

K. KENNY—HIS EVOLUTION

The **MERRY** *MAGAZINE*

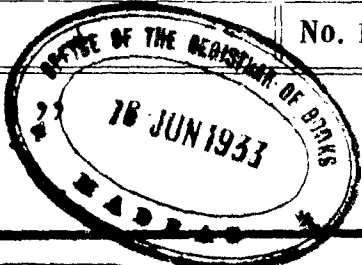
Vol. I

MADRAS, 10th JUNE 1933.

No. 11.

"SIGHT DRAFTS"

(BY OUR OBSTINATE ARTIST)



At Sight 60 Days After Sight !

48 Pages

As. 2

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THE MERRY MAG

Vol. I.

MADRAS, 10th JUNE, 1933.

No. 11.

SPARKS FROM OUR ANVIL

Thirteen Collectors were invited to the annual conference at Ooty. We are glad to announce that nothing untoward happened.

Reuter says that Rome has become the chief honeymoon centre in Europe. The question arises: What is the bearing of the proverb—'When you are in Rome, do as the Romans do'—on this phenomenon?

At the recent special meeting of the Reichstag, Herr Hitler made his eagerly-awaited statement of policy, clad in a white shirt. He could not have made a more effective display of his innocence.

With reference to the Japanese campaign in China, the British attitude is said to be: 'You take China, we take India.'

We await Mr. Churchill's protest against the terminological inexactitude in the latter part of the sentence which, according to him, should be: 'We keep India.'

The discovery of an indigenous substitute for Vichy water announced by Gandhiji's doctors is a matter for patriotic satisfaction. It ought to make fasting fashionable.

Sir A. P. Patro had the honour of opening the discussion on the White Paper before the Joint Parliamentary Committee.

There is much to be said for putting forward the forest of your case first.

The Disarmament Conference has arrived at an agreed definition of the term 'aggressor'.

This is expected to lighten very considerably the labours of the next Peace Conference.

Mr. Macdonald says that he is prepared to listen to reason. This leads us to hope that he might still talk it himself.

Mr. Shaukat Ali says that the Maharajah of Alwar has been a life-long friend of himself and his party.

The Maharajah probably thinks it now too late to cultivate his enmity.

Mr. S. K. Chettur I. C. S., contends in the course of a lecture that progress is a myth. We have not heard of any in the Service to which he belongs.

Responding to the toast of 'The winners of the Ashes' Mr. Jardine, the captain of the M. C. C., is reported to have said that he was probably doing so, for the last time.

He may still have to propose the toast!

Viscount Snowden complains that the Premier is constitutionally incapable of making a clear statement.

He wouldn't be the Premier if he did!

It is announced that the Disarmament Conference has adjourned again. This is in accordance with general expectations.

The rumour that Sir John Simon is resigning over the question of 'Bombing as a police measure' is authoritatively contradicted. It would have been so surprising if he who swallows a camel should strain at a needle.

Speaking at the celebration of St. George's Day, Mr. Churchill said that England is still the best country to live in. We wish that all Englishmen were of the same opinion, and backed their opinion by deeds.



K. K. KENNY—HIS EVOLUTION

(LEO)

Justly has the district of Tanjore been called the Garden of Southern India. Go where you will in that delectable district, the stately, graceful palm tree seems to curtsy in sylvan amity to the sturdy, spreading banyan, while between them and below, many a sparkling, gurgling brook or streamlet wends its hurried way, its murmur seeming a voiceless lament that the land it waters has not yet produced a Tennyson. Divided by but a bank of earth, which carries a pathway which generations of agriculturists have trodden into a seasonal hardness, the broad river rolls along, its earth-brown, silt-laden waters bearing plenty to all the smiling land around. In the near distance, the village nestles amidst a profusion of foliage, while around and beyond, the clumps of tall and stately bamboo, in friendly rivalry, contest every available square inch of space with the banyan and the laden mango tree, the whole together making a picture of verdant peace rarely met with in this vale of tears. In this land of pleasant villages, Kannamangalam was the pleasantest and fairest of them all. In those far-off days, when the land still fed the peasant and paddy was paddy, Kannamangalam was fertile and prosperous. The seed was sown in due season and harvest time yielded harvest plenty. The labourer was worthy of his hire and reform schemes, calculated to disturb the placid contentment of the masses, had not yet been thought of.

In the labouring men's part of the village, Kandam lived in his clean, dung-swept hut. No conscious patriot he, but a true son of the soil, up with the lark and to bed with the sun, his deity, the lord of the manor, and his ambition's goal, a son born to his loins. The Gods were good to Kandam. In due course, Kandam's wife bore him a son. No little dark brown puling infant this, but a sturdy boy whose full-throated screams soon brought the admiring neighbours along to gaze in wonderment on this so fair-skinned child born in a labourer's cottage. The baby was named Kanniappan.

The child grew up apace. Day after joyful day, the fond father watched this swan among the neighbouring geese grow up to boyhood. Kanniappan, or Kanni as his fond parents called him, was put to school and Kanni soon proved that good looks and a fair complexion could go hand in hand with more than a fair share of native intelligence. Kanni then passed out of school with flying colours and four years at an Arts College was as inevitable as the degree that followed. Back to the parental roof came Kanni, a fair, tall, well set-up stripling of 19, with a University degree, and an outlook upon things, which nowhere included in its purview, the hewing of wood or the drawing of water. Straining the family finances to the uttermost, Kandam sent his son to Madras, whose metropolitan streets were paved with gold. To Madras,

then, came our hero, primed with the maximum of sage advice and the barest minimum of the root of all evil. He promptly applied for a clerkship in a Government office and with surprising equal promptitude, M.R.Ry. K. K. Kenny Avergal was instructed



.....Invariably addressed to M. R. Ry K. K. Kenny Avl.

to join duty forthwith. The reason for our hero's instant success was not far to seek. The accidental substitution of the second vowel in the alphabet for the first in his name and his own unusually fair complexion which strongly supported the claims of his accidentally altered cognomen and K. K. Kenny became a bureaucrat in embryo.

Kenny found it more convenient to wear English clothes. They went well with his name and his colouring. The years brought quick promotion to him. A few premature deaths and retirements on proportionate pension accelerated Kenny's rise to the top of the ladder and very soon, the local Government lost Kenny, his services having been permanently borrowed by the Imperial Secretariat, who wanted a smart man for one of their departments. The new incumbent had to be efficient in his work and at the same time, it was necessary, that he should possess some of the social graces since there was a little diplomatic entertaining to be done by the head of the particular department concerned. Kenny filled the bill admirably.

K. K. Kenny His—Evolution

Meanwhile, Kenny had married. Kenny's acquaintances said that Kenny had married above his station in life, while Kenny's friends lamented the fact that Kenny had married beneath him. Kenny's wife was pretty in a florid way when Kenny married her, and when he married, Kenny was very much in love. Kenny's wife was Miss Florence Smith before she became Mrs. Kenny. She was called Flossie, for short.

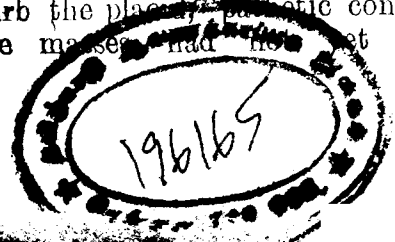
There were no high lights in the married life of the Kennys. After a year or so of marriage, Romance took wings to itself and the monotonously regular annual visit of the Stork to the household did little to enhance either romance or Flossie's good looks. Indeed she grew fat and neglectful of herself and to crown everything, Flossie had a grievance.

Flossie came of respectable Anglo-Indian parents and Flossie had married a man whose name and whose sartorial attributes effectively concealed his plebian birth. Judge then of Flossie's chagrin when every communication, official, semi-official or demi-official, was invariably addressed to M. R. Ry. K. K. Kenny Avergal. Flossie took the matter up with



Flossie took the matter up.

her husband and he, in turn, dropped gentle hints, which soon grew broader, to the clerks in his Department that Esquire was the proper appellation after his name. His hints



however fell on deaf ears and time after time the hated honorific Indian prefix stared Kenny in the face. His translation to Imperial headquarters did nothing to redress the grievance: if anything, it added poignant point to the contrast between his social and his official standing.

Delhi and Simla, in their turns, accorded grudging recognition to Kenny's official status but the officially departmental M. R. Ry. stuck to our hero with burr-like tenacity. The lower ranks of clerkdom proving intractable, Kenny, who by now was important enough to claim and be allowed an interview with Viceregal Secretaries, decided on a bold step, urged thereto by a nagging and importunate wife. Kenny interviewed the Private Secretary to His Excellency, the Viceroy and Governor-General of India.

This Private Secretary needs a word of explanation. Private Secretaries may be divided dichotomically. All human beings think they have a sense of humour and *ergo*, all Private Secretaries, in their own opinion, have a sense of humour. But broadly speaking, there are Private Secretaries who have a sense of humour, and Private Secretaries who have no sense of humour, though these latter fondly imagine they can see a joke as quickly as the next man. Kenny happened to interview a member of the first class. His name was Wisebacon and the

blame for it must be laid at his parents' door. Anyway, he gave Mr. Kenny a patient and courteous hearing; in fact, he was so nice and kind to our hero that the latter came to the point very quickly and in official language, ventilated all his grievances. Mr. Wisebacon was all sympathy and assured the anxious Kenny that *he* would soon put things alright. Mr. Kenny departed, jubilant and that night in the Kenny household, there was the peace of joyful and assured anticipation.

In his office, Mr. Private Secretary Wisebacon leaned back in his chair, ruminant. He turned Mr. Kenny's matter over in his mind, dividing his swift mind. Before him arose a picture of the Kenny *menage*. Very quickly, however, his sense of humour overcame his tact and he lifted the telephone receiver off the hook and called up the head of a Secretariat Department and held a whispered confabulation. This done, the Private Secretary leaned back in his chair and perhaps, he may have muttered to himself, "Something attempted, something done!"

Mr. Kenny spent New Year's Eve in the bosom of his family. On New Year's Day, the official Gazette contained among others, the following notification. Dewan Bahadurs,

M. R. Ry. K. K. Kenny.

(For long and loyal service to Government in many different capacities.)



Little boy:—"Is this the Inquiry office?"

Accountant:—"Yes."

Little boy:—"Would you mind telling me what sum one must deposit in a bank in order that he may get Rs. 1000 at the end of two years as interest at 5 percent per annum?"



Ticket Examiner:—"Why haven't you purchased a ticket for this boy? He talks well. He can't be young."

Traveller:—"Then do you mean to say that if I happen to bring a dumb boy with me you will allow him to travel free?"

"Suffer Little Children....."

(V. C. GOPALRATNAM)

OF all the pestiferous pesti.....This won't do. You simply can't begin any article this way. I only wanted to state that, if the authorities should declare a sort of moratorium, even of an hour's duration, during which the entire criminal law of the country would be suspended, I know whose would be the mutilated corpse—well, I shan't say more—There is no such suspension of the Law now.

Whatever you do, don't for your life, DON'T live in a house where you have a neighbour. If you find it impossible to get such a place, *make sure* that the neighbour is childless—at least after you move in. If you find even that not possible to achieve, then DON'T LIVE.

From this, possibly, you infer that I am not quite pleased with my neighbour's progeny. Well! put it there! You have hit the Truth—children are alright, once in a way, when you feel particularly fatherly or grandfatherly. I would even go so far as to say—come nearer please—that they are not so objectionable, when they are clean, and belong to some person whose favour is worth earning. But when it comes to including under the description of "children," lanky, monkey-faced creatures, all hands, legs and mouths, covered always and all over with greasy dirt of assorted colours and odours,—well, I draw the line there. I draw it thick and plain for all folk to see. I refuse to call them children. What I choose to call them is not any concern of yours.

Do you know Kannu?—No? Well, you need not be sorry. You have missed nothing for which you need feel sorry.—Kannu, or as he is sometimes called Kannukuttee, is the eldest of my neighbour's progeny. They say he is nine years old—I can only say I don't believe it, unless they produce his horoscope, cast by the late Swamicannu Pillay and attested by Shri Shankarachariar, and Mahatma Gandhi. The thing looks like anything between nine and ninety, and if really, only nine years old, should not be allowed to reach

double figures. Kannu's next younger is Keeki. Bearing an extraordinary resemblance to Kannu in face and features, this specimen differs from the other only in that it belongs to the opposite sex. The present day fashion among the fair sex in the west, of the increased reduction of the clothed area, has found its logical extreme in Keeki. Morning or night, rain or sun, Keeki is always to be seen in her birthday suit(?) Not even the Greek fig-leaf or Indian peepul-leaf doing duty anywhere. Inseparable as Night and Day, Sin and Satan, Death and Disease, Kannu and Keeki are always to be seen together, two pairs of knocking knees, scampering feet, and greasy paws. No walls are unscalable to them, no doors unopenable, and nothing uneatable.

Before I had been ten minutes in my house, when first I moved in, Kannu and Keeki were comfortably seated on a new settee, each with a half eaten mango in the hand, and watching us arranging our things. The mangoes were evidently very juicy, as we found out later from the fancy chintz cover of the settee, and the number of thumb and palm impressions on the freshly whitewashed walls. At first I could not understand the marks on the walls, but later on when I heard a shrill voice next door scolding somebody for coming home with chunam-covered hands, I learnt the truth. That night I returned from the club and after dinner took up the newspaper and settled myself in the canvas deck-chair for a quiet half hour with the outside world. I had hardly sat down, before I found a very unfamiliar picture on the table near by. On closer examination, I found that it was my favourite college-group photo, completely divorced from its glass and frame, and with various other new features of a startling nature. My respected principal Mr. Middlemast was wearing a faultless Thengalai Namam, in the exact centre of his broad forehead. If I had not known that he had retired at least fifteen years ago and put 7000 good miles between himself and India, I would have almost believed that he had recently become converted to the Tennacharya Sampradaya

Sabah. My friend Sivaraj had evidently fell suddenly sick. A thick black stream of something like tar was issuing from his mouth and had half-covered the head and face of Mr. Rangachari, our orthodox Asst. Professor, who was sitting in the chair just in front of him. Miss. Rakmani L— my class-mate was wearing a fancy pair of spectacles of a pattern so entirely new that Mr. Green, our professor, sitting near her immediately imitated her by putting on a more grotesque pair. The eyes of Hamid Ali, the friend of my youth, had been mercilessly gouged out, and some sticky substance was exuding from the places where they should have been. My breath came and went making a noise like a boiling kettle and when I made enquiries about how it came to pass, my wife mutely pointed out the stains on the settee-cover and the writing (!) on the wall. Yes! There was writing too, and I read with great interest an announcement that "This is Kannu house." It was already past ten and I went to bed, only to jump out of it immediately with my whole body covered with little red ants, and my hands scrubbing my body as they have never done at bath-time. A hot bath at 1 A. M. (the firewood had taken a cold bath in the evening, not the same, but another on which no sugar had been spilt)bed at 1.15. A. M. and sleep at. 5.30. A. M. In spite of the most concentrated thinking during four hours and a quarter, I could not finally settle the particular method of torture to suit boys between the ages of seven and ten, which leaves no trace behind, but affords the maximum delight and enjoyment to the adult watcher. I have not yet decided it. There is a reward of Rs. 500/- to anyone who gives the best suggestion to "harassed individual" i.e. myself.

Next morning (9-30 A. M.) I tactfully mentioned the matter to my neighbour who was standing at the door of his house, giving an uninterrupted view of a hirsute chest and prize-fighting neck to all that cared to see.

When I mentioned the "dear little ones" he raised his eye-brows and simply looked at me. The impression he gave me was that he thought I was talking Greek. It appeared that he was surprised to hear of the very existence of any dear little ones. I explained that I was referring to the children who called him "father". This did not seem to impress him any more. The eye-brows went a little higher and stopped; that was all. I then invited him to come and see my house. He said he was very thankful but had seen it before. Just then a person, who looked like Falstaff in a saree, appeared on the horizon. I remembered that I was late for Court and withdrew. Mrs. Neighbour did not have the chance of seeing me at close quarters,—and never shall have if I can help it.

The first day was a fair sample of the days to follow. The house was uninhabitable by day and it took half the night to re-arrange and clean up things.

The other half of the night would generally be devoted to a solo performance by the youngest child of Mrs. Neighbour. Or a frank discussion between her and her husband as to the respective merits of their children and their ancestors, carried on in a tone like that of an amplifier.

My landlord had insisted upon my executing an agreement for two years. Escape that way was impossible. Discreet enquiries at the other end revealed the fact that Mr. Neighbour was employed in the Madras Lunatic Asylum,—I gave up all hope and started a frenzied correspondence in the papers of the desirability of the entire staff in all Government Hospitals, being provided with residential facilities within the hospital compounds. There has been as yet no effect; but on the other hand, news of a disquieting nature has recently reached me. A lady-doctor has been seen visiting the next house more than once: Evidently Mr. Neighbour, is not a member of Justice R—'s NEO Malthusian League.—God help me, is all that I can say.

Six of the April Lucky Numbers having remained unclaimed, the following numbers are announced as substitutes.

5894, 6596, 11825, 12976, 15004, 16139

For other details see Editor's Page.

EXPLOSIONS ON CONTACT

With Our Magazine.



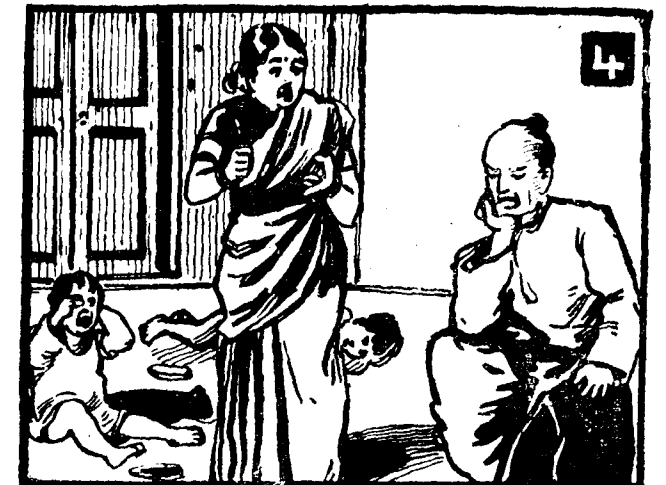
The Boss is in a temper.



The Grocer refuses credit.



The Marwari presses.



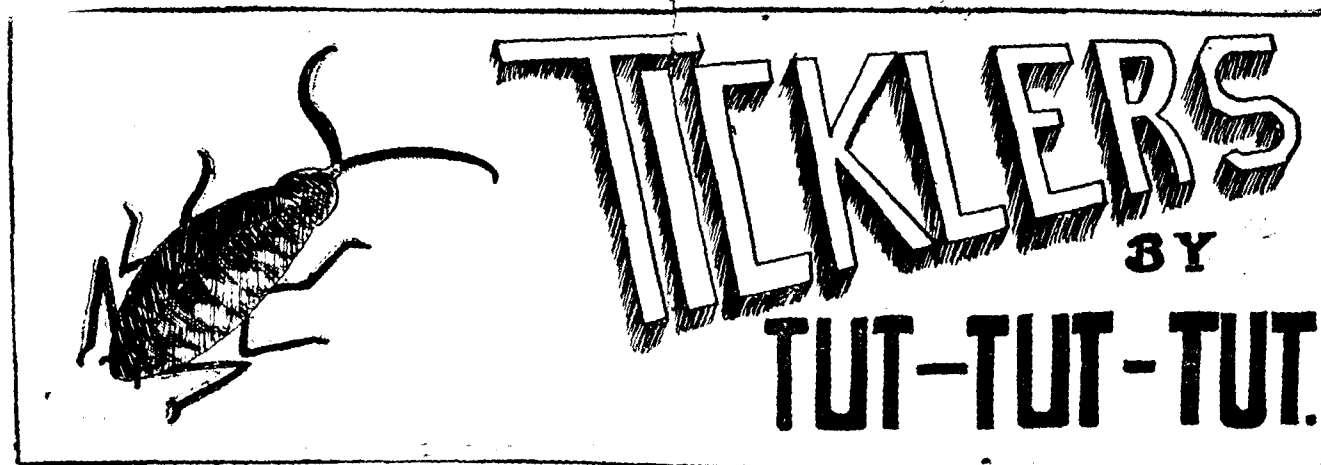
The Wife is cross.



But contact with our Magazine,



results in an explosion!



1. Annotate:—

- Veni, Vidi, Vici.
- Doing good, Disinterested good is not our trade.
- Do not be vague: ask for HAIG.
- Ah, take the cash in hand and waive the rest.

2. Write short notes on:—

- Manchuko.
- The Andamans.
- A Reserve Bank for India.
- The Primrose League.

3. What do you know of:—

- Lord Lloyd.
- The Maharajah of Alwar.
- Mr. M. K. Acharya.
- Mr. Randolph Churchill.

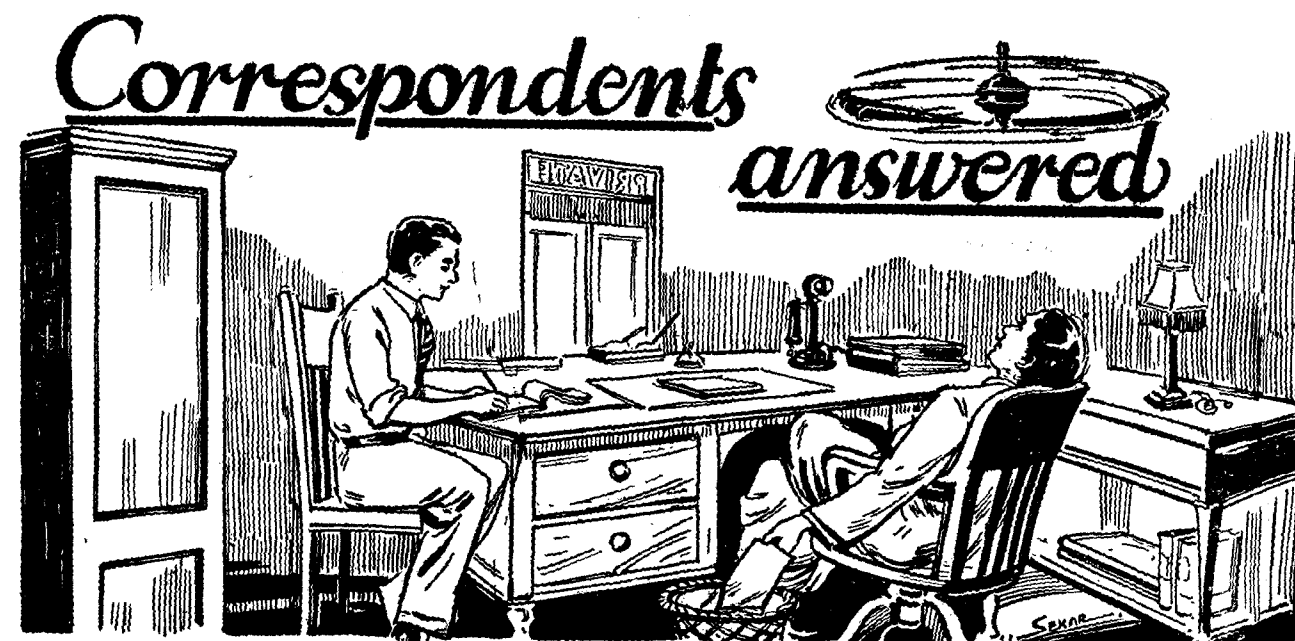
ANSWERS

- This is the proud but mistaken boast of the Mount Everest fliers: for experts who have studied the photographs taken by them doubt if they have spotted the highest peak. Lady Houston, who financed the expedition, considers the point to be entirely irrelevant, as in her opinion, the purpose of the expedition has been amply fulfilled,—namely to demonstrate to the world that the British race has still plenty of grit and go.
 - This is the motto of the India Defence League, a new company just floated by Churchill & Co., to take over and carry on the old and flourishing concern of the East India Company. India will thus be saved perpetually for the British Market.
 - This is a slogan devised to recommend a particular brand of whisky to the addicts of the bottle. There is no association between it and Sir Harry Haig, the present Home Member to the Government of India.
 - This is the pathetic appeal of the European debtor-countries to their common creditor—America.
- A unique instance of a 'synthetic state'; a triumph of surgery applied to statecraft. It has been formed by cutting off the head of one state, and tacking on to it the tail of another. The League of Nations is boycotting it, out of

deference to Japan, which desires to have a clear field in which to fulfil her imperial destiny.

