

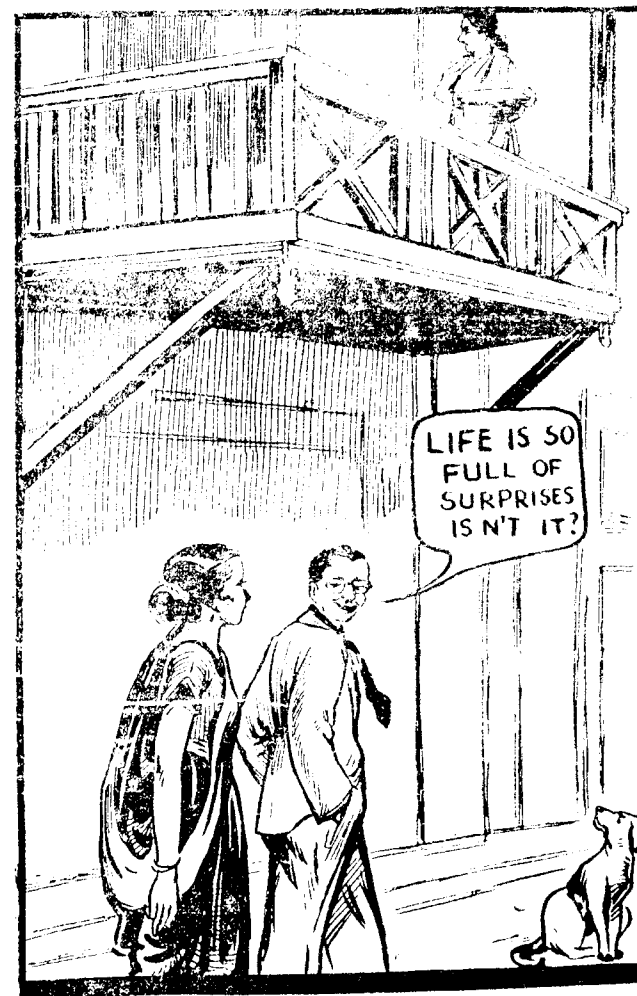
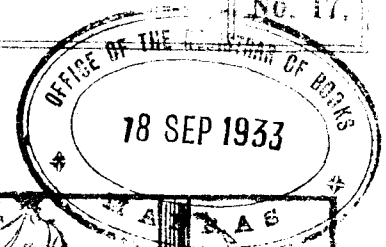
The MERRY MAGAZINE

Vol. I

MADRAS, 10th SEPTEMBER 1933.

No. 17.

Life, Sir, Life!



48 Pages.

As. 2.

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Vol. I.

MADRAS, 10th SEPTEMBER, 1933.

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SPARKS FROM OUR ANVIL

A portrait of Mr. Satyamurti has been unveiled in the City Corporation Hall.

It will be difficult to look down on him hereafter.

The "Madras Mail" quotes the Bhagavad Gita in one of its leaders.

We can only take it as inaugurating the 'silly season' in Anglo-India.

Sir A. P. Patro has returned from England.

We think we can assure our readers that he will soon be going back.

No reason has been given by him for shifting his seat in the Council Chamber.

We think it very likely that it is 'notice' for the Ministers to shift for themselves.

Gandhiji has, after all, been allowed to break his fast.

We always knew that the C. D. movement was out to 'break' something or other.

Speculation is rife as to when he is to break it next.

"What," asks the "Madras Mail," "would an Indian Ministry do with Gandhi?"

Why discuss academic questions?

Sir Harry Haig assures us that the C. D. movement may be resumed a hundred years hence!

The then Home Member is expected to retort why it was not continued a hundred years earlier.

Defining the goal of British policy, H. E. the Viceroy said that it was Responsible Government, Home Rule or Dominion Status; and added that he was not afraid of using any of these expressions.

Viceroy's have no reason to be, with all those safeguards.

Says Mr. M. K. Acharya: 'If a man chooses to throw away a hundred rupees of his money, nobody will complain.'

We have observed this gentleman throwing away many things; but we should like to see him perform this trick.

He further explained: 'A Hindu believes that his present body is only one of many which the soul has taken, and when one body gets worn out and useless, it is better to get another.'

This destroys our hopes that he had done with his metamorphoses!

His Exalted Highness the Nizam has issued a *Firman*, containing an Urdu version of the Hyderabad Anthem, composed by himself; and newspapers have pointed out that he is a poet among princes.

We wonder if he is also a prince among poets.

Our contemporary the "New Times" has changed its name back to the "Justice."

Some people take to *aliases* more naturally than others.

Following the 'blanket code', the U. S. A., is soon to go 'wet.'

By the beginning of the new year, the country is expected to come under a 'wet-blanket code.'

An obituary notice of the late Sir Francis Spring describes him as a 'Fireless Worker.'

And yet he was never really out in the cold.

Opening a model village in the Kurnool district, the Collector is reported to have concluded his speech thus: 'I thank.....the various officials and non-officials who have, at great convenience to themselves, honoured this function with their presence.'

What may have been gained in candour is certainly lost in tact.

MYSELF

(NERA)

W

HAT is wrong with the world?—asked Mr. G. K. Chesterton. And forthwith wrote a big book in answer to the question. I am not a great author, or a great journalist, or a great philosopher or a great anything like him. So

I shall content myself with answering the question in one sentence. What is wrong with the world?—Just this—one half of the world does not eat enough; the other half of the world has not enough to eat. That is an epigram, isn't it? But none the less true. However, no one need despair. There are great days in store for everybody. I read in the papers that a scientist has discovered all the vitamins in cotton seeds. And cotton seeds are to be had in plenty, aren't they?

I honestly believe that there would be a great deal more happiness in this world, a great deal less misery, if only people eat more—if only people *could* or *would* eat more. People say they are in great trouble of this kind or that, that they are worried a great deal about this or that and so on and so forth. Well, all I ask them to do is this. Next time they are in any trouble or worry, let them try a good, square, hearty meal. And then, they will see if they are troubled or worried any more; if they are inclined to think over any problems or think at all for that matter; whether they wouldn't prefer just to lie down and rest. I am a God-fearing man and I ask you in all seriousness—why should God create all this complicated machinery inside man if He didn't expect man to take full advantage of it? All this slimming and dieting and fasting is really flying



Starting the day

n the face of Providence. It is the negation of God and creation. It is a religious. Of all the pleasures of life, what is there comparable with the pleasure of eating?

In fact and in theory, biologically, botanically and even geologically, eating, assimilating and accretion is the first Law of Life, of growth, and of continued existence.



12 o'clock.....a hearty meal

"What a gourmand? What a trencherman?" you cry—"Surely we are all eating too much. Most, if not all, of our diseases are due to overeating. Eat to live, not live to eat." Oh! Yes. I have heard all that heroic stuff before. It is mostly said by dyspeptics, diabetics and crafty people who would profit by your starvation. Your inside is your own, isn't it? It isn't anyhow the other man's. Well, *You* are the best judge of what you should eat, when you should eat, and how much you should eat. Not the other man, any way.

How do you make friends with any animal from a dog to an elephant? Except by feeding him. How do you ingratiate yourself with any child, boy, or girl? Except by feeding it, him, or her. How do you gain anything in this world from a title to a treaty? Except by feeding with somebody. Moral:—feed, feed and feed.

Have you ever seen a fat man look worried? And if you have, isn't that the most comical sight? My ideal of a man is one with a multi-folded chin and a mid-region reminiscent of the Michelin Super Comfort tyre. My ideal woman is fair, fat and forty. But that just describes my wife. However, that is an accident. And a fortunate accident, too, for the peace of my home. She is somewhat partial to carrot halwa. (If any reader hasn't heard of this exquisite preparation before, he may write to me, care of the Editor. I won't promise him a sample, but I may send him the recipe). Some day we intend trying what beetroot halwa will be like and I will let you know more about it later.

It all comes to this. I believe in eating and eating well. I don't like giving people at home a lot of unnecessary trouble. So, I go to the coffee hotel first thing in

the morning. And I start the day with half a dozen iddies, covered with plenty of ghee and chutney, or it may be a dozen dosais or several plates of pongal. I wash



Heavy tiffin at 4 o'clock

it all down with copious draughts of coffee. At twelve o'clock I take a hearty meal with great pyramids of rice mixed with sambar and curds and vegetables and curries and pappadams and avakkais. I have a fairly heavy tiffin at four o'clock. My favourites are Thairvadais, Mysorepaks, Bombay Bondas, and Calcutta sweets. And of course more coffee. *Supper* is only a little less complicated than the midday meal, but with the addition

of a large tumblerful of hot milk after it and a few teaspoonfuls of almond oil in it. On holidays and festival days, there will, of course, be bakshanams and



Hot milk after supper

payasams as well. After each meal, I take pansupari. I am somewhat partial to sandal paste, not, of course, for eating—a little massaging settles things properly, don't you think?—Bang! Bang! Bang! There is that eternal child of mine again waking me up out of a most scrumptious dream!

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1. Commandeered
for War purposes.



2. Setting out on a voyage.



3. Leaving Port.

DRY DOCKING

(BY RADHA)



4. Search lights focussed.



5. Port Sighted
Entering Harbour.



6. Loading Cargo.



7. Storm ahead
Ship unsteady.



8. A Collision.

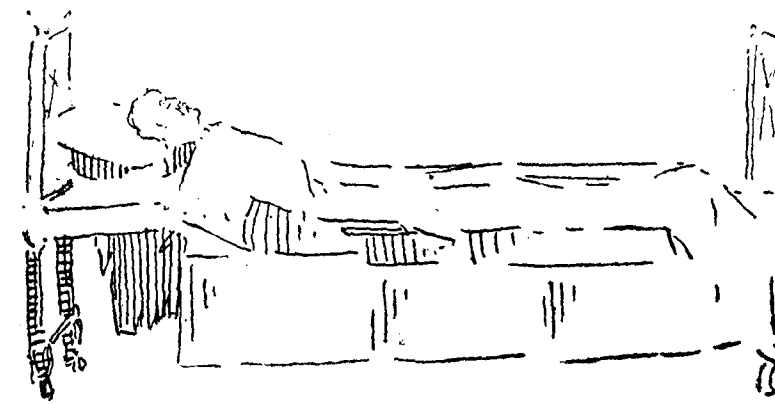


9. A List To Leeward.

In these two pages, Radha, the artist, depicts in a series of sketches an epic in embryo: about the setting out on a voyage, of the loading of cargo, of storms and collisions and of the necessity of seeking dry dock.



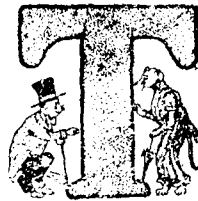
10. In Tow.



11. In dry Dock.

THE EXPANDING UNIVERSE

(LEO)



TURN him to any Gordian knot of policy, he would unloose it, familiar as his garter; ask him how long it would take for a letter posted at Madras to reach Stockholm by Imperial Airways cum Train cum Mail Boat and he would give you the answer without a moment's hesitation. Venture, in his presence, a statement about the probable date of *Sakuntala* and you would have the life-history of Kalidasa thrust down your throat without a single interval for refreshments. I remember once, how I unthinkingly remarked that I had read somewhere that only three people in the world, besides Einstein himself, understood the Theory of Relativity. My friend Sarangan turned round and looked at me with the most withering contempt in his face.

"And who may these three wiseacres of yours be?"

It was vain to protest that these wise men were not mine, in any sense of the word, legal or partisan. I fell back on sarcasm and pointed out to Sarangan that, since slavery had been abolished long ago, these men did not and could not belong to me, that even if they did, I was hardly in a position, either financial or social to maintain such a retinue of expensive intellectuals. The annual bill for their headgear alone, taking the normal cranial development of such extremely high-brow intellectuals would be of such horrific proportions that I would die of fright on presentation thereof or in the alternative, if forced to pay that bill, die of starvation. I went on further to bring to Sarangan's notice that it was extremely improbable, nay, incredibly fantastical that I, living as I did in Madras, should be on terms of any familiarity with the only three men in the world who knew what Einstein meant by his Theory of Relativity. Sarangan simply snorted disdainfully and went on.

"Can you name any one of the three?"

"Bertrand Russell."

"You and your Bertrand Russells. An armchair socialist. When Bertrand Russell starts explaining the Theory of Relativity, it is a case of *ignotum per ignotius*. Now, my dear Leo, listen to me and I will make the whole thing clear to you in a jiffy."

I listened. I may add here that there was nothing else I could have done, considering that Sarangan

happened to be between the door and me. There was another factor in the situation which made me reluctant to leave the room.

I settled down to listen to Sarangan's Exposition of Relativity.

"This Relativity business, old boy, is simple as A. B. C. I can explain it all in a jiffy," he began.

"I say, laddie, excuse me, but, before you start, let me know exactly what a jiffy is."

That tore it. Sarangan simply went in off the deep end. He talked learnedly of seconds, minutes, hours, days, eons and of length, breadth and thickness and of time being the fourth dimension, of curvature of space, of light years, of light having weight and of the expanding Universe until my poor head reeled and I hardly knew whether I was a sentient human being or a nucleus in the atom or a blot on the landscape. He rounded off his discourse with a peroration in which the material portions, as far as my dazed mind could grasp them, had reference to my wooden-headedness, the impenetrability of my skull, the sheer impossibility of his ever being able to drive anything into my head and finally, in the nature of a parting shot, there was a reference to my face in terms which were, to put it mildly, uncomplimentary. "Yours," concluded Sarangan, "is not the sort of face that would have launched a thousand ships." "Yes," I gently replied, "but it has launched you on a sea of talk and it looks to me as if you will never reach land." Sarangan's hand reached out for something to throw at me and at that instant the door was opened and into the room tripped Kamala. "I hope you two have had a good, long talk," she said, bending down to ruffle Sarangan's hair.

Unseen by both of them, I made a face at him which might not have launched even a catamaran but which, I am sure, would have made Sarangan, if he had seen it, throw at least three fits.

"Yes, dear," I replied, "we have had quite a long, nice talk. Now, shall we go?"

Kamala nodded. I opened the door for her and we both went out of the house and entering my car, drove away.

Sarangan, I reflected, would make an ideal brother-in-law.

TICKLERS

(TUT-TUT-TUT)

1. Annotate:—

(a) Beacon of hope, you appear!
Languor is not in your heart,
Weakness is not in your word,
Weariness not on your brow,
.....

Stablish, continue our march.
On to the bound of the waste,
On to the goal of our dreams!

(b) Tickle me Toby, and I'll tickle thee.

(c) Was everything by starts, and nothing long.
But in the course of one revolving moon.
Was chymist, fiddler, statesman, buffoon.

(d) Falstaff sweats.....
And lards the lean earth as he walks along.

2. Write short notes on:—

- (a) The Princes Protection Bill.
- (b) The All-India Cricket Federation.
- (c) The future of Aden.
- (d) The Karachi Municipal Bill.

3. What do you know of:—

- (a) Mr. Sami Venkatachalam Chetti.
- (b) Mr. F. E. James.
- (c) Lord Snowden.

ANSWERS

1. (a) The release of Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru has revived our drooping spirits. What welcome can we offer him? In the surrounding gloom of personal cares, he has not forgotten the plight of the country. Heaven grant that he may be the means of galvanising the life of the nation, fallen on evil days, on evil tongues fallen. We are in a *cul de sac*. It is futile to consider who is to blame. Can we not repair the error quickly, boldly? May we suggest to the heroic son of a heroic father to help restore the *status quo ante bellum*, by scrapping the C. D. movement in name, as it has been in fact, secure restitution to all the uncomplaining victims of the last two years? Let the White Paper be made once more white by complete erasure. The administration should be overhauled with a view to effecting a 50% economy in cost. Immediate relief to the tax-payer, and a plan mapped out for better, cheaper and more national education. Provincial autonomy now and at once without safeguards, and with elections in January next. We can overcome the centre by ignoring it, for

the present. Is it not high time that good men and true should, instead of going to jail, help to send there those for whom jails are intended? In God's name, let us march on!

- (b) A very convivial function precluded the opening of the present session of the Assembly. Sir R. K. S. Chetti gave a dinner to the Viceroy, and both gave the public—speeches! The President proved to his entire satisfaction that he has taken honours rank in mastering the technique of the parliamentary system, while His Excellency was so impressed with the prodigy of his *protege* that he claimed him for his political godson. There was, besides, a mutual indulgence in anecdote, which clearly showed that they had dined, well. It is no concern of ours what goeth into a man; but what cometh out is a matter of public curiosity, if not concern. This is our only justification for referring to this event.

- (c) The versatility of Mr. M. K. Acharya must by this time be as unexciting and well-worn a fact as the death of Queen Anne. We gave him the chance of being ignored, so long as he was able to attract attention abroad by advertising an assortment of his acquired or accidental anomalies, to wit, the caste-mark, the beard and his pronunciation. But he cannot impose upon us in this country. We do not know enough of his previous history to say if he was 'chymist or fiddler.' But the anti-climax has now been infallibly reached. There we shall leave him—for ever.

- (d) One of the gentlemen recently returned from London had something extremely original to say of his impressions. He was so affected by the heat-wave, that he bitterly regretted not having taken a fan with him. We sympathise with him, especially in view of his general desire to please and be pleased.

2. (a) This is a measure shortly to be considered by the Legislative Assembly. Its purpose is, in the words of H. E. the Viceroy, best described by the word 'Reciprocity.' It is, from our point of view, one of the advance baits offered to the Princes to persuade them to enter the Federation. The States are now governed on the basis of simple autocracy; and autocrats, whatever else may be their virtues, hate public criticism like poison. A Federation will provide splendid opportunities for the search-light of public criticism to be thrown on the purlieus of administration in Native States. To prevent this, it is hoped to make the Federation safe for the Princes. It would be wrong to imagine that the bill would in any way relax the rigours of the compulsory protection accorded to the states by the Paramount power.

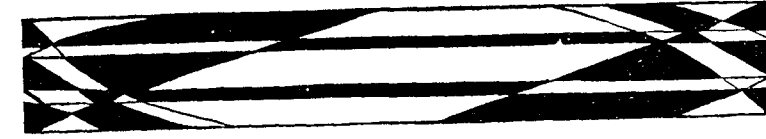
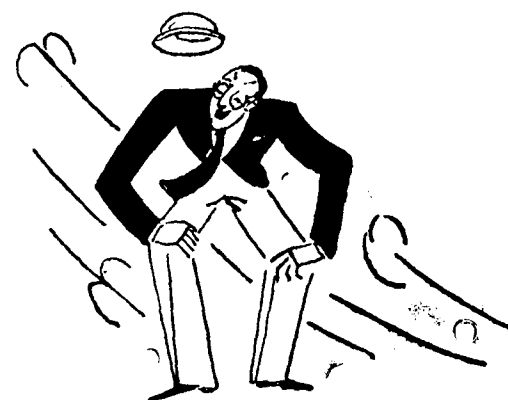
- (b) The All India Political Federation is still very much in the air, because it is dependent upon the accession of at least 50% of the States. The Cricket Federation has reversed the order, and having come into being, now goes about begging the units to walk into its parlour. There are certain points in common to both Federations. They have no money of their own, and they are not wanted by anybody. A Cricket Federation with Bombay left out, is like staging Hamlet without the Prince of Denmark. Yet that's what is likely to happen in view of the tall demands of the Federation.
- (c) It is proposed to be taken over by the Colonial Office for reasons of Imperial policy. It has been pointed out by the most moderate politicians of India that Aden is what it is because of the crores of Indian money sunk in its development; that it is to India what Gibraltar is to England. What is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander also. European big business in this country is to have safeguards under the new dispensation; while Indians who are exactly in a similar position in Aden must submit to what amounts to expropriation. The British are fond of claiming that they are a sporting nation. But what is sport to them is generally death to others.
- (d) It is not an accident that what is happening with regard to Calcutta should be faintly echoed in Karachi. This official measure, wherever it does not tighten the bureaucratic hold on local self-government, makes a calculated and sinister surrender to communal clamour in the hope that the parts might flourish at the expense of the whole.
3. (a) One of our ablest and most intrepid politicians who has had the misfortune to fall between two stools. The greatest act of his career was to resist the attractions of office when it was thrust on him. In view of this, we are willing to forgive him many of his lapses since then. He probably thinks with the poet that it is better to have loved and lost than never to have loved at all. But unlike others who have fallen from grace, he does not kick away the ladder by which he rose to fame. For which relief, we are truly grateful.
- (b) One of the representatives of British commerce who gave a good account of himself at the Joint Committee. He is entirely in favour of the White Paper, provided the safeguards in regard to finance and commerce are rendered more specific and stringent.
- (c) One of the ex-leaders of the Labour party in England. Did as much as it is possible for a single man, to smash the party as a whole, at the last elections. A story has just been published that one of the reasons for that act of political vandalism was wounded vanity at the threatened supersession of his claims to the leadership of the party, which preferred the more amiable and less egoistic Henderson. Perhaps it is nothing more than a story, though it is very characteristic of the man.

