

551

THE BELLES OF BANGALORE

The **MERRY** *MAGAZINE*

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Vol. I

MADRAS, 25th SEPTEMBER 1933

No. 18.

'EXECUTING THE DECREE'

[BY OUR OBSTINATE ARTIST]



THE BELLES OF BANGALORE

*Sarees rustling, anklets clinking,
Limbs a-swaying, eyes a-winking,
Scattering smiles to all galore,
Came the belles of Bangalore!*

*With their faces bright and beaming,
With their jewels glinting, gleaming,
Stepping rhythmic on the floor,
Walked the belles of Bangalore!*

*Parrots shoot across a-squeaking,
Sparrows fly their mates a-seeking,—
Birds their welcome paeons pour
To the belles of Bangalore!*

*Under Lal-Bagh's leafy bowers,
Fresh and green with summer showers,
Nymph-like on the grassy floor,
Sat the belles of Bangalore!*

*Skins not daubed with paste and powder,
Lips which lip-sticks paint no louder;
Charms which AGE of YOUTH restore
Claimed the belles of Bangalore!*

*Dressed in Fancy's latest sarees,
Shaming New York, mocking Paris,
Breathing perfumes made in Mysore,
Smiled the belles of Bangalore!*

*Champaks from their braided hair
With their smells allure the air—
And the vanquished males adore
Bonnie belles of Bangalore!*

*Youth whose blood is amour-warming,
Like the bees on blossoms swarming,
Hum and hover, hop and soar
Round the belles of Bangalore!*

*Pensioned heroes telling stories,
Of their youth and vanished glories,
Furtive with their eyes explore
Blithesome belles of Bangalore!*

*Moon-lit on the human heart-seas,
Heaving tides of ecstasies,
With their necromantic lore,
Dance the belles of Bangalore!*

*From the ambush of their lashes,
Saint and sinner Cupid slashes;
Hearts are passion-proof no more
To the belles of Bangalore!*

*Go on, Sirens, sing your song;
Let your carnivals prolong—
Draw the hectic hearts by score
Oh ye belles of Bangalore!*

*Daily Lal-Bagh's fountains play;
Fern and flower drink the spray;
And you belles of Bangalore,
Keep your revels evermore!*

N. SUBRAHMANYAM.

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MADRAS, 25th SEPTEMBER, 1933.

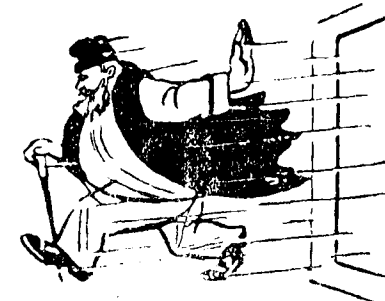
No. 18.

SPARKS FROM OUR ANVIL

As a memento of the Shashtipoorthi which he recently celebrated, Mr. G. A. Natesan has been appointed a member of the Indian Tariff Board.

We hasten to congratulate him on his retirement into office.

Incidentally, this ought to make the celebration of shashtipoorthi more popular.



The Evening News says that Mr. Shaukat Ali has seceded from the Bombay Muslim Committee.

We defy any one to predict what the Moulana will secede from next.

Now that Gandhiji has resolved not to court imprisonment for a year, The Madras Mail suggests that he might educate the electorate for the coming constitution.

If he does, we hope the Mahatmaji will begin with the three R's—Release of Congressmen still in prison, Reparations where possible and Restitution where necessary.

The Hon'ble Sir M. Krishnan Nair exhorts young men to cultivate hobbies which will profitably engage their retired life.

It would have been more helpful if he had told them what his hobby was when young.

Mr. Sloan, joint Home secretary, informed the Assembly that in many households in the United Kingdom, it is customary for buttocks to be smacked.

We can only say that some people do have loud tastes.

The above was not said in explanation or justification of the flogging of 'a worthless European' called Phineas MacIntosh by order of the native chief of Bechuanaland.

His Excellency Setsuzo Sawada, leader of the Japanese textile delegation says: 'Britain and Japan had been able to tide over the present economic depression by the courtesy of India.'

This disposes of another proverb—that courtesy costs nothing.

In a farewell speech, Sir M. Butler, late Governor of the C. P., expressed regret that he was leaving the country.

Apparently there are no openings at present in any of the Native States.

Referring to the agitation for the closing of the Andamans as a penal settlement, Sir Harry Haig said that far from being 'a hell on earth' a number of prisoners from Indian jails continually volunteer to go there.

We are shocked to hear on such high authority that there are worse places in this country.

Mr. Morgan, one of the members of the Assembly observes that after a long time, employers had come to the conclusion that Labour was human.

It will, we fear, take a much longer time before they realise that they are not divine.

Replying to an address at Tiruvarur, the Hon'ble Mr. P. T. Rajan confessed that he was 'in a dilemma.'

This comes of being on the horns of office.

The rumour of a split in the ministry has been officially contradicted.

We must therefore presume that they still continue to be an unhappy family.

H. E. the Governor of Bombay refers to the Indian villager as 'the backbone of the country.'

At one time, he was also flesh and blood.





COMING FROM ENGLAND

Do You Think it Quite Wise,
That Apothecaries Should Advertise?

Negotiating a hair-pin bend.
(It is proposed, in England, to allow members of the Medical Profession to advertise.)
(LEO)

DO you know what this means? Do you, Mr. Average Reader or Mr. Man-in-the-Street, understand all the implications of this seemingly innocent news-item? Have you realised the illimitable possibilities, nay, probabilities with which you are likely to be confronted very soon. I pen this appeal specially to the man in the street, because he forms about ninety-nine point nine nine ninths of the population. The diet-faddists, the simple lifers, the Christian Scientists, and the others among you who believe that the application of cold water, both externally and internally is a never-failing panacea for all the ills that this flesh is heir to, happen to constitute a very infinitesimal portion of the miserable bipeds who encumber this vale of tears. It is rather a vast majority that I turn, through whose serried ranks an increasing sickness runs. You catch a cold without an effort; but once caught, you hold on to it like grim death and not all the King's horses and all the King's men can sunder the rheumy bond of union between you. You have but to spy an unwary Influenza germ knocking about in the street unattached and in the twinkling of an eye, the germ and you are locked in an embrace, the close lovingness of which would make Damon and Pythias turn in their respective graves. Or is it grave? Or again, if you are watching a fast set of tennis, in some incomprehensible manner, it is you who get the Tennis-elbow and not the player. Or, if you manage to dodge this complaint, you get a crick in the neck, watching the swift, yet controlled flight of the little spheroids of rubber that skim the net at a dizzy pace, only to have their dazzling flight arrested with a twang by cow-hide and gutta muscular forearms. A two-mile trip in a motor-omnibus while, if you are fool enough to go up in an aeroplane, for a joy-ride, and if you are more fool enough to look down over the side after you are a few hundred feet up in the air, you are bound to have an attack of air-sickness or vertigo. More probably, the latter; for in that case you are too dizzy to stay put in your seat; you just burst your straps and clamber over the side, when, of course, you are in Kingdom Come before you reach terra firma unless you are made of India-Rubber. If you are content with mere air-sickness, it is a different matter. You will be so sick that you wish you were dead, and if you have the least little bit of will-power in your composition, you can be dead. It is merely a matter of clambering over the side. But hold. I have not said a thousandth of what I can say about this matter but I have, I trust, said enough to convince you of my

Coming From England

serious and solemn purpose. It has been said that the people get what they deserve, in the shape of rulers or forms of government or diversions. The Roman *plebs* clamoured for bread and circuses and the Emperors gave them these in full measure and running over. They did more. To make a Roman holiday, they gave the early Christians to the lions. In our time, Lyons have been given to the Christians.

In India, lions are scarce. But tigers are plentiful. I don't say that many of you make a habit of being mauled or eaten by our local *flora and fauna*. (By the way, is a tiger *flora* or *fauna*?)

If there are no tigers within easy reach, there are always those tiny little tots, the germs. Of the number present, I cannot give you an adequate idea. I will say only this, if placed end to end, they would reach from say, Madras to Port Harbin, provided always that all of them kept moving at the same time. Our only consolation is that even the germs would find the Himalayas a fairly stiff proposition to tackle. The natural obstacle which defied the purse and the Imperialistic zeal of a Lady Houston, it were folly on the part of a mere germ to aspire to climb.

Remember that these insidious, these all-pervading organisms were unknown in our land, a comparatively short time before. They have followed in the wake of Western civilisation. Even in the land of their origin, they had a hard struggle to get their status established. An eminent doctor of Edinburgh, Dr. Bell, on whom Sir Arthur Conan Doyle is supposed to have modelled the immortal detective, was so staunch a believer in the germ-theory of disease that he is reported to have said once, when one of his assistants carelessly left the door



catch a cold without an effort

of the consulting room open—"Shut the door, John, shut the door or otherwise the d—d germs will be coming in."

Along with many other things, we, willy-nilly, take our medical etiquette also from England. The lifting of the ban on medical advertising may have results something like the following:—

Dr. Hotashell Makes it Hot For Your Cold.

When he was last in Lahore, five thousand people caught common colds. Not one person has it now.

(Most of them have probably died of Influenza.)

And then:

Are you suffering from Appendicitis. Then consult Dr. Expensix. He removes your Appendices promptly, painlessly and persuasively.

(Note the artful alliteration—Editor)

Doctor Coma

The Anaesthetist who chloroforms you before you can say 'Chloroform.' Others take minutes. Dr. Coma finishes almost as soon as the Operating Surgeon has started.

Or Again,

Dr. N. K. Edye

Will give you an eye for an eye. All varieties in stock, glass, celluloid, and mica. Sheep's eyes a speciality.

Listen to Dr. Hearty.

Have you a cardiac murmur. Dr. Hearty will stop it. He does not merely tinker with the surface. He cuts at the root of things.

Turn now to

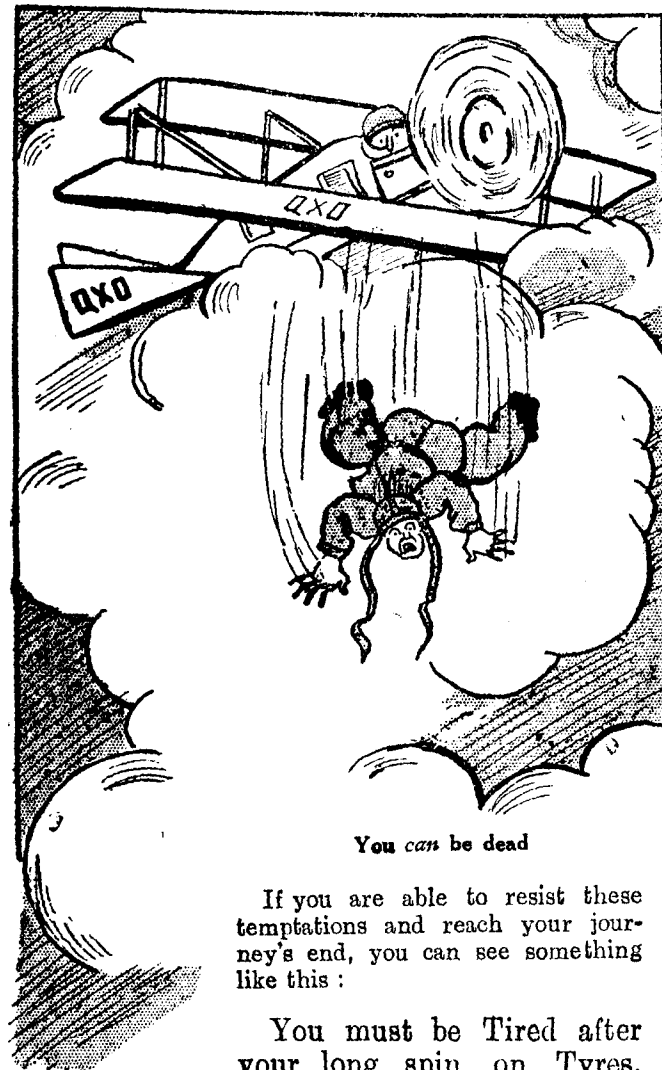
Dr. Bouyant.

Who guarantees to cure that Sinking Feeling. He has got the largest stock of Corks in the City. Swallow one of his Medium Size Corks and you will have to have your feet pegged down to the Earth if you don't want to reach Heaven before your appointed time.

Now, let us take a bit of advanced or as it is more properly called, scientific advertising. Suppose you are going up a ghat road in your motor-car and come to the usual hair-pin bend, with, of course, sheer mountain wall on one hand and a drop of a few thousand feet on the other. Usually, you have to reverse about seventeen times before you can negotiate the bend in safety. All that is now changed. On a huge hoarding in front of you:

Why Reverse so often and Risk a Sprained Elbow. Step on the Gas. Expert Surgeon in Attendance Below. Palatial Nursing Home at Foot of Ghats. All rooms with Southern Aspect. Hot and Cold Water Laid On in Every Room. Trained Nurses in Constant Attendance.

(N. B. All our Nurses have either been on the films or are shortly going there. They can all show a leg.)



Resist the Impulse to have a quick one. Drop in at Dr. Spark's, the Eminent Electro-Therapeutist's. His Batteries Hit the High Spots. If you see Dr. Spark, you will see Sparks.

What! some more.—No? Very well, then, I'll stop. But, mark my words, there is a deep, dark plot being hatched somewhere. Behind this apparently innocuous news-item, there is a Hidden Hand. And I know whose it is. It's all Lombard Street to a China orange that—

Late News. It is authoritatively stated, on behalf of the British Medical Council, that the report that Doctors will, hereafter, be permitted to advertise, is entirely without foundation.

Later News. Lord Pawson of Den whose attention was drawn to the above report, states that, though the report is not wholly inaccurate, it suffers in many places from terminological inexactitude. According to him, the necessary measures will be promptly taken by the Royal College to remedy this defect.

Latest News. Sir Markley Hounhym, whose forthrightness and 'I'll stand no dam'd nonsense' attitude in matters of this sort has been the object of admiration and concern on the part of his patients as well as of the great British public, says, "Every d—d quack with a rubbishy Patent Medicine to hawk, advertises.

The undertakers advertise.

In the U. S. A. the mortician advertises.

What's wrong about the poor G. P. doing so ???

Nothing. All one can say is

"It Pays to Advertise."

(Continued from page 728.)

find some excuse or other. The reason for all this diplomacy is simple. The landlords are unwilling to part with their age-long privileges; the tenants can never be satisfied until their elementary rights are secured. To reconcile the claims of the two has been like squaring the circle; a feat which is reserved for ministers and a council, not composed merely of politicians and place-hunters.

3. (a) One of the leaders of the Justice party: has arrived at that enviable (?) position by a combination of circumstances, chief of which has been efflux of time. Has been on all committees and at all conferences and in all councils from the smallest to the biggest. The only thing that has so far eluded him, or which he has eluded is a ministership. Is certain to get it sooner or later. We hope that when he gets it, he will remember that we were the first to predict it in public.
- (b) Another member of the same party with a more variegated career. Was a nationalist of the most acceptable type at one time, and perhaps imagines that he still continues to be one, but

with a difference. He recently went out of his way in the Corporation to indulge in a cheap sneer at the Mahatma, as irrelevant as it was in bad taste. We do not know why he forgot the injunction of his master: 'Judge not, that ye be not judged.' We hope it has nothing to do with his desire, if any, to become that comic figure for the next year—the Mayor of the city.

- (c) One of the hardy plants transplanted from the arid tracts of this presidency to the North of India, where he has stuck roots and is flourishing exceeding marvellously. When a Madrasi wishes to get on, nothing can stop him.
- (d) One of the women delegates to the J. P. Committee. An indefatigable worker in the cause of the uplift of Indian women. Is a fiery patriot, and much better informed on affairs than many of our masculine leaders. Keeps a number of organisations, political, social and educational, in Madras and elsewhere running efficiently. Only one thing she hates, and that is the communal spirit. We wish her godspeed in her attempts to destroy it.

PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE

SIR ALLADI KRISHNASWAMY

2146



The accredited head of the Bar of this Presidency, whose prognathous profile is a familiar feature of the legal landscape. Was not born with a golden spoon but many of the good fairies attended his christening. Is now in enjoyment of a practice and a consequent income which makes the mouths of the smaller fry water. Made a brief incursion into politics and sought election to the local Legislative Council from a constituency which the late Raja of Panagal condescended to represent. Was beaten on the post but not through any fault of his own. Soon realised that no man can serve two Gods successfully and so returned to his first love. Was later rewarded, in sufficiently ample measure to console him for his previous disappointments. Went to England on a recent holiday trip and came back full of admiration for English institutions and for the English people. Has not given us the benefit of his views on the English climate. A sound lawyer, with very limited outside interests. Recreations—Nil.

TICKLERS

(TUT-TUT-TUT)

1. Annotate:—

- Look on this picture, and on that.....
- Praise is my dear delight, and flattery more
But touch me and no minister so sore.
-Whose sore task
Does not divide the Sunday from the week.
- See golden days, fruitful of golden deeds,
With joy and love triumphing.

2. Write short notes on:—

- The Reichstag Fire Trial.
- Executive Officers for Municipalities.
- The Madras Tenancy Legislation.

3. What do you know of:—

- Dewan Bahadur A. Ramaswamy Mudaliar.
- Mr. V. Chakkarai Chettiar.
- Mr. R. S. Sarma C. I. E.,
- Mrs. Muthukshmi Reddy.

ANSWERS

- (a) During the last fortnight, two events have provided an exquisite study in contrasts. A journalistic jackal of Karachi was so upset by Gandhiji's moral and spiritual resilience, which humbled even the haughty Government of India, that it gave vent to a native sadistic fury, and suggested that he should be whipped. Some of our more sensitive countrymen in the Assembly raised an adjournment motion over this insolent affront to the nation's dignity. Official and non-official apologists of the Anglo-Indian scribe admitted the offence, but shielded the offender. Fortunately there was only one degenerate Indian to echo the Master's Voice. The European member from Madras, gave a skilful exhibition of the art of tight-rope dancing, and pleaded avuncularly for a sense of proportion.

On the other hand, in far-off Bechuanaland in Africa, a native chief had a European flogged, after due trial, for offences which, one infers, are unprintable. English news papers have described this creature as a 'worthless European.' But mark the sequel. Britannia who rules the waves, and on occasion waives the rules, ordered an admiral to land with a party of marines. A summary trial was held, the chief suspended from his office, and a report to the Home Government was forwarded. That the European was guilty is evident from the order issued to him not to reside any more in native areas. It is a pity that Mr. James did not tender his famous advice to preserve a sense of proportion, where it would also have shown a sense of fair-play. But then, it is an axiom of Imperial policy that black is white, where a white man is concerned.

- (b) Sir G. Schuster was very much upset when Mr. Vidya Sagar Pandya spoke harsh home-truths in the Assembly in the course of the debates on the Reserve and Imperial Bank bills. Particularly unkind was the *jeu d'esprit*, about Sir G. Schuster and the flight of gold.

He could only find refuge in the remark that the hon'ble member was guilty of mud-slinging. If so, it's clear that he didn't bring it with him, but found it in his subject.

- The Pope has signed the 'Concordat' with Hitler's Germany on a Sunday. Apparently he doesn't like it, for there are the usual reservations to the signature. Even the protector of the Faithful has to make compromises for the sake of the flock. He has exhorted his new ally to treat Jews with Christian charity. Let us hope that the advice will bear fruit.