- A group of islands in the Indian Ocean, noted for their salubrious climate and used as a sanatorium by the Government of India for the benefit of Bengali youths suffering from the disease of terrorism. The patients either get well soon, or—don't. Geographically, the islands are not far removed from the Isles of the Blest.
- A metaphysical notion which is expected to provide great fun, when the discussion on it starts in London. It is advisable not to speculate about it, on the principle of not meeting trouble until trouble meets us.
- An organisation of Tories which was started at the instance of Disraeli—most ironic of Imperialists. Judging from its membership, it seems fair to conclude that the Primrose path is both profitable and fashionable.

- A former Governor of Bombay, who has given no more than a Dam-n to India. Subsequently went to Egypt where he rattled the big stick so clumsily that he was put on the shelf by a Labour Government. Provided a lot of sensation, legal and political, by his now notorious Back-Bay Reclamation Scheme. Was raised to the peerage in the fond hope that he would live the rest of his life in dignified silence. But, contrary to expectations, is painfully trying to be humorous, which ought not, however, lead to any confusion between him and the more famous Harold of the Screen.
 - One of the Indian princes, who was at one time noted for gratifying the harmless hobby of collecting the photos of applicants to various offices in His Highness's government and household. The Paramount Power gave him very much less than the usual three months' to quit his state. When he found that his protests were in vain, he announced that he had suddenly decided to gratify a long-cherished wish to see Europe. Astrologers opine that times are unpropitious for Hindu Princes with truculent Muslim subjects.
 - The ass with the lion's skin.
 - Son of Mr. Winston Churchill; unlike other promising sons of prominent men, has started his career under his father's coat-tail, thus giving promise of only one trait—slavish subservience.



"Short Circuit" writes:—

"I have a proposal for a Life Insurance Co. The Co. to pay me immediately cash down Rs. 10,000/- I will pay such reasonable premiums not exceeding Rs. 520/- per year. In the event of my death, payment of premiums would naturally cease for the simple reason that I would be de-ceased. Who will accept the offer?"

Quite a novel idea! Insurance Companies must look into this. There is no point in taking a part out of a man's hard earned savings and promising him a lump sum if he would make up his mind to die. Who cares for the hereafter? What appeals to the average man is a bird in hand, howsoever great the numerical strength of the contents of the bush may be.

Pursuing this brilliant idea further, we for our part, are inclined to put before the Publishers of this Magazine an equally attractive proposition. (Readers are at liberty to copy.) Why not start us on a salary of Rs. 1000/- straightaway and give us a reduction of Rs. 100/- a year instead of the triennial or quin-quennial increase whatever they have in mind? A man wants money to burn when he has V. V. & V. He is at his best when he possesses these three vital qualities of Vim, Vigour and Vitality and where is the sense of starving him with hopes of a fat salary at an age when dyspepsia, debility and sons-in-law would stare him in the face?

Short Circuit's idea is pregnant with possibilities.

Lottery Maniac apparently with a sweep-ticket tucked away somewhere, enquires if there is any connection between Epsom down and Epsom Salts. Some peoples' ignorance is colossal. However, so long as we have light to shed, we will dispel the darkness that enshrouds simple truths. The doctor, who discovered the aforesaid salt which has the well-known effect on the internal economy, was at a loss for a name. A friend of his staked his all on Derby day and, as usual, lost it all. His life was ruined. He was terror-stricken. And all night his bowels behaved strangely, engaged in thorough evacuation. The aforesaid doctor who attended on him noted the cause and effect. In a flash, it came to him. He would call the salt Epsom

Salt. Thus was the success of the salt's commercial prosperity assured.

Distracted Parent wants a free advertisement. "He has a marriageable daughter." That is not much to go by. "She is fair." They all say so. "Educated." If that is a warning, prospective bridegrooms ought to be thankful. "Knows to sing." Neighbours may order the necessary cotton to plug their ears. "No objection to be second wife." This last, we must say, is the absolute limit. Is the parent so distracted as to advocate polygamy? The marriage market has certainly become bullish.

Book-lover is worried over a matter of etiquette. Says he: "My friend who is perfect in all other respects is hopelessly inconsiderate so far as books are concerned. I love books. (What a confession!) When my friend borrows books from me and never returns them, I feel very sore with him. But he goes on taking books away from my shelf and the matter has reached now a crisis. Am I to take him to task or put up with his weakness for friendship's sake?"

Friendship is all very well but no one has a right to steer the ship perilously near the rocks. You admit you love books. Now supposing some one were to borrow a beloved (book or dog or girl, it doesn't matter which) and conveniently forget to return it to you, how would you feel Mr. B.-Lover? Pretty strongly, won't you? Why then this query?

"Aggrieved" wants some advice *apropos* a libel. He wants to set the law in motion. This is a costly, tedious, uncertain process. In such cases, it is better to set in motion a mastiff or the nearest heaviest missile.

Kubera, Kumbakonam, writes: "I want to safeguard my wealth. Against inflation and deflation: against Bulls and Bears: against balanced and unbalanced budgetary consequences: so that I may die as wealthy a man as I am just now."

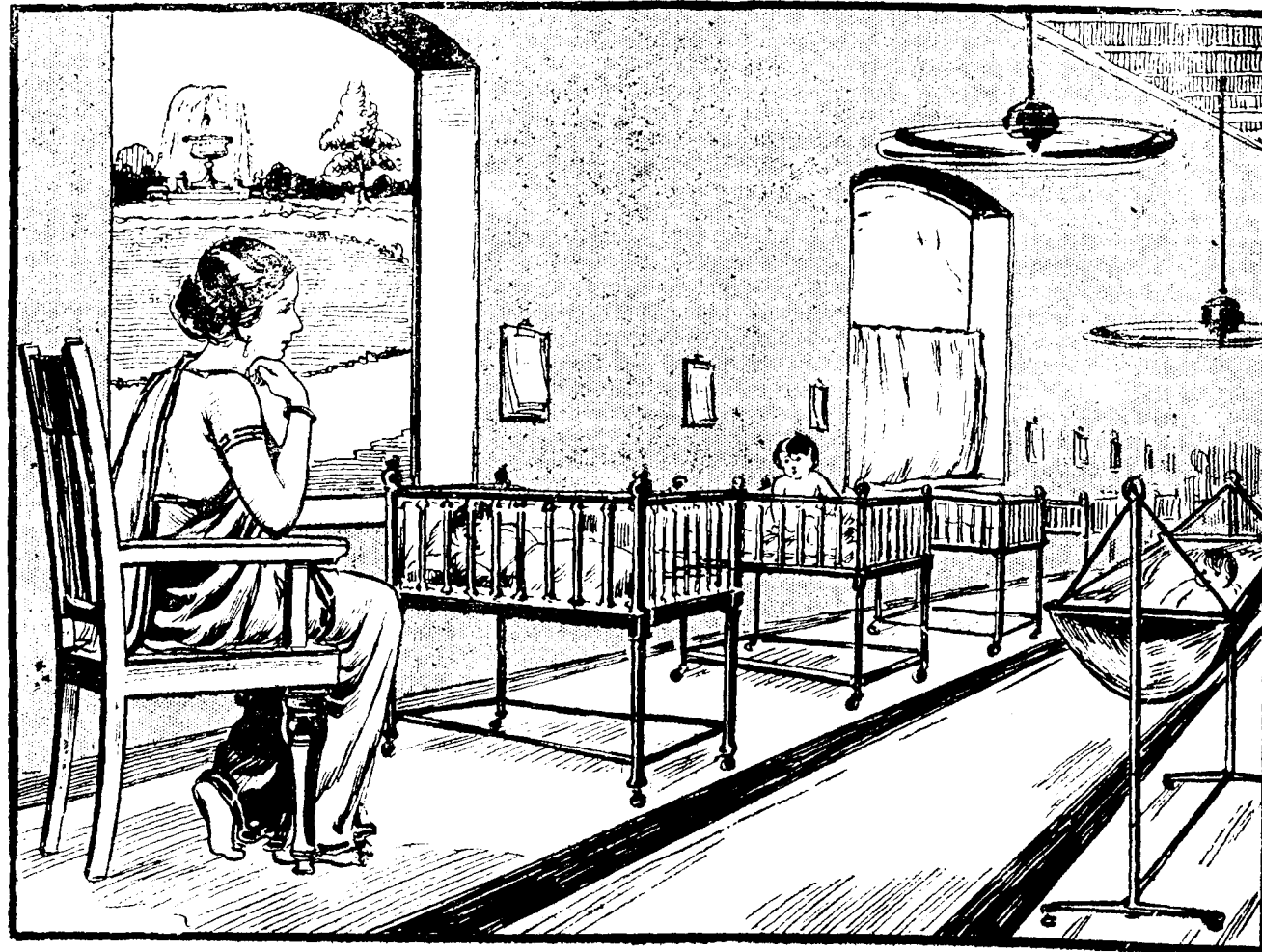
Instead of trouble-shooting we are inclined to advise Kubera "to shoot himself." He will certainly have the consolation of dying as wealthy a man as he is.

BALA, THE BAD WOMAN

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY

BY DEISVI.

XI. LAST DAYS OF BALA



"Near the crib.....was Bala herself."

AT 4 P. M. that day old Sornam came into my bedroom, while I was still engrossed with thoughts of suicide.

"Who is ill at your parents' place? Your father or mother?" she asked me. I stared at her in surprise.

"What makes you think so?" I asked her.

"Well, an old clerk from the shop told me to be ready to accompany you to-night to your father's place. I thought somebody must be ill there."

"Oh, yes," I drawled. "I am not quite sure if it is not a matter of life and death."

"I thought so. I'll be only too glad to come. Be brave! There is a God above!"

My next visitor was the old clerk from the shop. He was the man who once took me out, shopping. Evidently he knew a little more than Sornam.

"My master has instructed me to make such arrangements as are necessary for your departure to-night. I have reserved a second-class compartment all for yourself in to-night's mail. Sornam will travel with you and keep you company. I am also to travel in the same train. If you will kindly tell me what trunks are to be sent to the station beforehand, I shall see to their despatch."

"Has my father been wired to meet me at the station?"

"I don't know, amma!"

"I want you to go back to the shop and tell my husband that I should like to have a few words with him before I leave Madras."

"He is not in town, amma. He left by car to Conjeevaram."

"Conjeevaram! What for?"

"I don't know, amma."

"Very well, then."

"What about the luggage?"

"What luggage?"

"Heavy things which should be sent in advance."

"There is only one thing heavy about me which cannot be left behind or sent in advance—and that is my heart. The others do not matter."

The man looked dazed. He coughed and spluttered to cover his confusion.

"Then I shall go home, have my food and come back. If we start at 7-45 it would be enough," he told me and left the room.

* * *

I took off every piece of jewellery which I was wearing and made out an inventory including such of the valuables as were in the safe and in the chest of drawers. Enclosing the inventory in an envelope I addressed it to my husband and kept it in a prominent place where he would see it. I changed into a plain saree and went and stood before the mirror. I couldn't recognise myself. This was not the Bala I knew. Here was a woman with a pathetic droop of her lips and eyes swollen with unshed tears. I smiled at the reflection—a bitter smile. I snapped my fingers at the mirror and told my reflection, "Nothing matters much: most things do not matter at all. Before sunrise I shall end your misery. If there is a hereafter, let it take care of itself!" An idea struck me suddenly. I sat down and worked out its details, mentally. Yes: Sornam, deaf and old, would be my only companion in the compartment. She would go to sleep. Then, I will slip noiselessly out of the compartment when the train starts from some station. The next train that passes that way would find me beneath its wheels.

With the plan worked out in detail, I looked forward eagerly to the return of the old clerk. He was punctual.

"I am ready, amma!" said he.

"So am I."

"Where is all the luggage?"

"I am not taking any."

"What! Not even some bedding?"

"No. Where is Sornam?"

"She is also ready—waiting outside."

"Shall we go then?"

"But—at least a pillow!"

"Why, at least, *aiyah*?" I asked the man, smiling.

"My master will be angry."

"How do you know?"

"He will be angry," the man persisted.

"Don't you worry! The blame, if any, will be mine."

The man was puzzled. But I walked out of the verandah and he had perforce to follow me.

There was a taxi waiting outside. The Sedan had evidently been taken to Conjeevaram. Sornam was there. We three got into the car. A head peeped out of the

front-room window. It was Nainu and he too had a puzzled look on his face. Narasiah and Erriah were out. It was as well.

Sornam started asking questions about the absence of luggage. I was in no mood to shout replies into her deaf ear. She lapsed into silence.

We were in the train. The first bell rang. Suddenly, I saw Erraiya running up the platform with a veritable mountain of bedding on his head. And as he ran, he was looking into every carriage. Then he caught sight of the old clerk who was mounting guard over my compartment. Erraiya ran up and asked the clerk breathlessly: "Where is amma?" The clerk pointed out my compartment. Erraiya, with tears streaming down his face, burst into a torrent of Telugu. I could only gather that a sixth sense had told him that his mistress was in trouble and that he would never see her again. On top of this, it would seem that her going away without some bedding was a blot on his service-record. It looked as if he would collect a crowd around him. I called him near, smiled at him, promised to come back in a few days and stopped him from creating a scene. A Railway Officer came on the scene. "A European lady, who is a doctor, wants accommodation. Can you oblige?" he asked me in Anglo-Indian Tamil. I was in no mood to oblige. A third party would be inconvenient to the plans I had worked out. I shook my head to indicate a negative answer.

"All the 1st and 2nd class compartments are full. You have a whole compartment all to yourself. She is a doctor going to operate on a serious case. Can't you oblige?" the officer pleaded.

The old clerk by now appeared on the scene. "Look here!" said the clerk to the officer. "If you want to say anything, say it to me. Why are you worrying the ladies?"

The officer again explained the position. "We paid for the entire compartment," said the clerk, "and we mean to keep it."

I got quite a shock when the lady for whom all this argument was going on, appeared on the scene. It was the lady-doctor who attended on me at Bangalore.

"Any luck, mister?" asked she of the officer; then on seeing me, she hesitated for a fleeting second and then ran up to the window with a smile on her lips.

"Why! You!" she exclaimed, extending her hand.

"Well, well, of all people! May I come in?"

I opened the door and let her in. She had very little luggage and that was brought in. I saw the old clerk mumbling outside. The bell rang and he ran up to my compartment and telling me that he would see me at the next halt, hurried away to seek his compartment.

"What is the matter?" asked the lady-doctor as the train gathered speed. "You do not at all look like a girl fresh from her honeymoon?"

"It is quite a long story."

"I certainly do not mind the length of the story, so long as it is pleasant. But I am afraid, from what I see from your face, that your story would be a tragedy."

"So it is!"

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"My dear, though I have no children, in my experience I have come across much of sorrow and suffering. Tell me your troubles. It will give you relief."

She came nearer and putting an arm around me, took my hand in hers. "Won't you, dear?" she pleaded.

I told her all. I don't know how long it took to tell her. But when I finished and looked at her face, tears were streaming down there. She wiped them away with a very small handkerchief.

"I am a devout Christian: but when I hear stories like yours, I begin to doubt if there is justice in the divine scheme of things."

"The astrologers were right, after all! Isn't that strange?" I asked her.

"Astrologers be blowed!" said she with vehemence. "Now, my dear child, what are your plans for the future?"

A bitter laugh gave me away.

"Don't do that!" she exclaimed and caught hold of my hands.

"Don't do what?" I asked her.

"Kill yourself."

"How did you find that out?" I asked her again in surprise.

"My dear, it is clear to me as daylight. Anyone in your position and possessing just the feelings you have, would naturally think of the only way out."

"And why shouldn't I go that way?"

"You have no right!"

"I have been denied a great many things in my life. My life at least is mine. I shall dispose it off just as I like!"

"Sh! your life is not yours. It belongs to Him!"

"I am sick of these pious platitudes."

"My dear, dear, child! Won't you listen to me? Don't you see how much I am feeling for you and how great the anguish in my heart is, at the way in which the world has treated you? This is neither the time nor the place to tell you why and how you are wrong in your decision. Rest awhile! Sleep if you can. I must pray for a little light."

She forced me to lie down. Sornam was already snoring. This perfect stranger knelt by my bed and with head bent down, offered a prayer. "All is well!" said she with a sigh as she rose, but I was startled at the sudden change in her face. It was grim and determined. She bustled about the compartment, opened one of her bags and with her back turned to me fumbled among its contents. Then turning to me, with one hand still held behind her, she asked me to extend my hand. As I did so, she pushed up the sleeve of my jacket and then only did I notice a piece of wet cotton in her hand.

"What is it?" I asked her.

"Ask no questions! Do as you are told!"

"Why do I want an injection.....?"

"I want you to sleep."

The needle was driven home! My plans! She had thrown them overboard!

Only once that night did I wake up. She was there sitting and reading. Noticing my restlessness she came up to me and laid a cool hand on my brow. She then held a tumbler to my lips—something cold and sweet which I sipped and turning in my bed, dozed away.

At about three in the morning, she woke me up. "Get up dear. We have to get down!"

Sornam and the old clerk were already on the platform. The lady-doctor's luggage was also there. She helped me to get down.

"Aren't you bound for Bangalore?" I asked her.

"I was. Now I am going with you."

"But....."

She rapped out orders to the porters like an army-officer. She ordered the old clerk about and she bustled Sornam. I was sleepy and dazed. She took me to the ladies' waiting room and made me lie there. Sornam was to keep awake and watch over me. The old clerk was to mount guard outside. And after making all these arrangements, she came to me.

"I am going to your father," said she. "I have got his name and address. I must prepare him to receive you. I don't know what kind of a woman your mother is. I hope she will be sensible and not make it hard for you. I shall be back as early as I can. Now, have a little more sleep!"

At five I woke up. There was the lady-doctor, sitting calm and collected, reading. Sornam had fallen asleep.

"Where is father?"

"He is outside. It was my desire that you shouldn't be disturbed. Shall I bring him in?"

I nodded assent.

I looked eagerly at father's face as he came in. He was brave. He rushed up to me. "Bala child! Mrs. Vaughan has told me everything. I am sorry, dear, for what has happened. I am thankful to God for having sent this kind lady to your help in time and I tremble for the consequences, if she had not miraculously arrived in time. Shall we go home?"

"How is mother?"

"My dear, you must put up with her. She is old-fashioned and doesn't understand. But time will heal all wounds."

Meeting my mother was more trying than I anticipated. She behaved as if, instead of a daughter, there was a corpse in the house. She was crying, even before I entered the house. At the sight of me, she roundly abused all the Gods, Destiny, Fate and every other cause which in her opinion had brought shame and disgrace on her. When I went near my mother, she stared at me and set up another howl.

"Ah me!" she wailed. "That it should have come to this! He has taken away all her jewels and sent her home like a widow!"

Mrs. Vaughan and my father were silent witnesses of the scene. The former, though she didn't understand Tamil, could see what was going on and lost her patience. "Look here!" she said to my father. "Can't you do something to stop this silly exhibition! I wish I had learnt Tamil. I could then give her a piece of my mind."

"I am sorry," apologised my father, "but we must make allowances for her lack of education and this most unfortunate situation."

"Come dear," said Mrs. Vaughan to me. "We have had enough of this."

I took her to the front-room and gave her a cup of coffee. She made me sit by her on a low stool and patting me, stroking my hair, and caressing me, she gave me a lot of advice as to what I should do. She ended it all by saying:

"Your mother is going to be very difficult to get on with. I am rather afraid of what you might do. I want you to promise me that if you are in trouble, you will send for me. Wire to me and I'll be here as quick as I can. Will you promise?"

"I do."

"You won't fail?"

"The world may call me a bad woman, madam, but I have never broken a promise or told a lie!"

"Don't I know!" she said and kissed me on the forehead.

Hailing from a distant land, belonging to a different race and religion, the kindness of this lady was like balm to my bruised soul. The world could still hope for salvation while such great souls existed.

Mrs. Vaughan was closetted with my father for over an hour. Meanwhile a man was sent out to engage a taxi to take her to Bangalore. My father and myself accompanied her to the front-door. She shook hands with father, kissed me once again, brushed a tear and entered the car. "I expect both of you to keep your promises. Do not let an old woman down!" she said and waved her hand. With a heavy heart, I went inside the house.

The three months I spent beneath the parental roof were the worst days in my life. It was hell. There cannot be a greater tragedy to a girl than to find herself an object of loathing to her own mother. My mother wouldn't allow me to explain, nor would she try to understand. At first, inquisitive friends and relatives visited us and were sent away mystified. Then somehow, the story spread round the city. Relatives brought the rumours to my mother with the sole purpose of verifying them. My mother's replies, hot and angry, only too well confirmed what they heard and suspected. Thus, I came to be known as a bad woman, who had run away from her husband with another man, a woman so bad and depraved that the husband, "literally kicked her out, without so much as a nose-screw or a saree."

There were various versions of the story that went round and some of them were grotesque in the extreme. Little by little, we noticed that our relatives were dropping us. We were, to all intents and purposes, ostracized

and excommunicated, as if by tacit consent. Mother was very sore about this. Though she didn't say it in so many words, I could see that she put the blame at my door. From the very beginning I never stirred out of the house. I avoided going out. There was very little work in the house to do. I learnt to cook: to wash my own clothes, and do a hundred other things which till then were being done for me by some servant or other. In the evenings, I would go to the terrace, for a breath of fresh air. But mother stopped this also. "What will people think! Why make an exhibition of yourself in public?" she said one day and from that day, I denied myself even this small freedom. She nagged father, the live-long day. She urged him to go and see my husband and bring about a reconciliation. But father was unwilling. He had, at last, to go, because she made life unbearable.

"I never wanted to go and see him. It was you who sent me," said father, after his return from Madras.

"What did he say?"

"I never saw him."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean what I say. He refused to see me and sent word saying that if I had anything to say, I might put it down in writing."

"Alright. Go on! Write to him."

And father wrote interminably long letters. In the end and as a result, I learnt that my husband would pay me a very decent allowance!

"Father! If you receive a pie from him, I shall leave this house and never come back!" I warned my father. Mother's retort cut me to the quick.

"You are always thinking of leaving this house! What has that poor husband done to you that you should refuse his money? Is he such a bad man?"

"Alright, mother, have it your own way! I am the bad one and I don't want good, pious people to waste their money on me!"

Father saved the situation by interrupting. Hot words were on my lips and there would have been a bitter quarrel, but for his interruption.

"Listen you two! This sort of thing cannot go on! We have got to pull together somehow. I am getting old. I had hoped that my last days will be peaceful. I don't blame anybody, but if you two are going to behave like this, I don't know if I can bear it for long. Let us get away from here! Let us go somewhere, where no one would know who we are."

"Why? Why?" mother screamed. "What is it that I have done that I should be driven away from my house!—from the city, where I have been treated with respect all these years."

I couldn't stand it any longer and with hot tears welling in my eyes, I left them and sought my father's office-room.

Sitting in his chair, I cried my heart out. I could hear my parents still in altercation in the courtyard. But for the promise I made to Mrs. Vaughan, I could have ended my miserable existence. She used to write to me regularly every Sunday and she told me in one of her

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letters that as soon as she returned from the church she would think of me and write to me. There were a number of unopened letters on the table and I aimlessly turned them over. There was a letter addressed to me. But it was not in Mrs. Vaughan's handwriting. I turned it over and looked at the postmark. It was illegible. The handwriting of the address was big and sprawling. It was like that of a child's handwriting. I tore open the envelope. There was a photo inside and a letter. The photo was that of Radha. She was standing in the porch of a cottage and was smiling, with a big doll in her hand. The doll was the one I gave her. I read the letter. It was in Tamil and ran thus:—

Respected and Darling Aunt,

I have been thinking of you often. Father wouldn't allow me to write to you but at last he yielded. How are you? Father says you are unhappy. Why should you be? You have motor-car, heaps and heaps of sarees and jewels. Please do not be unhappy. We went to Trichy but mother was crying always. Then father came and brought us here. This is a nice place. I love it. Lots of flowers and trees and birds. Only, I have no one to play with. Wish you were here. Please see my photo here. Won't you send me yours? I would love to have one.

Next time you come to Bombay please come and see me. Bring Nainu also. How is Erraiya?