SQUALLS

The Devil's bad and makes
the wind
Blow girlie's skirts up high.
But God is good and makes
the dust
Blow in the Bad Man's eye.
—Old Song.

But in these Modern Days
of Ours,
When most young men
wear specs,
When breezes blow, they
bend too low,
(Can't get a last line
just now!)

—Says "Dial"!



CULLED GEMS

Early Closing.

He:—"I have your permission to call this evening?"
She:—"I shall be very pleased to see you, but don't forget that father insists on lights out at ten o'clock."
He:—"That's very kind of him. I'll be there sharp at ten."

Not to be Repeated

He was a shop-assistant in the act of proposing. "Remember," he said, "this is the last day of this astounding offer."

Up with the Lark.

The trouble with the rising generation is that it rises too late.

Voluminous.

Many a student is kept from his books by a pair of eyes that speak volumes.

Liar.

"Does your husband lie awake at night?"
"Yes—and he tells them in his sleep too."

Tut-tut.

She was just a little sun-kissed Cambridge flapper. She'd been kissed by every son up there.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer.

In the ideal marriage, the wife is a treasure and the husband is a treasury.

Hygienics of Osculation.

"Is it true that kissing's unhealthy?"
"Don't know: I've never been—"
"Kissed?"
"No. Ill."

Not the Engine.

A very nervous man bought a motor-car and a friend asked to be given a lift. They found themselves in a crowded thoroughfare.

The friend said: "Bill, your engine's knocking badly."

"Don't be a fool," was the reply, "That's my knees!"

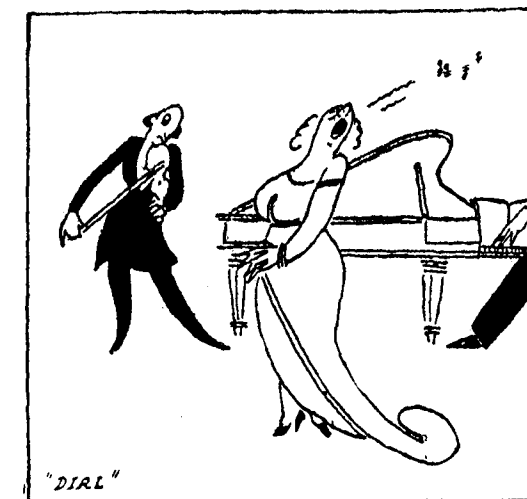
A Matter of Glasses.

The heavy drinker was having trouble with his eyes, so decided to see an oculist.
"Do I require stronger glasses?" he inquired.
"No," replied the oculist. "Fewer."

Help!

"John," said his wife over the telephone, "you must come home at once. I have mixed up the plugs of the vacuum and the radio, and the loud-speaker is sucking all the paper off the walls."

THE MISDIRECTED EYE.



"DIAL"

Violinist:—"The prima donna seems to have a break in her enunciation this evening."
Orchestra Leader:—"Say, keep your eye on your Music."

The Boss's Boss.

Friend:—"Your clerks seem to be in a good humour!"

Merchant:—"Yes, my wife has just been in, and it tickles them to death to see somebody order me about."

The Exact Score.

"He claims his wife was intractable, your honour, so he beat her into subjection with a golf club."

"In how many strokes?" asked the judge with new interest.

Age or Nonage?

Ancient Beau (bravely): "A man is never fonder than he feels. I feel as fresh as a two-year old!"

"Horse or egg?" asked the sweet young thing.

Undoubtedly.

A Jew, whose son was very ill, on returning home one evening, inquired of his wife: "How's poor Ikey, Rachael?"

"Very bad indeed, Abey. He won't take any interest—"

"What?" broke in the husband. "Won't take any interest? He must be dead!"

Fifty-Fifty.

Boxing Instructor:—"That was what they call a half hook."

Pupil (nursing his jaw):—"Well, you can keep the other half."



II

THE PINK CHALK AND THE MIGHTY LOG.

A REFULGENT Moon in full splendour in Taurus with the Sun in Scorpio was the *Karthikai* night, when Rajam first realised the significance of the strange behaviour of her internal economy which heralded the advent of an addition to the family. She never for a moment suspected then that Panchaksharam would be less enthusiastic than herself over the coming event. And when the event did come to pass, on a bright sunny morning and the barber-midwife had made herself sure that the tiny yet lusty new-comer was a girl, Rajam almost fainted with joy, but suddenly recollected that it was a gift from the Gods, after all, and straightaway smote her cheeks in repentant gratitude.

"Make her beautiful! Give her long life! Oh, Devi! My Mother! Take her under your

DANCER

protection! She is your child, not mine!" was the fervent prayer she sent heavenwards.

Devipatam was prepared in a way to receive the news emanating that day from Rajam's house. But Devipatam—at least that part of it which housed Rajam's compeers—had been hoping that Rajam would give birth to a boy. And when Devipatam learnt that Rajam did really get what she had prayed for, its disappointment gave way to wonder and the wonder grew and many were the pious resolutions made that night to emulate Rajam and achieve the multifold ambitions of a life-time.

Panchaksharam was dazed. He couldn't believe that the welcome addition to the family was the work of the Gods—or Goddesses, for that matter. He was proud of his Rajee who had belied the forecasts of his friends and the expectations of her traducees. He was busy going here, there, everywhere, conveying the glad news, canvassing opinion and arranging for help and attendance during Rajam's confinement.

More people than were invited attended the ceremony of cradling and christening the new-born child. Old women, who were experts in forecasting the sapling from the shoot, prophesied that the baby would grow into a beautiful maid. Some praised the baby's shock of raven curls, others the eyes, while still others, the full-red pouting lips.

"How do you account for it?" whispered an old crony to another in a corner. "Rajee is dusky and ugly and as for the Aiyar, he isn't a Mannadha by any means. Where did this little fair one come from?"

"What does it matter?" replied the younger of the two hags, ignorant naturally of Mendelian laws. "Rajee got what she wanted. And the child is beautiful. The ways of Providence are, indeed, inscrutable."

"Ways! Gods! I think all Devipatam is turning God-minded to-day merely because a Dasi who was considered barren, delivered a child. Pshaw!"

"What name are you giving her, Rajee?" asked Mohana of the Mottu street of Rajam.

"She is *Devi-prasad* and she would certainly be called after the Devi," answered Rajam.



"But Tripura-Sundari is such a long name. I suppose you will be calling her Tripuram."

"One never knows," remarked Kamakshi who was the mother of six children, all of them boys. "Our first boy was named Kunjithapatham but all Devipatam calls him Kunju."

"But isn't it usual to give a child three names?" asked a young sweet thing in satin and silk.

Story By Desini
Pictures by Sekar.

"Oh yes!" acquiesced Rajam. "Aiyah wants to call her Dhanam because he already thinks she is a treasure. And my grandmother was called Ponni and we propose adding these names also."

Various were the comments made by the departing crowd of guests, invited and uninvited.

In due time, an astrologer was consulted. His calculations were tedious, he shook his head several times, looked at the ceiling and then at Rajam, keeping her on tenterhooks. When Rajam had almost grown apprehensive, he slapped his thigh and cried, "Excellent!"



"What is excellent?" queried Rajam somewhat relieved.

"Sukra¹ exalted in the 7th house. I wasn't able to fix the *lagnam*² all along. Lord of the 2nd, and 9th houses exalted in the seventh! What more do you want?"

"I don't really know as I don't understand you."

"She will have everything she wants."

"How is her *ayus*³?"

"Like a rock. She will live 70 years."

"Will she be above want?"

"Hm! Princes will grovel at her feet. Riches will flow towards her like a river in full flood. I see such a horoscope only once in twenty years."

Rajam changed her mind and instead of the smallest of silver coins which she had intended to add to the present of betel and cocoanut, made it the biggest of silver coins and placed the presents before the astrologer and prostrated before him.

"*Sarvabhiksha prasatha pala sithirasthu*"⁴ muttered the astrologer, staring at the round piece of glinting silver.

* * *

Forty-one days after the advent of little Devi, Panchaksharam was startled early in the morning at the preparations which his Rajee was making.

"What are you doing?" he asked her.

"I am fit again and to-day, *Aiyah*, I take-up my duties at the temple."

"Don't be silly! You are still weak. Even were you fit, you can't take the child there."

"Why can't I?"

"She is too young. And what will people say!"

"*Aiyah*! Leave people alone. They have said enough already and my Deva has silenced them all. Let me go my way and don't please say a cross word."

And Rajam went to the shrine with the baby in her arms. Spreading a piece of old cloth on the floor in front of the Devi's shrine, she placed her child on the cloth and prostrated thrice. Then, standing up, she smote her cheeks, spread out her hands, and with closed eyes murmured a prayer of heart-felt gratitude.

A temple-servant improvised a cradle by the simple expedient of tying the ends of an old saree to two of the pillars of the *Mantapam* and little Deva, as her mother called her, was swung aloft and was soon slumbering peacefully to the crooning lullaby of Rajam and the gentle swaying of the improvised cradle.

In such an environment did little Devi grow. The southern breeze set the little bells in the *Dwajasthamba*⁵ constantly tinkling to little Devi's wonder-eyed amazement, while conch and drum and the ding-dong of the

temple bell made her kick her heels in the air for sheer joy. As she grew up, she crept and crawled around the Devi's shrine while Rajam was busy ever near at hand, and weary pilgrims halted in their circumambulation to watch this fair child of the *Deva-Dasi*.



Maddu, the bully

The child learned to sit up, to lisp, to walk with faltering steps and each stage in her growth was a veritable wonder to Rajam who pestered Panchaksharam with exaggerated versions of all that the little darling had said or done.

Panchaksharam was worried. Rajam was spending much more than he or she could afford on the child. Gold trinkets, patent foods, frocks with frills and flounces and periodical tributes in cash and kind to the shrine were slowly draining his tiny hoard. And the "ear-ring" ceremony—what a big show his Rajee made of it! And the future career which she was planning for the kid!

Madurai, the old *Nattuvan*⁶, was already frequenting the house and from the discussions which Rajam was having with Madurai, Panchaksharam could see how eager his Rajee was to put her prodigy in training.

"My little Deva must become a gifted songstress and a great dancer. I should like to live to see her dance when the Goddess sits in state during the *Navarathri*⁷ festival," said Rajam to Madurai. But Madurai—Madurai Mudaliar as the Dasi community

called him—had definite opinions on what modern *Davadasis* were capable of in interpreting Bharatha Muni's famous art. Madurai was old, but he had a



.....folded her in his arms.

sound training behind him. He had learnt the art from one of the few *Bharathacharyas* of a village in the Tanjore District. He was well-grounded in the theory and practice of the art. But in a life of three-score years, he found not a single Dasi-girl who would learn the art for the art's sake, or evince an interest in its deeper realities. To all the girls he trained, it was but a routine to be gone through, to qualify themselves for admission to the order of *Devadasis*. The few, that chose it as a profession, were so inept that their art appealed, neither to the plebian nor to the patrician. And *Dasis*, as a class, were gravitating towards the metropolis and were busy becoming permanent and exclusively kept mistresses of moneyed men. They had become neither servants of God nor exponents of the art that coalesced *Bava*⁸, *Raya*⁹ and *Thala*¹⁰ into one harmonious whole.

This state of affairs palled on Madurai. Though he lacked the outer veneer of culture, he was yet, at heart, an enthusiastic artist. He was by no means well-read but he was well-informed. Had he the material, he was confident that he could mould it into shape and turn out the ambition of his life-time—a perfect exponent of the

art of *Nrttya*. But he was sadly disillusioned and such disillusionment and his old age made him somewhat irritable in temper.

He looked long and intently at little Devi, barely four years old. "She will grow into a beautiful woman, undoubtedly. And no beautiful woman, among your class, ever works hard. Dancing, especially the *Nrtta* part of it, is a very exhausting experience. Her voice has potentialities. Perhaps, you could train her to sing. You know I am no good at that. Anyhow, there is time enough. Put her first to school. Let her learn the alphabets. We will decide about the rest later," said Madurai to Rajam.

When little Devi completed her fifth year, she was put to school. And again Panchaksharam had to be silent and dared not express an opinion on the elaborate arrangements made to celebrate the occasion. "Very soon I will be in debt up to the ears. This sort of thing cannot go on," said he to himself but outwardly he approved of the lace-cloth which his Rajee had bought as a present to the school-master.

The school was a miserable thatched shed. Its owner was a poor Brahmin who had an eye on the annual grant-in-aid from the Director of Public Instruction and was satisfied if he had thirty names on the attendance roll. The students, boys and girls, were too poor to pay any fees and their parents commuted the fees and paid in kind—Pumpkins and Brinjals, whenever they had a surfeit of either or both.

"I can't be bringing her to school every day. And *Aiyah* is so busy. What shall we do?" asked Rajam of the school-master, a week after the auspicious day on which her Deva was put to school.

"Oh, I will fix it up, don't you worry. There is Seenu whose parents live only a few doors from your house. I'll ask the boy to escort your child daily to school."

"That is very kind of you, *Vadyar*.¹¹ My child is so timid and shy. You must take special care of her."

"I will."

Seenu was duly appraised of his duty. He didn't like it. He was the son of fairly well-to-do and respectable parents and acting as watch-dog to a Dasi-kid went against the grain. But the teacher was a tyrant and the cane which he handled, hurt like a whip. It was, therefore, with a long face and faltering steps that Seenu called at Rajam's house but Rajam with kind words put him at his ease. She promised to call on Seenu's mother and get her to approve of the boy's action. With sweet words and ingratiating smiles, she entrusted her Deva to Seenu and watched them trip along, hand in hand, up the lane.

Seenu had made up his mind to dislike Devi. One took one's little sister to school or a younger relation. But to escort a Dasi-Girl! Seenu wondered what the rest of the school would say. And he had not to wait wondering, for long. Boys older than he cut ribald jokes; young girls tittered. But the wholesome fear

1 Venus. 2 Ascendant. 3 Span of Life. 4 May you get all that you desire! 5 Flag staff. 6 Instructor of Dancing. 7 Nine nights.

8 Mood. 9 Melody. 10 Time. 11 Teacher.

that Seenu might report them to the teacher kept the crowd of boys and girls in check to some extent. But not so Maddu.

Madhava Rao, or Maddu as he was called, was the fat boy of the village and a bully. The children stood in mortal terror of him. He would pinch them, slap them and shake them and if they dared to complain either to the somnolent master or to their parents, woe betide the complainant! A child who dared to offend Maddu or deny him whatever he asked or disobey his command was made to remember that Maddu's word was law.

It was Maddu who nick-named Devi *Sundal*, as she had a partiality for this dish. And immediately the whole school called Seenu *Vadai* because forsooth "they both go together." Seenu resented the nick-name and he hated Maddu: but Maddu was big and a bully. And the way in which little Devi snuggled close to Seenu when Maddu attempted to bully her, made Seenu's heart beat faster, while impotent rage choked within him.

Little by little, with her winsome ways and childish prattle, Devi won the heart of Seenu. She would offer him part of all the lozenges and biscuits given to her by a doting mother and also the bright copper coins hailing from the same source. But Seenu, with lofty disdain, waved all of them aside. She would then implore and entreat him, threaten to cry and Seenu would condescend occasionally to share her joys, on the sly. As the friendship between these two children grew—the one the child of a Dasi and the other the son of an orthodox well-to-do Brahmin—the school's ribald jokes became broader and more broad. But Seenu was loyal to little Devi and brooked no nonsense from anyone who attempted to annoy or tease her.

* * *

While returning to school after the mid-day meal one day, little Devi tugged at Seenu's shirt. "Come, let us go through the Bazaar street," she pleaded.

"Why? Want lozenges?" asked Seenu.

"No. Come, I'll show you."

Seenu took her to the bazaar street, wondering what she wanted to buy. She fumbled in her pockets and fished out a bright copper coin and with the air of a Marchioness ordering the latest creation of a Paris hat-designer, asked the shop-keeper to show her his box of coloured crayons. The obliging shop-keeper, who knew little Devi and her mother, held out the whole box of assorted colour-crayons and little Devi made her choice after much deliberation. It was a long tapering piece of pink chalk.

Seenu viewed the proceedings with absolute detachment and a little disgust. That a kid, who had not yet learnt to write even the twelve Tamil vowels, should equip herself with a piece of chalk and that too a pink one, seemed to him to be a waste of good money and a sure sign of conceit. He was about to give voice to his opinions in the matter, when Devi held out to him the chalk-piece.

"You can have half of it," she said encouragingly, looking up to him with the coquetry that came so naturally to her.



"Deva, aiyah! She hasn't returned."

"Pocket it!" said Seenu with unnecessary acidity in his voice. "And don't you parade it before the class. If you do, it won't be in your pocket in the evening."

"Why?" cried little Devi alarmed.

"The kids will either snatch it or steal it from you. Hide it!"

With nervous hands, little Devi wrapped up the chalk in a piece of paper which Seenu gave her and tucked it away inside her frock.

To own a nice piece of pink chalk and yet to have to keep it dark, as if it was something loathsome, agitated little Devi's heart very much that day. Half-a-dozen times during the course of the afternoon she was about to ignore Seenu's advice and take out the chalk, to show it to her mates of the infant-standard, but every time she thought better of it and kept quiet. As the day wore on, little by little she told the boys and girls in whispers that she had something wonderful secreted away on her person and that, when school was

over, she would give a private exhibition of the wonderful something to a select audience. The little ones of her class were all agog with excitement. Time seemed to lag with



"I shall go out and see"

loaden heels. Little Devi was nudged, pinched and squeezed to make her hold the exhibition immediately. But she mutely pointed the school-master and the bigger boys and counselled a little patience.

A few minutes before the closing of the school, the teacher sent Seenu out on an errand. There was a parcel of pepper, which the master wanted to be sent to his house and Seenu was entrusted with the duty. After delivering the parcel safely into the hands of his master's wife and after answering all her questions regarding the disposition and indisposition of the members of his family, Seenu remembered that the school would have been closed and that little Devi would be waiting for him. He doubled up and sprinted towards the school. And as he neared the school, he heard Devi shrieking, saw a small crowd outside the school, little children scampering and one of them calling out, "Run, Run, Seenu! Maddu is beating Deva!"

And Seenu gathered speed and reached the fast melting crowd of little children. Devi sprang to his side and he folded her in his arms. Emboldened at the presence of a protector, however weak he was, she

hurled a tornado of abuse at Maddu. Goodness only knows where she learnt the language. Maddu stood transfixed at the string of words issuing like a torrent from so pretty and small a mouth. He was told that cholera would be visiting him soon, that his dead body would be taken in procession between two bamboo poles and placed over a pile of wood which would be set fire to. Inconsequently he was told he would die of cobra-bite. He was called a dog, an ass, and a buffalo. And more would have followed, had not Maddu stopped the flow by a slap on the mouth.

Seenu saw red. He pushed Devi who was clinging to him, aside and with a complete lack of science, punched Maddu's nose. Maddu let out a roar, not so much out of pain but out of his sense of injured dignity. That this weakling should have dared to hit him in the presence of sucklings and toddlers! What a blot on his reputation!

There was still a very small crowd of school children, a little distance away and they were looking on with infinite relish. Maddu charged into them like a mad bull and the crowd took to its heels.

"Now then, my hero!" said Maddu, turning to Seenu and catching him by the tuft of his hair, he whirled him around and threw him violently down.

