was on my eyes, my throat, my lips, and I was thrilled by the delicious sweetness of his lips, appalled at the force of the passion that I had aroused in him. His hands caressed my shoulders and lay on my heart. Ashamed and yet wildly exuberant at the intimacy of the gesture, I snuggled closer to him. We both knew that we were riding a fierce gale which would completely overcome us by its very force. My senses were swimming and the warmth with which my blood raced in my veins and shot up to my head, was maddening. At last, for just one fleeting second, some semblance of sanity returned and shrinking a little away from him, I asked him:

"What will people say? What will they think? What will happen to us?"

"Sh!" he said and sealed my lips with another of those burning kisses that set my whole being on fire. He relaxed and holding me away, said:

"Your car has come. Listen to me carefully. Don't worry your poor head about the rights and wrongs of our action or even about what might happen hereafter. Leave everything to me. You will never regret it, and I swear by all that I hold sacred, that I will make you happy."

"I hate to go! I wish I could die here, in your arms!" And I was on the verge of tears.

He smiled. "Bala, dear, of all people on earth, fancy you being hysterical! And a few minutes back, you were boasting that you were famous for your impudence!"

"It is hard!" I pleaded.

"I know, dear, how hard it could be. But, be brave and patient, for just a while."

I rose reluctantly and shook the sand out of my saree. He did something which was very sweet and which I can never forget all my life. He stepped behind me and arranged the flowers on my hair which had got messed up: a few petals fell down: these he picked up carefully, kissed them reverently and stowed them away in his pocket.

"I see your driver is coming for you. You had better go!"

"When do I see you next?"

"I shall let you know. Be brave and don't get worried and please, smile!"

* * *

I made an ass of myself, first in the car, and then in my house. In the car, Radha attempted to tell me all about the fishes in the aquarium but my pretence of listening did not last. She would stop her narrative and look at my face in surprise. "Go on, dear!" I would say and she would begin and the same thing would happen all over again. Even stolid Nainu was intrigued

and looked at me in a manner which plainly asked, "Now, what is wrong with you?" Radha, after a time, seeing that I was not interested in fishes, lapsed into silence. When the car drew up in front of our house, I affected an air of gaiety and said to Radha:

"Radha, dear, I told you I was not feeling well. I am feeling worse now. Some other day, I shall come with you and you can take me to the aquarium. Go home and be a good child! Manikkam, drop her at her house and then take the car to the shop. Let Radha's grandmother know that you have brought the child home."

The reaction had set in. I felt miserable. I knew I was well started on the road to ruin. But I didn't care. All the pent-up feelings, the sense of being cheated and robbed, seemed for the moment to drive me mad. Some fiend seemed to have taken possession of me. I was in a temper. I was rude to Narasiah when he came to ask me when I would take my food. I slammed the door in the face of Erraiya who wanted to dust my bed. "I don't want any food! I don't want to be disturbed! Leave me alone!" I said and shut myself in my bed-room and bolted the door.

That night was the worst night in my life. I couldn't sleep. I couldn't go out of the room as I had not the courage to meet my husband. My mind, my body, everything was in great commotion. At about four in the morning, exhausted in mind and body, I flung myself on my bed and cried my heart out.

Next morning, while I was sitting before a mirror, preparatory to dressing my hair, my husband came and standing in the door-way, startled me with the following question:

"What happened yesterday evening at the Beach?"

Instead of replying, I rose and drew a chair for him. He came inside and sat on the chair. Looking into the mirror and with the brush on my hair, I smiled and asked him, "What makes you think that something exciting must have happened at the Beach yesterday evening?"

He spread out his hands and shrugged his shoulders. "Well, it seems you were in a temper, didn't take your food and was very absent-minded."

"That is true."

"I naturally thought something must have upset you."

"It is not something but somebody."

"Who,—what—I don't understand!"

I laid down the brush and turned to him. "You see, I took Radha and Nainu to the Beach and we were sitting near the water's edge, behind a boat. The children wanted to see the Elliotts Beach: I asked Manikkam to take them over there. They were a long time away. I was sitting alone and it was quite dark and—I was frightened."

"By what? You are not the kind that is easily frightened!"

"Honest truth, I was. Even now, when I recollect the shameless manner in which those two persons disported themselves behind that boat, I feel sick."

"Hm—I see! Well, Well. If you go to all sorts of places, I suppose you will see all sorts of sights. I now understand why you were so upset and I do also sympathise, a little. But there is one sterling quality in you, Bala, which I very much admire and that is your refreshing frankness, so unusual among women of our class. Well, let me not lecture to you; let me not restrict either your sight-seeing so long as it does not fray your temper. Remember, what cannot be cured must be endured."

Smiling, he rose and left the room.

I sat before that mirror for a long time staring at my reflection. "What sort of a woman are you, my dear?" I asked the reflection. "This old man has given you everything you want and you are planning to drag his name in the mire. And what about those precious two souls who brought you into existence and who think you can never be anything but good, clean and honest? Should your mother come to know of your silly romance, she would die of shame and your father can never walk among his friends head erect. Bah! you selfish good-for-nothing vixen, what is it that you expect to get in return? A widower's infatuation—fleeing it may be and as ephemeral as the rainbow." The reflection in the mirror smiled back at me—a knowing sly smile. I could almost hear it say, "If that is the way you feel about it, you will be fat, fair and forty and a childless widow at that age. Wish you joy!"