- Pandit Jawaharlal is looking far into the future and forecasting the Utopia. We await patiently the evolution of his programme and plan for the immediate future. Anglo-Indian news-papers are getting uneasy, and are starting another red-herring to side-track beforehand the new programme. They have started the cry of 'class-war' as the aim of the Pandit. This is to make the timid among us to be afraid of a black cat in a dark room, when it is not there!

- (a) There are two of them, one staged in London, by a group of international lawyers and jurists, and the other by Hitler's henchmen in Germany itself. Both bid fair to be farces. The London trial is definite in its finding that the fire was arranged by Captain Goering, now premier of Prussia, and at the time of the occurrence President of the Reichstag, and hand in glove with the police. It is pointed out that it was undertaken with a view to the suppression of parliamentary government, as is shown by the subsequent course of Hitler's policy. It could not have been by Socialists and Communists, because it would have been their refuge from the persecution which has since overtaken them. The official trial after unaccountable delays will start on 21st Sept, and will as infallibly find that it was caused by Communists, many of whom have committed 'Suicide' in the last twelve months. The actual truth about the whole affair will be known about fifty years hence!

- This is the latest benefaction of our Ministry to the people. It has created quite a number of appointments, and has to that extent, extended the scope for patronage of the ministry. There are municipalities and local boards who have been so unfeeling as to leave the salaries of their teachers unpaid for months; but the salaries of these executive officers are apparently better secured. The abolition of local boards should be one of the first acts of a truly national government. It will effect enormous savings of money now ill-spent.

- (c) This has been the King Charles' Head of all the ministries in Madras, so far. Sir K. Srinivasa Aiyangar a former Executive Councillor resigned over it. The Rajah of Bobbili is handling it so gingerly that he would like to drop it, if he could

(Continued on page 726)

THE PASSING OF ANNIE BESANT

IN the evening of Wednesday, the 20th September, 1933, Annie Besant went to her last rest. The world was her stage; but she was no actress who strutted her brief hour on it. Truth was her goal and she sought it in many places and sometimes in strange company. Never once in her career did the path of least resistance offer the smallest attraction for her; injustice made every instinct in her rise in revolt against it. She was Charles Bradlaugh's right hand when Bradlaugh fought and won his fight in the House of Commons for freedom for members to affirm instead of taking the oath. Her link

with Bernard Shaw was but tenuous, the Fabian Society being then the centre of mutual interest. This was but a passing phase. To India, the Motherland, Annie Besant turned her steps and it was in an auspicious moment for this country that the choice was thus made. She made Adyar, that little gem set in the silver sea, her headquarters and the religion of Theosophy grew strong and flourished. Some of the mightiest intellects in India, like Dr. Subramania Iyer and Sadashiva Iyer rallied to her side and at her feet

learnt the first lessons in Theosophy. Soon, however, politics was a lure too strong to be resisted. She started the Home Rule for India movement, and in the space of a few brief months, thanks to the founder's unrivalled powers of organisation and her untiring zeal, it had taken such a hold on the faith and imagination of the people that a frightened Government interned her in Coimbatore. The admiration and affection of our people for her now reached the bounds of idolatry. Annie Besant had reached her *apogee*. Sometime later, she was released and came back to Madras. That day will not easily be forgotten by those who witnessed the return of the warrior. From the terminus at which she was to detrain that morning, the multitude spread a full mile's length and human heads grew on every tree-branch and telegraph-pole on

the route. And when, at last, the frail yet indomitable warrior was seen, with her noble face and the crown of silver hair, such a roar and such a storm of cheering rose from twice twenty thousand throats that even the most antiquated numbskulls in Government House must have been convinced, at least for the nonce, that the voice of the people was really the voice of God. The people's Congress set its seal of official approval on the people's choice and the President of the Indian National Congress lent a new dignity to that august position by refusing to function as a

mere figurehead in the next twelvemonth.



Later began the decline. Slowly she lost contact with the new generation that was growing up. Other idols sprang up in the market-place; new stars arose in the political firmament; there was a new orientation of policy and the old order slowly changed. From a quiet backwater, the indomitable fighter watched the hurrying stream, hurrying—she knew not whither. Much past the Psalmist's allotted span, the magnificent brain still functioned

with all its old wonderful clarity but the flesh was weak, though the spirit was willing. Years later, she ventured once more near the fringe of the whirlpool of politics but soon

Jaded with the rush and glare
Of interminable hours

she retired to her sanctuary by the sea, there to live her last years on this earth, surrounded by the men and women to whom she was but one step removed from the Divine Being. To-day that living voice and that living presence is no longer with us. In the heyday of her fame and power, millions hung on her every word; to-day lies she so low, none so poor to do her reverence. But from the hearts of countless thousands of grateful and remembering sons of India, will go forth the heartfelt prayer *Requiescat in pace*.



III

In the Previous Two Instalments.

Devipatam was a place of pilgrimage. Its claim to fame lay in its age-old temple. In Devipatam lived Rajam, a Devadasi. She was so old that she had lost all hopes of being a mother. Later on, she took to performing the duties of a devadasi with faith and prayed for a child: soon Deva, a little daughter was born to her. The child grew up, and was sent to school with a boy, Seenu. One evening, to the deep dismay of her distracted mother, Deva did not return home till very late. The anxious mother went searching for the child and was told that Deva and Seenu were seen playing near the tank at sun-set. A search party was organised and in the waters of the temple tank was seen a dark object, floating. One of the party went swimming towards the object.

Now read on.

DANCER

THE HAUNTED MANTAPAM

Story By Desai
Pictures by Sekar.



"The Devi be praised!" said Rajam at sight of the sleeping children and rushing forward she lifted her child bodily and blubbered incoherent endearments into little Deva's unresponsive ear.

Seenu was awakened. He rubbed his eyes, blinked at the crowd and the flaring torches and slowly built up the incidents subsequent to the combat.

"I suppose we slept here," said he in a sheepish and apologetic manner.

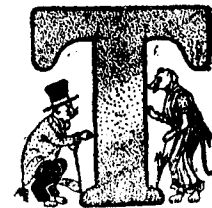
"What were you doing here?" thundered Panchaksharam.

"He pushed me down and my clothes got dirty..." began Seenu, but Panchaksharam caught hold of the boy and shook him.

"Tell me the truth or I'll wring your neck!" he threatened. Seenu howled and Deva awoke with a start. Little by little, she grasped the situation and realised that her Seenu was being scolded instead of being praised.

"Aiyah, please leave Seenu alone and don't hurt him. It is all my fault!" she exclaimed trying to descend from her mother's arms.

"Let us all go home and the children shall tell us how they came to be sleeping here!" suggested Rajam and the party silently turned homewards. On the way and under cover of the darkness, Seenu quietly detached himself from the party and sprinted towards his house.



TENSE silence prevailed among the party of searchers watching from the steps, as the solitary swimmer neared the sinister object floating in the middle of the tank. It was a moonless night. The blue canopy of heaven, strewn with stars, was mirrored in the limpid surface of the waters. The flames of the torches held aloft threw streaks of red gold where the surface was ruffled by the southern breeze into gentle ripples.

With every nerve held taut and all eyes peering at the distant object, the party watched the swimmer slacken his pace and then, very gingerly reach out for the object. A second's acute suspense—and then a guffaw of laughter rent the air and reverberated through the entire temple precincts.

"It is a rotten coconut!" exclaimed the swimmer, holding the object above his head with his left arm while, with his right, he paddled towards the shore.

"What is that?" exclaimed Rajam who, though somewhat relieved, was yet scanning the tank anxiously for signs of her lost child.

"What is what?" asked Panchaksharam, a little jumpy.

"I saw something white moving there yonder."

Yes. Something white could be seen and the party hurried towards it. It was Seenu's shirt and by its side was Seenu, lying flat on his back, with his hands tucked below his head, while little Deva slept nestling close to him, an arm flung across his chest.



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Reaching home, Deva described graphically the fight between Maddu and Seenu and when she reached that portion of the narrative where the casurina log came into play, she stopped inconsequently, tears welled up in her eyes, her chest heaved and she began to cry. "Go on, dear, what is the matter?" asked Rajam.

"That log—we left it in the tank."

"What if we did?"

"I want it."

"What for?"

"I want it, amma!"

"Alright. We will get it for you in the morning."

"I want it now."

"Alright. I'll ask *Aiyah* to fetch it for you.—And then what happened?"

Deva took up the thread of the narrative again, spoke about Seenu's bath in the tank and of the delicacies which they ate on its steps. "And as his shirt wasn't dry, I told him a story and he told me another and we went on telling stories as we lay on the steps of the tank—and I suppose we fell asleep!"

"The Gods be praised nothing untoward has happened!" said Rajam and put her little Deva to sleep.

But next morning neither Deva or Seenu would go to school. Rajam was coaxing Deva and cheering her up, when Sattiappan arrived on the scene.

Sattiappan was quite a character among the Dasi community. He was the offspring of a long forgotten and famous beauty of



Sattai ran for dear life.....

Deva fell down

the place, who, after giving birth to him, passed away as if in disgust at producing a boy. Aunts and uncles brought him up with patience; but from his childhood he showed marked tendencies of giving and getting into trouble. As a result, he became a waif and arrogated to himself the right to levy periodical tithes from well-to-do members of the community in cash and kind. But to such a collection he gave different names. Sometimes it was largesse: on other occasions merely a loan; but rarely payment for services rendered.

Sattiappan shared with his deceased mother her regret at his not having been born a female of the species. He blustered, bluffed and bullied and thereby got on somehow, sponging on the community. But at heart, he was a coward. His swaggering air of fearlessness lasted only while the sun shone in the heavens and vanished with sunset. He was terribly afraid of ghosts, could never bear to hear a ghost story and before night-fall would have retired to some safe retreat. Neither wild horses nor a free drink of arrack would drag him out of his lair after night-fall.

Sattiappan came to Rajam's house to borrow a four anna coin. After listening to the incidents that made Deva unwilling to go to school, an idea struck him.

"Do you know, Rajamma, that in Devipatam even rowdies quail at my approach?" he asked Rajam, slapping his chest and stroking his moustache.

Rajam smiled. "They tell me that you are a terror," said she.

"Much more than that. Now, I propose taking your girl to school and bringing her back every day. I shall be near at hand all the time. Phew! A school-boy! When he sees me, I think he will fall on his knees or run away to some other village. Deva! If I take you, will you come with me to school?"

"You are so big. But can you fight Maddu?"

"Fight? Why, I'll eat him!"

"Good! Will you also take Seenu?"

"Oh yes. I'll take the entire school if you want."

"Sure, you won't leave me alone and go away somewhere?"

"I won't. You know the *Ratham* by the side of the school. Well, you will find me below it, whenever you want me."

Deva clapped her hands in joy. And womanlike exclaimed, "Oh! How I should love to see you fight Maddu!"

But Seenu didn't fall in with the idea. It has already been said that for one so young, he was a bit of a prig. He resented the idea of a body-guard.

"It's alright, Deva, as far as you are concerned. You are a girl. I am not afraid of Maddu and if he wants to fight me again, I am ready."

"But remember, Seenu," warned Deva, "if you want help at any time you have only to look below the car."

There was excitement among the school-children.



Seenu ran where Deva lay

The Merry Magazine

dren as Deva arrived, escorted by Sattiappan. Seenu arrived by himself a little later. Maddu was nowhere to be seen. His band of henchmen sat with glum faces and silent tongues stealing now and then a glance at Deva and Seenu. The air was charged with tension. Did the school-master know? Would Maddu turn up at all? His absence from school was ominous.

Late in the evening Maddu turned up, limping ever so lightly. He was beaming with happiness. He went straight to the teacher and explained that as he was taking some cow-dung cakes from the loft for his mother, his foot slipped and that he fell down and sprained his ankle.

"Serve you right!" said the master and waved him off with a motion of his hand. Maddu grinned at his comrades. They were six of them, and they grinned back at him as he went and sat amidst them.

After school was over, Sattiappan took charge of Deva and escorted her home. A hundred yards behind, Seenu was leisurely walking along, with an affected air of nonchalance.

"It is a great pity!" he heard someone saying behind his back. He wheeled round to find Maddu and his six confederates—of various ages.

"Were you speaking to me?" asked Seenu of Maddu, a little huskily.

"I was and I wasn't," replied Maddu smiling. "But don't you think it is a great pity?"

"It? What is it?"

"That the valiant hero should be deprived of his role of escort to his girl. It is a reflection on his valour."

"You had better go. If Sattiappan sees you, he will tear you limb from limb."

"I know, I know. I think I am also afraid. Let us be friends, Seenu."

"Are you mocking at me?"

"Not at all. Here are six witnesses. Before them I swear I won't hereafter harm you."

"You had better not try. I don't like you and I won't be your friend. You had better go now."

"As you please, Seenu."

* * *

In the mango grove, a mile away from Devipatam, sat Maddu and his confederates, a fortnight later. There was a scowl on Maddu's face and fury in his eyes. He was a tyrant and the little ones who stood around him trembled with fear.

"What does she pay him?" rapped out Maddu.

"Eight Annas, *appa*, every Sunday. He gets drunk immediately after he gets the money," said Patta the youngest of the lot.

"Well, all of you listen to me! I have a plan. My leg is still paining. I understand that Rajan's girl is going to be trained as a dancer. I will break her leg and it would be a fine dance if she can dance with a broken leg. That is that. As for the hero Seenu, I am going to brand him."

"Brand!" the voices exclaimed in chorus.

"Yes. If you don't know what branding is I'll show you. Anyone who says I can't do this or that will be selected for the purpose."

"But Maddu, how are we going to do it?" asked Chinna, who had a squeaking voice.

"You, my dear mouse, are going to do it. I'll give you a big picture-book. Lend it to that Dasi girl and make friends with her. Get friendly also with that seenu Seenu. I'll give you a rubber ball. Next Sunday evening, manage somehow or other to take them for a game of football behind the fourteen pillar-mantapam. You know the fourteen pillar-mantapam is haunted. I know the ghost. I'll ask it to scare Sattiappan. He will take to his heels. Leave the rest to me."

"But the ghost, Maddu! Suppose it does something to us."

"Shut up, silly! Maddu will of course be the ghost," said Kanna who knew Maddu's methods well.

"Now Patta and Chinna will play with Deva and Seenu. You four will, one by one, on Sunday evening get into the Mantapam. Get an iron ladle from your house and charcoal to heat the ladle and keep them ready. I'll be there too, but you won't recognise me."

"But supposing Deva and Seenu refuse to come with us to play?" asked Chinna.

"The ladle will be ready anyhow and I might brand you instead. Therefore, see that they come."

"Supposing Sattai doesn't run away?"

"Leave that to me. Is it all agreed?"

"Yes," chorussed the voices once again, in fear.

Next Sunday evening saw Deva and Seenu playing a game of football behind the fourteen pillar-mantapam along with Chinna and Patta. Sattiappan sat on a stone a little distance away pounding on his palm a little ganja. His eyes were bloodshot already, consequent on a bout of patta-arrack. He looked furtively at the dark fourteen pillar-mantapam which generations had considered haunted and at the darkening sky overhead.

"Hi, kids! It's getting late! Let us go home," Sattiappan called out.

Deva ran up to him.

"Oh, Sattiappa! Just a few more minutes. We want to beat the other side and it will take only a few minutes."

"No. It is getting late. I hate darkness."

"Surely you don't believe that there are ghosts in that Mantapam, do you?"

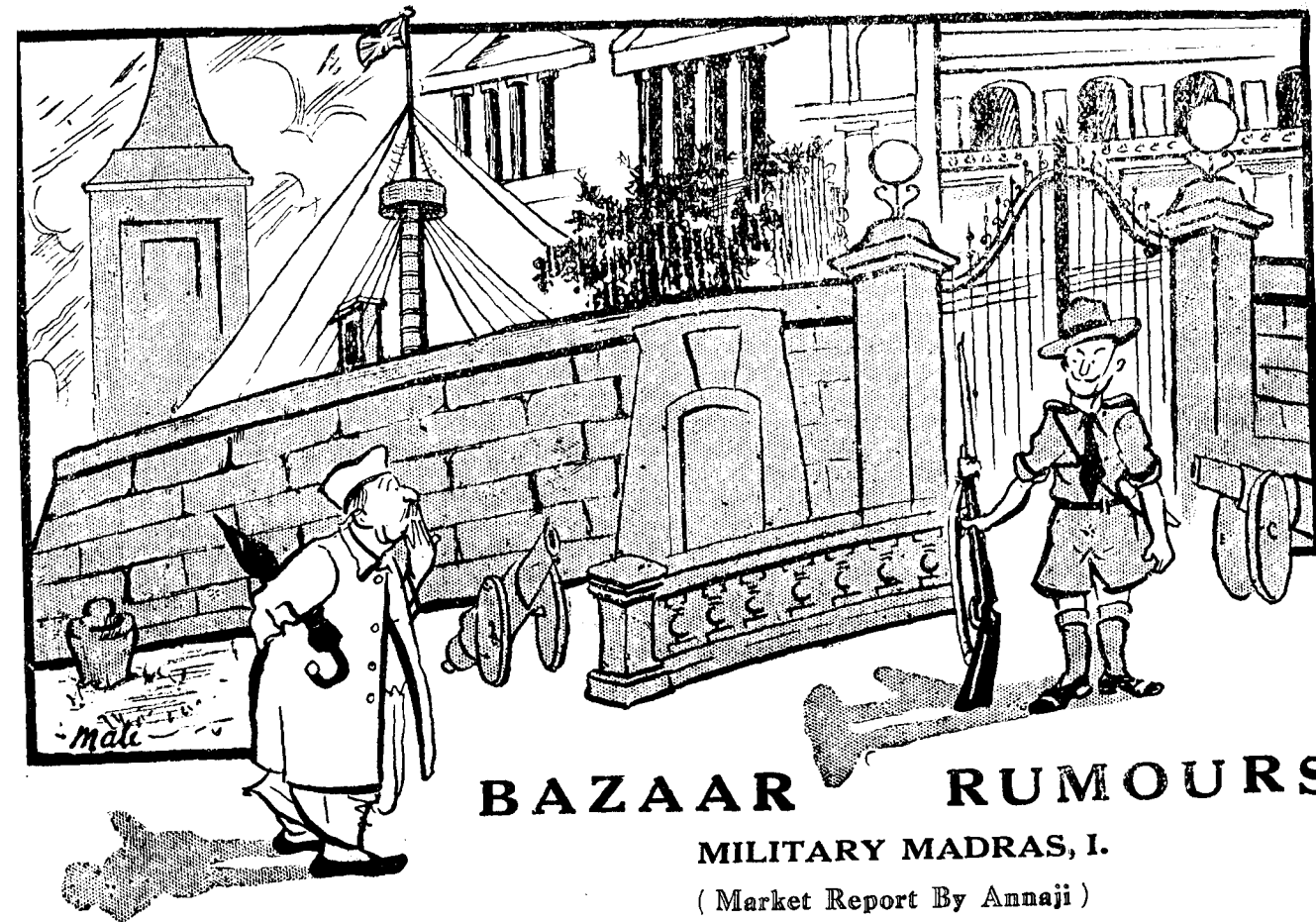
"Shut up and come on! And don't talk to me about ghosts," said Sattiappan throwing into his mouth the pill of ganja.

"Wait. We will come."

