

552

552

EVEN JUDGES IN THE LITERARY COMPETITION



Vol. I

MADRAS, 25th OCTOBER 1933.

No. 20.

COTTON TALKS

[BY OUR OBSTINATE ARTIST]

2144



48 Pages.

As. 2.

CONTENTS

	PAGE.
SPARKS FROM OUR ANVIL ...	817
THE ROLLING STONE (ATRI) ...	818
PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE—	
B. DEWAN BAHADUR	821
A. RAMASWAMY MUDALIAR	822
DEBATE IN A COUNCIL ...	824
TICKLERS (TUT-TUT-TUT) ...	825
ELEVEN JUDGES ...	826
DEVI, THE DANCER V (DRISV) ...	827
THIS FORTNIGHT'S FAIRY STORY	
(KALIAN)	832
TEA FOR TWO (P. P. SAMUEL) ...	833
JOKES FROM OUR READERS ...	835
THE CRIME (T. L. EDWIN) ...	836
CULLED GEMS ...	838
SUSILA IMPROVES MY MEMORY	
(N. S. PILLIEX) ...	839
IN A THIRD CLASS COMPARTMENT	
(V. B. PRASAD) ...	841
THE SCAPEGOAT (PUNDI SATHUPADI) ...	844
THE WOMAN AND THE WAY	
(NELA CANTEN) ...	846
TIDINGS FROM TRIBUNALS	
(FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT)	849
OTHER PEOPLE'S HUMOUR ...	853
LETTERS OF PRIVATE JOYFUL ...	854
RS. 1000 LITERARY COMPETITION ...	857
THE EDITOR, HIS PAGE ...	858
RESULTS OF 'APT PHRASES'	
COMPETITION ...	860
RESULTS OF 'ROCK FORT JIG SAW	
PUZZLE COMPETITION ...	860
Illustrated Jokes.	
DIWALI (MALI) ...	820
MORE LAW IN HIS POCKET (MALI) ...	824
THE REASON (J. G. S.) ...	840
A SURPRISE TO HER ...	845
OBVIOUSLY ...	848
IT'S IN INDIAN HISTORY, HI	
(KESAR SINGH) ...	852
THE TEST ...	856

THE MERRY MAGAZINE

Published on the 10th & 25th of Every month

SUBSCRIPTION

	Inland	Foreign
Annual ... Rs.	2 4 0	Rs. 4 0 0
Half-year	1 4 0	2 2 0
Single copy	0 2 0	0 3 0

Subscriptions to the Merry Magazine may be paid from any month onwards but are payable in advance by M. O. or R. P. O. Subscribers changing their addresses should intimate the change before the 8th and 23rd of every month.

Quote the subscription numbers always. This is marked on the right-hand top corner of the wrapper.

ADVT. TARIFF

Full Page per issue ...	Rs. 40 0 0
Half	20 0 0
Quarter Page	10 0 0
Eighth of a Page	5 0 0

Rates for special positions and contracts on application.

TO CONTRIBUTORS

1. Choose fairly stout sheets of paper.
2. Whether you write or type-write, leave plenty of space between lines for editorial corrections.
3. Write on one side of the paper only.
4. Keep a copy. If you want your Ms. to be returned, enclose sufficient postage stamps.
5. Mark your name and address in a prominent place in the Ms. Avoid, as far as possible, sending covering letters along with Ms.
6. Payment to contributors will be made only after the Ms. is published and a free copy is, of course, posted.

Offices:

No. 2/140, BROADWAY, MADRAS.

Telegram: "VIKATAN" Madras. 'Phone No. 3311

THE MERRY MAG

Vol. I.

MADRAS, 25th OCTOBER, 1933.

No. 20

SPARKS FROM OUR ANVIL

One of the speakers at the British Labour Party Conference declared that 'Democracy is a treasure.'

Now we know why Hitler has been so anxious to bury it.

The Hindu quotes a firman of H. E. H. the Nizam in the course of which he says: 'I am proud of my God.'

This is the sort of compliment that is appropriate from one exalted to another.

When congratulated by his friends soon after his miraculous escape, the Austrian Chancellor is reported to have exclaimed: 'Don't let us have any fuss.'

The would-be assassin subsequently confessed that he didn't want to have any *Doll* either.

In the course of a speech to press-men, Sir William Clare Lees the leader of the Lancashire delegation said: 'I am saying this so that, as partners, you may know that the partner at the other end of the stick is holding his own.'

