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Rs. 500 for 'DING' Competition—See Page 571

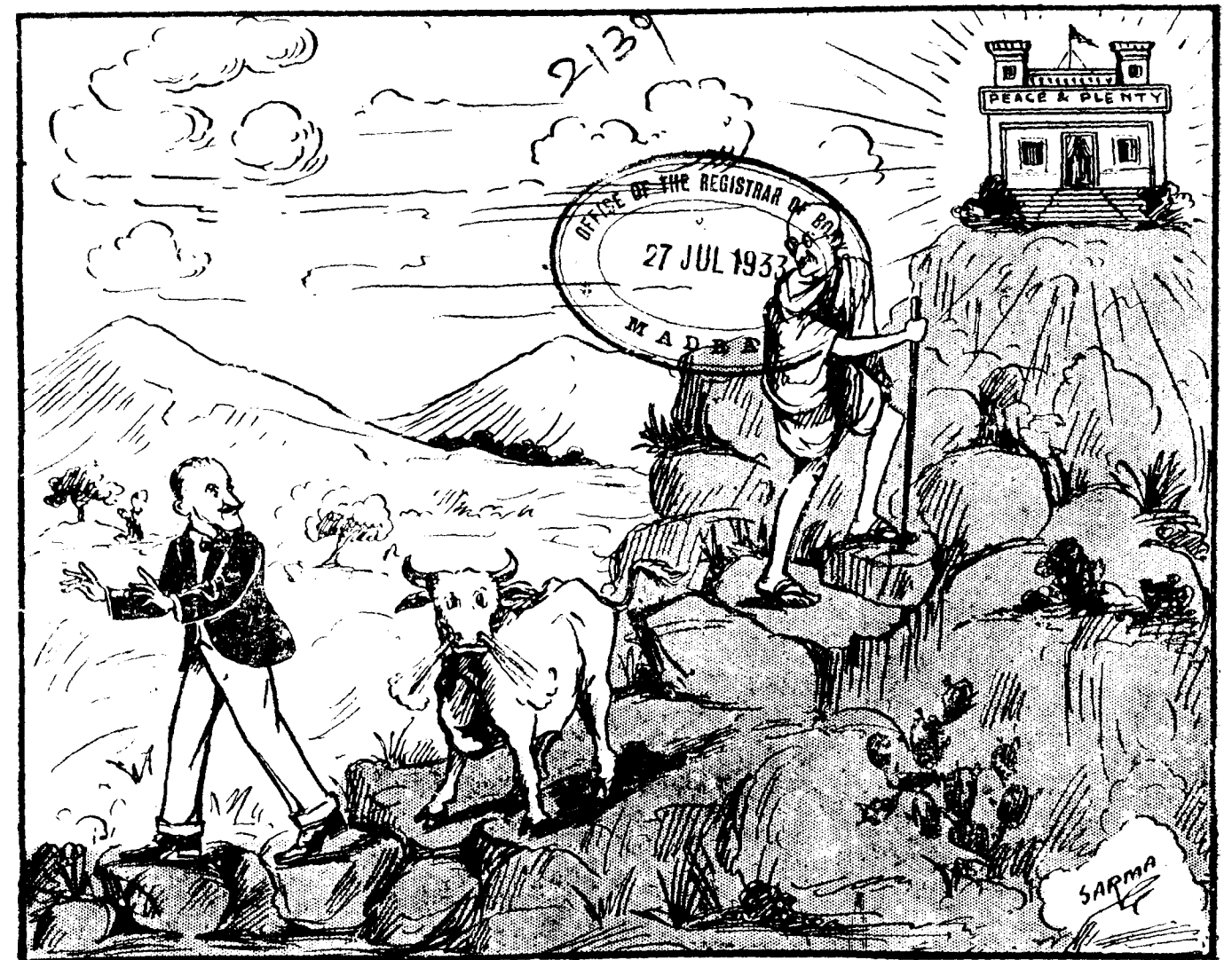
The MERRY MAGAZINE

Vol. I

MADRAS, 25th JULY 1933.

No. 14.

Prestige Stands in the Way



Our goal—that of the rulers and the ruled—is the same. The task of attainment is sufficiently arduous. To add to our troubles, Prestige stands in the way of our reaching the Abode of Peace and Plenty.

48 Pages.

As. 2.

VERY MUCH INVOLVED

(L.E.O.)



JUMPED off the car and hurried up the four steps that led to the front-door of my office building. One push at the revolving door and the door revolved. I could hardly be expected to know that at the very instant I was opening the door from the outside, someone from inside would be trying to open the door to get outside from inside the door. It does sound a bit involved. But that is exactly what it was—involved. I mean, we were involved in the revolving door which revolved according to plan, forgetting, poor mechanical thing, that when it revolved, it involved two people, with contradictory desires, in its revolutions. This went on for a minute or two till both of us, in a lucid interval decided, at the same moment of time, to wait for the other man. We extricated ourselves from the door and came to rest inside and faced each other in the hall. I stifled a curse just in time and put up my right hand to raise my hat. Curse! I had come out without one. It was not absent-mindedness on my part. That morning, coming out of my front-door, I had automatically put my hand up to my head feeling for my hat and had met a shock—of hair. I went back into the house and looked for my head-gear. I found it alright on the peg in the rack. It had once been a swanky Hawkes helmet, with chin-strap and ventilators complete. What met my gaze was a battered tile in the last stages of melancholy decay. If a self-respecting scarecrow had been asked to put that hat on, it would have resigned its office on the spot. I mean, no self-respecting crow would have come anywhere within a thousand yards of a scarecrow with a headpiece like that. Now, don't be silly and turn round and ask me "Is that not the only function of a scarecrow?" Please remember that I was careful to say "Self-respecting scarecrow?" There are scarecrows and scarecrows and I repeat that a self-respecting scarecrow would certainly feel sore if it was turned out such a scarecrow that no self-respecting scarecrow would come anywhere within miles of it. ("Say, is this a thesis on the self-respect Movement?")

"No, it isn't. So you shut up and don't try to be funny."

"Funny?"

"Yes, funny."

"Why?"

"Because you can't."

"Alright, alright. Keep your hair on."

"You're trying to be funny again."

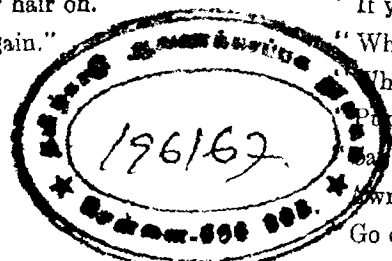
"How do you mean, funny?"

"Yes, funny."

"I don't follow."

"Of course, you don't."

"I said, I don't understand."



.....in a lucid interval.

"You will, very soon."

"I wish I could."

"Don't you, just. Say, whose leg do you think you are pulling?"

"I don't know."

"Then, what do you mean by making personal remarks?"

"Remarks?"

"Yes, personal. About my hair. About my keeping it on. What the.....does it matter to you if I have come out without my hat."

"Say, I never intended to come between you and your hatter."

"You'd better not—"

"Why?"

"If you do, you will get as mad as a hatter."

"Who's being punny now?"

"What do you mean, funny?"

"Punny, I said funny."

"Say, stop being funny—I mean, punny."

"Awright, awright, keep your—"

"Go on, say it."

"Temper."

"You said 'Temper?'"

"Yes, I did."

"You are lying."

"I'm not."

"Say, here, you're fired."

"Fired?"

"Yes, fired. Cashiered. Dismissed. Your services are dispensed with. You are given notice to quit. You are no longer in my employ. In short, I've no use for you any longer. In very short, you've got the Noble and Imperial and Ancient Order of the Boot. To be brief, you're sacked."

"Sacked?"

"Yes, dismissed."

"You mean, I don't draw my salary on the first of the month in this place?"

"You said it."

"Say, reconsider. You don't mean to tell me that you are going to turn me out into the cold, cold outside with never a chance of keeping the wolf from the door?"

"That's just what I mean to tell you."

"Say, guv'nor, have a heart."

"A heart?"

"Yes, a heart. That cardiac organ in the human anatomy. Complete with auricles, one right, one left; ventricles, one right, one left; aorta, one; vena cava superior, one, vena cava inferior, one; heartstrings—a large number, (to be tugged at, in times of mental stress) and cockles (to be warmed in ditto of ditto.)"

"Say, who do you think you are—a Demonstrator in Anatomy."

"I don't know what I think. I merely know that I'm an ex-employee asking you to reconsider."

"Awright, I've reconsidered."

"Hooray!"

"I won't dismiss you. I will accept your resignation."

"Say, you're a pal."

"Don't mention it."

"You're a friend in need."

"Cut out the Thanksgiving."

"The Good Samaritan!"

"Don't make a song and dance about it."

"I don't harbour any malice."

"Harbour is not right. You're a crook."

"Crook? You said 'Crook?'"

"I said 'Creek'."

"So, I'm a creek, am I?"

"You said it yourself."

"I said 'Creek, did I?'"

"No, not 'Creek,' 'creek'."

"I said it?"

"Yes. You said you didn't harbour."

"Say, look, cut out the funny stuff."

"Right!"

"And don't try to be funny, either. Hook it."

"Crook?"

"Hook it. Clear out. Leg it. Show a clean pair of heels."

"I'm not a shoe-black."

"No. And neither will you shine."

"What d'ye mean, Shine?"

"Shoes."

"You said 'Shoes.'"

"Yes, shoes. And if you don't look slippy, I'll say boots. No, not boots, I mean boot. And I won't say it either. Now, are you going?"

"Awright, awright."

"Now, are you going?"

"Yes. And say—"

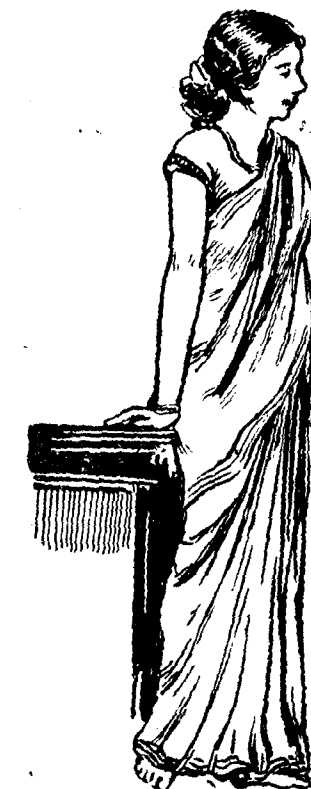
"What?"

"Keep your hair on."
My assistant cleared out.

* * *

There we were, facing each other inside my room. I put my hand up to my head and touched the place where my hat should have been but was not. I blushed and my vis-a-vis blushed too.

A word, now, about her. I mean my vis-a-vis. The person who was waiting for me inside my room. She was tall. She was fair. She was divinely tall and most divinely fair. Her teeth, if a competent dentist had had his way, would have warmed the cockles of a pearl-dealer's heart. Her eyes were pools of limpid blue. Pools. They were so placid, you could have held the world's sculling championship in them and no one would have been the wiser. I mean, it would



My Vis-a-vis.

have been a dead-heat and the pools would have taken the ears. Her nose would not have shamed the Mother of the Gracchi. In fact, the afore-

(Continued on page 535 bottom.)

LETTERS FROM LALITA

II

Courtallam, 20th July, 1933.

MY DEAR SARASA,

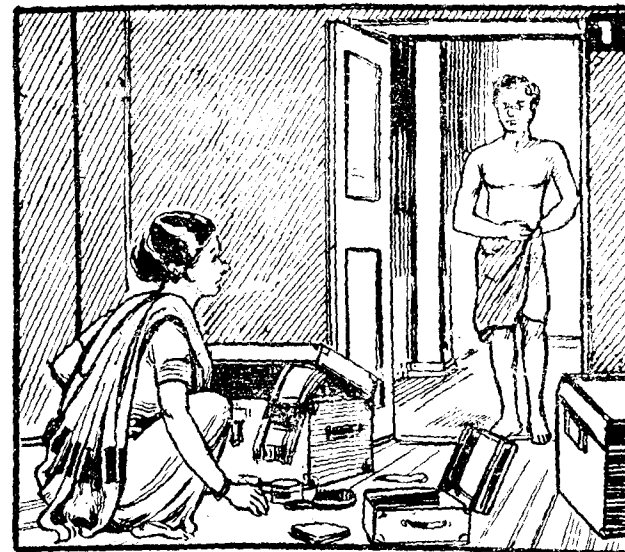
Imagine my surprise, when the morning after our arrival, I had to hunt for the hair-oil bottle all over this wretched hovel,—they call it a Bungalow! This 'Bungalow' is not furnished at all and I had to spread all my things on the floor which had to be carpeted with newspapers before I could unpack. I hunted high and low and the bottle was no where to be found. Suddenly, the air became super-charged with the familiar scent of my hair-oil and looking-up I saw him standing in the door-way, clad only in a dhoti and his entire body, from head to foot, reeking with the hair-oil.

Believe me, I was sarcastic. "Is there an Allasamy Pandigai going on here?" I asked him, but he withered me with a pitying smile. "Your ignorance is colossal," said he. "You have never been here. We are going out to bathe. People who know all about these falls besmear themselves with oil liberally before they step below the torrent. Don't forget, that here, we pour troubled waters over oil. Come, get ready!"

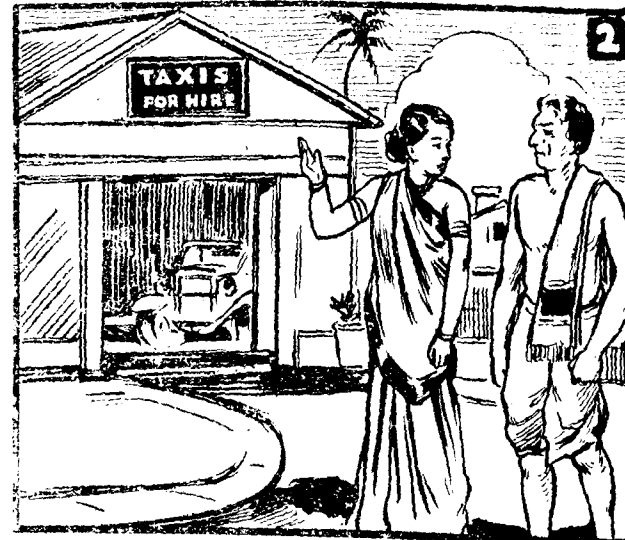
He threw pell-mell into an attache case, a change of clothes for himself and threw in a leaf-green saree and a black petticoat, (obviously intended for me) a cake of soap and some towels and shouted for the servant. He ordered the servant to take the case in advance and await our arrival at the falls.

How would you like to walk by the side of a man who is half-clad and reeking with scented oil? He said it was a furlong to foot and for aught I know, it might have been a mile. On my way, I saw a signboard which said "Taxis for hire" and when I pointed it out to him, he simply glared at me and said he was short of cash and that what little he had, must be made to go a long way, even as we were.

He got me some oil at the shop and one look at the abominable stuff was enough for me. It was a dirty green oil and smelt horribly. He said it was medicated and good for one's health and when I asked him why he



.....standing in the door-way.



.....glared at me.



.....interested in the flight of a bird.

preferred my hair-oil, he became very much interested in the flight of a bird over-head.

Oh, These falls my dear! And the bathers! It was mixed bathing, of sorts, with all the romance knocked out. I refused to have anything to do with it.

He was there in the thick of it and impervious to the sneers and shouts of other bathers. He was frisking like a calf that had too much of milk-punch and I grew impatient. For half an hour, I had to sit on a stone and watch his antics. The servant had not arrived and I wondered what could have happened to him. I rose and walked a few paces to find out, when I heard a shout behind and turned and saw my hubby, shouting and gesticulating and not a word could I hear. He came running and asked me if I was going away all alone by myself and I had to tell him what I thought of him, of the falls and of his servant.

"Do be a sport and wait for! just five more minutes! These country fellows are so careless. He must have remembered something which he ought to have told his wife in the morning and he must have gone home to make amends. My sympathies are with him. Won't you wait for just five more minutes?"

I waited for, not five, but, fifteen minutes. My hubby, drenched to the skin, a thin layer of oil still covering him, hair like a mop, sitting on a rock, and awaiting the servant, was a sight that I couldn't stand for more than quarter of an hour of an altogether disappointed life. I left him there—and came here—another mile of walk in a broiling sun!

Well, if I was sore of heart on arrival, I am foot-sore to-day. But, my dear, can you imagine my plight if I had listened to his advice and stepped beneath the falls, with an absconding servant and a mile between me and the nearest saree!

Here comes the cook to tell me that the food is getting cold and wants to know when his master could be expected to return. For all that I care, the cook might, after serving me, take the food out to his master. I do devoutly pray that the cook also may get lost somewhere in this God-forsaken place and that would be the end of a perfect day for my hubby!

Yours for ever and a day,

LALITA.



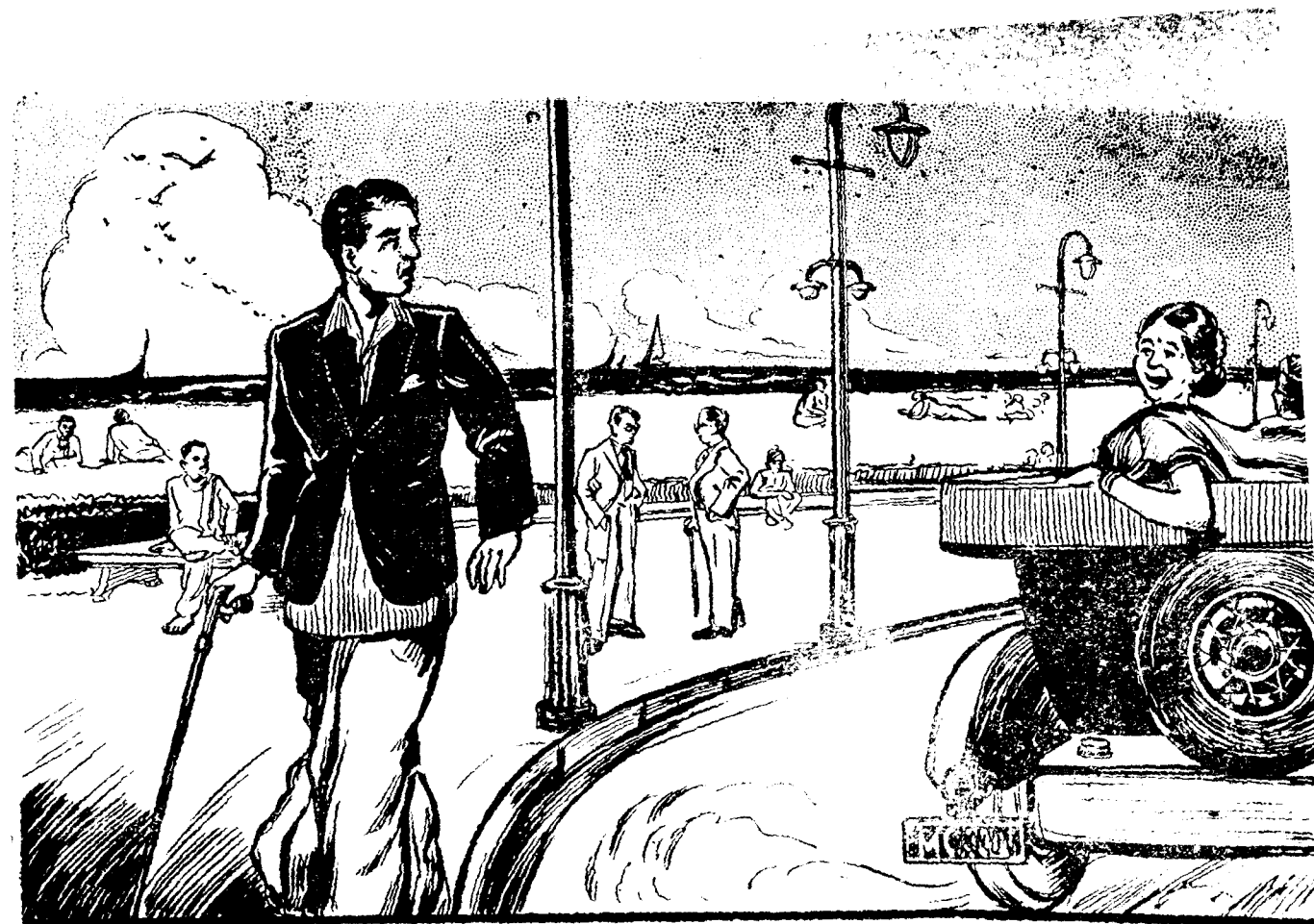
.....I had to sit on a stone.



I had to tell him what I thought of him.....



I left him there.



.....a lady in a car turned and beamed at Doraiswamy.

COMPETITION: FINISH THIS STORY

Here is a story begun by 'Deisvi,' but not completed. Readers are requested to finish this story. A prize of Rs. 15/- is offered to the best entry received for this competition. All entries to reach this office before 5-9-33. The unfinished part of the story must not exceed 2000 words.

Write the story in your own words and it will be judged entirely upon its qualities as a story i. e. its power to hold the interest and its appeal to the human heart. If the story is good, it will receive preference over tales of less merit no matter how clearly, beautifully or skilfully written they may be. [Editor.]



UT-Threats! Thugs! Highwaymen!" Doraiswamy's cane slashed at the casurina shrub which lined the lover's path in the Marina. He had no cause for complaint against casurina plants in general. It was his rival in trade who had, in the course of the day, stolen a march over Doraiswamy, by dubious methods of price-cutting and high-pressure salesmanship. Doraiswamy was merely venting his spleen privately on the casurina plants while the lost order rankled in his heart.

Doraiswamy started life as an indent-clerk in Quarry & Co. He handled indents for glass, picture-frame mouldings, straw boards etc. for merchants in Devaraja

Mudaly Street. The depression in trade and the inevitable retrenchment got the sack for Doraiswamy. He had to leave service and start an independent indent business on similar lines, but the living was precarious. In the palmiest of his months, he made just seventy rupees, by way of commission. Doraiswamy was married and there were a boy and two girls clamouring for food and clothing in his house, besides his spouse. There was a rival in the field of his business who represented the biggest manufacturer of plate-glass in Czechoslovakia. This rival was a veritable thorn on Doraiswamy's side and grabbed all the orders that were going. Doraiswamy had every reason therefore to lose his temper. But he had faith in astrology and waited patiently for his luck to turn.

Competition: Finish This Story

Presently, Doraiswamy abandoned the lover's path and climbed on to the side-walk. The sun had set and the electric lights were on. There were very few pedestrians on the pavement while motors whizzed past, to and fro.

"My faith in astrology," said Doraiswamy to himself, "must be forsaken. I have waited for my luck to turn so long. Hereafter, I must become thoroughly....." The sentence was left unfinished as his mental machine stopped working: his eyes caught sight of a lady in a car who turned round and beamed at Doraiswamy, revealing a row of pure-white faultless natural teeth.

Doraiswamy's mental machine applied an invisible four-wheel brake and he halted and stared at the lady in the car. She waved her hands and threw another ravishing smile at Doraiswamy and the car sped on, leaving Doraiswamy very much dazed and dumb. But the mental machine made a note of the number of the car, subconsciously as it were.

Doraiswamy sank on the granite seat and mopped his brow. Who was she? Why did she smile at him like that? What could it mean? He looked this way and that, but found no one who could have watched the scene between himself and the lady. Undoubtedly, the smile was meant for him.