Your loving child,
RADHA

A doubt assailed me. This letter,—coming as it did at a moment when I was thinking of retracting my promise made to Mrs. Vaughan,—was it an indication of the path which I should choose? "Why not go back to him?" said something within me and as suddenly I asked myself, "What for?" No. I would send for Mrs. Vaughan, ask her to release me from my promise and then find the quickest way out.

I sent Mrs. Vaughan a telegram and the next day she arrived in a car. I met her at the front-door.

"What is the matter?" she asked me anxiously.
"Come inside and I'll tell you."

I told her everything frankly and appealed to her to allow me to do as I liked.

"Give me some time!" she pleaded.

"I am willing," I said. She asked for my father. They were again closetted for long. In the end, I was surprised to hear that Mrs. Vaughan would be taking me immediately to Bangalore in the car. I was relieved. Any other place excepting that house and that city would be a relief. "Your mother doesn't know that you are coming with me. Make haste and get ready quick. I'll tell you everything in the car," said Mrs. Vaughan and within fifteen minutes we were in the car and speeding along the road.

"Your telegram, my dear," said Mrs. Vaughan "didn't come to me as a surprise. In fact, I was expecting it all along. I was discussing you with my husband and I am sure you will like him when you come to know him. I, rather we, have an idea. We feel that if you

have some work which would keep you busy and interested throughout the day, life will not appear as intolerable and heavy as it is to you just now. We wondered what kind of work would be suitable for you. I shall place before you a proposition. Revolve it in your mind. Think deeply over it. Give it a trial before you reject it. If even after a trial, you feel like going back on the promise you gave me, I shall leave the matter in His hands."

"What work do you think I would be fit for?"

"I shall personally train you as a nurse. We will see that you qualify yourself for the work. Then, we will get you a job in a children's hospital. Just imagine! Bringing joy and relief into the hearts of hundreds of God's little ones. Looking to their comforts, soothing their pains, and helping the little things to grow strong and healthy! Won't you like such work?"

I hugged her for sheer joy! "I would love it!" said I in ecstasy. "I love children and my wretched life could not be put to any other better use than being dedicated to the service of children."

Within a year, I had become a qualified nurse. From the beginning I loved the work. To-day it is part and parcel of myself. I have no regrets. I ask nothing of the outside world. I live in a world all my own and it is a beautiful world full of little angels. I am content to be of some service—to them.

Personal note by the Editor of the Autobiography.

My duty as editor of Bala's autobiography would ordinarily have ended here. But the biography has been the subject of interest, criticism and discussion among the readers, so much so, the Editor of this Magazine had to make more than one reference in his page and publish extracts of letters from his correspondents. Apart from this, I have had reports conveyed to me, of heated controversies in Ry. compartments and club-corners and Mr. Jippy says that, "Bala has created a greater sensation than the bomb affair." I was not therefore surprised to receive an editorial "Hookum" to add to the concluding instalment, a short personal note, explaining how I came to write the story—in 300 words." I never contemplated this order to deliver myself of an epilogue. If I did, I would have started with a prologue. My objections to the addition of an epilogue were editorially brushed aside. That is my excuse for this intrusion.

I can never forget the year 1919. I lost my first-born that year. She, at that time, occupied a great part of my horizon. Her passing away was one of the greatest shocks in an otherwise well-ordered life. I was like one demented. There was a second child—a boy—barely 30 days old. He too came under the grip of a strange malady. All the famous doctors were called in. They differed in diagnosis and treatment. The child lay between life and death. Finally, the biggest of the doctors shook his head and went away. "There is no hope!" was his verdict.

Going mentally over the conscious sins I had committed, I saw nothing to justify this punishment to me. I had not recovered from the shock of the first loss. And here was a second shock all ready and waiting to be hurled at me.

I wandered aimlessly along the streets of Madras. I must have looked like a mad man. A friend ran into me in Mount Road and stopped me.

"Say, old chap! What is the matter?" he asked me.

"Nothing! Absolutely nothing! This is a funny world! That is all!"

"My dear, dear fellow! you look like a ghost! Tell me what is worrying you!"

I told him little by little of my agony. He gripped my hand and put his arm around my shoulder.

"Sorry, old boy, but things couldn't be as bad as all that. I tell you what, let us take the kid to the miracle-worker."

"I have had enough of these frauds."

"Sh! You don't know what you are saying! You are not yourself! Let me lend a hand!" He hailed a taxi. Drove to my house and hustled my wife and old mother. He bundled us all again into the taxi and drove us into a children's hospital.

We were inside the hospital. The child was being examined. I didn't take any interest in the proceedings. I had lost all hopes. My friend came and called me. "The doctor wants you. You will find a matron with her. She is Bala, the miracle-worker. A child that gets under her care is rarely allowed to die. She is the wonder of the people. They flock here like votaries to a shrine. Come on!"

In the dim light of the hospital I saw Bala for the first time. She was dressed in white and her face despite her sorrows and sufferings held me enthralled by its ethereal beauty. Large liquid eyes mirrored-up the purity of her soul. I listened spell-bound as the European lady-doctor said:

"We have decided to leave this baby alone for 24 hours. He has been drugged too much. After 24 hours, we shall see what can be done. Any one of you can stay here. But we are unable to accommodate more than one person. Is his mother here?"

"I would rather prefer to stay here myself," muttered I.

"Very good" said the doctor and took Matron Bala aside and issued to her instructions for the night.

After my friend and my people had left the hospital a nurse came and beckoned me. I followed her. She took me to a verandah and pointed out a bench. "You can use this bench," she said. "Your child is there in that crib."

From my bench I had a good view of the ward. There were a number of beds containing children of all ages and at least half a dozen nurses were sitting like statues here and there. Near the crib that contained my child was Bala herself, seated. I couldn't see her face as her back was turned to me. I watched her all night. At the slightest rustle from the crib or the faintest of cries, she would get up and soothe the child or wet his lips with water. Occasionally, she would look at my bench to see if I had gone to sleep. Nurses relieved one another quietly and without fuss. A moan from a bed and scampering feet would hasten to find out the cause and afford relief.

With the advent of dawn, I saw Bala coming towards me with a gracious smile on her lips. "The baby had a good night, sir. I have hopes: he will pull through! Aren't you going out for your coffee? You didn't have a wink of sleep all last night."

The baby had to be in the hospital for a month. My gratitude was sincere and heartfelt. I had to spend a great portion of the day, daily there and I heard many stories from nurses, servants and patients, about Bala. She was more than a Goddess to all of them. I marvelled and was anxious to know her better. I had very few opportunities of speaking to her. But I made the best of what little chance I could get.

She remarked to me one day: "I have been wondering what your profession is."

"I am a journalist. What made you wonder?"

"That night when you brought the baby you looked the picture of misery. I have seen many anxious parents in my days but I have never seen a face so full of agony and misery as yours, was that night?"

Then I told her of the loss of my first-born. She winced as if a dagger had pierced her heart.

"Why should little ones, pure and innocent things as they are, suffer and die? They couldn't possibly be guilty of any sin. It has always been a mystery to me,—this vicarious punishment by an All-merciful Providence."

"But, perhaps, we ought not to look at it as a punishment for them. It is those that lose that suffer."

"I have never looked at it that way. Someday I should like to discuss the thing in detail with you."

Thus I got to know Bala better. Little by little she told me her story. I pleaded with her to put it down in writing. "It would be a very human document. Please, please, do it," I implored. She consented. I learnt later she had started writing. But she never showed me the MS.

The years rolled on. My boy grew into a sturdy lad and was put to school, but at least twice a year I used to take him with fruits and flowers, to the miracle-worker. I used to enquire also about the progress of the autobiography. "Do you want to publish it?" Bala would ask me, with a radiant smile.

One night at 12 midnight the telephone in my house clamoured for attention. I was awake and reading. I went down and took the receiver off the hook.

"Is that Deisvi?" a voice asked me.

"Yes," said I, wondering who it was.

"This is — hospital. The Lady Superintendent wants you to go over here immediately."

"What is the matter?"

"The Matron is ill."

I rang for a taxi and rushed to the Hospital. Bala was there in bed. All the staff of the hospital were there too, in the verandah. The lady superintendent took me aside. "Are you related to her?" she asked me.

"No."

"Years back, she came here recommended by Mrs. Vaughan. She has lived here all these years. This hospital owes her much, not only for her service, but also for the many endowments we got on account of her.—She is dying."

"Is there no hope?"

"None whatever. She nursed a very bad case of Typhoid. She exerted herself too much over that case, in spite of our warning. She has fallen a victim to it. I have told her that her end is near. She is happy. When I asked her if there is anything I could do she gave me your name and telephone number. Go and speak to her please!"

I approached her bed like one entering a sanctuary. She was awake and on seeing me, smiled. There was a very thin gold chain round her neck. She unfastened it and gave it to me. A small key was attached to the chain.

"I am going," said this modern-miracle-woman. "Inside my box you will find what you want." She paused and pointed out another cot and said "She is safe—there—in that cot!"

Puzzled, I walked over to the cot which she pointed out. A young girl was sleeping peacefully in the cot. I looked at the chart hanging on the wall, over the cot, and read.

Name of Patient: Miss Radha Kumar.
Disease: Typhoid.

I came back with a question in my eyes. Bala guessed it.

"Ask any questions you like, while I have the strength," she told me.

"Was he here?" I asked.

She shook her head. "Her grandmother brought her here. I did my best and her life has been spared. I am so happy."

"May I....."

"Yes?"

"Get into touch with....."

"Yes?"

"Your husband?"

"He is no more. I think he forgave me. Else, why did he leave his all to this hospital?"

"Your parents?"

"They too passed away. I think I saw father a little while ago. He was in this room."

I bowed down my head. Another soul had been through purgatory and had passed over, beyond, into the eternal hereafter.

In Bala's box were found:

A baby's frock—Identified later as Radha's.

A saree and petticoat—as the one Bala used in the cottage at Bangalore.

A few flower petals—Perhaps *Puja Prasadam*s.

A photo of Radha standing outside the cottage at Bombay.

A diamond nose-screw—probably the only jewel with which Bala left her husband's house on that eventful day and the MS which has been published in this Magazine. As editor of the autobiography I had my work cut-out. The tributes paid by 'Jippy' and others regarding the literary merit of the document is really tribute to Bala and to her I render them, humbly adding my own. May her Soul rest in Peace!

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Music Hath Charms

(A. T. MACNAUGHTON THOMAS)

BEFORE I had hardly enjoyed a crescent honeymoon, I was called away to the camp on pressing duties. It was, therefore, with a pleasure of high voltage that I returned to my lady-bird, after an absence of two weeks. She stood at the doorstep, one vast substantial smile, to welcome me. Soon after going through the whole gamut of endearments, I learnt from Cora that our kindly disposed neighbours in the flat adjoining ours had shot the moon during my absence and that some new tenants had moved in. "Oh! that's all right," I said, as I soothed her. "I think, we are the better with the possession of two rolling-pins, one mouse-trap, six Columbia records, one dog-chain, three yards of chintz, a cycle-lamp, a packet of nails, a thimble and four novels by Ethel. M. Dell which they kindly lent us. Look on the bright side of things, my dear girl."

She did look and was more than satisfied; whether from the fact that the packet of nails and the thimble which alone had the claim to brightness or from the fact that the aforementioned articles were of infinite domestic importance to our newly begun household, is a matter I will leave to the reader to decide.

It was while having our breakfast that a noisy cascade of music from a piano in the winter of its existence filtered into our room.

"Hullo! What's that! Sounds more like an iron girder falling on a sheet of tin," I said.

"That's the daughter of our neighbour having her morning practice. She regularly begins at seven in the morning and finishes at ten in the night, of course, with intervals," replied Cora.

"ripped those intervals for refreshment or for artificial expected."

"Both. I think, she is appearing for some which needs, she says, such constant key-boards. She wants to become a music-teacher. What the worst is this. Suppose she passes her examination, she will take a lot of pupils and the beastly piano will be in full swing."

"I'll inform the lady that we are not dieting on justice if our ears deaf. Request her with my best

compliments to spare us the free rendering of an all-thumping, all-screaming, all-grating entertainment. Fancy awakening to Beethoven's sonata, dressing to Mendelssohn's Wedding March, breakfasting to Schubert's Ave Maria, dining to Mozart's Requiem Mass, you cooking to Bach's fugue, I working in my office to Paderewski's waltz and we sleeping to Walter Denelson's fox-trot. It's all very good saying that music hath charms, but I'm blown if music has not harms."

But the fair pianist, in defiance of everything, was thumping at a furious rate without showing the least sign

of fatigue. My tympanum (or is it laudanum?) was reverberating like a postman's knock. I took my hockey-stick and tapped the partition-wall with great vigour for ten minutes. The bally music was still continuing. It was when I lifted the hockey-stick for the encore that Cora dissuaded me.

"I think it would be better if you called in and asked her to stop it instead of tunnelling your way through the wall."

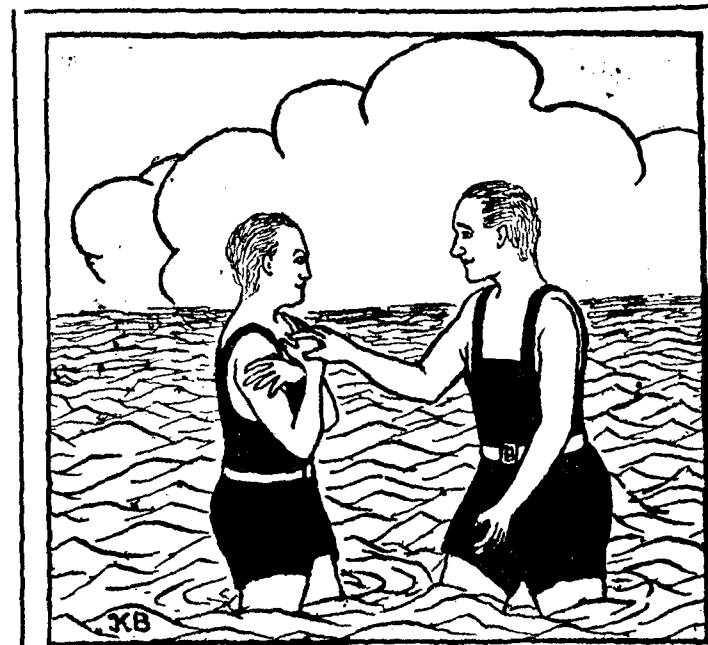
This method did not particularly address itself to my delicate feelings. A man who is a gentleman by birth, by education and by character, will do the most gentlemanly thing under such circumstances by tapping the wall to

record his protest through the mural official channel—a custom, as I was afterwards informed by the greatest legal luminary of our country, sanctioned by ages.

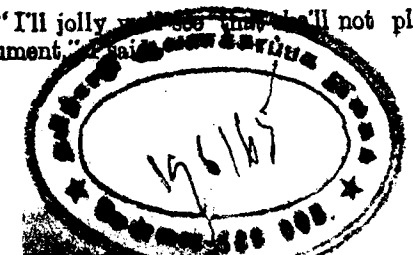
"Send a woman to negotiate with a woman. Why can't you go and persuade her to restrain her philharmonic exercises within reasonable limits?"

"I have already done that. Darling, if you had only seen how the tears gushed from her eyes like a public fountain when she said that her whole future—she assured me she had a brilliant future—depended on her success at the forthcoming examination and earnestly begged of me to put up with the inconvenience until then, I'm sure, you would willingly plug up your ears with cotton-wool."

"I'll jolly well see that she'll not plug away at the instrument."



"What's your limit in swimming?"
"About five gulps."



A week later Cora told me she was going to dine at the Old Girls' Association Club and would not be home till ten o'clock. That evening I came to my solitary dinner with a trombone under my arm, which I borrowed specially from a member of the Jazz—Fazz orchestra.

I got out the raucous trombone ten minutes before eight—the hour at which the fair pianist generally commenced her nocturnal practice—and applied myself vigorously to it. At first there was a toneless rush of air, but, after scientifically manipulating the valves, I emitted a series of weird, blood-curdling, nerve-racking notes in a spirit of pure friendliness to the practiser in the next room. The noise was so wild and so terrible that I myself felt frightened. In order to arrive at a proper conception of the music that came from the trombone, I give for the benefit of the reader that the trombone-music was compounded of the noises produced by the under-mentioned: 10% of the clap of an Alpine thunder; 10% of the buzz of a billion unhived bees; 10% of the wailing of tortured cats; 10% of the roar of a lion calling for breakfast after it had been on a hungerstrike for four days; 10% of the application of emery-paper on metals; 10% of the rumbling of the San Francisco earthquake; 10% of the drone of Graf Zeppelin; 10% of the salvo of hundred cannon; 10% of the fizz of ten thousand Spencer soda-water bottles; 10% of Gabriel's last trump.

I stopped at nine o'clock to refresh myself with a modicum of hot tea. I confess I am not a long-winded trombonist, but nevertheless, I was supremely glad at the gratifying result obtained. There was a dead silence in

the next room—the sort of silence that prevails at a seance before the arrival of the spirit. After taking a scientific pull at a jug of tea, I plugged away at the instrument for forty minutes. It was while putting an extra 10% of the trumpeting of a rutting elephant, an extra 10% of the din of the Niagara Falls and an extra 10% of the whirr of a steam-turbine into the trombone-music, that Cora entered into the room, staring at me.

"What in the name of sanity is this?" she began.

"I have knocked your pianist into a cocked hat. She won't touch the piano so long she has a sense of respect to the trombone. Please order to-morrow a trombone from S. Rose & Co., Bombay. The next room is silent as a graveyard—probably the trombone has killed her."

"Priceless ass!" Do you mean to say that you have been exerting your lungs for these two hours on that what's—it's—name instrument? If you had only told me what you intended to do, at the dinner, I would have saved you the trouble of breaking the record in trombone-blowing."

When you are called a "priceless ass" by the wife of your bosom, it is up to you to pop the question, "what do you mean?" with a threatening mien.

"I mean you are a priceless ass and nothing else. I met the girl and her mother at the Round Tana, this morning, at nine o'clock on their way to bus-stand. Her examination is to-morrow and they are going to stay at a relative's house which is near the examination-hall. There is no one in the next flat save a few cockroaches."



It will be more useful to have the number on th

MY UNCENSORED DIARY

(RAJA RAM)

New Year's Day:—Today being All Fools' Day, I naturally begin a fresh chapter in my ever absorbing diary. For a busy man like myself, writing these thoughtful and voluminous entries is most certainly no easy joke. But it is a kind of profitable self-analysis which hoary sages have unhesitatingly recommended to erring humanity. And, frankly to ask, whose unhuman as not to err, and err quite copiously? There be some vain folk who blab they care a tuppence for these introspective undertakings. I don't write for them, do I? Nor do I wish to quarrel with them and their like. As I wisely and humbly ought to, I only write for my own pleasure and for my sure intellectual and moral improvement.

A number of my friends have written to me—and they have unblushingly called me an April Fool! Why waste money like this, I wonder! Nine pies, one anna and three pies,—in these days of all round depression, people shouldn't throw away money like that. After all, this day is just like any other day,—a little more hot and dusty, perhaps, than yesterday, but that is not very material—and why should I be deem'd more foolish today than ever before, or after? Silly, I call it.

The strain of that meeting hasn't left me yet. The Chief Examiner is an ass, I've no doubt—and it is always so. But what I can't understand is, why many of the Addl. Examiners behaved that day no less foolishly than the Chief. I hope I'll receive the bundle of answer papers tomorrow. Trouble and double toil ahead,—I warrant.

The evening coffee was good to taste. But I didn't ask another cup for fear of being taken for a liquid glutton.

My eldest boy made fewer faces at me than usually. That is worth noting. But he seems to have no talent for multiplication. (Had no time to go to the temple today.)

Next Day:—A very bad beginning. My wife severely reprimanded me, that with my three days' growth of hair, I looked a ruffian. So I had to take a shave, and in the hurry and humiliation of the moment, caused a few scratches. Anyhow, it is over and I'm awaiting the postman.

A registered parcel. I signed away the receipt and ripped open the big, rectangular pack. Just as I had expected. Three hundred and odd answer papers. 'B. A. Shakespeare'—the devil! A fairly paying job, though,—especially to ill-paid professors. Knew there would be trouble,—no money without trouble! I have never read *Othello*, and *Twelfth Night* I read in my school days—in Lamb's Tales. Well, I must get on anyhow with the 'marking' of these d-d papers. The Principal is a fortunate man—the tutor 'marks', but the excellent Principal pockets the money! I'm decided there is no justice in this world.

'Shakespeare' is a hard nut to crack. No question, of course, of reading the miserable plays again. I must think a little and evolve a nice method.

In the evening I made my round of weekly visits to the members of the Managing Committee of my institution. I flatter myself thinking I have pleased them all—except, perhaps, one. It is that ignoramus, V. He asserted that Goldsmith's poetry was better than Donne's, even better than Hazlitt's. I had to tell him that Hazlitt wrote no poetry. Result: V is angry with me. Oh lord, which is in Heaven, protect such of your servants who are serving in my college!

In the Home Dept., there is a serious deadlock. My wife wants four saris, my mother thinks one is enough, and I keep mum.....

Two Days Hence:—At last I've got it. Thank Heavens! I didn't crack under the terrible ordeal. I now know to 'mark' the answer papers without much ado. I must thank my Chief Examiner, too,—he has given instructions that the papers should be 'marked' as a whole, not item by item. Quite squares with my method.

Let me see. Here's a candidate, his number 127. According to my 'Brown Magic' method of 'marking'—which is neither 'black' nor 'white' but three-fourths metaphysically magical and one-fourth factual—I calculate 'marks' by applying my formula. I bring Algebra to operation,—surely, I'm no fool to be a Mathematics B. A., and still let my special knowledge rust! The primary variable is x, let me suppose. How do I get it? I add the digits of the candidate's number,—again and again and again, if necessary—till I got a single digit for my answer. This will be 1 plus 2 plus 7, that is, 10; again 1 plus 0, that is 1. Thus for candidate No. 127, x assumes the value 1. Very good. This primary variable is multiplied by the 'basic' constant for the paper—viz., 'Shakespeare', in which there are 11 letters, in other words, p equals 11. I promptly multiply x by p and I get 11. Splendid! Now I have to subtract this result by the secondary variable which is supplied by the number of pages the candidate has written,—in this case, it is 5. My conclusion, unassailable because so methodical, is that 127 has got 6% in the 'Shakespeare' paper. The formula, therefore, is $px-y$. No. 222 gets 60%, for he has written 6 pages, and hence y for him is 6 and x is 6 too. Bravo! No. 198! Though you have written only two pages, you net in a fine 97%. Admirable how my system works!

By seven o'clock in the evening, I have finished 'marking' my papers. The vexation is over. I've asked my wife to prepare some onion soup to refresh my tired brains.

Later: the onion soup is a failure. I roundly abused my people taking courage into both my hands—but no use. They've as much as hinted that if I was so careful about good cooking, I ought to appoint a cook, as some

respectable men have done. I've only decided to send them all, bag and baggage, to my village and mess in a hotel.

Sunda, an acquaintance of my primary school days, has come and gone, the little blighter! His brother has appeared for the B. A. and he has just learnt that I'm valuing, etc. etc. etc. His No. is 181 and he has written 11 pages. What am I to do? The fellow gets zero, that he does, and I'm not going to tamper with my method for all the Sundas in the world.

I think the gout is going to have a tough tussle with me to-night. Will I see the light of morn? All-Highest, I resign myself to Thee!

One of these April days:—I had such a nice Vinolia calendar—so positively ravishing! My never-do-well of a son-in-law has taken it away. And for fear, otherwise he is likely to send my daughter back to me. I pretended to enjoy the sight of the robbery of my calendar. But what a nuisance! For instance, I know neither the day of the month, nor if today be Sunday or Wednesday. Irritating, very. Again, that impudent letter! "Dear Sir, enclosed is an unsettled bill for a small sum, which in the rush of business you have doubtless ignored....." Mongoose! Rush of business indeed! Fiddlesticks! I didn't forget; I didn't want to. Let the fellow do his worst! My grand-uncle is an M. L. C.—I have no fear!

I met two rude fellows on my way back from the river. To my hearing they said: "Can't make out whether this chap is a brahmin or moslem or sudra or a harijan!" I was furious. Then they passed me, and noticing on my back (my front was covered with a wet cloth, like one finds common in rural parts) said that I was a brahmin after all,—at least a visvakarma! Had I not remembered Jesus's "Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit Heaven", I had straightaway filed a suit for damages!