"You beast! You brute! You pig! You dog! You widows' son!" shrieked little Devi, wringing her hands, tears flowing down her cheeks and her voice choked with grief.

Seenu scrambled to his feet and then things began to happen. What ensued was a most unscientific exhibition of wrestling, boxing and a cat-and-dog fight, where legs and hands, teeth and nails, were freely used to the accompaniment of Devi's shrill voice shrieking invectives. The combatants rolled on the floor, pulled out handfuls of each others hair, punched, pummelled, scratched and spat at each other. The honours were easy with Maddu who had sinew and strength in his frame. Seenu was showing signs of exhaustion and his eyes glinted with cunning and malice. Slowly, yet imperceptibly, he sidled to a position where a stout and handy log of casuarina lay and suddenly darting towards it, he picked it up and brandished it high above his head. Maddu stared at the log and rushed at Seenu to snatch the log out of his hands. But Seenu dived and wielding the log with both his hands struck at Maddu's knees and down rolled Maddu on the ground, emitting a roar of agony.

"You swine!" wailed Maddu. "You have broken my leg!"

"Serve you right!" gasped Seenu "and if you speak another word, I'll break your head!"

"Come Deva, let us get away from this place!" said Seenu, throwing away the log and favouring the groaning Maddu with a final contemptuous squirt of saliva. But women were vain, ever. Little Devi picked up the log and imprinted a rapturous kiss on its knotted surface and making a face at Maddu who was sitting on the ground and hugging his knees, she took

Seenu's hand and followed him, with the log held affectionately close to her.

Avoiding their usual route and the frequented streets, Seenu took her by devious paths through the southern entrance, to the tank inside the temple. On their way, Deva attempted thrice to tell him what a wonderful hero he was, but every time, he asked her to shut-up. On reaching the tank, he bade her sit on the steps and divesting himself of his shirt and *dhoti*, rinsed them in water, dashed them against the steps and squeezing them, spread them on the steps to dry. Cautioning Deva not to leave her place, he entered the water and thoroughly rubbed and cleansed himself and dived and swam like a seal. Refreshed and satisfied that he bore no visible marks on his person of his recent combat, he still dallied in the water, waiting for his *dhoti* to dry. An idea struck him.

"Deva!"

"Yes!"

"Any cash with you?"

"One whole anna!"

"Lend it to me, will you?"

"Come and take it."

"No. You run to Samba Aiyar's shop and buy *Sundal*, *Vadai*, *Murukku* and *Omopodi* and bring them all here. We will eat them while the clothes dry."

"But....."

"But, what?"

"If I get them, will you eat? What will your mother say?"

"I don't mind and nobody will know."

"Alright, I am going. Take care of this log."

"The log? I say! What's the idea in carrying it about?"

"It is God. It saved my life and yours."

"Silly! Get along!"

While little Deva was away, Seenu got out of the water and dried himself on the steps of the tank. And before she arrived with her armful of leaf-packets, he was thoroughly dry and had draped his *dhoti* round his loins. The packets were opened and spread out on the granite steps. The spot was secluded. And while Seenu was about to bite a piece out of the soft *valai*, little Deva held out a warning finger. He looked at her puzzled, as she reached out for the log which she propped up against the steps in front of the packets. Then, with folded hands and closed eyes, she addressed the log thus:

"Oh, God of a mighty log! Saviour of my life and the life of my Seenu hero! Be pleased to eat this *Murukku* and this *Omopodi* and this *Sundal* and this *vadai*! And tomorrow, mighty log, I'll ask mother to give you a grand feast!"

"Stop that rot!" said Seenu. "Tomorrow your mother will throw the log into the hot-water oven! Help yourself! It is getting late."

"But your shirt isn't dry. It may take a long time."

"What happened at the school?"

"The Pig!" said Devi, the back of her hand unconsciously wiping the mouth struck by Maddu.

"Never mind the pig. What really happened?"

"I was showing the chalk to Meenu and Koma..."

"I told you not to...."

"...And all the others came too...to see...Maddu was attracted by the crowd and some one told him about the chalk. He wanted to see it, but I had hidden it inside my frock on seeing him. I said I had no chalk with me and he threatened to tear my frock and find out for himself. He shook me and I abused him. Then—then—you came—" Tears welled in her eyes.

"There! There! Don't start crying! It is all over now."

"I want some water."

"Come with me and don't tumble into the tank."

They went to the water's edge and cupping their hands drank enough water to slake their thirst. Seenu's shirt was still wet. They sat on the steps of the tank and little Deva offered to tell him a story to while away the time.

For the seventeenth time, Rajam went to the front-door of her house and looked up the lane for the familiar sight of her Deva and Seenu returning from school. It was late and yet there was no sign of her Deva. Even if the children had gone to play inside the temple, as they would occasionally, it was time for their return. She was getting worried. She changed her saree and sallied out. She went to Seenu's house and was told that the boy had not returned. She next proceeded to the temple-grounds but as it was dark, there was not a soul anywhere near the grounds where children usually played. She proceeded to the school and found the shed shut and locked. She was getting alarmed and stories of how fair children were coveted and kidnapped by gypsies came poignantly to her memory. She hastened to the temple, looking for Panthaksharam. Someone told her that he had gone to her house. She returned to her house and seeing her worried face, Panthaksharam asked her what was troubling her.

"Deva, *Aiyah!* She has not returned from school."

"Is that all? The child must be playing somewhere."

"But it is so late!"

"Has that boy Seenu returned?"

"No. I went to his house and his mother told me that he too hasn't returned."

"If that be so, you needn't worry yourself."

(Continued on page 713)

THE NATTHANAR

(RITA)

Among the Tamil South-Indian Brahmin community, a girl's husband's sister is called the Natthamar. Next to the Mother-in-law, the Natthamar is the person most-dreaded by young and old wives alike. Much has been written about the Mother-in-law, in the East as well as in the West. The Natthamar is an equally fertile theme and Rita handles it in his inimitable style.—*Editor*.



"beast of burden."

the skeleton in the closet of the hen-pecked husband, the Achilles' heel of the bread-winning autocrat and cent per cent he-man, and in short, the hostage held by your wife for your uniform good behaviour!

Much has been written of mothers-in-law, mostly from the comic or tragi-comic point of view. They have been the last refuge of elephantine jokers and defective humorists. But the Natthamar is such an integral part of the spiritual equipment of the mother-in-law, that the more I reflect upon this divinely ordained conjunction, the more am I amazed that it has so far received little or no notice. It is a singular oversight on the part of the genus, writer; and I, therefore, venture to repair the omission to the best of my ability, trusting that my pioneering example will inspire more competent observers to supplement my researches.

In the first place, every woman born into our world is, *ipso facto*, destined to become a wife. But my enquiries have revealed the sensational fact that the privilege of becoming a Natthamar is reserved only to those who have brothers born before or after them. If you specialise in girls alone, you expose your daughters to the tender mercies of possible Natthamars, without providing any compensation for them in the shape of opportunities for themselves playing the Natthamars in their turn. On the other hand, if your spouse is of the Lady Macbeth type—capable of bringing forth men-

children only—you will thereby be providing a gratuitous safeguard for certain fortunate girls who will come into your family by marriage. If parents had any choice in the matter, I'm sure they would insist that their offspring should have 'Responsibilities with proper Safeguards!'

Your life with your sister or sisters naturally falls into three well-marked periods. In childhood, she is your beast of burden, your maid-of-all-work, and your only temptation to play the bully. In the second stage, you wake up one fine morning to find that she has become more famous and important than yourself. A tender bloom irradiates her slight figure, a world of fugitive mystery peeps out of her timid and down-cast looks, and she becomes the cynosure of appraising, match-making eyes. She reaches the summit of her brief eminence on her wedding-day when she is enveloped in an atmosphere of tender nothings whispered into her ears by the expansive solicitude of maternal sympathy. It is then only that you realise your earlier *gaucherie* in subjecting her to odious epithets. Not only does she secure her manumission from your thralldom; but she forces you to a shame-faced realisation of your past unnumbered brutalities. Because another man has come to claim her, your respect for her goes up, from a discount to a premium, and you endeavour to make up for your past callousness by an affectation of exaggerated complaisance. Then she goes away, and returns periodically or intermittently, for 'interesting' reasons, which progressively become less and less interesting.

The third stage synchronises with the consummation of your own domestic happiness. On that auspicious occasion, she re-enters your life in a more spectacular fashion. The ceremonial part of the function is not deemed complete until she has re-inforced your knot by one of her own. She has the prerogative of decking out the bride in her trousseau, and gets paid for it on a scale which is nicely determined with reference to the greatest common factor of the varying status of your father, your father-in-law and her husband. She is also the mistress of a ceremonial procession, called after her, the *Natthangolam*.

From this point onwards, you are expected to assist in her canonisation, even while alive. This is the esoteric purpose underlying the injunction laid on you to perform at suitable intervals a ceremony called the *Mangalipondugal*. This, I need not point out to the enlightened victims among my readers, is a relic of anthropomorphism still lurking in the calendar of Hindu feasts and festivals. The idea is to invoke the tutelary protection of by-gone generations of maiden sisters in the family. The propitiation takes the form of

presents made to their living and married representatives. If the sister is poor, your clear duty is to keep her in clothes for her natural existence. If she is better off than you, she will still insist on her privilege, even if she has to advance the money for the purpose herself. The question may well be asked, 'What, then, becomes of the duty of the man who has married your sister?' He will, if he has any sense of form, do likewise by his sister. There are, as already hinted, cases where the performance of this duty becomes unilateral. If you happen to be one of the exceptions so much the worse for you. For, while you pay, willingly or unwillingly, your wife will see to it that your action is denuded of every grace and every virtue. It is not that she grudges the expense, but the consciousness that she has no brother who can do similarly by her. This is a natural feeling, and must be scrupulously respected.

This leads me to consider that pair of antinomies—the *Natthanar* and the *Mathani*, or more endearingly, the *Manni*. The opposition between them is fundamental. From the sister's point of view, the *Manni* must be eternally grateful, *inter alia*, to her, for having obtained a husband far above her deserts. She feels that she has a legitimate right to extend her proprietary sway over the brother to the brother's wife and children. She has the advantage over the wife of sharing with her brother a world of pre-nuptial memories from which the wife is excluded, by the very nature of the case. She can, and often does, devastate the adoring wife by reminiscences of her brother calculated to reveal him in odious or ludicrous lights. Above all, she either forgets, or will not remember, the disparity between the callow youth who bullied her, and the self-important, flourishing and well-placed individual getting on in the world as a superior official or a rising lawyer.

From the wife's point of view, she has to suffer the perpetual mortification of being shut out of their endless, and oftentimes, apocryphal juvenilia. There is the gradual realisation of the unpalatable fact that in the process of gaining a husband, her very existence as an independent entity is wellnigh threatened. She justly feels that she did not contract to marry the *Natthanar* in marrying her brother. All that pertains to the sister-in-law is to her an anachronism. Her counsels are not solicited, and where solicited or offered, are subject to a foreign veto. She, therefore, snaps up unconsidered trifles with which to feed the embers of a smouldering fire, and sullenly disapproves of the *Natthanar* and all her works.

One of the minor cataclysms to which you can expose yourself is to invite your sister to make a longish stay with you. In the greener stages of your married experience, your wife joins you, with unthinking enthusiasm, in extending the invitation. The first few days of gushing tenderness on both sides are soon over; and then begins the tug-of-war. The scene of hostilities is very generally the kitchen department. Whether you have a cook or not, you are in for trouble of one kind or other. If you have a cook, your sister will, more often than not, compromise her own dignity and that of your wife, by offering to do the kind of work for which cooks are created. Her excessive officiousness springs from the

laudable desire to please the *Manni*. If, on the other hand, she lolls about, and expects the cook to attend to her requirements also, it puts the wind up the cook; from thence it is wafted to the wife who raises a storm out of it. She suddenly becomes seized by a demoniacal fury of superfluous activity, scrubs the floor, washes the vessels and spring-cleans the kitchen and the pantry about thrice in two days. The sister very properly takes it as a declaration of war, and dissolves into tears. These things are not brought to your notice directly; but you perceive the drift of events with a sort of sixth sense. You cannot afford to take sides. The one was born with you; while the other was apparently born for you! You develop a surprising clarity of vision, realise that much might be said on both sides, and manage with indifferent success to keep silent.

A further complication arises when there are children on both sides. There are no more unconsciously virulent peace-breakers in a family than children. I don't wonder that the Kingdom of God has made such little progress during the last 2000 years, because the belief that it is entirely made of these innocent belligerents must act as a deterrent on the disillusioned minds of peace-lovers. They rouse in adult breasts passions of the darkest hue, and bring about domestic tragedies unrelieved by the solvent power of pity. Two factors are responsible for this undesirable state of things. Every parent thinks that he or she alone brings up children according to method and plan, while others allow them to run wild, and grow anyhow. There is further a democracy among children which refuses to recognise not only inter-parental partialities and aversions, but also the subtle gradations in precedence that exist among their elders. The maternal eye, sharper than that of the lynx, notes with exultation or humiliation the varying fortunes of a puerile feud. All the grown-ups are drawn into the vortex, and all of them unanimously turn their wrath upon the little ones.

Finally, as we all know, the visit must come to an end, like all the good things of this world. Letters are exchanged, the date is fixed, and a halcyon calm once more descends on the household. The sister and the wife conspire and prove to you that they can recapture the fine careless rapture of their first meeting, by once more lapsing into the luscious tenderness of their first encounter. And then they take leave of one another through a mist of tears, eloquently testifying to their sadness or relief at parting,—who can say? For your part, you leave your sister in the train, and come back vowing in your mind never more to invite her! This is one of those resolutions which are kept till—the next time!

I do not wish to end on a too serious note. Otherwise, I should have considered the consequences of the triune conjunction or the triangular opposition in one and the same house, of three such major planets like the mother-in-law, the daughter-in-law and the sister-in-law. There ought to be a place for every one of them, and every one of them should be in her place. I have no enemies; but even had I any, to the worst of them, I would not wish the catastrophe of such a combination.



.....goes in looking like Robinson Crusoe.



NCE, every month, I have to answer the momentous question: "Where should I go for a hair-cut?" The problem is complicated by the fact that there are few Indian hair-cutting saloons in Madras. There are "Singapore Hair-cutting Saloon," "French Hair-dressing Saloon," "Rangoon Hair-dressers," and "American Hair-cuts," by the dozen, the rest being mere "Hair-cutting Saloons"—indefinite, characterless, colourless. A patriot like myself (one who uses "Nehru Tooth Paste," "Gandhi Asafotida," "Malaviya Socks" and things of that sort) naturally feels denationalised when he decides to patronise a foreign saloon. But, as Polonius said, in his advice to his son, "the hair-cut oft proclaims the man"—or words to that effect. The bitter pill has to be swallowed.

Last week I stifled my patriotism for the hundredth time and entered the shop of Mr. Ha Hi, Chinese hair-dresser, in Broadway. It is one of those swell places where one goes in looking like Robinson Crusoe and comes out beaming like Harold Lloyd.

The proprietor floodlit me with a broad smile from a face like a Dutch cheese.

"A hair-cut," said I.

The cheese nodded.

"A class, B class?"

"A," I replied, inflating my chest.

"This way, please," said the Celestial, leading me through a swing-door into a little room full of mirrors, hair-oil bottles, face-cream pots, powder tins and tobacco smoke. The Sanctum!

: TWO : LUPEES

A TONSORIAL
ADVENTURE

(P. P. SAMUEL)

Most of us have had a hair-cut but have suffered in silence. The Knight of the Razor has usually done all the talking but P. P. Samuel here tries to get a bit of his own back.
Editor.



.....comes out beaming like Harold Lloyd.

"Long-medium-short?" asked the cheese.

"Medium," I answered, automatically, with a thrill of honest pride to see that the proprietor was preparing to cut my hair himself. It was a rare privilege!

While Ha Hi went on with the work—clipping a tuft here, combing a bit there, and occasionally stepping back to look at his handiwork through his narrow Mongolian eyes—I studied my face from various angles in the dexterously arranged mirrors. It was restful to find that I was not unhandsome when looked at from a certain angle. Thirty degrees to the right of the rudder seemed to be the angle of maximum vantage and I decided to give my photographer the benefit of the revelation.

Ha Hi brought me back abruptly from my photographer by the simple process of digging the point of his scissors into the scalp.

"I cut your sides like Prince of Wales?" he crooned.

"No," said I, firmly. "Give me a touch of Ramon Novarro about the sides and back."

"Sur?"

"I said Ramon Novarro."

"Ha Hi not know him."

"Very well, Edward Albert Christian George Andrew Patrick David, then."

"Ha Hi not know him."

"That's your Prince of Wales, my man."

"Prince of Wales? Inglis Prince of Wales? That maaan?" He indicated a picture on the wall with the legend, "Our Charming Prince."

I nodded like a Mandarin.

"Yes," said he, "Prince naish hair-cut. His hair-dresser Chinaman."

Having thus added a new chapter to Chinese History, he fell to work with a will.

Half an hour was up.

"Shampoo?" said the cheese. "Prince of Wales always shampoo."

"That settles it," said I. "A shampoo."

He rolled up his sleeve, thrust my face violently into a basin, and turned a wicked jet of steaming water on to my head.

"Stop!" I yelled, sending a copious spray of boiling water from my mouth.

"Open de pores," said he, with Chinese nonchalance, strengthening the jet and giving my poor scalp such a vigorous rub that I thought he was trying to murder me in orthodox Chinese style. It was followed by a generous daub of soap and a massage so frightfully vigorous that all the pores opened out at once! If my ears weren't so full of soap, I could, perhaps, have heard them spring open.

He then opened another tap and sent a merciless shower of ice-water on the boiled crown.

"Stop!" I yelled.

"Dandruff," said he, fetching a brush and working away, deep down among the roots. Each bristle dug into the scalp viciously. It was far more stiff than camel's hair—probably it was Chinaman's hair!

I saw daggers, knives, pistols—it was like walking right into the opening chapters of an Edgar Wallace

novel. Not even a schoolmaster had ever taken such liberties with my head. But I felt helpless, as Jack might have felt, if the giant had caught him in his prodigious paw.

Three or four resounding slaps on the crown with his half-acre palm concluded the process of torture. He then threw three buckets of water over my head and pulled himself up with the air of a man who had done his job neatly.

"Face massage?" he asked.

"My face is g-g-good enough for me as it is," I snapped, trying my best to control my emotions.

"Those wrinkles?"

"Leave them as they are."

"Hair clean? Face clean?"

"No. What's the bill?"

"Bill? Two rupees."

I hesitated a moment but then thought of the tremendous lot of foot-pounds he had spent on my head. He had, no doubt, earned his fee.

He pocketed the two rupees and gave me a profound bow.

"John Chinaman know his job," said he. "Ask the Prince of Wales." And he gave me another genuine Chinese bow.

A last glance at my image in the mirror to make sure that my head was sitting as it should and I stalked out of the swing-door with the modest pride of a man who has had an expensive hair-cut—and a Shampoo!



"Ramoo is ready to receive the punishment of sinners."

RAMOO, THE REPRESENTATIVE

(M. KRISHNASWAMI.)



JUST as poets are born and not made, representatives, according to my conviction, are born and rarely made. My friend, Ramoo, is a born representative. In the days of his infancy, he ought to have represented Saturn and Satan, as he was invariably addressed by those planetary appellations by his parents. In his school days, he represented, I believe, the chivalrous and gallant Monkey Lord, 'Anjaneya', as he was usually honoured with the nickname 'Double Tail' by both the masters and his class-mates. Later on, in his high school days, he represented the absentees of his class when attendance was recorded. Whether it was Krishnaswami, Ramaswami, Venkoba Rao, Mahomed Hussain or Emmanuel or any X for that matter, notwithstanding the conspicuous absence of the person called, out would issue the ready response of "Here, Sir" from the mouth of Ramoo to all these calls, in different tones, suiting the caste, colour or creed of the person represented. Further, he represented his class-mates on chosen occasions

in the class-examinations in lieu of some financial assistance. Fortunately or unfortunately, he was neither detected nor looked for any of these lapses.