Narasaiya interrupted this little drama. He held a child's frock in his hand. "It seems you wanted one of Radha's frocks for stitching some clothes for her. A servant from her house left this here this morning."

I was puzzled. I never asked Radha to send me one of her frocks. I took it from Narasaiya and he promptly vanished. I turned the frock round and round. In a small pocket in the frock was a small piece of paper. I took it out and read with astonishment.

"Pretend you are ill," the note went on: "Express a desire to see your parents. Manage somehow to go to your parent's place. Keep-up there also the pretence of being ill. Tell your father after a few days that you are writing to Madras asking for the doctor who has been attending on you to be sent over. I shall come and introduce myself as the doctor (!) We shall then have plenty of time and opportunity to confer and decide our future. Send your reply in this frock."

While I admired the ingenuity of the plan, I felt it would be monstrous to misbehave under the very nose of my parents. I quickly decided what to do. I would somehow wheedle out of my husband, permission to visit my parents. A stay there would surely knock all the silly romantic nonsense out of my head. Meanwhile, I shall contrive to get into touch with my lover and tell him definitely that all is over between us and that we should forget the heavenly evening behind the boat. With my mind thus made up, a big load was lifted off my heart and I combed and plaited my hair, bathed and dined and was my usual normal self.

That night, I sought my husband, who, as usual, was on the terrace, reading. He laid the newspaper aside and smiled. "This is great! You are looking much better now. You are always sensible."

"Trust me to be that!" I said, sitting on the floor near his feet. "But you know, when Bala climbs the steps leading to the terrace, she always has something on her mind."

"What is it this time?"

"Home-sickne-s. I want to see my mother and father."

"Couldn't they be brought down here?"

"No. I want to go there. Please, don't refuse."

"Why should I, my dear? Let me see, it is more than five months since you saw them last and I hope you are frequently writing to your father."

"He does: but I am afraid I have been rather slack."

"That is bad. You are all that they have and your mother is likely to get worried if she doesn't hear from you often. I have barely the time to take you there."

"I'll write to father and ask him to come down and take me."

"Would he mind?"

"Not at all. He will be glad!"

"Hm! Well, write to him saying that very important business prevents me from taking you over there myself. Convey my respects. Don't stay there long! I don't know if you will believe it, but I shall miss you very much."

"I can believe it," I said huskily, as a lump gathered at my throat. My resolution not to do anything to bring this good man's name into disrepute became firm. "But", I continued, "I must see my mother for excellent reasons."

"What are they?"

"There are certain things which could be said only to one's mother."

"Are you—ill, child?" He sat up in the chair, an anxious frown furrowing his brow.

I smiled at the unconscious expression "child". But that only showed his genuine anxiety.

"I think I am and I don't think I am. Mother is the best person to decide."

"You can have the best lady-doctor in the city."

"Later on, perhaps, after mother has been consulted."

"Then, write tomorrow and go as soon as you want to: and let me know if a doctor is necessary. Do you want to make any purchases?"

"I have almost everything I want, I think I will go and write that letter to father now," so saying, I left him and sought my room.

But the letter I wrote first was not to my father, but to my lover.

"Dear Mr. STORY-TELLER," I wrote "we are the most precious pair of fools on earth. I am going to my parent's place but not to hatch the plans you have spread out, but to forget you. It is best that way. Forget and forgive."

Your S.R.F., which means
Silly Romantic Fool.

Then I wrote to my father a long letter in Tamil with a request to read it over to my mother. It was a

model letter from a loving daughter to her parents. When I finished that letter, I felt so good, so calm, so peaceful, that I switched off the lights and slept like a top.

Next morning I sent the letter to my father through the Boyee to the post. I sent for a tailor and asked him to take the measurement of Radha's frock promising to send him the material to be stitched later on. I smuggled the note to my lover into that old frock and asked Erraiya to make it into a neat parcel and said to him, "Take that to Radha's house and give it to her and tell her I have ordered the frocks." I had no fears that anyone except Radha's father would come across that note. Perhaps, he was waiting for it. I wondered what effect the note would have on him.

My father arrived one Friday morning beaming with happiness at the prospect of taking me away and keeping me with him for some time. It seems mother had already started making some delicious pickles for me and was equally eagerly looking forward to my arrival. My husband took my father with him when he went to his business place that afternoon, and I was busy packing my trunks. Early on Saturday morning my father woke me up and asked me to bathe and get myself dressed, quickly. As soon as I was ready, he took me near the Puja room and I heard my husband chanting *shlokas* inside the room. We stood outside and in the dim interior of the Puja room, I could only see flickering lights and the gleam of silver paraphernalia. A bell tinkled, a piece of camphor flared up and we promptly joined our hands in supplication to whatever deity was enshrined in that room. My husband came out with flowers and fruits and at a sign from my father I made the usual *namaskarams* to my husband, before receiving the *prasadam* from him.

"May the Devi endow you with all that is good!" blessed my husband and turning to my father remarked "She has made me very happy to-day". Till to-day, I do not know to whom he referred: whether to me or to his Devi.