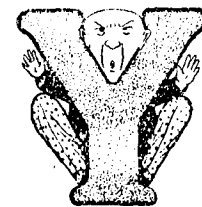
But the other side objected and there was an altercation. Sattiappan rose and walked towards the children with unsteady feet. It took time to listen to their dispute and settle their differences. It was quite dark when they left the grounds.

Taking Deva by the hand, Sattiappan turned homewards. The three boys came behind him talking in

(Continued on page 736.)



Annaji, in his Market Report, talks about familiar things which we, in the course of the day's work, see almost everyday. The unobservant amongst us, pass by unthinkingly; Annaji keeps his eyes open and below we have the benefit of his powers of observation.



OUR readers would all have heard of the whispering galleries of the east: the wireless sets which convey information, generally all vague, if not false, stand four-square in the numerous Bazaars that abound this side of Suez. It is my endeavour to set down seriatim all the news, leaving truth to flourish on its own strength. I trust your readers will take the news with a very large grain of salt.

There are still vestiges of a Military character all over Madras. If there should be an Afghan invasion over this part of India—we have now the unwelcome inrush of Afghan and Irani beggars—a pamphlet on these lines may be published, broadcasted throughout the barren hills of the Afghan frontier, lined with beak-nosed sharp shooters.

Military Hotels and Spear-men.

To begin with, the naked half-starved cultivator of this Presidency is called "a riot" and he holds his land under a tenure, the name of which suggests civil disobedience as well as battle—I refer, of course, to the famed riot-war-i tenure. And our most imposing mili-

tary statue, namely that of Munro, has been erected in memory of the man who devised this tenure. Even the names of our public thoroughfares are reminiscent of war and heroes of the past, e.g. Commander-in-Chief's Road, General Patter's Road, General Muttia Mudaly Street, Casa-Major Road, Ordnance Lines and last but not least, the Fort.

We have a goodly number of Military hotels, and military hair-cutting saloons. All those visitors with a seeing eye would never have missed these military displays in Madras Town. You see stalking about the town persons, who, however slouching their gait, wear a highly commendable military moustache. Your reader who is so prosaic as to live within his income would never have come across the "spear-man." (I trust your readers would accept this translation of the Tamil "Ettikaran.") Spear-men abound in this great city. They are all Muhammadans. They lend moneys at exorbitant rates of interest and rely upon force to get their principal and interest. They are supposed to get their money back at the point of the spear. They assault and threaten to assault every borrower who does not pay on the due date. They ignore courts of law and execution proceedings: they are their own executioners. They do not go about with a spear though they may

look daggers or spears at one but the terrified imagination of the borrower adorns them with one. These threats never reach the ears of the police as the victims meekly obey and are never known to complain. I found a few Afghans sitting on the pials of houses as if they owned the whole street, if not the whole locality. On inquiry I found that one of its residents had borrowed some money and that that day was fixed for payment. The huge sticks in their hands had glistening metallic knobs and they had the air of Muhamed of Ghazni. So military is the Madrassee that a warlike appearance is enough to make him pay up in time and without the slightest demur.

But we possess an abundance of military vocabulary. "If you wait longer, I will pulverise you" and there are other words which imply bodily harm and, therefore, are of a highly military character. A Coorg friend of mine heard with great trepidation for three hours a battle royal in glowing martial words but neither during nor after that wordy storm, was ever a blow struck. If the reader thinks that that is an ahimsa feat, he is mistaken. To be thoroughly ahimsa, they should not have thought of injuring another man, much less give expression to those ideas. Neither is it orthodox ahimsa conduct on the part of the lamb which after it tried to fight the tiger with all its strength and when it is in its last gasp in the tiger's mouth, to straighten itself as much as it could and exclaim, "Well, Tiger, you can eat only my body but my soul is safe from your tyranny."

I am personally aware of lean, lanky Madrassees who trace their ancestry to mediaeval and ancient warriors. Some there are, I admit, with a fat round belly so huge that they remind one of Falstaff. All these appear very humble before a Muhammadan, an Anglo-Indian or a European, but to appreciate and assess their lofty military lineage you must see them pitched against a Brahmin or a Bania. They assume the true martial stature of their ancestors and behave as if they had a Field Marshal's baton in their angavasthras.

Theatrical Wars.

"When the lorn damsel, with a frantic screech
And cheeks as hueless as a brandy-peach
Cries Help, Kyind Heaven! and drops upon
her knees

whispers. Sattai listened. Why should they talk in whispers?"

"Look, Seenu. There! There! Inside the Mantapam! Don't you see a red glow? That is one of the fire goblins."

Sattai involuntarily turned and looked into the Mantapam. Sure enough, there was something glowing amidst the pall of darkness that had descended over the mantapam and had heavily darkened its interior.

Sattai quickened his pace dragging Deva with him. An unearthly groan issued from the centre of the Mantapam. A blood-curdling yell was let loose from the Stygian darkness that enshrouded the mantapam and groans, shrieks, and terror-striking howls followed.

(What did Maddu do to Deva? Read the next instalment.)

On the green—baize beneath the (canvas) trees—
See to her side avenging Valour fly"

with a rusty tin sword. But the ideals of war are kept vivid before the people's eye by warlike incidents on the stage, even though the general of the army is overweighted with gold, precious stones and jewelry. Histrionic talent keeps alive the memory of wars long gone by. Needless to add, all of us are acquainted with what are to us live battles in the councils, courts, and street corners.

Council and Court.

All of your readers would have seen entrenched behind the serried ranks of law books an array of legal latent—the old contending as the young surveyed. You would doubtless have seen the fire of cross-examination, the unending volley of questions and heard the thunder of stentorian arguments. That is truly our field of battle. Our Legislative Council is noted for its quick sallies of wit and our Corporation (the entrance to which bristles with cannon on which Mr. Satyamurthi and his fellow Councillors cast a longing look each time they march to verbal battle) for its penetrating observation inside and smell outside.

Gusufzais

This smell reminds one of the capture and assumption of sovereign rights over the pavement opposite the Madras Corporation buildings. This conquest cannot be compared to the whirlwind attack of Timur or Chengis Khan, for it is not ephemeral in its character. It can only be compared to the founders of the Mughal Empire. Their domination over the pavement is as complete. Soldiers, sailors, Government Officials, tribunes of the people zealous of maintaining the fundamental rights of the citizen, all pass by and acknowledge what appears to be the inalienable right of the Gusufzais to that part of the pavement. Their reign is complete. They may be Mahsoods, Mahmunds or some other Afghan baggy-trousered tribe but they hold undisputed sway over the captured part of the pavement.

Bird catchers (Kuruvi karar) abound who remind one of the famous humourist's description of a Madrassee that they go about clad in a handkerchief and a turban encamp on the pavement. But they look as if they would fly if a policeman but stares at them.

(Continued from page 734)

in quick succession. Sattiappan stood transfixed to the spot. He could see a short thick set figure moving behind the pillars. It emerged, dancing, yelling and waving its hand. Little Deva, abject with terror, clung to Sattiappa. But he, shaking her away, ran for dear life, uttering strange noises like one demented. Deva fell down and swooned.

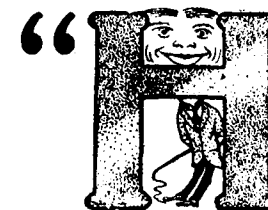
Patta and Chinna followed swift in the wake of Sattiappa pretending to be afraid of the ghost. Seenu ran to where Deva lay and knelt beside her. He was frightened. If only he could lift Deva and run away before the ghost came near. He attempted to lift her. And as he did so, he felt a violent blow on his head and fell with a heavy thud and rolled over on the floor.

TIDINGS FROM TRIBUNALS

(FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT)

Muthukaruppan Vs. Peepaiyurtti Nagaveni Ammal.

Maddington, 25th September, 1933.



OW could a Hindu widow be called a woman then?"

"Which part of the widow is liable?" "What portions of her body are to suffer detention in prison?" were among the questions that

were answered by the Full Bench of the Court of Appeal in an important case that engaged the attention of the Court to-day. The facts of the case appear in the separate, but concurring judgments of their Lordships Sir Andrew Beestake, Sir Patrick Alliswell and Mr. Swoot JJJ. The Court delivered the following judgments:—

Sir Andrew Beestake :—This Civil Revision Petition raises an important question of law viz. the extent of the liability of a Hindu widow for the debts contracted by her deceased husband. When this petition came on before our learned brother Snail J. whose ignorance of the principles of Hindu law is only a little more abysmal than our own, he with the leave of my lord the Chief Justice previously obtained, conveniently referred this to a bench of three judges to have an authoritative pronouncement on a point of far-reaching importance at issue therein. The petitioner one Muthukaruppan in S. C. S. No. 10756 of 1930 on the file of the Court of Small Causes, Maddington sued one Jalsa Sundaram Iyer for the recovery of a sum of Rs. 20-3-11, together with interest, due by the defendant on a promissory note executed in favour of the petitioner. Pending judgment the defendant died absolutely penniless and in debt. His wife the respondent herein was there upon brought on record as the defendant's sole heir and legal representative and the claim was duly decreed in favour of the petitioner.

The petitioner in E. P. No. 14628 of 1931 in S. C. S. No. 10756/30 forthwith applied for the arrest and detention in Civil Prison of the respondent widow in execution of the said decree. The lower court dismissed the petition at once under section 56 of the Code of Civil Procedure which exempts a woman from detention in prison for any Civil Liability. If this had concluded there it would have been a matter of supreme satisfaction to us. But Advocates are after all human, and the glint of a gold piece is hard to resist. The petitioner prefers this petition to establish that the order dismissing his Execution Petition is unsustainable in law.

His contentions are three fold viz. that the respondent widow is not a widow in law nor a *feme sole* or

woman within the meaning of Sec. 56 of the Code of Civil Procedure, that she is in custody, control and possession of half of her deceased husband, the defendant in the original suit, and should in law therefore be deemed to be in possession of the person and estate if any, belonging to that half of her husband's person which she is liable to account for.

These propositions apparently startling in nature are, it is ably argued, founded on the well known text of Hindu Law that says "the husband and wife are one and in the widow, half the husband survives." While the authenticity and binding nature of this text has never been disputed or doubted, its interpretation has been the subject of numerous decisions that have left the application of the principle underlying that text in a sad state of confusion.

A comparative study of the various systems of Jurisprudence prevailing in the world discloses that no personal law of a people is more strongly founded on their religion than the Hindu Law. Therefore for a correct appreciation and true interpretation of any text of that law, the most expedient method of approach should be the evaluation in the first instance of the corresponding religious belief, if any, on which the text in question is founded. Now, it is a firm and established faith of a Hindu that he never dies. In other words he is immortal. After the allotted span of life on this planet, which is indeed a pellet in comparison with the other planets, he either attains *Nirvana* which is admittedly very rare, or migrates to *Swarga* (not to be mistaken with *Swarajya* which signifies a ten million year plan of a distinctly abandoned and chaotic life where there is no litigation of any description, which happens not infrequently, or emigrates to *PUT* or *Hell* which is his more frequent ultimate venue. The whole of the Hindu religion is instinct with this doctrine. The life of a Hindu is one interminable chain of incarnations, reincarnations, migrations, transmigrations, and in some exceptional cases transfigurations. Bearing this principle well in mind, what is the significance that is to be attached to the text now under consideration. Owing to the bewildering mass of conflicting case law that has developed round this important text, its true import appears to have been but dimly appreciated.

In a very recent case *Kali Ammal Vs. The Mars Insurance Co. Ltd.* 47, M.A.D.J. 87, the question arose for determination, but on different facts. There the widow of a deceased Hindu claimed a sum of Rs. 115679-8-0 as beneficiary in an insurance policy taken out by her deceased husband in the defendant company. Their Lordships Sir John Gusher and Blink JJ. after an elaborate review of the relevant texts and case law on the subject arrived at the conclusion that

the text "half the husband survives in the widow" was imperative in its nature, and that the widow in that case was entitled to a decree for only half of the amount claimed in the plaint. But, it being doubtful which half it was that she would be entitled to, the matter was, at the request of the parties, finally referred to the official Referee of this Honourable Court for taking such steps as were necessary to ascertain which half of the husband survived in the widow and which half of the claim related to the deceased half of the husband. We understand that the Referee has not yet submitted his report and is now on long leave.

In Kamakshi Vs. Visalakshi 73 M. I. L. R. 64 the subject came on for determination, but in a different form. There the plff. a Hindu widow, as representing her deceased husband sued to recover Rs. 18-5-7 due to her deceased husband, by the deceased husband of the defendant widow. The facts in that case disclosed that both the parties to the suit had no children born of their loins nor had they adopted any. "A sonless Hindu is inevitably destined to PUT or Hell," 76 P.C.R. 93. "A son and son alone can save the father from PUT or Hell" proclaim the texts. In view of these incontrovertible principles their Lordships Kazhangundu Sastri and Raman JJ. dismissed the suit on the ground that the matter was Sub Judice, for, considering the time that had elapsed since the death of the husbands, they were of the opinion that the deceased husbands who entered into the transaction would then be prosecuting the claim in the Tribunals of PUT, where they would have met and exchanged lawyers' notices in respect of the claim. (See 98 M.I.L.R. 27. laying down that the lawyers who have completed their term of years here are assured a safe passage across the Styx and a patient audience in the Tribunals in Put provided they had not done anything too dreadfully outrageous or absolutely unprofessional here.) In the course of the judgment their Lordships observe, "it would be a travesty of justice to permit the SAME parties to prosecute two actions in different tribunals in respect of the same claim." The capitals are mine. The word 'same' is not without significance. Here the eminent Judges had clearly in mind two actions viz.

1. the suit then under their consideration and 2. the suit before a court of competent jurisdiction in PUT. This decision clearly recognises the dual personality of a Hindu *Gruhasta* or householder. These two cases are illustrative of the two distinct lines of authorities canvassed for the petitioner, bearing, though indirectly, on the point under consideration. These authorities base their conclusions on a natural and correct interpretation of the text which meets with our unqualified approval.



In the widow, half the husband survives.

years been so widely recognised that even America has amended the 18th Amendment.

An examination of the Law of Adoption, another copper-bottomed branch of Hindu Law, discloses that the widow's power to adopt a son to her deceased husband is founded on this text. Any argument questioning the construction that I am inclined to place on this text hardly glances at the contrary implication thereby conveyed viz. that it is possible to have a son without a father, a position opposed to all nature, and we need hardly set down the deplorable consequences that must necessarily follow if we were to hold with that view and deny fathers to sons and husbands to wives.

For the respondent it has been argued with considerable subtlety and force that a literal interpretation of the text would lead to an anomalous position. In support of this, we are asked to consider the hypothetical case of a Hindu who dies leaving several widows and the difficulty of adjudicating on their rival claims in respect of the surviving half of the deceased husband. But to my mind such a case presents little difficulty, for, failing a text of Hindu Law which determines their respective claims, consistent with the principles of justice, equity and good conscience, the rival claimants would each be entitled to a moiety of the surviving half.

A distinction is sought to be introduced between the secular and temporal view, and the purely spiritual view in construing the text. Much time has been expended over this aspect of the case but I am of the deliberate opinion that there is no warrant either in Hindu Law or in Hindu Religion for divorcing the spirit, or what in this country is conveniently termed *life or soul*, from the body. On the other hand the identity of the two has in recent

I am therefore of the opinion that the text "husband and wife are one, and in the widow half the husband survives" should in the light of the principles stated above, be literally interpreted. In that view of the text, the result of this petition admits of no doubt. The respondent being in possession, control or custody of half of her husband, she is neither a widow, for half of her husband is alive, nor a mere woman within the meaning of Sec 56, but a woman and half man, a position which, however curious, is well recognised in law. In the result this petition is allowed. The Execution Petition No. 14628/31 will be restored to the file with a modification in the prayer therein, confining the petitioner's relief to the surviving half of the deceased debtor and disposed of according to law.

Sir Patrick Alliswell:—I have had the advantage of perusing the judgment of my learned brother, and am of the opinion that this petition should be allowed. The life of a Hindu widow whose husband has died in penury and in debt, in this world is at best a dog's-bodyish life. It should be borne in mind that I limit my observations here to the widow destitute of any means of livelihood. I should not therefore be understood to include in this category the merry widow whose life is one long gay song. Now, to deprive such a widow of half of her husband is in all conscience an unconscionable act, which I do not want to encourage. But is it unconscionable to detain her in a civil prison when sequestration of the surviving half of her husband from her person is impossible? My answer to this question is in the negative. All her wants consistent with her position and status in life should be provided for her in the prison at the expense of the petitioner. She can undoubtedly

live a life of comparative ease and effortless existence for such time as the petitioner decides to maintain her there. Should the respondent be ever in want, all that she need do is to apply to Lady Alliswell, the President of the Vidhava Vinoda Vidyalaya of which I am the Patron. This institution has rendered invaluable services to the Hindu widow. When I was in the Tamil District of Meenakshipuram as District and Sessions Judge—but that is a different matter and does not arise for consideration here. This petition is allowed.

Mr. Swoot J.:—I agree entirely with the opinion of my learned brothers and consider that this petition should be allowed with the modification in the relief prayed for, as directed by my learned brother Sir Andrew Beefsteake. But I wish to add a few words which the judgment of my learned brother Sir Patrick Alliswell calls for. A certain note of levity has of late crept into his pronouncements, which I consider it my duty to condemn. Equally strongly do I deprecate his practice of basing his decision on extra-judicial knowledge and considerations that are not at all germane to the questions at issue before his Lordship. This practice of his vitiates his judgments and deprives them of any binding force which they may otherwise possess.

Petition Allowed.

Mr. S. Vedavakachari instructed by Messrs. Kasturi Iyengar, Punugu Seshan, Javadu Nanachar and Venugopalan appeared for the petitioner while *Mr. Peruntalai Sastri* assisted by Messrs. Madamuzhuni Sastri, and Andapuzhugu Apatsahaya Sastri appeared for the respondent.

Getting Into It!



The Amateur Photographer:—"Now then, all of you! If you really want all of you to get into the picture, move two steps behind!"



Looking for the flowers

SUSILA GROWS A FLOWER GARDEN

(N. S. PILLIEUX)

Some people sow the wind and reap the whirlwind. Susila plants what she fondly thinks are flowers and reaps—?—*Editor.*



HERE can be no question, at all, about Susila's good intentions and her solicitude for my welfare. But, man proposes (man includes woman also) and God disposes; and, unfortunately, the Power that shapes our ends, had been particularly unkind towards Susila. Her efforts to raise hirsute crops on my barren cranial vault—a labour of love, certainly—had, beyond inflicting unbearable, nerve-racking pain, proved abortive; and the way she subsequently tackled my teeth and obesity, very nearly cost me my job. These reverses she had sustained in the matter of improving my appearance and health, gave me a brief respite from her well-intentioned 'cures.'

"Dear, how do you like the idea of just a small garden in front of our house?"

Susila and myself were sitting on the moonlit terrace one night after supper, chatting as usual. I was still 'convalescing' from the after effects of her 'obesity cure.'

"The idea is not after all a bad one," I agreed.

"Not a bad one! Why don't you say it is capital?" she exclaimed.

"The idea is capital," I repeated.

"Isn't it," she enthused, "just a small garden of verdant green; of variegated flowers. To possess such a garden has been my ambition for some time past; but, for some reason or other, it has not yet been a *fait accompli*. Don't you remember, dear, our visit, the other day, to Lady Karuppanna Chetty's. What a fine garden she has! and she is proud of it too! I would just love to have one such here also."