No doubt it's 10th April:—Days are quieter now. Parents, wife, etc., have gone to my village for good, and I am able to devote all my time to my Doctorate thesis on the Economical Theories of the Ant Species. My colleagues think I know nothing besides English Language and Literature. What a shock will paralyse them when they read my thesis, not to be within the comprehension of even advanced economists! This morning, between 7 and 9, I observed under a microscope the activities of three ants—referred to in my thesis notes as specimens A, B and F—and I have come to the conclusion that A and B are intent on production, while F is a never-to-be-sufficiently-praised but scientifically economical distributor of both raw and finished commodities. The whole affair is immeasurably exhilarating.

There was a feast in our hotel. It came to a competition between Natchu and myself in the matter of eating almond cakes. Very fascinating indeed. But we

had to give it up, because there wasn't sufficient quantity of the thing in the hotel to carry on the game.

The Secretary of the local Harijan Society wanted me to preside over their annual function. I readily consented. The function went off satisfactorily. To my chagrin, no reporters were present to give the meeting due publicity.

Sunday next:—I've received three books for review. I cut the edges, smelt the paper, and wrote my name with flourishes, as if I were Cromwell signing poor Charles's death warrant. One difficulty. Is 'Leona Marvill' a Mr. or Rev. or Fr. or Miss. or Mrs? Neither the dust-cover nor the 'Who is Who in Literature' gives me a clue. 'The author' 'The talented writer'—that sort of thing should save me. The get-up is good anyway. I've my bill-collector's assurance on that point. With so much pressure of 'marking' papers and 'watching' ants I haven't even breathing time to read these books. I shall read by and by,—for the present I shall write that the books are absolutely and undeniably major contributions to literature and tag on a tactful compliment to the publishers' artistic sense. That'll do.

By the third delivery I've received nothing. Blast the postal tribe, root and branch! And only ten minutes ago I posted no less than seventeen letters! The unutterable ingratitude of the Postal authorities! I must ask Venu's uncle-in-law's brother to ask a few intriguing supplementary questions during the Simla session of the Assembly! That would teach these fellows a thing or two.

A telegram! Why, what's the matter? Does my wife want money so soon? Or is it an urgent reminder from the Assurance Company of Patiala that my policy will lapse if.....? My heart is at rest.....it's nothing serious. In my capacity as local Organiser of National Work I've received a wire from the All-India Executive Head that the publication of the expected Yellow Annex is held up *sine die*. As if I cared!

Monday following:—Attended a lecture on Neurosis by Professor Urmheim of the Birth Control University of Panama. He was very impressive, very genial, very gesticular, very muscular, and very auricular: he drank pints of strong tea. I proposed a much appreciated vote of thanks,—though I didn't like doing it. I understood that Herr Urmheim is touring the nooks and corners of India categorically expounding the machinations and conspiring poltrooneries of the Ajaz, Oedipus, Electra, Achilles, and other complexes. But in sober and serene conscience, I may put down here, with my profoundest apologies to the late lamented Lord Byron:

Urmheim taught the neurosis to the nation,
But I wish he would explain his explanation.

Midnight: can't sleep at all. Casanova's Memoirs have rather disturbed me. I shall read a few more pages till slumber's charms are more insistent.

OTHER PEOPLES' HUMOUR

"I've forgotten what the other thing was I came for," said the small girl in the grocer's shop.

The grocer tried to be helpful.

"Was it cheese, bacon, butter, margarine, lard, cocoa, sugar, jam, marmalade, biscuits, bottled fruit, piccalilli, meat, baking powder, soap, soda, spice, rice, tapioca, macaroni, currants, raisins....."

"I remember now. Can you tell the right time please?"
—Saint John Times Globe.

The final session of a musical competition was drawing to a close when the secretary, perturbed at the non-arrival of a number of the trophies, approached the chairman and informed him of the predicament.

Summoning his chauffeur, the chairman gave him instructions to drive home and ask the butler to give him half-a-dozen cups "off the sideboard".

The cups were duly delivered and the presentation of prizes proceeded according to programme.

The conductor of the winning band was handed a beautiful trophy; another was presented to the winning tenor. When the leading soprano received her cup, however, she glanced at the inscription and fell in a faint. The inscription read—"Open competition for the best pig in the show."
Tit-Bits.

Employer:—"Is it true that when the clock strikes six you put down your pen and leave the office, even if you are in the middle of a word?"

Clerk:—"Certainly not, sir! When it gets near six I never begin a word at all!"
Shrewsbury Chronicle.

The young author, who had been having a slack time, unfolded his tale of woe to a friend.

"Yes," he said, "the income-tax people sent me an ominous-looking letter. I opened it as you can imagine, with trembling hands. 'Sir,' it read, 'the assessor of taxes is dissatisfied with your statement of last year's income' or words to that effect."

"What did you do about it?" asked his friend, trying to be sympathetic.

"Wrote back and said, 'Dear Sir, you are not half as dissatisfied as I am.'"
Answers.

A candidate who credited his constituents with a rather high standard of intelligence took upon himself the task of explaining to a meeting something of the workings of the economic system. He was led into an involved explanation requiring the use of many unfamiliar words.

At the end of one particularly abstruse sentence there came a faint inquiry from the rear: "And 'ow much d'ye want for the film rights of that?"
Kitchen Record.

"So you loved and lost, eh, old chap?"

"On the contrary, I came out a winner."

"How was that?"

"She returned my presents, and accidentally put in some of another fellow's."
Pearson's Weekly.

The constable knocked at the door of the village hall and demanded admittance.

"What is it you want?" asked the concert promoter.

"Someone's 'phoned the station saying that a man named Schubert is being murdered here!"
News of the World.

Little Jacob had just started to earn his living and brought home his first wages.

"How is this, Jacob?" asked his father, looking at the money. "You bring only nine and ten pence instead of ten shillings."

"Vell, fader, I was so tired, I jumped on a bus coming home."

"Vell, don't do it again."

The second week saw a shortage of three-half pence in Jacob's pay, and he explained to his father that he had felt hungry and had bought some biscuits.

The third week saw the same deficit, and Jacob senior, looking very grave, drew his son aside, and said "Now, look here, my poy, as man to man, who is the voman?"
Novel.

An old woman underwent an operation under an anaesthetic. When consciousness returned she was asked how she had felt under chloroform.

"It was beautiful—just splendid. I thought I was in heaven—till I saw the doctor."
Il Travaso.

Two farmers had many arguments as to which could grow the best produce. One day one of them sent his son to borrow the other's cross-cut saw.

"What might he want it for?" the latter asked.

"Well," said the boy, "he's got a cabbage so big he says he'll want the saw before he can get it into the barrow."

"Go back and tell him he can't have it. I've got it fast in a potato," was the reply.
Buen Humor.

An Irishman appealed to the magistrate for redress against his landlord for the bad repair of his house. He complained that some hens he kept in the kitchen had been drowned by the water that came in through the roof. "And what am I to do about it, your honour?" he asked. After a pause, the magistrate said, "Well, I can't quite say, unless you keep ducks!"
Legion Weekly.

Keep this copy of The Merry Magazine.
It may bring you 50 rupees.

Beggary, The Profession and Practice

(R. SATYAMURTI AIYAR)

⁶⁶ POOR man, have you always been blind?"

"No madam, last week, I was a cripple, but I could not earn enough at it."

If you will pay fancy prices for a front seat in a theatre and cry your throats hoarse when you see a Caesar fall, or shed your tears when Rama is sent to the forest or vociferously applaud when a Portia weaves out

her plausible argument and confounds the unhappy Shylock, or hold your breath when a Macbeth deals the fatal blow, and find your spirits rise and fall with the accuracy of a barometer at the fitting scenes in a drama, all along quite convinced that it is a make-believe affair and that the whole is simply an elegant bit of deception, I ask you in all seriousness, why do you characterise that art of the beggar, who cheats you by a homely and unostentatious piece of acting, by the undignified expression of "shamming"? Of course, beggary is not found catalogued amongst the sixty-four *Kalagnanas* or branches of knowledge which every accomplished prince of Indian mythology or fairy tale is credited to have mastered, and—mind you—the art of thieving does not seem to have been forgotten. Yet, if there is scope for the development of the artistic side of any trade, there it is in the vocation of beggary also. Is the flood of oratory of the advocate that wrings an impossible verdict from a jury, the more sanctified because it comes out of a person dressed up in gowns and bands, though the same persuasive genius is in evidence in the beggar who weaves out a plausible tale and draws out from you what is dearer to you than a paltry verdict, the coin from the innermost sanctuary of the trouser pocket?

Enough of this blasphemy! Beggary is no less a profession and in the hands of a real

A young Italian goes to Paris, and for the first week or two he is very lonely, as one always is in a big town. At last he meets a friend, who is a waiter in a restaurant. After exchanging greetings, he tells him how lonely he is, and asks him: "How does one get a girl friend in Paris?"

His friend replies. "That is quite simple. You see a girl you like the look of. There are plenty around. Start a conversation, and then ask her to have an aperitif at a cafe. If she accepts, ask her the next day to lunch. If she accepts, ask her next to dinner. If she accepts, invite her the next day to a theatre and supper. If then you don't get what you are looking for, you had better go back to Italy."

A week later, they met again, and the waiter asked his friend: "Did you find what you wanted?" The young Italian replied: "Well, not exactly—you see it was this way:—

"I met a perfectly stunning girl, and following your advice, I asked her to have an aperitif, then a lunch, then a dinner. Then I fixed up to go to a theatre. I bought the tickets in advance, and to make sure of not missing her, I went to the theatre half-an-hour before the show was due to start. I stood in the entrance with the tickets in my hand, when a fat man with a fat wife on his arm came up to me and said: '*Combien pour deux billets?*'" (He evidently thought I was a ticket speculator). You know my French is very bad, but I tried to explain that I was not selling them. Then he said: "*Je vous donne trente francs de benefice.*" I again said I was not selling them, so then he said: "*Vous etes un voyoux, mais je vous donnerai cinquante francs de benefice.*"

"Well, what did you do then?" asked the waiter.

"What could I do?" answered the young Italian. "He offered me 50 francs profit. Is there any woman in the world worth 50 francs?" —The Bare Aspect.

plenipotentiaries will pale into insignificance!

Beggars may be roughly classified into the educated and the uneducated, though I find that the latter fare better in their vocation than their less fortunate literate brothers. The educated member of the fraternity has only two courses of action. He either attacks you personally and beards the lion in his den with that

artist becomes a fine art. To become a success in the profession, you want "the mind of a seer, the persuasiveness of an Orpheus, the eye of a hawk, the ear of a terrier, the patience of Job, the optimism of Micawber, the physique of Hercules, the delicacy and quickness of a dragon-fly, the courage of a lion, and above all, the diplomacy of an archangel." The successful beggar must be a keen judge of humanity and realise in practice the observa-

tion of Pope that the proper study of mankind is man. In the chain of destruction, the imagination of the author only went so far as to conceive a fly enmeshed in the web of a spider, the spider being swallowed by a lizard, the lizard by a kite, and so on till the ultimate victor succumbed to a hunter. Our beggar is a being *par excellence* and he pounces on no lower order of beings in the Creation, but preys on the noblest work of God, Man himself. Just as a bee in dense stupidity as to the future, for Heaven from all creatures hides the Book of Fate, gathers the honey, drop by drop, and hour by hour, and when the honeycomb is full, our friend, the brown bear, or the hunter coolly uses the nectar—even so, we find the beggar looks with a contemptuous sneer at the surging mass of humanity sweating and toiling, tumbling and devilling from China to Peru, bides his time and steps in at the right moment to share the spoil. What an instinct and conservation of energy! What a diplomat before whom our

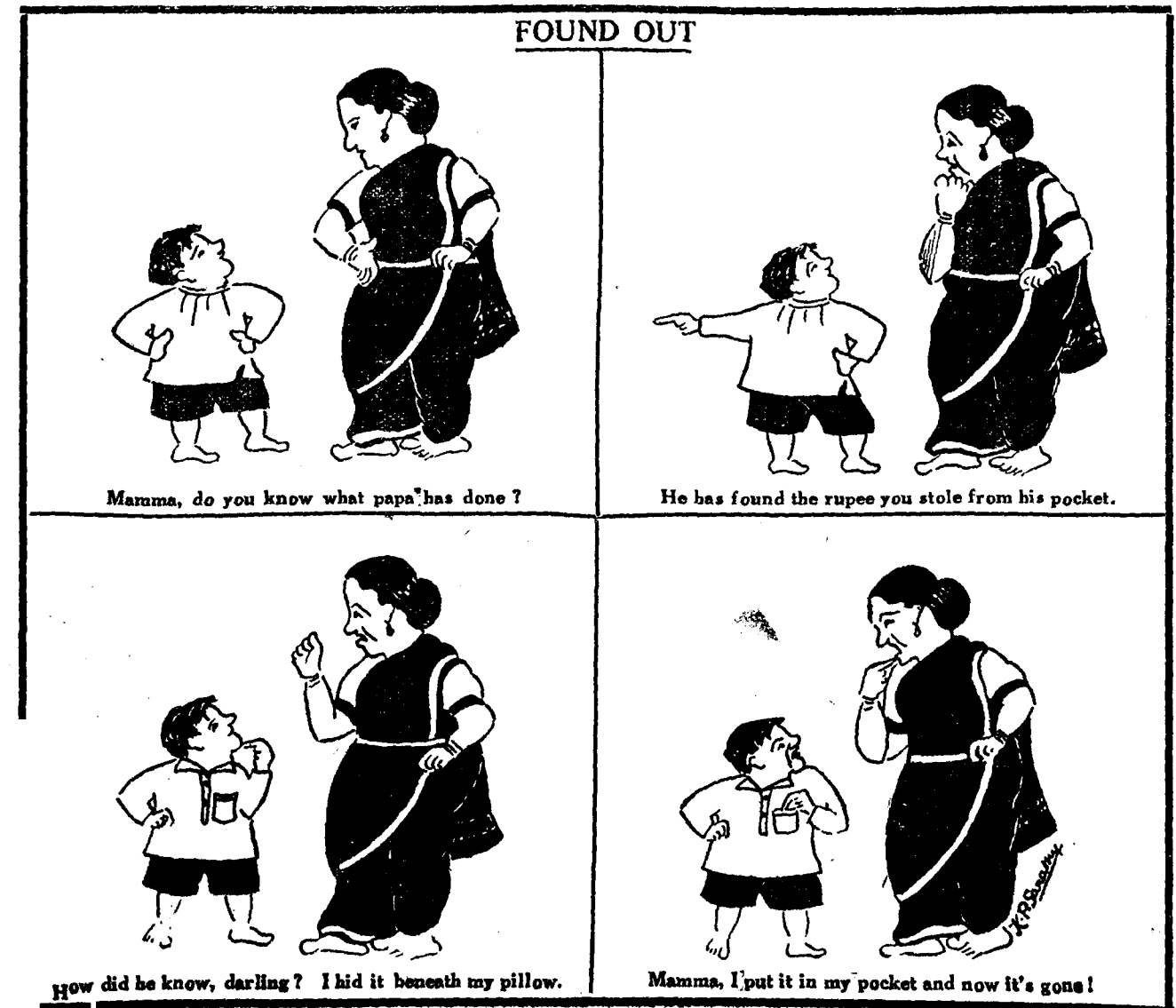
tremendous of all instruments, to wit, a subscription list. Who has not shrunk from that bit of foolscap when wielded by a worthy member of the profession? Denial he would not take and you dare not give. Compared with him the terrors of even an insurance agent will pale into insignificance.

The less fortunate members of the fraternity, who have not got the gift of the gab, nor the stamina to face you, try to wield the pen and send you a letter. Usually, it is a printed circular, but sometimes they discern you as worthy of separate treatment and send you an autograph letter which indiscriminate vandalism consigns to that final receptacle, the W. P. B.

Begging is thus really an art in the hands of an artist and a worthy member of the profession. It does not matter in the least whether you and I are going to admit it as a profession or include it in a course of studies and endow a chair for a scientific exposition of the art, and be up-to-date as a forward American University, which proposes to dedicate a chair to the Knight of the Razor. A fact is a fact and cannot be altered. Beggary is a profession and has a pretty decent following. When a poison is manufactured, an antidote is invented, probably in the same laboratory. Law-breakers are equally busy as

Beggary, The Profession and Practice

law-makers and perhaps cleverer. The several subterfuges of the beggars to get round the Vagrancy Acts, certainly extort our admiration. Our brethren in the West, have tried to segregate the beggars or the paupers by confining them to the Poor-house, and doling out so much a year as a necessary evil. You can as well try to enclose the proverbial air in a mud-pot. Your Poor-house is full, and your street corners equally so. But we, in India, true to our tradition, have thrown open our bosom, our purses, and our outer verandahs and everything we have to our friend, the beggar. He is a shrewd fellow who turns up his nose at your new-fangled 'Friend-in-need Societies,' for he thinks that it is no good in indenting on the assistance of a needy friend. His soul could not be confined in brick and mortar. Mother India is teeming with Chatrams and Chavadies, Temples and Mosques; free travel by Railways, free-boarding and lodging, is too tempting a life not to attract a goodly number of happy souls to enlist under its banner. Few are their cares and fewer their responsibilities. Blithe souls, free as the air, they roam where they will, dipping into your purse and mine with an easy freedom. The proceeds of the outstretched palm is never a mean figure. Is not the professional 'a lucky beggar,' while everybody else has to 'beg to remain?'



You Would Like to Know

A new newspaper started in Johannesburg, South Africa, is printed in four languages—English, Zulu, Xosa, and Sesuto.

The fastest train in the world is the Cheltenham Flyer, with an average start-to-stop speed of over 71 m. p. h. The highest rail speed ever recorded is over 102 m. p. h. It was attained by the Plymouth Ocean Mails Express on May 9, 1904. The world's longest non-stop run is the Flying Scotsman's 393 miles between King's Cross and Edinburgh.

The heaviest smokers in the world are the Americans and the Dutch. The average consumption of tobacco in these countries is more than two ounces weekly per head of the population.

Races will be timed at the Singapore Turf Club by the largest stop-watch in the world. The starting-gate sets the watch working, and the first horse past the post intercepts a beam of light which stops the watch and records the time.

A new ring is added every year to the scales of a herring; scientists can therefore tell the exact age of a fish.

Food, clothing, shelter, arms and tools are all obtained by the tribesmen of Tierra del Fuego, an island south of South America, from the guanaco, a wild llama.

A pearl is organic in structure and built precisely like an onion, one skin surrounding another. The tiniest abrasion, therefore, on the outer surface necessitates the removal of the entire skin, a ten thousandth part of an inch thick.

Just inside the door of the House of Commons is a telescopic brass barrier. It is to this that offending Members and others are brought for the judgment of the House. In the ordinary way the bar is telescoped at the sides, and it is symbolised, as it were, by a wide brown line on the floor.

The world's cheapest train fares are in Chili. A ticket for a 3,000 mile journey costs £1 only.

Skins made of the same material as artificial silk are being used for the manufacture of sausages in Germany.

Bicycling is becoming increasingly popular in Hollywood, especially among the feminine stars who find it an effective means of reducing weight.

In the Solomon Islands it's the men who decorate themselves. Women, as a rule, are mere workers.

The girls of Borneo wear brass teeth. "Any dog can have white teeth" they declare.

Monte Carlo's famous Casino has been closed for the first time since it was built in 1862. The reason is that there are not enough gamblers.

Mr. Montagu Norman, the Governor of the Bank of England successively for fourteen years is worth between only £ 50,000 and £ 60,000 and no more.

According to Carl Stromer, the famous Norwegian astronomer, the earth has, like comets, got a tail and in order to keep it, is constantly losing the gases of its atmosphere.

The new telescope installed at Mount Wilson Observatory has penetrated 810,000,000,000,000,000 miles into space.

3,000,000,000 meteors of various sizes enter the earth's atmosphere every day. Most of them are no bigger than a grain of sand and are destroyed before they bombard the earth thanks to the friction of the air.

Most of us look upon the sponge as a kind of seaweed. But it is an animal, although a lowly one, or perhaps it would be more correct to say that each sponge is a colony of animals.

The town of Grover, Colorado, is entirely governed by women, setting the men free for business. The Governor of the province of Saragosa, Spain, has nominated seventeen women mayors for the same reason.

A new Atlantic depth of 44,000 ft.—almost nine miles—has been discovered by a scientific expedition directed by Dr. Paul Bartsch. This discovery sets a new world's record for the measuring of ocean depths.

A woman requires only 0.83 of the food necessary for a man, according to the British Ministry of Health.

One hundred degrees of frost can be reached in the coldest room in the world, at the Cambridge Low Temperature Research Station. Scientists engaged in this work never remain in this room for more than about ten minutes at a time.

UPPER CRUST

(FELIX SUM)

"A Jig-Saw Puzzle, is it?" said Natesan, when on entering his friend Seshu's room he found the latter busy with pieces of paper, gum and an old copy of *Ananda Vikatan*. Seshu lifted up his head and gazed for a moment at this intruder muttering something about a bear and Siva-worship in Tamil. "Why is every one inquisitive? Not a minute ago, I had parried the hundred and odd questions of my wife, brother, sisters and all that brood of children, who seem primarily to concern themselves with the neatness of my table, and now commences the catalogue of friends, well-wishers, guides, philosophers and what not. Mayn't I be allowed peace," thought he. The stifling atmosphere of a closed room is not much conducive to self-control and he burst out in tones of obvious vexation, if not irritation.

"You are always frivolous: laughing at the most serious occupations of men—"

"And mice."

"Which only illustrates me. Your present joke is as ill-timed as, as, as ever."

"Excuse me, you are serving an apprenticeship in detection then? What with your mystifying air.....I know the interest in piecing together torn epistles for instance. Once, I rummaged my headmaster's W. P. B.

at school to collect the pieces of a letter—that he had left in a towering rage—one from his son-in-law. Have I told that incident before? I remember, I haven't. Well, you know our headmaster V. Subbiah announced that he would marry his daughter to that student who stood—"

"Look here. This ain't the time for your stories and I simply can't play the Wedding Guest to your Ancient Mariner role."

"You talk fine—grand!"

"You lack perception, man, when you insist on your tomfoolery, regardless of—"

"Time and space are annihilated, some such thing at least by Einstein, my boy. But, tomfoolery! that reminds me, Seshu, of a new form of collecting—no, I have been noticing numbers of young lads, clerks and others going about the city in search of *Ananda Vikatan*, *The Merry Magazine*, or *The Times of India Illustrated*....."

"They are not rare."

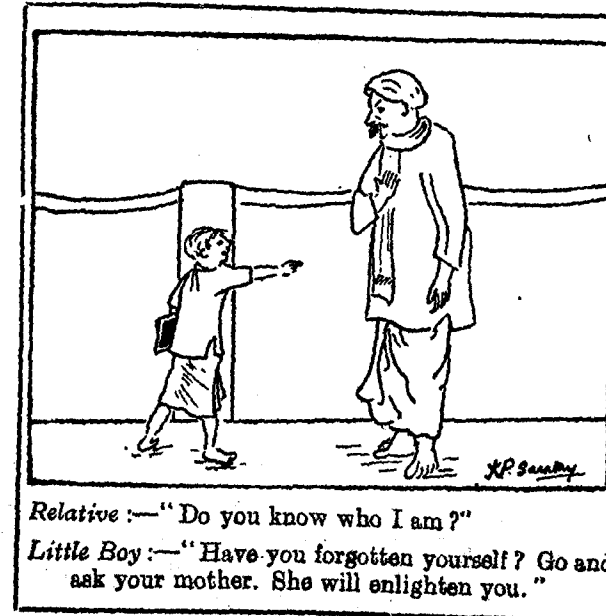
"Rare! Do you know what Sambu told Parthan the other day? Parthan asked him to return his *Graham's*

Synonyms adding that that was a rare book. Sambu coolly replied, 'I shall not take away its rare character. Sure, it will be rare to you.' You may imagine—"

"What is all this? You're always flying at a tangent and can never compose—"

"Good Lord, you say that of me who have written more anecdotes, tales—"

"Brush all that aside. *Revenons a nos moutons*. Tell me of the search for the copies. Why should they? Copies are to be had in plenty."