That evening my father and I left the city. My husband, before going out at 3 P. M. took leave of my father. They got on very well. Their old-world courtesy, the elaborate formalities in speech and action, were all very droll and queer to me. I was standing idly, looking on, when my husband turning to me said:—

"Don't forget that an old man will be lonely here!"

"What about the old man who is and will be lonely there?" asked father, and they both laughed.

"I don't think I can find the time to see you off at the station. So I shall take leave," and with clasped hands and a cheery nod to me, my husband went out.

We were in the train. Manikkam and Erraiya who came to see us off, had left. All the luggage was carefully stowed away; father had opened his evening paper, and I was idly looking out of the window at the crowd of passengers hurrying hither and thither. We were in a first-class compartment, all alone. As I was watching out of the window, I saw Radha's father walking up the platform in great strides, scanning every carriage. My heart missed a beat and I drew my head in. But it was too late. He had seen me. He stopped, smiled at me and began to saunter up leisurely to our carriage. I was

very excited, as I did not know what he intended to do. My face must have revealed my anxiety, for he held up his hand re-assuringly and deliberately winked. I turned my head away. The next minute, I heard him address my father.

"Excuse me," he was saying. "I believe you are this lady's father. I am Dr. Chandrasekhar and I have been treating her, all these days. I was just now at her husband's shop and he told me that she was leaving. Well, I am glad she is leaving this city behind her. In her present state of health, a change is bound to do her a lot of good."

Father laid down the paper, wiped his spectacles and looked at the intruder. Then he rose and got down from the carriage. "I am glad I met you. I want to talk to you, come along!" So saying, father took him aside and they both walked up the platform, heads bent down and very seriously discussing apparently my 'health'.

As I looked at the receding figure of my lover, all the old longing and madness swept over me. How I wished that with only himself for company, I could travel in that train and go on a long honeymoon and never come back. His little caresses, the way he used to look at me with that hungry look in his eyes, the music of his voice when he uttered my name, the delightful twitch of his mouth when a kiss was refused, all these and a thousand other things came teeming to my mind.

They were returning and father was laughing at some remark of the pseudo-doctor, who came up to me and leaning against the carriage said in a teasing manner, "Now, your father knows everything about you!" I didn't know what exactly he meant and turned to my father, a question in my eyes.

"It is nothing serious, Bala. He suspects your heart," my father assured me.

"That is nothing new to me. Is that all?"

"For the present that is enough" said the pseudo-doctor. "From the heart to the head, it is not a long way off."

"When do you expect the head to get affected?" I asked him.

"The head must be kept cool and clear and you are not to bother it. By the way, have you the prescription I gave you?"

"I have not and what is more, I can't swallow your pills."

"My fault: I ought to sugar-coat them."

My father intervened. "I am very much obliged to you, doctor, and I shall follow your instructions carefully. I am very pleased indeed to have made your acquaintance. Ah! There is the first bell!" My father climbed into the compartment. My lover held out an envelope to me.

"What is it?" I asked him.

"Powders. Hope you will be able to swallow them. If you find any difficulty, wash them down with water, coffee or milk, whichever you like."

"Must I?"

"An alternative does not exist."

"Well, give it to me. I do hope, however, to get better without your drugs and advice."

"If a patient like you does that, what is to become of me?"

The engine whistled. Father leaned forward and shook hands. It was sad to go away and leave him behind. It was so sweet to be near him and talk to him.

"Remember, nourishing food, plenty of fresh air and no worries;" with particular stress on 'no worries'. These were my lover's parting words and with a wave of his hand, a smile and a cheery nod, he stood there, as the train started to crawl.

"You don't seem to like that doctor," my father remarked, as the train gathered speed.

"Oh, no. I like him immensely. Only, whenever he comes to examine me, I tease him purposely and he knows I am not serious and he likes it."

"A very nice fellow. Never heard of him before. Does he make—I mean—has he a good practice?"

"I don't know: seems to be fairly clever at it."

I was eager to open the envelope which he had given me and see what it contained.

I waited for father to doze away and the moment he was in the land of nod I opened the envelope. It was a letter and ran thus:—

(To be continued in the next issue)

Results of 'Errors' Competition

The total number of genuine errors as per the editor's list given below is 49. Two readers from Srirangam have successfully spotted out 47 genuine errors and the first prize of Rs. 75 has been equally divided between them. They are:

- 1. Mr. C. V. Narasimhan, 1029, South Chithra Street, Srirangam and
- 2. Mr. S. R. V. Thatham, Muthal Thirumaligai, Srirangam.