I had nothing to say against Susila taking up gardening as a hobby, if she so desired. For, gardening is, certainly, a healthy delightful pastime affording to those, who have the time, the inclination and, what is of more importance, the wherewithal, to take it up as a hobby, the most exquisite and refined of pleasures. And a trim, well-kept garden is, indeed, an asset—a thing of beauty and a joy for ever.

Susila, as usual, put her heart and soul into her new hobby. "The Amateur Gardener's *vade mecum*" from the Bookstall furnished her with all the necessary information, details and 'hints' for successful horticulture. The site for the future garden was selected, with due regard to the natural drainage of the soil, the availability of sunshine and shade and so on; and a fine

trellis-work fencing was put up all round. Gardening tools and implements—shovels, spades, weeders, hoes, and watering cans—were indented for. An extra-servant had to be entertained, specially to look after the garden in embryo. In fact, all the preliminary arrangements were completed in the course of a week.

"Dear, what about the seeds?"

"Yes, what about them?" I echoed.

"Lady Karuppanna Chetty has kindly promised to give me some flower seeds, I mean the seeds of flowering plants. We shall for the present begin with a flower garden. But, of course, when the monsoon commences, we shall get down the Roses, the Crotons, the Ferns and Ornamental Foliage from the 'Modern Nursery.'"

"Right! go ahead," I said encouragingly.

The next day Susila called on Lady Karuppanna Chetty for the promised seeds, and returned home in the evening in high spirits.

"She is a dear, Lady Karuppanna Chetty is," Susila was saying, "she gave me not only flower seeds, but other seeds as well. We shall begin the work in right earnest to-morrow."

We did begin the work in right earnest the next day. The soil of the locality was found to differ very much from 'sandy loam,' her friend had specially recommended; and Susila and myself hunted high and low, or rather made a geological survey of the neighbouring places, with a view to getting at least a cartload of 'sandy loam.' Finally, a cartload of the same was brought down and a sandy loam 'bed' was prepared.

Susila grows A Flower Garden

Artificial manures were liberally mixed with the soil to give it additional richness and the seeds were at last sown. Watering was done regularly morning and evening and in the course of time the seedlings came out. Susila was all enthusiasm and spent most of her time out in the garden (?) nursing the tender ones, like a fond parent. Her long cherished dream had, at last, come to be an accomplished fact.

The plants grew up strong and sturdy in course of time; but, contrary to her expectations, flowers failed to appear. As days passed on, Susila grew anxious and finally decided to invite Lady Karuppanna Chetty herself to have the benefit of her expert opinion.

Her friend readily assented and came round to see the garden. One look at it sent her into fits of laughter.

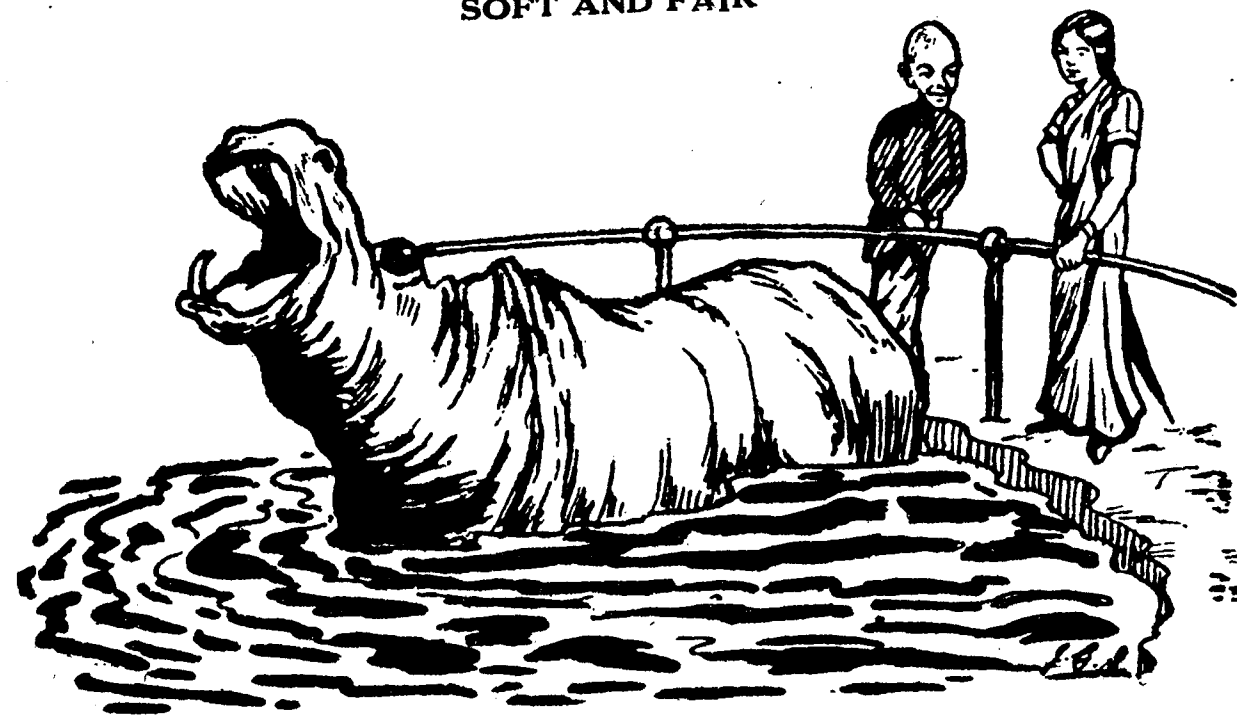
"A nice flower garden indeed!" I overheard her remarking, "you expect flowers out of these-er-shrubs, eh? These are no more flowering plants than you are Cleopatra. I remember, I gave you two packets—one containing flower seeds and the other hedge seeds. Evidently, you have mistaken the latter for the former. These plants here are shrubs one generally grows along side the fences. Ha! Ha!! Ha!!! But what did you do with the other packet?"

"It is with me," Susila said in an undertone.

"You may as well hope to grow a Bernard Shaw beard on your chin as to pluck flowers from these weeds here," was her parting shot.

Poor Susila! "Better luck next time, dear," I heard myself saying.

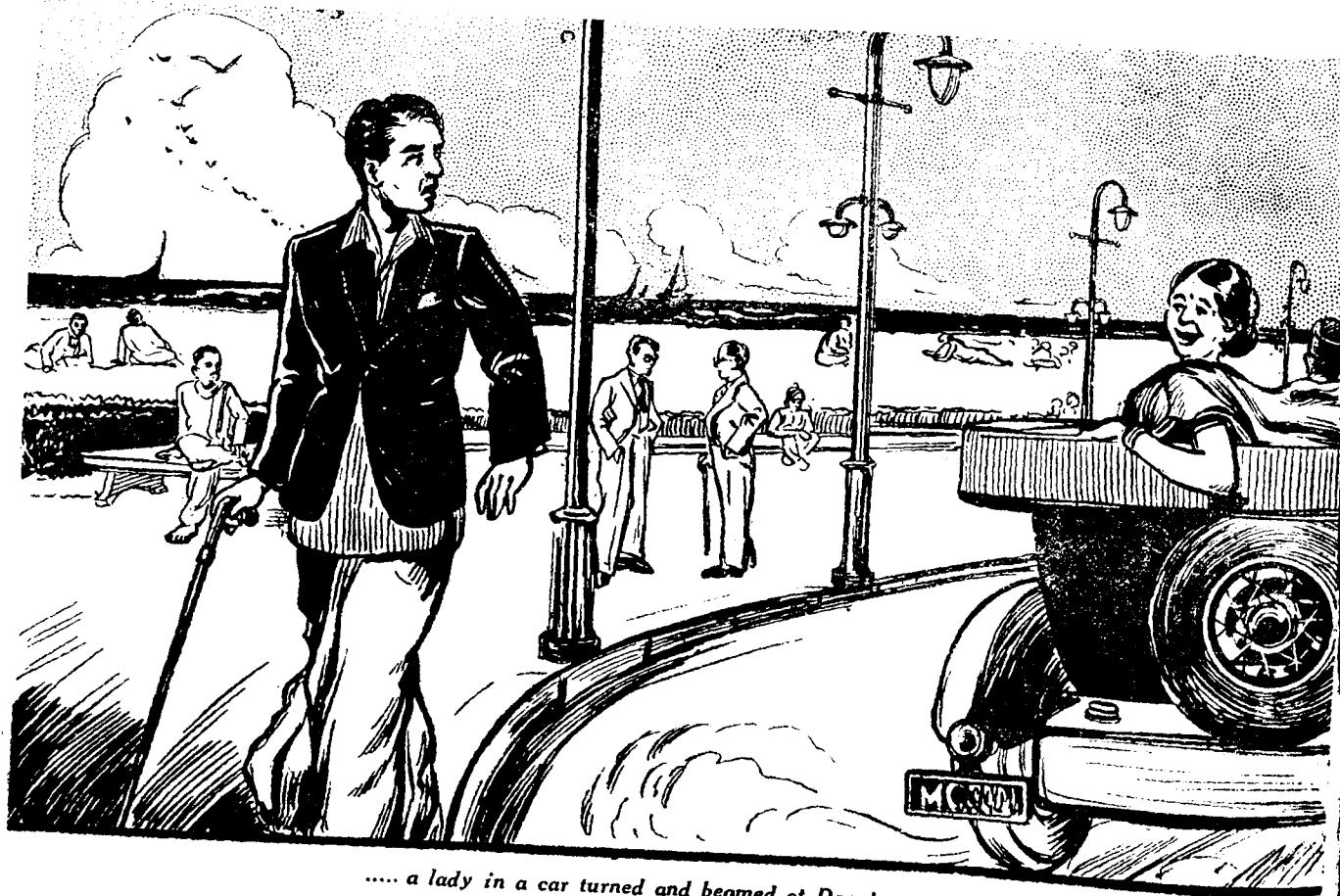
SOFT AND FAIR



Fair Visitor to the Zoo:—Is this a male Hippopotamus?

Zoo Attendant:—No, amma! This belongs to the softer and the fairer sex.

"FINISH THE STORY" COMPETITION



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

ROMANCE IN THE MARINA

The Story as Begun by Deisvi

The unfinished story written by Deisvi and published in our issue of the 25th July '33 is reprinted below. A. Srinivasa Rao, who has been awarded the prize, concludes the story.—Editor.



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

Doraiswamy started life as an indent-clerk in Quarry & Co. He handled indents for glass, picture-frame mouldings, straw boards etc. for merchants in Devaraja Mudaly Street. The depression in trade and the inevitable retrenchment got the sack for Doraiswamy.

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

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

The Story As Begun By Deisvi

Finished by A. Srinivasa Rao.

Doraiswamy read and re-read those few lines till he could repeat them by heart. So his luck had indeed turned. His ecstasy knew no bounds. He swelled up like a dough-nut when it hits the boiling fat, threw out his chest, and walked into the hall, where his spouse was knitting, his face beaming with joy, proud as a peacock, head up, hands deep in the pockets of his coat.

"Sundari" S-U-N-D-A-R-I-I-I. He sang out his wife's name unable to contain himself and bursting to reveal the secret of his coming happiness. The poor woman dropped her work, rose and approached him. "Well, what's in the wind, dear" she managed to ask "that you look so happy." Doraiswamy did not know where and how to begin. "I have news to give, my angel, news that will set you spinning. My luck has turned, soon I'll be rich. *"Sukra-Bhukthi"* or *"Sukra-Desai"* has begun and that means riches untold, a life of luxury, plenty of servants, tons of money. When it comes, my dear, we had better do the thing in style. To-morrow, why, even to-day, I expect the windfall." So saying, he drew her close, and pinched her cheek. He danced like a buffoon. Sundari turned pale. She thought that her husband had gone mad. Doraiswamy knew what was passing in her mind and tried to reassure her. He took out the astrologer's prediction, and handed it to her. "Here is a reading, my dear," he went on "from an eminent astrologer and what is more, a part of it has already come to pass. I mean the rich lady mentioned there. She has already crossed my path. She not only saw me, but also smiled at me waving her tiny hand in a most ravishing manner. "She must be one of your acquaintances perhaps" Sundari remarked, "if not, how can a stranger, one of my own sex, be so forward as to wave her hand and smile on you in broad day-light. Surely it must be a mistake to think that this incident is connected with the astrologer's reading." "Not a bit of it" Doraiswamy protested, but he could read the doubt expressed on his wife's face. Her vague smile at his failure to convince her, set the blood in the veins of Doraiswamy running faster. "I am a fool to confide in a woman" he blurted out in anger. "It is very hard to convince your sex. Woman is foxy as a Devil's cat, if ever there was one, and as black." With this parting shot Doraiswamy left his wife.

The following morning Doraiswamy left the house in a very thoughtful mood. He pondered over his mind the incidents of the preceding evening. Where to go, and where to find the fair unknown? Did she really smile on him, or was it only his fancy? He took a mental note of the car's number. The number of the car was M. C. 1373. He could now easily find out what he wanted.

To the Commissioner of Police Office he bent his steps. There, in the Licensing Department he met with no difficulty, and obtained the particulars he required. M. C. 1373-Make Napier-Owner a certain Dwarakanath. The name sounded familiar. "No, it can't be he"

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

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

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

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

But his thoughts again and again turned to the bewitching lady in the car. Instead of turning into Pycroft's Road seeking the bus-stand, he found himself walking unconsciously to the Iron-Bridge. He footed it to Parry's Corner and at least a half-dozen cars very nearly ran over him. He boarded a Royapuram car when he should have taken one bound for Purasawalkum. He forgot to take back from the conductor the change that was due and which he could ill afford to neglect. Half way through his meals he abruptly arose and washed his hands much to the disappointment of his spouse who had a few culinary surprises for him, as and for, the end of a perfect day. She was sore about it and when she came later on to enquire what was wrong, she found him busy pouring over the latest batches of astrological predictions that came at regular intervals by post, addressed per V.P.P., to Doraiswamy.

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

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

"Must you do it on an empty stomach?"

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

And Doraiswamy read on.

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

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muttered Doraiswamy. He read the address, and that bowled him over. He turned white as a sheet, struck dumb. He stood for a minute or two as one transfixed—a statue in dismay-mouth wide open. Dwarakanath's identity had been established beyond doubt. The clerk who furnished the information gaped in wonder. He surveyed Doraiswamy from head to foot. "What is the matter? Sir, are you ill, can I do anything for you?" he asked. "No, thanks, I am O.K." replied Doraiswamy as he walked out.

As he retraced his steps home, Doraiswamy's face was indeed a study. He looked the very picture of disappointment and despair combined. Poor Doraiswamy, who would not sympathise with him?

Gentle reader, you are itching to know the cause of this sudden change in Doraiswamy. Bear with me a while please (if you have not already guessed) and you will know every thing at the right time.

Mrs. Doraiswamy, or Sundari, after her culinary duties and the care of her children, was reclining in an easy chair, awaiting the arrival of her lord. The abrupt departure of her husband in the morning, and his strange behaviour the previous evening caused her great uneasiness. She was still trying to hit upon a solution for his funny behaviour when she heard the front door open and shut with a bang which reverberated throughout the house. In came Doraiswamy with set teeth, and haggard face. She thought of asking him for the cause, but she refrained. Her womanly tenderness and sympathy however spurred her on to give him consolation and comfort. She put her hand gently on his burning forehead, and drew his head close. But Doraiswamy was in a terrible temper and did not at the time stand in need of anybody's sympathy. "Get out of my way," he thundered, shaking himself free. He entered his room and locked himself in.

Poor Sundari!! she gave herself up to tears. During the five years of her wedded life, she had never known her husband to be so cruel and heartless. "That hussy must have had a hand in this," she thought, "and dearly will you pay for this, you cat," she added.

"Sir, Sir," she heard somebody calling at the door. On opening it she found a street urchin with a dirty red cap on his head holding something white in his hand. "Is Mr. Doraiswamy at home, madam, if so kindly give this to him. It's Urgent." So saying he handed her the letter and disappeared. Sundari looked at the address written in a neat bold hand evidently a woman's. The envelope was hand made and bore no stamp. It must be from that hussy she thought. She went up to the room where her husband was, and knocked gently. No answer. A louder knock, still no response. "Dorai, Dorai, please open the door," she called out in her sweetest voice, "a letter has come for you dear, marked 'private and urgent' and the contents, I am sure, will cheer you up a bit." The mention of the letter acted like magic. The door burst open, and Doraiswamy made his appearance. "Where is it?" he queried, and without waiting for a reply he snatched the letter from the hand of his wife and tore it open in

feverish haste as though his life depended upon the nature of its contents.

This is what he read:—

DEAR BROTHER,

Pardon me for calling you so: you are just my brother and I am your little sister. Nothing more and nothing less. If perchance, I have kindled in you feelings of a different nature (you know what I mean) nip them in the bud. Don't let them take root and cause you disappointment and misery later.

After seeing you at the Marina, I guessed that you would leave no stone unturned to unearth me. I saw you taking a mental note of my car's number. I gave you credit for pluck. You had the biggest surprise of your life when you learnt the name of the owner of the car. You were quite unprepared for it. Poor boy, I'm so sorry. I am indeed Babu Dwarakanath's daughter, and no other. You needn't feel sorry because I happen to be your rival's daughter. You saved me once, you remember, when I was just a child of ten, from drowning. I have not forgotten that chivalrous act of yours. I vowed to do you a good turn. That time has now come. I returned from Bombay last week and was shocked to hear that you had been thrown out of employment. I felt very sorry for you, your wife and kiddies. I had a serious business talk with Daddy. He has, you know, recently purchased Quarry and Company. Being old and infirm he is unable to manage the affairs of the Firm. He badly wants an energetic and intelligent assistant to help him. He knows you and is aware of your abilities. He is prepared to take you, at my suggestion, on Rs. 500/- plus 10% on sales. Isn't this a tempting offer? I am sure you will accept this.

I also owe you an explanation for playing a small trick on you—with good intentions, mind. The astrologer's prediction was a pure myth. I induced the Head of an Astrological Bureau to send you a prediction which I myself dictated. You took the bait, and everything has worked out satisfactorily down to the minutest detail.

You will please meet my Daddy this afternoon, between 3 and 4 P. M. at our residence in Mylapore. I will be there, and everything will be settled.

Please don't disappoint me.

Believe me to be,
Your affectionate sister,
CHANDRAKANTA.

Need the rest be told? Doraiswamy, punctual to the minute, presented himself at the palatial residence of rich Dwarakanath. Everything was settled in less than an hour, and the following day Doraiswamy took the reins of Office, and business thrived under his able management.

Astrology or not, Doraiswamy owed his fortune to the kind efforts of the beautiful Chandrakanta.



The same tune was rending the air.

ONE OF THESE DAYS

(P. P. Samuel)

P. P. Samuel sees red; his poor, overwrought nerves are so jangled that he threatens murder and sudden death. Luckily he is a fatalist and a passive one, at that.—Editor.



ONE of these days I will commit a murder and blow the consequences. I have been restraining myself for a month now, by sheer will power, thanks to the invaluable book, "The Homicidal Urge and How to Nip it." But the thread of discretion will soon snap and I will sally out with a lethal weapon. Well, if my neighbour on the right thinks he can with impunity play "Meenakshi Ramana" and "Dasaratha Rajakumara" on his gramophone, ten times over, at midnight, just when I turn in for a little rest, he is dashed mistaken. I hope he reads this and takes warning.