The mental-machine now began to function. It throbbed and hummed, and spun stories by the yard. Doraiswamy was a regular walker on the marina. Perhaps the lady had watched him all these days and had fallen in love with him. "What is there about me to attract a woman of her kind?" asked Doraiswamy of himself. "Perhaps, to-day, she must have unconsciously revealed her secret sentiments." "Silly!" said Doraiswamy to himself. "What will my wife think of it all?" And he rose and resumed his walk.

(Continued from page 531.)

mentioned Roman matron would not have turned up her nose at my vis-a-vis's nose. Because, if she'd tried to do so, her nose (I mean the Roman matron's) would have disappeared into her eyebrows. Had a swan gazed on her neck, she (the swan) would have uttered a swan-song and given up the ghost in sheer disgust. Or, in the alternative, called upon Leda, she, so famed in mythological lore. And, her hair. If old Samson had possessed hirsute appendage anywhere near hers, he would never have been vanquished. Lips. She had two. Tulips—I mean two lips. Cherry? Damson? No, incarnadined. Ripe, rich red. A crimson gash, unequally dividing her face. Clothes? Not for mere man to delve into the mysteries of Eve's toilette. Sufficient to say that this divinity was clad in fold upon fold of diaphanous tissue, whose texture would have made the finest Dacca muslin hide its diminished head in shame. Lavender struggled with Viridine green for mastery and giving up the unequal battle, blended into turquoise blue, which with devastating coy-

ness, yielded pride of place to mauve and majenta, with here and there a *Soupcou* of effective black. Reader, do you wonder that I blushed up to the roots of my uncovered hair?

* * *

If you come across a copy of this magazine dated the 10th of August you can read the sequel. Provided, that is, that the present writer is,

"What is the matter with you?" she asked him.

"Nothing," said Doraiswamy gruffly. "I have serious problems to think over."

"Should you do it on an empty stomach?"

"I know what to do and what not to do. Leave me alone."

And Doraiswamy read on.

Wrote the astrologer: "Your troubles are over. *Sukra Bhukthi* begins on 23rd July 1933. It is the best period of your life. *Sukra* or *Venus*, the indicator of riches and a luxurious life, the harbinger of affairs of the heart, is exalted in your horoscope. Your fortune will be made through the efforts of a lady—a beautiful and rich lady whom you will meet shortly."

(Now, write the rest of the story.)

ness, yielded pride of place to mauve and majenta, with here and there a *Soupcou* of effective black. Reader, do you wonder that I blushed up to the roots of my uncovered hair?

If you come across a copy of this magazine dated the 10th of August you can read the sequel. Provided, that is, that the present writer is,

1. Alive.
2. Not cashiered
3. Not in quod.
4. Not of unsound mind.
5. Has not lost the use of his hands. (More particularly the right one).
6. Is not in *extremis*.
- And 7. Is not dead.

Good-bye—I mean 'Revolvers'—I beg pardon. "Au Revoir."

Our Agents in Bombay:—

THE PHOTOPLAY BOOK CO., 261, Hornby Road, Bombay.

TICKLERS

(TUT-TUT-TUT)

1. Annotate :—

- (a) Lead kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom,
Lead thou me on!
The night is dark, and I am far from home,—
Lead thou me on.
Keep thou my feet; I do not ask to see
The distant scene,—one step enough for me.
- (b) The smallest worm will turn, being trodden on.
- (c) "The time has come," the Walrus said,
To talk of many things;
Of Shoes—and ships—and sealing-wax—
Of cabbages—and kings!
- (d) One still strong man in a blatant land.

2. Write short notes on :—

- (a) The All-India Sugar Conference.
- (b) A Province for the Andhras.
- (c) The Indian Polo Team.
- (d) The New times.

ANSWERS

1. (a) One of the favourite hymns of our still incomparable and unconquered leader. It ought to act as a pill for pessimists and faint-hearts. Lord Willingdon may have scored in this round; but the honours are with the frail-looking guardian of a nation's soul. Is he down-hearted? NO! Nor need we be. We even welcome the formation of new or the resuscitation of old political organisations for purposes of nursing the energies of an exhausted people. The Government will certainly not fall in love with them; but they cannot touch them even with the help of ordinance laws.
- (b) The Provincial ministers are alarmed that even Provincial autonomy is to be whittled down, to judge from the evidence of Sir Samuel Hoare. They have waited in deputation on the Viceroy, and have been given the usual assurances, that nothing would be taken away *which is not given*. The Viceroy was too polite to tell them that they did not count; and that with the 'vindication of law and order' he could afford to sit tighter than ever. For our part, we think it timely to remind these gentlemen that they might try to pull some of their chesnuts out of the fire—themselves.
- (c) The latest debate on India in the House of Commons provided an opportunity for the Secretary of State to be extremely facetious. We are, it appears, not interested in politics at all! We would seem to be passionately interested in the prospects of the next monsoon, in the price of paddy, and in planning a nation-wide campaign against malaria, and in favour of birth-control. Law and Order have taken a back-seat in this picture of Arcadian

simplicity. Curiously enough, there are no prospects of disbanding the Police or handing over the C. I. D. to ministers, now or at any time in the future!

- (d) The blatant land is just now Germany, and the blatant man is Hitler. All other parties have either committed *Hari-Kari* or merged themselves in the Nazi organisation. Peace—the peace that passeth understanding—now reigns in Germany. But Hitler does not know what he wants, and won't be happy till he gets it.
2. (a) A conference of provincial ministers convened at Simla for the purpose of enabling the more devout and pious among them to complete a pilgrimage of the holy places in Northern India at public expense. The aim of the Conference was to make India self-supporting in the matter of its sugar requirements. All points of disagreement were fully threshed out, and the general lines on which progress could be hampered were laid down—in principle. Needless to say, the social side of the conference was well-planned and a complete success.
- (b) This is an interlude in Madras politics which provided some measure of comic relief to the on-lookers. At one time it seemed as if all Andhras were entirely in favour of a province of their own. But when it was found that the ministry could not be formed without an Andhra Chief minister, the question naturally suggested itself why there should be much ado about nothing. The Rajah of Bobbili who was formerly for an Andhra Province is now against it. His defence or explanation is that he has not changed, but that circumstances have.
- (c) Now in England, and carrying everything before it. It is a game for aristocrats, and the aristocrat of games. It's a trifle that the cost of the team is £1000 per horse. The horse is a noble animal, and is worshipped in England as we worship the cow in this country. The polo team must therefore be deemed to be playing an important part in the Indian struggle for Swaraj.
- (d) An old Madras journal with a new name but with the same old manners. Its speciality is invective; unlike other newspapers, it does not depend for its existence on its circulation. It minimises to some extent the acute problem of unemployment, and contributes something to the postal revenues.

PRIZE STORY No. 3.



NE distinction that the Anti-Humbug Society for the suppression of superstition and the spread of culture has had to its credit besides its name, is that it has black-bulled more candidates—or at least a larger proportion of its members—than any other club or league or society or association. It is the ambition of the society to live up to its ideals; and its ideals are high enough for them to be never attained. Few of its members are past twenty-five. But even in its annals, one or two instances that have been wonders of more than nine-days' standing, stand out. One such example and the most recent one, of these shining lights being put out, is the expulsion (if that isn't too strong a word) of Mr. Ramaswamy.

The surprise in all previous cases of the society severing its connection with its members has been in that mere fact. In the exceptional case of Ramu, who is always an exceptional man, there was an additional element;—and that was *how* it came about.

It was like this. That glorious Saturday evening was the annual dinner of the society at which several distinguished guests were present. Flowers and festoons, perfumes and a flood of brilliant light, all added charm to the evening, beautiful even otherwise. The dinner was a "grand success"—much more than those words generally signify. As each man pushed off the dessert plate and lit his cigarette, he felt a solid contentment within him which excelled that of the obese jolly old gentleman in Spencer's advertisement.

Speeches of course, followed. The President set the ball rolling. Then there was a toast proposed to the guests, an eloquent response, and an informative and edifying report from the Secretary. "I suppose Mr. Ramaswamy will now give us the pleasure of a speech," the President observed. "In addition to his well-known post-prandial eloquence, I hope I voice the opinion of every one here, when I say that in hearing him, we shall have the benefit of hearing a tireless and indefatigable worker in the furtherance of the aims and ideals of the A. H. S. S. S. C."

: ANOTHER : BLACK-SHEEP

(DYNAMITE DAN)

"The fellow who has no superstition passes under a ladder and at once comes back with the innocent excuse that the sun is hot," sneers Dan's uncle. The bitter taunt makes Dan go out. Is there any truth in the superstition? Read the story.—Editor.

Some of us are very sensitive to "atmosphere". I am; and I know that Ramu is. Ramu generally helps to create a cheerful atmosphere; and the last thing you can imagine him to be is a wet blanket. So you will realise that it was with an extra shock that we heard him respond in the manner below to the President's invitation to make a speech.

"Mr. President, I beg to be excused. I know, you expect me to make a fine speech about the ideals and the good work of our Society, on whose behalf, I trust I have not been to idle. (cries of 'No, No') But I have very lately realised that the greatest superstition is the aim to have none. A man without any superstition has not seen life. A man must have immense faith in at least one superstition. Most men have more. If the Anti-Humbug Society has done me no other good, it has done this—it has made me hate humbug. So, once I came to know this truth about superstition I wanted to withdraw from this Society and I have to thank one and all here for having afforded so public an occasion for it, so soon after the idea dawned upon me."

In the two minutes' silence we all then observed as if it were Armistice Day, we heard somebody's tie-pin drop. Perhaps roused by it, the President sat up and began trying to be jocose. "While we all admit Mr. Ramaswamy's power as a practical joker, surely, he doesn't have anything up his sleeve on this occasion, I hope," he said.

"No Sir, he has'n't," said Ramu quickly rising to his feet. "I assure you I am in earnest"—And much more than those words, his grim, set expression carried conviction to all of us.

Well, it is needless to tell you of the scene that followed, or of how soon afterwards the brilliant gathering dispersed. For my part, never before had a cigarette more nearly approached a roll of straw or seemed so insipid to my taste—and we had had special ones for the occasion. To cut a long story short, three days later, Ramu and the A. H. S. S. S. C. bade good-bye and parted.

* * *

It was a week after the dinner. I was doing a bit of gymnastics to get the blood circulate among the old limbs after my Sunday siesta when Ramu breezily blew into my room. He gave me his usual disarming smile and a thump on my back, followed by the kindly enquiry, "Hullo laddie, coffee ready? No? Only just finished your forty winks, eh?" One way with Ramu. He always comes to your rooms to meet you and help you at some meal or other. But you can never catch him in his house—always ask for him at some friend's or other's.

Finding that my arm was still too cramped to return blow for blow, I had to content myself with a growl and a request to him to go the way that is paved with good intentions. To which his only answer was that I should show him.

Over our coffee some minutes later, the talk turned round to the Anti-Humbug Society and its last fledgeling to fly out into the world. "How is it, my lad," I sent out the feeler, "How is it that like Betsey Trotwood's Janets, all of whom ended their education for despising Mankind by marrying the butcher or the baker, illustrious members of our society turn out with some superstition or other?"

To my gratification Ramu said, "I'll tell you how the last one did. I can't answer for the rest." I say 'to my gratification,' as Ramu is not the man to encourage curiosity. So, 'Right-oh' I nodded, at great pains to conceal my eagerness to hear the tale.

"It was just two days before our dinner, Dan, that I learnt my lesson," Ramu began. "My uncle wanted me, exactly at 12 noon that day, to go to some blessed friend of his, in a tram-and-bus-forsaken place and bring back some valuable books of his. You know it isn't once or twice that he has helped me to square-up those bills from that beastly soda-bunk Nair and others, so I couldn't very well say 'No.' With a rather wry face therefore, I started out, but the sun outside was so darned hot, that I turned back, bill or no bill. "So you aren't going," says uncle, "Oh, I see. The fellow who has no superstitions passes under a ladder and at once comes back with the innocent excuse that the sun is hot. There was no sun before, of course." Then it was that I looked up and saw the ladder that stood there. But you see, it was no use my protesting my honesty, and my sincerity of purpose and my freedom from superstition. It was only that morning that we had one of our heated discussions about superstitions, my uncle defending them as strongly as ever. In fine, the taunt was too bitter for me to keep back, so out I went into the sun.

"Perhaps you think, my dear fellow, that this is a very humdrum city where everything is so regulated that life becomes a mechanical affair. Well, I know better, and I suppose my experience is only one in a million.

"It must be the sun, I think, besides my mind being full of the heat of our discussion, for I straightaway started blundering. I boarded a passing bus, and much to the amusement of its occupants absently told the conductor 'Pass,' before I could recall to myself I wasn't in a tram. Then came the tragedy. I put my hand to the usual pocket to take out my purse only to find the purse

wasn't there. Frantic with doubt and shame I went over pocket after pocket until at last it dawned upon me that in my hurry, I had put on the wrong coat and left my purse at home. It wasn't a nice figure to cut, was it, after it became obvious to everyone that what seemed first a mistake was only a stale unintelligent ruse?

"It was a mercy I wasn't bodily thrown out of the bus, and in a few seconds I came to my senses so far as to find myself standing on a glistening sticky road with a burning sun overhead. During my wonderful search for my purse, I had come over a mile from home. So it was useless going all the way back. Then in a moment of inspiration I remembered a friend who was living just a few yards away. I had kept him in reserve hoping to draw upon him for something more considerable. And even then I felt I was throwing away a chance, and had half a mind to tramp it. But there was that insufferable orb, the sun, who wouldn't let me off so easily. So with a curse on my lips, I turned into the side-street and was soon at my friend's. But the very profuseness of his welcome was so overwhelming that I quickly smelt a rat. "Hullo, old boy, what a pleasant surprise," the bouncer began, and went on shamelessly, 'Not to the Roxy bound, eh? Yes! So early and in such a sun? And for the matinee in this beastly heat? Well, Maurice is compensation enough for all that, isn't he? And you want my valuable company, what? Well, I had wanted to go today, though not for the matinee but pater's cheque hasn't yet arrived—so I suppose I shall oblige you.' The volubility of the selfish pig and his idea of obligations got on my over-strung nerves, so I lost no time in improvising a story of an appointment and clearing out of his sty."

I thought how the sty would have appeared to Ramu, if his friend had happened to be in some cash at the moment, but before I could reach a satisfactory conclusion, he proceeded.

"So your hero resumed his hiking with none too good a will, and after a decent tramp, during which his thoughts are best left unrecorded, he at last traced his uncle's friend to his lair, only to find that the blighter had moved to another place equally forsaken of tram and bus and God. I say, fellows can find out any number of such places if only they are sufficiently blackhearted and persistent and seek pleasure in other people's misery. Well, and there I was, having walked a longer stretch than I ever walked before, in a sun whose heat was beyond astronomer's calculation, with a tummy to boot, which had begun whispering complaints and had now ended in a loud and persistent clamour.

"There was nothing left for me but to march out again. The very sight of soda-bunks at every other yard 'and not a bally drop to drink'—was exasperating. At length I did find the fellow's house, and he was in, luckily. So my luck had turned after all, I thought, and the smell of freshly made coffee which greeted me as soon as I entered, was not merely reassuring but exhilarating.

"Then I committed the blunder of my life. Even now I wonder, how I could have done it. I had introduced myself and was about to have some nice coffee and

the books and perhaps—that little thought was the whole flaw—well, why not?—passage money home. So I gave the gent a brief account of my mishaps and tried to touch



.....started off at a run lustily pursued.

him for some tin. That turned the whole tide. The gent until now smiling and affable, went in, and a servant who was bringing coffee turned back at a word from him. He soon returned and talked about the books not being found just then, and his sending them all in a few days—no word of money—and—and showed me out. The scoundrel!"

Perhaps to compensate himself for the loss of that coffee, Ramu now helped himself to a liberal measure of it, before he continued.

"Do you know, Dan, I am something of a philosopher, if not perhaps of the stoic variety: consequently in my study of Man—the proper study for Mankind, you know—I have discovered a relation between memory-power and the condition of the stomach. The memory is hopelessly weak when the tummy is either too full or too empty. So when I came to a clean nice-looking lunch home on my way, what was more natural than that I should step in and take a seat? It took me three ice creams to finish to remember that other items of lunch were available, and it was only after I had steadily put myself outside several substantial plates that I came to remember, that society had not yet been placed on a communistic basis and that there was money to pay. Well, but having gone so far, I sat up till the finish, and after a minute's rest, I walked with great dignity to the door before I made a tactful rush and started off at a run, lustily pursued.

"Before the chase attracted too much notice, however, I managed to turn a corner, and not long after, the sight of the Hostel gave me some idea of the local topography. Have I told you before, Dan, that I have often found I am a genius? Well, this was one occasion. My friend Gopi is in that Hostel, and it's many a time I've told him, it was so easy to break into his room and we have had an argument about it. Now therefore I thought, was the fittest opportunity to give the fellow a practical demonstration—and incidentally it would take me out of the corner I had been hemmed into, you know. To get in and to climb up was

very easy work for me; and as it proved, also to break into his room. It was only after a few gasps of relief that I looked round for his camp-cot, when—oh! horror!—I found I was in a different room! Then I discovered that in my excitement I had climbed one storey too many and had broken into a room on the second-floor directly above Gopi's. Was my genius that day a genius for blundering, I wonder! But it's never too late to mend, I consoled myself and started mending, but it was too late. For just then entered the inmate of that room in the person of a big, burly road-roller of a man, with a figure and a moustache enough to frighten a man of much more self-command, than I could boast of at the moment. He at once commenced battle in most voluble and forcible language with a fluency that fascinated me. Explanations were useless. Before I knew what he was about, a policeman had taken charge of me. An additional witness had been found, meanwhile, the bloodhound to wit, who had pursued me from the restaurant. The chain of evidence was complete, and in no time I was in the lock-up. I positively refuse to give an account of the night I had to spend in that hole, my boy. The scoundrels simply wouldn't believe a word of my story, and sent me without food to a damp dark hole, where there was a heap of stinking straw and a goodly company of rats. Oh God! that night!

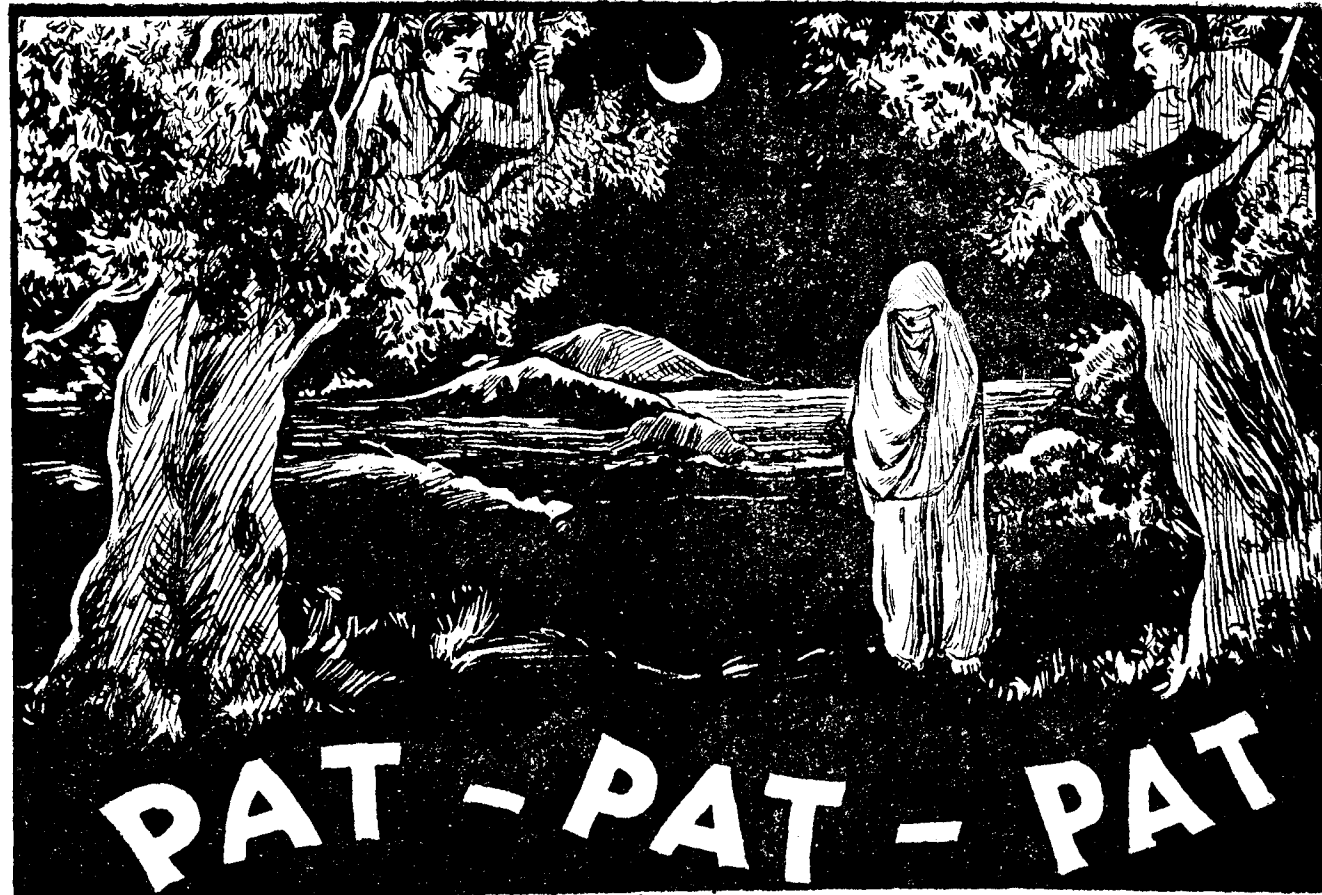
"Next morning a new officer chanced to come in, and on hearing my story, he said he would try an experiment and sent for my uncle. Poor Ramu was identified and sent home at last.

"That's my little story, Dan. You may laugh at it and say it was a few flimsy accidents that happened to come altogether. But just you try to catch me pass under a ladder another time, that's all. I bet you 10,000 cigarette coupons (which will fetch a nice new latest model Gillette blade) to nothing, you can't. And the moral of it all is, a self respecting man should have at least one superstition."



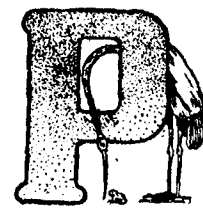
.....a policeman had taken charge of me.

And before we bid each other adieu, reader, if you are convinced of Ramu's theory, choose your superstition please.



(V. C. GOPALRATNAM.)

Two men, two wives, the vamp,—yet, the course of true love ran smoothly—but only after alarms and excursions.—*Editor.*



PEARSON'S Magazine for the month of June 1933 was a very interesting number in that it contained several interesting articles on various intriguing subjects by many well-known writers. There was also "A Symposium" of views regarding the best method of maintaining the love of one's spouse and persons of such divergent temperament and outlook on life such as President Loose-Belt, Doctor Crescent, President Wind-and-Murk, Dean Binge, Mary Kick-Ford, King Weasel Walter Tindrum, M. K. Preacharya, and Mrs. Dog-do frankly expressed their views.

The unanimous opinion was that a husband or wife who contrived to give now and then a little but harmless cause for a spot of jealousy invariably succeeded in maintaining the love of his or her partner at a fairly high level.

This conclusion was printed in bold type at the bottom of the article and very prominently featured by the Editor.

The Humbugonam Union Club had a well-provided Reading Room and among the English monthlies on the

table "Pearsons" was invariably the most popular and always in great demand.