His school days over, he was duly declared 'Not Eligible' for entry into the portals of the University buildings and Ramoo's career—if he was really destined to have one—had to be chalked out. His never-failing representative instinct came to his aid. His only doubt was what to represent, whom to represent, where, when and how to represent. Any one else, placed under similar circumstances, would have represented the critical position to the Almighty. But to Ramoo, difficulties and troubles were of no account. He had heard of commercial travellers and Insurance Representatives proudly claiming that they represented such and such a company Ltd., of Madras, Bombay or Calcutta, as the case may be. Ramoo wanted a wide field to pick and choose.

As an experiment, he represented the several witness-signatories to documents produced for registration



A CINEMA NIGHT

An Experiment in Modern Verse

*A Talkie show, a modern maid,
A handsome boy, no sister strid,
Two straps of silk on shoulders white,
As pure as milk, a comely sight,
Gossamer tulle of texture thin,
She looks so cool,—movies begin,
A strain on strap, a shoulder leave,
A squeeze, a snap,—"Good Gracious Eve!"*

G. V.

The Merry Magazine

and thus made his appearance frequently felt in the local Sub-Registrar's office. He represented the fictitious personalities of Krishna Pillai, Subbier, Raman Chetty etc., but later on, found this job too precarious to be permanent.

Subsequently, he represented one of those reputed—so they say—Insurance Companies. Of course, he took this work purely as a matter of social and humanitarian service. He worked for the Company without any remuneration whatsoever except that he utilised the first premia collected, towards his imaginary travelling and other incidental expenses. But an ungrateful company, instead of appreciating his zeal and enthusiasm towards this piece of noble and laudable work to the public at large and to the benefit of the company, began to entangle him in civil litigation and he had to abandon the job to avoid further persecutions.

But why describe all the jobs held by Ramoo in his representative capacity? Somehow or other, he did not stick to any of them.

Finally, Ramoo says there is only one class of people whom he has not yet represented and Ramoo has definite ideas on the subject. He proposes representing the sinners of the world before God Yama in the next world and receive punishments on their behalf in consideration of a nominal fee. The perils involved in this dreadful task may better be imagined than described. There are sinners in this world—to err is human—and punishment of a terrific nature awaits them. A red hot iron passed through their hearts or an equally red hot iron pillar to be embraced, perhaps and it is no small sacrifice, indeed, on the part of Ramoo to receive the punishment of these sinners but it is his representative instinct that emboldens him to bear the ordeal. What offers? Ramoo is ready?

If's in Indian History, I.



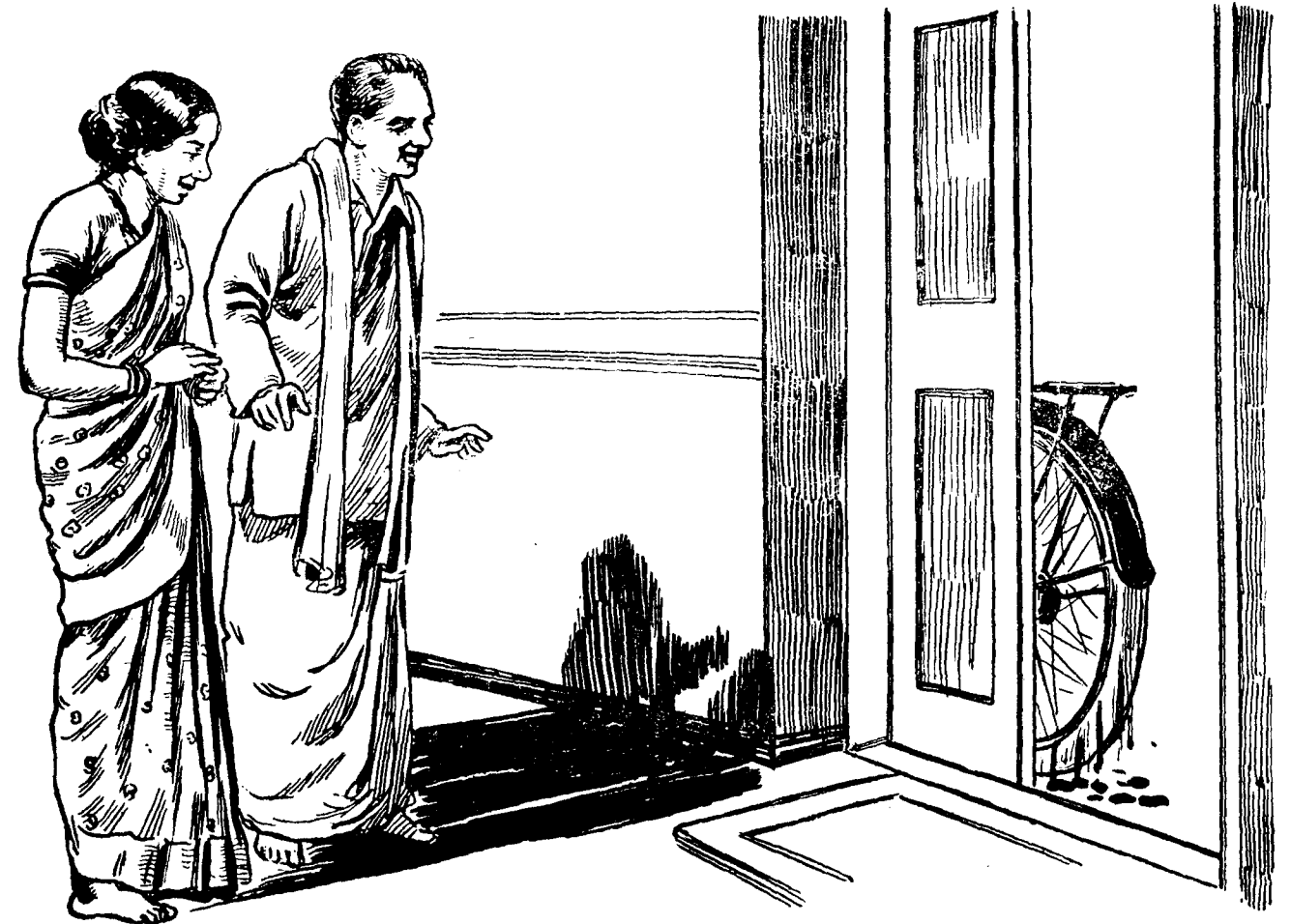
If Charlie Chaplin had appeared before the Mogul Court.

(B. KESAR SINGH, AMATEUR ARTIST.)

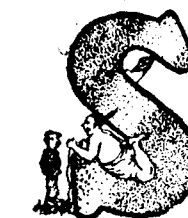
RAMAN OILS THE BICYCLE

(N. S. PILLIEUX)

There are Handy Andies outside Ireland and it is just N. S. Pillieux's luck that he gets one for a servant. But N. S. P. has an angelic temper.—*Editor.*



".....what do you think we saw?"



ERVANTS come and servants go; but the only difficulty is to commit to memory the name of the new incumbent, and erase therefrom the names of the predecessors. This may, no doubt, appear an easy proposition on paper; but, believe me, in actual life, one often finds it a bit trying, this committing to memory new names every four or five times during the short space of a month, particularly so, if the names happen to be long and out-of-the-way ones. I have, no doubt, that some of you get over this difficulty by calling your servant 'boyee' or by the vernacular equivalents thereof; but,

believe me, your servant, in his heart of hearts, resents being so called. Susila—the member in charge of the portfolio of my 'home' affairs—and I, put our heads together, and finally evolved an ingenious plan, to overcome this difficulty. The servant's name problem stands solved, once for all. We decided to call our servant, (notwithstanding and irrespective of whatever high-sounding, obscure name his parents might have bequeathed to him, soon after his nativity) by the convenient and easily remembered name of Raman, and to demand, as the *sine qua non* of his entering service, that he should answer to the above name, so long as he remains 'in harness.'

The present 'Raman' has been 'on' for the last two months, and has, therefore, set up a new record for 'endurance'; in fact, he broke the former one, long ago, to be exact, on the eighth day of his arrival. Before his advent, I remember to have to put up with a host of new ones, (of course, all of them Raman's) one by one, and one after another, carrying any number of credentials, letters of introduction, conduct certificates, and so on and so forth; but, none of them had stayed for more than a week, the average duration of stay; Susila computed, (of course, she is very quick at figures) to be slightly less than four days per servant. Unfortunately, all of them, without exception, appeared to suffer from varying degrees of Kleptomania.

The present incumbent, however, has come to stay. I think he would stick on to me like glue, and continue sticking on to me, "till death do us part." He was caught from the wilds on the outskirts of Malabar, and sent up to me by my kind and well-meaning brother, (on receiving an S. O. S. from me) with the laconic remark, that he would never leave me of his own free will. He is the very embodiment of all the fine qualities you expect your servant to be endowed with—faithful, honest, industrious, obedient, and you may add any number of select adjectives,—he is all that to a fault. But,—there happens to be an inevitable 'but' in all these cases—there is just one difficulty. Though Nature, they say, abhors a vacuum, the partial Dame had, how-

ever, made an exception in his case, so that his 'upper storey' is a perfectly vacuous space. Intelligence, commonsense, power of judgment and reasoning and all the connected mental processes are conspicuous by their entire absence.

Soon after his entering 'service,' I remember I asked him to 'oil' my bicycle one afternoon, while Susila and myself went out for a bit of shopping. When, eventually, we returned home, what, do you think, we saw? The whole bicycle was literally dripping with oil. The frame, the handle-bars, the pedals, the mud-guards and with the possible exception, perhaps, of the tubes, the whole machine was besmeared with a liberal coating of gingelli oil. Even the brand new Terry's Saddle, and the perfectly innocuous appendage, hanging behind it,—the tool bag I mean—had come under his purview. And the perpetrator of this 'fell deed' (or practical joke?) was standing at a respectable distance, with his arms folded across his breast in the correct orthodox style, eagerly scanning my face 'to read satisfaction thereon.'

Can you guess what I did? Here is a poser for you. Thrashed him?—no; kicked him?—certainly not; scolded him?—wrong again. I merely laughed—Susila also joined me—laughed—and finally, we both roared with laughter, while the embarrassed Raman kept looking on at us with a Keatonesque expression on his face.

The Obstacle that Stuck



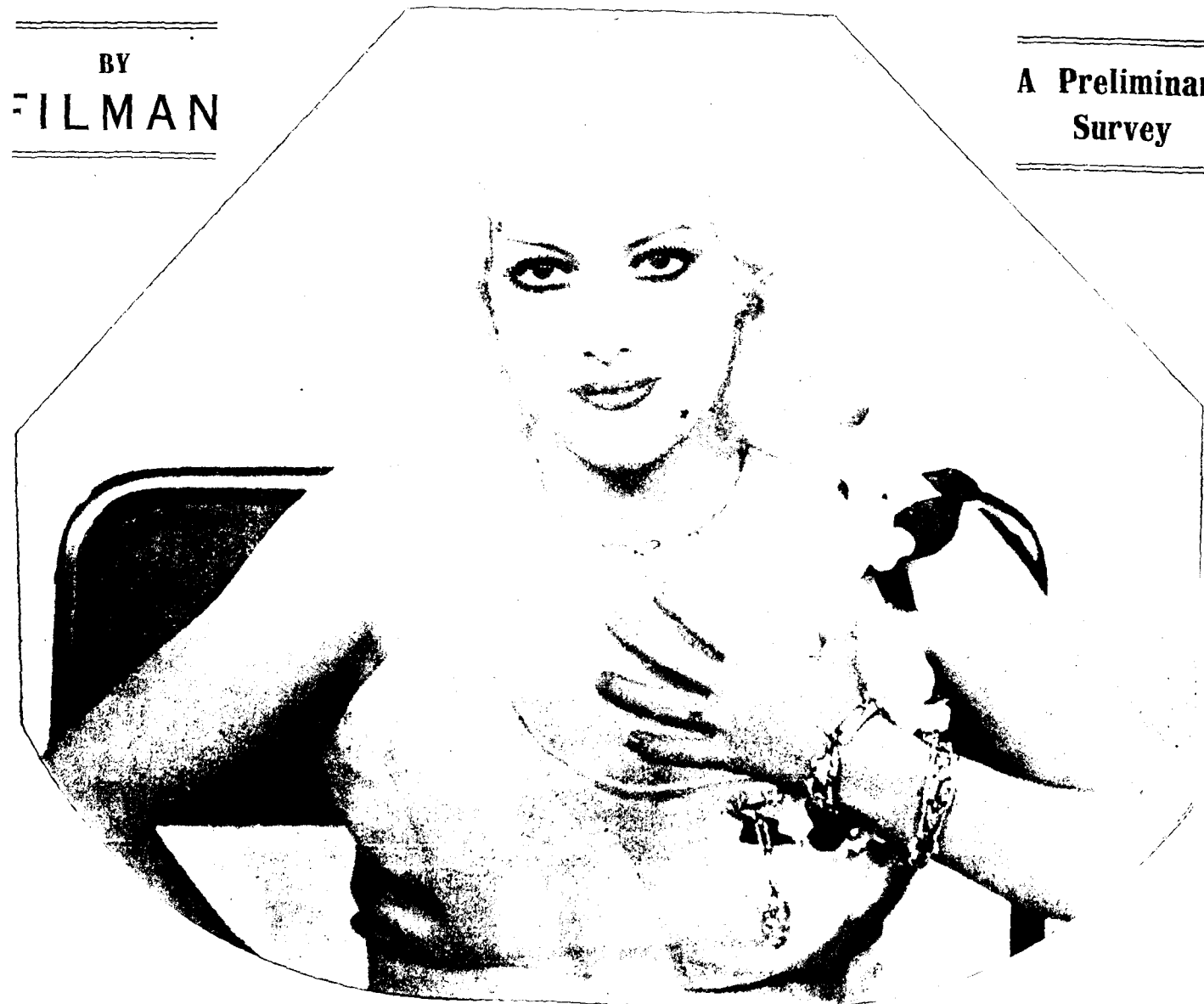
Wife:—Why! What! What is the matter?

Husband:—I.....I.....was a Competitor in the obstacle race and this blasted thing wouldn't come off. The judges put me in a lorry and sent me home.

THIS FILM BUSINESS!

BY
FILMAN

A Preliminary
Survey



Joan Crawford



RDERS are orders. I am not referring to the film which Gaumont British recently made under this title for which they imported an American actor, though paradoxically, at the same time, they were contemplating the replacing of an otherwise satisfactorily working American recording machine in their studio by one of British make, in their patriotic enthusiasm. The orders, I refer to, are the editorial orders of this Magazine. The Editor's fiat has gone forth that there shall be a supplement to this issue of the Merry Magazine, and, whatever you might do with the orders of other persons, you can

disobey editorial mandates only at your peril; for editors are dangerous people, at least so in India, if you consider the numerous regulations which our Government issues from time to time for the proper regulation of the Press.

This film business is a curious thing, indeed. Everything about it is so interesting. It has a peculiar charm that appeals to every body and in every place. In fact, it looks as though it has usurped one of the attributes of God Himself, His omniscience. Take any other art or science, for films partake of the characteristics of both, and you find that the number of people on whom the motion picture casts its spell runs into many millions;

whereas the interest which other arts excite is confined at best only to a few thousands. Such is the universal



Greta Garbo

popularity of this new form of telling the world and recreating events and about this aspect alone, many a strange story can be told.

Then, there is its beginning, the early discoveries that ultimately resulted in motion pictures as we know them, which are no less marvellous than their universal popularity. Here again our old friend, Aristotle comes in. I wonder if there is any subject on which Aristotle has not said something. It was he who observed that a hole, illuminated by the sun, cast a spot of light on the wall in a darkened room and that hole in the wall of a darkened room in Hellas was ultimately to become the marvellous camera, which has made motion pictures possible. Then, again, there is the discovery of Eadweard Muybridge who found that a series of photographs, made one at a time but run through a machine afterwards, created an illusion of motion, which, by constant repetition, has become the supreme classical wonder of all motion picture history. Now the scene changes and we come to more modern times and there stands before us that wizard Edison with his marvellous discoveries, which ultimately made talking pictures possible.

If I leave all these things for the moment and confine myself to the early attempts of motion picture pioneers, some of whom are living to-day, this affords no less interesting matter. There can be no more romantic story than the rise and growth of the motion

picture industry. Starting from humble beginnings, it grew to be one of the most important industries in the whole world, employing a capital of two and a half billion dollars with approximately 250 million cinema-goers every week throughout the world. About 25,000 miles of film—enough to girdle the globe—pass through the American film exchanges every day. Details of such gigantic growth cannot but be of absorbing interest.

Then, there are the big noises of film den D. W. Griffith, who made epoch-making



Charlie Chaplin

contributions to the growth of the film as an art by the introduction of parallel action and such devices as close up, fade in and fade out; whose production "The Birth of a Nation" turned in 15 million dollars as gross receipts and who refused 50,000 dollars to direct a picture as too little; Adolph Zukor, Samuel Goldwyn and Jesse Lasky and Cecil B. de Mille, whose business acumen and producing abilities have converted what was a penny entertainment into an art of arts—each one of these would be an ideal subject for a series of interesting articles.

Then, there are those who take part in the films as actor and actresses, a subject of perennial interest to film-goers throughout the world. Even the minutest details of their lives and habits have been set down in print by the representatives of 250 journals, who have made Hollywood their headquarters and yet the world never seems to be satiated with the information it gets. I can write reams about your particular stars: of the glamorous Garbo whom millions see on the

screen but who prefers to live a secluded life either by design or by temperament, Marlene Dietrich who has achieved renown, via her legs but has kept it by marvellous performances in each of her pictures, Norma Shearer who has developed into a star who is the last word in slick sophistication, Joan Crawford, who, though born in the most unfavourable circumstances, has by tenacity of purpose achieved a universal popularity, which many crowned heads might envy, and above all that whimsical figure with baggy trousers, big shoes, and small moustache and the inevitable cane to whom enormous wealth and worldwide popularity have not given that contentment which mendicants have found. And, then, there are the proverbial Hollywood marriages and divorces which have recently assumed an importance all their own. It is said that marriages might be decreed in heaven but they are intended to be broken in Hollywood. The affairs of the heart of the stars and the fabulous sums of money that some of them make have always proved of uncommon interest to many in the world. The meteoric rise to fame of



Cecil B. De Mille

some of the stars and their equally abrupt downfall will afford much scope for musing if you are philosophically inclined. Further, there are the marvels of the picture making itself, how an idea is worked out at the various conferences till it finally emerges as a film to be exhibited throughout the world, the shooting itself with its own code of direction, the technical processes involved in providing this entertainment for the million and how they take a man and turn him

into a monster.

And so I might go on *ad infinitum*; but I'll stop here now. Meanwhile, I trust I have succeeded in giving you some idea of the magnitude and scope of this wonderful thing called the Cinema.

They say that

Contrary to general reports, Greta Garbo has *not* signed a long-term contract with a Hollywood studio. She has agreed to do only two more pictures, and she is being paid a King's ransom for each.

Greta has informed certain Swedish friends that she will positively return to Europe, never again to come back to Hollywood, when her two pictures are completed.

Although Marlene Dietrich has departed from Europe and has publicly declared that she has finished with motion pictures, her fans need not be dismayed.

Marlene will return to Hollywood in September, so she told her dentist before her departure. More startling news. She has signed on with Paramount again for two pictures and Josef Von Sternberg will direct both.

JOAN CRAWFORD sometimes does the nicest things! For instance she is always most gracious to her studio friends. She knows the birthday of every person who



Marlene Dietrich

has played in her pictures, and on the proper dates she

always sends flowers or suitable gifts.

May Robson was thrilled to receive a basket of flowers from Joan on her recent birthday, and Jackie Cooper is still raving about Miss Crawford's Easter present.

JEAN HARLOW is a typical "summer girl," in that every year she learns how to swim—and each year a handsome youth is her teacher.

Johnny Weissmuller is the lucky fellow. Jean has a wonderful pool on her new estate and there she and Johnny have spent many hours. Under his skilled guidance the platinum blonde is developing into a water nymph; until next year when she'll have to be taught again!

LORETTA YOUNG was lamenting the fact that the studios have never been satisfied with her as Nature made her.

"When I first entered the movies," wailed Loretta, "they padded my figure to make me look older. Now that I have grown up, they dress me and arrange my hair to make me look like a child again."