Two weeks ago, I wrote him a nice diplomatic letter, containing a long extract from Cardinal Newman, and choice bits from "Manners for Everyman."

I pointed out to him that, if Newman didn't mention anything about gramophones and loud needles at midnight, it was because the gramophone hadn't become a menace to society when he wrote "Portrait of a Gentleman". But he replied that a taste for music was a sure sign of civilization, that he regretted I was so lamentably uncivilized, and that he was buying a box of extra-loud needles that night for my special benefit.

In sheer desperation I appealed to the S. P. C. A. But the Secretary told me that he was a charitable man and shouldn't consider me an animal.

"I am an animal," said I, "and so are you, in a generic sense."

"No," he replied stiffly, "you are not. All my animals have tails; where is yours?"

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"I am sorry about that," said I. "What with evolution and things I have dropped my tail."

"Kismet," said he, with a bright smile.

"In that case," I suggested, "I appeal to you on behalf of Henry."

"Has he a tail?" asked the friend of animals, with a glint of humour in his eyes.

"A whole yard of it," I snapped. "He is a Rajapalayam."

"A what?"

"A dog from Rajapalayam, sir. When my neighbour's gramophone strikes up at midnight, Henry tucks in his tail between his legs, switches himself on to top gear, and sets up such a dolorous whine as would break the heart of any S. P. C. A. Secretary. If that is not cruelty to animals....."

"It is all psychology, sir, and doesn't come within the scope of my Society. I deal only with cases of physical cruelty to animals."

"S. P. P. C. A. T. Is that the idea?"

"What?"

"Society for the Prevention of Physical Cruelty to Animals with Tails."

"You said it. Good evening."

"Hallo!" said my neighbour on the left, as I was returning from the S. P. C. A. "You look uncommon bright. And small wonder, considering the splendid music that we get these days. I like 'Dasaratha Rajakumara' particularly. 'Meenakshi Ramana' is good in its own way. Ah, real music is a Divine tonic and I feel frightfully bucked up myself. Thanks to Edison and all that sort of thing."

I looked at him as if he was an egg laid last year. He is a schoolmaster—don't be misled by his snappy talk—and probably suffers from insomnia, conjuring up visions of kids with half-bricks in their hands. Or, perhaps, he has read the recent report in the papers of a schoolboy chopping off his headmaster's ear and that keeps him thinking. As for Edison, well, if he had been my guest for a single night, he would have been heartily sorry for inventing the gramophone. Edison was a good fellow.

That night I consulted my lawyer. He considered the pros and cons for a good half-hour and asked me if the horn of the gramophone actually projected into my bedroom. If it did, he could charge him for encroachment and jolly well win the case.

"No, I want to bring him to book for nuisance," said I.

"Rather difficult, sir, in India. True, we do not have political liberty, but we have heaps and heaps of

individual liberty. It is simply rampant! A fellow, for instance, could park himself on the pavement and screech till his head splits—unchallenged! Etymological hair splitters may aver it is license, not liberty. But there you are."

"Then, what is your advice?"

"Stick it."

"Stick him? With what?"

"Oh dear, nothing of that sort. He is at present suffering from gramophone complex, if that's the right term. Just give him time to grow out of it."

"Is that all?"

"Well, in case he takes a long time growing, I shall get a friend of his to persuade him to buy a few ripping records. I do understand your objection to gutter music. But one really doesn't mind music, even at midnight, if it is topping. 'Dasaratha Rajakumara' and so forth. They are a regular lullaby! They pour balm into the soul and make one sleep like a little child."

I made a noise like a hungry dog swallowing a whole Mysore pak. The lawyer jumped up and called down the stair-case for an ice soda.

"You are ill," said he, applying the glass to my lips. Better get back home immediately and try to sleep it off."

But I went to my doctor, instead.

"Give me a stiff dose of morphia.....for Heaven's sake," I cried.

"Now, now," said the doctor, in his best bedside manner, "now, now, what's all this American film-stuff? Where are your vitamins?"

I unburdened my weary soul.

"Ah, how these little things knock you to pieces! I have all along been asking you to take Sanatogen!"

"He ought to be certified," I yelled. "He is stark mad; a public nuisance; a thorn in the flesh of society; a....."

"Three bottles of Sanatogen....."

"Pish!"

"Don't get excited; it is bad for your red corpuscles. Let us see what we can do. The right procedure, perhaps, is to complain to the police. But what good will it do if he is a man of means? I'll tell you what, young man. Go straight to Moore Market and get a tenth-hand gramophone for five rupees or so, and a couple of dozen very jazzy records. Wait patiently until your man goes to bed and then let it go like blazes from your window. Repeat the dose regularly for a fortnight: it is bound to cure him outright."

"But supposing he laps it up and comes round in the morning to borrow a record or two?"

"Yes, there's that," said the doctor, standing up and looking at me with an air of courteous dismissal. No man ever looks at me twice that way: I fled.

"Three bottles," he shouted, over the balcony.

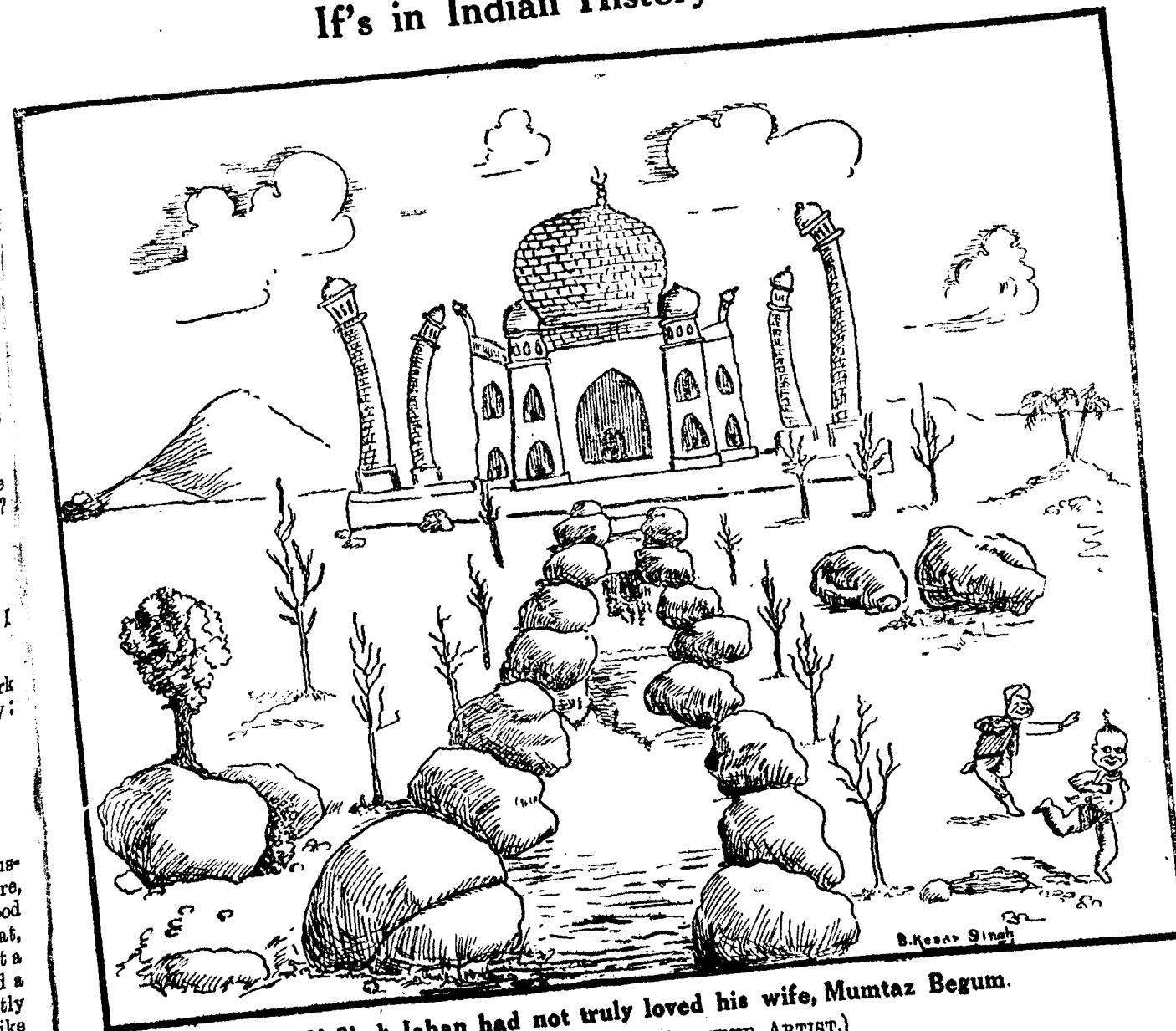
I returned home to hear the confounded contraption bray the old, old ditty into my bedroom. I fainted on the doorstep! And when I came to, the same tune was rending the air. I threw myself into a fit of frenzy and practised a few passes with my walking stick. But the physical jerks seemed to work off my anger and I suddenly heard myself whistling:

"Rajakuma-a-ra Alanka-a-ra-a-a-a...."
"Blast!" said I, throwing the stick away.

Now, I am a fatalist. There seems to be no way out—constitutional, I mean. In England, a victim like myself need only write to "John Bull" about it. The Editor would sit up and write a nice, open letter, full of adjectives, and the gramophone would be for sale the next day.

UGH! There goes the horror, blaring and tearing, groaning and grating, snoring and snorting, braying and bawling, screeching and squealing! **One of These Days.....** Well, you will read about it in the papers.

If's in Indian History. II.



If Shah-Jahan had not truly loved his wife, Mumtaz Begum.
(B. KESAR SINGH, AMATEUR ARTIST.)



JOKES FROM OUR READERS

An European travelling officer came to a country post office and handed over to the clerk a telegram affixing fourteen annas stamps on the form.

The clerk, after counting the words said "It is only thirteen annas, sir, you can remove the one anna stamp extra."

The officer replied "That is alright. Thirteen annas is a 'fatal sum' to send a telegram of safe arrival to anxious people at head quarters, my dear man!"

—P. S. Pattabiraman, Gobichettipalayam.

"God bless him! He had confidence in me at a time when everything was cloudy and threatening."

"In what way?"

"He lent me his umbrella."

—S. Kulathu, Saidapet.

After terrific struggles, the school boy finished his examination papers. Then at the end he wrote:

"Dear Mr. Examiner:—If you sell any of my answers to the papers, I expect you to hand me half the profits."

—N. R. Padma, Bangalore.

Teacher:—"And how is it, Ramu, that you happen to come to school late every day."

Ramu:—"Yes sir; I cannot help it, sir, It is a hereditary trait."

Teacher:—"A hereditary trait! What do you mean by that?"

Ramu:—"Yes sir. It is so, because I am the son of the late Mr. Sabapathy Iyer."

—S. Balakrishnan, Mylapore.

In spite of clear 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 err. Once again may we request contributors to this page to send only original jokes?—Editor.

This fortnight the Prize is awarded to Mr. XAVIER FRANCIS, Jamshedpur.

Old man (in queue outside picture house):—"Don't push in like that. This is not your place."

Small boy:—"Oh, Yes, it is. I only went for some toys."

"And how do you say you have come back to the right place?"

"Because I chalked a big white cross on your coat."

—M. S. Pathrawala, Ahmedabad.

A villager, running after a tram-car, asked the conductor, "How much to Mylapore from here?"

"One anna," replied the conductor.

The man continued to run and, having covered about half a mile, asked breathlessly of the conductor "How much now?"

"An anna and a half," replied the conductor, "you are running the wrong way."

—S. Krishnan, Madras.

"Dad, what's a parasite?"

"A parasite, my son, is one who goes through a revolving door on another person's push."

—S. Gopal, Mylapore.

A doctor sent a bill to his patient after his recovery from his long illness with the following details. Medicine charges Rs. 10; Visits Rs. 40; Total Rs. 50.

The patient promptly sent him a cheque for Rs. 10 with the following note: "I am sending you along with this the return them."

—S. Krishnaswami Iyengar, Srirangam.

Doctor:—"How much does this thermometer cost?"

Shop Keeper:—"One rupee and four annas, sir."

Doctor:—"Why! I got one just like here a couple of days ago for fourteen annas."

Shop Keeper:—"What time in the day do you buy it, sir?"

Doctor:—"About six o'clock in the morning."

Shop Keeper:—"Ah, Well! you see, sir, it's twelve o'clock now; thermometers are always higher at noon."

—A. M. Ganapathy, Muthialpet.

The miser met the Doctor on the way home in the middle of the street. "Do you know, Doctor," he began, "sometimes I feel so tired that I can scarcely walk. Can you recommend me anything to take?"

"Certainly," replied the Doctor gently, "take a taxi."

—R. Ramaswamy, Madras.

School Master (reads):—"Sky is the canopy of Heaven."

Boy:—"What is canopy, sir?"

School Master:—"A covering—a roof."

Boy:—"How is it supported?"

School Master:—"By two poles, one in the North and the other in the South."

—K. Gunnayya Sastry, Vizagapatam.

Ma:—"Why are you rolling the dust bin about?"

Ben:—"To amuse the baby!"

Ma:—"Where's the baby?"

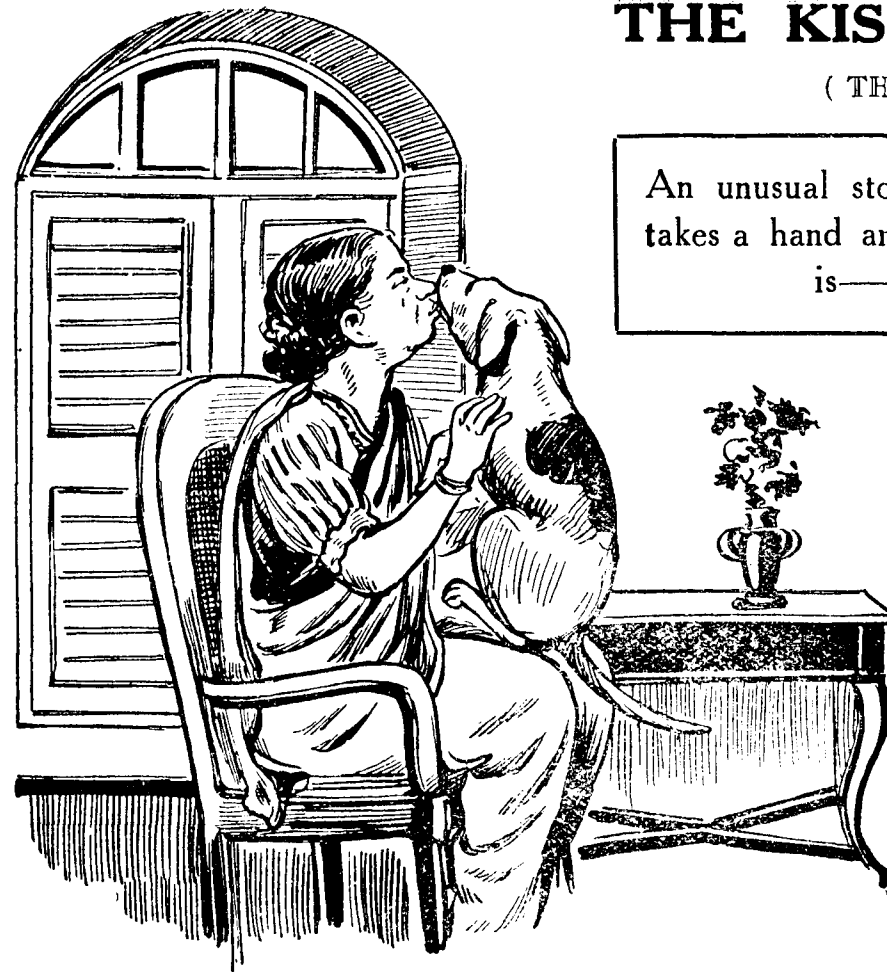
Ben:—"In the dust bin!"

—Xavier Francis, Jamshedpur.

THE KISS OF DEATH

(THANGAVELU)

An unusual story in which Providence takes a hand and the deus ex machina is—a dog.—Editor.



I mean Muni's nose.

These and many other mysteries of a similarly grotesque nature, followed one another in quick succession, and a wave of terror shook Madras to its foundations, and the city fathers in the Corporation were afraid that the city might have to be relaid once again.

None knew on whom the next blow might fall, for the murderer (and it was deduced by certain signs and tokens, common to all tragedies, that they were the work of one and the same man), was at large.

But no capture rewarded the untiring efforts of the Police. The detectives floundered hopelessly out of their depth in attempting to follow this mare's nest.



Y readers may possibly recall that extraordinary series of mysteries, which, a few years ago, so baffled and perplexed the criminal investigation department that the report got about that its staff was composed entirely of imbeciles.

There was the strange case of old lady Gundamma, whose decease, though reported to some of the papers as due to natural causes, was secretly known to the police to have been brought about by violent and sinister means.

Then followed the no less startling case of Rao Sahab Gulab Jan (who, you may know, received his title, for introducing the system of using the Corporation Water Vans on Congress Volunteers) who was found by his servant drowned in an 'Andah' full of water. Although the Coroner's jury brought in a verdict of 'Found drowned,' it was freely rumoured that the immediate cause of death was something very different from that which the facts seemed to indicate.

Again, the entire public was horrified, when the dismembered body of Gundothara Naidu, the enormously wealthy merchant of Madras, was discovered in a ditch in the People's Park, carefully packed in a dustbin.

Since poor old Madaswami is gone now—he died of cramp in the sea, while bathing on Solar-eclipse day—and, therefore, since nothing I may reveal can prejudice him, I, his only live friend and confidant can speak freely of him. I and I alone knew, that my friend, Madaswami, whose room in George Town I shared, was the man they were looking for.

Madaswami was a Commission agent, selling an obnoxious brand of tea, and did very well at it. Everyone loved him, for, he was the world's most marvellous friend, but he always lent and spent more than his income, would seldom refuse an invitation, and consequently made fearful muddles socially. He had never been known to say "no" to a woman which led, as you may imagine, to a peck of trouble and would have led to much more, if the dear old egg had not been protected by a carelessly modelled blobby sort of face, that does not attract at the very first blow, as it were.

Any one less like the popular conception of a murderer, it would be hard to imagine. He had the pathetic watery eyes of a freshly-caught sea fish. His complexion was the colour of bread-sauce. His weak, receding chin ran straight into his Adam's apple without breaking the journey anywhere. He grew his ears beneath his hair, and carried a fountain pen midway between his shirt button and his lunch, and altogether looked about as ferocious as semia-payasam.

The Merry Magazine

But "murderer" is not the name for my friend. He were better styled "a redresser of social evils" as the case of Lady Chakkamma will go to prove. I cite this case so that the public may judge Madaswami, "the redresser of evils".

"Rajan," said Madaswami to me one day. "Lady Chakkamma is a menace to society. She must exit."

"Righto," I said, "but who is she and why?"

"What! you have stayed in Madras for fourteen years, and do not know Chakkamma, the widow of Thandaswamy Naidu, who made his fortune, by a series of successful coups in the Onion Market? Do you at least remember biffing Dr. Money's nose and paying Rupees Two fine in the Egmore Bench Court last year?"

"Well, yes," I said.

"Do you remember the ferocious looking hag, who sat as Honorary Magistrate and who awarded you the fine?"

"Of course."

"Well," said Madaswamy triumphantly, "that was Lady Chakkamma."

"What has she gone and done now?" I asked.