Relative :—"Do you know who I am?"

Little Boy :—"Have you forgotten yourself? Go and ask your mother. She will enlighten you."

"And that is the humour of it. These fellows always want a copy the dealer has not: and the moral of that, as the Duchess would say, is 'you're never content—'"

"Hang the moral! What's the joke? One is as good as another."

"That is elegance itself. Will you marry a girl bearing in mind the aphorism? There I shall agree one is as good or as bad as another. But then as luck-carriers they differ, you see!"

"Oh! you mean they go in search of particular copies bearing particular numbers!"

"Say—you have hit it after all. That's it."

There was a fear in Natesan's mind of Seshu's closing the conversation: for sheer garrulousness there never was another to match him. But the one redeeming feature of his volubility was that it was not of the variety of seeking pleasure in the music of one's voice, but that it aimed at being disquisitional though it was very often teasing or mocking even. Just at present the few seconds' respite caused by Seshu's thinking afforded Natesan the opportunity to range his guns again. He was mentally running through all the similes he had read to run down whatever his friend might seriously propose. Not once or twice, but more than a dozen times in the past one month, he had tripped Seshu to the great amusement of his friends with practical jokes of his 'own invention', of 'our own make' as he would say.

"But how the deuce would they know what the lucky numbers are? You can't make me believe in little birds telling or whispering and all that sort of thing again."

"Why? 'What one fool can do, another can' as F. R. S. says in his *Calculus Made Easy*."

"But what is there to do? As for guessing it is not a thousand guesses alone that are offered to you but some hundreds of thousands."

"Unless you guess Rumpelstiltskin."

"No, that sort of leakage is impossible. Can't you think of how it would be possible?"

"Nay, I know it is done. How do you pick a winner in a race?"

"Gad—that is silly, though in the first place, one does not pick but picks up a winner, there is no earthly connection between this and that. You know the form of a horse. But Bertrand Russell himself cannot tell you the form of a number though he can trace its pedigree from the hoary ancestor Alepho."

"Pshaw! The connection is more than earthly. Astrology, Numerology, Crystal-gazing, all—"

"All moonshine."

"Well, go to the Theosophical Bookshop and learn for yourself the truth. There is not a copy of Sepharial's *Kabala of Numbers* to be had for love or money. The stock is completely run out and in a few months another edition will have to be forthcoming."

"Is that a book on divination? You're always so ecstatically comic, bizarre even, that I can never rate you properly."

"Good God, you do nothing but rate me day in and day out. Look you here, now you rail at the ancient wisdom of India and Egypt, that has bent the knee of even the sceptics of English scientists."

"You know Kunju. Ratnam was telling Everyman of Kunju's experiences from the study of Phrenology or Physiognomy. I forget which. With ardour, he made an assiduous study of the subject and experimented the statements there. Having to forward some valuable things to his father-in-law at Tanjore, he hit upon harnessing science to the service of man. He went to Egmore railway platform that night and made a study of the faces in the Boat Mail. One seemed to satisfy the requisites of an honest character and Kunju immediately requested the fortunate possessor of that face to execute his commission, viz., that of handing over the entrusted valuables to his father-in-law at Tanjore. As for the rest, ask Ratnam himself: he is so near us."

"You are a model student of science to generalise from a single instance. What if redoubtable Kunju merely illustrated *Humanum est errare*. Well, the devotee of Numerology says that it is on account of such as you the Rosierucians made knowledge their Secret Doctrine."

"Nay, forgive me: it was merely an association of ideas. Tell me of Sepharial."

"In the ninth chapter of the second volume,—page 142, et seq—you have the process of finding the 'daughters' of the 'Mother Number'; the Italian pyramid method, Pico della Mirandola's pentacle and pentagon methods, Benincasa's pairing of numbers—all of which tell you how to arrive at the real lucky number."

"Spare me your 'daughters', pairing and all such. Is there any system of working, rational, mathematical, that gives accurate results? You seem to know a lot."

"Look here! Don't blame me afterwards. Methods are but methods after all."

"Yes, Polonius says that there is a method in madness."

"Who is frivolous now? You or I?"

"Nay, nay. I accept no method is infallible; but pray, tell me if you have anything good in that line."

"You must then allow me my own way of telling."

"Allright, raconteur, I am mum. Fire away."

"Well, you know Lighthouse. Once I showed him how the....."

"You are awful with your nicknames. Who is he?"

"Why you can call a friend of yours, Cornet, but I shouldn't call Aramudhu, Lighthouse! It shows the selfish spirit. You know that tall black chap of the currency office—a lighthouse, only without any light atop."

"Pray, proceed."

"He got to be interested in some such book as *Your Fortune in Your Name* and as he took to some bigger books applied to me for enlightening him on the arithmetical part. Poor fellow, he can't add a row of figures! But his zeal was great and in a short while, like Casio, he became a great arithmetician, forsooth."

"Sounds drawing the long bow a bit."

"There is yourself popping again. Wait, hear of his lucky drawing and sure you will make a long bow. I explained to him the working of the Pyramid method and he made an humble beginning with the Goa Lottery. He calculated what would be the number of the first prize, after obtaining from the Lottery people the lists of winning numbers on the previous half a dozen drawings, and booked an order in advance for some particular numbers. To his luck he obtained a five hundred rupee prize—though he was sore disappointed at not having caught the first."

"Error of calculation or judgment, I presume."

"May be an error in adjudging the seniority of the 'daughters.' But let us get on. Somewhat elated with his success, he looked about for 'fields to range.' The next month the Illustrated Weekly announced a prize of some two thousand five hundred or so for a set of lucky numbers. Our hero assiduously employed all his hours in turning Sepharial and the Pyramids to this new line. He took leave for three months—of his office first and subsequently I should think of his senses too. He learnt logarithms too, and would for hours bore me to give him a drill. He then came out with his researches on the mystic value of Numbers. He out-cheiroid Cheiro and spoke of the Tarot Key. I couldn't stand that long, and to gain a respite mischievously suggested other books for reading."

"How mischievously?"

"Only this. I recommended that he should first tain the Biblical account and asked him to master the book of Numbers."

"The bloke! The gull believed it!"

"He purchased the Authorised Version and the Revised Version and to ensure accuracy got a Tamil translation and digged away at the Bible for two weeks night and day. If I had merely told him to get a copy of Rev. Palmer's *Hebrew Grammar*, there could have been no more devout student of Moses than our Lighthouse. He heaped up such a store of Mosaic beauties that would have put Mr. M. S. Ramaswami Iyer in the shade."

"He would not have thanked you for your advice, I am sure."

"Right: but, ah! that is bathos in our epic strain. He cursed me and swore at me for putting him a fortnight behind in his researches and then began—with vim and vimto—to take time by the forelock. He took the five hundred rupees he had and with a dozen or more numbers in his diary set out on an All-India tour."

"Hunting for the copies bearing those numbers! Gods!"

"Japheth in search of his father would not have been so serious. Within about twenty days time he had visited the news-stalls of Bangalore, Poona, Ahmedabad, Bombay, Karachi, Allahabad, Benares, Calcutta, Bezwada, and Hyderabad and returned to Bombay with seven copies, he had been lucky enough to get. It will take seven different evenings to tell you how he obtained possession of each of those seven copies. At Karachi he persuaded a lawyer to sell him his copy for fifty rupees, without making him suspect anything."

"That's a cock and bull story. You think a lawyer of all fellows a fool not to see through his game."

"That's where you fail to realise what resources the human mind can summon in its hour of need. Quite nonchalantly he lost a bet of fifty rupees with him on an obvious trifle and lured him to stake his *Illustrated Weekly* on another affair where he was certain he would win. But this is straying away."

"All the same it is very instructive and interesting. Say, how did he get the others, what tricks, lures, decoys

etc., he employed and how did he achieve his end without arousing suspicion? Doubtless all those possessors should have been aware of the existence of a Lucky Number Prize and would also at one glance at his eyes read the covetous look."

"If you will have As You Like It, borrow me Gar-gantua's mouth. To tell the various modes he employed to collect his copies from a Calcutta merchant, from a Hyderabad lady student, from an English traveller proceeding from Allahabad to Benares etc., etc., would be to tire out your patience, my dear Wedding Guest, or wear out the evening."

"I accept defeat, Ancient Mariner, it is a neat home-thrust. But, tell me, did he succeed or was it another Kunju exploit?"

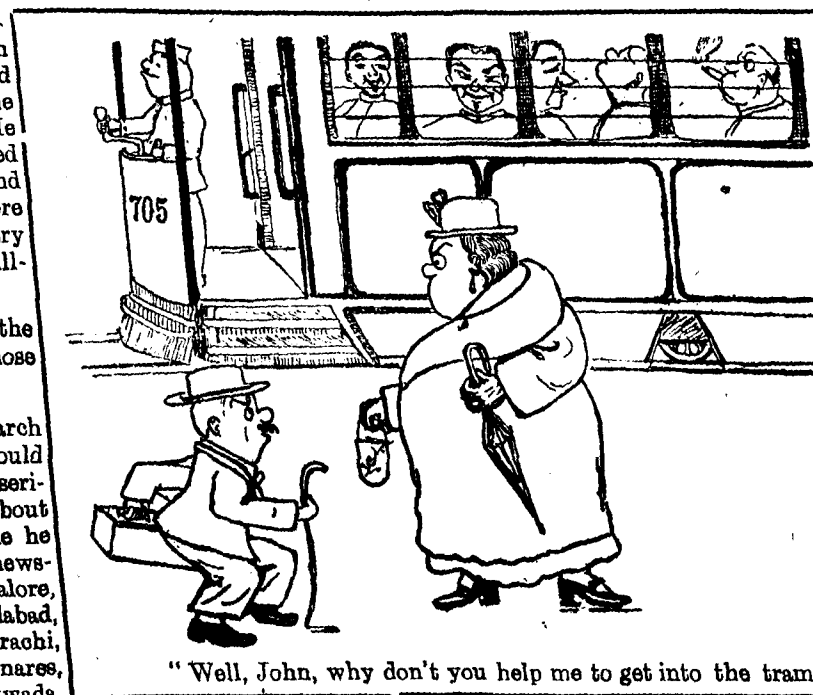
"Oh! it was a narrow miss—a pity. On the day the results were out, I mean, the true numbers were published,

he was at Bombay expecting to cash or cheque his copies. But the numbers did not entirely tally—no, there was no playing false. You see it was like this. He had 153377 for instance, and the prize number was 153397. By the way, he won't give you that for any amount now. That was the copy, to obtain which he made love to an ugly elderly lady in Poona. Like that, all the seven were out—but they were pretty close to the winners."

"Poor chap, he lost his five hundred then!"

"You—you—can never make sacrifices in the search for Truth. He lost more too perhaps. But then 'Never Say Despair.' He traced his mistakes to his using seven figure logarithms, which you know cannot give accurate results above four or five figures. He has written to England for twenty figure tables. At least Dr. Glaisher will prepare him one. You suggest his writing to the *Messenger of Mathematics*?"

"No, better than that, I shall seriously advise him to read Mathew Arnold's *Numbers* in the *Discourses in America*. Now you were wondering as to what this litter on my table is. I bought camphor in the opposite shop and got a part of a wrapper of an *Ananda Vikatan* bearing a lucky number. I am merely supplying the rest of the wrapper, no difficult grafting, to it and making out a presentable copy. Ain't I honest?"



"Well, John, why don't you help me to get into the tram?"



Two chaplains returning from the front, during the Great War, were saying good-bye at Victoria Station. One was a Roman Catholic, the other an Anglican. "It has been good to know you. After all, we have both been doing the Lord's work—you in your way and I in His."

A policeman on point duty stopped a large van heavily laden with goods and told the driver to come down. When the man reached the roadway he asked what was the matter. "Where's your tail light?" asked the cop. The man had a look at the back of the van, and for a time didn't reply. "Well," repeated the officer, "Where is your tail light?" "It is not the tail light that is bothering me," replied the man. "It is where is my blooming trailer!"

Pat saw Mike coming along the pier. "Hallo, son of old Ireland," he said. "What ye been doing?" "Testing my weight," said Mike. "How much do ye weigh?" asked Pat. "One hundred and seventy-five pounds," replied the other. "What!" exclaimed Pat. "But ye must 'a' weighed yerself with coat on." "That I did not," replied Mike. "I held it over my arm."

Pat Murphy arrived home in a dreadful state. His face was covered with sticking-plaster, and he could hardly see his loving wife when she met him. "An' who is it," she asked, "that has been bolabourin' ye? Who is it that has been crawlin' all over that face of yours and spilin' its ugliness? Do you mane to tell me that, that undersoized spalpeen, Mike Doherty——" And Pat broke in with: "Whisht, woman, whisht: nivver spake ill of the dead!"

A workman was giving evidence in a compensation case, tried at a London court, and his replies were so clear and circumstantial that the magistrate said, "You seem very sure what you and your mates were doing on that day. You have a remarkable memory." "I have," said the man. "Then," said the magistrate, "I wonder if you can tell me what any particular man on this list was doing on May 21st last." "I'll try, sir," said the man. The magistrate, who had the firm's wage list before him, ran his finger down for a time, and then said, "Well, tell me what John Smithson was doing on that day."

"Mixing paint," replied the man. "Oh," said the magistrate, "mixing paint was he? How do you know that John Smithson was mixing paint?" "Because I am John Smithson," said the man.

The teacher asked the boy sternly, "why haven't you a good excuse for staying away from school yesterday?"

"It isn't my fault, teacher," said the sad-looking pupil.

"It isn't your fault?" the master echoed. "What do you mean?"

"Because I did my best to think of a good one," he replied.

A school-master was reading to his class the story of a convict confined in his small cell, and came to the following pathetic passage: "Through the tiny window of the cell came a bar of sunlight against the stone wall, as if to brighten the captive's dreary life. He reached up to gain a glimpse of the world outside." "Now," said the schoolmaster to his class, "why was the poor man so anxious to look out?" "Because he wanted to see who threw the soap," shouted several boys together.

The conjurer was in need of an assistant, and asked for a volunteer from the audience. A big countryman went on the stage and the conjurer proceeded to elaborate his trick. After a time he said, "And now, ladies and gentlemen, I wish to inform you that the rabbit, you saw me put in the hat, will be found in this gentleman's pocket."

"That's all wrong," interposed the man, "tha'll get no rabbit oot o' ma pocket." The conjurer, after a disdainful look at his assistant, once more said, "The rabbit you saw me place in the hat I shall now produce from this gentleman's pocket." "Tha'll do nowt o't sort," said the countryman, "for I've got a ferret in there!"

The two lovers were sitting on the beach in the light of the full moon. It was a night for love, and she was anxious to patch up their little quarrel.

"Darling," she sighed romantically, "darling, don't harden your heart against me."

He started.

"Eh, what?" he replied woodenly. "That's not my heart. It's my cigarette-case."

The South Indian Stage

I. The Nature and Value of the Dramatic Art.

(DR. CYNICUS)

AMONGST the fine arts, Drama is perhaps the most patent vehicle for the dissemination of moral and religious truths, as, in its didactic aspect, it teaches humanity what it should aspire to as noble and wholesome and what leave aside as base and worthless. Its appeal to the masses is direct and pointed inasmuch as it affords a vivid ocular demonstration of virtue being rewarded and wickedness being punished. It lays bare before the footlights almost every phase of life—from the sordid, cruel and the ugly to the most noble, generous and beatific. It compresses the whole range of human life into the compass of a few hours and illustrates fundamental philosophies and truths through dynamic and symbolic representation. "In the short space of three hours, the dramatist runs through the gamut of the whole world, marries, gets children, makes children men, men to conquer kingdoms, exterminates monsters and evil, brings down the Gods from heaven, and raises the very devils from hell." But, it is a great pity that we in South India to-day, are yet to realise the greatness and importance of the Dramatic Art in its relation to the onward march and progress of the nation. Properly guided, organised and exploited, it can play a great part in the cultural, and aesthetic development of the country. As it is, its contribution is practically valueless.

There have always been conflicting views on the value of the Drama as an art. There are still very many people—particularly among the older generation, who are disposed to regard the Drama as pernicious and beset with positive danger to the morale of the individuals who pursue the profession. There is an equally powerful section which holds the view that the Drama is as much a fine art as music or painting, and thanks to the labours of the amateurs, the former point of view is rapidly disappearing. The study and cultivation of the Drama has very great value in promoting individual self-control and expression, in developing latent artistic capacity, in speech training and voice culture, in stimulating a love of literature and above all, in fostering that happy association between individuals, which may be described as the team spirit. It offers its votaries, a wide field for co-operative enterprise and a great impetus to the realisation and appreciation of the artistic and the beautiful in human life. It is a powerful instrument for breaking down social barriers and communal prejudices and establishing brotherly and friendly relations. When the acting is inspired by a sense of reality and artistic imagination, there is no more powerful medium than the Drama for enabling the actor to look at his fellow human beings in that spirit, which transcends barriers of caste, colour and creed and includes at once sympathy, tolerance and fair-minded criticism.

The Drama is essentially a composite art, gathering within its fold the poet, the prose writer, the musician, the painter and the dancer. It combines and co-

ordinates every form of artistic expression into one perfect and harmonious whole. Architecture, sculpture, painting, music, prose, poetry, gesture, dancing, have all their respective places of importance in the Drama. The basic principles of all these arts have not only to be understood, they have to be applied with diligence and care. The laws of rhythmic movement, sound and vision, of structural design, of pattern and colour have all to be mastered and applied practically in the production of a Drama. Judged by this standard, it must be confessed that the South Indian Stage is hopelessly primitive and antediluvian in its conceptions and appliances. Architecture and sculpture seldom find chance; there is of course a plethora of painting of the rudest and most blazing type and, nobody cares for the laws of sound or vision, of structural design or of the proper pattern and colour.

The art of the actor is perhaps the most difficult of all the arts. While the sister arts of sculpture, drawing and painting find in nature almost all the ingredients necessary for their embodiment and expression, while music has its keyboard or strings, while literature draws its inspiration from the whole of society and history, the art of the theatre depends entirely on the faculty of imagination—very slippery ground, indeed,—the capacity to create out of nothing. True, the story or the plot furnishes the boundaries within which the actor moves and has his being, but it is through the medium of his imagination that he has to clothe the legendary heroes and heroines with flesh and blood and make them laugh or weep, move or stand still before your eyes.

But the mere possession of imagination, however fertile it might be, hardly sums up the requirements of an actor. The apostles of the sister arts are at liberty to be bandy-legged, hunch-backed, deformed and deaf or even totally blind like a Saraba Sastri, without their works suffering in any the least measure by such defects. Physical qualities, which in other spheres may be relegated to the background as secondary, are all important in the case of the actor. It is a matter of absolute indifference whether a painter or a musician be tall or short. He may be as gigantic as an Atlas or as puny as a Lilliputian; he may be afflicted by all the infirmities of nature, may lean on crutches or limp, without detracting from the value of his production. The dramatic artist, on the other hand, is considerably handicapped in this respect. Personal appearance counts for so much in the career of an actor, as he can never be separated in the physical sense from the hero he strives to portray. You delight in the melodies of the master musician, you gaze in rapturous attention upon the works of the sculptor and the painter, you devour the impassioned lines of the poet, but all the while their physical presence is absolutely unnecessary. Not so the actor. He may be portraying the mythological Midas or a modern Shylock, but the form that stands before you

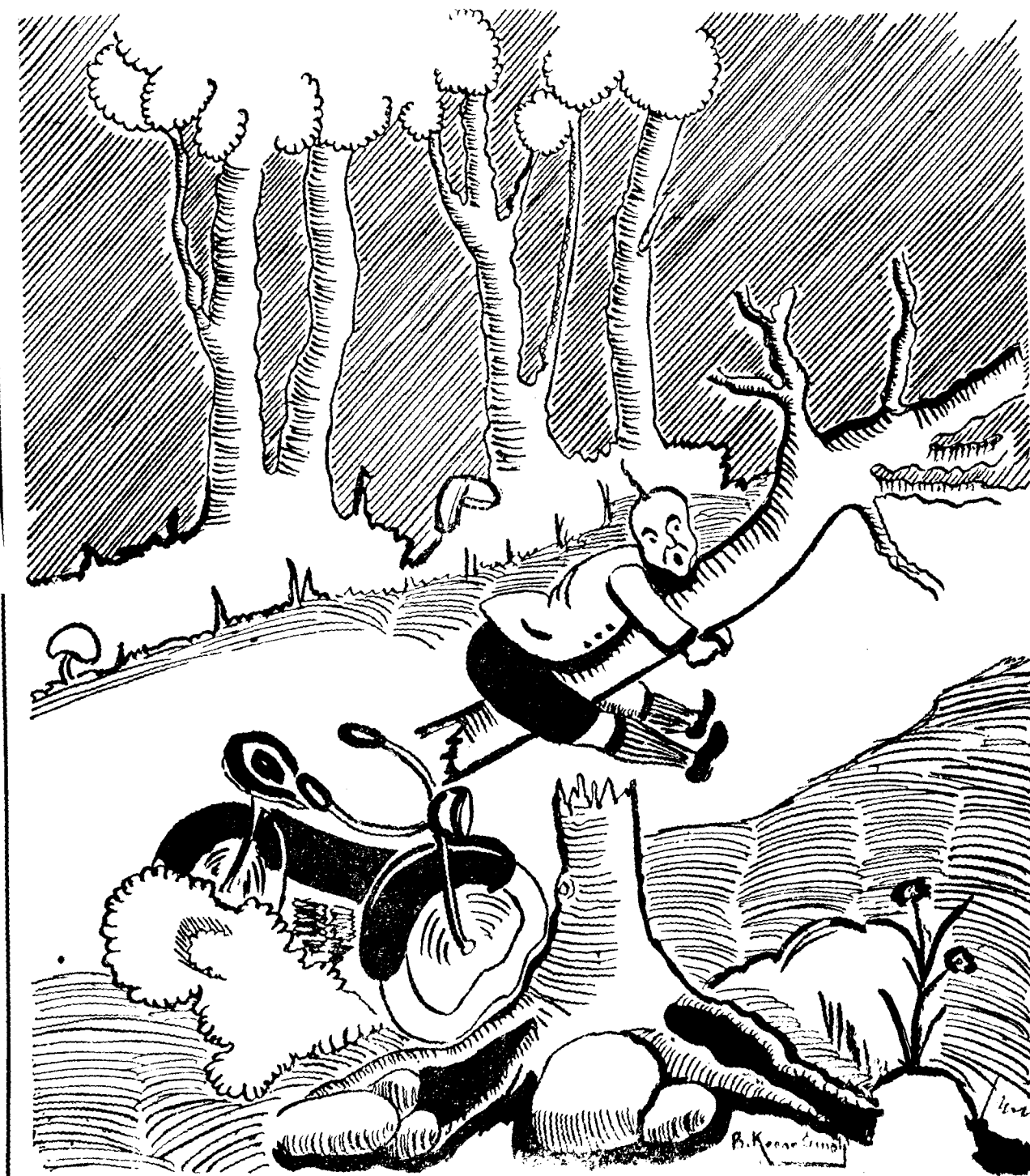
The Merry Magazine

is the person of the actor himself, clothed of course in different robes suiting the different roles. Actors have to take particular care of their health and personal charms.

The creations of the actor's imagination, while real and tangible for the moment, are so closely identified with his self, that once he vanishes from the scene of his

labours, he leaves nothing behind to be handed down to posterity, as the work of his life time. A Ravi Varma may die but his paintings are there for generations to look at and enjoy. Saint Thyagaraja sings in Heaven, and we have here his wonderful *keerthanas*. But what have we left of our great actors? Garriell, we are told, was a great actor. But where is the proof?

The Reporter's Wail



"I set out to gather news and now I am gathering firewood!"

Cherapunji, Mt. Kailas or Jacobabad.

(M. S. KALYANASUNDARAM)

(An open letter to any Employment Agency, through the columns of The Merry Mag.)

Gentlemen,

Let me first warn you.. This is not a humorous article. I have never been more serious. Just because this reaches you through The Merry Magazine, don't think you have got to grin straightaway anticipating the humour. On the contrary, you may, if you please, get ready to pull a long sympathetic face. Thank you!

I will introduce myself to you by giving you a sample of the letters I receive. You can judge me by the sort of friends I have. You can take it that they are true friends; for the proverb says that a friend in need is a friend indeed: and my friends, are always in need—of something or other!