GRETA GARBO caused a sensation when she visited the Paramount Studio to preview Marlene Dietrich's new picture.

Sensation! Katharine Hepburn and Doug Fairbanks, Jr., seem to enjoy each other's company more than a little. Report says that Henry Garat and his wife had a possibly serious quarrel enroute to Paris.

And reports of further serious difficulties between Adolphe Menjou and Kathryn Carver make the continuance of their marriage more problematical than ever.

It would be cruel to mention his name, but one of Hollywood's best known leading men has become very brave of late. There is a reason and I don't mean grapes.

This chap has employed a body-guard, a giant of a man who was once a professional heavyweight prize-fighter. Now the actor wanders about town picking trouble with people. When his nagging brings an offer to fight, the leading man calls his henchman in to play.

The one drawback to such fighting-by-proxy is that some day that guard might be ill. A number of the leading man's "friends" are awaiting such an occasion.

"Professor A. Emilio D'Argenzio, a film researcher, claims to have perfected a method whereby films can be thrown on the screen in broad daylight or in a brightly lighted theatre with better results than are now possible in a darkened one."

Boris Karloff refuses to be invisible in "The Invisible Man."

Jack La Rue is the latest candidate for the Rudolph Valentino role in Paramount's talkie version of "Blood and Sand" shortly to be made.



"Betty"

THE JOKE IS NOW ON US!

The Wrong Heading.

The mayor of a provincial town resigned his office owing to business calls elsewhere. A few days afterwards, he rushed into the office of the local newspaper and demanded to see the editor. When shown into the great man's room, he shouted, "You think you are funny, don't you?" "No," said the editor, "Not intentionally; why?" "Well," exclaimed the ex-mayor, "I suppose you know I've resigned?" "Yes," said the editor, "and I notified it in my last issue." "I know you did," roared his irate visitor. "But, why the blazes did you put it under the heading of 'Town Improvements'?"

Too Young!

Editor:—"You say that this joke is quite original?"

Joke Purveyor:—"Oh, yes, quite!"

Editor:—"That's strange. You don't look more than thirty!"

He was Sorry.

Office Boy (to Editor):—"A man called when you were out, sir, and said he'd called to shoot you."

Editor:—"Oh, indeed, and what did you say?"

Boy:—"I said I was sorry you weren't in, sir."

Underwear.

The editor of a paper, commenting on the death of a lady, said that "he feared that her husband would not be able to bear her demise," and his compositor put it that "he feared her husband would not be able to wear her chemise."

Saved by the Post Office.

A very young spring poet sent some verses to a magazine. They were entitled, "Why do I live?" The editor replied as follows: "You live just because you happened to send your poem by post, instead of bringing it yourself."

The Proper Treatment.

A man asked the editor of a country newspaper how he should treat sick bees. "With respect," was the

Verse and Reverse.

Poet:—"So, you think, I should put fire into my verse?"

Editor:—"My dear sir, quite the reverse!"

Always First with the News.

A newspaper announced the death of Mr. John Jones, who, however, turned out to be alive. The next day the following note appeared in the paper: "Yesterday this newspaper was the first to report the death of Mr. John Jones. To-day this newspaper is the first to deny the report. 'The Morning Star' always leads with the news."

Name and Address Wanted.

A man wrote to the paper:—"Dear Editor, I am in love with a very plain girl, while a very pretty girl with lots of money wants to marry me. What shall I do?"

The answer came:—"Marry the one you love, by all means, and send me the

name and address of the other."

Boil it down.

The reporter returned from the interview. "Well," said the editor, "What did the eminent statesman say?" "Nothing." "Well, then, keep it down to a column."

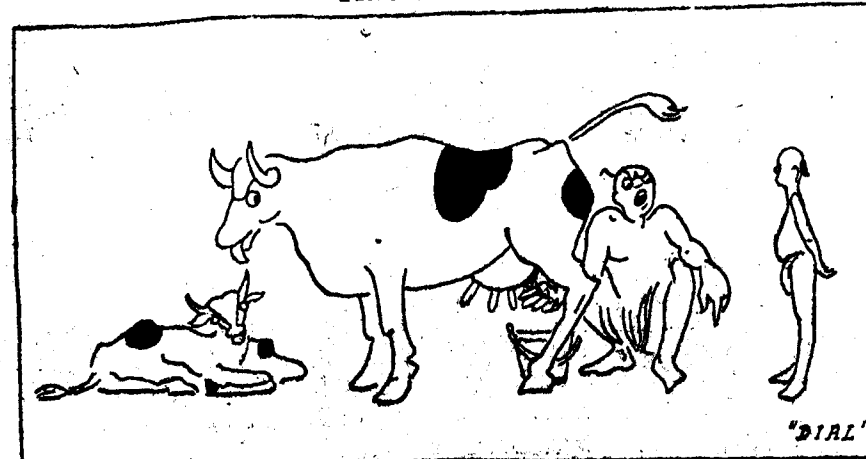
R. I. P.

The editor, after giving a reporter a lecture on wasting space, received the following: "Bill Smith struck match to see if any petrol in tank. There was. Aged 66."

That Editor has resigned.

A newspaper, in reporting certain proceedings, referred to Major Blank, a soldier who had seen much service and whose nose was of a persistently ruddy hue, as the "battle-scarred" veteran. The Major stormed into the Editor's room and demanded an apology and a correction. The first was promptly forthcoming and the second was published in the succeeding issue of the offending newspaper and read "the bottle-scarred" veteran.

THE OBVIOUS.



"Are you milking the cow?"

"No—just feeling her pulse."

.....going thro' fire and water for her



(NEIL A' CANTEN)

In Club lounges and drawing-rooms or in other places, where men foregather, when our friends or acquaintances are under the microscope, it is usual for one of those present to say, when Ramaswamy's or Krishnaswami's name crops up, "Oh, Ramaswamy, with all his faults, is a sterling fellow! He never breaks a promise." Is it, after all, such a laudable trait in Ramaswamy's character? Like Carlyle, such people must be 'gey ill to live with.' Below, listen to Neil A' Canten justifying the breaking of promises.—*Editor.*



If no one should break his word! What a rotten world it would be! Surprises and thrills are the very cream of life, and these would be dead. There would be no bolts from the blue: no unexpected situation would crop up, bursting with romance. Everything would move like clock-work, with a soulless precision. Trains would arrive in time, and the excitement of 'catching' one even when we are late would be no more. Debts would be paid on the promised date and law-courts would close down. Magazines would be published on the prescribed day of the month, and we shall no more enjoy the delicious thrill of receiving a copy of the journal just when we are wondering if the editor had absconded or if the press had been forfeited. Sellers of articles with money-back guarantees would go bankrupt. Mr. Henry Ford would leave a car at the gate of every house in the world. Members of legislatures would create a Utopia where all their election pledges would be fulfilled. There would not have been a Great War, if treaties had not been brushed aside as mere scraps of paper. Even if the war had broken out, it would have taken a different course; for the Kaiser would have dined at Paris a few days after its outbreak. India would have been completely independent years ago. And I would go to sleep tonight as certain that my dhoty would bring my clothes tomorrow as that the sun would rise in the morning.

If, tomorrow, a law is to be enacted to the effect that everyone should keep his word, I would find it hard to exist even for an hour. In the first place, I would have to leave my bed at the unearthly hour of five, because that is a promise I had made to my mother when I left home. As it is, I am yet to see a sunrise. I would have to go without my morning cigarette, for my dad had made me promise that I would never smoke again, when he once caught me red-handed. The delicious cup of steaming coffee would not be for me, for I have given my word to my doctor never to touch coffee, tea or liquor again. I would have to shell down twenty chips to my tailor whose bills fall due tomorrow. And I know there is not a single coin sticking to the bottom of my purse as it did to that of Ali Baba's bushel. Besides, I have to write a dozen letters, visit an aged relative of mine, address a meeting at three, lunch with a friend of mine at three and attend a matinee show with another friend again at the impossible hour of three and last at night, because I have promised to do all these to various people, the last to my granny who is particular that I should go without any food on Saturday nights. In addition to all these, I must pound my neighbour's son to a jelly. I have promised my younger brother to do that, because the boy had kicked up a row with my brother this morning. Moreover, I have to swim in the local tank and crawl up through the chimney, because I have promised the prettiest girl on earth that I would go through fire and water for her. I have to wed three other girls—not so pretty though,—to whom

If Promises Were To Be Kept

I had promised marriage in indiscreet moments when the flesh was particularly weak, the moonlight alluring, the music enchanting and the fragrance of the flowers on their hair, ravishing. Besides, I have to conduct myself as a paragon of rectitude and virtue, for, have I not taken my degree in person at the Convocation? And when I tell you that I have to brace myself up for the service of God, Crown and Motherland, for I had been a Boy Scout once, you would exclaim that these are tasks great enough for a Hercules. And you would not be far wrong. But I can stand all these. The last straw that breaks my back, is that I have to munch down a square foot and odd of bristling felt, for I had promised a friend that I would eat my hat if Apollyon won the Viceroy's Cup. And that blasted beast has won it in a canter and mine is a seven-and-a-half size felt hat!

But I have not the faintest idea of keeping any of these promises. I never had, no, not even when I made them. Perhaps it means that I have to eat my own words. Thin and waterish diet, you would say, but certainly not as indigestible as a square foot and odd of felt.

Nay, I even put the duty of breaking a promise on a moral plane, as Bishop Selwyn did the duty of getting up late. "I did once rise early," he said, "but felt so vain all the morning and so sleepy all the afternoon, that I determined not to do it again." I remember I kept my promise—once. I was starting on a long journey and had promised my dad that I would write to him on arriving at my destination. And what do you think, I did? I did not write, I went one further—I wired! For the purposes of this article, it does not matter that I wired because I was almost penniless on arriving at my destination. Some dexterous pick-pocket had relieved me of my purse during my journey. However, there it was. I had kept a promise. I had established a record. But all that day, I felt myself morally unapproachable. Sir Galahad would have been a fit enough companion for me that day; but missing him, I felt lonely in a world that was not quite up to my moral standard.

I have a nebulous sort of idea that half the charm of making a promise lies in the thrill of breaking it. Besides, to tie yourself to your word is to condemn yourself to utter stagnation. One can as well confess that one

has not grown since one was a child. True, sir, I gave you my word yesterday; but I carry no old clothes, no dead yesterdays about me. The Parliament has the supreme power to repeal its own laws. And I can exercise the Royal Veto on my own word. Perhaps, sir, yesterday I promised you that I would pay you back today that hundred rupees I owe you. And you needn't grumble if I don't make the payment. You must understand, sir, that new situations have arisen, unexpected problems have cropped up all overnight. You can not have an idea of all these because your own life is entirely devoid of the sudden complications and surprises that are my portion. And so, you cannot understand if I tell you that I have been burdened with duties more obligatory and more responsible than that of paying you back that paltry hundred. The lesser duty should make way for the greater. You will be paid, of course; not today, but in good time.



Munch.....a square foot and odd of bristling felt.

us the Millennium. I have never been so extravagant even in my wildest promises. As for the latter, when they are cornered in the councils by some persistent member, out comes their promise without even a flicker of their eyelid—they would 'take proper action' or 'make an enquiry.' Great souls! I know what they must be feeling like, because I have been in similar plight myself. They must be laughing in their sleeve at the poor member. They have made promises and saved their faces!

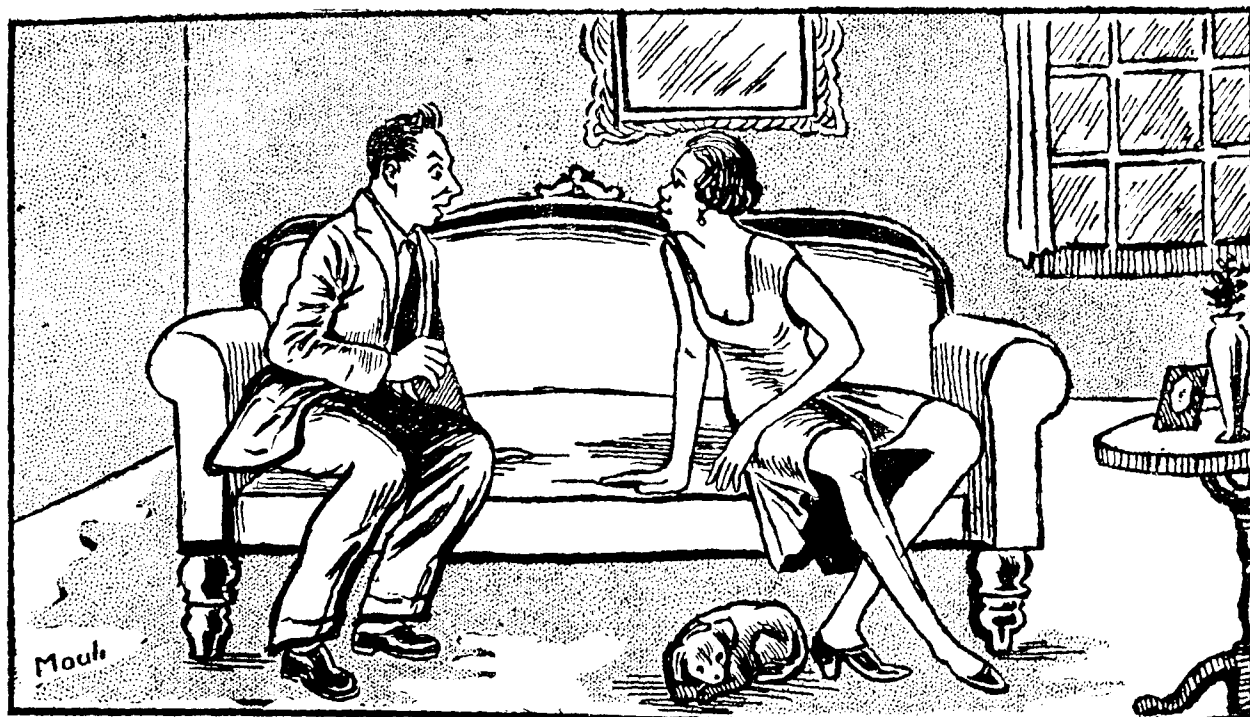
And after all, no serious harm is done even if we broke our word. The Himalayas will not tumble down

in a landslide nor will a salary cut come into effect because a man did not keep his word. It is the vanity of Man that makes him believe that everything in the world depends upon his little word. When I say that my word is as good as my bond, I am not surprised if somebody tells me that he would rather have my bond. But still, there is a mutual understanding between members of the Fraternity of Promise-Breakers—an understanding which no amount of spoken words can dispel. If I had promised my friend Dan in the city that I would be running up to the city tomorrow, I do not expect him to be present at the Central Station with press-photographers and garlands. I expect, he will, like a sensible man, go about his business as usual, scarcely sparing a thought for me. He would, of course, be pleased if I did turn up, but it is equally certain, he would not at all be disappointed, if I did not. Between us, there is no room for complaints and excuses. He knows, as I do, that, when I make a promise, I am the master and not the slave of my word. When my friend Damu invites me to lunch with him at his house, and I say, 'Game, I will drop in at two o'clock, he knows just as well as I do, that I have no idea of doing anything of the sort. I will be surprised if he laid

an extra cover for me. For, both of us know that the last time I lunched with Damu he dumped on me a plate of bitter gourd fruit-salad. Now I am prepared to grant all the virtues which Damu claims for bitter gourd. I shall even go further and allow that bitter gourd contains all the vitamins from A to Z—for aught that I know. But on its claims to form an integral constituent of a dish of fruit-salad, there can be more than one opinion. But still Damu smiles on my acceptance of his invitation with the best grace possible. It is just like saying 'How d'you do?' to a fellow when you don't care a brass button if he is ailing from tooth-ache or tuberculosis. Making a promise is a conventional way of being courteous. It is the polite expression of a not seldom impolite thought.

Samuel Rogers wished that 'perhaps in the next world, the use of words may be dispensed with, that our thoughts may stream into each other's minds without any verbal communication.' It is an attractive idea, no doubt, and will save us from a lot of misunderstandings which the clumsy medium of speech involves. But till we arrive at such an ideal state of things, let us go on making promises—and breaking them too with equal felicity!

Will He Do It?



Modern Romeo:—"Give me a kiss and I'll die peacefully."
Very Modest Juliet:—"Here is the kiss. How about the.....?"



Master:—"Hey! see the time."
Servant:—"The clock doesn't work, master."
Master:—"Alright, see it from the angle of the sun."
Servant:—"But...it is night, master."
Master:—"Oh! what a blooming idiot! Take a lamp and see."

—K. A. Chandrasekaran, Tanjore.

The Manager was presenting a Silver Watch and a purse to the retiring head-clerk. "The contents of the purse will, no doubt, disappear in time but (here he laid his hand on the watch) here is a Silver watch, which will never go," he said.

—M. J. Swamikaunu, Champion Reef.

Gopal:—"Your wife says she bought her saree for a song."

Ramu:—"Yes, but I had to furnish the notes." —Miss R. D' Costa, Madras.

Doctor:—"Probably, your father had it, premature grey hair; heredity perhaps?"

Patient:—"I should thank my stars that heredity has affected only the exterior portion. My father had insanity!"

—T. R. R. Sabhesayyar, Trichy.

At a military dance, one officer said to another, as they adjourned for refreshments:

"I don't know how it is, but my wife's lip stick always tastes different from any other woman's," and he carefully wiped his lips.

"Yes, doesn't it," remarked the other, absent-mindedly.

—N. R. Padma, Madras.

"I purchase heaps of newspapers every month."

"Well, you must be a voracious reader!"

"No, I am a grocer."

—C. N. D. Ambrose, Coimbatore.

An Irish Bill, when passing through Parliament, provided that the punishment should be monetary, one-half going to the King and the other to the informer. An amendment was carried, whereby the monetary penalty was changed to one of twenty lashes on the bare back. But when the Act came out, it appeared: "Twenty lashes on the bare back, half to go to the King and half to the informer."

—P. S. Nataraja Sarma, Triplicane.

In order to bid farewell to Ramu, Gopal, his intimate friend, accompanied him to the railway station. After buying a ticket, as Ramu was passing through the way-in gate, the ticket collector took his ticket and punched a hole in it. When they were both on the platform, Gopal remarked:

Gopal:—"Why did the collector at the gate punch a hole in your ticket?"

Ramu:—"In order to let me pass through." —Nawabjan, Guntur.

"And now," said the teacher, "we come to Germany, that important country which was governed by a Kaiser. Ram, what is a Kaiser?"

"Please, sir, a Kaiser is a stream of hot water, springing up and disturbing the earth."

—P. D. Ranganathan, Madras.

Mr. Smith:—"Do you know that Noah was the greatest financier that ever lived?"

Mr. Gibbs:—"How do you make that out?"

Mr. Smith:—"Well, he was able to float a company, when the whole world was in liquidation."

—R. A. Narasimhulu, Bangalore.

A lady walked into a railway ticket office at Chicago and asked for a ticket to New York.

"Do you want to go by Buffalo," asked the ticket agent.

"Certainly not," she replied, "by train, of course."

—G. Anantharaman, Tirupattur.

Teacher (to a boy):—"When was the City of Rome built?"

Boy:—"During night, sir."

Teacher:—"Who told you this?"

Boy:—"It is you who told us that Rome was not built in a day."

—Syed Dastagir, Vellore.

First Man:—"When my father died, he left me a lakh of rupees."

Second Man:—"Is that all? When my father died, he left me the whole world." —K. S. Raghavan, Triplicane.

"What did you operate on Brown for?" asked the Student.