"She has an income of Rs. 10,000 a year left her by her late husband," began my friend. "Out of this munificence, she pays her servant, poor but faithful Miss Parvathi, an impoverished but well connected lady, a miserly pittance of Rs. 5 per month, after exacting a life of slavery in return."

Vile doubts assailed me as I asked,

"You know Parvathi?"

"I have made it my business to know her. Little by little I have wormed from her unwilling lips the story of her servitude. She is bullied and humiliated. She is worked to a shadow. She is much emaciated."

"Then, why does she stick it?" I enquired. "Why doesn't she go on the films, or marry somebody?"

Madaswami smiled sadly and shook his head. "Miss Parvathi," he said, "is forty-eight and is not beautiful. Even a blind man would, on seeing her, pronounce her to be frightfully plain. If she leaves of her meagre earnings, she supports two grand parents, two parents, four aunts, a couple of uncles, three brothers and a bed-ridden sister."

"Shame!" I cried and all the doubts entertained by me about my friend flew away.

"Wait! you haven't heard the worst!" continued the redresser. "All Lady Chakkamma's affections and interests are centred on a revolting and obnoxious little hound—a bitch by the name of 'Muni'. She lavishes Rs. 500 a year on her. The best of everything is not good enough for Muni. If the weather is too hot, Miss

Parvathi has to sit up all night and fan it. If it is too cold, she has to sit up all night and massage it."

"Then Parvathi literally lead a dog's life," I ejaculated. "Would that some devil punished Chakkamma!"

"Devils would be superfluous," quietly observed my friend. Then drawing himself up he said:

"Madaswami is alive!"

"You intend then to kill her?"

"I do," he said, "she must die!"

"But what about Parvathi? You will be depriving her of her only means of subsistence."

"Not at all. I happen to know that Chakkamma, out of spite, has willed her Rs. 5000 on her death. Of course, she did it knowing fully well that Parvathi would die before her own death takes place."

"Wouldn't it be simpler to kill the dog?" I suggested.

"Yes—but don't you see, you fool, that the woman would promptly order a refill, perhaps she might order even a dozen. The world is full of lady dogs like Muni but thank Allah, there's only one Lady Chakkamma."

"How do you propose to bring about her demise?"

"Wait and see" was his cryptic answer, as he donned his cap and left me.

I read of Lady Chakkamma's sudden death next day. I looked across at Madaswami. There was nothing of the criminal about his demeanour.

"And now, tell me how you brought it off," I said. Madaswami helped himself to a liberal piece of Iddli dipped in Sambar before replying.

"To be strictly accurate, I did'nt," he replied. "It was another hand that did it."

"Not Miss Parvathi's surely?"

"No, Muni's?"

"But Muni hasn't any hand," I objected.

"When I say Muni's hand, I mean Muni's nose," he said.

"I am still in the dark."

"Well," and he helped himself to another big piece, "listen."

"I met Miss Parvathi and her dog at the Marina, where she has to take the dog every evening. I dabbed on Muni's nose a little Arsenicthalitikin, having of course known that it is the other sex's disgusting practice to kiss pets. Now, Arsenicthalitikin, applied externally is harmless, but taken internally is a virulent and rapid poison. Well, Chakkamma kissed Muni, and that was the end of Chakkamma!"



He lifts his hand so high.....

SCALING THE HEIGHTS OF HARMONY

(NEIL A' CANTEN)

Neil a 'Canten writes of music and the makers of music, of their strange and fearsome ways. And he does it in his usual quietly humorous vein.—Editor.

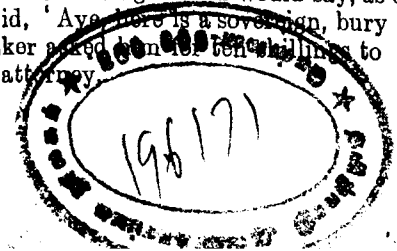


TO be ambitious is but human nature. Lord Roseberry was credited with a triple ambition. He would win the Derby, he would become the Prime Minister, and he would marry the richest heiress in England. And unfortunately for him, he achieved all these. I say 'unfortunately,' because there are only two tragedies that can befall a man in this world. One is, not getting the thing one wants, and the other is—getting it. And of these, the latter is the more tragic. And so I have set for myself a triple ambition which might remain an ambition to the Greek kalends. I would know what the inside of a temple is like—I am a Brahmin, not a Harijan, gentle reader;—I would lead a civil disobedience procession shouting 'Gandhi-ki-jai'. And I would become the greatest musician of the world! I would sing in such rapturous strains that the master-musicians of the day would shake their heads off their shoulders in ecstasy and exclaim, 'Behold, Thyagaraja has arisen again!'

But, at present, I am as devoid of music as a door-mat. In that respect, I am like Elia who confessed he had no ear for music, or like Dean Inge who cannot distinguish any tune other than 'God Save the King' or like Stevenson, on whom a strain of music had the same effect as a packet of Seidlitz powder. I might be 'capable of spoils, stratagems and murders,' but that aspect of my character has not begun to manifest itself yet. Perhaps, the reason for his distaste of mine for music is that our neighbour

has a gramophone or that the house of my birth and infancy did not boast of a mosquito curtain. And the prejudices acquired in childhood last through life. Old and broken gramophone records, said a writer in 'Punch' once, can be used as burning-material. But my neighbour uses them as—gramophone records! I have a nebulous sort of idea that a mosquito in its previous birth was a musician who would not condescend to sing even under strong persuasion. We know the type—the sort that plead they have not sung for years, pretend there is something wrong with their throats, but yielding at last to entreaties begin by stammering and stuttering and coughing and quickly break down in a gurgling sound, as if their Adam's apple had got itself entangled with their vocal chords, like the marble in the neck of a soda-bottle and end by excusing themselves. Yes, the mosquito must have been one such in its previous birth. And Nemesis has so ordered it that the delinquent must atone for his lapses in the previous birth by roaming over the face of the world in this one, instilling his unsolicited music willynilly, into the ears of men.

"Who is dead?" asked the Emperor Aurangazib, while leaning out of his window one morning, he saw a funeral procession in the street. "The Spirit of Music, Sire," said one from the crowd, who knew Aurangazib's antipathy for music. "Bury her deep" said the Emperor 'so that she might not rise again.' I would say, as John Philpot Curran did, 'Aye, there is a sovereign, bury two,' when an undertaker asked me to bury a man to bury an impoverished attorney.



Heard melodies are sweet, sang the poet, but those unheard are sweeter. I have shared the poet's preference for unheard melodies especially at mail-time in a busy railway junction or when the baby of the house has swallowed a two-anna piece. I can be walled to the seventh heaven of bliss by those pipes that play to the 'spirit ditties of no tone'. I can appreciate the music of the spheres. I enjoy the songs of Maurice Chevalier and Billie Dove when they are not made audible by a gramophone. I love the strains of London music halls or the Hawaiian dance songs when they are not transmitted to me by the prosaic agency of the Radio. And I can hear in imagination the song of the Solitary Reaper with its cuckoo-like note

Breaking the silence of the seas
Amidst the farthest Hebrides.

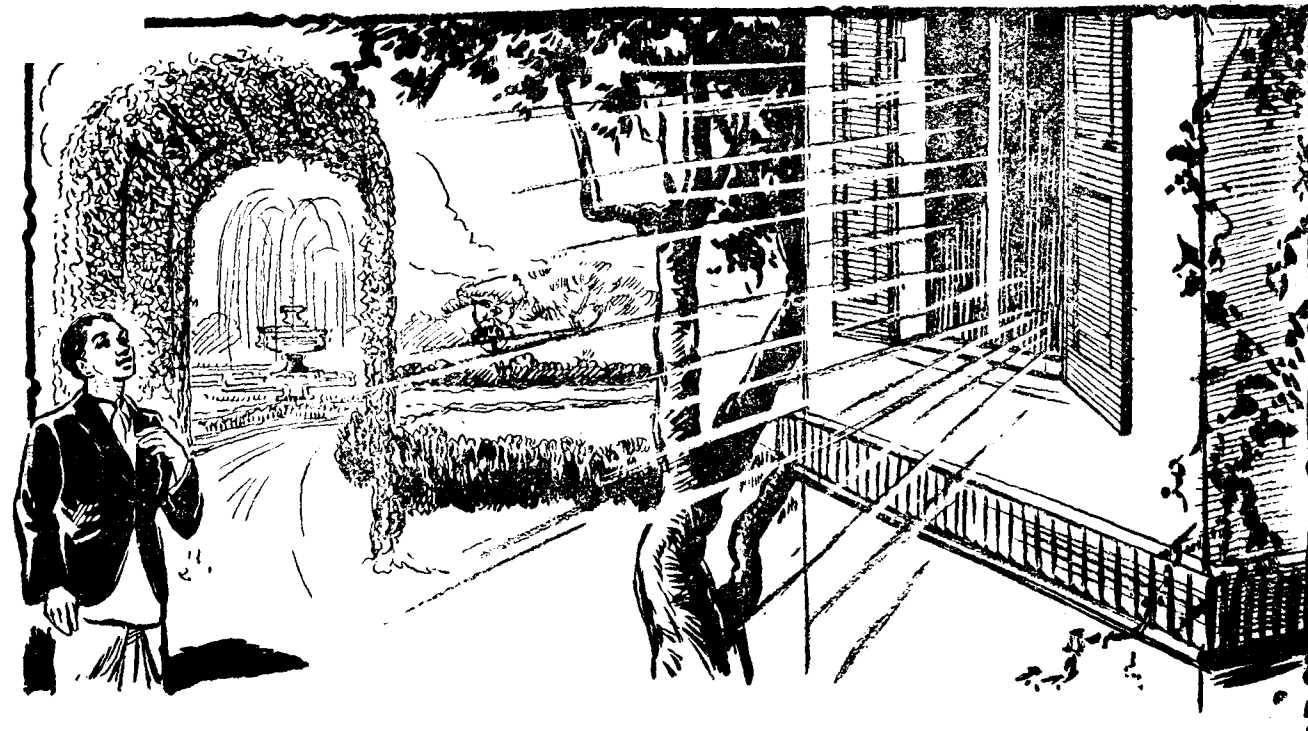
And yet there is not a single musical concert for miles around that I have not attended. My name is down in the Member's list of all the Sangeetha Sabhas of the locality. Some of the master-musicians of the place have grown so accustomed to my presence in their concerts, that taking me for a patron of Music, they have begun to vouchsafe me their grins. I pretend that I attend all these concerts because there is nothing like watching the best masters in action to become a master yourself. But in my heart of hearts I know that, by being present at these parties, I am getting myself acclimatised to the place whither most of us are bound in the long run—I mean the engine-room of Pandemonium. Have you ever heard a dozen cats carrying on a battle royal betwixt themselves? If not, do attend one of these concerts. Babel, purchase a ticket and go straight in. For, there you will hear every melody since the beginning of the world, vocal and instrumental, all the squeaking and shrieking in fifty different sharps and flats, that would make you believe that a menagerie was on fire. No wonder, that amidst all these paraphernalia, the vocalist's is only a voice in the wilderness and he looks like a duck in a thunderstorm. With these accompaniments even a broomstick would blossom out into a Beethoven.

I once took an Anglo-Indian friend of mine to one such concert. He bravely sat through the whole of it with the face of a martyr and when at the end I asked him what he thought of it, he scratched his head in perplexity and said, 'What beats me is why that songster bloke should repeat a line umpteen times. Why not he unreel the line off his throat and close up the bally show by singing Ditto, ditto, ditto?' Aye, Why not? Why should Tennyson sing:

'Half a league, half a league, half a league, onward'
Why the devil could't he clinch the issue by saying
'One-and-a-half leagues, onward?'

These musical concerts have always provided me a 'double attraction.' I pay only for my enjoyment but I manage to smuggle for myself a treat as well. Yes, I enjoy 'seen melodies' too; that is an extra, not paid for. If a painter can translate to a canvas the physical expressions of some music, I know of, in action, he can easily make his fortune. The vocalist sometimes goes through the travails of child-birth, to judge by his face. He lifts his hand high that you would think he must have been an apprentice in a coffee-hotel, where his work was to coffee for customers by pouring it from one tumbler into another. Sometimes he gesticulates with both hands so frantically as to make you imagine he is working a hand-pump. Very often he indulges in phonic gymnastics with his throat which would make any humanitarian apply some lubricant to his vocal chords. The Mridangam-wallah not to be outdone, would throw his plastered fingers out into the air and catch them back again. He would thrust his tongue out of his mouth and withdraw it every other second. One would think that his tongue would overgrow his mouth if it were not clipped short now and then. The violinist blew itself out till it burst. Verily, Music hath charms—not only to the ear, but to the eye as well.

I started in life with a prejudice for music. But I feel that before I end, I shall like Abt Vogler 'frame' out of three sounds, not a fourth, but a star.' Practice, they say, makes everything perfect. A hard, perhaps, is born; but the King of Bards is made. I have begun by singing in my bath. But once when I went on the stage to demonstrate my musical achievements during a Variety Entertainment, there was a rush to the emergency exits. Some mischievous guy, meanwhile, had phoned up the Fire Brigade. But I do not despair. It is not for nothing that my old school-master dinned into my ears trite copy-book maxims like 'Try, try, try again' or 'Failures are stepping-stones to success.' Great gifts cannot be had for the asking but only by persistent endeavour. Hobbes learnt mathematics only after he was past sixty. At fifty, Lincoln was unknown; but at fifty-five he died, honoured as the President of the United States and mourned as the greatest man of his day. Give me time, Sirs, only give me time. I feel that I will wake up one fine morning and sweep you off your feet, by pouring out over you my 'full heart in profuse strains of unpremeditated art.' And ye shall say, 'Handel has been eclipsed, Wagner has been vanquished, Beethoven has been beaten—Behold the great Bard!' And for that epoch-making concert, gentle readers, 'book your seats early to avoid disappointment!'



.....Music was meat and drink to him.

THE SONG WITHOUT THE SINGER

(P. S. NATARAJA SHARMA)

Sekhar is a clerk in a Government office. One day he hears a voice of entrancing sweetness and promptly falls in love with it. He lets his fancy roam round that voice and the imagined owner thereof but is brought back to reality when he discovers the truth.—Editor.



MY friend Sekhar has had a number of strange romantic experiences. Not that he is a professional philanthropist or anything of the sort. Far from it. I, for one, know he is quite unworthy of such a compliment. He has neither the nerve nor the cheek for gallantry. And, although he has had to change the object of his affections as often as his coat, still, every time he has loved, he has done so from the bottom of his heart. Only, love comes to him as naturally and as often as leaves to a tree and shrivels and falls off as fast. But it is a unique fact, that, in his case, the 'sacred fire' has always risen out of smoke and always ended in smoke.

Perhaps, it was not solely his romantic nature that Mr. Sekhar had to thank for this love; the hour, the place and the atmosphere had a hand in stirring the easily-kindled embers of passion in his heart. It was twilight—the hour which poets and novelists have discovered to act as a catalyst in all reactions of Love. The moon was hesitating between the trees to make her

august appearance on the blue screen of heaven. The western sky was shaded with a deep crimson which was slowly and imperceptibly changing to grey. The place was a meadow, covered with a soft carpet of the most delicious green. Beyond it, lay the low-murmuring river and farther away, the endless fields of paddy. A low wind crept from the far-off west, blending in its course the soft music of the fields with the prattle of the river and the rustling of the trees on the bank. It came all sweet and fresh on Sekhar, who lay deeply drunk with the delicious wine of Nature's grandeur. Nor was this peaceful symphony the sole charm that the evening breeze had in store for Sekhar; it also brought him, in gentle gusts, the perfume of a thousand jasmines, daisies, oleanders and other blossoms.

The only human habitation in the vicinity was 'Lalit Bhavan', the lateral wing of whose upper storey could be seen through the trees. A lamp burnt in one of its rooms throwing its circle of light through the open window.

Sekhar lay all alone by the river-side. It was Sunday—the only day of the week on which quill-drivers are

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allowed to breathe a bit of free air. Being rather poetic by nature, he was deeply impressed with the simple scene around him. It was, indeed, strange that four long years of irksome confinement within the sombre walls of a government office had neither killed nor chilled the little poetry that was in him. As it was, he quite forgot all about his quill, the ten hours' slaving that awaited him at office the next morning, the place where he sat, the hour—in a word, everything that belonged to this world. Instead, his mind went wool-gathering, he lived in a land of eternal beauty and twilight. It was, indeed, a joy—a thrilling, yet imperceptible joy—the joy of a day-dream.

Suddenly, sweet strains of music broke upon the silence. Sekhar was immediately aroused from his semi-torpor. He started up and cast two dreaming eyes all round—half expecting to see a seraph or a nymph beside his lair. But if that was his expectation, he was disappointed. For, there was not a second soul in the vicinity, everything was just the same as before. But still the music fell upon his ears. He cupped his hands behind his ears and listened with a beating heart—music was meat and drink to him. It seemed to emanate from the lighted window of 'Lalit Bhavan'—he strained his ear in that direction and listened. It was a beautiful song in *Bhairavi*, sung in a clear, effeminate voice—so sweet and shrill as to seem almost not human. He could not believe his ears; he doubted whether he was upon this terrestrial planet or had been translated to nobler spheres. For the sound that fell upon his ears was so melodious, so enchanting, so unearthly. For full seven minutes, the song went on—seven minutes which Sekhar afterwards described to me as seven aeons in the 'Seventh heaven of Bliss.' Then it came to an end and left him in blank amazement. He felt as though he had seen only a 'broken arc' and yearned to see 'the perfect round.'

Now, Sekhar, you should know, is the sort of man on whom such things make an everlasting impression—that is, he is of the same imagination as 'lunatics, lovers and poets.' That night, he went very late to bed; for, the lovely music of the evening continued to ring in his ears with undiminished sweetness long after he reached his lodgings, and this set his imagination at work. He yearned to hear the song again, he yearned to see the damsel who sang it. The longer he thought of it, the sweeter seemed the music; he was prepared to give the world for a drop more of that heavenly honey; in a word, he fell in love with the music. Nor did he stop with that, he went a little farther—he fell in love with the person who sang it. His vivid imagination conjured up a bewitching portrait of the unseen enchantress. The music was sweet—the maiden must be sweeter. That was how his brain reasoned—he was, by the way, a logician. She must be a young girl in the full bloom of feminine grace—with a lovely face and a lovely form. She must have rich, black hair, sweet, dark eyes, soft, crimson cheeks, red, laughing lips—the music suggested all that. She must be clad in light, loose silk—otherwise, how could she sing like that? So on, his logical brain reasoned; and the longer he mused, the lovelier the vision grew.

The next step in the reasoning was the discovery that the unknown singer must be the daughter of Mr. Santosh, of 'Lalit Bhavan.' But then, Mr. Santosh was what you call a 'big man'—not financially alone, but physically also—and himself—I mean, Sekhar—a poor, toil worn clerk in the Collector's Office. He had never even crossed the threshold of 'Lalit Bhavan' and he knew nothing more about its master than that he was a man with a corporation, a Buick car, and a lot of sycophants. But he knew enough to comprehend that it was ridiculous for him to aspire to his daughter's love. Still, Sekhar is an optimist—a dogged, incurable optimist—the sort that believes that a Collector's office clerk may become an Executive Councillor. And, although he would have denied it even to himself, he had a hope—nay, a sort of assurance that the love so strangely generated in his heart was not destined to be lost in the dust.