Vasu or to give him his full name Para Vasu Devan was the District agent of a prosperous Life Assurance Company. He had lived for several years in England having gone there with the idea of entering the Indian Civil Service. After a few unsuccessful attempts he gave up appearing for the examinations especially as they insisted on certain silly rules as to age and such other inconvenient features. The call to the Bar, so dear to the failed I. C. S. candidate, was a cry in the wilderness so far as P. V. D'Evan, as he called himself, was concerned. He stopped out of the horrid Indian climate until a long-suffering father-in-law executed a sudden and painless exit from the mundane to the celestial sphere and the trickle of gold from the East having dried up, Mr. P. V. D'Evan boarded the next cargo-boat of the B. I. Line, carrying a few passengers and touching at Springhaven Steps at Madras.

A tiresome hunt for employment of some kind or the other, a presentable appearance, and the fact of connection with the family of a certain dead man finally secured for

Mr. P. V. D'Evan the agency of the Combined India Life Assurance Co., a fine and prosperous concern.

The Manager of the C. I. L. A. Co., Ltd. did an extraordinary thing before he made the appointment. He insisted (1) on the candidate changing his name from the outlandish one of P. V. D'Evan to something sensible like Vasu or Vasan or Vasudevan, and (2) on the candidate immediately and permanently refraining from referring to England as "Home". The candidate hesitated; the Manager, a Khaddar-clad person of strong views, insisted; the candidate remonstrated leaning forwards; the Manager demonstrated pointing doorwards. The candidate seized the pen and signed along the dotted line, "Mundakalathur Kuthuriranga Paravasudevan" and walked out. The Manager smiled and ordered a cup of hot coffee.

Lakshmi or (in full) Rajalakshmi was the gazelle-eyed girl married to Vasu (as we shall hereafter call him) by an orthodox father long before Vasu ever dreamt of England or the I. C. S. The lengthy sojourn of her husband in England enabled little Lakshmi to receive a useful and all-round education and to meet her husband at Springhaven Steps with a welcome expressed as nicely and sweetly as by any English girl. Vasu was highly pleased and fell immediately in love with his coral-lipped and shell-eared little wife.

Raju officially J. G. Rajagopalan Esq., Extra Assistant Conservator of Forests was a splendid young animal bubbling with life, playing the best set of Tennis south of the Palar and married to Saraswathi. Saraswathi was a distant cousin of Lakshmi (Mrs. Vasu) and a graduate of the Madras University. She easily held her doting husband a captivated and submissive slave. Lakshmi and Saraswathi, were about the same age and very great chums. They met almost daily at the local Ladies' Club where they had plenty of comfortable arm-chairs and only women-attendants. In the Ladies' Club just as in the Men's Club, Pearson's Magazine was a very popular unit on the Reading Room Table.

Vasu had a feeling that his spouse did not have the same deep love for him that she used to have a couple or so of years ago, when they started life together. He thought he could sense that his presence no longer thrilled Lakshmi in the same way as it used to, that she was not so ready to fly at his slightest word to do his wish, that she was frequently listless and even moody in his company. He even began gravely to doubt whether he any longer held her affections. In one of those doubting bouts he turned the pages of the June issue of the Pearson's and the "Symposium" hit him fair and square, between his eyes.

Raju was one of the uxorious type of husbands who instantly stand in need of convincing demonstrations of their wives' love for them, to enable them to keep alive. He was never happy unless he spent the greater part of his free day in his wife's company, playing the Honey-

moon-Husband and gorging on the response he received. It never entered his head that no woman, however great her love, could stand that sort of thing from her husband for long. But he was gradually observing that Saraswathi was developing fits of aloofness, in ever-increasing frequency, that very often she refused even to smile at his loving compliments, and once or twice appeared as if she had not even heard him speak. He even thought he detected a slight frown put on sometimes at his approach and a hollowness behind the smile with which she welcomed him at other times. He grew careworn and doubtful. "Why continue to live," he asked himself "when I can no longer thrill her as I used to?" and strolled absent-mindedly into the Reading-Room of the Club, when Dada Khan, the wag of the club, thrust the latest number of Pearson's into his face, opened at the page containing "The Symposium" with the remark, "Read it, you blighter! it will do you good!" and walked off laughing. Raju dropped into the nearest chair with the book.

The Lounge in the Ladies' Club was deserted save for Saraswathi who was reclining in a big comfortable chair idly turning over the pages of the latest issue of Pearson's. She was bored and worried and almost unhappy, "Why won't men understand? Oh! Why?" She was thinking. "If only that silly husband of mine had imagination (of the right sort) he wouldn't mistake me as he does and put on those faces each longer than the previous one—"

"Hullo! Hullo!! Why all alone?" sounded a silver cascade and into the room floated Lakshmi.



...two pretty heads.....close to each other.

Saraswathi looked up, her brows marks of interrogation, her eyes wells of trouble.

"Beauty in distress? What?" trilled Lakshmi.

"Come here and sit next to me," said Saraswathy "and don't be facetious" (plaintively)

"Why? What ails you, old girl?"

"The same as what afflicts you, you cheat! Your forced gaiety cannot hoodwink anything cleverer than an owl."

"How did you know?"

For the next half-hour in a corner of the Lounge containing two deep armchairs, two pretty heads kept close to each other and the sibilant music of youthful whispers was coming out in a constant ripple. Later on, giggles and suppressed laughter followed and the discreet waitress looking over the backs of the chairs found two jolly girls reading a magazine with great interest. Further whispering followed and words like "teaching a lesson" and "giving it a trial" floated towards the ceiling.

At closing time, the latest number of the "Pearsons" lying near two arm chairs in a corner of the Lounge, the pages open at an article entitled 'A Symposium etc.' was picked up by the grumbling clerk and replaced on the Reading-room table.

Mrs. Vilasini Tatterji was a Bengali lady who had settled permanently at Humbergonam. She was said to be a widow having unfortunately lost her husband while yet a virgin during the Great War. Lithe, and beautiful she was one of the most attractive women in the station. She was the cynosure of all eyes wherever she went: and she made it a point to attend all social functions in the town. A prominent member of Society, the Honorary Secretary of the Ladies' club, woman-about-town, always dainty and chic, a vain Vamp under her delicate and alabaster skin, she was verily like the candle round which moths were ever fluttering. She was loathed and envied by all the other women, who delighted in exchanging spicy tit-bits of scandal concerning her, when she was not present. She was always spick and span, spotlessly clean, never in need, and seemingly amply endowed with the world's riches. Yet no one had as much as an inkling of the source of her money, or of even whether she was a widow in reality, virgin or otherwise.

She played Tennis like a Star, was a great hand at Billiards and Auction Bridge, and gave intriguing little tea-parties attended largely by admiring males and asphyxiating females.

Vasu determined to pay court to the Bengali Hourly just to make Lakshmi jealous. "Not that I really care for the woman," Vasu assured himself. "Why! when I come to think of it, I don't think that I have had a good look at her." The first time he visited "The Locket"—it was the name of the Vilasini abode—he stayed barely ten minutes. "She has fine teeth, and hair," he heard himself saying more than once on his way home. The second day he caught himself staring dozens of times at the little dimple in Vilasini's chin

which was playing hide and seek at every movement of her head. The visit lasted an hour. He reached home muttering that she was not a patch on his Lakshmi.

The third day he wondered for two hours whether her eyes were deep dark-brown, or scintillating ultramarine, or a wonderful violet and even when he walked home could not make up his mind. At the same time he was religiously repeating to himself once every five minutes. "I am only pretending to

be attracted by her. I love only my Lakshmi. This is only my means to an end"—words which somehow did not sound with a full twenty-two carat ring.

Why prolong the story? At the end of the week Vasu had become a fanatical votary at the shrine of the fair Vilasini, barely seeing his wife for a few minutes every day. Lakshmi observed everything, nodded wisely several times as if convincing herself and finally gritted her teeth with a new determination.

Raju ran his mind over several plausible women with a view to select one to serve his purpose. Like a man selecting a horse to back, from those going round in the paddock, he chose in cold-blooded deliberation the mistress of 'The Locket' to do duty as his wife's aphrodisiac. He argued within himself that the greatest likelihood of success in his scheme was secured only by choosing a woman with a 'tang' to her name and who looked, all of her, a real 'Killer.' "What does it matter who it is?" he told his wardrobe. "No one can touch my Saraswathi. I must go through the ordeal for the sake of my noble object."

The 'Ordeal' was attempted by Raju that very afternoon and undergone during every succeeding afternoon for longer and longer periods. Hectic sets of Tennis to make the blood course, tinkling cups of tea in a Boudoir from the softest pair of hands, sweet talk that ever hovered on the verge, in velvet tones with just a suggestion of an adorable chi-chi accent and long minutes of pregnant silence more eloquent than anything said or spoken—these were some of the forms that Raju's "Ordeal" took—Why say any more? A fortnight saw Raju as devoted a worshipper at the shrine of the Bengali Goddess, as Vasu; only they worshipped at different hours and each believed himself the sole favoured votary.



on his way home
visions of Vilasini.

The two moths that started to circle round the candle flame out of a spirit of sheer bravado, got blinded, and fascinated and went the way of the one thousand and one moths before them that did a similar thing.

Vasu was leaving his house after breakfast, intending to see before proceeding on his rounds (round the candle???) whether the parcel from Chellaram's had arrived at the post-office when the post-man himself met him with the letters. The postman delivered three letters and passed on, after answering Vasu's question that no parcel had arrived for him that day.

The first letter when opened proved to be a gentle reminder from Head Office that for more than a week they had had no report from him.

The second was an intimation from Chellaram's that they had that day despatched by parcel-post the silk saris and other accessories as per esteemed order and would Mr. Vasu favour them with his cheque for Rs. 250/- price of the silver and ivory jewel box supplied last week?

"What is the hurry? Can't they wait?" and the third letter was savagely ripped open—the first line took Vasu's breath away and he once again looked at the address on the envelope. No. There was no mistake. His name was there—but wait—there was a very small "s" after "Mr." before his name—Good God! It was his wife's letter! and he had opened it without noticing the address!—But could it be true? were his eyes seeing true?—"My darling sweetheart!!! "My darling Sweetheart"!!! Indeed! The words writ in fire were flaring into his eyes. Who could be addressing Lakshmi in such terms? With numb fingers he opened out the letter again and read:—

I can contain myself no longer. I have worshipped you at a distance for months, and grown madder and madder with an insatiable longing to kiss that heavenly tilt at the end of your nose. The tinkle of your bangles when you move your arms fills my ears with the sweetest music and the poetry of your movement is a fragment of God's laughter.

I feel like saying much more but shall contain myself till nine to-night when I shall whisper them into your pretty ears, to the accompaniment of the soft rustling of the fallen leaves under the wise old Peepul Tree that whispers words of Love to the maidens bathing in the cool Cauvery.

Costume—Long over-coat and veil.

Signal—Three sharp claps with your velvet palms.

Result:—Heavenly Bliss.

Signed.....

Vasu staggered into his study and flopped into his chair—Murder was in his heart, as a few minutes later he left his house again, leaving the letter in the letter-box to all appearances unopened. A small spot of gin at the washment room in the Railway Station and a brisk stroll along the line helped him to form a plan of action. Yes. He would teach both of them such a lesson as they would never forget in a hurry—What

perfidy! He knew the place of assignation quite well, having met Vilasini there more than once—Nine P. M. Was it? Well. He would be there.

Raju going immediately after his wife had finished her bath saw a letter lying near her discarded sari and idly took it up. A man's writing (!) (?) * * * (Repetition of the scene in Vasu's house in every particular inclusive of contents of letter and the final resolution)

Vilasini had a late breakfast after a glorious bath. They were really first rate Bath salts that Raju had given her! So crisp! So fragrant!! The softest of soft silks to wrap round her figure, the easiest of easy divans to laze and loll in, those nice cork tipped 'Craven A' to smoke, and some intriguing or Merry Magazine to read! What more does one need?

"A letter, madam," The boy brought it on a silver salver.

Costly stationery! Who could it be? The writing did not appear familiar! Addressed to "Mrs. Vilasini Tatterjee. At home" with a small "Private" in the top left. Rather mysterious! Thrilling!

She lingered over opening the letter evidently enjoying every bit of it. The note-paper was aristocratic, hand made—Then she read, with a quaking heart, racing faster and faster:—

"Adored One!

Kamerad! Be merciful. I can hold out no longer.

The Cauvery is a sweet river.

The night is silky and so are its banks.

The hour of nine is Love's calling time.

The ancient Peepul blesses man and maid.

Tonight the Moon and Revati meet and mate.

Hide your sweet shape in a long overall.

Veil your bright face from the stellar gaze.

Summon your Slave with three claps of your soft palm.

And see what they bring!

No signature! How interesting? Who could it be? Someone very high indeed! It said "Kamerad"! Who could it be that had resisted so long and surrendered now?—Her heart missed three beats! No! It could not be. It was too much to hope for. Yet, everything pointed only to the author of the missive being the young Sub-Collector, whose scalp she had been trying to get for months—At last!



It was a still June night; a faint young moon riding low on the skies like a silver canoe on a lake studded with gold and silver rocks. The coffee-coloured freshes in the Cauvery rustled and rippled along the shore. Mysterious whispers filled the riverside; the Peepul leaves whispered to the night and now and then an owl hooted.

Into this Nature's wonderland, a man advanced with furtive steps, his neck craning forward to glimpse the slightest sign of foreign presence, his feet instinctively avoiding the fallen leaves that swished and snapped at the slightest disturbance—The giant branches of the Peepul tree spread out like gigantic beams under a velvet ceiling and into the fork formed by two such, climbed Vasu and settled himself for the vigil. "Let her come,"—he ground between his teeth "the false wretch." Her third clap shall summon an avenging angel along with her lover. It won't be a lover's pat that she shall get on her cheek! Well! As for her lover—Vasu fondly handled the loaded life-preserver in his hand and grimly smiled into the night.

He could not see another furtive figure that stealthily advanced and climbed into another nearby tree nor hear Raju's maledictions muttered between gritting teeth on the names of Saraswathi and the unknown lover and his resolution confided to the setting moon to do things on the same lines as himself.

The luminous dials of two wrist-watches pointed to nine and two heads were raised straining to hear the slightest sound—Silence—A distant ass brayed—a good omen of success to the schemes of the waiting men—Five more minutes dragged on leaden heels—when the sounds of the creaking brakes of an automobile were wafted from the middle distance: with bulging eyes staring into the night and fast beating hearts pounding away like machines, two aborigines lay on the watch.

A stout figure, wrapped in a long shapeless robe, and heavily veiled, advanced with slow steps towards the Peepul Tree. Every few feet it stopped, looked all around nervously, and advanced again.

"Let her come—the wretch!" hissed Vasu.

"Come! Come!! You false hussy!" growled Raju. The figure was slowly advancing nearer and nearer. The watchers imagined that they detected some peculiarity or other of their respective spouses in every movement of the approaching woman.

"Ha! Lakshmi! Lakshmi!" wailed Vasu. "Have you fallen so low?"

"Frailty!" Thy name is Saraswathi," moaned Raju.

The veiled figure was now at the foot of the tree. A musical tinkling and jingling of bangles and bracelets (sharp stabs in the zones of the hearts of the two watchers) A white smooth arm raised—another following suit—a look round—then slowly, 'Pat—Pat—Pat'

Two simultaneous streaks of white and two loud reports of smacked cheeks sounding as one.

"Who the devil are you to hit my wife," shouted two voices at the same time and two pairs of arms were immediately engaged in an orgy of punching, pummeling, slapping and scratching.

Two graceful fawn-like creatures rushed up from nowhere and pulled at a combatant each with all available strength. A babel of voices—male curses, female sounds inextricably mixed.....then sudden silence.

A woe-begone woman, hurt and dazed with cheeks tingling with pain, stood and looked at two pairs of lovers disappearing into the dark recesses of the woods. The veil was torn, and had got entangled with the ear-rings—with an angry oath the woman tore off the tattered veil and threw it into the bushes: then with her breast heaving with pent-up sighs and her eyes shedding a stream of tears she slowly faded into the night which appeared to swallow her up.

"Darling Lakshmi," crooned Vasu looking at his wife through one eye which was open and refused to shut, the other being shut and sealed with a confusion the size of Newton's apple.

"My own He-man," gurgled Lakshmi brushing her husband's hair with her fingers and wiping away with her silk saree the blood from a few hundred scratches in the place where his face should have been. Did she know that Chellaram's parcel was due the next day?

"You, bad little witch!" whispered Raju into a perfect ear, drenching it with some drops of blood from a mouth recently divorced from a few teeth.

Saraswathi's saree-front was minus a long strip which steeped in Cauvery water was doing duty round the head of her Lord and Master. "Does it pain very much, Darling?" A funny noise was repeated twice—

"It is now better," said Raju.

"Really! you Bad Big Man," more noises.

"Lakshmi! Lakshmi! where are you?"

"Here! Here!! Saraswathi! Come here with that silly husband of yours."

All four of them started walking slowly homewards

"What came over you girls?" asked Vasu.

"If only you had said that you were—"

A fair hand was clapped on his mouth effectively shutting it.

But Raju's mouth was free. "We would have properly understood your symptoms," he concluded.

Both Lakshmi and Saraswathi blushed in the night and smiled happily.

"Who was that woman?" wondered Vasu. "Ask this tattered veil," said Saraswathi "A spent bullet" said the naughty girls with a prophetic sense.

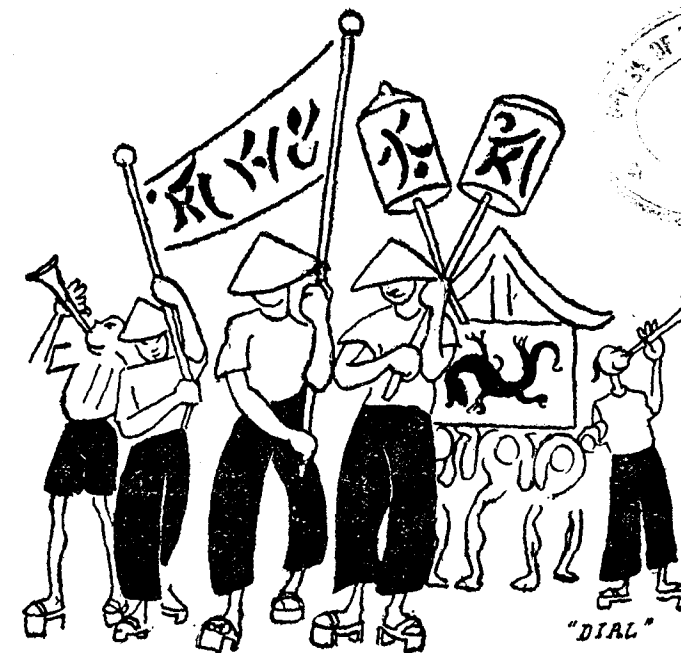
"What could be responsible for all this?" said Saraswathi.

"Let us all guess," said Lakshmi "I shall clap my hands three times. Immediately after the third clap let everyone give out what he or she thinks it is."

"Now! "Pat" "Pat" "Pat"—

"Pearson's Magazine!" came out of four mouths in one voice.

They all looked at the veil. "Sweets to the sweet" said Raju stroking the soft silk. Lakshmi snatched the thing from his hands. "Tatters to the Tatterjee!" said she making a ball of it and throwing it into mid-stream.



BURMA, A TONIC

2. CHINATOWN.

(BY INKSLINGER)

This is the second of a series of articles by "Inkslinger." The first appeared in our issue of the 25th June. The illustrations are by "Dial". A delightful combination of word and pen-pictures that vividly bring to us Life in Burma as it is viewed by the writer and the artist.—Editor.



LIKE entering chemical warfare without a gas mask, one feels uneasy creeping into Chinatown where the prestige of pork and opium is at par with the "Gold Standard," and where to commit suicide one has only to taste the treacherous looking food—the origin of which would baffle even a Zoologist.

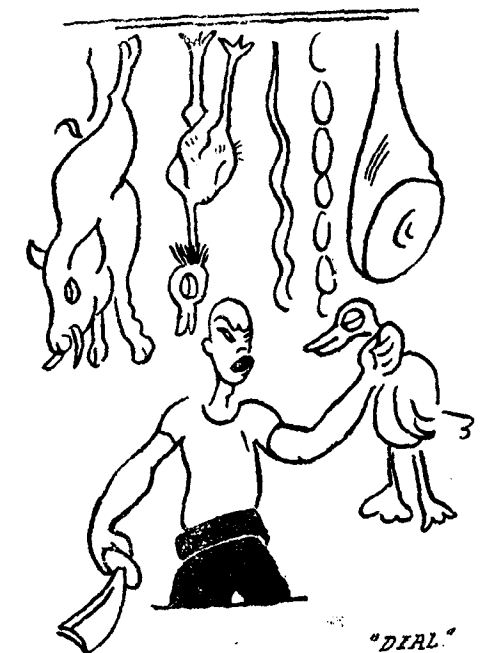
Creating an appetite in Chinatown, skinned ducks, chickens and treated reptiles are hung up in rows like jewellery, the open-air publicity of which warns keen-eyed but precautions customers to decide upon their dish a mile off from the stall, which serves other delicacies, the appearance and smell of which defy description.

Getting into Chinatown one's ears get attuned to the Chinese dialect—musical sounds through a distorted saxophone, while you timidly worm your way past quaint, evil and expressionless faces that might at any moment misunderstand you, with only one result—you get mercilessly knifed, if not lacerated, with surgical dexterity, as the Police heroically dash off in the opposite direction to avoid the same fate.

So, being over polite and amiable to each and every one, you shyly creep towards a stall where a knife is being eagerly flourished by the proprietor who is amputating pieces of chicken for his cosmopolitan patrons, who gleefully wait to devour what might make others faint with disgust.

Your next step into a shop and find yourself getting mixed up with pipettes, retorts and battered steam pipes attached to kettles, and after an energetic verbal combat, in English and foul Chinese you meekly admit that you are in a "musical store," which explains your folly in mistaking a Chinese Orchestra for a menagerie.

Then before one realises it, there's a bang, and amidst scrambles, thuds and groans, one sees feet occupying the place of heads, as a crowd frantically tries to avoid a mur-



..... hung up like rows of jewellery.

derous looking Chinaman who stealthily crouches and creeps alternately, while advancing towards his ill-fated and nervous victims whom the public vainly try to locate, each one thinking that it's the other.

With rivetted eyes and a glinting knife in one hand, he gains ground as the profusely perspiring crowd watches him tactfully, while he advances with determined eyes and careful side-steps.

Suddenly he leaves the ground and after the flash of a knife and a stifled screech his prey—an ill-nourished chicken, is mercilessly beheaded, with which he



Serving at tables are.....

triumphantly prowls back gleefully, to the surprise and horror of those around him, who realise that it would be dangerous not to sweetly smile at the ghastly deed.

A few minutes pass, then faintly you hear music getting louder and louder—your eyes are greeted by vigorously flourished paper drums and banners, while shouts, cheers and excitement, put New Year to shame. You think it a double wedding but quickly change your opinion when you see a worn-out team of Telugu coolies sinking and perspiring under the weight of a coffin with the music getting louder and louder as a consolation.

To view the procession windows and doors are rashly flung open, while bad words and songs fill the air with joy and gaiety as the enclosed carcass is on its way to the cemetery, where Chinamen joyfully eat chunks of pork and other delicacies to celebrate the memory of a lost one.

Once the coffin is under ground the mirth subsides and a melancholy disposition seizes the crowd which misses the music and eating more than the departed soul.