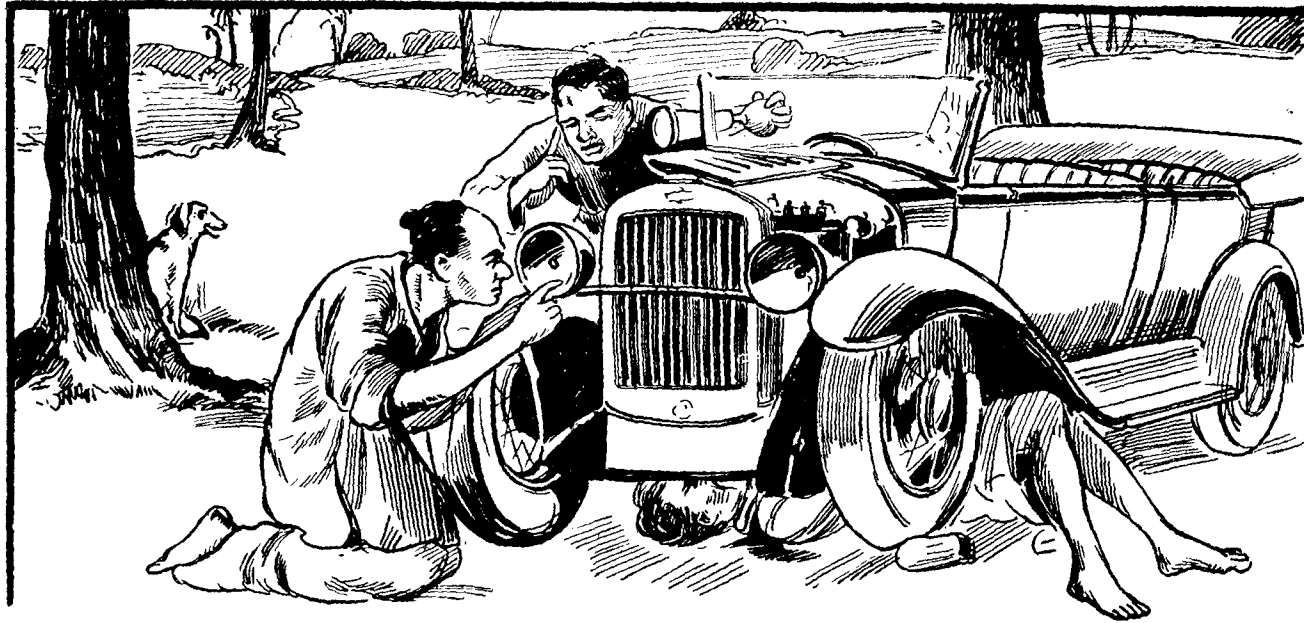
"Three hundred rupees," replied the surgeon.

"Yes, I know," said the student. "But what did the man have?"

"Three hundred rupees," replied the surgeon. —S. Nageswaran, Madras.

In spite of the instructions we find that contributors to this page copy jokes from foreign periodicals and pass them on as original jokes. The prize of Rs. 3/- is awarded to what we think is an original joke and even here it is possible that we are wrong. Once again we request contributors to this page to send only original jokes.—Editor.

This fortnight the prize is awarded to Mr. T. R. R. SABHESAYYAR, Trichy.



"Something wrong with the horn.....or the headlights."

THE BREAKDOWN

Never carry water for the radiator in your spare can of petrol. If you do, you are likely to find yourself in the same plight as the author of this narrative, who was stranded miles away but finally managed——but let the author tell you the rest of the story.—*Editor.*

NOW, you should know that, if you get a very old second hand car for the sake of economy, you must look out for trouble. If you didn't know that till now, let me tell you.

One fine morning a note was placed in my hands.

It ran thus:

Dear Puppy,

If you care to go over to Ennore with me, come to my house in the car waiting for you. If you can't come, ask my driver (the bearer, Chinnaswamy) to go back without delay. Time is up. Ramu and Pattu are coming.

Your
Rama.

I turned to my servant.

"That Chinnaswamy?" I asked him.

"Yes, sir."

"Is he waiting?"

He nodded.

"You can go," I said to my servant.

He turned to do so.

"Babu," I called him.

"Sir."

"That Chin,..."

"Yes, sir,"

"Ask him to wait."

"Whom?" he asked me.

"That Chin", I said.

If a fellow gets up from his bed after a night's nice sleep and is immediately confronted with an invitation to go to such a jolly place as Ennore with a set of jolly good fellows, I am sure he will at once jump at the offer. But I, while I possessed all the qualifications of the aforesaid gent, had some fears about joining the party. Not that I didn't like the idea, not that I didn't like the company but it was emphatically because I didn't like THE CAR.

Anyway, I washed and shaved and summoned my faithful but dense Babu.

"Bring that Chinnaswamy in," I told him.

"Which Chinnaswamy, sir?"

"Ramachandran's driver."

That fortunately convinced him that I was speaking of the Chinnaswamy. Soon the driver was ushered in.

"Good morning, sir," he greeted me.

"Good morning."

"The car is waiting," he told me.

"I know that," I said.

There was a silence. I was trying to decide whether to go or not to go.

"Chin," said I.

"Sir."

"The car," I continued.

He kept silent.

"You know what I mean," I ended.

"Yes, sir," he replied, with a smile.

Now, that was a relief. After Babu it was a pleasure to deal with this fellow. You see, he had already understood!

"Do you think it will ever get to Ennore," I asked him.

"Well, sir, it has just been overhauled and with a decent amount of luck, we ought to reach Ennore," he told me.

"Very well, then," I decided, "I will go."

And go I did.

* * *

They were all waiting for me.

"Hullo, old chap," Ramachandar greeted me, "So you have decided to come."

I told him I had decided to risk a trip in his car.

"Risk! No risk at all," he assured me. "The car is going beautifully."

I merely smiled a smile which said, "Oh, let us see! let us see!"

"Chin is not going with us," Ramachandar announced.

"Why not?" we asked him, all at once.

"You see, I have got a couple of nephews of mine coming with us and the car can't seat more than six with comfort," explained Rama.

There was a lull in the conversation.

"I am doing the driving," added Ramachandar.

Whatever might have been the shortcomings of his car, Rama was undoubtedly a good driver, but apart from driving, his knowledge of his car was nothing much to speak about. So we prayed that nothing would go wrong with the car during our trip.

At about eight we got into the car and were pleasantly surprised to find that it started without any trouble whatsoever. Rama got a move on and we were just leaving the compound of his bungalow when Chin came tearing out of the garage, waving and shouting to us to stop.

"Damn that blighter," said Ramachandar, and drove on.

Having left Madras behind us, we were soon racing along a fine road and I felt immensely relieved to find the car behaving excellently. I leaned back in my seat to

contemplate the scenery around us and to join now and then in the ceaseless conversation carried on by the rest of the occupants of the car. The two nephews, in particular, talked volubly on things in general and cars in particular. Pattu and Ramu spoke now and then, the former to make some sardonic remark and the latter to reveal his knowledge of cars, which, by the way, was not particularly extensive. Rama, of course, waxed poetical over his car. We had gone some ten or fifteen miles away from the City when, without warning, the car came to a dead stop with a protesting snort. Consternation reigned supreme.

Ramachandar got out of the car; Ramu and his nephews followed him. Pattu and I, however, remained where we were and looked on with stoic indifference; we were far too well acquainted with the car to be surprised at this.

"The blasted thing has stopped," announced Rama. As if that fact needed any advertisement at all!

"I know that," said Pattu, dryly.

"Do something to start it," I said.

"May I suggest a little pushing? What about it?" said Ramu.

They tried pushing with Ramachandar at the controls.

Nothing, save a few more grunts, resulted.

"Something wrong with the carburettor, I am sure," said Nephew Number One.

"Carburettor?" asked Rama. The poor chap didn't know what it was, for, as I have already remarked, Ramachandar belonged to that fraternity of souls whose knowledge of a car does not extend beyond the driving of it.

"Yes," cut in Nephew Number Two.

"It may need cleaning," explained Ramu.

"Clean it then," said Pattu.

Ramu confessed he did not know how to do it.

"You take a pump—," began Nephew No. One.

"You take the carburettor out—," cried Nephew No. Two.

"And pump it clean," they ended in chorus.

"Let them do it then," suggested Pattu.

But Ramachandar had his own views about letting his nephews meddle with the vitals of his car and refused to let them do so.

"In fact, you fellows," he ended in a burst of confidence, "I am inclined to think that something is the matter with the gear box."

"Nothing is the matter with it," snorted Nephew No. One with contempt.

"Why not?" demanded Rama.

"It can't have gone wrong," repeated the nephew.

"Why not?" shouted the Uncle.

"Can't have," said Nephew No. Two with decision.

That ended the dispute about the gear box.

The Merry Magazine

"Something wrong with the horn?" asked Pattu.

"With the horn!" cried the others, in great surprise.

"Or the headlights?" continued the imperturbable Pattu.

Pattu can be sarcastic!

There was a silence. I could stand it no longer.

I got down from the car.

I surveyed it.

I walked up to its tank.

I poked my walking-stick inside it and drew it out — DRY!

"No petrol," I told the rest, and got back into the car.

"No petrol!" burst out Ramachandar, "but I told that fellow Chin to fill up this morning."

"Perhaps he didn't," suggested Ramu.

"Why, perhaps? He has not filled up," said Pattu in a tone of finality.

"And there is no earthly chance of our getting a drop of petrol in this God forsaken place," moaned poor Ramachandar.

"There is a tin here," announced Nephew No. Two, who had meanwhile rambled to the other side of the car.

"Where?" we all shouted, and crowded eagerly over to the other side.

There, indeed, was a tin! We opened it and emptied its contents into the tank and trooped back into the car. Ramachandar pressed the self starter. Glrrr-rr-rrrr and then nothing. Once, twice, thrice, he pressed the button and still nothing doing!

"Try the handle," I suggested.

They tried their very best to set the engine going by working at the handle one after another. Ramu got a bad knock on his hand and one of the nephews got a bad knock on his fore arm. Still, nothing doing!

We were in a fix. Nothing could be done to set the car in motion and we preserved a mournful silence. Even Rama preserved a stoic calm, at least outwardly, though, I am sure, he was cursing himself internally for

not having brought his driver along. I and Pattu, along with the rest, were, no doubt, cursing ourselves for having been foolish enough to trust ourselves to the tender mercies of Ramachandar's car. The sun was near its zenith; we ought to have been at Ennore by then, enjoying a hearty meal, but alas! we were actually faint with hunger.

All of a sudden, Ramachandar sat up with a jerk and we heard a stream of "swear-words" issuing from him.

"What is that?" I enquired irritably.

"I say, you fellows," burst out Rama, "I know why?"

"Know what?" asked Ramu.

"Know why?" said Rama again.

"What! Why," I asked him again.

"Know why the car has stopped," explained Ramachandar.

"Why?" asked Pattu, shortly.

"Because it is water and not petrol!"

"Not petrol!" shouted Ramu.

"Yes."

"Which is not petrol," asked Nephew No. One sleepily.

"That which is in the tank."

"What is it then?" I asked him.

"Radiator Water," said Ramachandar.

"Radiator Water!" we yelled in chorus.

"Yes. I told that fellow Chinnaswamy yesterday to put that tin there," said Rama.

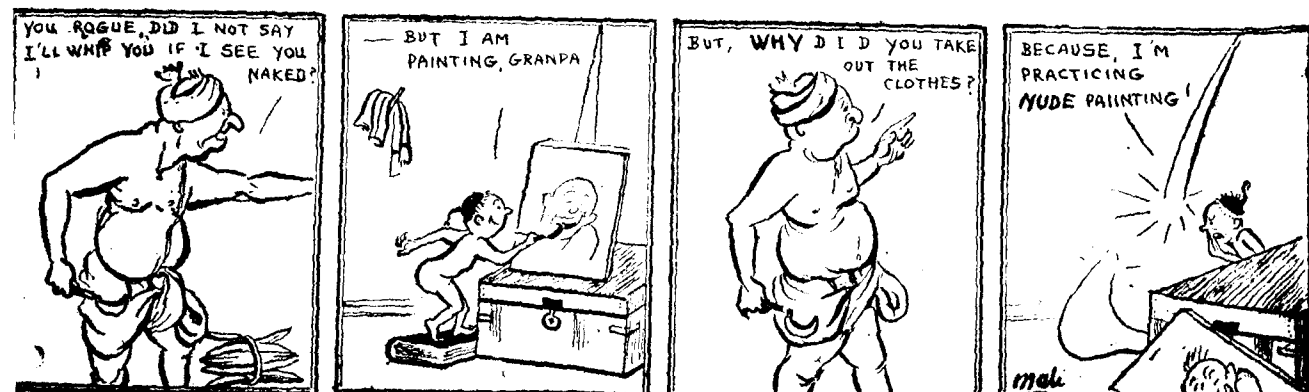
"Then, why the devil did you empty it into the tank," I demanded angrily.

"I forgot. And that was why Chin shouted for us just as we were starting, I think," said Pattu.

He had wanted to fill our tank with petrol and we had shaken him off!! We had refused to be helped with the necessities for a car journey!!!

How we got back home is another story.

THE CULT OF THE NUDE.



Uncle has a beautiful daughter. Ramanujam loves her and is loved. But uncle has other plans for his daughter 'weighing in the balance even an I.C.S.' and wondering if he was good enough. But uncle has a weakness. He is fond of trade-discounts. The secret is revealed to Ramanujam by his beloved. Ramanujam endears himself to his uncle by acting as a buying-agent and ultimately wins his charmer.—Editor.

[V. S. K.]

WHO would not read completely a full page advertisement with these opening lines?

"Failure is a word, which can be found only in the dictionary of fools. Success is only for enterprising men. Do not give up your ambitions in despair. Life is certainly a big blank to so many. You need not be one of them if, you take up the wise policy of joining the "Success Institute"

without delay. The "Success Institute" makes you a different man. So many have been benefitted by undergoing "The rapid way to success" course and have succeeded in life. Why should you not be one of them? This wonderful course will give you the open sesame to success."

Here is an advertisement which easily gives the key to success in life, and promises to relieve mankind from ceaseless turmoil.

Ramanujam stared at the advertisement. His incredulity vanished when he saw a hundred testimonials under the above headlines, the grateful praise of men who became successful after undergoing endless misery, by simply joining the "Success Institute" and taking "The rapid way to success" course. Here at one corner, K. Simla wrote:—

"My bank balance was a blank before I joined the "Success Institute." Now, I have a five figure account. The dynamic success of my life is the result of the amazing course taught by the Institute."

In another paragraph, "R" from Bombay wrote:— "Last year at this time, I was a clerk getting a meagre pay of forty rupees. It was just providential that I joined the Institute. My pay increased from forty to four hundred after my reading the first six lessons of your wonderful course. Your course has brought me success, far beyond my most extravagant dreams." Thus went on the other testimonials, each vying with the other in its eloquent praise of the Institute.

Ramanujam was stirred. He had been a fool all along. He had scoffed at such advertisements before and the result was he was becoming one of those to whom life was one blank. He decided at once to join the Institute. He did not desire a five-figure bank balance nor did he wish that his pay should increase

from forty to four hundred. His ambitions were very modest and he just wanted the minimum three figure income to keep him going. When the Institute had made princes of men who were wallowing in misery, it must be an extraordinarily simple matter to them to push Ramanujam to the front. The small fee of seventy-five rupees charged by the Institute for imparting their secret was payable in advance, but that was of little concern. Ramanujam's determination prevailed.

He was one of the thousands of graduates of the Madras University. By temperament, he had certain dislikes in life and a studious habit was never to his liking. He was a splendid athlete, had very fastidious tastes in dress and generally was a jolly nice fellow. But about Universities and Degrees he had certain fixed ideas. In short, he totally disapproved of them. If, at any stage in his life, he became a terrorist, he would have begun his career by aiming at the lives of the founders of Universities. Naturally, when, after a long struggle, he managed to get his degree, he viewed his success in the same spirit as Dr. Raman might have viewed his Nobel Prize.

Ramanujam was right when he viewed the University degree as a useless achievement. He could not on the strength of it secure any decent job on the face of the earth. The Services Commission, though it definitely made it known that any canvassing by recommendation would disqualify a candidate, found merit only in candidates whose parents were ex-Ministers or High-Court Judges or somebody holding high posts under the Government. When the vacancy for the Assistant Superintendent of Police was announced, he came within an ace of being selected; but in the end, an ex-Minister's son snatched the post. He approached his uncle, Mr. K. G. Aiyengar, Chief Auditor, B. N. Ry. The Uncle turned the cold shoulder and said he would not have anything to do with a wayward nephew. Ramanujam's fury knew no bounds. "Blood is thicker than water"; certainly not; it is filthier than gutter water. That was Ramanujam's opinion.

While he was thus depressed, he saw the big advertisement in the "Hindu." No, he wouldn't be a plodder. He immediately wrote to the Institute and subscribed to the course. He sent 75 chips reluctantly with the hope that success would be waiting round the corner.

The "Success Institute," after receiving the small fee of rupees seventy-five, began to impart the secret of success in a series of lessons. The first, second and third lessons came and Ramanujam had learnt to banish timidity, self-consciousness and the inferiority complex. At the end of the third lesson, the Institute had asked Ramanujam to make a speech somewhere and assured him that his speech would have a stunning effect on the audience.

Ramanujam had never made a speech before. "Look here, Ramasami, and listen, old top, do you happen to have, say, five chips with you? Caught in a hole, you know and sure, old boy, you won't fail me?"

Something like this had been one of his longest speeches, addressed to a single-member-audience.

It was a surprise to many of his friends when it was put in the programme of the Old Boys' Day at theCollege—"Vote of thanks, on behalf of the Old Boys, by Ramanujam." They were all wondering how Ramanujam could ever make a speech. They were waiting expectantly to hear him. But many of them were anxious lest Ramanujam should take a good half-hour in reading a long speech. Some of the optimists gave him at least twenty minutes and the pessimists gave him one hour.

"Well, Gentlemen," said the Chairman, "I now call upon Mr. Ramanujam to propose the Vote of Thanks, on behalf of the Old Boys." A well-clad young man mounted the platform. His face was white and his fingers twiddled about the buttons of his coat. "Well—er, Gentlemen, I mean—er dear Chairman, and good friends, of course I include the fair sex assembled here also—that is, my dear young girls—" (loud applause). Ramanujam thought of Lesson II. (Ten rules to avoid self-consciousness.) "Think that the audience consists of empty spaces and address them defiantly."

"Yes, you see, old bones, I must thank the Principal and the Professors—of course all of them empty spaces—Oh, I mean, well, Gentlemen, good, good of them to invite us all, very brainy to give us lunch, on behalf of you, Gentlemen, I forgive them all for their—Oh, I mean, thank them all." (Applause).

The Chairman got up and said: "The last item is reserved for me. I should thank you very much."

* * *

"Look here, my dear Jam," greeted Ramasami, Ramanujam's friend, next morning. "That speech of yours, capital. The Professor chaps all stunned, you know."

Ramanujam did not anticipate such a compliment and he found he had become extremely popular with his friends. So, there was something stunning in his speech. Nothing dispirited, Ramanujam assiduously applied himself to Lesson VII, "How to win other people's hearts." After reading Lesson VII, Ramanujam packed up his things and started for Calcutta to win his uncle's heart. But Ramanujam's one doubt was whether his uncle had a heart. Anyway, he was going to have a good try to make his uncle like him.

His uncle K. G. Aiyengar, Deputy Chief Auditor, was a very important looking person. Accustomed to command many clerks in an office, he scowled at Ramanujam and greeted him: "You poor chump, why have you come here?"

Ramanujam remembered rule No. 6, Lesson VII. "When a big man is not well disposed, do not quail before him. Stare at him and smile."

Ramanujam stared and smiled. K. G. Aiyengar accustomed as he was to the cringing attitude, stared back. "Oh, you see, old uncle," said Ramanujam.

"Do not call me old uncle," snorted the uncle.

"Well, you see, I came over here to nose round and get fixed up, you know."

"What!"

"Just to pop about and get a decent footing."

"What do you know, to get any job? Are you a specialist in anything?"

"Well—er—the point is, I am sure somebody will find me useful."

"Banish that thought—I give you one month's free lodging and boarding. Only you will have to take down what I dictate mornings and nights and type them. You must be active during the day. Look after the children, keep my wardrobe and do the general sundry work—Do you understand?"

"Quite," said Ramanujam. This was something. This was the first step to success. Nobody had given him free lodging and boarding till then.

Ramanujam was, in fact, having a nice time in his uncle's house. Sarayu, his uncle's daughter, was a charming girl of sixteen, who began to like Ramanujam immensely. He was of great help to her, in solving the crossword puzzles and soon they began to like each other.