Six readers have sent in entries containing 45 errors each. The Second prize of Rs. 25 is therefore divided amongst them. They are:

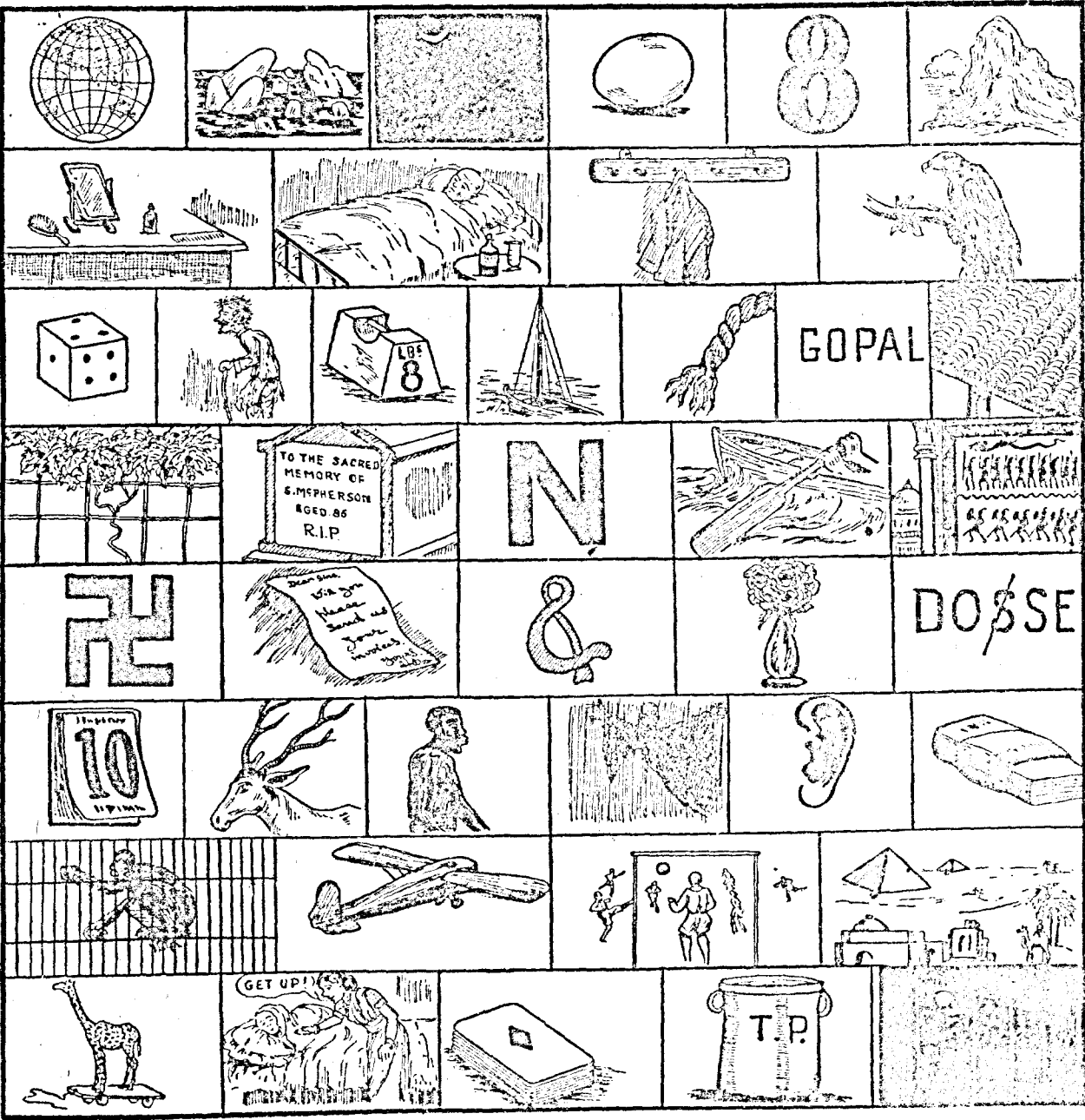
- 1. Mr. A. VARADA RAO, Madras.
- 2. " K. RAMAKRISHNAN, Madras.
- 3. " J. S. WESLEY, Pollachi.
- 4. Mr. P. K. VAIDYANATHAN, Madura.
- 5. " K. R. RAMAKRISHNAN, Ayyampet.
- 6. Miss. RUKMANI AMMAL, Madras.

Below is given the correct solution:—

The correct solution

- 1. Two Smokes.
- 2. Buttons on both sides.
- 3. Ear absent.
- 4. Coat with shirt cuffs.
- 5. Generally all umbrellas have eight sides.
- 6. No moustache.
- 7. Right hand shown as left.
- 8. Duck not web-footed.
- 9. Basin must have no handle.
- 10. Dog's tail-tip wrong.
- 11. Chimney upside down.
- 12. Hour hand in wrong position.
- 13. Sound box absent.
- 14. Horse's tail shown as that of a cow.
- 15. Pocket on the wrong side.
- 16. Moustache on one side.
- 17. Bow and necktie.
- 18. Horse drinking while bridled.
- 19. Bucket's handle has no hook at the end.
- 20. Time of clearance absent.
- 21. One stem with different leaves.
- 22. 'IN' ought to be 'Out'.
- 23. 15th March 33 is not Saturday.
- 24. Front part of the gun not seen.
- 25. Sacred thread on the wrong side.
- 26. Petticoat absent in the right arm.
- 27. Supporting bar absent.
- 28. Madras on both directions.
- 29. Table with two legs.
- 30. Man sitting on live cobra.
- 31. Feet absent.
- 32. Shadow falling towards the sun.
- 33. Fortnightly-H-omitted.
- 34. No entrance to verandah.
- 35. No pillar to support the corner.
- 36. Hitting foot-ball with racket.
- 37. The goatherd is evidently unaware of the presence of the wolf, hence he must be sleeping; which is impossible because he is standing.
- 38. The dome ought to be in the rear and the smoking funnel in the front.
- 39. Cloths flying in the opposite direction of the flag.
- 40. Notice board in the wrong place.
- 41. Cocconut tree higher than the hills.
- 42. Churka shown in the opposite direction.
- 43. Clouds behind the sun.
- 44. Umbrella standing without support.
- 45. Ry. carriages have no doors.
- 46. The man sitting in the chair has five fingers excluding the thumb.
- 47. One more leg of the round table should be visible.
- 48. The white portion of the national flag should be in the centre.
- 49. The alarm clock has got no alarm dial.