"DIAL"

.....suddenly leaves the ground

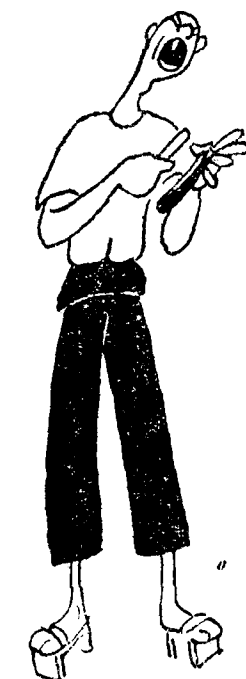
Here and there one is attracted by the Chinese ear-cleaner, who with his wool-tipped broom-sticks and

pincers is able delicately to drill out the dirt from one's ears until hearing is a joy and the head feels much lighter.

Not being able to resist the temptation, one finds the Chinese hotel too interesting with its attached gambling den, which resounds with the clatter of Dominoes and Currency, both of which are suspiciously eyed by players who are well-armed and only too ready to settle doubts with baton, fork or near-lying crockery.

Serving at tables are Chinese maids, who coyly step about in skin-tight pyjamas knowing the weaknesses of certain patrons, who slyly feast their eyes on their subtle charms with rising desires, which keep them rooted there on the pretext of eating; as is to be expected more and more men patrons file into the place, for the rejuvenating sight of these damsels who conduct themselves in an alluring and bewitching manner in response to the growing attention and restlessness, while fierce glances are exchanged between rivals, each one finding the other a positive obstacle in his reaching a definite intimacy.

Then one of them oversteps the limit in his romantic efforts and receives a volley of abuse by the proprietor in carefully selected Chinese which successfully puts to flight the others instead of having any effect on the misbehaving hero who is busy calculating the kind of physical ill treatment that should be meted out to his antagonist to silence him permanently.



the distorted Saxophone.

leaving behind experiences and episodes both humorous and tense which will ever remain unforgettable.

The police eventually arrive on the scene after wandering in the wrong direction and manage to calm the situation diplomatically by short spells of bravery and sweet words of advice which has in the past saved them many a time from being either crippled or slaughtered.

By now crowds gather to indulge their curiosity in the affair while unguarded stalls and articles are neatly looted and pinched by villains who have patiently waited for the opportunity, over-happy that the owners are busy in the crowd making their share of the noise.

Gradually all becomes normal again, and while leaving Chinatown one feels that one is

"DECLINED WITH THANKS"

(R. SATYAMURTI AYYAR.)



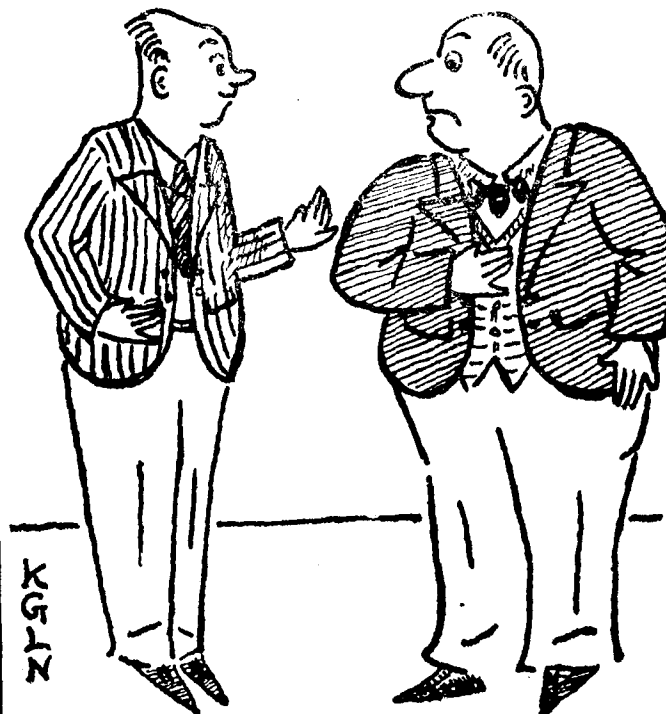
If all sad words of tongue or pen, the saddest are these, 'Declined with thanks.' These three words appear to be the half-brother of 'Dismissed with costs' which gives the cold douche to the budding barrister who argues his first case. It is as consoling as the apology of the man who crushes your tenderest corn by the heel of his boot and offers you the balm of solatium, "Beg your Pardon." It is adding insult to injury when he presumes to beg of you when you are nursing your injured foot or making frantic efforts to

drown your pain and an ill-suppressed oath. Can the despairing soul who finds his manuscripts returned to him again and again with appalling monotony find the slightest consolation from this hypocritical thanks, far more diabolical than in the case of the solicitor who issues you the ultimatum and threatens you with jail but foots his unwelcome epistle as, "Your obedient servant." The scorpion's sting is in its tail and the insult is in the hypocritical thanks. Thanks forsooth! Who ever aspired for the editor's thanks? It is his cheque that is the load-stone of the young author who finds himself lured by the seductive tones of the editor in his Editorial chats only to be insulted. An author who has risen to modern fame and for whose articles even a first-class editor's heart will yearn, if he has a heart in his anatomy, has himself a vivid recollection of the tiresome journeys of his manuscripts, sometimes returned with the editor's compliments, sometimes without, sometimes returned with indecent haste seemingly by the next post, sometimes left for months in a dust bin judging from appearances. The young author shunned the postman in whose twinkling eye he read his shame as he gingerly took back his manuscript which returned to him for the hundredth time like a boomerang. The young poet who composes a poem to the eye-brows of his Stella or the author who writes a treatise on the 'Unification of the races of the Universe' perhaps finds little favour in the

eyes of the editor judging from the alacrity with which it tumbles down into the Waste Paper basket to be salvaged perhaps if you stick on enough stamps to bring your prodigal children back home. What is it that makes my friend the Doctor consult his brother when he is ill and the lawyer to call in his learned (?) brother at whose throat he is daily flying, when they are in trouble? Why does the former gentleman not examine his tongue in the looking glass and write out his own prescription in the chimney corner and why does the lawyer gentleman not argue his own case? It is all diffidence, pure and simple. Even so are our dealings with our dear editor. Is not an editor

one who looks with unconcern when you struggle as a budding author, but once you establish your name and fame offers your manuscript literally its weight in gold, bespeaks your book in advance and spends anxious nights, lest his rival publisher steal a march over him and secure your patronage? We know of an author who published a treatise on "How to succeed in life," who sought the protection of the Insolvency Court and the auctioneer was weighted down with a thousand copies of the unsold master-piece revealing the Open Sesame, for success in life. We have read of an author who wrote a book on "How to enter a drawing-room" giving a practical demonstration of it, treading on my Lordship's corn, tearing my Lady's Skirt and pitching him-

Can't Keep Her.



"Do you know your wife is telling everyone you can't keep her in clothes?"
"That is nothing. I bought her a home and can't keep her in that either!"

self into the Cheval Glass. But our advice is not of that sort. I will tell you the shortest way to succeed as an author. There are only three things necessary, for success. You should know what to write, how to write it, and to whom to send it. If you are careful about these three tiny matters, you can snap your fingers at even the most hard-hearted of the editorial fraternity who as tradition goes, once taunted a young poet and asked him whether he kept the wolf from his door by reading his verses to it. I challenge anybody to prove the fallibility of the above recipe for success. Welcome to this mighty secret offered to literary aspirants, absolutely gratis, even without the couple of annas in labels to cover postage.



(T. L. EDWIN)



ONE of life's most serious problems is that of choosing a name for a new dog. I found this out when my cousin brought me a puppy from Rajapalayam. A dog's name should be short and snappy. After all, it is something that you probably will have to shout for hours, in the streets of the neighbourhood, and even the economy of a syllable, will appreciably decrease the strain on the larynx. Many a man carried away by his enthusiasm for ancient names, had named his dog Adiveraramapandian, and has bitterly repented his folly.

But then, there is also trouble about short and snappy names. For it is liable to occur to many other dog-owners, and this is apt to lead to considerable confusion. I remember the occasion when an acquaintance of mine, called out for his skylarking dog. He had unluckily named it 'Bob' and when he shouted, two terriers, four Airdales and a Dalmatian surrounded him, wagging their tails.

It is in the effort to get away from the common-place and its consequent confusion that the young dog-owner is likely to make his most serious mistakes. To choose a name from classical mythology, as my friend Vasan did, when he named his dog Ram, is also a mistake. For in this case, the poor animal was killed by a Pandaram who was singing 'Ram Ram Sitaram' while begging for alms. It happened like this. Ram was as usual playing near the rubbish heap, when the mendicant passed by, singing 'Ram Ram Sitaram'. The unfortunate animal thinking that he was calling it followed him about in spite of all the Pandaram's efforts. Finally in despair the Pandaram gave 'Ram' a whack with his stick, and that was the end of poor 'Ram'.

Well, after a lot of square-table family conferences we named our dog 'Rowdy', for his ruffianly barks defied the world at large; especially his closest friends. He was such a courageously aggressive little pup, and so idiotically fearless, that the name seemed to fit every inch of him.

A year later, the name 'Rowdy', fitted him as a satin over-coat might fit a lady pig. I had been vastly proud of Rowdy when he was small, but now I was

equally vastly ashamed of his gentle character, now that he had grown up. True he was beautiful in coat and contour, and head and frame, but his eyes were mild and of cow-like docility. In them was an infinite gentleness and not a hint of canine spirit.

"I don't mind his being gentle," grumbled my brother Sundaram. "Gentleness is the grandest thing in the world: but only when it has a foundation of spirit and strength behind it."

"But he is so obedient and friendly," protested my sister Kamala. "He is never the least bother, and——"

"And never the least joy either," supplemented my brother. "If he were human, he'd be one of them boys who never cause their mothers a moment's uneasiness——or cause any one else a moment's pleasure. When he was a baby I used to worry about the fights he'd get into when he grew up and the quarrels with neighbours they would create. But——"

"I hate a quarrelsome dog!" put in Kamala.

"So do I," agreed my brother. "They are pests. But one wants his dog to do something better than behave like a sheep. Whenever I take him for a stroll and we pass the 'Laxmi Vilas,' that husky dog of Jayaram Naidu comes charging out. He tackled Rowdy in earnest the first time. Now he does it for a joke, he rushes on Rowdy, knocks him over and rolls him into the gutter and nips him, until I interfere. Does Rowdy take his own part? He does not. He lets himself be thrashed and when I drive away that dog, Rowdy gets up quietly, without an atom of shame for the way he has been licked. It is the same when a mongrel half his size tackles him. Rowdy just curls up and lets himself be thrashed."

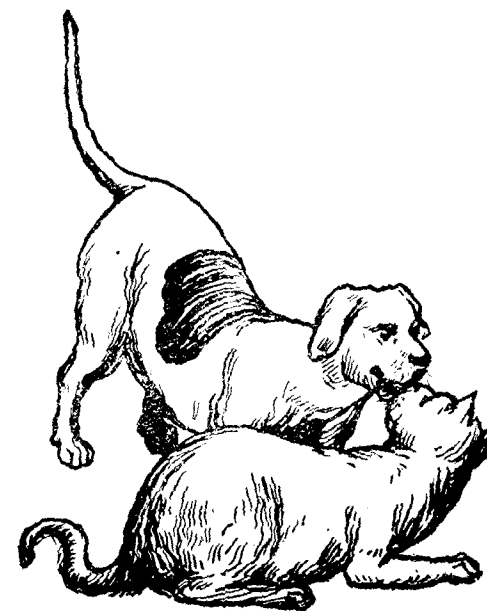
Out into the garden bounded the subject of our conversation, his expression almost excited. Up to Kamala and then to me, he capered, barking and then galloping away towards the store room, and returning to repeat the same performance.

"He wants us to go somewhere with him," translated my sister "Come along!"

So reluctantly we all followed him. Rowdy took us straight to the store-room and stood proudly above a

pile of soft rags, where lay our cat blinking lazily at us. Cuddled snugly against her furry underbody squirmed three tiny and vari-coloured new-born kittens.

Our cat was a non-temperamental and easy-going creature. She and Rowdy had been brought up together. Violating the cat-and-dog tradition, they had always



Violating the cat and dog tradition.

been on comfortable terms. Now Rowdy was athrill with excited interest at discovering the cat's little ones. The cat did not in any way resent the dog's gambols. Doubtless she knew there was no mischief in the big dog. That night Rowdy slept with the cat, as close as might be near her. My brother sneered at this, and named Rowdy the 'Kitten-nurse'. He frequently derided this phase of the dog's life and took guests down to the store-room to see the kitten's canine nurse.

Meanwhile the kittens were coming on greatly. One of them a white morsel of felinity, picked Rowdy as her own chum. She would climb over his paws, or would cuddle against his chest or would play with his tail.

Pleased and inordinately proud was Rowdy of this distinction. He would lick the kitten all over and would lie uncomplaining as her sharp claws dug playfully into his sensitive tail.

"Of course, it was just like the fool to pick out the one we are giving away," commented my brother.

"I wish you had't promised Jayaram Naidu that particular kitten. You know how fond Rowdy is of her and——"

"And I had promised Jayaram Naidu the choice of the four"—I interrupted.

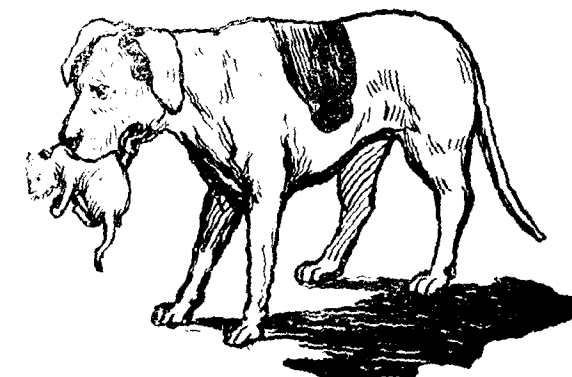
Mid-afternoon next day Kamala cajoled Rowdy to the Hall tempting him with some milk and rice. Meanwhile Jayaram Naidu came in and he took 'something' and was going out of the house. Rowdy, ever alert guessed what that something was. It was his chum, his pal, his idol——the tiny white kitten.

Something went queer in Rowdy's placidly gentle brain. At once he was in flying motion. His favourite dish of rice and milk went flying too and the contents spread themselves on the floor. Rowdy knew well where Mr Jayaram Naidu lived. With giant strides, soon he came in sight of his goal in time to see Jayaram Naidu disappear into his house. The husky dog of Jayaram Naidu caught sight of Rowdy. The insolence of Rowdy in invading the sanctity of his master's house was unpardonable. He decided to handle the cowardly dog, which he had thrashed so often.

Rowdy saw the ugly great dog barring the way to his kitten friend. After a preliminary growl the husky dog charged. Instead of the meekly crouching Rowdy of their last encounter, the great dog found his charge met by a maniac devil. Grappling, roaring and slashing, they rolled down. There was such a hullabaloo, that we all ran out to witness the encounter. Jayaram Naidu, was in consternation and dropping the white kitten inside the house, he came out.

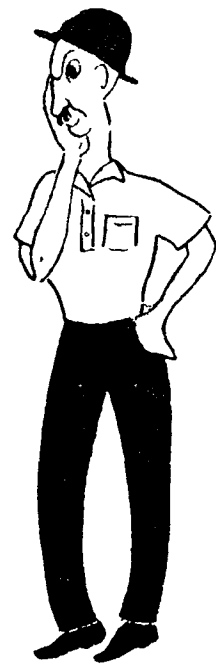
The husky dog's first gust of temper had merged into murder-lust at this unforeseen opposition from the dog he had bullied, and beaten at will since puppyhood. But, as many times before, in the war history of this pugnacious old planet of ours, it is one thing to desire to annihilate, and it is wholly another thing to be able to do it. Much depends on the attitude of the combatants. The fight was a beautiful exhibition of science against bull-strength. Luckily Rowdy soon got his grip on the other dog's leg.

Then there was a snap like the breaking of a twig. With a screech of agony, the giant dog tried to retreat but his leg gave way, and he fell ignobly. Rowdy stood for a moment panting and eyeing his victim. Then he



carrying.....very gingerly, the white kitten.

seemed to remember his mission. Up the steps he rushed in another second he emerged carrying between his bloody jaws, very gingerly, the white kitten.



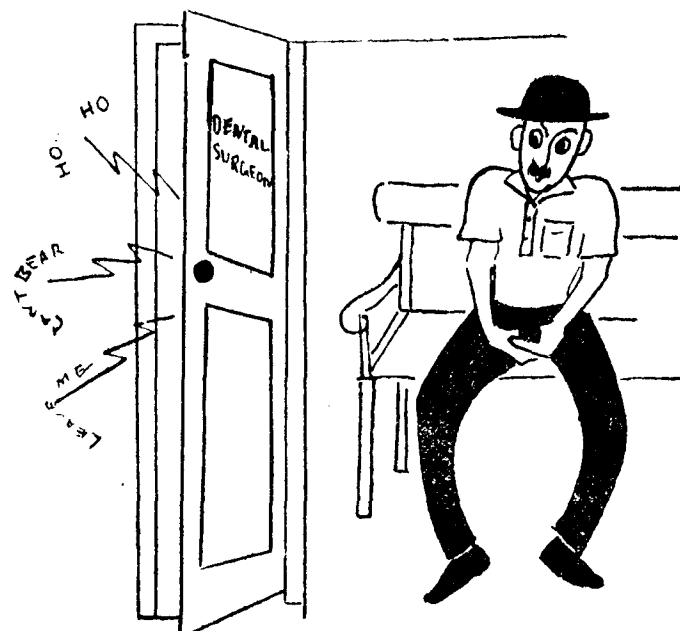
1. Troubled by a Tooth-ache

THE BETTER PART OF VALOUR

BY
K. PARTHASARATHY
MADRAS.



2. At the Dentist: Scared by the strange noises.



3. Whether it's nobler in mind to allow a tooth to be pulled etc.



4. The better part of Valour



TO BE SHOT AGAIN

(N. S. PILLIEUX)

It was a Sunday afternoon and on Sunday afternoons generally I always find myself at a loose end. I got out of my diggings early, loitered about in the streets for a while and finally entered the "City Park" to while the evening away, "amidst the verdant green and variegated flowers," "far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife."

The park was apparently unpeopled—I was an early bird— and, with solid contentment written large on my face, I sat down on one of the wooden benches, which stood invitingly empty, and lost myself in the appreciation of the beautiful scenery around me.

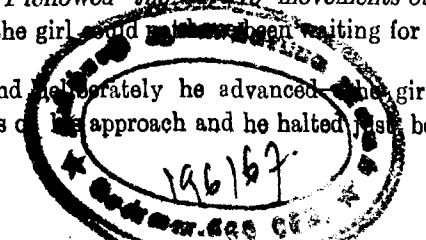
Presently I realised that I was not the only person about the place, for, not far from me, and sitting, in a sylvan recess, all alone, like myself, was a girl, just past her teens. I was indeed, in a position of vantage, for I could watch her minutely without being seen and I must plead guilty to having utilised the chance, so afforded, to its full advantage.

If I had gone to the park to shut myself out from the artificial and sophisticated side of life in the streets,

the girl in front of me dashed my hopes thereof. Liberal use of powder, lipstick and rouge had contrived to make her face look so grotesquely un-natural, that I involuntarily shrank away from this amazing girl. She was fully jewelled, diamonds glittered all over her. Her dress was the most gaudy I had ever seen, the colour-scheme, thereof, bizarre to the extreme. To crown all, she carried in her hand a dainty fan, one of those elegant folding types used more as an ornament, than as an article of utility. The very idea of a fan in that cool, breezy place seemed so superfluous and incongruous, as a lighted candle in broad daylight; but yet she was gently fanning herself all the while. She was apparently awaiting the arrival of some one, if one were to judge by the way she looked at her watch frequently.

Presently, I heard the sound of approaching footsteps behind her and, looking in that direction, saw a dark man—a heavily-bearded, huge-turbaned Pathan advancing stealthily, carrying, concealed behind him, a formidable looking club. I followed the furtive movements of the man. Surely the girl could not have been waiting for him!

Slowly and deliberately he advanced, the girl was quite oblivious of his approach and he halted just behind



her for a while. I scanned his face to get some idea of his intentions, but, for all the expression that his sphinx-like face vouchsafed, he might as well have come there to wish her a cheery "good afternoon."

But, actual facts belied such a common-place conclusion. Slowly yet firmly, he raised his club. Why! the fellow was actually on the point of delivering a fatal blow on the girl's adorable head. Who would have thought, that, in these enlightened days, one would be so far old-fashioned, as to resort to the century-old weapons for manslaughter, when there are surer and quicker means therefor; and that too to take place in broad day and in a public park! I concluded, that the fellow was a lunatic with violent homicidal tendencies, a man who had escaped from custody and made his way into the park, perhaps.

Lunatic or no lunatic, my course of action was clear. I sprang up from my seat in a second, rushed at him and in a trice was holding his right hand with an iron grip.

before it came down to deliver the fatal blow. If I had counted on the fellow throwing down his club and running for his life, or in the alternative attacking me, I was very much mistaken. He looked me squarely in the face and smiled good-humouredly. The would-have-been victim also, instead of properly thanking me for having saved her life, merely stood up and regarded me with amusement.

"Blast him," I heard a roaring voice behind me and, looking in that direction, saw myself staring at the lens of a cine camera. A powerfully built man was standing in his shirt sleeves by its side, his face hidden behind the mouth of a huge megaphone.

The man, the camera and all were just behind a cluster of branches, so that, I could not have noticed them earlier from my seat. "Blast him, the idiot," the voice came reverberating from the mouth of the megaphone, "the whole scene has to be shot again!"

Clear Enough



They were discussing family trees. "Yes, sir," said Ambrose, "I can trace my relations back to a family tree."

"Chase 'em back to family tree?" asked one.

"No man, trace 'em, trace 'em, not chase 'em."

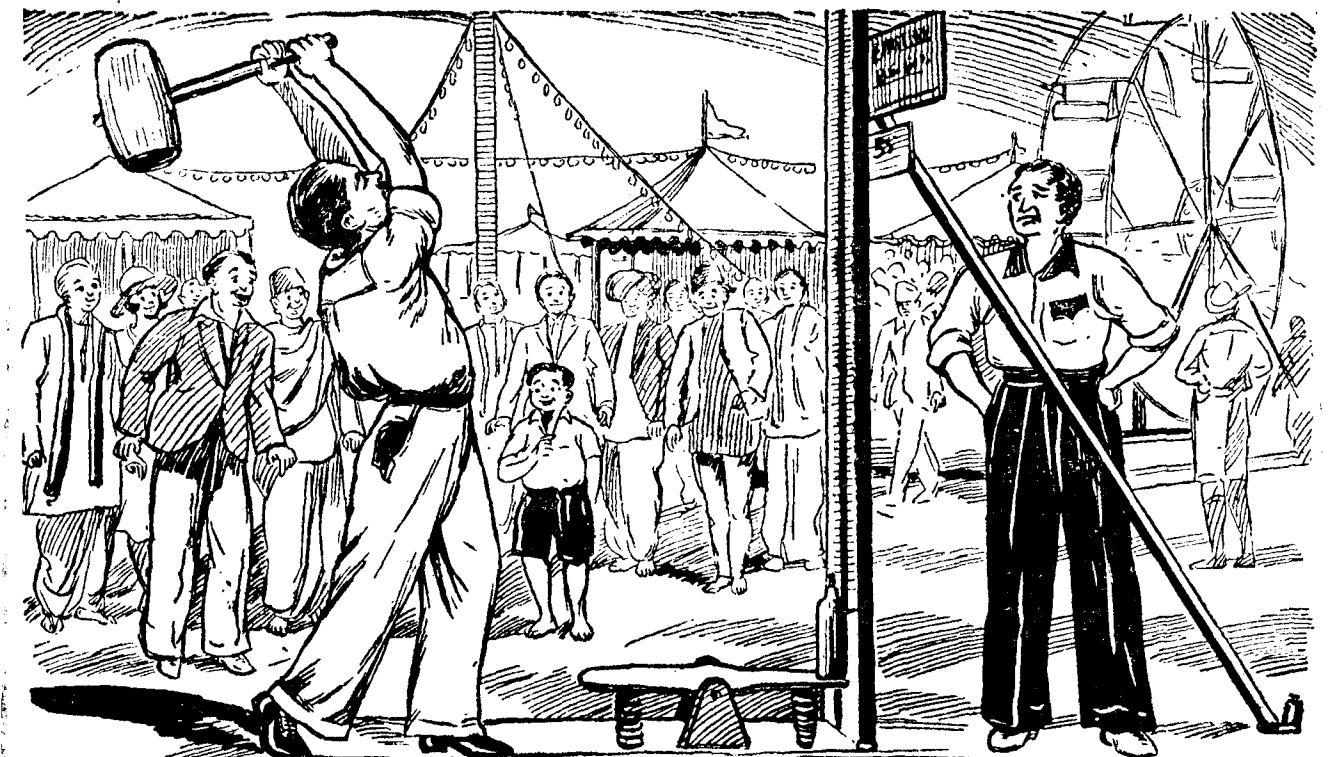
"Well day ain't but two kind of things dat lives in trees—birds and monkeys and yo'sho' got no feathers on ye."