Ramanujam knew that he would be the last person his uncle would choose as his son-in-law. Already his uncle was weighing in the balance whether an I. C. S. was good enough for his daughter. He had written many letters and was anxiously negotiating the matter.

But Ramanujam was making good progress with Lesson VIII: "How to win the girl you love." He was getting hopeful every day and Sarayu responded to Ramanujam's affections. She admired him at tennis, football, and cricket. Her father hated sports; her brother was a bookworm. Sarayu liked strong athletic young men and had set her heart on marrying one.

While returning from the park one day, Ramanujam thought over Lesson VIII and addressed Sarayu:

"Look here, Sarayu,—I know I am a chump, I dare not tell your father. I love you—" Ramanujam could not proceed further. Lesson VIII went out of his head. Words choked in his throat and his Adam's apple wriggled.

"Oh, Ramanujam! I am so glad you told me. I am afraid father won't allow us to get married: I can't marry K. K. Chari, I. C. S. He seems to be a stuck-up chap."

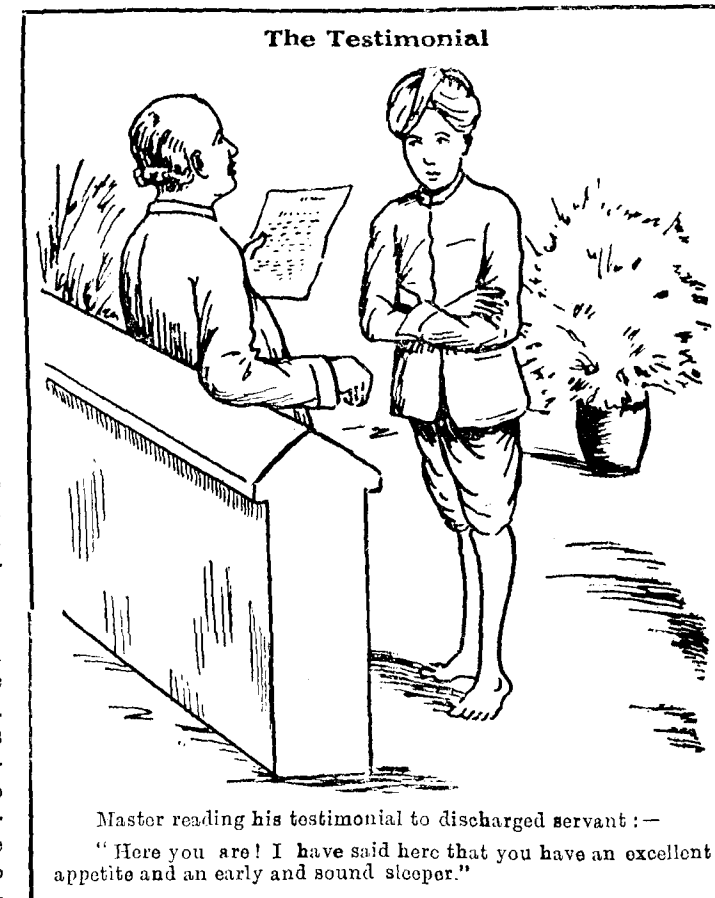
"My lord! You mean K. Krishnamachari, my classmate. You can't marry him!"

"But father wants me to."

"He is a blighter, you know, damn stuck up blighter!"

"But," continued Sarayu, "father is dead against you. Why can't you do something to win his heart? You know he is so fond of getting commissions, you know."

"What commission can I get for him?" "Oh, I mean, he is rather eager, particular, you know, if he can get any discount on any article he buys. If you get 15% on a book, he will certainly look on you with a friendly eye; if you get him 20% on a gramophone, surely he will love you. 7½% on a motor car, he will grapple you with hoops of steel."



Master reading his testimonial to discharged servant:—

"Here you are! I have said here that you have an excellent appetite and an early and sound sleeper."

"Sarayu dear, that is a good idea."

The next morning Sarayu asked her father to buy her a fountain pen. Ramanujam seized the opportunity.

"Oh, you see, old uncle."

"Don't call me old uncle."

"I mean, er—I can get you 25% on a fountain pen."

Mr. Aiyengar might have had a forbidding countenance. His expression might have struck terror in the hearts of his staff. But the word 'discount' acted like magic on him.

"Oh, my dear fellow, can you really get 25% off?"

"It is in my line—I know so many tradesmen, you know. As a matter of fact, I can get you 15% on books, 20% on gramophones and 7½% on cars."

"My heavens! Lovely, lovely, my boy. I have misjudged you. You can do something after all."

Thereafter, Ramanujam rapidly became his uncle's favourite. It was a costly business, no doubt, as he had to make good the difference on every transaction.

Soon Ramanujam's fame was broadcasted by his uncle to his brother officers and acquaintances. One day an Asst. Acct. General came to him and said; "Well, Ramanujam, can you oblige me a bit? I want a camera; what discount can you get?"

"Fifteen per cent."

"Fine. Why don't you come to my house for dinner? You are always welcome."

A few months after, Ramanujam gained enormous popularity. He had paid from his pocket Rs. 2,200 to win this popularity. The discount factor seemed to impress almost all the big wigs. One morning after finishing Lesson XII, "The art of making your adversary yield to you," Ramanujam appeared before his uncle. His uncle waved him to a chair.

"It is like this, uncle, I hear you are going in for a car."

"Yes, I am thinking of buying a car."

"I can manage to get you 25%."

"Capital! capital! You are a wonder; I am proud of you, Ramanujam!"

"There is a small matter, uncle."

"Out with it, my boy."

"I want to marry Sarayu."

The uncle's face twitched in a spasm of anger.

"What! You dare ask for my daughter!"

"Why shouldn't I? We love each other. Besides, I am getting a good income as an Asst. Income Tax Officer."

Mr. Aiyengar could not believe himself. "You need not be surprised, uncle. I just got for a friend, a car at 50% discount. So he got me fixed up."

Mr. Aiyengar thought quickly. He was still in a paroxysm of surprise.

"All right. What of it?"

"Perhaps, I may also get you 50% discount."

"Well, well, dear boy, Sarayu is yours. I have always wanted a sprightly fellow like you. Take her and be happy."

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Cannanore	Kolar	Tenali
Chingleput	Kosgi	Tuni
Coramandel	Krishnaraja-	Tuikal
Cuttack	puram	Vasodagama
Castle Rock	Kurduwadi	Venkatagiri
Chamaraja-	Mannad	Vikarabad
nagar	Maduranta-	Wadi
Chebrol	kam	Warangal
Chikballapur	Mettur	Whitefield
Mettupalaiyam		Zangalapalli

TIDINGS FROM TRIBUNALS, III.

(From Our Special Correspondent)

Before Their Lordships Mr. Justice Swoot and Mr. Justice Snail
Dharmaraja Aiyar and others Vs. The Maddington Urban Council and another.

Maddington, 10th September, 1933.



“MY Lords, in this country, the actress is, indeed, a very modest creature. In fact, she is more modest on the stage than off the stage. She does not even move about on the stage, my lords. As for kicking up her legs and things like that, my lords, it is never to be thought of,” said Mr. Dochi in concluding his reply this morning in the Maddington Entertainment Act case.

Swoot J.:—Why do you say so?

Mr. Dochi:—Because it is so, my lords.

Swoot J.:—That is, indeed, a sad state of affairs.

Mr. D.:—Very sad, indeed, my lords.

Snail J.:—Does any show in which an actress is to take part attract a larger audience than a similar show in which no actress participates?

Mr. D.:—Yes, my lords. It does. But it is for this reason, my lords. None of the audience carry an opera glass. As for the ordinary South Indian actor, my lords, and the actor in this case in particular, I have made my submissions. He is just a robot with extraordinarily powerful lungs.

The Court then took time to consider and the judgment of the Court was delivered by

Snail J.:—This case illustrates but one instance of what a local authority or Urban Council is capable of in sublimated cases when it really gets out of hand. This is an appeal by the second defendant against the judgment and decree of Hollohed J. sitting on the Original Side of this Hon'ble Court, allowing the claim of the plaintiffs herein. In the ancient and historic city of Maddington, as in many other modern cities, there is an Urban Council, a body of elected and nominated members created by statute, and primarily intended to promote the civic amenities of the law-abiding citizens of that city. Its activities or in law its acts which include its non-acts and/or omissions, that are varied and numerous, derive their support from several statutes passed from time to time by a provincial legislature, another body in loco parentis to the Urban Council. The question at issue in this appeal is the legality of a tax of 12½% levied by the Maddington Urban Council in exercise of certain powers conferred on the Council by the Maddington Local Authorities Entertainment Tax Act V of 1926, an act to which full reference must be made later.

2. The facts giving rise to this question, the determination of which is a matter of far reaching importance, are simple in their nature and are easily stated. The plaintiff (Respondent) one Dharmaraja Aiyar for himself and as representative of 4982 citizens of Maddington sued to recover from the 1st Deft. proprietor Pagakkollai Naicker the sum of Rs. 6504, being the amount paid by the 4982 pliffs. for the purchase of 4982 tickets entitling them to attend the performance of, what by the defts. is called, a drama, named Valli's Wedding enacted by the 1st deft. proprietor and his troupe. This amount the pliffs. sought to recover on the ground, among others, that the 1st defendant proprietor had, by false representations calculated to deceive the pliffs. induced the pliffs. to part with the said sum. One at least of the alleged false representations by the 1st deft. proprietor was found to be the erroneous statement made by him that one Kumudavalli was to play the leading role of Valli in the so-called drama. This name, coupled with the numerous alluring posters and pictures advertising the said drama, left in the minds of the pliffs. the perfectly natural and reasonable impression that a talented actress of high order was to entertain the plaintiffs on the occasion. Ultimately, however, it was discovered that the said Kumudavalli was neither an actress of any recognised order or merit nor even an actor by profession, calling, nor choice, but in fact one Amavasai Aiyar, a servant employed in the Kumbakonam Coffee Hotel, for preparing *Iddlies*. Amavasai (D. W. 2), however, deposed on oath that he had nothing to do with *Iddlies* in the course of his employment but that he was retained solely for the purpose of preparing Badami Halwa. While this fact, even when accepted by us, would only place the witness in a superior cadre of the Hotel service with a corresponding increment in emoluments incidental to such service, we do not consider that it should weigh with us in considering the question whether he was an actor or actress of any recognised order or merit, for, we understand that close association or contact with Badami Halwa does not endow any one with the necessary aptitude and qualifications for the stage. As to the nature of the drama in question, and how far it fell short of any performance passing under that name in this country, we shall advert to later. The 1st deft. discreetly in our opinion, confessed judgment to the extent of Rs. 5691 and disputed his liability only in respect of the sum of Rs. 813 on the ground that this sum had been illegally collected from him by the Maddington Urban Council (hereinafter called the second deft. Council) in exercise of its powers under the M. L. A. E. T. Act V of 1926. The second Deft. Council was, thereupon, made a party to the action much against its will and the claim in respect of

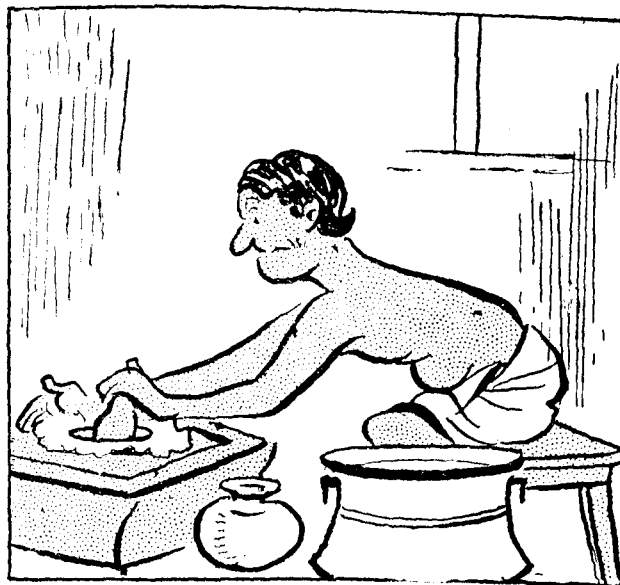
Rs. 813 as against the 2nd deft. Council was resisted on several grounds consisting of answers on merits and separate defences of law.

3. With the exception of the defence based on M. L. A. E. T. Act, the defences of law as to the maintainability of this action in general, and by the plff. in particular in a representative capacity in respect of rights *ex contractu*, the jurisdiction of the court to try the suit etc., now stand concluded by the well-known judgment, reported in 92 C. A. 698, where it has been laid down by Lord Soundtop that, for a court duly constituted to be seized with jurisdiction over any matter under the sun, the essential prerequisites or conditions precedent are rich parties, resourceful counsel, and a cause of action giving rise to the case or action.

4. Therefore, the only question *in hoc statu* open for determination is the legality of the 12½ per cent levy purporting to be a tax under the Act. For a correct understanding and true interpretation of this enactment, on which alone this decision must be finally rested, it is necessary to trace the history of legislation touching taxes on entertainments and amusements. The origin of this particular type of punitive legislation which is lost in antiquity can now be gleaned only from legends, and as some of them suggest, it may well have been the result of nothing more than a natural desire on the part of the comparatively conscientious legislators in ancient days to prevent normal and healthy citizens from dissipating their energies on frivolous and vulgar public performances displaying the baser instincts of man, which in law includes woman. A legend has it that Menelaus, the wise King of Sparta, once attempted to introduce similar legislation with a view to divert the attention of his subjects from the demoralising influence of theatres and public houses to more healthy and congenial military pursuits. But in our anxiety to found our decision on an authority more reliable than legendary legislation and its sequel, the veracity of which, however, we do not here question, we shall pass on to consider the other ancient sources, if any, from which this modern and newfangled idea of taxing entertainments may be said to have its origin. The deterrent effects of this type of enactment seem hardly to have been perceived by Manu or Dracon. This fruitful source of revenue appears to have eluded even the wary Greek Solon. The Bible refers only to 'taxes,' 'tolls,' and 'tythes,' but nowhere deals with an entertainment tax. More colourless on this subject but still pointing to the same conclusion, that no such levy was ever made in ancient days when entertainments were entertainments, are the pronouncements of the sagacious Solomon.

5. More recent recorded history of what is claimed to be progressive civilisation, however, indicates certain enactments parallel in nature to the one under consideration. We have carefully examined the provisions of these enactments including those in force in the United Kingdom and one conclusion of paramount importance that emerges from a consideration of these enactments appears to us to be that the tax purports to be, and in fact is to be, a tax on the gross receipts in respect of what may be called a *positive* entertainment i.e. an

entertainment or amusement that is *really* an entertainment or amusement or in other words, an entertainment or amusement that *positively* is an entertainment or



Amavasai Aiyar, employed in preparing idlies.

amusement. A similar conclusion may, with equal appositeness, be drawn from the corresponding Indian statute, viz M. L. A. E. Act V of 1926. A more perusal of the preamble to that act places the matter beyond doubt or debate. It states definitely and succinctly the object and scope of the enactment in the following words. "Whereas it is expedient to give power to Local Authorities to impose a tax on amusements and other entertainments and whereas the previous sanction of the Governor-in-Council has been obtained to the passing of this act, it is hereby enacted as follows." The previous sanction of the Governor-in-Council need not embarrass us here, as the tax is seldom levied on his entertainments or amusements, an invidious distinction but for which, we venture to think, his sanction would not have been accorded, and this statute would not have defaced a statute book already sufficiently defaced. As to the expediency of this legislation, the loss said about it, the better.

In these days of vanishing liberties, an iniquitous enactment that is a serious encroachment on the rights and liberties of law abiding citizens—an enactment which our wise ancestors never contemplated—should be strictly construed. What in ancient days may well have been an imposition exercising a mild restraining influence is now in the hands of an impecunious Urban Council turned into a ruthless machinery of oppression intended to balance unbalanceable budgets. Bearing in mind all these converging considerations, we shall proceed to address ourselves to the question, whether the tax levied in this case could be justified by the provisions contained within the four corners of the Act.

6. For the appellant (2nd deft. Council) to succeed it must, in the first instance, be established that there was a drama or performance and that the 4982 plaintiffs were

admitted thereto either as spectators or as an audience or for purposes of amusement by taking part in the entertainment. The concurrent findings of the court



.....and featured as Kumudavalli, the actress.

below on these questions, that are essentially questions of fact, are clear. It is on record before us that 3294 of the plaintiffs went to sleep either immediately after entering the theatre or within a few minutes thereafter. At least 1832 of these pliffs. went there with the deliberate intention of resting their tired limbs and senses undisturbed by curtain lectures. Though accommodated in varying postures at close quarters to the stage, they did not witness anything that transpired on the stage and on a retrospective view of the matter, they are emphatic that they never did nor ever will regret that. Nine hundred and sixty-two of the remaining pliffs. who did follow the so-called drama with mingled feelings of disgust and horror, state they were not amused and this produced a more disconcerting effect on the defts. than the remark of Queen Victoria when she said, 'WE are not amused.' The evidence that is copiously referred to in the judgment of Hollohad J. need not be elaborated here. But it will suffice as an illustration to extract here the deposition of one witness (P. W. 4032) that is typical of this group of witnesses, whose testimony the learned Judge has accepted without qualification. This witness states:—

"In trans-atlantic language, the show was a 'perfect wash-out.' I am conversant with dramatic literature from Kalidasa down to Sambanda Mudaliar. There is no warrant for anything that was done on the platform on that occasion. There was no such thing as a stage, but only a platform with some fantastic loud coloured scenes. The drama, in question, has for its subject the events leading up to the wedding of Lord Subramanya with Lady Valli. As usual, Lord Subramanya goes out to hunt deer and bags quite a deer (ling). Komberi Mooku Bhagavatar played the role of Lord S. and Amavasai Aiyar played the role of Valli. They were absolutely ferocious and hideous respectively. The noise was deafening. The music was nothing but

most out-of-place tunes and pieces rendered in the crudest manner. The lights were blinding. The drummer was pounding away. The Horrormonium man was in hysterics. That synchronised well with the pandemonium. My researches in the Ramayana lead me to conclude that the harmonium was meant solely for the purpose of waking Kumbhakarna from his deep slumbers. Western musicians are agreed that Cain was easily raised by a similar contrivance."

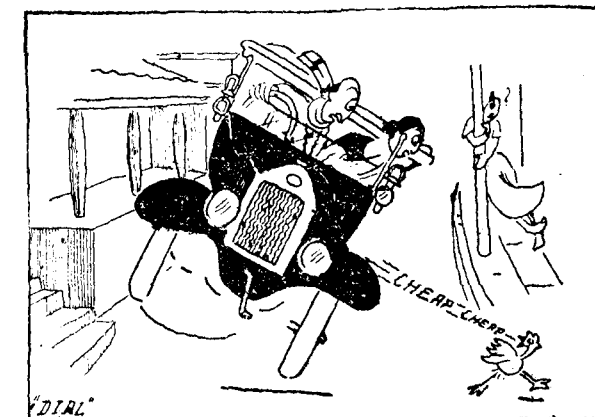
As for the 726 other plaintiffs, many of whom are leading citizens who pay their income-tax without protest on due dates, they departed from the theatre within 5 minutes after the commencement of these obviously insufferable proceedings.

7. On this conclusive evidence, it cannot, with any semblance of truth, be contended that the drama in respect of which the tax was collected was an entertaining or amusing performance or a performance to which the pliffs. were admitted either as spectators or as an audience for the purpose of participating in the amusement. This appeal shall, therefore, be dismissed with costs on the higher scale to all the 4982 plaintiffs. (rspts) The President and nominated members of the 2nd deft Council will pay the costs from and out of their pockets, if any.

8. We cannot part with this case without placing on record our condemnation of the questionable means adopted by the 2nd deft. Council for augmenting its sources of revenue and our strong disapproval of the conduct of the Council in suffering such public exhibitions as the drama in question to be conducted within the limits of the city. We compliment the plaintiff, Dharmaraja Aiyar, on the diligence, courage and fortitude with which he has conducted this action and established the threatened rights of 4982 innocent citizens.

Mr. Dochi Aiyar, instructed by Bing, Bang and Cartridge, Solicitors, Maddington, appeared for the respondents (plaintiffs) while Mr. Kanickam Pillai, instructed by Bud, Budge, and Badger, Solicitors, Maddington appeared for the appellant Council. The 1st deft. proprietor was not represented.