I
My dear Mr. Kamiab,

Kodaikanal used to be my summer favourite, but this time, you will be glad to know, I have decided to go to Ooty. My colleague, Mr. Justice X. Y. Ayyar tells me that you are very good in arranging houses, servants, milkman, dhobi, and other comforts for the visitors. Indeed, it is very kind of you to do all these things. I personally prefer interested friends to paid agents in these matters. Please find out a bungalow for me for a rental not exceeding Rs. 400/- for the Season etc., etc.,

Yours etc.,

I am deeply grateful for the preference shown by a Judge of our High Court to:

1. Ooty as his summer resort;
- and 2. me as his unpaid agent.

II

My dear Kamiab,

I say, old chap, do you remember me? I used to be your brother's classmate in the good old days never to come back again. If I remember right, you used to stand first in drawing. Why don't you cultivate the art? There are many humorous journals in Madras now which pay decently.

Perhaps you know that I am plodding on as the lecturer in History in——College. I have about

WIN RUPEES FIVE!



See Editor's Page.

400 Intermediate papers to value; and I am sure I couldn't do it in this sweltering heat. What about getting me a place at Ooty for a month? A room somewhere near the hotel will do. If you can spare me a room in your own house, so much the better. Of course, I will pay the rent, if you like. I say, let me broach a delicate suggestion to you. What about taking me in as a paying guest? Very good institution, you know! Common among Europeans. No indignity at all attached to it. As a matter of fact, I am thinking why I should not bring the missus and the kiddies (two boys, you know, aged 6 and 4) along? Can you find me a small house in your neighbourhood, or, better still, can you sublet me a small portion in your house? I don't think, I need bother about bringing vessels and all that? Won't you be able to spare me a few small ones for just a month's use etc., etc.,

Yours etc.,

[Were you the camel that got into the Arab's tent, in the fable, my dear lecturer? You know it put the thin end of its nose in first, and finally shoved the poor Arab out into the cold!]

III

Dear Friend,

I am not letting my house this time; I intend occupying it myself. I have been unable to get

the cots made due to unavoidable causes. I intend, however, to order for them as soon as I go there. But as they will take some time to get ready, and as we simply couldn't sleep on the floor, I am afraid I will have to trouble you for the loan of two cots for a fortnight or so.....etc.,

Yours etc.,

[I have no spare cots. You may take mine from under my bed. But it is not quite flat, and is some 8000 miles in diameter, and as such somewhat inconvenient to handle.]

IV

Dear Mr. Kamiah,

I have to bother you this time too to get me a tenant for my "Halasya Vilas." Please try for 450/- but don't go below 375/- for the Season. But make it a condition that the south-western room should be reserved for my use in case I should drop in for a day or two. I may suggest that Sir A. B. P. Q. J. Chettiar, Raja Sir—Mudaliar, and Zamindar of X—are likely tenants. You may try to hook them through suitable friends etc.,

Yours etc.,

[Are you honouring me or yourself by this string of names?]

V

Dear Sir,

You may remember that we met in—'s house during Mahamagan, and that you suggested that Kodakanal or Ooty would be ideal for my state of health. I have resolved to follow your advice and spend the summer at Ooty, whatever the cost. I put health first and money next. So, please continue your kindness to me by securing a fairly good house for me. A small house will do; we will be only 12 people, including the children. I do not want a big garden and all that; just a small flower garden in front will do. But some clear space for the children to play in may be considered essential. I understand that the neighbourhood of the Park or the Fern Hill is a good place to live in. So, please look for a house in that locality. Of course, you know my financial position; so, let the rent be only about Rs. 25/- p. m., etc., etc.,

Yours etc.,

[Of course, you mean 25/- per day, don't you? That is rather low for the locality you mention, but I will try.]

And so on, in scores and dozens.

This should give you an idea of me. You are right: I am a clerk in—office at Ootacamund. Perhaps, I should tell you that my pay is Rs. 45/- p. m. (Rupees forty-five only per month). Tell me honestly, can I afford all this heavy correspondence? I, who steer clear of the Post Office for ten months in the year, have to buy sheaves of stamps once March begins. (And the funny part of it is that my 'friends' do not enclose stamps for reply 'for fear of hurting my feelings!' I can ill afford the time and money, but I have to reply for sheer decency. My employers will not let me charge a commission on the transactions (nor do I personally like it), nor will the Post Office carry my letters free of charge. And can you imagine how often all this ends in smoke? Once, after a protracted correspondence, a friend of the Nth. remove (i.e. my friend's friend's.....friend's friend) wrote to say, "I am not going to the hills after all, as my wife is to be confined shortly, you know!" That 'you know' stumps me. What a Lord God the Omniscient they take me for! Another madcap wrote in his 11th letter, "My father-in-

law does not favour the idea, and so I am dropping the hills this time." [You drop the hills, do you? All right, don't come this way while I am here. Else I will drop you down the hill from—well, I had better not tell you now!]

Perhaps you think that even this has its compensations. Perhaps you think that I could travel from end to end of the Presidency, entertained all along by Professors, Zamindars, Dewans, Merchant-princes, Advocates-General, High Court Judges and so on, having obliged them sometime or other and doing half the trip in Rolls Royces and Pickards. Well, my dear friends, I too was an optimist like you once. I was soon disillusioned. I have found that memory works in compartments. Memory for hill-faces is different from memory for sea-level faces. Once they go back to the plains, my 'friends' find it very hard to recognise me. Like the monkey's liver in the fable, their memory is left behind among the eucalyptus trees in the hills. For instance, Mr. Justice—, honest soul, once tried very hard to recollect my face, but failed. (That didn't, however, prevent his instructing his nephew to look after me during my 2 or 3 days' stay at Mylapore, I should admit in fairness to him).

Well, there you are. Are you surprised at my bitterness? When summer starts here, my 'friends' make the place too hot for me. Hence it is I am trying for a change of station. Of course, I cannot sit at home in my village. Somehow, somewhere, I have to earn my livelihood—to keep the body and soul together, as they say; not much of a body, and as for the soul, have I one? My 'friends' don't have any, I am sure!

Having, I hope, clearly explained the position, let me come to the crux of the matter:—

Can anybody give me employment of a clerical nature so that I will be required to discharge my duties:—

1. In Mt. Kailas in the Himalayas in winter;
2. in Jacobabad in the Rajputana-Sind desert in summer;
- and 3. in Cherapunji in the Kashi Hills of Assam, in between.

I will take a 50% cut in my present salary. I will save in postage, tiffin, and minor "friendly" services.

Trusting to hear from you early,

I am,
Gentlemen,
Yours Faithfully,
KAMIAH.

P. S.

Of course, I have not given my real name. Why should I? Let my 'friends' identify me and think "What a mean fellow he is!"

A WET AFFAIR

(P. P. SAMUEL)

MR. Ramaswamy, the Assistant Meteorologist, was ever a kill-joy. Whenever the weather was just so and people were planning elaborate week-end picnics he came forward with a nebulous tale of depressions and storms and all that sort of rot. There was a time when I used to take him seriously, notwithstanding his free use of the words "probable", "possible", "perhaps" and "somewhere", but I have since grown wiser. So when he said that conditions continued markedly unsettled in S. Bay of Bengal, between Ceylon and the Andaman Sea, where a possible depression was probably intensifying into a storm with Centre somewhere near latitude 9° North and longitude 86° East, I thought it was the usual meteorological fib and clicked my tongue at him. The Government pays him 400 a month, and all he is expected to do in return is to cook up a paragraph of lies and send it on to the papers for the benefit of the gullible public. To show my contempt for his sky-gazing and barometer-tapping in a telling manner I decided to spin into the country. Meanwhile, the meteorological department shook its head and laughed in its beard.

It was a gorgeous evening, an evening when one felt like winning a Waterloo or a Marathon. A kindly sun was shedding its healing rays from an azure sky, birds were chirping, grass-hoppers hopping, all nature was a joyous song. With a will I joined the multitudinous choir, and this was the burden of my song:—

Mr. Ramaswamy,
Look here, you are dreamy;
Your storms and depressions
Are hallucinations.

The sky is blue as blue,
And what I tell is true,
The sun is bright as bright,
It just won't rain tonight.

Suddenly I noticed that I was not the only poet abroad. There was another bard, right in front of me, sitting on a milestone and trilling like a koel. His body was shrivelled, his clothes in rags, but from his singing one would have thought that he was a merry bridegroom.

"What makes you croon so, old man," I asked him. "Your clothes are in tatters and you look a picture from some Missionary Magazine with the underline 'Won't you help?'"

He turned a queasy nostril at me and sang:

I am the King of Chinglepet,
The richest man ever, I bet,
.....
.....

"Nonsense," I interrupted. "You don't look a bit like a King. Royalty, for ought I know, is ever robed in flowing draperies and accompanied by flunkies in gold and velvet."

"I am a king in disguise," he replied.

"Well," I suggested, "Well, there is much toddy and some sense in what you say."

"Whisky," he corrected. "Now look, there is my car and these are my officers," said he, waving his hand at the cocoanut palms.

I thought he had taken more toddy than was good for him (and me too by the way) and was turning to leave when he commanded me to fetch his car.

"What car?" I asked him.

"That one," said he, indicating a hut.

"It's a hut," I told him.

"You are drunk," he replied. "Drunk as a bally white. I will tell you what, my man. If you drink at all, drink like a gentleman, just as much as you can carry comfortably. Not a drop more. Fetch my car now, you grinning monkey, or else I will sack you on the spot."

"But I am not in Your Highness's service."

"Here, man, lead this drunken fool away to the gallows," he ordered addressing an invisible A. D. C. with the air of a Grand Moghul.

His Highness and I were getting on famously together when Nature interfered. Huge, black mountains stalked across the sky, the firmament cracked with flashes of lightning and it rained not only cats and dogs but leopards and wolves as well. I ran to the hut, seeking



Parson:—"Professor, I am sorry to hear that you use the word 'fool' glibly in your lectures."
Professor:—"Which fool told you?"

shelter. But King Toddy remained behind—a picture of Patience on a Milestone.

A thorough cold douche having condensed the fumes in his head he began to realise faintly that it was raining. I beckoned to him to come to the hut, which he did.

"Salaam, sir," he said, very humbly, dragging himself in.

"Wet?" I asked him.

"Wet," said he.

"Very wet?"

"To the gut," he replied, through chattering teeth.

"Did the rain wash away your car and bodyguard?"

He looked mystified. His face was a big interrogation.

"How many gallons did you drink?"

A sudden gleam flashed across his miserable map at the mention of drink.

"Sir," he said, "may I crave a favour?"

"Make it short," I replied.

"Give this poor old wretch two annas."

"What for?"

"A little petrol to heat up the system."

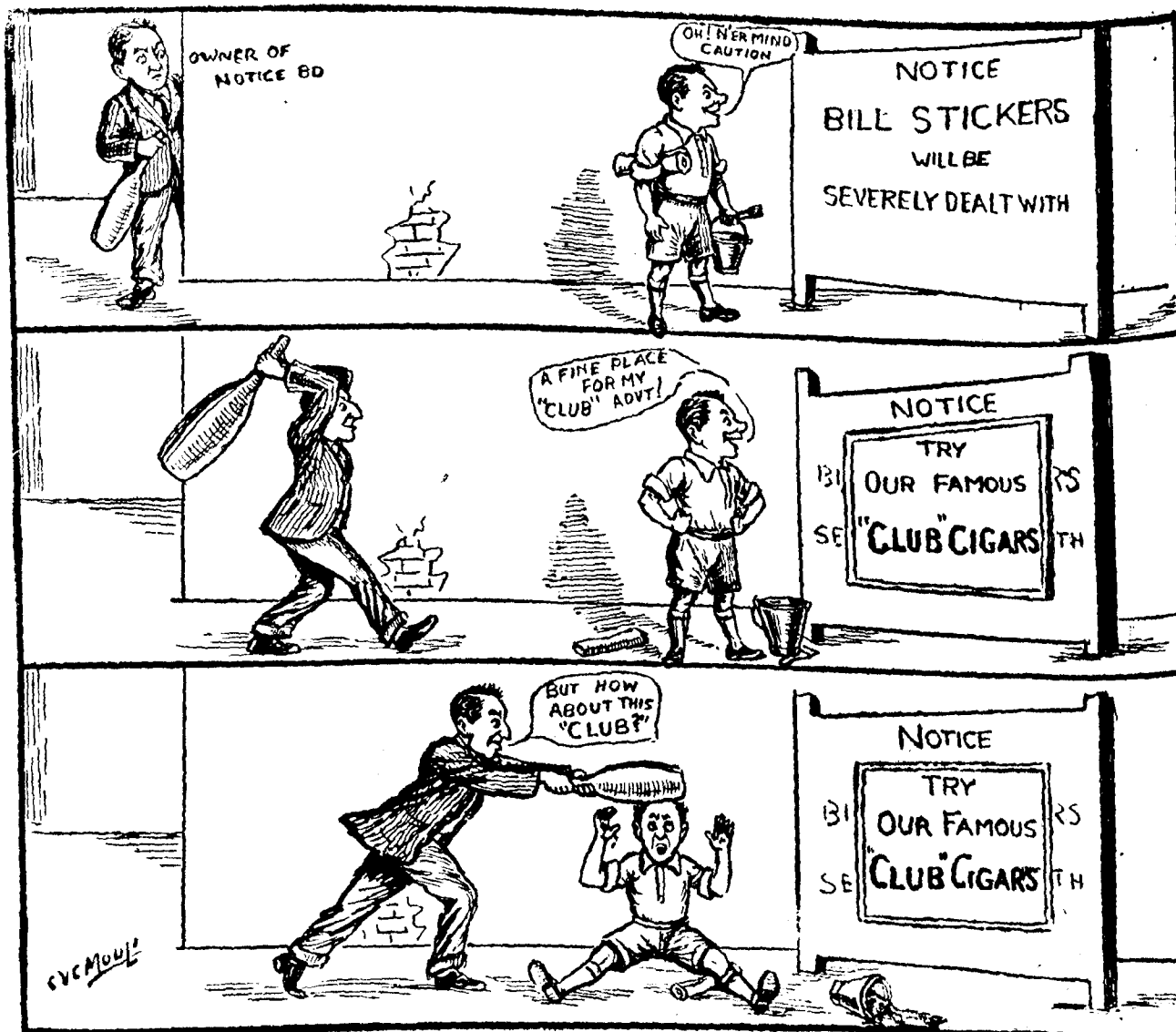
Having bestowed on him the wherewithal to make himself a king for another short period and received enough blessing from him to keep me going for a couple of years, I jumped on my cycle and raced back to civilization.

"Hallo, you look like a drowned cat," said Ramaswamy, the A. M.

"Had a jolly drenching," I replied, as if I had bargained for a rain bath.

"Cut the kidding," he sneered, "and tell me honestly that you didn't read my weather forecast in the papers."

CLUB CIGARS



JOKES FROM OUR READERS

The principal of a college in which I was studying a few years ago was an Irishman. On the eve of the examinations he was giving the usual advice. "First answer the questions you can," he cautioned, "and then answer those you can't!" He wondered why the class burst into laughter.

Mr. Sambasiva Iyer was a self-complacent and self-important man and liked putting questions even to small children to elicit answers which would redound to his credit and enhance his self-importance.

He asked his nephew "How do you like me?"

"As much as anybody else" said the child.

"Can you give my age?" continued Mr. Iyer.

"Yes, about thirty-six," was the reply. Brightening, Sambasiva Iyer patted the child and asked "You shrewd imp! How did you guess my age correctly?"

"Quite simple. My mother told me that the age of my cousin, commonly known as a semi or half-crack, is eighteen."

R. Lakshmanan, Saidapet.

At a meeting an interrupter, to the annoyance of everyone, called out: "You are a double-faced politician."

The lecturer swiftly retorted: "I have only one, my young man, but you see everything double."

N. Ramachandran, Triplicane.

A young girl from a country town went to a city boarding-school, much against the wishes of her father, who thought she would be spoiled by city ways.

Soon she wrote in one of her letters: "I am in love with ping-pong." The father read the letter aloud to his wife and then turned angrily upon her, saying, "Well, you see, I was right. I knew no good would come of her going to the city. Now, you see, she has got in with one of those awful Chinamen."

S. K. Sundaram, Kumbakonam.

A farmer became the father of twins and on learning the news he was so delighted that he ran to the nearest post-office and sent a telegram to his sister-in-law:—"Twins to-day. More to-morrow."

K. S. Joga Row, Anakapalle.

Mr. Honest:—"The world is full of scals. This morning the milkman gave me a counterfeit rupee."

Mrs. Honest:—"Where is it, my boy?"

Mr. Honest:—"Oh! I've already got rid of it; luckily the shopman took it."

Mrs. Kamala B. A., Cuddalore.

Customer:—"What is the meaning of sir? Did I not ask you for two chim-one bigger than the other?"

Shop-keeper:—"Yes, and I have....."
Customer:—"But you have brought me one smaller than the other!"

E. R. Subbarayan, Erode.

A Zamindar was one evening having his usual walk when he passed by a lunatic asylum. He wished to go in and see the place; so approaching the watchman at the gate, he said:

"I am the Zamindar of Nondipatti. I want to....."

"You are welcome, sir," interrupted the watchman. "There are already a dozen Zamindars here."

N. Ramanathan, Saidapet.

A film director tested the skill of a new actor for a while.

"Am I not found alright, sir?" asked the eager applicant.

"Well, we may take you. But you must be able to act before the lens without audiences, eh?"

"You needn't worry about that, sir," replied the new actor. "Acting without audiences is exactly what brought me here!"

P. Shanmugham, Cuddalore.

One day my wife's youngest brother, who had been brought up in the country, visited Madras for the first time. Of all the things I had, the radio set on the table roused his curiosity most and he asked me of what use it was. In order to surprise him I said "It is, my boy, a singing machine, which would begin to sing if you say, just sing a song for me or sing if you say," and asked him to repeat I will beat you." To his utmost surprise it began to sing as I switched on the connection secretly without his knowledge. But the very next day when I rushed into my room having heard some crackling noise, my dear brother-in-law surprised me by punishing the radio with my walking stick for its misbehaviour.

K. Parthasarathy, Chintadripet.

A gentleman entered a restaurant and sat down at an empty table. He called a waiter and ordered coffee. "No, I am not serving at this table," the waiter

We pay Three Rupees for the best original joke received from our readers and printed on this page. Address all entries to 'Jokes' o/o The Merry Magazine, Madras. Use postcards only.

This fortnight, the prize for the best joke is awarded to—

ROMULUS, MADRAS.

replied. The gentleman waited for a long time and nobody turned up. At last when a server passed by, he questioned him rather angrily "I say, who is waiting at this table?" "You are" came the reply.

A. R. Srinivasan, Triplicane.

She:—"I have come to the conclusion, Dick, that sheep are the most stupid creatures living."

He:—(absent-mindedly) "Yes, my lamb."

M. Ananda Bhaskaran, Pondicherry.

A country booby found beside him in a tram-car two tennis players—one a gent and the other a young lady. Being curious, he questioned the gent politely whether the young lady was his sister.

"No" was the reply "she is my partner."

"Excuse me, young sir, for my blunder," apologised the other. "Any kiddies, sir?"

T. Gopal Row, Triplicane.

A teacher was one day explaining to his class the method of answering questions in geography. "For example," said the teacher, "if you are asked where Paris is and what is it noted for, your answer should be, 'Paris is situated on the river Seine, capital of France and is noted for scent manufacture.' Now, Gopal: can you tell me where Londonderry is and what it is noted for?"

Gopal, a bright-looking pupil, promptly stood up and fired off as follows:—

"Londonderry is on the river Thames, capital of Scotland and is noted for horse manufacture."

P. Venkatasubba Iyer, Bombay.

"Why is it that you don't speak to Rajan now?" asked Susila.

Kamalam tossed her head indignantly. "He clapped his hands when I was singing," she replied.

Susila looked surprised.

"I fail to see why that should make any difference," she said. "I would have taken it as a compliment."

"But he clapped them over his ears," explained Kamalam.

R. Balachandran, Tiruvannamalai.

"Yes," said the oculist, "he had a curious affliction; everything he looked at he saw double."

"Poor fellow, I suppose he found it hard to get a job."

"Not at all. The electric supply company snapped him up and now he's reading meters."

S. Thirugnanasambandham, Pondicherry.

STORYETTES

Mr. Isaac Foot, the famous Liberal M. P., tells this amusing story of two niggers. They were discussing war, and one of them, a devout Christian, declared that even if his side went to war with the teeming millions of China, it was bound to be victorious. "Ah would jes' pray to de Lord," he said, "an' den we would sure win de battle." "Ah dessay," said his pal, "but supposin' all dem Chinks pray to de Lord an' ask to win de battle?" "Youse sure a fool nigger," came the reply. "Who de 'ell understands Chinese?"

Sir Malcolm Campbell, the speed-king, tells this one. A motorist had taken his wife and children for a run into the country, and had halted for a picnic lunch at a spot where several other cars were parked.

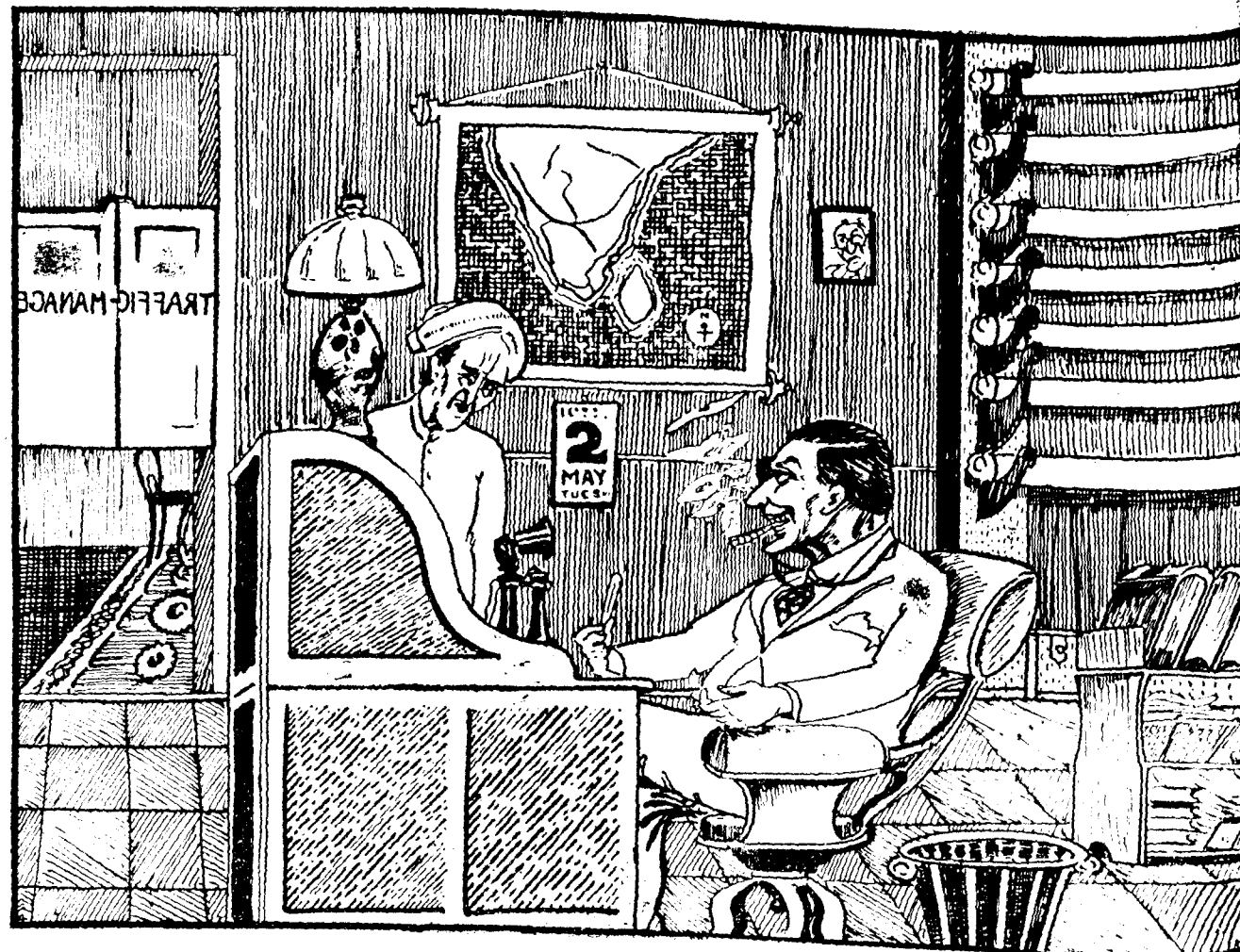
Presently, to his astonishment, the motorist saw youngman stealthily remove the spare can from his running-board and empty the contents into his own tank carefully replacing the can.