Whose Will?



Lack-teeth :—You gave up inhaling snuff! That is great! What strong will power you must have!

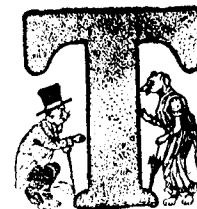
Super-teeth :—Quite! Where there is a will there is a way. The will, rather, was my wife's.



Carnival Fantasia

"I grabbed the hammer again and went at it, hammer and tongs"

(DAGO)



To hear Andy talk you'd think that the thing called luck is always waiting round the corner for everyone to grab it and stow it away in his coat pocket. He is so eloquent over this fad and his tongue is so glib that you forget for a moment that he is only a clerk passing rich on forty rupees a month (with no earthly chance of an increment) and wedded to the habit of badgering his weak-minded acquaintances for small loans.

His theory simply is this! Every person is born lucky in this world and luck comes to every one sometime or other during his or her lifetime, provided there is consistent striving. The only flaw in this scheme, apparently is that one does not know the exact time of the arrival of Dame Fortune, which of course explains why Andy lost all his money, also his wife's jewels (yes, he has a wife!) during the last Madras racing season.

When he is in a penitent mood, Andy admits certain things. He says he is fond of dumb animals, especially a favourite, and insists on putting his shirt on it, but curiously enough the favourite acquires a polite habit and says "After you, Sir," to other horses. Andy says he wishes the horse he backed wasn't so darned polite and that he would be pleased if the favourite was rude and ill-mannered. He dearly loves a bit of a constitutional but thinks Guindy is too far from Madras.

Reverses at Guindy and acquaintances who had suddenly gone dry damped Andy's spirits to a great extent and he went about looking as happy as a cook caught in a shower—until the carnivals invaded the city.

Andy, as a rule, is no early riser and he does not desert his bed until the sun is high and his wife's broom invades the bedroom raising clouds of dust enough to suffocate an army. And even then Andy does not sneeze more than twice ("Acquired by long practice, old horse", as he explains) and checks further explosions by stopping the nostrils with a hearty pinch of snuff. Andy is then fit to face the world, let alone the broom and its wielder.

Imagine, then, my surprise when one morning, while the cocks hadn't yet stopped heralding the dawn, a furious thumping came at my door and the excited voice of Andy demanded admittance.

"Steady, old horse," cried I, slipping on my clothes. "Has the world come to an end?"

I heard the noise of a hastily administered pinch of snuff, followed by Andy's voice strangely strangled by too much tobacco in the larynx.

"You priceless ass, open the door...Huff, huff". Undoubtedly the larynx had developed trouble.

"Draw the stuff into the mouth and spit," said I helpfully, unbolting the door. "That's how my uncle got out of the difficulty in his youth."

Andy's eyes were watering and gleamed at me balefully. He was speechless.

"Try to blow it out, man," said I, touched by the fellow's distress. "Never mind the nose. I daresay it has withstood rougher usage."

Andy blew his nose and spat; spat and blew his nose again.

"The fact is," he mumbled wiping his eyes with a corner of his shirt, "it is fresh stuff. I bought it last night in a stall in the carnival grounds."

"But I never knew snuff had such an extraordinary effect on a fellow," said I sympathetically. "It looks like high pressure stuff, containing, probably, more lime and chillipowder than tobacco."

"Don't be silly," said Andy, getting over the last effects of the pinch with an explosive sneeze. "Queer, the stuff's put me off the track."

"Oh, yes that reminds me. Explain why you came bugging in here at this unholy hour."

"I had to tell the news to someone," said Andy, now simple as a child. "I raked in one thousand chips at the carnival last night."

You could have knocked me down with a feather.

"What?"

"One thousand chips."

"One thousand chips?"

"Neither more nor less."

"Dash it, one thousand chips?"

"Cold and sober fact."

"What, one thousand chips?"

"Yes."

I sank weakly on the pial,

"You poor boob," said Andy consolingly, dropping beside me, "didn't I tell you I'd strike it lucky some time or other?"

"Yes, you did," I admitted. "Naturally I—disbelieved you. I apologise."

"Don't," said Andy, handsomely. The blighter could afford to be magnanimous.

"It was dead easy," he continued and suddenly broke off, afflicted by the desire for regaling himself with a fresh pinch of snuff. But the recent memory of it was still

rankling in his throat and so he withdrew his hand and I took up the thread again.

"It was all owing to the determination displayed last night," he explained. "Fortune favours the brave. After paying the admission money and tucking away the ticket in my pocket, I sauntered over to the gaming table and quietly bagged a corner. I don't know exactly the name of the game, but the chappies hover round the table call it 'Mochukottai'."

You know what they do there. The johnny holding the bag fishes out a number and calls out "sixty-eight—six and

eight—arupathiyetti," and then again "two—single two—rendu" and so on while the chappie who has the numbers in his squares crosses them with a fervour worthy of a better cause. When the numbers have crossed horizontally he rings out "Here!" and while the other chappies look blue, the johnny with the bag trots over to him and hands him a chit for seven rupees and eight annas. A tidy bit for a four anna stake, I call it.

"Well, I won my first round and the next round went to a girl with a tooth missing who became an object of momentary envy to other girls, especially as a nice boy was hanging round her. The third round went to me after which I sauntered over to another square where

netted a couple more. The chappies began looking at me curiously, likewise the johnny who doles out the numbers out of the bag, but I sat tight and won fifteen rounds in all, which, reduced to hard cash amounted to one-hundred and twelve rupees and odd, chits to the value of which I held in my hand."

"Good Lord, are such things possible?"

Andy looked at me in a pitying sort of fashion and continued: "I was the Napoleon of the table. I felt I had earned a cup of tea and went over to the refreshments stall, a small crowd of chappies hanging round me and envying me. A person of lesser calibre would have fled from the scene of action, but I, refreshed by the cup of tea, strolled over to strike the striker. Seizing the wooden hammer, I hit the floater up to the one hundred mark while the johnny who runs the thing fished out a five-rupee note with obvious reluctance and handed it to me. Something came over me and I felt my biceps harden. I went for the hammer again when the johnny made a move to take it away from me."

"Hold hard, laddie," said I; "I mean to see it through." With that I grabbed the hammer again and went at it, hammer and tongs. And would you believe it, when I laid down the hammer out of sheer weariness, the chappies who were now buzzing round thick as flies, raised a hurrah and said that I had hit up to the one-hundred mark twenty-five times! One-hundred and twenty-five rupees! The johnny looked very white about the gills, but all the same he went and fetched the manager of the shows who looked hard at me and handed over the money.

"By this time a big crowd had collected at my heels and I went and had another cup of tea, after which I strolled over to the gaming table and played another fifteen rounds, winning every one of them. The proprietor of the shows was behind me and when the johnny with the bag, looking considerably distressed, placed a stack of chits at my elbow, I was tapped on the back and led apart. I don't mind admitting that I allowed myself to be bought out. A cool three-hundred! That's what the gaming table had yielded me...why what's the matter? don't you believe me?"

"I am not saying anything," I replied. "But I think I see the process. Continue, sweet one, continue."

Andy flung me a pained sort of look and took up the tale again. "I finished with the gaming table and went

over to strike the striker again. The crowd, by this time, was so dense behind me, yelling and hurrahing, that I hardly had room to swing the hammer in. But something had possessed me and I hit up the floater to the one-hundred mark for another twenty-five times when someone tapped me on the back and I was bought out. My winnings now amounted to six-hundred rupees—a cool six-hundred.

"You know the chappie, a downy old bird, who does the fire dive stunt. Well, something must have prompted him that night to throw out a challenge. And here was another cool three-hundred going a-begging, not to speak of the one hundred rupees agreed upon to buy me out altogether. I hesitated just the fraction of a second, when I heard some one raise a cry, 'Try that bloke!' and before I could say Jack Robinson, I found myself stripped and being run up the narrow iron ladder by willing hands. Once up, I felt my luck was deserting me, but rallying my drooping spirits, I shut my eyes and jumped into nothing. Lord, how it hurt!"

"So it was all a——"

"Of course. I didn't know you were so dense as not to have guessed it before."

"Well of all the putrid——"

"Softly, softly," replied Andy, raising his hands. "A fellow must live. And life is dependent on loans. I don't suppose the yarn I slung wasn't worth two rupees?"

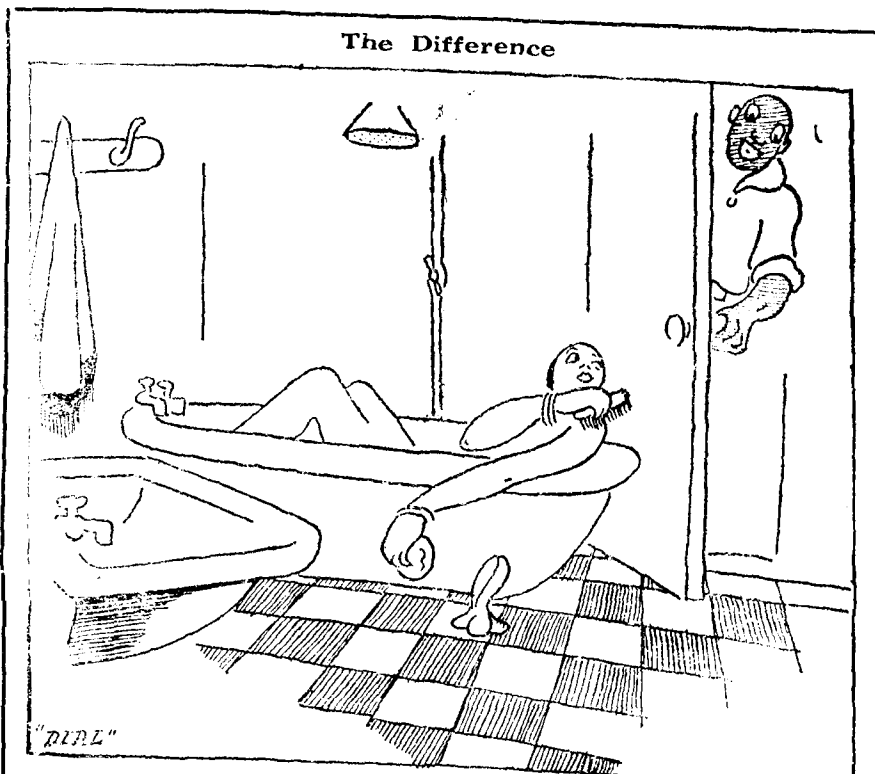
"But why this hurry?" I asked. "You could have waited till a decent hour without all this kick-up in the early morning."

"You don't know the wife," replied Andy, mournfully. "When I fell down from the cot, I really fell on the kid which made such a row about it that the wife awoke and turned me out. But I swear it was all a dream, a good dream at that, worth two rupees, at a conservative estimate." And he looked at me expectantly much as a dog would look at its master.

So I proved one of his weak-minded acquaintances for the umpteenth time and Andy limped away, nursing a tender shin.

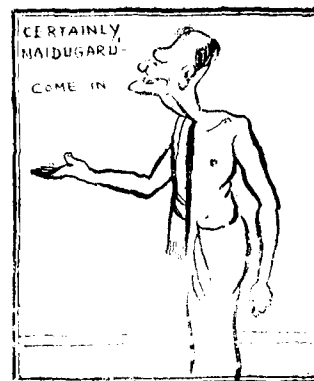
"Now try a pinch of snuff," I called after him.

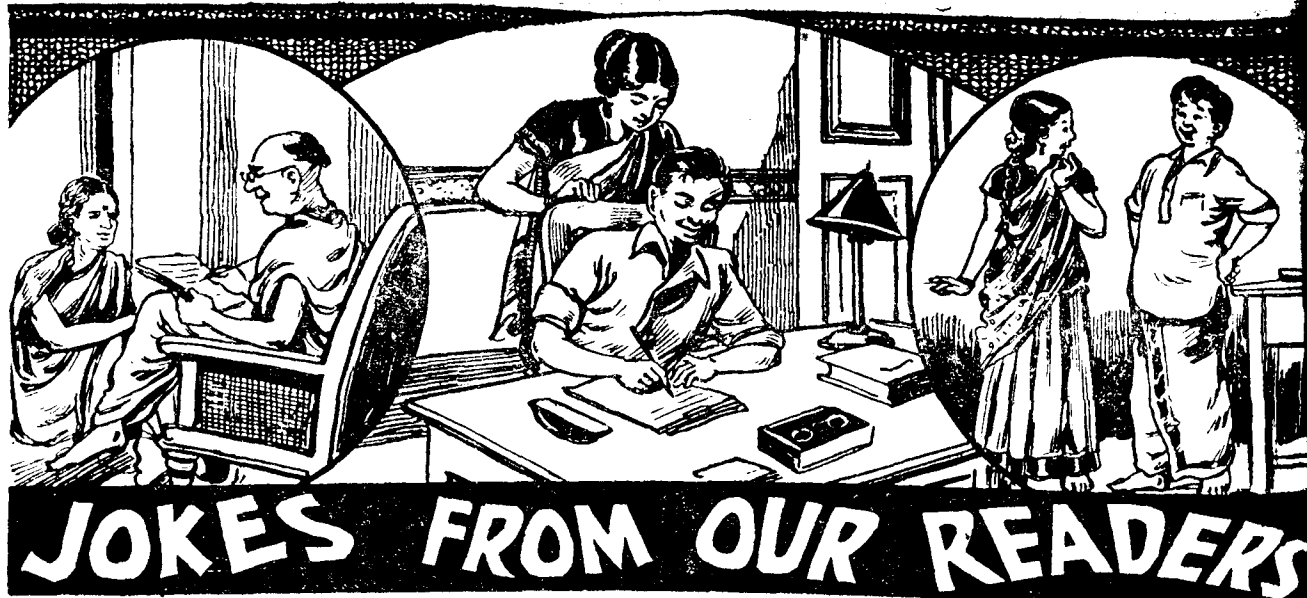
Andy grinned and took a pinch of snuff and sneezed twice.



Two negro Bath Stewards were discussing Politeness and Tact. Asked Amos:—How would you differentiate between politeness and tact, Sambo? Says Sambo:—I tells yo' Amos, I's walked into a bafroom once, and there was a lady in the Baff!—So?—I apologise. Amos:—Where am the difference I asks for, bozo? Sambo:—Ear me, Amos, Ear me careful; I sez—'Beg your pardon Sah' well the 'beg pardon' was politeness, but the 'Sah' was tact!

Why Not?





JOKES FROM OUR READERS

Court Addressing a husband who is defendant in a divorce suit.

"You are reported to have been devoutly attached to your wife the plaintiff. Is there any good reason for the present indifference?"

Husband: "Unfortunately it was all a matter of attachment before judgment."

—T. S. Tiruvengatchari, Cuddalore.

A fashionable doctor informed his friends in a large company that he had been passing eight days in the country. "Yes," said one of them. "It has been announced in one of the newspapers." "Ah!" said the doctor leaning forward earnestly and looking very important, "How? in what manner?"

"As far as I can remember in some such words as these," said the friend.

"There were last week ninety-nine deaths in this city less than during the week before."

—S. M. Ummer, Palghat.

A new couple arrived at Mysore a few days ago. They boarded a Bus at the Ry. station. On the way, the Bus used to stop at every street and the conductor was calling out "Ramancies St, Deveeva Ammanni St," etc., and some passengers were alighting. After a while the wife asked her husband timidly "where are we to alight?" on which the husband got vexed and replied "Hush, you fool. Don't you know that we have to wait till our names are called."

—G. Krishnaswamy, Mysore.

At the police court the habitual drunkard was summoned.

"Ten rupees or a fortnight," remarked the magistrate.

"But, Sir, I've only two rupees," replied the accused.

"Well, you must go to jail then. If you hadn't spent the money getting drunk you would have been able to pay the fine."

—C. M. Vairavelu, Chintadripet.

Husband: "I hear there are burglars in the neighbourhood. So I bought this revolver."

Wife: "Splendid! I will put it in the safe, where they can't get at it."

—T. Srinivasan, Kumbakonam.

Beggar: "Give a poor blind man an anna, sir."

Gentleman: "What! You are only blind in one eye."

Beggar: "Then give me six pies, sir."

—Masudali, Kaveripak N. A.,

Student in a geography class: "Sir, where is the state of matrimony?"

Teacher: "That is one of the united states."

—H. O. Vedantham, Wandiwash.

"Confound the railway!" exclaimed John, as he entered the office an hour late and took off his coat.

"Train late again, sir?" asked the office-boy, as he took his hat from him.

"Not at all. For the first time in six months the wretched thing was punctual, and of course I missed it."

—M. Ananda Bhaskaran, Madras.

An advertisement in one of the papers announced "Money returned if not satisfactory," and a customer who was far from satisfied asked for his money back.

"But," protested the shopman, "I am pleased to say that I found your money entirely satisfactory."

—K. V. Swaminathan, Madras.

Send only original jokes. We pay Rs. 3/- for the best joke received from our readers.

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

M. J. SWAMIKANNU, Champion Reef P.O.

"Mamma, do cinema actors go to heaven?"

"Yes dear, if they are good."

"Mamma, will Charlie Chaplin go to Heaven?"

"Yes, dear, if he is good."

"Won't God laugh when he comes in."

—S. Ramachandran, Kumbakonam.

A girl was rescued as she was on the point of drowning, and was taken home unconscious. Being of a romantic turn of mind, she told her father the next day that she would like to marry her rescuer. "That's quite impossible," was the reply.

"Why, is he married already?"

"No; but he happens to be a big Newfoundland dog."

—P. A. Krishnan, Coimbatore.

L. M. P.: "There is a curious swelling over the region of the heart, which must be reduced at once."

L. T.: "That is my money-purse, doctor; please don't reduce it too much."

—R. Balchander, Tiruvannamalai.

Magistrate: "You insist on refusing to renew your dog licence?"

Jones: "Certainly."

Magistrate: "How dare you talk to me in that fashion? Do you admit that the licence has expired?"

Jones: "Yes, and so has the dog."

M. J. Swamikannu, Champion Reef P.O.

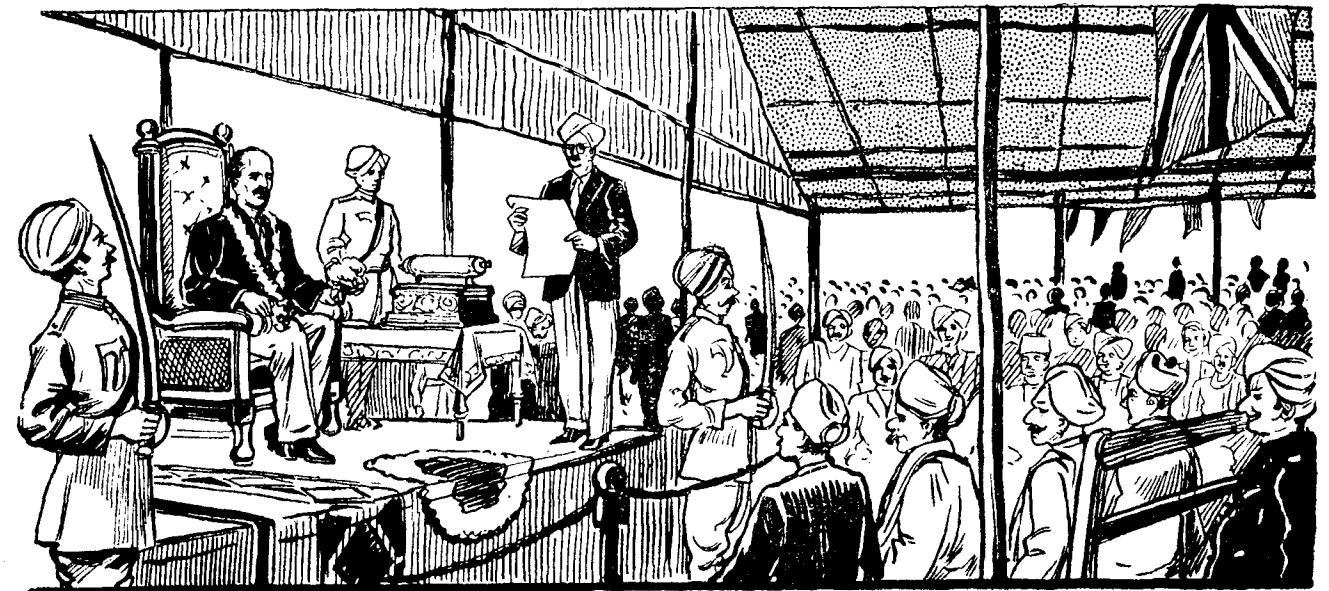
Boaster: "Yes, the lion sprang on me, but I thrust my hand down its throat and strangled it."

Unassuming Individual: "That's nothing. One morning I came face to face with a lion. I happened to have a copy of the Merry Magazine in my hand. Rolling it up I shook it in the lion's face and walked away."

B: "Where was this?"

U. I: "In the Peoples Park!"

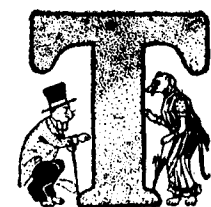
—G. Hobday, Egmore.



[The writer concludes by advancing some curious yet sensible reasons why Gubernatorial tours ought to be welcomed.—Editor]

"WELCOME TO HIS EXCELLENCY"

"SATYA—KANTHA"



THE title may suggest to you that I am a blue-blooded royalist or loyalist—; Some may think that I am out on a title-hunt, others may feel that I am after a self-evolution from a 'Rao Bahadur' to a 'Diwan Bahadur,' failing to get a 'Sir.' But I shall not say I am none of these things! All the same, I am prepared to be a whole-hogger, a complete No-Changer if need be. But I will belie the creed of these all, in the point of His Excellency's visits. Barring my politics and political opinions I am always for voting a Welcome to His Excellency.