This is to provide him occasional relief from flourishing it.

The Rev. Fr. Basenach declares that the Catholic Church is opposed to birth-control.

Advocates of contraception consider this the strongest of their arguments!

He further said that he was not impressed by judges being in favour of it.

Perhaps because the unfortunate judges spoke as fathers, and for fathers!

In welcoming the M. C. C. team, H. E. the Governor of Bombay made special mention of the fact that Mr. Jardine was born in Bombay.

We hasten to assure the Australians that we were not consulted in the matter.

At the Madras Y. M. C. A., a Dr. A. L. Simha spoke in defence of Hitler's regime in Germany.

This has raised speculation as to whether there are honorary Nazis abroad.

A gentleman named Mr. Chandy has written to the press claiming the idea of an All-India Federation on the lines of the White Paper scheme as originally his.

How edifying it would be if all of us had the like courage to confess our follies in public!

It is understood that the Indo-Japanese talks have reached a dead-lock.

This is in accordance with well-established precedent.

The 'Body-line' controversy is officially closed.

But the problem of Larwood still remains acute.

Germany has notified her secession from the League.

It is still possible for the League to achieve complete disarmament if its membership is gradually reduced to India alone.

A professor has proved that Khaddar is an effective sound-absorber.

That's why the *takli*, and not the *talkie*, is its symbol.

Reuter announces that the Reichstag has been dissolved.

It has taken an unconscionable time to collect the ashes.

Germany is to have fresh elections in November. Only Nazi candidates will be proposed.

Our own legislators are agreeable to fresh elections, provided that the sitting members are returned.

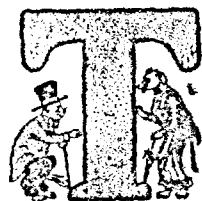
It is stated that both the Chief Minister and the second minister are engaged in drafting a constitution for the party.

The problem of drafting the party will, as hitherto, depend upon the result of the elections.

THE ROLLING STONE

(ATRI)

'A rolling stone gathers no moss' goes the proverb. But this rolling stone gathered
—a silver rupee.—Editor.



THE Bangalore Mail was snorting up the ascent to Bowringpet with stertorous slowness. The third class compartment wore an air of uneasy somnolence due to the over-crowding, the glare of the lights and the hour of the night. A disagreeable warmth brooded

with the result that I was soon overwhelmed by a human inundation, which reminded me of the similarity between men and sheep in the instinctive unanimity of their gregarious movement. 'Soon over,' I muttered to myself with the philosophic resignation of my race; and shifted my posture so as to rest my head on my up-raised knee. On my right, a stout merchant in a greasy shirt was snoring with head bowed down on

his cupped hands, and legs drawn in on the bench. He oscillated periodically, inevitably, opened his dazed eyes fitfully, and again—resumed! I must have dozed off again, for I woke up with a feeling of unpleasant chillness which plain-dwellers always experience when they trail, for the first time, the bracing heights of Bangalore, in the small hours of the morning.

While I was debating with closed eyes whether it was worth while to give myself the trouble of turning round and drawing down the shutters, I was startled by a stentorian voice, close to me, chanting the *Suprabatham* with exquisite modulation. I opened my eyes and saw next to me, not the stout merchant, but a handsome well-coloured man, from whose lips issued the stream of

melody and—cigarette-smoke! It was such an unusual and intriguing combination that I promptly sat up, and looked at my companion with the furtive curiosity of a stranger.

He was of medium height and decidedly corpulent. A sun-proof sporting coat with bulging pockets was matched by a Fez cap on a clean-shaven head. A short

neck was well-nigh lost in a chin tending to duplicate itself. His forehead seemed broader than it was by the completeness of his tonsure, and revealed the outlines of his caste-mark, faintly bleaching the skin in perpendicular lines in the middle. His nose was aquiline, and the nostrils small and delicately carved. His eyes were also small, but twinkled naturally. An aristocratic-looking walking-stick, the only sign of opulence about him, reposed between his knees.

He became conscious of my scrutiny; and showed it by taking what seemed to me a defiant and interminable pull at the cigarette. Coughing slightly, he looked at me from behind the cloud of smoke with his twinkling eyes. His attitude was an invitation to colloquy.

'How jolly,' I said, in anything but a jolly tone.