"En" Competition
Rs. 100 must be Won



How to Solve? :—

Each line of pictures represents a word when the letters 'En' are prefixed. The first line is illustrative. The first picture in the first line is *Globe*. Starting with its first letter G, we have in the next square *ice* which gives us *GI*. *Night* gives us *GIN* and *Egg* gives us *GINE*. Thus *eight* and *rock* give us *Gincer* and prefixing *EN*, we get *Engineer* which is the word required.

Rules for "En" Competition

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. Solutions must be filled in, only on coupons found in copies of 25-4-33 issue of "Merry Magazine." Any number of solutions may be sent but each must be accompanied by an entrance fee of annas eight. Where copies of The Merry Magazine are not available, Competitors can send in their solutions on ordinary paper but an entrance fee of annas ten is payable with each entry thus submitted. Every solution not personally handed over must be accompanied by the M. O. receipt issued by the Post Office, failing which the entry will be disqualified. All entries must be received by last post on 3-5-33. Any received later will be disqualified. Entries from local competitors will be received in person at our office till 6 P. M. on that date. The first prize of Rs. 75, will be awarded to an all-correct solution and the second prize of Rs. 25 to the one which the Editor considers the next best. An all correct solution is one which agrees in all respects with the one in the Editor's possession. Failing a correct solution it will be awarded to the nearest correct entry. In the case of ties the prize money will be equally divided. A winning competitor can receive only one share in a prize. No responsibility can be accepted for any entries lost, mislaid or delayed. No correspondence can be entered into or interviews granted. The decision of the Editor on all matters relating to this competition is absolutely final and legally binding, and is an express condition of entry. Persons connected with the Merry Magazine and its associated journals are not allowed to compete.

Coupons must be filled in legibly and sent intact. No alterations or corrections whatever will be allowed. Competitors must write on the envelopes and M. O. coupons the words 'EN' Competition. All entries must be addressed to :—

THE EDITOR "EN COMPETITION"

THE MERRY MAGAZINE OFFICE,

2/140, BROADWAY, MADRAS.

Rs. 50 for Lucky Numbers

No entrance fee

No conditions

All copies of the Merry Magazine bearing date 10-4-33 & 25-4-33 will have a number printed on the front page of the wrapper. No number will be found in more than one copy. Ten numbers have been selected at random from amongst these numbers and kept in a sealed envelope, in the Editor's possession. This envelope will be opened and list of winning numbers will be published in the Merry Magazine of 10th May 1933. The Editor will buy back every copy containing a winning number for Rs. 5 in cash.

Copies of winning numbers must be sent to the Editor by registered post or may be handed over in person.

Copies must be intact.

Merely forwarding of the wrapper containing the number will not be sufficient.

Don't cut or tear out anything from the Magazine except, of course, coupons for competitions.

To avoid disputes or misunderstanding about ownership of Lucky Number copies, it is hereby clearly announced that prizes will be given to the *Sender* of the copy bearing the Lucky Number. So, if you lend the Magazine, you do so at your own risk.

Mr. Editor

His Page

In the last issue of our Magazine, I announced that the size will be increased by 8 pages in future. The first thing you will notice about the present number will be its pleasantly improved girth. You will see that the size has been increased not merely by 8 pages as promised, but by 16. Hereafter therefore, the reader will be getting half as much more as we have been giving in the past. This announcement may be considered superfluous. But as we all know it is a funny world and unless you shout your virtues from the house-tops, the world is tempted to pass you by. Anyway here is a number of the magazine bigger, brighter and better than ever. Do write and tell me what you think about all the features in it.

Readers' Jokes

I desire to draw your special attention to some of the new features incorporated in this number. I have now opened a page for "Jokes from our Readers". I have received quite a large number and have printed a selection therefrom on the Jokes Page. The prize of Rs. 3/- this time is awarded to Mr. T. N. S. R. Chari, Royapetla. This will, of course, be a regular feature hereafter.

Pictures

You will remember that in the last issue, I promised to make an announcement regarding pictures from my readers. I have decided to offer a prize of Rs. 5/- to the best picture or cartoon accepted and published in our pages. The pictures should be original and they should be humorous. An indifferent picture drawn to illustrate a good joke will have as much if not better chance of acceptance than a good picture drawn round a hackneyed idea.

Ticklers

Another very interesting new item on our programme is 'Ticklers' printed on page 216. They are real rib-ticklers, extremely funny and mirth-provoking. This column is conducted by 'Tut-tut-tut' which seems to be a very appropriate pseudonym. For obvious reasons, 'Tut-tut-tut' wants to conceal his identity and I can well sympathise with his very natural desire to do so. Space precluded the possibility of printing the following announcement in the 'Ticklers' column. The conductor of the column is however anxious that if it is not printed there I should find room for it on my page. So here it is below: "In response to numerous requests, I propose in this and subsequent issues to provide a variety of useful tips calculated to improve the general knowledge of our younger readers.