A short-sighted thinker may put me down as an indiscreet citizen who adds to the burden of the taxpayer. A little caution will disillusion him and make him put me up as a great constructive thinker! See the marvels in an Excellency's trip. A move down from Egmore Station to the Southern Districts implies several things. The Mayor is up very early morning, the Corporation Commissioner and Engineer run a race to be first on the roads to supervise whether they are tip-top and the Corporation peripatetic water-tanks move out very early before day-dawn. The police are trim, their buttons polished and glittering! Our Madras worthies—institutions by themselves in the matter of receiving and seeing off distinguished men—solemnly rise with the

lark, have a dexterous tonsorial exercise with their 'Valets,' brush-up their coats and boots in the absence of their sleeping chokra, abuse roundly their cooks for not having directed the milk-maids to come early enough with milk for coffee; forego their breakfast in preference to the pious duty at Egmore Station to be in time to take the position to catch the eye of the departing Excellencies.

The glories of the departing centre are only matched by the receiving centre. The Municipal Chairman has a sleepless night! He is sitting tight on the Municipal Engineer to cover up the excavations on the road left uncared for, over several years: the dust bins in the streets are removed and a small park is improvised. The big open gambling den is destroyed and a huge garden for evening recreation is at once planned and a special meeting of the Municipal Council is held. A supplementary budget is passed, a mysterious Visvakarma immediately creates a garden for being opened by his Excellency's gracious hand and to be named after His Excellency. The streets are rounded off, the owners of houses are served with notices to whitewash their walls—at least those houses which are on His Excellency's track. The Municipal lanterns get literally a polish-bath, their chimneys are cleaned and the broken glasses are either mended or replaced. The road-overhanging faded trees, a source of potent public danger sought to be removed by repeated mazars from the residents of the locality in vain for

several months, are cut off in a trice, lest the branches should come down unceremoniously as H. E.'s car moves along! The road and river-bridges are tested and the inscriptions on them as to the builders and the then chairman are made bold or blurred according to the whims of the present Municipal head! New water-tap connections are given to a few privileged individuals to suit the necessities of the garden parties arranged evening-war, during H. E.'s stay, much to the surprise of life-long petitioners who have had their petitions for water tap connections refused! Electric light lines, not permitted to run in spite of beseeching requests to the local authorities, suddenly stretch themselves out of their abundant

of life! So H. E. can't have his way in anything; he has to say he is satisfied with things he *was shown*, not with things he *had seen or he would like to see*. But Nature's ways cannot be controlled in a public street. On a public road through which H. E. was scheduled to pass, one of the oldest citizens and a valued neighbour died just a few minutes before the expected arrival of H. E. The whole street gathered opposite to his house, shouted and wept copiously and wild weeping was increasing every second. The funeral country-bugler or band you may call it—added to the posthumous honours and a country-dance followed! The police who were posted in the street, could not stop the wild weeping or corpse-removal

without arsh, without flags or festoons and for the first time, H. E. was, in spite of the best attempts of the organisers to suppress it, able to enjoy the oppressive scent and odour of the municipal drains! H. E., shrewd as he was, suggested to the municipal chairman sitting by his side, "Oh, over-population, what about sewage problem?" The Municipal Chairman thought his prospects of joining the titular doities were gone. He was furious. When informed it was the collector's orders, he went straight to him and exclaimed, "What, I could have gone to the deceased gentleman's house, implored them to keep quiet. You could have consulted me. I have lost my chances of.....".

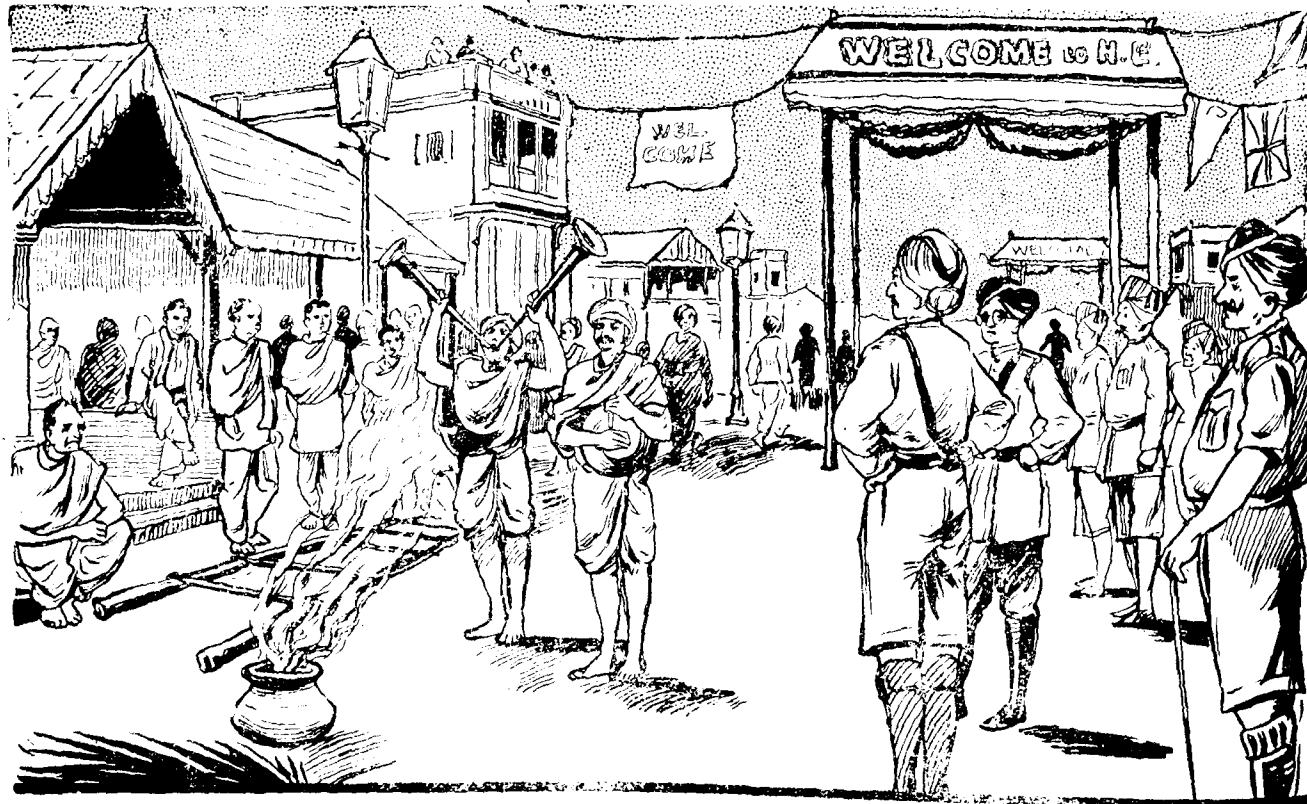
The Collector soothed the chairman "Oh no, don't fear, H. E. is immensely pleased. The garlands you presented will be remembered for all time to come and I believe he is worried over what title he should give you. The Private Secretary tells me H. E. is pleased and that he has asked him (Private Secretary) to remember your name for several purposes—especially for the Non-Official's place in the All India Road Re-organisation Committee, besides others you have in mind!"

This apart, the street and citizens in question were mightily pleased at the great honour which the police had shown them and before next morning, residents of other streets wired to his H. E. to visit similarly other streets *all of a sudden!* But the rules of gubernatorial tours prohibited these messages reaching H. E.'s hands.

Diwan Bahadur Gopalakrishna Menon, Public Prosecutor and the Secretary Discharged Prisoners' Aid Society, known for his proverbial frugality if not miser-

liness, surprised the public with a Garden-Party at "Karnan Mansions"; the local gymkana band was in attendance; the Hotel De-Luxe were the English Caterers and Neo Kundothara Vilas was in charge of the Indian section of refreshments! The Boy Scouts were in attendance and the District Scout Commissioner was introduced in the right royal Scout fashion: Lawyers, known and unknown, merchants invited and uninvited, teachers, wanted and unwanted, members of the public expected and unexpected, in fact, all for whom provision was made and not made were there and swore that Mr. Menon either would die of disappointment, if he does not get the District Judgeship (in direct recruitment) for this party or in the alternative of diabetes, on account of this huge and *only* phenomenal expenditure in his life! All had their full. Some prayed that Menon might get what he wanted from H. E., some said let him get it after the fifth visit of H. E., so that they could have four more good and sumptuous evenings of the same type! Others said, "Oh! H. E.'s visits move even stones of Menon's type to melt and his generosity is literally wrung out of him!"

If congressmen boycott H. E.'s visits, they do it without knowing what they are doing. I can tolerate all other boycotts but boycott of H. E.'s visits is undesirable! A good economist has to flare at them! The rich then alone unloose their purse-strings and money flows into the poor man's coffers. All sorts of industry—pandal erection, white washing, window dressing, lamp varnishing, tailoring, taxi-driving, refreshments and restaurants, music and dancing are patronised. The municipality showers blessings on certain privileged streets, at least for a few days! Welcome to His Excellency!



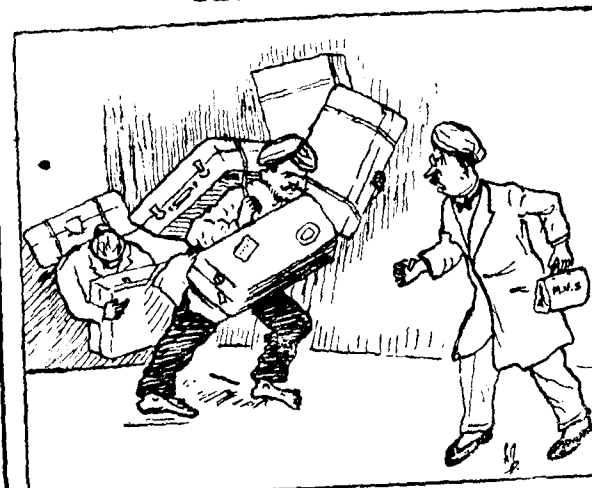
The Police could not stop the corpse-removal arrangements.

generosity. Street corner-fountains which ceased to play since H. E.'s last visit but were good cover for nuisance, suddenly begin to sprout and sprinkle water. The iron fences are set right, and fountains forcefully emit sparkling water drops on the artificial shrubs close by. The streets are cleanly watered and bordered on either side with potted-crotons.

It is not as if the whole town appears to have a gala day! These are 'gubernatorial-happenings' only in favoured streets. But H. E.'s impression is made-up for him by interested persons. The Private Secretary, keeper of his conscience and the District Collector, protector of his life while on tour, always show H. E. the sunny side

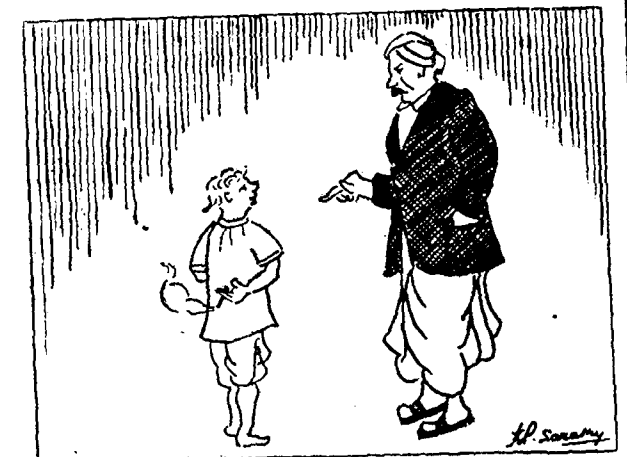
arrangements in front! The Sub-Inspector phoned up the information to the Dy. S. P. who whispered the same to the District Collector. He fell foul, cursed the deceased on his untimely—or timely—demise and suggested immediately another route, one of the ideal normal streets in a molluscity city! Time pressed. The Collector managed to extend H. E.'s stay in another place by a few minutes. Meanwhile the Dy. S. P., the Sub-Inspector, a battalion of constables, a posse of Reserve, all immediately became—Hony. Sweepers of the municipality, the municipal lights and chimneys were cleaned, the street was immediately watered; unfortunately no arches could be shifted easily to this street though the Collector very much wanted it done. H. E. passed this street,

BEWILDERING.



Guest (angry at being kept waiting at the station):—
So you couldn't find me, eh? Didn't your master describe me?
Servant:—Yes, sir, but there are so many fish-faced old duffers with poky noses.

The Thoughtful Son.



Father:—"Ha! how dare you smoke? When did you learn this bad habit?"
Boy:—"I took it up last week only daddy. I am trying to help you to save enough coupons for the camera which you want so badly."

ONE MINUTE STORIES

FROM

HERE THERE & EVERYWHERE

Father was giving some parental advice to his grown-up son.

"When you are married, my boy," he said, "you should make an arrangement with your wife as your mother and I made."

"What was that?" asked the boy puzzled.

"Well, we agreed that she was to have the deciding word in all small matters, and that anything of importance should be left to me."

"Sounds all right," said the boy. "How did it work out?"

Father looked thoughtful.

"Perfectly," he replied, "although now I come to think of it I don't remember anything of importance ever cropping up."

The car had knocked a man down and had gone over his foot. The victim was loudly demanding compensation.

"Good heavens!" gasped the astounded motorist. "Forty pounds for a damaged foot! My dear man, I'm not a millionaire."

"Per'aps you ain't," was the terse reply. "And I ain't no contipede, neither!"

The prosecuting counsel had encountered a rather difficult witness. At length exasperated by the man's evasive answers, he asked him if he was acquainted with any of the jury.

"Yes, sir," replied the witness, "more than half of them."

"Are you willing to swear that you know more than half of them?" demanded the man of law.

The other thought quickly. "If it comes to that," he replied, "I am willing to swear that I know more than all of them put together."

Two club-men were discussing the younger generation, young men especially.

"Take these young fellows," said Parker; "look how reluctant they are to marry and settle down."

His friend nodded in agreement.

"That's so," he replied. "They seem to fear marriage. Why, before I was married I didn't know the meaning of fear."

She approached her husband and there was a tone of pleading in her voice.

"Darling," she said, "you won't mind if we go a bit short of food this week, will you?"

He started.

"Eh?" he cried. "What's wrong?"

"Oh, nothing much!" she hastened to explain. "Only I put the housekeeping money on a horse, and—"

"It lost?" he ejaculated, rising to his feet.

"No, it won at ten to one," she replied "and I bought myself a lovely new saree."

He took his seat in the dentist's chair. It was obvious that he was suffering great pain. Before the dentist commenced the operation, he said:—

"What is your charge for extracting this tooth?"

"Three rupees, sir," said the dentist.

"What!" cried he, almost springing out of his seat. "Three rupees for about three second's work?"

The dentist shrugged his shoulders.

"Well, sir," he said very deliberately, "if you prefer it, I'll draw the tooth out in slow motion action."

She was spoiling to tell her latest bit of gossip, but she didn't know how her husband would take it.

At last she blurted it out.

"Have you heard about the women of this village forming a secret society?" she said.

The husband laughed.

"That's good," he said "Why, women don't know how to keep a secret."

"Oh, but this society isn't going to keep secrets; it's going to broad cast them!"

A school inspector was dining with a zamindar and in the course of the conversation he said:—

"I had a funny answer in school to-day, I asked a class of boys 'who wrote the *Merchant of Venice*?' and a little boy said timidly, 'Please, sir, it wasn't me.'"

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed the zamindar "and I suppose the young rascal had done it really."

He was an enthusiastic angler, and thought he would seek a new neighbourhood in which to try his skill. After tramping some miles he came to a fair-sized pond in some low-lying fields.

"Ah!" he said. "I'll have a shot at this!"

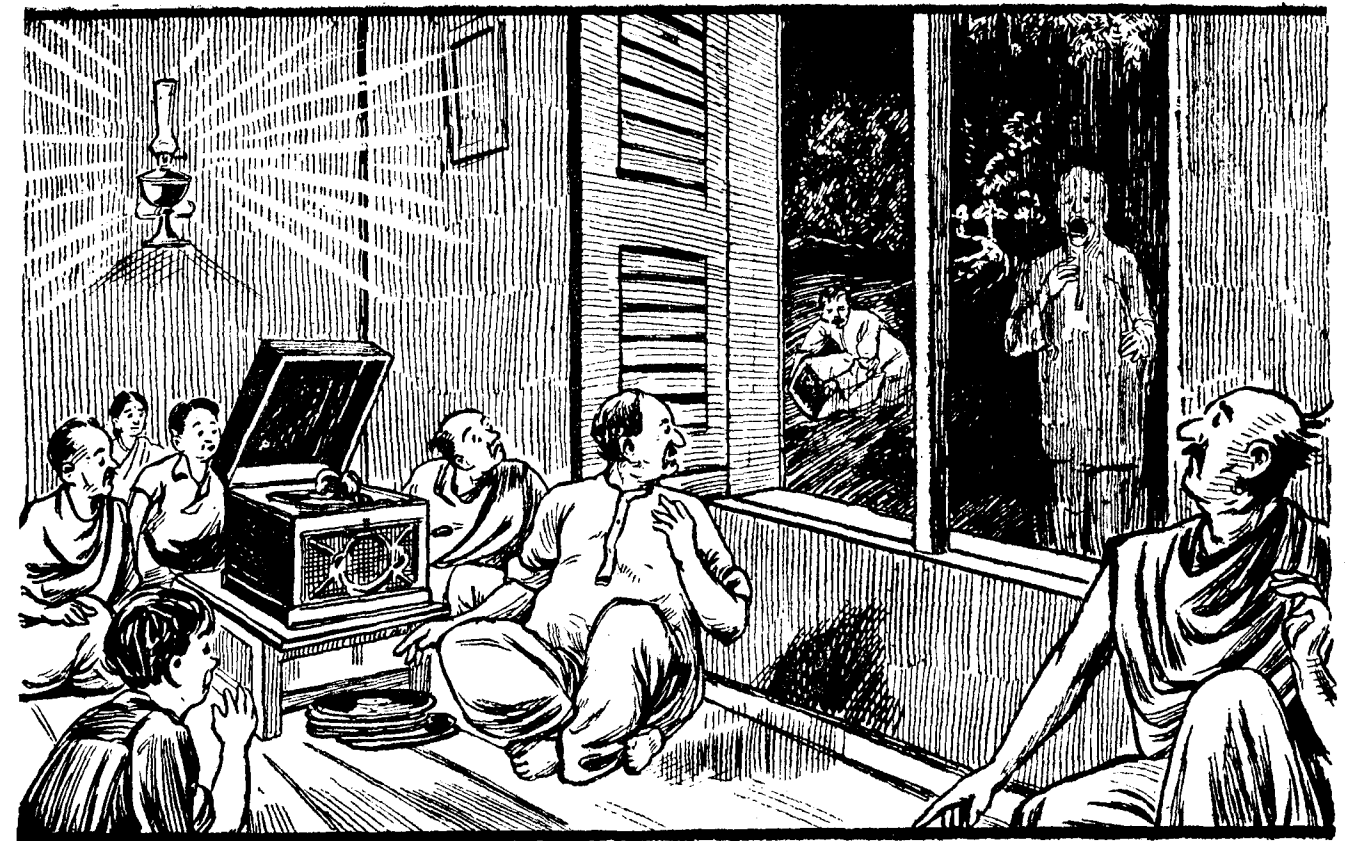
He had been fishing patiently for two hours when a countryman passed him and stared in open-mouthed astonishment.

"I say," said the angler, "are there any fish here?"

"I don't know, sir; if there be any they must be very small."

"Why?"

"Because," said the other, "until the heavy rain yesterday there weren't no pond."



"We saw a white, unearthly ghost."

The Gramophone and The Ghost

(MATT DE CARLO)

"People say that after 10 o'clock in the night 'Tiruchendoor Velandi' should not be played on the gramophone. Ghosts would be attracted.....evil would happen." Is there any truth in this? Matt de Carlo thinks so. Read this story and form your own opinion.—*Editor*.



I CAN distinctly remember that unfortunate night when the regrettable incident happened. The whole thing was quite unexpected. Whoever could think of such blatant bad taste and lack of good sense—I mean, what man with the least bit of decency, self-respect and good breeding in him would call on a new-comer, who has the misfortune to be his neighbour, at 9 o'clock in the night with the queer and rather unpleasant request for the loan of a gramophone? At least, that was what really happened one night and almost landed me in the divorce court.

I was lounging in a rattan arm-chair in my study one cool spring evening. Half absorbed in one of the latest best sellers in the terrain of fiction and half distracted by the obstinate canine quartet going on in full swing outside my study when I heard somebody calling "Mr. Peter! Mr. Peter!"—I couldn't trust my ears at

first. I thought some worn-out human being, exhausted after the day's hard work had gone with a calm, unruffled, care free mind to his night's rest and had been awakened rudely and very inconsiderately too, by these obliging canine entertainers and was bawling out from his bed, "Hit her—Hit her!"

So I again relapsed into my innocuous pastime of reading and noticed that the canine quartet, so placidly and undisturbedly going on outside, was slowly developing into a canine symphony orchestra. At the top of this sufficiently deafening entertainment I could still hear someone shouting, "Hit her—hit her." I cupped my hands to my ears and listened intently. The voice in the street sounded again. This time it was clear and unmistakable. "Mr. Peter! Mr. Peter." I rushed to the door, opened it and admitted Narayanasamy, my neighbour, whom I had met only once or twice in the local Ruckburn Club when I had the honour of being

The Merry Magazine

introduced to him. He entered carrying a thick black walking stick with a silver mastiff's head for knob, and a broad grin on his face which almost hid his small eyes over his massive cheeks.

"What, Sir, I have been bawling out, Peter, Peter, for the past one half-hour and you would never even once open the door and enquire who this wandering boy of the night was?" he put in, laughing lustily and with the idea of spicing his conversation with a bit of humour.

"I'm awfully sorry, Narayanasamy, to have kept you waiting. You must have thought I was very rude and ungentlemanly. I fancied somebody was bawling out 'hit her, hit her,' you see—these beastly pests, I mean. these bawling dogs. I thought somebody was asking somebody else to do a bit of a good turn to the peaceful

denizens of the neighbourhood by taking upon himself the onerous responsibility of winding up the orchestra outside. I explained, with a sincere, honest, manly attempt to disillusion my neighbour altogether of any wrong and unjust impression he might have formed of me on *prima-facie* evidence.

Narayanasamy burst out into a guffaw

and stretched himself at full length on the canvas-chair which I had placed for him. He shot out his legs, rubbed his palms in the air and indulged in a very vigorous shake of his head.

"Very fine, very fine—How awfully funny, gosh! mighty funny indeed!—that's why you—you," shaken terribly by his uncontrollable laughter, "didn't open the door—yes, yes—Now I understand," suddenly assuming a wonderful seriousness and self-composure "why you didn't open the door."

"Yes—may I know whether there is anything er-er. I mean, is there anything I can do for you?" I asked very suavely. Incidentally and purely by accident I happened to look towards the window between my study and sitting room. There I saw through an almost invisible gap in the blind, an eye rivetted on me. Slowly with the progress of our conversation, the gap in the blind widened and I could clearly discern by the powerful light of my table-lamp a very inquisitive pair of eyes fixed anxiously on me. I pulled myself together and was immediately on the *Qui Vive*.

"You see," my neighbour began, "I've got some guests to-night and the vulgar fractions are worrying me for the loan of your box for this night," he explained.

To tell you the plain fact I was wondering what on earth he meant by "vulgar fractions," and "my box." My enigmatic friend was cute enough to notice my embarrassment immediately.

"Why, why do you look like that?" he asked.

"Well, you see, I don't quite get you. If you will please explain what you mean by 'vulgar-fractions' and 'my box' I shall feel much relieved and obliged." I could hear a sweet chuckle from behind the window blind, as also an outburst of laughter from my friend Narayanasamy. I felt a bit irritated. Surely this was

not the time to crack jokes and fool a man especially in his own house. A very faint frown crept into my face.

"Oh! I see, you don't catch me. I mean my children, sir, my little ones—they are the vulgar fractions and I want your gramophone for the night."