'Which?' he asked quizzically, 'the *Suprabatham* or the—smoke?'

It was a corker. 'The—er—both,' I ventured weakly compromising.

'Wrong, my young friend; this is beastly stuff, cheap and nasty,' and he threw the cigarette through the window. 'Never touch it if I can help it. Other times, other brands!'

I tried, very indifferently I'm afraid, to look sympathetic.

He resumed the conversation with another plunge; this time, into the obvious.

'Going to Bangalore?'

'Yes,' I replied with the uncertainty of one who might go beyond.

He continued his catechism with the air of a man conferring a privilege.

'Still at College, I suppose?'—I nodded.

'Christian?' and without waiting for my reply he added reflectively,

'Good old *alma mater*!'

I wondered whether the mother would reciprocate the sentiment towards this damaged-looking son of hers.

'Ever heard of Laidlaw?'

'Who was 'laid low?'

'Right you are; that was in my time. I suppose the college is not now what it was!'

'Matter of opinion,' I said in a tone that I hoped was as supercilious as that of any Home member.

'Right again, young man,' he replied unabashed, 'stand up for your own.'

After another pause, he asked in a tone of humorous deference:

'Which is your native place, may I know?'

There is in all of us a territorial pride which makes us substitute a district for a corner of it. So I said: 'North Arcot.'

'Not Pundi?' he asked with the eager premonition of a sudden discovery.

'How did you guess?' I asked somewhat staggered. 'I was not born there really,' I added to mitigate the sense of his triumph.

'Never been there either, I bet!'

'No-no,' I replied in mortification. The old fellow seemed able to read my mind like a book.

'Quite so. We've left our villages, but our villages haven't yet left us. Let me tell you, young friend, some types take a lot of killing. Ever heard of the clans of Vembakkam, Kadambi, Kanthadai &c? They are now scattered like the Jews; but, like them, can still be recognised anywhere. We are the salt of the earth, young man; or rather were, until we sold our birthright—'

He lighted another cigarette, and completed the sentence by saying:—'for a whiff of smoke.'

There was another pause during which he negotiated the cigarette in silent concentration. Then he resumed in a somewhat more serious tone.

'What are your plans for the future?'

'I haven't thought of them yet,' I said truthfully, and in common with the thousands who have taken to a college course.

'I feared as much. Here you are on the threshold of life, and utterly unprepared for it. What do you imagine a degree is going to do for you?'

'Oh, it might lead to—other degrees,' I answered flippantly. I resented his hortative manner. 'Or if you have anything better, you might pass on the tip, you know,' I added, emboldened by the freemasonry of travel.

'Not while you are in that mood,' he answered gravely. 'You probably take me for an old fogey, with a bee in his bonnet. Perhaps, I am; but I have been appalled at the purposelessness of the present generation.'

I thought the dear old boy had definitely struck a soft patch.

'Pardon me, I didn't mean to be rude; I thought a little levity was called for. I am all attention. What must I do to be saved? Should I go back to my village?'

'That would be an ideal solution, no doubt.'

'Perhaps you've gone back to it, sir?' I asked deferentially.

'There you have me, young man; not only am I not going, but I don't wish to go.'

'Why not?'

'The spirit of the age is against us.'

'May I know, please, what that is?'

He took another view of me with that quizzical look in his eyes, which disconcerted me as much as his conversation did, and then said with exaggerated solemnity.

'Do others before you are done.'

I shivered involuntarily. 'It's rather chill, isn't it?' I asked my companion, and got up as if to pull down the shutters. I popped my head out of the window, and was buffeted by a chill blast, prelude to a shower. The station was happily in sight and the train slowed down. There was a general stampede from our voluntary prison, in which my friend obligingly assisted me. Once on the platform, he bade me farewell.

'By the way, you've perhaps an eight-anna piece to spare?'

inside, aching the sense with the composite smell of the crowd, blended of the exhalations of unwashed clothes and unwashable skins. When I got in at the Central, I thought less of the immediate ordeal than of the rosy prospect of a pleasant holiday with a college-chum. To my dismay, however, I soon found that at every halting station, my particular compartment had a special fascination for the distracted and over-burdened passengers.

The Merry Magazine

'We shall meet again, young man, the world is a small place after all.'

'The pleasure would be mine', I replied cordially.

'It's been frightfully interesting, and I hope you will give me those tips.'