N. B. Unlike other questions alternative answers are almost always possible. The editor of this page will certainly consider the desirability of publishing the most educative of such answers if forwarded by any of our readers."

Sparks from our Anvil

The third new item on our programme to which your attention is drawn is the 'Sparks from our Anvil'. Our

anvil has been shifted from its original location to a more prominent place. Before this I had made it a page of gossip on current news. From now onwards, this page has changed its character. There will be short and pithy notes on men and things and happenings. I am sure that this will be greatly appreciated by our readers. In future, this will be a regular front page feature.

Bala, the Bad Woman

A word about our serial story 'Bala'. I had occasion to meet 'Deisvi' the author thereof sometime back and had a long talk with him. I pressed him to give me a hint as to what was going to happen to Bala. He laughingly refused to do so and assured me that there were some interesting things in store both for you and for me in future instalments. I can well believe it and you, who have read the instalments, already published, and that means all of you, can also well believe it.

Rules for Contributors

Now a word or two to our contributors. I have received letters from authors containing enquiries about their Manuscripts. To avoid any misunderstanding hereafter, I am setting down below certain rules, which must be observed by all contributors and are as follows: Contributions must be legibly written on one side of the paper only. Wherever possible, I would very much prefer that contributions are typewritten. If contributors desire to have unaccepted manuscripts returned, they must enclose stamped addressed envelopes. If this is not done, no manuscript will be returned. The Editor will not hold himself responsible for the loss of any Ms. sent to him. Contributors are therefore advised to keep copies of their Mss. All articles accepted and printed will be paid for after publication. The copyright of the accepted articles will usually become the property of the Editor of the Magazine and finally, contributions must be brief and humorous.

Letters from Readers

I may be permitted to repeat that I am always glad to hear from my readers. My post-bag up to now has been quite heavy but a large majority of communications come from places in or about our Presidency. I want to state here that I shall be particularly pleased to hear from readers in Northern India, Burma, Ceylon and the Federated Malay States.

Short Story Competition

I am taking this opportunity to remind my readers once again that the closing date for the short story competition is the 25th of this month. I have received a fairly good number of entries so far and I am confidently expecting that I will receive many more before the closing date. I can understand the very natural temptation for competitors to keep their Mss. with them as long as possible in the hope that they may be able to make some change for the better in the text of the Ms. In many cases, I shall not be surprised if the change is

The Merry Magazine

not for the better but for the worse. So send in your entries and if later on you get another brain-wave, there is nothing to prevent your submitting another entry. There is no entrance fee to pay and the prize, you must agree, is quite substantial. I know that there is a lot of undiscovered talent amongst you and I started this competition tacking on a substantial reward, in the hope of discovering that talent and publishing it to the world.

Third Eye Prize Answer

"If God gave you the gift of a third eye, to what part of your anatomy would you prefer to have it affixed?" I want answers from our readers to this query. Replies should be brief and of course, humorous. This does not mean that serious replies are not considered but I would prefer to have it humorously treated. Write your answers on one or two sheets of paper, mark on the envelopes "Third Eye Competition" and send in your replies so as to reach me not later than 30th April '33.—A prize of Rs. 5 will be awarded to the reply which the Editor considers the best and most interesting. The readers will see therefore that in this issue apart from the great increase in volume as well as in the variety of the features, the number of prize-competitions also has been greatly enhanced. I am giving you a picture-puzzle with a prize of Rs. 100/- Lucky Number competition with a prize of Rs. 50/-, for a short answer to the question of the Third Eye Rs. 5, Rs. 3/- for a joke, Rs. 5/- for the best cartoon and by the end of the month another Rs. 100/- in our short story competition. So it is up to you now to buck up and win

these prizes. The more you do so, the more I shall be pleased and I may assure you that there is more where these came from.

Lucky Number Scheme

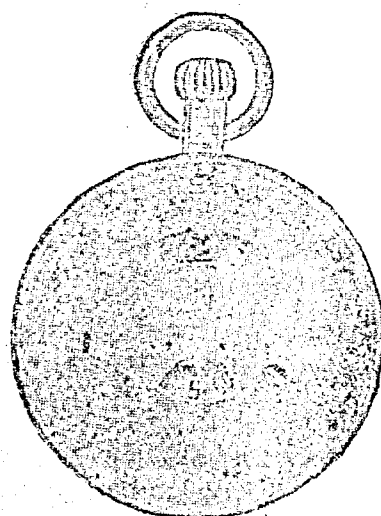
The Lucky Number scheme starts from this issue and will be concluded for this month in the next issue. Every copy of the Merry Magazine bearing dates 10th April 1933 and 25th April 1933 will contain an unduplicated number. Ten numbers will be chosen at random from amongst the lot and these will be kept in a sealed envelope in the Editor's possession. These are the lucky winning numbers. They are invariably printed on the first page of the wrapper. It is very likely that your copy may contain one of such numbers. These numbers will be published in the 10th May issue of the Merry Magazine. The editor will buy for the sum of Rs. 50/- the ten copies of the Magazine bearing such winning numbers. A copy containing the winning number must be sent by registered post or handed over in person to the Editor, who will purchase it for Rs. 5/- in cash. The copy bearing the winning number must be intact. For instance, the production of the wrapper only on which the number is printed will not do. No pages must have been cut out except of course coupons for other competitions.