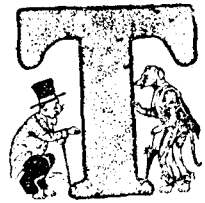
REVENGE!



RAMBLING THOUGHTS OF A RAMBLER, III.

ON "YES" AND "NO"

(G. VENKATACHALAM)



Two simple innocent-looking words, and yet pregnant with meanings how deep! Yes, generally, comes from the heart. No, often, proceeds from the intellect. We "feel" forth a Yes; we "decide" on a No. Yes is, at first and finally, more a feeling than a judgment. No is, often at first, more a judgment than a feeling.

Of course, hearts agree; heads differ. Yes, then, is generally from Love; No, generally, Hatred. And all hatred is founded upon a sense of separateness, as love is based on unity. Yes unites; No separates.

Yes is usually associated with willingness to serve; No with unwillingness to serve. Yes denotes goodness; No aloofness. Watch a man's face when he says 'Yes' and when he says 'No' and you will understand the difference. There is always some gentleness in a face that nods a Yes; and there is always some churlishness in a face that waves a No. A Yes-saying face is generally smiling; a No-saying face is somewhat surly. Yes is comforting; No is discom-forting.

Yes is generally lovely and positive; No is usually unlovely and negative. Yes is scarce; No is prolific. Yes is generous and noble; No is mean and niggardly. Yes is rare and costly; No is common and cheap. Yes is attractive; No is ugly. Yes suggests humility; No, arrogance.

In the moral realm, a Yes is almost always a sign of goodness; a No is almost always a sign of indifference. In the intellectual realm, a No is often positive, and

almost always presumptuous; a Yes is often certain, and almost always humble. In the spiritual realm, a Yes is mostly experience; a No is mere book-learning.

Nearly every No takes its stand upon Reason; nearly every Yes takes its stand upon the Intuition.

This is the general rule, but there are exceptions. Where one's sense of duty induces one to say a No—in other words, where a No is dictated by one's conscience—then that No is justified, and therefore it is a Yes. Pascal once defined Sin as "going counter to the Will of God." So, a No to sin is being Yes to God's Will.

On certain occasions a nominal No has all the loveliness of a Yes. A girl saying to her sister, "Yes, darling, No kiss for you this time" is as sweet as being kissed, and therefore it is as good as a Yes.

Their philosophical connotation is rather more involved. When an atheist denies the existence of God and says a big No, his denial means that he has searched for Him everywhere, with all his powers, and not found Him. But is it not slightly presumptuous for a man to deny the existence of a thing he does not know or understand, because his extremely limited search,

conducted in the light of his extremely feeble lantern,—the ordinary human reason,—has proved inadequate? The atheist, on the other hand, does not become guilty of any such presumption, because his Yes need not be founded upon a search into the ambient immensities. The simple and yet adequate argument from design suffices his own faith. These, then, are a few aspects of the simple-looking words, Yes and No.

All The Difference—Then!



Shop attendant:—No, amma. We don't stock oversizes in umbrellas. This is the biggest we have got.

Burly customer:—Young man! I am buying an umbrella for my son-in-law.

Devi, the Dancer—Cont.

(Continued from page 688)

"But supposing something had happened to our child..."

"What could happen?"

"I don't know. I am afraid."

"I shall go out and see. You stay here."

"Please let me come with you. I can't be alone in this house."

On their way, a little boy, whom they questioned, told them about the fight between Maddu and Seenu. He was not an eye-witness but had heard the story from another.

The news scared Rajam who was on the verge of tears. They went to Maddu's house but Maddu's mother, who had a number of other children, told them that her never-do-well had not returned and hoped that he wouldn't come back all his life. She said a lot else which was beside the point.

Even Panchaksharam was getting alarmed. He hurried to the temple and collected half-a-dozen men. Torches were lit and every nook and cranny of the temple and its extensive grounds were vigilantly searched.

The assistant to the temple-piper ran up against this party of searchers. He was a pessimist, with a fertile imagination. When he heard the cause of all the hubbub, he directed the party towards the temple tank. "I saw that boy and girl at the water's edge drinking. They must have tumbled into the tank."

"When was it?" asked Panchaksharam.

"After sun-set. The bodies must be floating by now!"

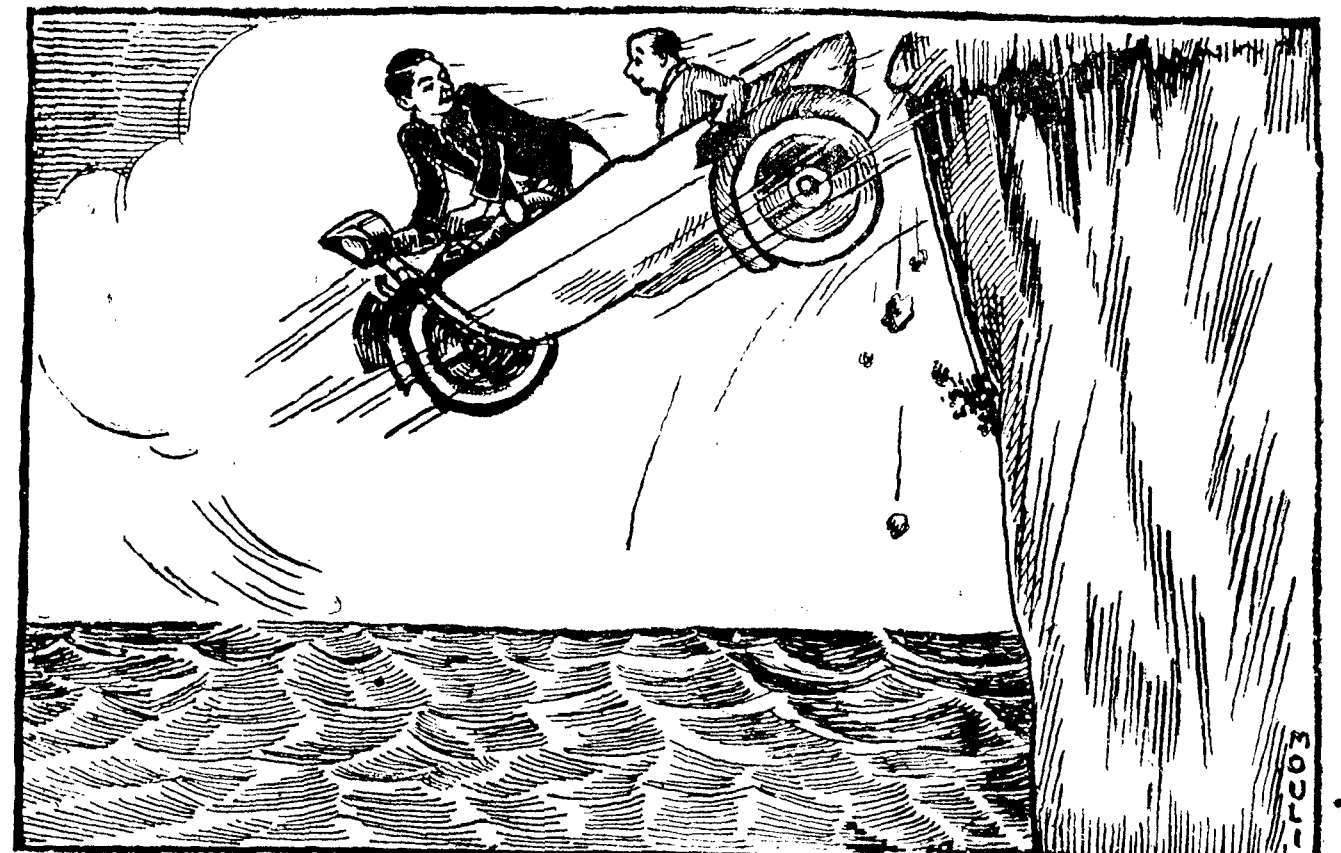
"*Aiyol!*" wailed Rajam, as the party with torches turned towards the temple tank.

With torches held aloft, the party scanned the surface of the tank. Something dark and sinister was floating in the middle of the tank and the piper pointed to it. "What did I tell you?" he asked of no one in particular.

"No, no, no! It can't be! My little Deva was never destined for a watery grave!" wailed Rajam, as one of the party entered the water and started swimming towards the distant object.

(What was it that was floating? Read the next instalment.)

JOB'S COMFORTER



Motor Cyclist to occupant of side-car: "You are all right. You are sitting in what is practically a boat."



It is a very pleased Editor who is writing this page for you this fortnight. I have received a number of letters from readers, almost all of them, of course, complimentary. The man with the grievance is also present but he is finding it a hard job to get hold of anything substantial to grouse about. The chief complaint, of course, is about the rejection of their Mss, but the Editor is yet to be born, who is able to satisfy all aspirants to literary fame.

Now to business.

The 'Ding' Competition.

Two all-correct solutions were received and the 1st prize of Rs. 350/- has been divided between the senders.

There were 37 other entries with one mistake each and the second and third prizes have been pooled and each of the 37 Competitors gets a fraction of over Rs. 4/1/. Names and addresses of winners and correct solution appear on page 715.

Lucky Numbers.

The August Lucky Numbers are printed on page 675. Send your copies so as to reach me before 30th September and claim your prizes. 5 days extra time allowed for foreign readers. Of course, the Lucky Number Scheme is continued this month.

"Apt Phrases" New Competition.

I have pleasure in announcing another new and easy Picture Competition this month. Pictures are given and a list of phrases is also printed along with them. Look at the picture, read the phrases and choose the phrases which, in your opinion, most appropriately fit the pictures, and so on. There is a correct solution in my possession. I am giving away prizes once more to the amount of Rs. 600 and the entry fee is only As. 8!

Poetry.

I have printed a little poetry in some previous issues. I am prepared to consider fresh poetical effusions if the provocation is sufficiently grave but remember, humorous verses only. If you feel you must lisp in numbers, do it in the privacy of your home circle. Your parents or your husbands and wives may be fond, indulgent critics. I am made of sterner stuff.

"Build A Story Round the Picture."

The closing date for this Competition is 20-9-33. Hurry up with your entries.

"Finish the Story" Competition.

I regret that, owing to the shortness of the interval between the 5th instant (the last date) and the date of issue of this number (10-9-33), it has not been possible to announce the results of this competition. Winners and winning entries in our next issue.

Wrapper

What do you think of the new colour of our wrapper?

Tidings from Tribunals.

Previous Tidings, reported in our columns by the learned author, evoked great appreciation. The present case, in my view, will be of even more absorbing interest. I promise you more from the pen of this very erudite and vigorous law reporter.

Editor's Agony Column.

The author of 'The Breakdown', published elsewhere in this issue, is invited to send his name and address to me.

A Reply.

A local contemporary, old enough to know better, has done me the doubtful honour of devoting quite a large amount of space to our Magazine, in one of its recent issues. Ordinarily, I would not waste powder and shot on it but certain statements therein demand refutation. This I propose to do by stating certain facts.

Lifting

An article entitled "A Comedy of Errors" by Mr. M. G. Menon appeared in the Merry Magazine on 10th May '33 (Vol. 1 No. 9 Page 316). The same article *in extenso* appeared in the My Magazine, thirty five days later, on 15th June (Vol. IV. No. 12. Page 515).

Copying

In the issue of the Merry Magazine, dated 10th July '33 (Vol. 1. No. 13. Page 524), I announced a competition, "The Funniest Incident of your life." The My Magazine immediately announced in its issue dated 15-7-33 (wrapper 4th page) a competition about "Funny Experiences."

A Lift

Emphasis is placed by our contemporary on a lift that was given to us. The lift consisted in the printing of an advertisement of ours in My Magazine, for which their usual rates were paid. No concession was, of course, asked for. It is necessary now, to state here certain other facts, which conclusively prove that the boot is on the other leg. Some time back, when our contemporary was younger and one presumes, wiser, a number of blocks of pictures printed in the "Ananda Vikatan", a sister paper of ours, whose eminence in the field of vernacular journalism even our contemporary would find difficulty in disputing, was lent to My Magazine without any payment being asked for or taken from them. These blocks were used by them and a grateful borrower now pays his debt of gratitude to us.

RESULTS OF 'DING' COMPETITION

The correct solution is

- | | |
|---------------|---------------|
| 1. REWARDING | 5. DESCENDING |
| 2. PORTENDING | 6. DEFENDING |
| 3. MISGUIDING | 7. ABSCONDING |
| 4. SENDING | 8. REMOULding |

Only two all-correct solutions were received and the first prize of Rs. 350 has been divided equally between

Mr. M. R. Vijayaraghavan, 193, 2nd Agraharam, Salem.

Mr. A. Kolandaswamy, c/o G. Arokiaswamy, Doctor, Rettipalayam, Olugurai Post, (Via) Pondicherry.

Prize amounts will be despatched by Insured Post on 11-9-1933.

The following 37 competitors submitted entries containing one error each. Money orders for Rs. 4-1-0 will be sent on 11-9-33.

- | | |
|--|--|
| 1. T. H. NARASINGA RAO, M.A. B.L.,
28, Big Street, Triplicane. | 19. T. K. VAITHIANATHA IYER,
Shanmuga Vilas, Pennington Road, Tanjore. |
| 2. S. RAJAGOPALAN,
7. Kakatope Street, Madura. | 20. S. G. ASIRVATHAM,
217, 32nd Street, Rangoon. |
| 3. N. KONDA REDDI,
Vanbakkam, Nellikuppam post, S. A. Dt. | 21. MRS. G. B. INNES,
49, 155th Street, Tamwe, Rangoon. |
| 4. B. G. RANGANATHAN, Mettupalyam,
Musiri Taluk, Trichinopoly Dt. (Via) Trichy. | 22. P. SRINIVASA RAO PYATI,
Iiiremath, Javli Galli, Hubli. |
| 5. S. PARAMASIVAN, 4, Agraharam,
Nungambakkam, Cathedral P. O. Madras. | 23. C. VASUDEVA RAO,
Sub Registrar, Muttupet, Tanjore Dt. |
| 6. T. V. SRINIVASAN,
8, Venkatroyan lane, P. T. Madras. | 24. T. R. KUPPUSAMI, Coil Street,
Thalanayar, (Via) Tiruturaipundi. |
| 7. M. RAMASAMY SASTRI,
Banker, Vedaraniyam, (Tanjore Dt.) | 25. C. L. NARASIMHAN,
Tobacco Gardens, Nellore. |
| 8. G. LAKSHMANAN,
364, Esplanade, Madras. | 26. KALIDAS VAJJHALA,
Maharaniptet, Vizagapatam. |
| 9. M. KRISHNASWAMI, United India
Life Office, North Main Street, Pudukotah. | 27. M. ANANTHA RAMA RAO,
Nothern Extension, Haasan. |
| 10. C. S. NARAYANASWAMI,
Irwin Canal Works, Camp--Besagrahally,
Maddur Post, (Mysore Dt.) | 28. T. K. SANGAMESWARAN,
Opposite Old Nedungadi Bank Ltd.,
Chalapuram P. O., (Malabar.) |
| 11. V. N. MAHALINGAN,
61, Barr Street, Rangoon. | 29. P. S. RANGACHAR, M.A. L.L.B.,
Behind Civil Courts, Mysore. |
| 12. V. SUBRAMANIA IYER, Sub Registrar,
Gobichettipalayam, (Via) Erode. | 30. A. S. GANESAN,
Graddock Town, Nagpur. |
| 13. V. S. NATARAJAN, 'Mani Bhavan',
Gopalapuram, Cathedral P. O. Madras. | 31. D. HANUMANTHA RAO, Dhenuvakonda
Anamanamur P. O. (Via) Ongole. |
| 14. G. KRISHNASWAMY IYER,
3506, Edga, Mysore. | 32. S. RAMASAMI,
Chintamani Bazaar, Teppakulam, Trichy. |
| 15. R. RAMASUBRAMANIA IYER,
c/o R. S. A. C. KASI IYER,
Banker, Kalladakurichy, Tinnevely Dt. | 33. T. K. SUBRAMANIAM,
P. O. Bulgo, Poonamalle. |
| 16. ANAND RAO JOSHI, Fadnis--Pura,
Nagpur (C. P.) | 34. K. R. VENKATARAMAN,
No. 23, Puthur High Road, Trichinopoly. |
| 17. T. R. NATARAJAN, Sub-Inspector of Police,
Siruganur, (Via) Tiruvani Kovil, Trichy Dt. | 35. K. M. VENKATACHARI, Hd. Clerk,
Rates Section. C. T. T. M. Office,
M. & S. M. Ry., Park Town, Madras. |
| 18. V. RAMASAMI,
Revenue Inspector, Karipatti, Salem Dt. | 36. M. KRISHNAMOORTHY,
337, Triplicane High Road, Madras. |
| | 37. P. V. SUBRAMANIAM,
3079, East Main Street, Pudukotah. |

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KEY LIST.

- | | |
|----------------------|-----------------------|
| 1. The test | 13. Telephone message |
| 2. Vigorous search | 14. Better view |
| 3. Match box | 15. Good fortune |
| 4. Health preserver | 16. On duty |
| 5. Find out | 17. Strange monuments |
| 6. Pleasant surprise | 18. Home exercise |
| 7. Single page | 19. Talking machine |
| 8. Statistics | 20. Sound advice |
| 9. Double crossed | 21. Keen sight |
| 10. For hire | 22. Home product |
| 11. Distant view | 23. Love affair |
| 12. Nothing serious | 24. Sad moments. |

RULES AND CONDITIONS

Solutions must be filled in on the coupon printed in the next page. Any number of solutions may be sent but an entrance fee of *annas eight* must accompany every entry submitted. Where copies of The Merry Magazine are not available, competitors can send in their solutions on ordinary paper but an entrance fee of *annas ten* is payable with each entry thus submitted. All entries must be received by last post on **5-10-33**. Any received later will be disqualified. Entries from local competitors will be received in person at our office till 6 P. M. on that date. The first prize of Rs. 400 will be awarded to an all correct solution and the second prize of Rs. 200 to the next best. An all-correct solution is one which agrees in all respects with the one in the Editor's possession. Failing an all-correct solution, the first prize will be awarded to the nearest correct entry received. In case of ties, the prize money will be equally divided. A winning competitor can receive only one

THE MERRY MAGAZINE ADVERTISEMENTS.

share in a prize and the winner who ties for the first prize shall not be eligible for a share in the second. No correspondence can be entered into or interviews granted. Persons connected with the Merry Magazine and its associated journals are not allowed to compete.

Coupons must be filled in legibly and sent intact along with the M. O. receipt issued by the Post Office. All entries must be addressed to:—

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The Merry Magazine Office,
2/140, Broadway, Madras.

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2nd Prize Rs. 200

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Entrance fee as. 8 only.

Closing Date 5-10-'33.

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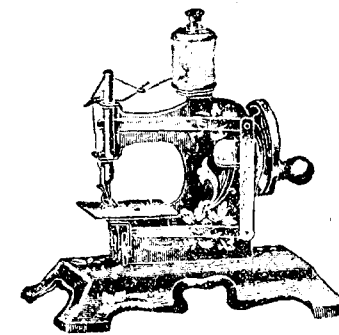
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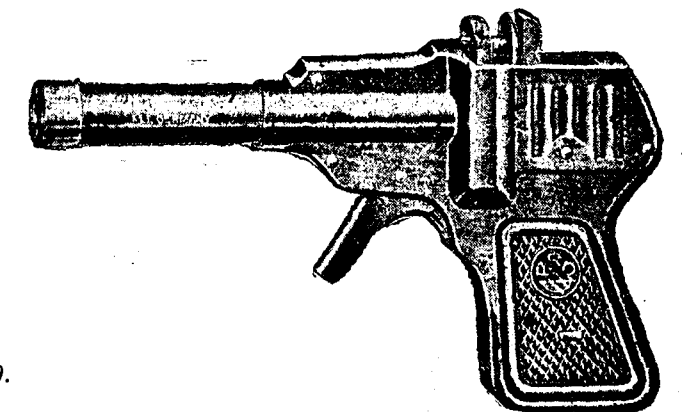
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