'You bet, I will. Cheer—o. And he sailed majestically away from me.

I looked round for my friend, but finding no trace of him, felt unaccountably lonely in the crowd. It was my first visit to the city; and to a feeling of strangeness was added that of mortification at the insensibility of my host to be.

My reflections were cut short by my travel companion who issued, (not from the main exit,) and made straight for me, as if he had met an old friend; and

asked me very casually: 'By the way, you've perhaps an eight-anna piece to spare?'

He looked away from me as he put the question. I am inclined to think it was out of a delicate regard for my feelings.

'Why, of course,' I said, as breezily as I could; and fished out a rupee.

His palm closed on it, as he muttered his thanks with still averted face.

The next thing I was conscious of was his hurrying back, the way he came, with the panic of a man who had been on the brink of a precipice.

'Done, by Jove!' I thought with positive admiration for my unknown despoiler, and got into my jutka completely oblivious of the annoyance caused by my friend's lapse.

DIWALI

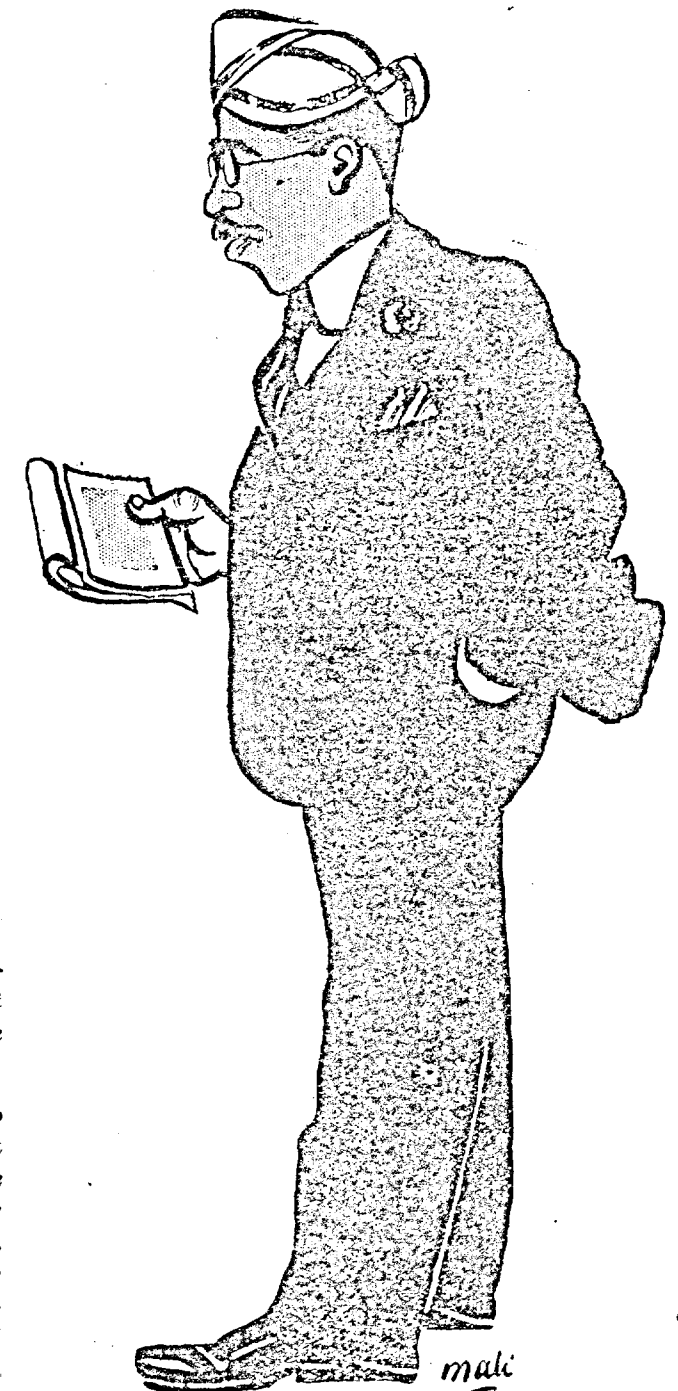


Top Left. New Account Books.
Top Right. Pooja.

Bottom Left. Greeting.
„ Centre. Tea.
„ Right. Largesse.

PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE

DEWAN BAHADUR A. RAMASWAMI MUDALIAR, M. L. A.