The motorist said nothing. But, on resuming his journey later, he discovered the thief in trouble with his engine a short way on. Whereupon he stopped his car and, leaning over the side, said very quietly: "I always carry a spare can of water, because I have a slight radiator leak. Sorry you've been troubled."

Macready, when playing Hamlet in a country theatre had during rehearsals occasion to severely find fault

(Continued on Page 421)

PRACTICAL SYMPATHY



Head-Clerk, Establishment Section:—Mr. Tilly, Head-Clerk, Rate Section, has had an attack of paralysis. Sir. He is unable to move and must retire.

Traffic Manager:—What a pity! Such a clever man! Well—make out a second-class free-pass for him, available from any station to any station on our Railway and send it on with my sympathies.

Rambling Thoughts of A Rambler

I. On Human Nature

(G. VENKATACHALAM.)

"A MAN'S A Man For A' That", sang Burns, the Bard of Scotland. It summarises a stupendous truth in life, and that is, that human nature is fundamentally the same in all ages and under all climes. There are, of course, the obvious racial and national differences of temperament, outlook and attitude, but in the essential human aspect, the world is one. It is true the Hindu thinks, lives and acts very differently from an Englishman or a Japanese, and his outlook on life and things is totally different from theirs.

The Hindu is, by instinct, "other-worldly" dreamy, unpractical, elusive, subtle, imaginative and synthetic; in other words, he is an idealist. The Englishman, on the other hand, is intensely "this-worldly", practical, matter-of-fact, strong-charactered, dependable, unimaginative and analytical.

There are exceptions, of course, but these briefly and broadly summarise their respective racial traits. But these are accidental, due to birth, heritage, environment, upbringing and climatic influences, but fundamentally human nature in both is the same. They love and hate, feel and act, dream and aspire in almost identical manner. The jealousy and selfishness, lie and hypocrisy of human beings everywhere take more or less the same colour, mood and expression. The animal instincts of man are alike all over the world, even as the divine nature in man is universal and one.

Let me illustrate my point from an ordinary everyday incident in life. A woman poulterer, living in a street close by where I live, discovered suddenly one morning, a few days ago, that someone had killed one of her fowls during the night, with what motive, God alone knows!

She reared hens for their eggs and also supplied fowls to Sahibs' cooks for kitchen use. She could not detect the culprit who killed her hen, but all the same, she occupied a vantage ground in the street and opened the safety-valve of her feelings which went forth in torrent-like eloquence from her lips, overwhelming everyone that was within hearing distance.

Had the miserable miscreant been there, he would, doubtless, have been dazed under the brisk play of that word-fountain! "The rascal! Could he feel no compunction in putting an innocent dumb creature to death?" she thundered forth in righteous indignation that would have made even a saint to blush.

And all the while, poor woman, she was unconscious that she was rearing these "innocent, dumb creatures" only to be put to death. She stood there as a visible symbol of the hypocrisy and inconsistency of our modern society.

The European loves his dog and yet is calmly carnivorous. The pathetic cry of an innocent lamb that is being led to the slaughter-house to provide him toothsome meat does not move his heart, but a little injury to his dog almost makes him weep.

The "mild and meek" Hindu, who rightly holds all sentient life as sacred, and is sensitive to suffering and pain,

is yet often cruel and heartless with regard to the feelings of his own daughter—the flesh of his own flesh and blood of his own blood—and will not shrink from marrying her to some old, decrepit, gold-bag, old enough to be her father, or chain her for life to any diseased young man provided he is of his caste or has some money.

It is amazing to see how, in human nature, tenderness and cruelty, indignation and hypocrisy can often co-exist!

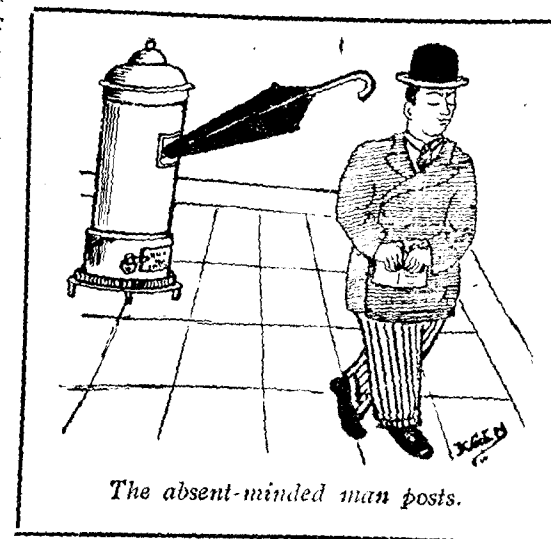
This reminds me of a little anecdote in the life of Robespierre, the Incorruptible One of the French Revolution. This

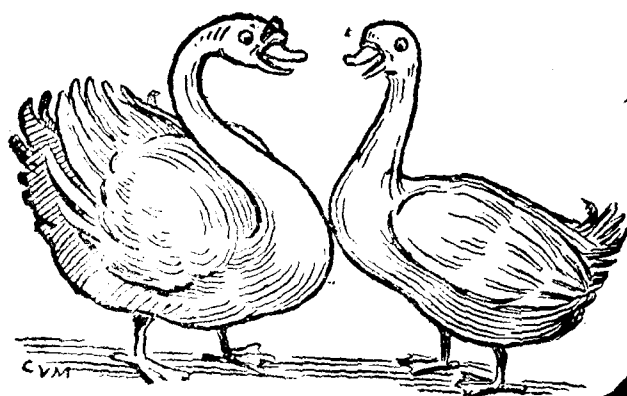
man, whom neither wealth nor fame could tempt and who felt no compunction of heart in signing by the dozens death-sentences on human beings, whose crime was that they had been born noble, was one day sitting in his private room at his house.

A beautiful young noble lady went to beg of the great man the life of her young lover, an innocent nobleman who had been put down on the list "for the guillotine."

On bended knees and with tearful eyes did the young girl implore the Incorruptible One to grant her his life. He refused the request, his face wearing a look of impassivity and sternness. The poor maiden turned back to the door, her heart heavy and her eyes wet. All unconsciously she stepped upon the paw of the spaniel that happened to be lying on the floor in her way. The dog set up a howl.

"Ah," exclaimed Robespierre, "Have you no feeling, madam?" "Have you no feeling, madam?", asked the man, who but a minute before had with sublime imperturbability given a deaf ear to love's tender call! The excellent Robespierre of France and the old woman poulterer in Bangalore only typify ordinary human nature.





This fortnight my mail-bag is full. And here are a few specimens from it.

A gentleman from Mylapore—he bluntly confesses himself to be a 'Merry-fan'—writes, "I enjoyed your new feature 'Scotland Calling!' immensely and I also very much appreciate your remarks pertaining thereto in the *Sense and Nonsense* page. I have enclosed two jokes about the Scot—really good ones, I believe. You will publish them in 'Our Readers Amuse' page. I am certain the prize for the best joke will be awarded to me."

And here is the friend's enclosure.

McPherson, who owned a theatre in Scotland, visited London to get some ideas for advertising. While walking through the city he saw a notice outside a cinema to the effect that all persons over eighty years of age would be admitted free. 'Just the thing!' he told himself. The following day he returned to his native town, and the first thing he did was to put a notice outside his own theatre:—'All persons over eighty years of age will be admitted free if accompanied by their parents.'

The other one concerns a Scottish schoolboy who was produced before the court and charged with stealing some sweets from a stall. The Magistrate was lenient enough to observe that no conviction would be recorded if the father undertook to deal suitably with the delinquent. Father took his son home and glaring at him began, "Laddie, did your conscience not tell ye that the shopman might be looking?"

While on this subject, the reader may recall that sometime back reference was made in this page to the paper economy of a famous Scottish author. I refer of course to Compton Mackenzie. Now I understand that Mackenzie is not the only one among men of letters to practise such economy. It seems Robert Bridges, the late-lamented Poet Laureate, once wrote an essay entirely on the back of old bills—mostly tailor's bills.

Now I must turn to the friend who has offered to enlighten me on 'The Superstitions of Various Races.' He writes, 'Evidently you are a little god in ebony (Shades of Charles Lamb!) and do not know much of the Westerner and his superstitious fears. I expect therefore that the article sent along with this will be of great interest to you and your readers too.'

The article is being returned to the writer with thanks, of course. And I know many readers will thank me in their turn.

SENSE & NONSENSE

I shall however reproduce here a paragraph from the friend's contribution, if only to tickle his vanity. "Westerners do not get married in May. They consider that month to be very unlucky. This superstition is you know, inherited from the Romans. Two important events—one, the festival of the Goddess of Chastity, the other, the celebration of the dead—took place in May. Marriage then, the Romans thought, was sure to be in some way an offence against the Goddess and a slight to the dead."

Another friend from the mofussil is all frowns. As soon as he got his Ms. back, he had, it appears, dipped his pen in vitriol and let it fly. "When I enclosed stamps with my manuscript," he has written to me, "I did not expect you to make use of them. (For what else did he enclose them? Did he take me for a philatelist?) You are least fitted to be a journalist. Thou art very partial and shalt therefore go the way of the dodo and the dinosaur." (Angels and ministers of grace defend me!) The return of the article, let me assure my irate friend, does not reflect on the quality of his stuff. The fact is quite the other way. It speaks volumes in praise of it. If the friend does not comprehend me, let him but carefully go through this.

In returning a manuscript, a firm of Chinese publishers wrote thus to the author. "We read your manuscript with boundless delight. By the sacred ashes of our ancestors, we swear, we have never dipped into a book of such overwhelming mastery. If we were to publish this book, it would be impossible in the future to issue any book of a lower standard. As it is unthinkable that within the next ten thousand years we shall find its equal, we are, to our great regret, compelled to return this too divine work and beg you a thousand times to forgive our action."

Another friend who signs himself 'Anxious' and whose contribution has unfortunately shared the same fate, writes to thank me "for the return of the Mss". "But," he adds, "I would like to suggest to you that when you return an article, kindly enclose your criticism of it. Surely we will welcome your frank estimate in the interests of our own improvement. May we not expect from you, dear Editor, this help in our endeavours to qualify ourselves for the fourth estate?" Sorry, Mr. Anxious, I am unable to accept your suggestion. By the bye, that phrase of Lord Tennyson's, 'a louse in the looks of literature' must disquiet all those who would seek to assume the role of a critic. I must therefore forbear. The hungry sheep need not look up.

Mr. Editor

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,

Turn to page 400. You will find the May Lucky Numbers printed there. If anyone of you has got anyone of them, send the copy along at once. 50 Rupees is not to be sneezed at in these days. You may pay an insurance premium with it or take a flying week-end trip to Bangalore and if you are horsely inclined, back your fancy with it or better still, 50 Rupees will buy you about 7 tickets in the Manchester November Handicap Sweep. There are, I believe, 20 first prizes of £30,000 each. If you win a prize and get your thirty thousand pounds, and if you don't know what to do with it, write to me and I shall always be happy to oblige.

April Lucky Numbers

Some numbers for the April Lucky Number Scheme still remain unclaimed. Turn to page 390 for substitute numbers. June 20th is absolutely the last date for fresh claims.

New Competition

On page 425 are printed details of a new and easy competition. There is a first prize of Rs. 150/- and the entrance fee is As. 8.

On page 427 is printed the result of our last 'Supply A Letter' Competition.

Every Picture Tells A Story

On page 415 you will find a picture in the middle of the page at the bottom of which you are asked to turn to this page for particulars thereabout. What, in your opinion, is the picture supposed to represent? The picture shows a woman and a man quarrelling. Write a description of the incident leading up to the quarrel. Do not be longer than about 800 words. Use your imagination and if you have done it intelligently, I will give you a prize of Rs. 5/- Mark on the top of the envelopes:

"Every Picture Tells A Story"

C/o EDITOR, The Merry Magazine, Madras.

Last date for sending in your entries is 1-7-33

Letters from Readers

I want readers to write to me. Apart from letters accompanying contributions, which reach me in fairly large numbers, I do not receive very many interesting communications. I have stated many times on this page, that I am always glad to hear from readers and I take this opportunity of saying so once again. Letters are invited

on all subjects of general interest, connected with our Magazine. Special pains, for instance, have been taken to make this issue particularly snappy and I shall feel particularly gratified if readers will write to me so that I shall be able to discover how far I have succeeded.

To Competitors

A word about our small competitions. When you submit entries for competitions like the Exchange A Limb, Every Picture Tells A Story, etc. Write on the top of your envelopes the name of the particular competition and below C/o Editor, Merry Magazine. This facilitates work in the clerical department of our office and obviates the risk of your entries being lost or mislaid.

Short Story Competition

The closing date for the entries for the Short Story Competition advertised in our previous issues, was the 25th May. I have received more than 120 entries and results will be announced on the 25th June.

Bala

One more prize for you. Our serial story has been concluded in this issue. I am certain there can be no two opinions as to the clear narrative interest of it. Send me a criticism or commentary or an appreciation about our Serial Story not exceeding 600 words. I am giving a prize of Rs. 10/- for the best entry. Mark on your envelopes

"BALA"

C/o EDITOR, The Merry Magazine, Madras.

Entries must reach me before 1-7-33.

Rambling Thoughts of A Rambler

Elsewhere in this issue is printed the first article of Mr. Venkatachalam's new series. This, in my opinion, is as good, if not better than his previous one. More follow from his pen.

Another Series

On page 413 will be found the first of a series of interesting articles from Dr. Cynicus on the South Indian Stage.

Exchange A Limb Competition

Closing date for this competition has been extended to 18th June.
Good bye till the 25th.

JUNE LUCKY NUMBER SCHEME

Another Rs. 50, waiting to be won. Keep your copy. If you lend it, the borrower pockets the amount. The sender gets the prize.

Things That Look Easy

(Continued from page 420)

with the actor—a local favourite—who took the part of the King. His Majesty determined at night to be revenged upon the great man by reeling, when, stabbed by Hamlet, to the centre of the stage (instead of remaining at the back), and falling dead upon the very spot Macready had reserved for his own final acting before he expired in Horatio's arms. Macready groaned and grunted: "Die farther up the stage, sir." "What are you doing down here, sir?" "Get up and die elsewhere, sir," when, to the amazement of the audience, the King sat bolt upright upon the stage, and said: "Look here, Mr. Macready, you had your way at rehearsal, but I'm King now, and I shall die where I please."

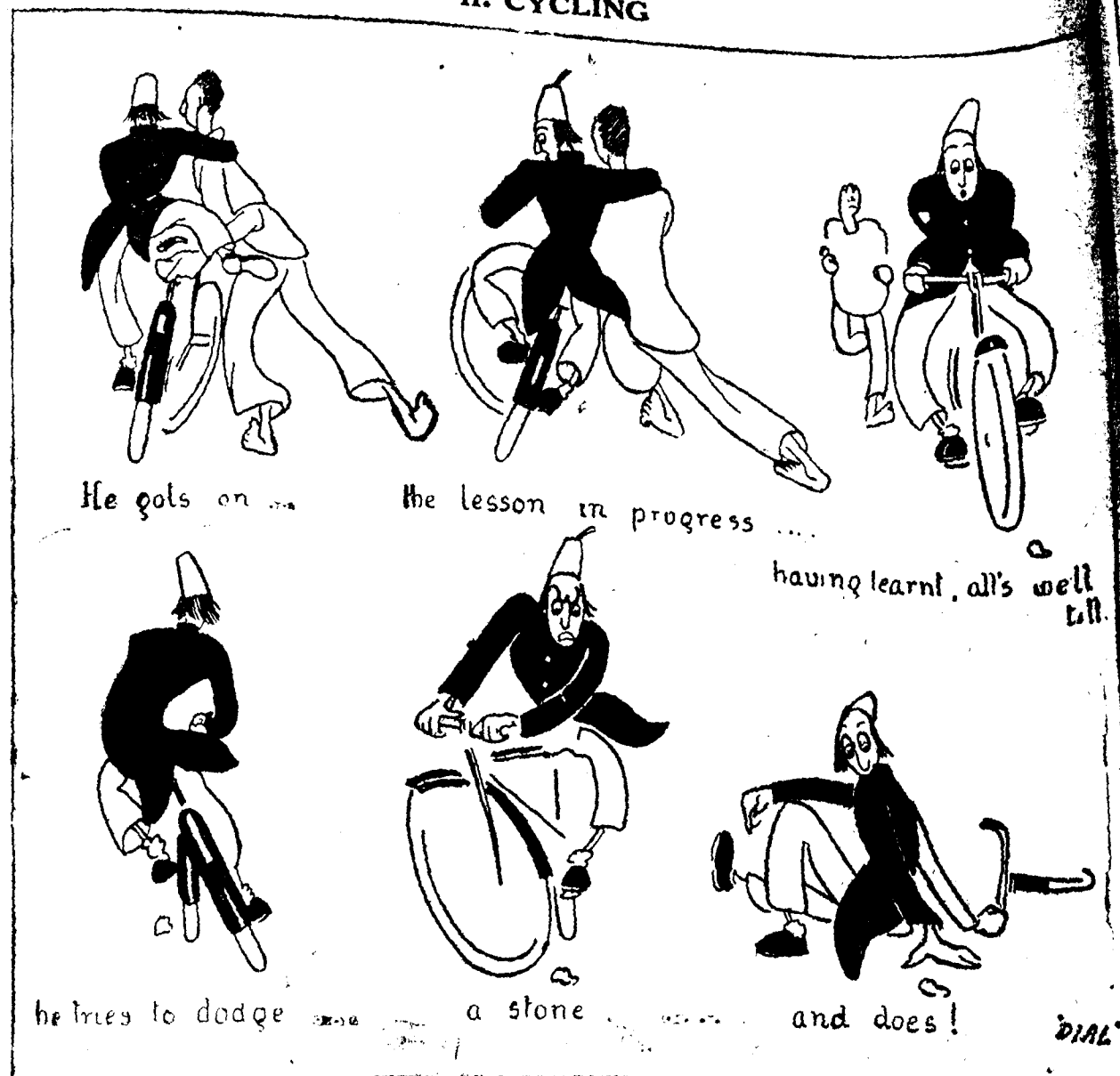
Sir John Simon told this amusing story at the recent Royal Literary Fund dinner.

A party of authors were dining at a restaurant. A neighbouring table was a slightly inebriated who was so excited by overhearing their conversation that, uninvited, he drew up his chair to their table and said rather thickly:

"Gentlemen, I see you are literary gents. I have claims to be a literary man, for I am a descendant of the great so-and-so," mentioning a famous author since dead.

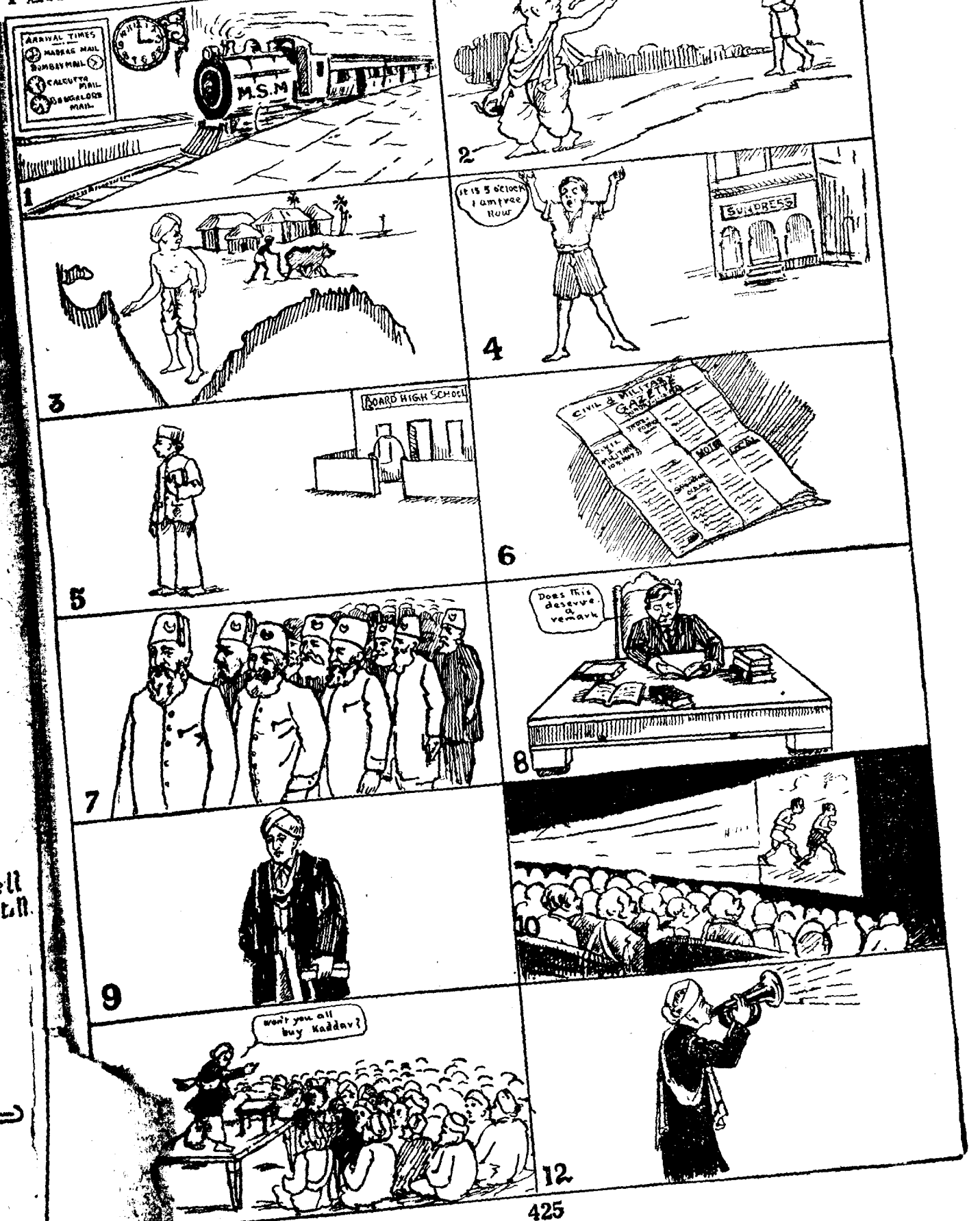
One of the company replied, "Sir, the circumstance that the only issue of that great man was an idiotic birth lends a surface of probability to your tale; but further circumstance that she died before reaching the age of puberty proves that you are a liar!"

THINGS THAT LOOK EASY II. CYCLING



PERIODICALS' COMPETITION.

(See reverse for conditions)



Rs 200 Cash must be won!

'PERIODICALS' COMPETITION

This fortnight's big cash prize is yours if you can solve the puzzle set in the previous page correctly or more correctly than any other reader. Make your bid for it now!

Each picture in the previous page illustrates one popular periodical. All you have to do is to fit names of periodicals to the puzzle pictures. No 1, for instance, represents *Railway Times*. That shows you what clear, easy-to-solve puzzles they are.

What does the second picture represent?—and so on. They are all periodicals you've no doubt heard of, and to help you still further you have a short 'key' list here with which to check your answers.

Rules and Conditions

Solutions must be filled in the coupon published. Any number of solutions may be sent and an entrance fee of annas eight must accompany each entry submitted. 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. All entries must be received by last post on 1-7-33. 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. 150 will be awarded to an all-correct solution and the second prize of Rs. 50 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 an all-correct solution the first prize will be awarded to the nearest correct entry received. In case of ties the prize money will be equally divided. A winning competitor can receive only one share in a prize and the winner who ties for the first prize shall not be eligible for a share in the second. 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 along with the M. O. receipt issued by the Post Office. No alterations, alterations or corrections whatever will be allowed. Competitors must write on the envelopes the words—'Periodicals' Competition. All entries must be addressed to:—

THE EDITOR, 'PERIODICALS' COMPETITION,
The Merry Magazine Office,
2/140, Broadway, Madras.