So, then, it was very late when drowsiness gained the upper hand of these speculations and dragged him to his simple bed. And even then, it was only to dream of the unseen singer with the dark eyes and laughing lips. More than once, he started from his bed with a 'darling' or a 'dear' upon his lip, and groped with his hands in the dark for an unseen mate. But fortunately, his was only a solitary, bachelor's lodging, and there was no other witness to his queer demonstrations, or his pretty endearments than his own scanty furniture and toilet things.

Thus, the first night of his languor passed and he woke up at about eight the next morning. He had to hurry through his toilet and it was rather late when he presented himself at office, with his face unshaven, with refractory bushes of hair bristling up at the centre of his head, with his tie-knot drifting a little to the left, and his shoes unlaced. During the lunch interval, his 'co-brethren of the quill' gathered round him and jested on his listless and dishevelled appearance. He could not stand their silly jokes—on what seemed to him a matter of life and death. Even in his office he dreamt about the lady of his love. Now she was at his office desk sweetly regarding him through the corner of her eyes; now she was there beside those massive piles of files, her smiling face turned towards him. More than once his immediate 'boss' detected him red-handed—that is, his hands stained with red ink—sitting at his desk like an owl, with a blank look on his face and the quill motionless in his hand. And it was an inexpressible relief to Sekhar, when at last the office clock struck the death-knell of the day's drudgery and left him at large to muse on and dream of Miss Unknown.

Sekhar would have gone straight to the meadow; but he could not help being a quill-driver and consequently, could not help being exhausted. As it was, he struck for his lonely lodge and having doffed his suffocating coat and tie and the rest of his 'official' paraphernalia—lighted a cigar and started thinking.

Thus, he passed six dreary week-days and when Sunday came round after all, he was at the meadow even at four in the afternoon. Nur was he disappointed. The much-hankered-after music broke forth at last and

it seemed to Sekhar that it was more melodious than ever. He listened with rapt attention, and much to his joy it was prolonged for a quarter of an hour more. But then it stopped—to be resumed by someone else with a gruff voice. Sekhar conjectured that this new singer must be some brother or cousin of his 'lady-love,' and to tell the truth, he did not like the new music a bit—it was rendered in a jarring, bass voice, so unlike his 'angel's.' This went on for how long Sekhar never knew, but when at last, it ceased, there was his own 'love' once again, reeling off a pretty song, in *Thodi* in the same, mellifluous, unearthly voice. He drank in the notes drop by drop, as it were, and every drop seemed sweeter than its predecessor. When he was drunk to the saturation point, he almost fell asleep on the soft turf.

Thus, Sunday after Sunday came and went, and Sekhar found this weekly attendance at the river-side a thousand times pleasanter than the daily attendance at his office-desk. At the end of four or five weeks, Sekhar was over head and ears in love with the as-yet-unseen singer—terribly, madly, bitterly in love. It is said that love makes valiants of cowards, fools of sensible people—in short, brings about all sorts of unnatural changes. And so it did with Sekhar. He was never noted for 'push' or 'pluck' or courage, and was not very far from what you call a coward—if an extra-ordinary

amount of bashfulness is cowardice in man. Still, wonderful as it may seem, love prompted him to take practical steps—to lay aside all reserve and strike a bold, if not desperate stroke. The first stride he made towards the achievement of his ambition was to befriend Mr. Balram, the son of Mr. Santosh. By this means he hoped to gain an entrance into the house of Mr. Santosh and come face to face with the lovely—what-was-her-name? Mr. Balram was a handsome man of about the same age as Sekhar and he was what is usually known among Madrassis as a 'minor'—which, for the sake of clearness, I may explain as an euphemism for an idler, a dandy and a gallant. Sekhar got on very well with Mr. Balram and at the end of two or three months, they had come to such intimate terms as to address each other as 'dear fellow,' 'old chap,' 'Balu,' 'Sekhu' etc. etc. without the 'Mr.' and other formal appendages. So far everything went well and

Sekhar complimented himself on having opened not very badly.

And then the whole bubble burst of a sudden! It came about this way. Sekhar and his friend were lazily strolling one evening along the river-side and Sekhar thought this the best time to broach the subject which had so long been working such tremendous havoc within his mind. He gently touched his friend on the shoulder and said:

"I say, look here, dear boy. I've got something to talk to you about....."

He could not proceed. The 'something' seemed to have stuck in his throat.

"Out with it, then, old chap. What the hell's it?" returned his merry companion.

"Don't talk that way, Balu. It's something serious."

"Serious! ha, ha, ha! hang it," said Balu and then in a more sober tone, "come on, let's hear it."

"I meant to tell you you're such a lucky chap. Why, man? I really envy you," he went on desperately trying to be easy. "Wha-what a cha-charming sister that of yours!" he stammered out at last.

He expected his friend to flare up. But he only laughed—

a loud, silly laugh (or at least, so thought Mr. Sekhar). Then he said:

"That's deuced funny, old man. I've no sister at all!"

"Really?"

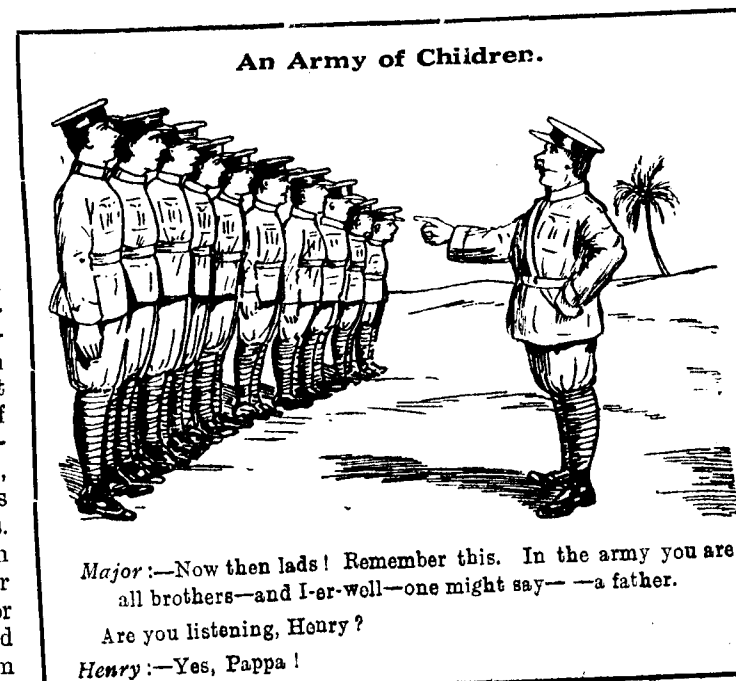
"No, as sure as I'm alive."

"Then, it's your coz?" put in poor Sekhar. Mr. Balram could bear it no longer.

"Dash me if you ain't gone clean off your silly head! The thing is, man, there's not a blooming gal in all my house," he said.

"Then, who's it that sings so devilish nice every Sunday evening?" he asked.

"Ha, ha! there you are. A brand-new gramophone and a brand-new set of old Mrs. Janaki's 'latests.'



Major:—Now then lads! Remember this. In the army you are all brothers—and I-ar-well—one might say—a father.
Are you listening, Henry?
Henry:—Yes, Pappa!

OTHER PEOPLES' HUMOUR ON CLASSMATES

(PRAKRIT)

Sobriety Thought

Hubby :—" You call that a hat? My dear, I shall never stop laughing."
Wifey :—" Oh, yes! You will. The bill will probably arrive to-morrow."
 —*Lustige Kolner Zeitung*.

Instalments

"Look here; you owe me nearly £4 in garage fees. If you don't settle up soon, I'll have to take the car."
 "All right; and I'll pay you the balance as soon as I can."

Adopting a Family

She :—" I can not marry you, as I do not love you, but I will be a sister to you."
He :—" Fine! How much do you think our father is likely to leave us?"
 —*Vart Hem (Stockholm)*.

Hopes for Uplift

Welfare Worker :—" And have you any plans for the future when your sentence expires?"
Edgar the Incurable :—" Yus. I've got the plans of two joolers and a post-office to start with."
 —*Sydney Bulletin*.

On H. S. M. S.

The Sunday morning visitor to the navy yard approached a sentry.
 "Can you direct me to the U. S. S. Satan?" he asked.
 "Never heard of it," said the sentry.
 "That is odd," said the stranger, as he reached in his pocket for a newspaper clipping. It read: "Next Sunday the navy yard chaplain will preach on Satan, the great destroyer."

The Next Race.

Beaten Jockey (to angry trainer) :—" What's up? I wasn't the last one. There were two horses behind me!"
Trainer :—" Yes, they were the first two of the next race!"

Putting It Cautiously

Police arrested R—when he attempted to remove an envelope allegedly attempted to remove an envelope supposedly containing the automobile.—*Los Angeles paper*.

Thus Folklore Begins

Abraham Lincoln was born in a house which he helped his father to build.
 —*Rochester paper*.

His Mistake

"Why is it that you never see that boy Alfred with the same girl twice running?"
 "Well, the minister preached a sermon once which made a great impression on him. It was on the text, 'Love one another' but Alfred thought it was 'Love one and then another!'"

Only Fair

The Senior Classics master was feeling peevish this morning. His razor seemed unusually blunt. "Netta," he called irritably, from the bedroom, "When shall I be able to induce you to refrain from sharpening pencil with my razor?"
 "Just whenever," came his wife's sweet answer, "you refrain from correcting your pupil's work with my lip-stick."

Quick Moving

Pamela (gushing) :—" I love Scott. I think his 'Mammoth' superb, his 'Lady of the Lake' quite delightful and as to 'Ivanhoe,' it is a perfect dream."
Noel (sarcastically) :—" And what do you think of his 'Emulsion'?"
Pamela :—" Oh, that's the one I'm going to read next."

While the Doctor Waits

Much has been written on how to save a patient's life whilst waiting for the doctor, but nothing has ever been told us of how to save a doctor's life whilst waiting for a patient.

As Clear as Economics

"I'm terribly worried. I wrote Jack in my last letter to forget that I had told him I didn't mean to reconsider my decision not to change my mind, and he seems to have misunderstood me."
 —*Life*.

How to Tickle Your Wife

"What did you do when your husband disapproved of your bathing-suit?"
 "Oh, I just laughed it off."
 —*Life*.

The Difference

"What is your occupation?"
 "It isn't an occupation, it's a pursuit, I'm a bill collector."

Balancing the Budget

Him :—" My treasure!"
Her :—" My treasury!" —*Philadelphia Evening Bulletin*.



I
 LD Swami Aiyar, who sat on the judicial bench for so many years, was famous for his garrulity. Proud of following the example of Lord Verulam in the matter of receiving presents from the litigants who appeared before him, His Honour lived in perpetual fear of exposure by a hostile move in any one of his numerous acquaintances. He cultivated an ingratiating manner with every one he met, and he claimed half the world for his kin through fellowship enjoyed at school or college.

It was the Collector's garden party at Nidrapur. A much advertised professor of magic disappointed the guests of the evening. The dullness of the evening exasperated every one. Krishna Rao, the young wag, suddenly thought of Swami Aiyar. He was sure to provide incalculable amusement. With half a dozen friends assisting him, Krishna Rao plied Swami Aiyar with a number of questions.

"What is the highest position occupied by a classmate of yours, Mr. Swami Aiyar?" asks Krishna Rao.

"Membership of the Viceroy's Executive Council," Swami Aiyar answers proudly.

"When was your oldest classmate born?" asks Krishna Rao again.

"Before the Indian Mutiny, I am sure," answers Swami Aiyar.

Suddenly, an idea struck Krishna Rao.

"Could I have been your classmate, Mr. Swami Aiyar?" he asks.

Mr. Swami Aiyar views him from top to toe. Krishna Rao is tall and lean, he wears thick glasses and two of his front teeth were knocked out in a recent motor accident. Swami Aiyar thinks Krishna Rao may be about fifty years old.

"Did you not join college in February 1881, losing a month after us?" asks Swami Aiyar.

"Let me see, let me see," Krishna Rao answers gravely, while in a lower voice he tells his friends that he was not born till the nineties. All the friends burst out laughing, and Swami Aiyar looks puzzled.

The Violinist's Bow.



The absent-minded Violinist goes out for a walk.

II

Have you heard of the meteoric career of Sir M. Nataraja Mudaliar, the politician, or statesman, as he was sometimes called. Sir M. N. Mudaliar believed in applying to the moral world the biological principle of adjustment to environment. When he was at school, he gave frequent entertainments to the headmaster and managed to win for himself the conspicuous offices in the school associations. His gold-rimmed spectacles and faultless collar and tie helped him to gain leadership among the boys. While at college, the demagogic hero of Ibsen's play fascinated him most. He was known for his marvellous eloquence, though it was really only a torrent of words with no appeal to the intelligence. When Sir M. N. Mudaliar reached the height of his ambition by becoming a knight, and shook off what appeared to him the bucolic associations of a Bahadurship, he passed from town to town in royal state, receiving honours everywhere. But there was an unsatisfied corner of his heart, for want of receiving congratulations from his old classmate Venkataraman, who had been a hero among the students of the college and yet had been so modest and unassuming. He was doing useful work as a man, but he was a stranger to the glory of Sir M. N. Mudaliar's life. It never occurred to him to step out of his own obscurity to offer congratulations to his old classmate dubbed knight. The story is told of the Mudaliar's last illness which came, not long after the knighthood. He was delirious and raving frequently: "Who so great as I?" Once he said, "If only Venkataraman acknowledged me great, I should feel happy, he never congratulated me on my knighthood." Kindly friends hurried to fetch in Venkataraman.

Venkataraman came to the bedside.
 "I hope you are happy, Natarajan, yours has been a glorious career," says Venkataraman.
 "You think so?"
 "Certainly, are you not our youngest knight?" says Venkataraman.
 "Now I am happy. I feel like Julius Caesar, though with a difference. *Et tu Venkataraman!*" and Sir M. N. Mudaliar closed his eyes, never to open them again.

Sethuraman of the police who resigned his place to avoid dismissal, plays bridge with great skill and counts a very large number of classmates in the world. His own resources having shrunk considerably, he plans to divide the year among his friends. At Sir Narayana's he passes many months because that knight loves to play bridge every day, and Sethuraman makes a competent hand at the bridge table. He also makes himself useful in the household of Sankara Rao, the retired Judge, by serving as a constant A. D. C. to his son who is subject to the falling sickness. As a rule, he is also popular with the womenfolk in the houses of his friends, for he knows exactly where to buy a thing at the lowest price and so helps them in shopping.

No two people can be more opposed to each other in personal temperament than Sethuraman and Venkataraman, the one being as impudent as the other is shy and retiring. And yet they are classmates and friends and meet each other frequently.

Sethuraman protests indignantly against a classmate who has refused him a favour.

"Is it not enough that one is an old classmate?" asks Sethuraman.

"I don't know, I think it is necessary to know what you had thought of your classmate at the time of being at school. If a boy had the reputation of being wicked at school, the bad qualities become more confirmed as he grows, and his old acquaintances knowing him only too well avoid him specially."

Sethuraman is confounded by this reasoning.

"Look at Raghunathan's heartlessness. He swears in company that he will never do a favour to a classmate," says Sethuraman.

"That is because he has had some trying experiences with classmates who take all kinds of liberties with his things, and he can't even go to his club, as a friend takes away his car."

Sethuraman colours, remembering his own frequent appropriation of Raghunathan's car.

"Never was man inflated by the sense of high position as Raghunathan is. He wants his own friends to address him in respectful language," resumes Sethuraman.

"You know, Sethu, these fellows of the department have hardly any sense of humour. Money is their God, and Raghunathan is a big fellow having five hundred men directly subordinate to the office—"

"And that swells his head," puts in Sethuraman.

"But you must be fair to Raghu. Some of our classmates seem to have behaved impudently to the presence of his clerks, and he is now alone that official discipline is not weakened by irregularities of his," states Venkataraman.

Sethuraman remembers that he has been of this offence, and this was surely the reason of receiving an invitation to the last festivity in Raghunathan's house when his grandchild's birthday was celebrated.

"A classmate is a classmate, Venkataraman declares Sethu.

"I quite agree," replies Venkataraman.

"Perfect equality and perfect frankness there be between classmates," formulates Sethuraman.

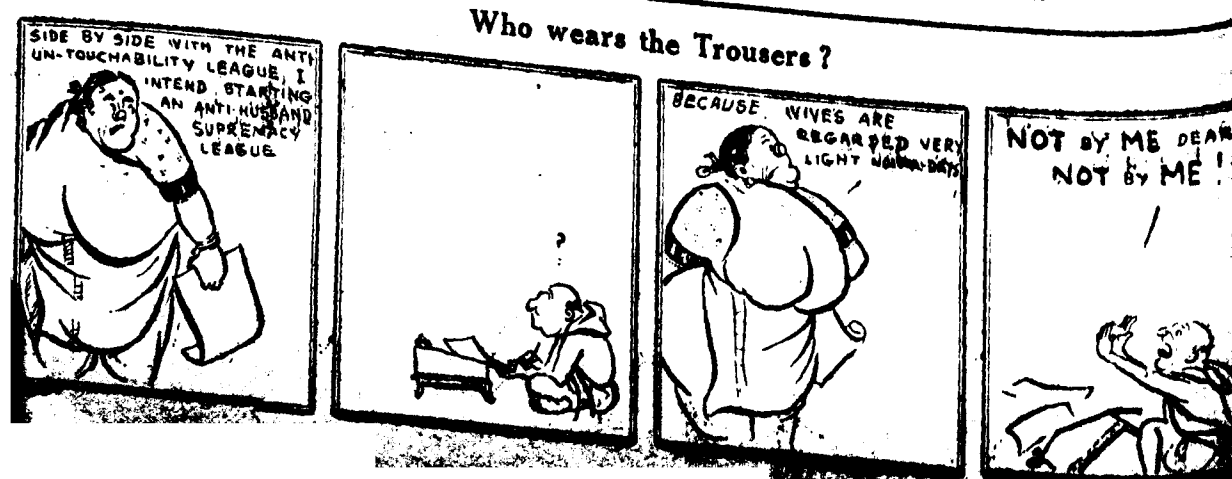
"I can't agree quite about this. You know the story of Baldwin's classmate who met him during premiership, twenty years after leaving college. He asked him if he had got any job. That was his frankness. But we see men behaving cheekily, the pleasure of doing so," says Venkataraman.

Sethu was bitten again.

"Don't you think, Venkataraman, we are very in having so many great men among our old classmates?" says Sethu.

"My dear Sethu, it is a matter of perfect difference to me how many or how high our classmates are. Having been another's classmate is the most accident in life, and it is not different from having company in the railway train or in the ship. duration matters just a little, but it is foolish to over the sense of fellowship at school or college. even better to meet men who are perfect strangers than those whom we claim as old classmates."

Sethu did not feel inclined to continue the conversation after these cynical remarks.



WHEN SWARAJ COMES

(Being Extracts from an imaginary Madras newspaper of October '35)
(RAJARAM)

The New World', Madras, October 10, 1935.

aram looks ahead but not too far ahead at Indian India. You may agree with or differ from him in regard to the details of his forecast but the Newspaper Extracts are, without doubt, extremely interesting.—Editor.