Picture Puzzle Competition

On the competition page will be found particulars of a new picture puzzle which will be as interesting as the De competition we published before.

The Editor.

THIS WATCH FREE



To every purchaser of 3 of these guaranteed Swiss-Made, high-grade, lever movement watches, we will give an extra one FREE! Already we are offering them at factory price—this magnificent offer defies all competition and cannot be repeated. It is made as a gift from ourselves to clear our stock for new items. Order your watches now!

The most Popular Novelty Watch—at wholesale price Each Rs. 3-15 only. Postage extra.

Free watch could be given only to purchasers of three at a time. Also free watch will be sent on request to all who have already purchased three.

Apply to:
THE CANADIAN WATCH PEOPLE,
GEORGE TOWN, MADRAS.

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

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



THE IDEAL
HAIR REMOVING
CREAM.
REFRESHING
AND
SOOTHING
(Highly Perfumed.)

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

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

Directions for use enclosed in each tube.

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

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

WIN FULLY GUARANTEED PRIZES SIMPLE WORD COMPETITION No. 12

Key solution deposited with "World News" Madras.

Entrance fees :- 1 to 8 entries 8 annas each; Subsequent entries 4 annas each.

Last date for posting 6-5-33.

No.	WORD.	EXACT MEANING.	No.	WORD.	EXACT MEANING.
1	ST-VE	Burst	6	HE-	Cry ...
2	SHR-NK	Become Wrinkled ...	7	GO-D	Money
3	TALIP-T	An East Indian	8	TU-----E	Genus of ...
4	P-ISE	Weight	9	HO-----	... South American ...
5	KI-----	... Name ...			

Reference :- Chamber's XX Century dictionary (any edition from 1927). Words in pages 1 to 1150 only used excluding words within brackets. "a", "to", in the beginning of the meanings omitted. Obsolete form, same as, also, etc. treated as direct. The dots in the meaning stand for one or more words omitted. The M.O. Coupon may be used for writing the maximum possible solutions.

Rupees 30/-, Rupees 25/- and Rs. 20/- GUARANTEED for every correct solution posted on or before April 17, 22, and 6th May respectively. Rs. 8 for every solution with one error posted on or before 6th May.

Additional prize :- Rs. 45 and 30 for the largest and next largest number of entries posted on or before 29-4-33 not less than 100 and 75 entries respectively.

Note :- Every qualifying entry of a competitor is eligible for prizes both in the first and second prizes.

Important :- As soon as fees are received from anybody our books part 1, part 2 and both the parts (easy guides for solving cross words) will be sent free to those sending one solution, two solutions and more than two solutions respectively. Those sending more than four solutions will be given, PART 3 also.

DIRECTOR. "OUR COMPETITION", : : 99, Chavalavari Street, VIZAGAPATAM.

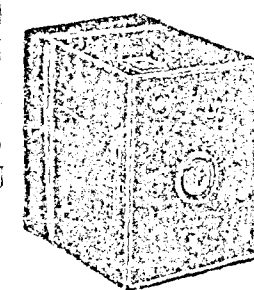
VISVA & Co.

Engravers, rubber stamp
makers, line and half tone
block makers, etc. etc.

50, WALLAJAH ROAD,
MOUNT ROAD, MADRAS.

A trial order is solicited.

PHOTO HAND CAMERA



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

Price Rs. 2-15-0.

THE KRISHNA AGENCY,
POST BOX No. 119, Madras.

HYGIENIC RUBBER GOODS

Improved Washable Paragon Sheaths.

FOR MEN. Single and Reinforced Double Top.

Price 1st Quality	...	Rs. 2 0 0 each.
" 2nd "	...	" 1 8 0 "
" 3rd "	...	" 1 0 0 "
" 4th "	...	" 0 12 0 "
" 5th "	...	" 0 8 0 "

Solid Rim Improved Check Passery.

FOR WOMEN. Seamless with Solid Rubber Rim.

Price 1st Quality	...	Rs. 3 0 0 "
" 2nd "	...	" 2 0 0 "
" 3rd "	...	" 1 5 0 "

SRI DHANAM & Co., P. B. 119,
MADRAS.

WIN GUARANTEED PRIZES

MURTY'S MISSING LETTER COMPETITION
(A puzzle requiring skill and intelligence)

Closing Date 26-4-33. Results in a week.

- | | |
|---------------|-------------------------|
| 1. P - NN - | Feather |
| 2. C - R - | Anxiety |
| 3. VE - - L | Vein.....(curt) |
| 4. S - R - | Devil |
| 5. - O - - | Collection of..... |
| 6. - E - LE | Weak |
| 7. WO - RA - | S. American poison..... |
| 8. - YR - | Shrub.....(curt) |
| 9. - A - | Enclosure |
| 10. HO - - EY | Game at ball..... |

Note—Direct and Exact clues from Chambers. Fill up the missing letters to get the given meaning. Dots stand for one or more words. "curt" means omission of one or two letters at the end. Words within [Brackets] relating to Etymology found at the end of synonyms in the Dictionary are not taken. All forms etc., treated as Direct. "A, an, the, any to," have been omitted in the beginning of clues.