I was disillusioned,—so also the pair of eyes behind the window. Now,

as is the case with all human beings, I had my own weakness, a dangerous and sometime fatal weakness—I could never find the courage to tell a lie to the face of anybody or refuse one, even if he be a stranger, anything I possessed though it be my most precious treasure. The pair of eyes behind the blind knew it also and began to emit hell-fire on me. I was in a fix.

"I see," said I, with the most ingratiating and sweetest of smiles which would have melted even the most steely-hearted man on earth. "My gramophone is a brand new one and requires very careful manipulation. I've never lent it to anybody yet." I said hitting it off right boldly for the first time; and then with a courageous, manly look in my eyes slightly nodded towards the window. There I immediately spotted a very vigorous waving of hands, shaking of head and pouting of lips, all silently expressive of the most emphatic negative—I nodded again understandingly.

"Yes, yes, Oh, yes, that's the most important thing—the manipulation of it. One should be very, very careful. My eldest boy is an expert at it. He will unscrew

and unhinge the whole blessed thing in a jiffy and fit'em up again, in no time. Wonderful fellow. He knows electric engineering, mechanical engineering and dentistry and cooking also. I shall return the box early tomorrow morning. You need not fear at all."

In a flash, the vivid picture of the terrible consequences of lending my gramophone rose before my mind's eye. A momentary quiver passed through my body. I knew only too well what the result would be if I lent him my gramophone. I hadn't the moral or physical courage to dwell on such a frightful contingency. How to escape—that was the problem. Somehow I must; otherwise—

"I've no objection to lend my machine, but you see I keep all my records in it and they are all English records and some very costly ones too, and I've no place to keep them if I lend you the thing," I blurted out very much like a drowning man clutching at a straw.

But my neighbour-friend was not so easily put off. He was a very resourceful gentleman, with plenty of that essential and sometimes really very disconcerting stuff, we call, "ready wit" in him. He rose to the occasion.

"Please don't bother a bit about it. My vulgar fractions like those band tunes very much and I also—especially those plates in which there are some bells ringing and male and female voices singing. They're simply splendid—latest musical hits, I suppose. Let them be in the box—what's there? I shall be particularly careful. Do you use one needle for both the sides or one for each side?" he asked very calmly and coolly as if he never read any of the signs on my face or inferred anything from my remarks.

"By Jove!" I involuntarily shouted for I had seen the hectic cheeks and blazing eyes behind the window blind. The whole situation was so exasperating. My neighbour's attitude was such as to make the most inoffensive ever-obliging crook to turn round furiously like a tiger at bay. But what to do—that human weakness of mine, it reasserted itself, and in spite of myself I called my servant and asked him to take my gramophone to my neighbour's house.

"Thank you very much. I shall take particular care of it. I may not use your English plates. I've some very fine Indian music—the latest hits—those that made a boom in Madras and Madura—so you needn't worry," he said reassuring me, and took his leave.

The irretrievable blunder had been committed. I dared not look at the window. I sank into the easy-chair a shattered man—fore and aft. Slowly I began to cast my eyes furtively at the door, fearing when the thunder-bolt would be hurled. It came. There swept into my study a terrific hurricane in the shape of my better half. She couldn't speak. She was so—overwrought—she was flourishing a finger at me and repeating that most expressive of words in the English language, "you—you!"

"Please sit down, dear, don't wind yourself up to such an overwrought pitch. The terrific strain will cause a snap and a break-down." I attempted in a humorous vein, vainly thinking it would appeal to her

sense of humour. But she was not to be so easily brought round. Women when they get furious are worse than starving wolves. Pah!"

"Please sit down, dear; why do you stand?"

"Sit down be hanged—why—why did you give that sneaking blighter our gramophone? Haven't I told you a hundred times that if any shameless, blasted bounder came for it, you should say that the soundbox was out of order?" she shouted.

"But how on earth could I tell him that fib, when he would have heard us playing this evening?" I whimpered; but women when they are angry are the most unreasonable, illogical creatures on earth. They can never be convinced of the justice or reason of any of our actions.

Just then we heard "Handel's Messiah" with the "Hallelujah chorus" from our neighbour's house.

"There, there," began my better half, "didn't I tell you you—that, that bally, blotchy, pop-eyed scallywag would use our plates?" she barked. "Run you there and get the machine and the records."

I squirmed under her withering look. I also began to feel angry. This was quite contrary and in defiance of the agreement we had entered into. He had no business to use our records—not even the ghost of a justification. In a moment, I sized up the whole situation and decided on my line of action. I squirmed up from the easy-chair like a bullet. "I shall go and get the gramophone immediately," I told my wife—she underwent an astonishing transformation. Her face assumed a cheerful, charming look and there crept to her lips a most captivating smile.

"I knew you would, dear,—but why did you give it to that bloke? You shouldn't have—if you had only paid some regard to my words—"

I was afraid she was going to have a relapse when she began to indulge in her usual old-time grouch.

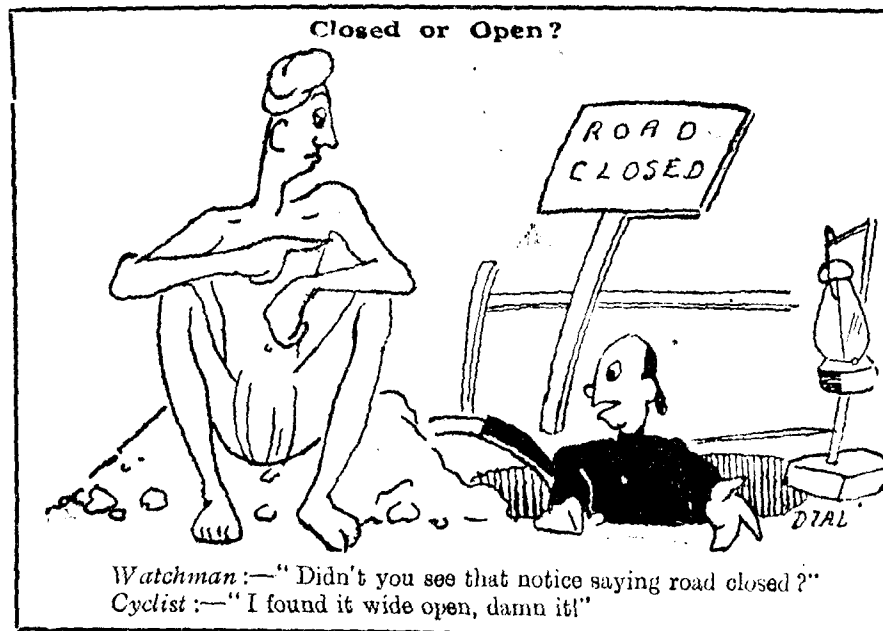
"You'll have the gramophone in half-an-hour," I assured her.

To her surprise, she found me going to my wardrobe and putting on a long, snow-white, ironed shirt—the one I donned during a drama when I acted the part of a Mullah—and an equally snow white *veshti*—I then applied some white powder to my face, rather thick. My better-half thought I was up to some mischief and began to show symptoms of anxiety.

"Why are you putting on these things? What beastly game have you got up your sleeve? No, you needn't go out. It's already 10 o'clock," she remonstrated.

"Never mind, you needn't fear anything. I'm not going on a smash and grab expedition. On the other hand, you are going to see a lot of fun, my girl, that'll give you the kick of your young life." I assured her.

I set out on my nocturnal mission. I asked my servant to take a wet towel and an empty Kerosine oil tin with him and fill it quarter with big and small pebbles and instructed him to wait behind the compound wall of



my neighbour. Then I stood straight in front of his window facing the main road. I could see my neighbour with his guests and vulgar fractions revelling in the music of my records. This time they were having "Tiruchendur Volandi."

There was a moon, but being a cloudy day there was not much of the silvery light. The trees and plants in the courtyard cast weird shadows. I could see my neighbour staring at me. I lurched to one side and then to the other, then struck a forward and backward motion. I could distinctly observe my neighbour open his mouth in deadly fear and go ashy pale; soon many faces were turned towards me. Suddenly I strode back and disappeared from view and asked the servant-boy to roll the Kerosine oil tin into the gutter. It rolled down the slope making a hideous rattling sound and fell with a terrific thud into the gutter.

All was commotion in my neighbour's house. Screams and yells rent the silent serene atmosphere of the night. I hastily threw off my white shirt, rubbed off the powder and with the wet towel wiped my face clean and with an innocent anxious face rushed to my neighbour's rescue.

"Why, what is the matter? What has happened?" I asked.

"Well, sir—awful—awful. I can't explain it at all. I saw a ghost advance towards us and then it disappeared with a terrible rattling noise as if dragging a long, heavy, iron chain with it. It gave us the fright of our lives."

"Oh! ghost be hanged, Narayanasamy. I thought you at least were above all these silly, rotten, stinking superstitions. Ghost be blowed!" I encouraged him.

"No, Peter. I actually saw it, We all saw it, Ask them."

"We all saw a white unearthly ghost. It was actually swaying this side and that, and then it would advance and then retreat," they all shouted in unison.

"What record were you playing?" I asked.
"Tiruchendur Volandi" Narayanasamy answered.
"That's it. I've heard people say that after 10 o'clock at night that plate should not be played. Somehow some evil would happen, ghosts would be attracted, but I'm sure, it's all mere bluff." I said.

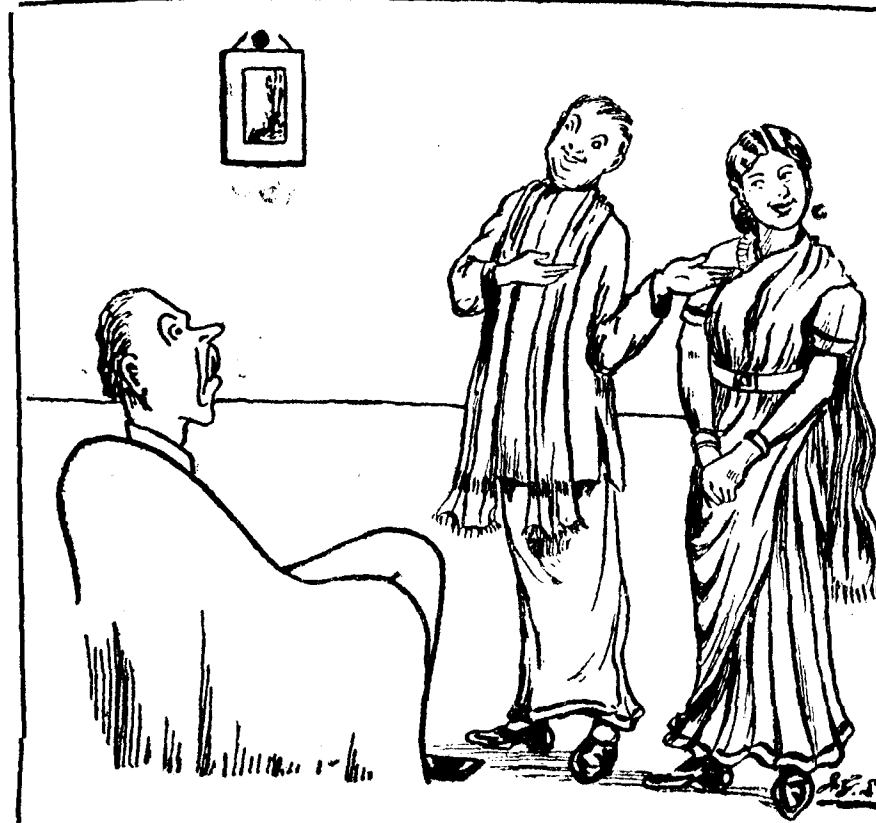
Narayanaswamy believed me and regained much of his equilibrium, but not so his rustic guests, who had come from the most benighted of villages. They swallowed my ghost stuff, hook, line, and sinker. Narayanaswamy and I tried our level best to disillusion them. But in vain. They began to tell us wonderful, bizarre ghost stories. I turned to my neighbour.

"I'm so sorry, Narayanaswamy, you had such a lot of trouble tonight and that too while you were all enjoying my "box." I suppose you are not very particular now to have it with you for the rest of the night?" I asked.

"Mr. Peter, you can have it. You can ask your servant to take it home immediately. Thank you for lending it," he observed.

"Please don't mention, I am really so very sorry that my box gave you such a lot of trouble. How are the vulgar fractions?"

"They will be all right," he answered—and it was true. The kids were frisking about next day telling my wife about the ghost they saw overnight.



Rules that Restrict.

The Gusher:—Permit me to present my wife to you.

The Freezer:—Thanks and all that. Being a Government servant you know I am prevented from accepting presents.



straight under the two parental noses, which took office by turns.

I often managed to get my chance. A glance to the left, a searching look around and a reassuring glance above, to be quite sure that the noses were not there and I would be on my toes, just in the springing pose. But somehow, my mother would by intuition, choose the very moment to leave her kitchen and introduce her august person, with Section 144 boldly written on her face. Entreaty first, protest next and then bold defiance would be my clever move. Advice first, admonition next and then the thrashing cane would be her reactionary sequence. And to my dolls would I resign myself.

Days, months, years elapsed, and I became a grown-up boy. I felt I could stand on my own legs—and I did!

One must have an extraordinarily keen sense of discrimination to choose the right person for the right purpose.

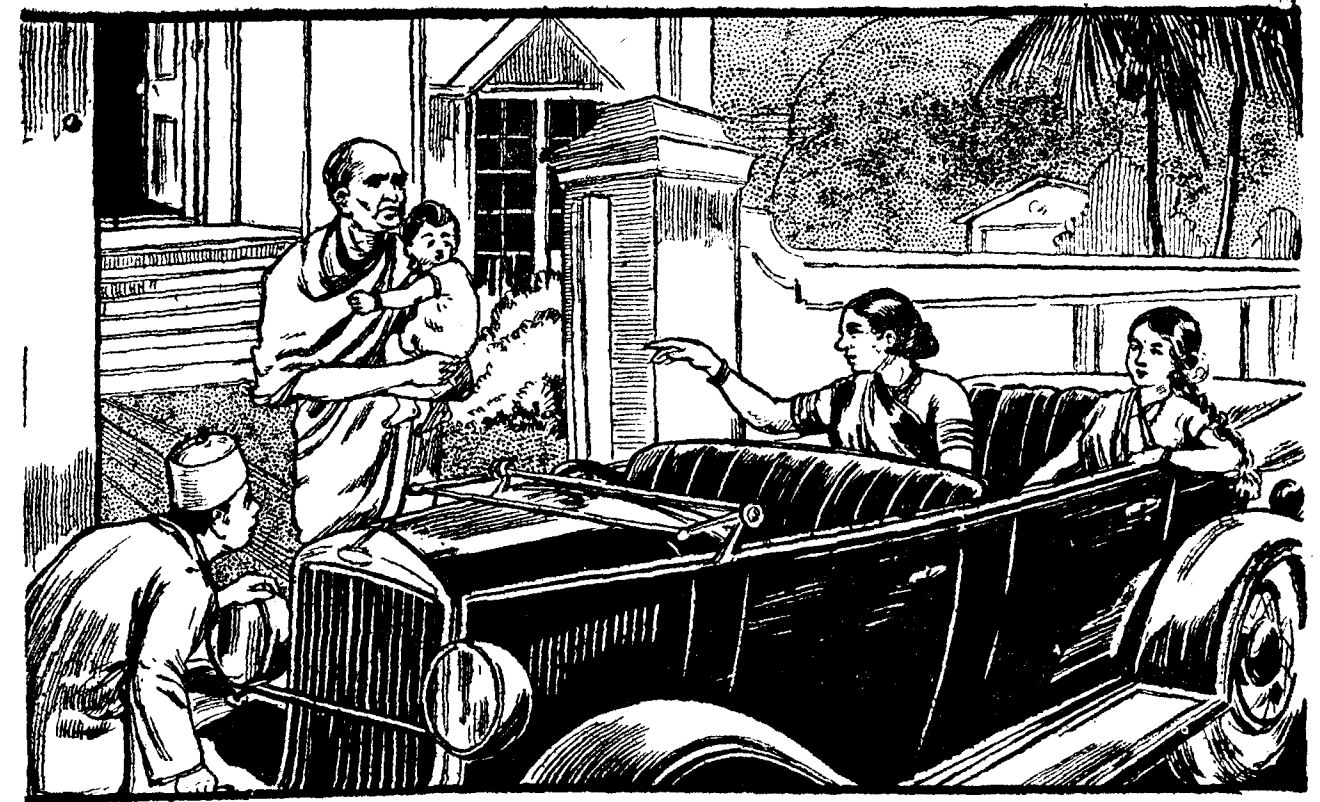
NCE upon a time, not long, long ago, but only in the early years of the Twentieth Century, I was a child. I remember the days when I was a child. Frisky and fearless, I was always craving to play. At all times, I was ready for the dash to the playground. But I was almost always

I proposed to a girl—no, no, not that (she was but 6 and I, 9)—I proposed she and I should have a game of marbles. She did not know it. I then suggested 'leap frog,' and she suggested 'Pandi.' We could not agree. I realised that a girl was not my proper mate—and then was sown the seed of hate.

Two years later, a memorable incident happened. Jaya, my neighbour's daughter, one day invited me, in the children's way, to join a game of 'hide-and-seek.' I had sworn, prior to that, not to have anything to do with a girl, but then I felt something strange within me. I had a new and indefinable sensation; and I went.

Now do not try to be ridiculous. I ask you quite frankly, and I expect you to tell me quite as honestly, if you were requested by a girl—not bad looking—more than once, to join her in a friendly game, would you comply or would you not? I do not care to pause for your reply. Whether you would or not, it was a fact that I did.

The game was so exciting and so interesting that I kept myself away from home for a considerable length of time. The transformation scene was, "enter mother holding cane, accompanied by father. Thrashing—once, twice, Thrice.....(curtain drops)" This was succeeded by my soliloquy and flood of tears. Result, I never saw Jaya again. I began to hold girls in abomination from then.



.....her parting instructions, before leaving for the breezy Marina

MY LOCUS STANDI

(V. GANAPATHI.)

Time came, all too soon, for me to become 'yoked'. My marriage was the subject of discussions, private and public. It was the subject of friendly hints, of parental anxiety and my mental uneasiness. I had not the slightest idea as to what sort of a person I was to marry. In fact, I did not know what marriage was and what it meant.

The affair progressed however, and my marriage became almost a settled fact. And they had arranged to get me married to a girl—the object of my particular abhorrence! I got really shocked at the idea of marrying a girl. But before so many, where had I a voice?

Three years thence, and I was 'running' my family, but not quite on oiled wheels.

"Every man is entitled to personal liberty..." is the first sentence in the book of statutory law. The law allows it and Society awards it. But what about poor me? Can I ever be free? "Freedom is man's birthright." Freedom of thought? Yes. I can think my wife is too proud—no objection. I can think she is a pretty fool—no question. Who can ask me not to think? I can think and I will think. Thought is free, even to me. Only when it comes to an expression of the thought, my one word brings me twenty. I argue, reason and try to convince in twenty words, and the reply comes in two small words, "Shut up!"

Then it is that I remember our poet who said, "Give thy thoughts no tongue..." Poor man, he must have had the very sad experience of having given tongue to his thoughts often—with no particularly agreeable results. Anyway, he is right.

Whenever I made a suggestion or proposal, my wife had a 'note of dissent' ready drawn, to be flung at me.

"I must buy a dhoti," I humbly suggested once. "What? Dhoti? Where is the money here? I have no jacket, no bangles; there is no sugar in the bottle, no soap, no powder.....I have been denying myself so many things and you want a dhoti!" thundered my wife. "I earn, I can spend. Who are you to ask?" I framed the question within myself. Could I speak out my thought? Ah, it would be the spark of fire to the gunpowder.

I got beyond the limit of endurance one day when my wife would not let me attend Maurice Chevalier—the hero of the screen, the pet of many, and one who from France, went all the way to America and had again come all the way to India and to Madras for my especial behoof. Such an opportunity to be missed? "Maurice is here—see him, hear him—all love—all romance," recommended the ever-solicitous Talkie Managers, who always cater to the lighter moods of human nature. I thought I could at least have a theoretical idea of 'love' and 'romance'. From the time when these Managers said "Coming, coming—who? Your own favourite—watch". I had been waiting with anxious expectancy. And here was Maurice alright—but here was the rub too!



"Nine annas! I can buy one week's food-stuff for the amount. I cannot give a pie," said my wife. I stood aghast when all the prospect of enjoying the lovely picture was blown all in a moment, I got angry. I precipitated myself into my easy chair with a redder nose and knit-up brows; and before me was a redder nose and entirely deformed brows. She left me with a sharp and piercing look. I blinked. If there was a thermometer to indicate the measure of rage and despair, it would have shown 110° of rage heat.

"Tell her she is but your wife, subordinate to your will. You earn, and you have the right to spend. A woman to rule over a man!" urged and derided my con-

science. I was tempted to obey its dictates. But immediately I slowed down to normal. "Get thee behind me, Satan," I said, and went to the kitchen—to find my wife throwing about vessels in utter disorder. When she saw me, she dropped the kooja with a terrific thud. "No, my dear, I did not really mean to go," I offered the olive branch. "There now, be sensible," she rejoined and was off the torrid zone.

When christening, I suggested that our baby daughter might be given a beautiful name—the time-honoured names of Goddesses, Saraswathi or Lakshmi. I did not think twice about offering a suggestion, and that of course, was a fault. For when I threw out my suggestion, there came that familiar forbidding look which made me shrink into some corner. And the name "Sarojini" was then proclaimed with solemn placidity and supreme satisfaction. I objected—I protested—within myself.

Sarojini however, grew up as Sarojini and then in due course, was addressed by the curtailed pet name of "Sarji". Names there are, in thousands, and beautiful ones too. Why not choose one of them? Why not stick to traditional ones? I reconciled myself in a sort of way, to this name.

"Sarji, this silk is good for you. I will buy this," I said when Sarji was a little girl of about 7. "No, I hate silk, I want voile," she replied.

On another occasion, I bought her voile. "I do not want voile; I want silk," she said and refused to look on the poor voile. Oh, that female will, fickle yet firm!

And so, I have a daughter, growing up in Madras. Even as a child she is having that element of superiority. She is consistent in that she always disagrees with me. I suppose she will have her own choice of things. I only wish and pray that her husband may not be one of her 'things of choice'. A modern girl, born and bred in Madras, having a self-willed and independent mother to be guided by, and a humble father to always disagree with, and with a little school education to her credit, and having imbibed to a great extent, the fashions of the day, in dress and manners—no, no, I must stop. If I go on speculating on this basis, I am afraid I shall be heading on my way to Kilpauk—to the Mental Hospital.

Between mother and daughter, where am I? Practically the functions were scheduled to each of us at home. I was to get up in the morning, attend to my personal routine and await my coffee. At 9 I must politely remind my wife, "it is time, dear." If "all right" is the reply, I must prepare myself for the meal. If she says "wait" I must withdraw at once, to await her further pleasure. In time, I must leave for office and be back at home at 5-30 p. m.

My wife's routine is to dress herself and her daughter, attend to the toilette, await my arrival at 5-30 p. m. sharp, and leave for the breezy Marina. The baby to be taken care of by me till her return—whenever that might be. "Make it sleep. If it cries, apply the soothing

feeder. The milkman will come at 6; be careful not to allow water to be mixed and have a wary eye on the measure". These would be her parting injunctions. And without a choice, I would remain at home—free in a way, till she returned.

With age sets in an unaccountable fondness, I believe. So, when my daughter becomes the 'lady of quality' that she wishes to be, I shall not have the heart to raise the least objection to her choice—I mean even if I get such a chance.