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orts News:—

The Majors XI of Minambakkam won the match against the Minors XI of Mam-balam by 57 runs, both Karadi and Nelliah making centuries	4
--	---

D. R. Jardine, former England Captain in Australia, deplores, in the interests of Cricket, the M. C. C.'s decision to out-law body-line bowling	4
---	---

Don Bradman has made a new record by scoring three double, treble centuries in the six innings of three successive first class matches. C. K. Naidu, who held the former record by scoring treble centuries in five successive innings last year, has cabled his congratulations to Don Bradman	4
---	---

Statistics show that the racing habit is more widespread now than ever before	4
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oreign News:—

Chancellor Adolf Hitler has miraculously escaped yet another attempt on his life	7
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Leon Trotsky, the Communist Revolutionary, has accepted the Professorship of Russian Language and Culture at the University of Canton	7
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Signior Mussolini's recent Rose-growing campaign seems to have evoked enthusiasm everywhere. The University of Rome has instituted a new Faculty of Rose-growing	7
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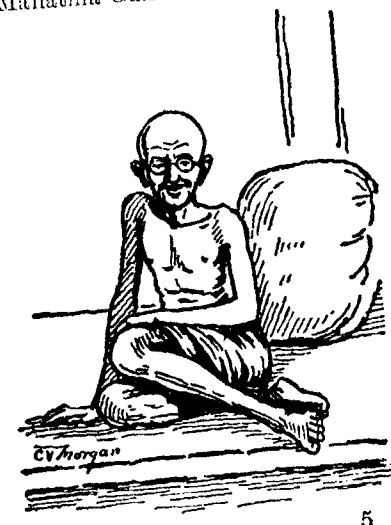
Mr. Lloyd George unveiled a portrait of the Rt. Hon'ble Lord Saprú at the Indian Students' Union, Gower Street, London	8
--	---

There was a serious outbreak of hostilities yesterday between Bolivia and Paraguay, and before evening both sides claimed a decisive victory over the other	8
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Inland News:—

The Rt. Hon'ble Mahatma Gandhi describes

the rumour of differences between him and the Lord President Saprú as perfectly baseless, and with his proverbial smile said that he hopes to work in co-operation with the Constitutionalists for some years to come



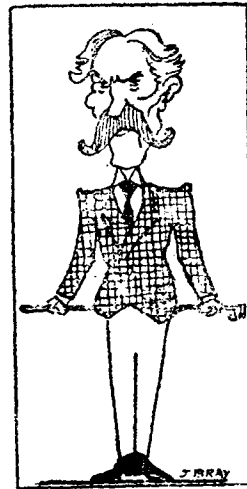
As a result of informal talks during the past week, it seems likely that the Independents under the Hon'ble S. Srinivasa Iyengar, the Socialists under the Hon'ble Jawaharlal Nehru and the Radical democrats under the Hon'ble V. J. Patel are likely to make common cause against the Government and make a very formidable united Opposition

On the occasion of the third anniversary of the inauguration of the Federated Dominion of India, the Rt. Hon'ble Lord Saprú, the President of the Board of Ministers, gave a garden party to His Excellency the Viceroy. H. E. The Marquis of MacDonald and Lossiemouth made a felicitous speech. The Rt. Hon'ble Mahatma Gandhi, Minister for Social Uplift, attended the function, as usual, in his loin cloth

City News:—

The Madras University has decided to confer Honorary Doctorate Degrees (three Litt, three Sc, three LL and three Mus) on a further set of dozen gentlemen, chosen on the recommendation of the Madras Public

Services Commission, with due regard to proportional communal representation ... 8



The Hon'ble S. Satya-murti, who recently returned from Courtallum and looked much improved in health, told our Special Correspondent that he had never regretted joining the Bobbili Ministry and was indeed proud of the work it had done

The Mayor of Madras, opening a new park in Tondiarpet, remarked that "unlike so many other parks in Madras, this is a park in fact also, and not merely in name." Owing to the rains, he spoke from his car, and his chauffeur opened the gate of the park formally ... 8

Weather Report:—

Very uncomfortable, if not menacing. Broadway is knee-deep in water; Triplicane High Road is impassable. Business is at a standstill ... 9

Illustrations:—

Viscount Ramaswami Iyer starting on his monthly flight to the Hague to preside over the International Court ... 4

Hon'ble Sir T. R. Venkatarama Sastriar, Minister for Communications, speaking before the Microphone in his residence at Edward Elliott's Road on behalf of the B. B. C. on "Wireless as a link of Empire" ... 6

The group of Madras ladies proceeding to England at State expense to prosecute higher studies in Irrational Histrionics and Rational Hysteria ... 8

Khan Saheb A. Y. Ismail, the Madras Boot King and Paper Magnate, who died suddenly of Kinematic shock ... 10

Trade and Commerce:—

Paddy can now be bought at one pie per Madras measure. Great concern is felt everywhere ... 5

The Working Committee of the All-India Astrological Association have issued a statement that Trade will positively revive from 1st January 1936 ... 5

Late News:—

There are none today. ... 8

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

Mr. Acharya's Speech.

SIR,

May I request some space in your valued columns to say that I, in common with millions of my countrymen, don't agree with Mr. Acharya, that Comic newspapers should be banned in our commonwealth in the name of tranquillity? Humour is a fine thing and a precious thing also: only people, like Mr. Acharya, utterly devoid of a sense of humour, would rail against humour.

Yours etc.,

BETA OF THE FURROW.



K. S., K. R. S. and Criticism.

SIR,

Referring to K. S.'s review of my book in your columns and K. R. Srinivasa Iyengar's letter on Indian literature, would you allow me to say that I am not that my poems are bad, but that their views are peculiar. Dear Editor, do you know what great authors have said about reviewers? Carlyle and Chekov thought them lowly of them. Why not ask them to mind their business? These professors ought to be asked to hold their tongue. Do you know what Arnold Bennett said in his "Books and Persons" about professors, who use aptly terms 'mandarins'? My dear Editor, I am angry, but I would ask you to revise your review staff.

Yours etc.,

THE ANONYMOUS AUTHOR OF
"THE PRETTY FLOWER AND OTHER POEMS"

Kodaikanal.

A Query.

DEAR SIR,

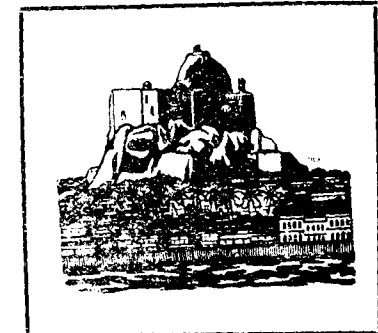
You must allow me to address you 'dear,' because in private life, I think highly of, and love, your beautiful and trenchant editorials. Fact is, I am writing a book on the 'Hindu View of Divorce.' Will you or any of your readers be good enough to inform me if there is a book on the subject in Pali or Ardhamagadhi?

Yours etc.,

Rao Saheb TRIVIKRABUDDHI DHAKSHINAM

Mylapore.

THE ROCK FORT JIG-SAW PUZZLE



You may have seen the Rock Fort at Trichy or heard or read of it. On the left, you will see a curious jumble of figures. Cut out all the pieces in the group and arrange them to form a complete picture of the Rock Fort. To guide you, we reproduce the actual picture in miniature on this page. Be careful to cut the sections accurately, so that they fit together properly. When you have thus re-formed the picture, paste or gum the pieces down neatly on paper and write your name with your address underneath. Send your picture enclosed in an envelope to Rock Fort, care of Editor, the Merry Magazine, so as to reach him on or before 16-10-33.

The task is an extremely interesting one and of course, there is no entrance fee! Only lady readers and children below 15 are allowed to compete.

The first prize of Rs. 10 will be awarded to the sender of what is considered the most accurate and best completed picture sent in.

The next best will receive Rs. 5; while six others will be enrolled as free subscribers for a period of six months.

First Prize Rs. 10.

Second Prize Rs. 5.

Six Consolation Prizes of 6 months' free supply of The Merry Magazine.



Our Contributors

I AM strongly of opinion, that, here, in our midst, there are men, as also women, who are quite capable of writing sketches, short stories, etc., which are of sufficient merit and interest to warrant their publication. From the very inception of this journal, I have held steadfastly to this faith and results have amply justified me in this belief. That the matter submitted to my consideration is of varying degrees of excellence is only to be expected, and is of little moment; I have discovered talent in the most unexpected places. This has naturally been a matter of great encouragement to me and has heartened me greatly in my task. I could mention names here, but I, advisedly, refrain from doing so for obvious reasons. I have only to curb the somewhat prevalent tendency to verbosity, give them a little grounding in the technique of writing, guide them in the choice of themes whose appeal is not too limited and in a surprisingly short space, I shall have as my collaborators a body of regular contributors, who write fluently and without effort.

The Handicap

One difficulty however must always be borne in mind. English has now come to be the common language of literate India and in spite of an astonishing proficiency therein, is, at best, an alien tongue. In School and College, we have been liberally dosed with large chunks of the masters of the language; the result, in many cases, has not unnaturally been indigestion in somewhat acute form. Bearing all these factors in mind, I have endeavoured to gather round me men who have triumphantly survived their internal weaknesses and who are able satisfactorily to cater to the demands of a circle of readers, whose capacity for absorption seems only equalled by their ever-growing volume. How far I have been successful in achieving my purpose is a matter best left to the judgment of my readers.

Ticklers

Now, I must be permitted to break through my usual reticence and speak about one or two of the permanent features of our journal. I refer more especially to our 'Ticklers.' The author who is responsible for this page chooses to wear a cloak of anonymity and all my cajolery has failed in persuading him to do it. But when I say that in brevity, pithiness and appropriateness 'Ticklers' will not suffer by comparison with any other similar feature in any journal published in the language, I am certain I will only be voicing what every reader of our Magazine feels. No man has been spared in these pages, because of his rank or his bank balance and the satire, if sometimes biting, has always been just. Shams have been exposed, poseurs have been deposed and the turncoat and the time-server have had short shrift. And yet not one line has been written in anger or penned in malice. In a word, as was said of a famous Headmaster of Eton, the author is a 'beast, but a just beast.'

Buy Indian

One of my readers makes a somewhat startling suggestion. He asks me why I do not print contributions from foreign humorous writers, in our columns. I make no distinction between Indian and foreign writers. So long as the quality of the Mss. submitted to me is up to standard, the nationality of the writer is of no consequence. I would, any day, rather print contributions from Indian writers, which show distinct promise, than bespoken articles from second-rate English humorists.

Literature has no national or geographical boundaries, but I am convinced that it is the policy of wisdom to foster and encourage talent which now is happily available here. It would not be difficult to enlist the services of non-Indian humorists who have been longer at the writing game. But while there is so much virgin soil left untilled around us, it would be folly to import supplies from abroad. Hence it is that I have

The Merry Magazine

always striven to encourage Indian contributors, who set their scenes in surroundings and conditions familiar to all of us and who write for Indians, of things Indian. So long as English remains our *lingua franca* and so long as we are forced to use the English language as the medium of national appeal, so long must we continue to help our writers to attain proficiency in that language. But I shall stop here and turn to a less pleasant subject.

The Last Word

Our contemporary in its latest issue has again done me the honour of referring to me. No refutation is made of what was stated in the last issue of our Magazine, but there is something about older sister journals and younger brothers and journalistic courtesy. I pass by these things and why I do so is, of course, plain to every reader who has followed this little joust at-arms with any degree of interest. I am here, more concerned with the statement made in my contemporary that some idea was being discussed in their Editorial sanctum and that, in some manner, I got wind of that idea, forestalled my justly indignant contemporary and brought off a journalistic *coup* much to the chagrin of my contemporary. May I take this opportunity of assuring my contemporary that.

1. There are no secret wires running from our contemporary's Editorial sanctum terminating in any sort of telephone arrangement in my room.

2. Even if there were any such contraption in existence, my first impulse would be, in the interests of my paper and my readers and may I add, of the standard of quality which I have always set for this paper, to dismantle it.

3. And, finally that I am loth to enter into a quarrel but once I do, I can give any man a Roland for his Oliver.

If people still choose to continue this unedifying squabble and to sling bits of Tacitus or Horace or Virgil (who, by the way, must have turned in their graves until they are dizzy), they are welcome to do so.

Who, indeed, breaks a butterfly upon a wheel.

Competitions

The 'Apt Phrases' Competition is continued in this number and readers are reminded that the closing date is 5-10-'33.

The 'Taj Mahal Jig Saw' that I gave readers some time back was so popular that I am giving another in this issue. But only Ladies and Children, please.

Lucky Numbers

The Lucky Numbers Scheme for this month ends with this number and the Winning Numbers will be announced in the next issue. A sum of Rs. 40 is left unclaimed out of the July Lucky Number Scheme and has been added on to the September Scheme amount. Details of distribution below.

Build a Story

Results of this Competition have been unavoidably delayed and will be announced on 10th October.

Foulsham's Fun Book

I have much pleasure in drawing attention to the above book advertised elsewhere. The prize is 8 as. and the volume is worth that amount many times over.

SEPTEMBER LUCKY NUMBER SCHEME

THE EDITOR OFFERS

Rs. 140

for the return of readers' copies. Rs. 100 will be paid for the first of the Winning numbers, Rs. 20 in two Second Prizes

and

Rs. 5 each for the other four Lucky Numbers.

Seven numbers have been chosen at random and kept in a sealed envelope which will be opened after 25-9-'33. These numbers will be published on 10-10-'33.

Yours May be the Lucky Number Worth Rs. 100

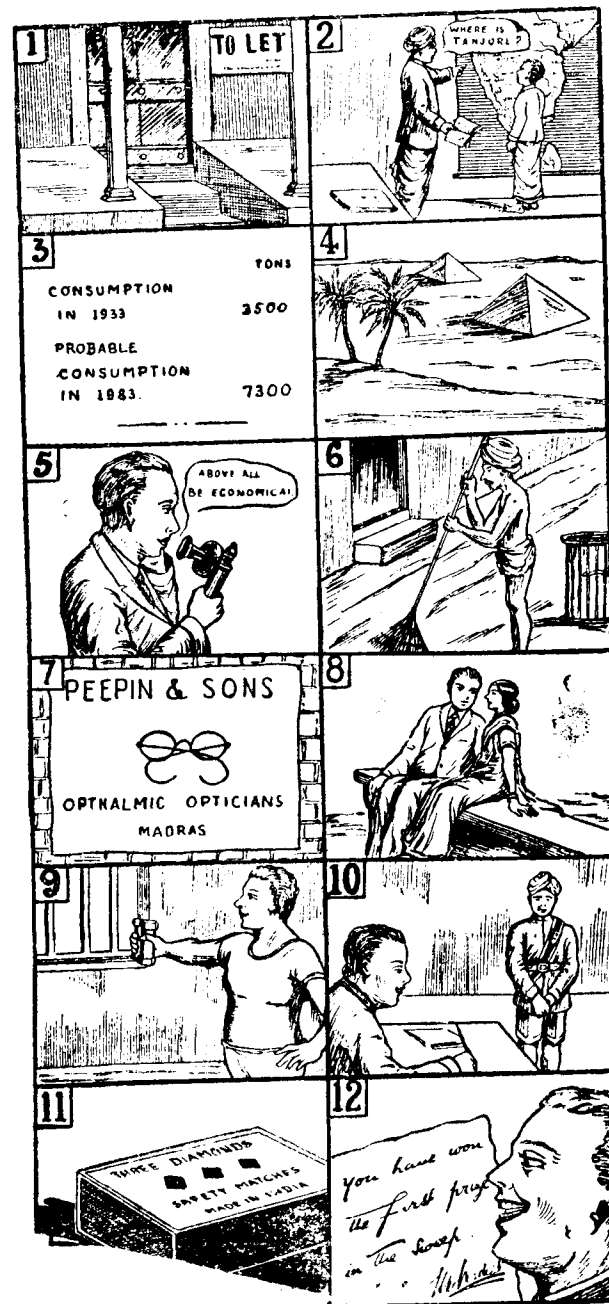
SO KEEP YOUR COPY

AND REMEMBER YOU PAY NO ENTRANCE FEE

RS 600 Must be won IN 'APT PHRASES'

WHAT YOU HAVE TO DO.

Here you have a simple but very interesting competition. In the adjoining column you will find twelve pictures. All you have to do is to choose "Apt Phrases" from the key list given below and fit them to the pictures. Thus, for example, in the first picture you will see a closed house with a "To Let" board hanging on its wall. So the phrase "For hire" from the key list will fit that picture. Select apt phrases for the other pictures. Of course, one picture, one phrase.



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

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:—

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

1st Prize Rs. 400
2nd Prize Rs. 200
In case of ties, prize amount will be equally divided.
Entrance fee as. 8 only.
Closing Date 5-10-'33.

THE MERRY MAGAZINE "APT PHRASES" Competition Coupon.

1. FOR HIRE

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

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

Signature.....
Name.....
Address.....

A REWARD OF Rs. 50

Are you satisfied with your present income? Any one, anywhere, can Earn Rs. 50 a month decently by learning the Trade Secret Formulas for preparing (1) Medicine to cure all diseases like (Gunarasam) (2) Pain Balm like (Gunamanjan) (3) Soap like (Gunah Soap) (4) Hair Oil like (Gunaranjan Oil) and (5) Tooth powder like Gunamol (Tooth Powder.) Processes most easy and practical. FEES:—Rs. 2 for each Trade Secret Formula or Rs. 6-4-0 (Rupees Six and Annas Four) only for the whole set of 5 Formulas.

(N.B.)—A reward of Rs. 50 will be given if it can be proved that the formula furnished by us is ineffective or does not achieve any results.

Apply:—PRINCE & CO., Patent Training Depot 10,
18, Tennore. (J) Trichinopoly.

CRYSTAL BALL!



Youngster! Do you wish to know the mind of the lady you love? Do you wish to know when you will get married? or when your cares will get success in life? Here is the way. A crystal ball, having 32 numbers, will reveal secrets. Try this immediately.

Each ball with Instructions Rs. 1-4-0

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Dated 25-9-33.

Sign here:.....

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Address.....

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and half-tone block makers, etc., etc.

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THE NATURAL ONE APPLICATION ONE SOLUTION HAIR DYE.
GUARANTEED HARMLESS.

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

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

"COMALIN"

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"COMALIN"

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"COMALIN"

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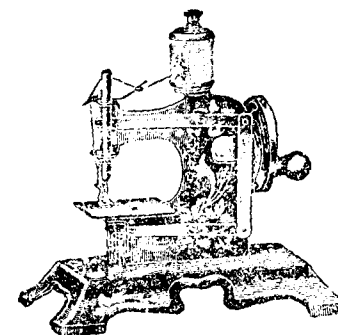
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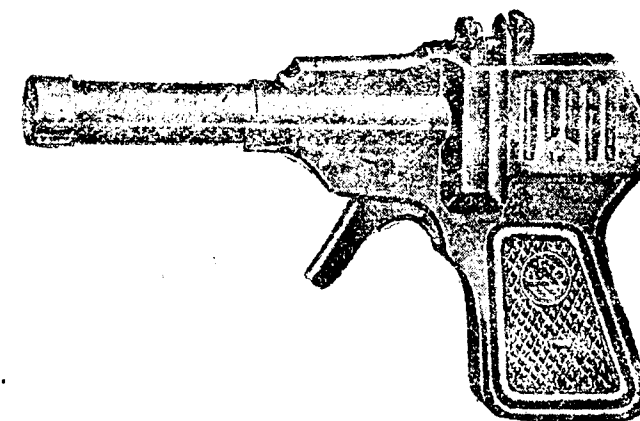
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