Entrance Fees—Annas Eight for each of the first ten Entries and annas four per subsequent entry.

Guarantee—Rs. 25, 20, and 15 is guaranteed for each competitor sending an all-correct solution so as to reach us on or before 12th 17th & 26th of April 33, respectively. 2nd Prize Rs. 6 for one-corrected solutions. Special Prize Rs. 25 and 20 for the largest and the next largest number of entries received on or before the 17th April (not less than 40 and 20 entries) respectively, containing a correct solution. For result sheet and Winners list, competitors should necessarily send stamped Envelopes with their Solutions. A winner can have any number of shares in the first prize and a share in the 2nd prize also. The manager's decision is final and legally binding in all matters. All communications, remittances Etc to be directed to:—MANAGER, "MURTHY'S" COMPETITIONS, KUTTALAM, S.I.Ry.

JOLLY GUARANTEED CROSS-WORD
AND
MISSING LETTER COMPETITIONS
NANNILAM

(ALL PRIZES FULLY GUARANTEED)

Special closing dates:—

For cross-word:— 18th April 1933

,, Missing Letter:—15th April 1933

Ordinary closing dates:—

For cross-word:— 28th April 1933

,, Missing Letter:—21st April 1933

N. B.—The Puzzles, though easy and attractive, yet we are giving out guaranteed prizes. The prizes given away are considerably great when compared to the petty sum which competitors invest. So do not miss the opportunity. The puzzles have been started simply for the sake of hobby and every one can be sure that the prizes which are guaranteed will be given at any cost. Splendid unwarranted testimonials have been awarded to us by expert and intelligent crossword solvers which can be found at the back side of the leaflet. As there is too much demand for leaflets, please apply sharp to avoid disappointment. For other particulars and leaflets, please,

apply to:—

N. S. NATARAJ,

Manager

"JOLLY COMPETITIONS" NANNILAM, (S.I.Ry)

WHY WON'T YOU SAVE YOURSELF

From the Clutches of Evil Stars?

Revelation of the Supreme
Hand through our Great

"HIDAYAT"

The Wonderful Talisman that the World
has ever heard of.IMPOSSIBLE made POSSIBLE—the Only Reliable
and Genuine MANTRASAKTHI Talisman.

To whom and how "Hidayat" will be useful?—

1. To UNEMPLOYED—Secures immediate job.
2. " STUDENTS—Ensures success in the examinations.
3. " LITIGANTS—Ensures success in court.
4. " LOVERS—Creates profound love by the beloved.
5. " MERCHANTS—Always provides an upper hand in competitive business.
6. " EMPLOYED—Surely affords enjoyment in increments of salaries.
7. " SPORTSMEN—Defeat is almost out of question.
8. " SPEND THRIFTS—When 'Hidayat' is on your person, you will never spend a pie unnecessarily.
9. " LAWYERS, DOCTORS, AND LIKE PROFESSIONAL PEOPLE—Cases will flow to those who wear 'Hidayat.'
10. " SICKLY PEOPLE—'Hidayat' is a God-sent boon to banish all sorts of earthly diseases. The 'Hidayat' wearer regains strength very quickly.
11. " LADIES—Melodious voice, fair complexion and envious charms created soon.
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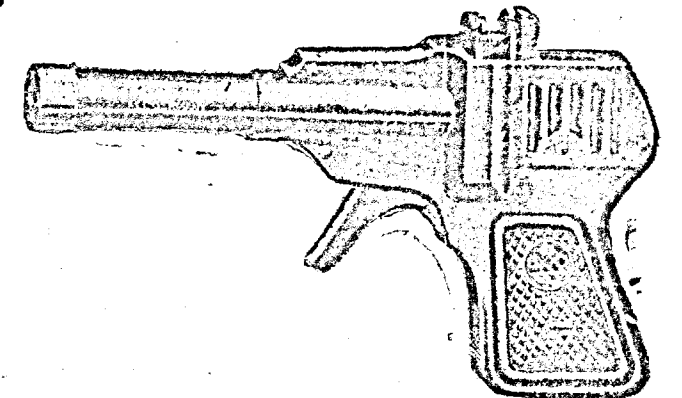


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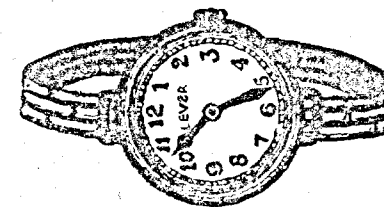
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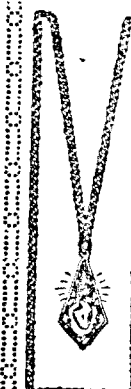
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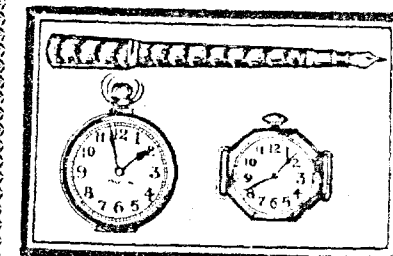


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