"And yet the sloka says:

"Father's charge in childhood days,
Husband's care in blooming youth,
And then the son's when age sets in,
A woman hence, is never free".

But you have seen from my account herein that

"Not once or twice in my household story
Female rule was the point of glory".

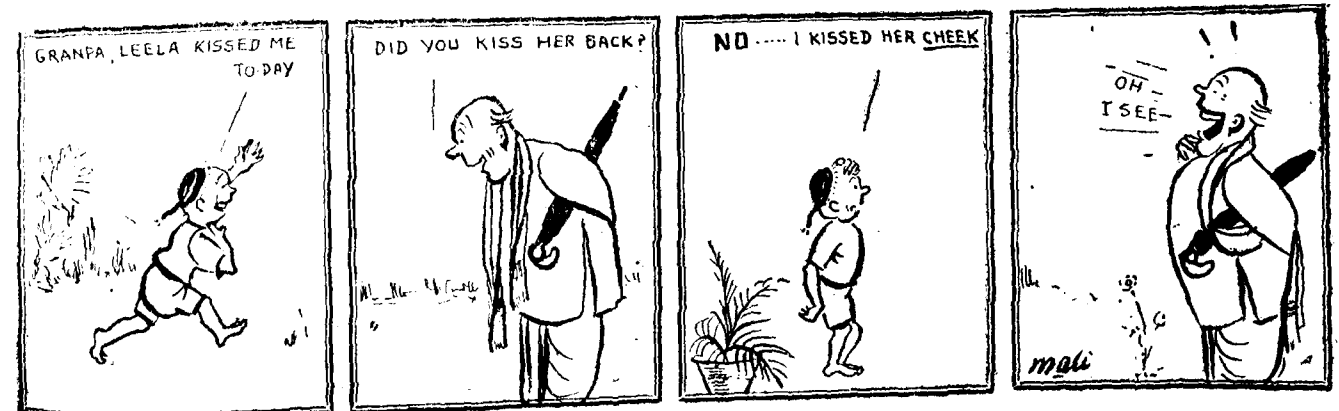
"Is all this an exaggerated presentation?" some one sneers, another derides and a third is markedly indifferent. But I ask you in the name of all that is holy, "Can you point your finger at a man and say, 'here goes a man who has never been subjected to the domination of a woman?' If you can, I shall believe there is a spark of good in this world of grief.

In the meanwhile, I must run my course and reach my goal, or drop down on the way under the piercing spur. And yet the cry goes "freedom for women and sex equality must be achieved" and they complain of "subjection to men."

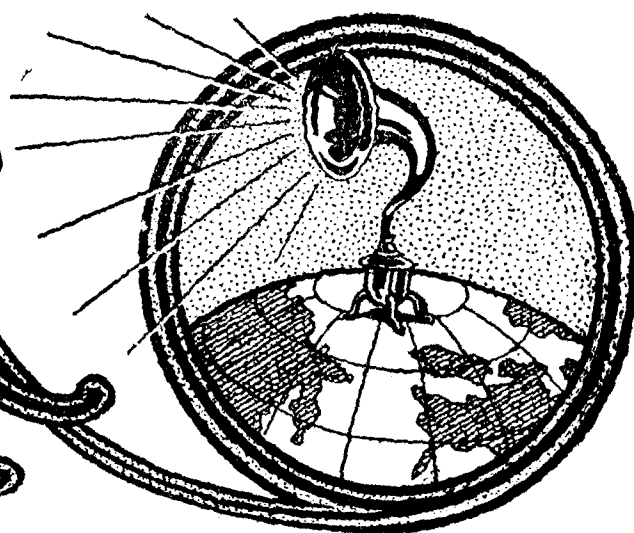
If controlling, dictating, commanding and steering men is "subjection to men," I suppose I shall have no alternative but to endorse agreement.

"Yes, dear, coming"—my 'lady' calls. I cannot be slow or late, you know. And so, I stop. Cheerio!

The Old Punner.



OTHER PEOPLES' HUMOUR



"What work can you do?"
"Work? I thought you wanted a foreman."

Wife:—"What have you done with that book, 'How to Live a Hundred years'?"

Husband:—"You don't think I'm going to leave that lying about with your mother in the house, do you?"

Jones was at a dinner party. He was shy and could never summon up courage to speak because of his inability to say anything neat. All the evening he had been trying to think of something nice to say to his hostess. At last he thought he saw his chance.

"What a small appetite you have, Mr. Jones," said his charming hostess with a smile. "To sit next to you," he replied gallantly, "would cause any man to lose his appetite."

"If you print any more jokes about Scotsmen I shall cease borrowing your paper," wrote a man from Aberdeen.

"Eddie is feeling fed up to-day"

"Why?"

"He took his girl to Tony's for lunch. While they were eating, she discovered a fly in the soup," Waiter! she said, "remove this insect."

"Well."

"They threw Eddie down two flights of steps."

Two men were boasting about their brothers. The first said, "My brother once went to a billiard match, picked up one ball in the right hand and another in the left, squeezed them, and the result was powder."

"Well that's nothing," said the other. "My brother once went to a bull fight and he took one bull in the left hand and another in the right; he squeezed them; result—meat extract."

"Father, is Sanskrit a dead language?"

"Yes, my boy."

"Then why don't they bury it?"

"Lend me a tanner."

"What for?"

"Good"

MacGregor had just arrived in America after a very long journey across the Atlantic.

As he walked off the ship he saw a man in a diving outfit climbing up from the harbour to the deck of a nearby boat.

"Mon! Mon!" he exclaimed "I wish I'd known about that sooner; I'd have walked across myself."

"What's happened, George?" she asked her husband who had got out of the car to investigate.

"Puncture," he said, briefly.

"You ought to have been on the look out for this," was the helpful remark.

Two men with the same name were members of a Club. One day a letter addressed to one of them was left at the club. The wrong man opened it first. It was a threatening letter from a tailor.

He knew the missive did not belong to him, so he put it back in the letter-rack.

The next night both men happened to arrive at the club at the same time. Both went to the letter-rack, the man for whom the letter was intended reaching it first.

He read the epistle carefully. Then he tore it into bits, which he tossed carelessly into a waste-paper basket.

"Dear little girl!" he said. "How she loves me."

Mac Tavish had deposited his savings, which amounted to five hundred pounds, in a certain bank.

A few weeks later, he approached the cashier and demanded his money. He was asked if he did not want to leave a small balance, just to keep the account open.

"No" he persisted "I want my money."

So the cashier counted out five hundred pounds and handed the bundle of notes to him.

He counted the money and handed it back. "That's O. K.," he said, "I only wanted to see if it was all there."



READERS of this Magazine will remember that, in the last issue, I promised to give them a better and brighter number next time. Well, here you are and I shall be very pleased indeed if you will write and tell me whether you think I have kept my promise. In this issue, Mr. V. C. Gopalratnam handles the Eternal Triangle—or rather two of them—and views them from an unusual angle. Leo becomes hopelessly involved and does not himself know how he is going to disentangle himself. Perhaps he will manage to reach safe haven before 10th August next and equally, perhaps, he may not. We shall wait and see. The third of the series of Prize Stories by Dynamite Dan is printed in this issue and Matt de Carlo is in first-class fettle and uses a ghost to recover a gramophone borrowed much against his will.

Dago is new to the readers of the Merry Magazine but his Carnival Fantasia ought to make him popular.

Elsewhere in this number is a story by T. L. Edwin, entitled 'Rowdy.' I am drawing pointed attention to it because it is an unusual tale. It is all about a dog and all dog-lovers, which is merely saying, all readers, will like it greatly. All said and done, therefore I am prouder of this number than a dog with two tails.

The next issue will contain, among many other bright bits, a racy article on 'Humour' by Mr. P. P. Samuel, Examinations in Mars which has been crowded out of this issue, the delightful consequences of an accidental pinch of Chloral in Veeramanna's Pappadams, The 960 Mohurs in the Broken Shrine, etc, etc. In short, if it is by any means possible, the next number will have more pep and sparkle than this one. I am being modest, am I not?

I have another piece of excellent news for my readers. 'Deisvi' is at work, collecting material for another serial story. In fact, between you and me, I think I can tell you that he has finished collecting the material, stacked it in neat rows in his usual methodical way and is now busy applying the local colour in that deft manner, of which he seems to have a peculiar mastery. Soon, therefore, very soon, you will be reading the first instalment of our next serial and when I tell you it is going to be better than Bala, I am not saying much.

On page 571, will be found details of an Easy Picture Competition which carries an aggregate amount of Rs. 500 in prize money. If that does not tempt you, I do not know what will.

On page 534 is an unfinished story begun by 'Deisvi' and purposely left unfinished.

Finish it and win the prize. You know the conditions. They are set down on page 534 itself. Make it short, make it snappy and make it humorous. If you can make the ending unusual or unexpected, so much the better—for you and for me. Anyway, get to it.

Write to the Editor and win another small prize. If you can write sense, do so, if you cannot, write amusing nonsense and your chances are rosier. Whatever you do, don't fail to write.

The subject which you should choose is this issue of The Merry Magazine. Tell me what you think of it. For the best letter I offer a prize of Rs. 10 and for the next best Rs. 5. Letters ought not to exceed 600 words and should reach this office before 20-8-33. Don't forget to mark on top of your envelopes "Letter to Editor."

Yet another Small Competition, the one about the 'Funniest Incident in your life.' I

have had letters from readers asking me to resolve certain doubts for them, in connection with this competition. If your life has been so drab and colourless, that nothing funny has happened to you, I can only say you have not kept your eyes open. Don't draw entirely on your imagination. A little judicious mingling of fiction with fact is permissible, so long as you do not draw the long bow too blatantly.

Entries not to exceed 600 words and to reach this office before 20-8-33. Mark on top of envelopes "Funny Incident"

Remember our Lucky Number Scheme. You have a chance of winning a substantial prize, provided, of course, that you are not too generous with your copies of the Merry Magazine. Neither a borrower nor a lender be for loan oft makes you deny yourself the chance of winning a tidy little cheque, which is probably waiting for you, at our office. Till we meet again.

Editor.

Sensational Prize Offer.

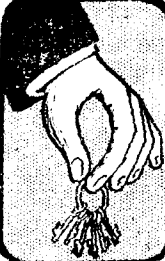
Rs. 500 must be won

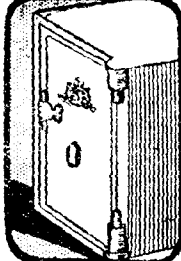
Here is a chance for all of you to win a substantial prize in an Easy Picture Competition.

WHAT YOU HAVE TO DO.

On the opposite page, you will find one of the most popular competitions we have so far run. There are eight lines of pictures and each line represents a word after the letters "Ding" are added. For example, take the first line. The first square Elephant which gives us *HE*. Woman gives us *RE* and Rose gives us *WARD*. Add 'DING' to this and you get the word *REWARDING*. The rest of the pictures can be solved similarly.

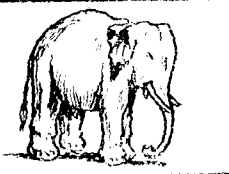
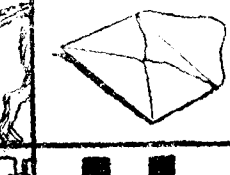
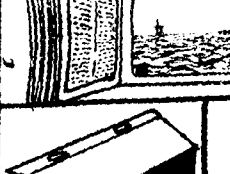
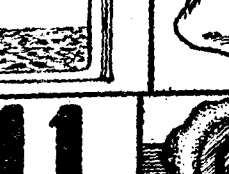
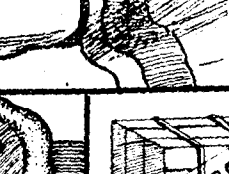
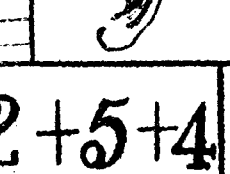
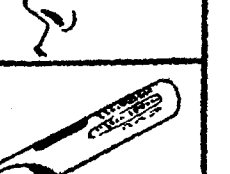
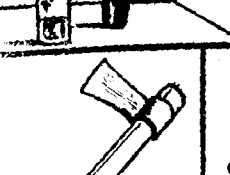
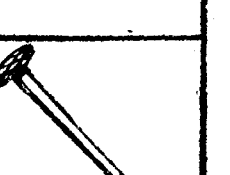
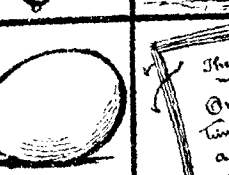
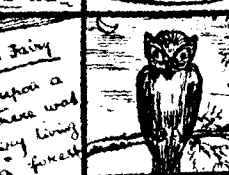
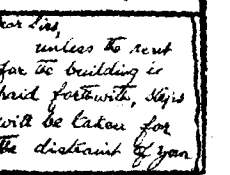
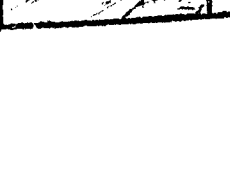
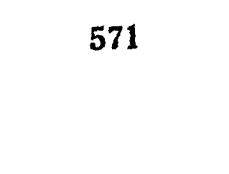
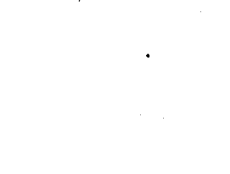
Answers must be entered in coupons called "DING COMPETITION COUPONS" which will be published in our next issue along with other particulars relating to this competition. Register your orders for the next number in advance with your news-agent.





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You can send any
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Win Rs. 100 Fully Guaranteed

IN

"COMPLETE THE WORDS" COMPETITION No. 13

Sealed key solution and Entire Prize amount deposited with "My Magazine" of India.

Last Posting Date 10-8-33 No Extension Results on 17-8-33

What you have to do—Substitute a letter for each dash below to form a word to be found in the chambers XX cent—Dictionary, No plurals should be used and wrong words which are not in dictionary should not be used and Violation of the rules will disqualify all the solutions.

1. SKUL—
2. IFURD—
3. AGA—IC

4. IMPATIEN—
5. RI—
6. SU—I—

7. MAI—
8. YO—
9. TANTALI—

Rules.—(1) Entrance fee Rs. 2 for any number of Solutions Sent by one person in one cover. (2) Rs. 100 will be awarded to an all correct Solution or nearest correct Solution. The prize amount will NOT be decreased in any event but may be increased at the discretion of the manager whose decision must be accepted as final and legally binding in all matters regarding this competition. (3) A correct solution is one which agrees letter for letter with the Sealed Key deposited with "My Magazine". (4) All entries (Post) fees (M. O.) must be posted on or before 10-8-33 to:

Manager, MADRAS CROSSWORD BUREAU, 41, Broadway, Madras.

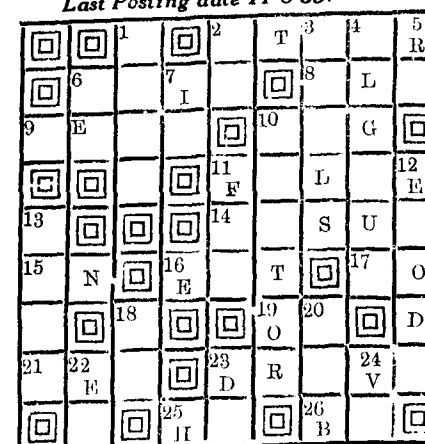
WIN Rs. 250 GUARANTEED IN CHAMBERS PART CROSSWORDS No. 11.

Sealed key and Entire Prize amount deposited with "My Magazine" of India.

Last Posting date 11-8-33.

(No Extension)

Results in a Week.



Clues Across:—2. Very fragrant essential oil. 6. fit. 8. Senility. 9. plain. 10. tense. 11. circulation rim of the wheel (without one "L") 14. make sure. 15. during. 16. wash ore in a tyo. 17. thus. 19. bone. 21. always. 23. Compelled. 25. Stop! 26. word used to frighten children.

Clues Down:—1. injury. 2. preposition. 3. Web-footed water fowls. 4. relating to the algae. 5. Rural Dean (Abbr). 6. ocean (curtailed) 7. PRONOUN. 10. Counsellor. 11. doomed. 12. eat away. 13. ditch 18. Musical Note (Reversed). 20. Short convulsive sigh. 22. bit of measurement. 23. swindle. 24. creek.

Note:—Direct clues from Chambers XX Century. A, An, To, The etc. have been omitted in the beginning of the clues and all forms are treated as direct. Under words and words from brackets not taken. The word for clue No. 11 Across Consists of 6 letters of which one L is to be omitted.

Rules of entrance:—1. Rs. 1 for each entry. 2. Rs. 100 will be awarded to the correct solution and Rs. 50 for one errored solution and the prize amounts will not be decreased in any event but may be increased at the discretion of the Manager whose decision must be accepted as final and legally binding in all matter regarding this competition. 3. A correct solution is one which agrees with sealed key solution deposited with "My Magazine of India" and in case of ties prize will be divided. 4. All entries in any readable form and fees by money order should be posted on or before 11-8-1933 to:

The Manager, CHAMBERS PART CROSSWORDS. No. 3. Appasami Lane, G. T. Madras.

WIN Rs. 150 Fully Guaranteed in Easy Missing Letters No. 14.

Last Posting Date 5-8-33. Sealed key solution deposited with "Merry Magazine." Results in a Week.

1. PEND—N— ... hanging 4. CA— ... box 7. BO— ... endured
2. B—STARD ... genus of..... 5. TOR— ... twisted 8. —NSNAR— ... entangle
3. LA MI—ER ... cripple 6. FAN— ... one... 9. —E—T— ... relishes.

Note.—Substitute a letter for dash to get the given meaning. Direct clues from Chambers XX Century. dictionary. Words from brackets not taken and dots stand for omission of one or more words A, An, TO, The etc. have been omitted in the begging of the clues and all form are treated as direct.

Rules.—1. Entrance fee Re. one per entry. 2. Rs. 100 will be awarded for correct solutions and Rs. 50 for one error and the prize amount will NOT be decreased in any event but may be increased at the discretion of the manager whose decision must be accepted as final and legally binding in all matters and in case of ties prize will be divided. 3. A correct solution is one which agrees letter for letter with the sealed key deposited with My Magazine of India and all entries (Post) and fees (M. O.) should be posted on or before 5-8-33 to:—

Manager, MADRAS CROSSWORD BUREAU, 41, Broadway, Madras.

WIN Rs. 100 Guaranteed in Chambers Missing Letters Competition No. 18.

Last Posting Date 5-8-33. Sealed key solution deposited with "Merry Magazine" of India. Result on 10-8-33.

1. LINEA— ... belonging to a line 5. B— ... master
2. PRO— ... to exhibit 6. —SH ... nonsense
3. I—O—OCLAST ... breaker of images 7. —E ... anxiety
4. J—K— ... short coat 8. F—AY ... to frighten

Rules:—1. Substitute a letter for each dash to get the given meaning to be found in Chambers XX Century dictionary and words from brackets not taken 2. Entrance fee Re. one for the first entry and annas eight for each subsequent entry. 3. Rs. 100 will be awarded for an all correct solution or nearest correct solution and a correct solution is one which agrees letter for letter with the sealed key solution deposited with "Merry Magazine" 4. The decision of the manager must be accepted as final and legally binding in all matters regarding this competition and in case of ties prize will be divided 5 All entries (P O) and fees (M. O.) should be posted on or before 5-8-33 to:—

Manager, Chambers Missing Letters Competition, 3, Appasami Lane, G. P. O. Madras.

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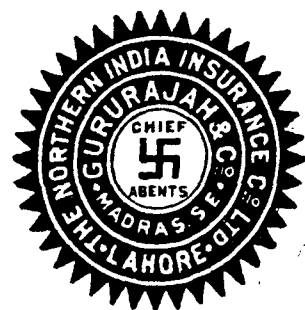
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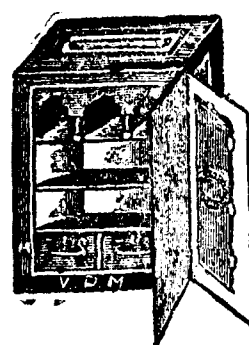
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IN

Popular Competitions No. 4 & 5.

Sealed Key Solution Deposited with "WORLD NEWS" MADRAS.

Last Posting Date 10-8-33.

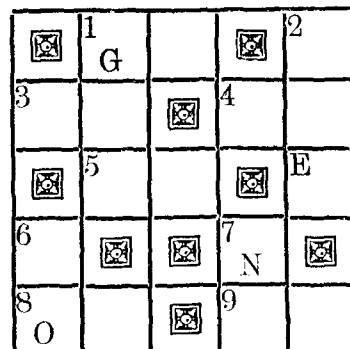
Results on 18-8-33.

1. ————ISH
2. CU———
3. —U——LE.
4. S—AR—.

- ... brutal.
... to fondle.
... confusion.
... severe.

5. CONT———
6. —A———
7. —JOURN
8. SU———SE.

- ... to bruise.
... soon
... to postpone
... to imagine.



Clues Across:—1. to walk. 3. MUSICAL NOTE. 4. MUSICAL NOTE.
5. INTERJECTION. 8. INTERJECTION. 9. INTERJECTION.

Clues Down:—1. a gully. 2. crook. 6. to fare. 7. never.

Note:—All clues are direct from Chambers XX. Meanings given are direct and exact. All forms are treated as direct. Words bracketed and relating to Ety. are not taken. No competitor can win more than one share except the special prize.

Rules of Entrance:—Entrance fee Re. 1 for the first entry and As. 8 for each subsequent entry for each competition. Rs. 150/- will be awarded for the correct solutions and Rs. 100/- for the solutions with one error. The prize amount will NOT be decreased in any event but may be increased if entries permit. A correct solution is one which agrees letter for letter with key solution. If ties the prize will be divided. Manager's decision is final in all matters. All entries

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COMPETITION No. 4.

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on 25-5-33.

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9. LOADS. 11. ENCEPER. 13. TW (6). 14. AC.

Down:—

2. OOLONG. 3. PEISE. 4. ADP. 5. WHEEL.
6. CLEAR. 7. YACHT. 10. DHOW. 12. ROC.

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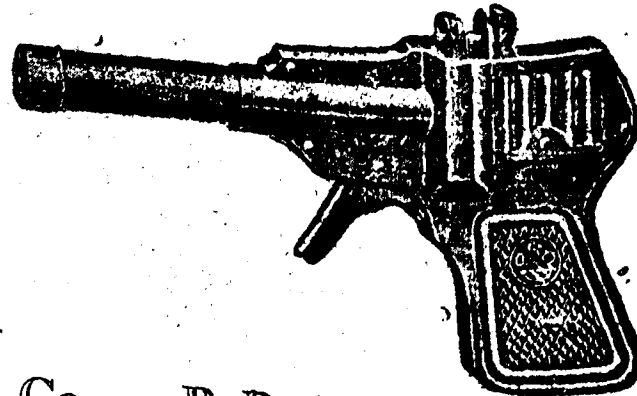
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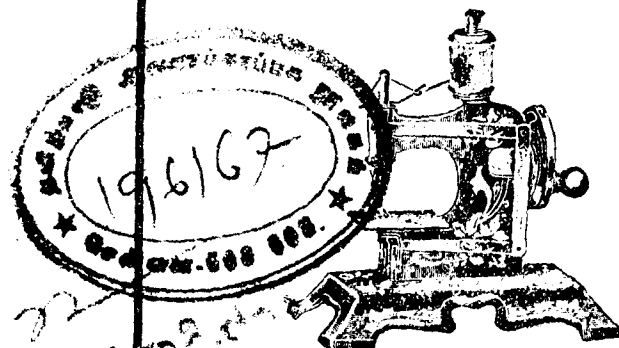
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