KEY LIST

- | | |
|----------------------|---------------------|
| 1. Railway Times | 13. Cinema |
| 2. Liberty | 14. Herald |
| 3. Picture Show | 15. Hindu Herald |
| 4. National Herald | 16. Scholar |
| 5. Harijan | 17. National Call |
| 6. Advocate of India | 18. The Advocate |
| 7. The Critic | 19. Indian India |
| 8. Rural India | 20. Sanatanist |
| 9. C & M Gazette | 21. Leader |
| 10. Appeal | 22. Free Press |
| 11. Student | 23. Hindustan Times |
| 12. The Examiner | 24. Muslim Progress |

THE MERRY MAGAZINE

'PERIODICALS' COMPETITION COUPON

1. RAILWAY TIMES
2.
3.
4.
5.
6.
7.
8.
9.
10.
11.
12.

In entering this Competition I agree to accept the Editor's decision as final and legally binding.

Signature.....

Address.....

THE MERRY MAGAZINE ADVERTISEMENTS.

Results of 'Supply A Letter' Competition

The correct solution is

- | | | | | |
|-----|-----|-----|-----|------|
| 1 L | 3 T | 5 A | 7 R | 9 V |
| 2 E | 4 L | 6 F | 8 T | 10 M |

No all-correct solution was received.

Three competitors have submitted entries containing one error each. The first prize of Rs. 150 has therefore been divided equally between

1. C. L. Venkatanarasiah, 'Hari Kripa', Coimbatore.
2. M. R. Vijayaraghavan, 193, Second Agraharam, Salem.
3. Gurpur Giridhar Prabhu, Old Kent Road, Mangalore.

The following 21 competitors have submitted entries containing two errors each. Money order for Rs. 2-6 as. has been sent to each of them.

- | | |
|---|---|
| 1. Nutalapati SUBBA RAU, Arundelpet, Guntur. | 12. S. VENKATARAMAN, Kunnam House Thadalkoil, Shiyali. |
| 2. V. KRISHNASWAMY 'Venkatesa Vilas,' Srirangam. | 13. I. R. MUTHUSAMY, B. Sc., Office of the Post Master General, Madras. |
| 3. S. CHIDAMBARAM PILLAI, Head clerk, Taluk Board Office, Vriddachalam. | 14. M. NARAYANAN, Sringeri Bhavan, Rama Vilas Agrahar, Mysore. |
| 4. P. V. SRINIVASAN, 810, Ramanatha Bhut Lane, V. P. Koil St., Tanjore. | 15. S. J. GEORGE, Central Station, Bodinayakanur P. O. |
| 5. C. L. VENKATANARASIAH, 'Hari Kripa,' Coimbatore. | 16. Mrs. O. STEWART, 1/57 Maddox St., Vepery, Madras. |
| 6. P. S. SANKARA SASTRIGAL, Palamadai, (Via) Tinnevely Jn. | 17. T. S. RAMANATHA IYER, 39, Pachiappa Mudaly Street, Kumbakonam. |
| 7. P. S. GURUSWAMY, 8 Patnul Sirdar Jung St., Park Town, Madras. | 18. K. R. SUBRAHMANYAM, 23 Kolinjivadi, Dharapuram (Via) Erode. |
| 8. S. NARASIMULU, 45-Bishop Road, Puthur, Trichinopoly. | 19. A. M. A. ARUNACHALAM, Malavia Literary Association, Pallatur. |
| 9. D. PURUSHOTHAM, Market Street, Chittoor. | 20. S. RAJAGOPALAN, 7-Kakatopa Street, Madura. |
| 10. GURPUR GIRIDHAR PRABHU, Old Kent Road, Mangalore. | 21. P. SURYANARAYANA, D. C. O's Office, B. N. Ry., Waltair, (R. S.) |
| 11. S. N. SUBRAHMANYAM, 'Swarna Vilas,' Mettu Street, Salem. | |

APRIL LUCKY NUMBERS

Only four claims were received. Money order for Rs. 5 has been sent to each claimant. On Page 390 fresh numbers are announced as substitutes for unclaimed ones.

LUCKY NUMBER

SENDER

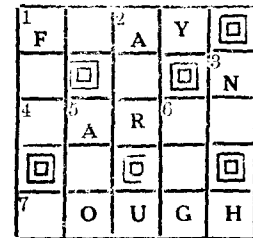
- | | |
|--------|---|
| 7413. | S. Surya Narain, National Insurance Co., Ltd. c/o Post Master, Robertsonpet, (K.G.F.) |
| 8586. | M. R. Krishna Iyer, c/o E. Rama Iyer, B. A., B. L., Amman Sannadhi St. Shencottah. |
| 9715. | S. Vemboo Iyer, Clerk, Permanent Fund Ltd. Negapatam. |
| 13859. | Kalidas Vajjhala Esq., Maharanipt, Vizagapatam. |

THE MERRY MAGAZINE ADVERTISEMENTS

Send unlimited entries for a single entrance fee of Rs. 2
WIN Rs. 250 Guaranteed in
 Easy Crossword No. 3.

Sealed key solution and prize amount deposited with
"MY MAGAZINE OF INDIA"

Closing Date 18-6-33. No extension.



Clues Across.—1, to frighten.
 4, a boat. 7, violent.
 Clues Down.—1, to cheat. 2,
 the fluid we breathe. 3, not. 5,
 past. 6, to deceive.

Note.—All clues from Chambers
 XX dictionary words from brackets
 are not taken.

Rules.—(1). Entrance fee Rs. 2
 for any number of entries in one
 cover by one person. (2) Rs. 150 will be awarded for
 correct solution received on or before 18-6-33, and Rs. 100
 for solution with one error and each word affected will
 be counted as an error. (3) The prize amount will NOT
 be decreased in any event but may be increased at the
 discretion of the Manager, and in case of ties prizes will be
 divided. (4) No competitor can win more than one share
 and the decision of the Manager must be accepted as final
 and legally binding. (5) All entries (in any readable form)
 and fees (by M. O.) must reach on or before 18-6-33. (6).
 A correct solution is one which agrees letter for letter with
 key solution deposited with My Magazine of India.

Manager, **THE MADRAS CROSSWORDS BUREAU,**
 41, Broadway, Madras.

Have you seen "World News" the new Nationalist
 English weekly published every Sunday with latest
 telegrams? If not please apply to Manager 41, Broadway
 Madras for a specimen with 2 quarter anna stamps.

A GOLDEN OPPORTUNITY FOR THE TAMILIANS!

For soul-stirring songs, Grand poetic
 conceits, highest philosophy and clear piercing
 expression:—

READ

SRI SUBRAHMANYA BHARATI'S WORKS.

1. Poetry:—Songs, lyrics, epic etc
 8 Parts in one calico bound volume. Rs. 2-8-0
2. Prose:—Fables, novels and criticisms,
 6 Parts in one calico bound volume Rs. 2-0-0
3. Kathai Kothu. Rs. 0-8-0
4. Bhagavat Gita—Text in Devanagari
 characters and Bharati's Translation
 and introduction in Tamil.

Calico bound Rs. 0-12-0

Wrapper. Rs. 0-8-0

" Pkt Edn. } Wrapper. Rs. 0-5-0
 Translation only

Calico Rs. 0-7-0

The Manager, Merry Magazine office,
 2-140, Broadway, Madras.

THE MERRY MAGAZINE ADVERTISEMENTS

WIN GUARANTEED PRIZES IN

Murty's Missing Letter Competition No. 3.
 Only Rs. 2 for any No. of entries,
 sent in a cover.

Key solution deposited with "Merry Mag" Madras.
 Closing date 26-6-33 Results in a week.

1. ATT — PT	7. CO — POSANT
2. SEPO —	8. P — G — E —
3. WRO —	9. EPI — H — I —
4. SLI — Y	10. TRIU — H
5. J — N — E	11. INEV — ABLE
6. DO — I — O —	

N. B.—Some have no alternatives at all.

Note:—Place one letter for each Dash to form a word
 which should be found in Chamber's Dictionary (any
 edition from 1927). No plural or past tense. Words with-
 in brackets are not taken. Random words which find no
 place in the Dictionary will disqualify the solutions
 entirely.

Prizes:—A minimum Guarantee of Rs. 10, 8, & 6 will
 be awarded for each competitor sending in an all correct
 solution so as to reach us on or before 15th, 20th, & 26th
 June '33, respectively. Rs. 3 for each one errored solution:
 A correct solution is one that agrees word for word with
 the key solution. A winner can have a share in one prize
 only. For result sheet, competitors should annex sufficient
 postage stamps. Fees by M. O. only. Entries may be sent
 in any readable form, showing all the alternatives. The
 decision of the Manager is final and legally binding in all
 matters concerning the competition.

All communications remittances etc., to be addressed,
 Manager:—**MURTY'S COMPETITION,**
 KUTTALAM, S. I. Ry.

ACCIDENTS EVERYWHERE ARE ON THE INCREASE THE NORTHERN INDIA INSURANCE CO., LTD. LAHORE.

Chairman:—Col. C. R. Bakhle, I.M.S. (Retd.)
 Patron:—The Raja Bahadur of Mandi.
 Managing Director:—H. D. Mehta.

OUR "ALL IN ONE POLICY" COMBINES



TRIPLE INDemnITY
 LIFE INSURANCE

AND ACCIDENTAL
 COVERAGE.

AT NO ADDITIONAL COST.

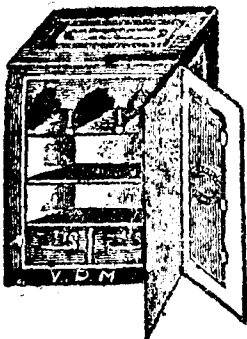
Natural Death Rs. 5,000.
 Any Accidental Death .. 10,000.
 Certain Accidental Deaths .. 15,000.
FEMALE LIVES INSURED.

Join our Agency Force and reap fullest benefits of
 your own efforts.
 Applications for Agency are invited
 from both sexes.

Apply for particulars to:—
GURU RAJAH & CO.,
 Chief Agents, Triplicane, Madras.

V. DORAISWAMY MUDALIAR,

IRON SAFE
 MANUFACTURER,
 58, Broadway,
 MADRAS.



Workshop: No. 98,
 Annam Coril Street,
 Peddu Nachanpet, Madras

A TRIAL ORDER

IS SOLICITED.

PHOTO ALBUM.



An Album containing 12 Beauti-
 ful nature Studies of Sexes in Real
 life. Most indispensable for deco-
 rating Bedrooms etc.

Price Rs. 1-14-0 each

THE KRISHNA AGENCY,
 P. B. No. 119, MADRAS.

ROLLED GOLDEN NECKLACE.



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

GENUINE WATCH Co.,
 P. B. 119, Madras.

THE MERRY MAGAZINE FREE INSURANCE COUPON

Dated 10-6-33.

Sign here:.....

Name.....

Address.....

READ WHAT HIDAYAT HAS DONE!

ONE PURCHASER WRITES TO US AS UNDER:—

Secunderabad,
 12-5-33.

SIRS,

I wholeheartedly thank you for the effect of your Talisman I cannot but say that belief is the
 thing that is required. In my instance, my branch office was irregular and had somehow managed to get
 permission from their Head Office to thrust me away. I was much put down and ordered for "Hidayat."
 After wearing it, the Head Office Manager suddenly visited our Branch and I put before him my solicitations
 and pictured the situation. He was kind enough and not only confirmed my appointment but gave me an
 increment. I am confident this is the work of the Talisman.

I give this letter that you may publish it in whatever manner you like.

I hope that sufferers will be equally benefited by "Hidayat" if they believe.

Yours faithfully,
 (Sd.) Venkateswara Rao.

WHAT MORE IS REQUIRED?

Buy Hidayat today and drown your worries.

This wonderful Talisman can be worn by people of all castes and of either sex.

Price per "Hidayat" Re. 1-0-0. - 3 at a time Rs. 2-10-0. - (Postage As. 6 extra.)

N. B.—"Hidayat" will be very small to look at and will look pretty while wearing. Instructions
 to use will be sent along with the parcel. Letters from purchasers are kept confidential unless they send us
 certificates for publication.

Apply to: **THE "HIDAYATALAYA" OFFICE,**
 P. B. 1358, MADRAS.

No Question
of Ties.

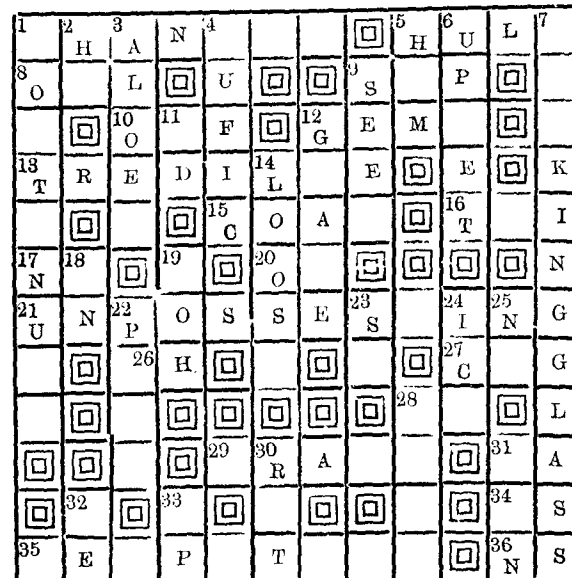
Win Rs. 250 Guaranteed in

CHAMBERS PART CROSSWORD NO. 7.

No Fear of Low
Dividends.

Sealed Key solution and prize amount deposited with "My Magazine of India," Madras.

Entrance Fee Re. one per entry. Closing date 21-6-33. Results on 22-6-33.



CLUES ACROSS:—1. Ulcer. 5. body of a ship. 8. greasy liquid. 9. blood. 10. money. 12. precious stones. 13. game at cards. 15. supply with coal. 16. New Zealand parson-bird. 17. not. 20. ere. 21. not possessing. 26. INTERJECTION. 27. Small boat. 28. tittle (curtailed). 29. free. 31. Sun god. 34. PRONOUN. 35. everlasting. 36. New style (Abbreviation).

CLUES DOWN:—1. prolonged. 2. INTERJECTION. 3. planted with aloe. 4. pertaining to Cufa. 5. back of the thigh. 6. overthrow. 7. mirror. 9. good fortune. 11. peculiar force. 12. overpowering lustre. 14. unbound. 18. one (curtailed). 19. INTERJECTION exclamation of contempt. 22. head. 23. in this manner. 24. figure (curtailed). 25. never. 28. plunder. 30. become morally corrupt. 31. fled. 32. PRONOUN. 33. aloft.

Note:—Direct clues for Chambers XX century Dictionary. Words form brackets are not taken. A, An, Any, To, The, etc., have been omitted in the beginning of the clues. Curtailed means omission of only the last letter. No extension will be made and no competitor can win more than one prize.

RULES OF ENTRANCE.—(1) Entrance fee Re. 1 per entry. (2) Rs. 150 will be awarded for correct solutions received on or before 21st. June, 1933, and Rs. 100 for solutions with one error. (3) The prize amount will NOT be decreased in any event but may be increased at the discretion of the Manager and a minimum award of Rs. 50 and 20 are guaranteed for each correct and one error. (4) A correct solution is one which agrees letter for letter with the sealed key solution deposited with "My Magazine of India," Madras. (5) The decision of the Manager must be accepted as final and legally binding in all matters, and all entries (in any readable form) and fees (M. O.) must be addressed to:—

THE MANAGER:—CHAMBERS PART CROSSWORDS, No. 3, Appasami Lane G. T. Madras.

Note:—This advertisement appeared in the last issue of Merry Magazine, and is again published with amendments owing to mistakes.

60 YEARS OLD
ON WEDNESDAY NIGHT.

REJUVENATION.

25 YEARS YOUNG
ON THURSDAY MORNING.

"COMALIN"

THE NATURAL ONE APPLICATION ONE SOLUTION HAIR DYE.

GUARANTEED HARMLESS.

"COMALIN"

is the result of scientific research over a period of many years. For the first time a Hair Dye has been produced, which avoids the disadvantages of all known preparations and which one expects of the ideal Hair-Dye.

Quick, natural dyeing of the hair; no faulty colouring; genuine, no discolouration; permanent, unaffected by friction, light, air or water; absolutely harmless, simple and clean to use; no colouration; of the scalp

"COMALIN"

contains the extract of a South American tree, and is a liquid hairdye.



"COMALIN"

is free from metallic substances, from poisonous matter or acids, and from irritating or caustic components, as well as being absolutely harmless and conforming in preparation and composition with the demands of the Law.

"COMALIN"

makes the hair fragrant and as soft as silk, and removes any discolouration which may previously have been present.

"COMALIN"

The deep and natural black colouring achieved with "Comalin" is of a beauty previously unknown. Experts who have once used "Comalin" refuse all other preparations.

Price per packet Rs. 1-4-0 Postage Extra

Apply to:—The Manager,

(Mail Order Dept.) MERRY MAGAZINE OFFICE, - 2-140 Broadway, 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.)

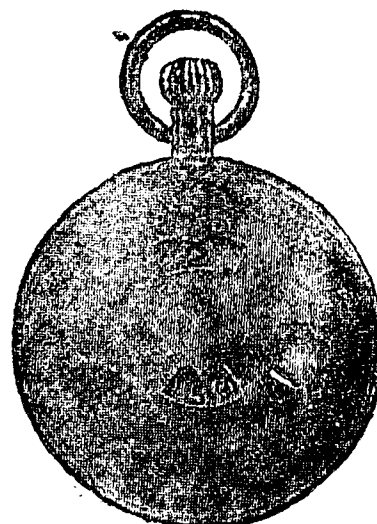
This is a fatty ointment that does not dry up and excels owing to pleasant coolness during the duration of treatment whereas with other ordinary watery depilatories available in the market there will often arise some burning feeling on the skin. Ohio Cream excels owing to beautiful lilac scent and hence 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.
When ordering please mention "Merry Magazine."
SRI DHANAM & Co., POST BOX 119, MADRAS

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 ready we are offering them at factory price—this magnificent offer cannot be repeated. It is made as a gift from ourselves to clear for our 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.**

NO TIES.
FULL PRIZES.
WIN FULLY GUARANTEED PRIZES

IN
Chambers Missing Letters Competitions No. 16
Sealed Key Solution deposited with
"My Magazine"

Last posting Date 25th June '33 Results on 30-6-33.

- | | |
|----------------|-------------------|
| 1. T — — — T | ... spot |
| 2. STA — — — | ... constant |
| 3. — OUGH | ... violent |
| 4. T — — — | ... head dress |
| 5. W — — — | ... be accustomed |
| 6. COM — — — | ... hairy |
| 7. — S — I — — | ... discard |
| 8. — MO — ED | ... remote |
| 9. STO — P | ... patron |
| 10. P — — — F | ... experiment |

Note:—Substitute a letter for each dash to get the given meaning. Direct clues from Chambers XX century Dictionary and a, the, to, etc., have been omitted in the beginning of the clues. Words from brackets are NOT taken.

Rules of Entrance:—1. Rs. 2 for the first entry and Re. 1 for each subsequent entry. 2. Rs. 75 will be awarded for EACH of the first TEN correct solutions received on or before the 15th June 33, and Rs. 50 for EACH of the other correct solutions posted on or before the posting date 25-6-33. 3. Each one error solution will get Rs. 10. 4. A correct solution is one which agrees with the sealed key solution deposited with the "MY MAGAZINE" Madras. 5. The decision of the manager must be accepted as final and legally binding in all matters regarding this competition and all entries (Post) and fees (M. O.) should be addressed to:—

Manager, Chambers Missing Letters Competition,
3, Appasami Lane, G. T., MADRAS.

Very
few
alternatives

WIN Rs. 1,000

Closing
Date
30-6-1933.

I. Prize Rs. 600. II. Prize Rs. 300. Rs. 100 for those sending correct entries on or before 20-6-33.
Key solution deposited with the "World News," Madras and will be published on 2nd July 1933.

Reference:—Chamber's 20th Century Dictionary

Clues Across:—1. A number of persons etc. 2. Money. 3. For example. (Abbr.)

Clues Down:—1. To pray.

Entrance Fees:—Re. 1 per entry and Rs. 5/- for any number of entries.

Rules and Instructions:—Clues are all direct and words from [] not taken. A correct solution is one which agrees letter for letter with the key solution. All forms treated direct. At least 75% of the nett collections will go for prizes and the Manager's decision is legally binding in all matters. For pamphlets apply with stamps.

Important:—Result sheets will be sent one week after the closing date to those sending one anna more with M. O.

The Manager, K. V. R's Competitions,
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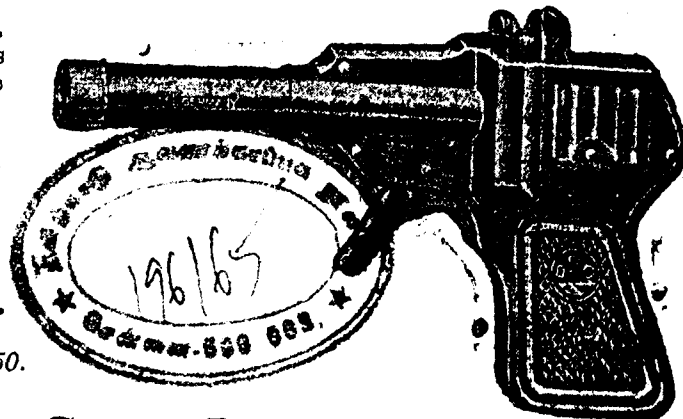
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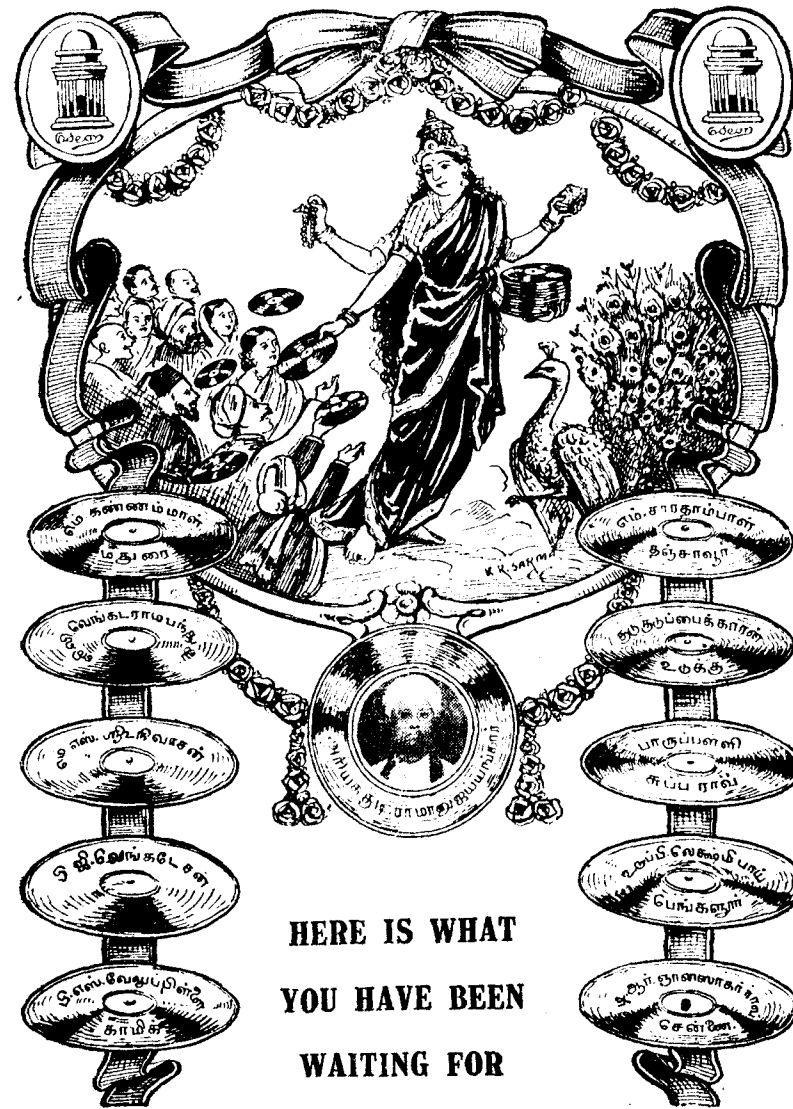
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