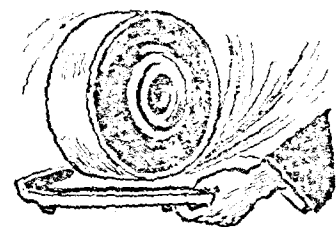
Won his political spurs as the 'Parliamentary' Secretary to the First Minister in the first council under the Mont-ford dispensation, in the idyllic days of the first Justice ministry.

Since then, has travelled widely and also wisely; for he has so managed that the Government bore all his expenses. Is just now somewhere in the British Empire; in fact, his address until further notice is ABROAD C/O The Government of India. Holds, we think, the record as an absentee member of the Senate, the Corporation and the Dt. Educational Council, Madras.

Was thought at one time to be the 'prize-boy' of the party, with great expectations. Our fears have however only been deferred, not destroyed.

DEBATE IN A COUNCIL

Illustrated By Our Obstinate Artist



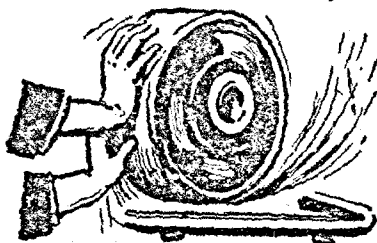
.....motion was brought by the Govt. Penches. Subsequent events only proved that such apprehensions were justly entertained.

The motion was brought before the house by Mr. Suryakantha, the Nationalist leader of the Extremist group. In a fiery speech he denounced the Government for introducing differences of colour in a land already coloured with imaginations of every hue. "We are blacks and browns. We are used to black pepper. From the dawn of history, black pepper has been our refuge. Our outlook is black and so is our hair. Why rub the white pepper into us when we have been made to realise how light the white man's burden sits on his lap. Your administration itself is a white elephant. Why give us then this white pepper?"

Mr. Fragile Poorna Singh said in supporting the motion, "on all fours, the motion before the house equals thesupporting the motion on all fours..... story about the Brinjal and the Nawab. Stop me, Mr. President, if you have heard this one before."

President: Order! Order! The Hon'ble member's attention is invited to Rule 21 of the Standing Orders which prohibits members from retelling second-hand stories.

Mr. Singh:—"I am obliged to you, Mr. President. With all the strength of my sinews I support this motion and as proof of my sincerity, here, Sir, is my written speech which please lay on the Editor's Table."



.....opposed the motion.

Sir Godfrey Glowbottom



.....rose to a point.

I wonder if the mover has paper in his mind and is talking about pepper. The Government will, I am sure, be found to be in the right ultimately. I oppose the motion, Sir."

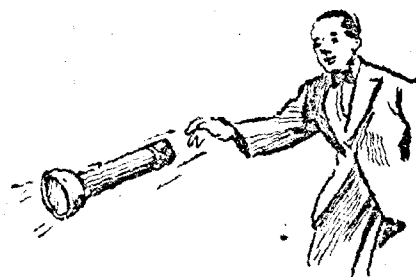
The Hon. Mr. Longshanks, rose impressively to a point of order. His towering personality awed the house and amidst pin-drop silence he asked the President "Is it a fact, Mr. President that owing to a compositor's mistake the word 'Pepper' is printed instead of 'Paper' in the motion before the house?"



.....keeping his head cool.

President:—Order! Order! The Hon. Member will resume his seat. He is questioning the chair. There is no point in what he has been saying.

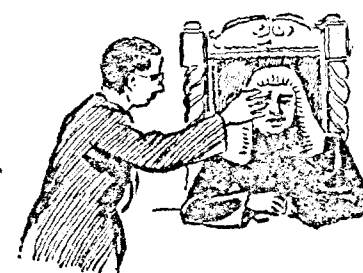
Sir Henry Glowbottom, keeping his head cool, rose again to intervene in the debate. "Mr. President, Sir, just a few minutes back you reminded the house about



Throwing light on the problem.

a very salutary rule that barred members from indulging in stale jokes. The mover of the motion at the time of giving notice of it in writing, is reported to have mis-spelt the word 'Paper'.

opposed the motion. He regretted that after so many years of beneficent British rule, Indians should yet be lacking in a thorough understanding of the English language and its subtle mysteries. "That the Hon. Member of fire-brand persuasion should take objection to a little harmless pepper is, to my mind, a tragedy. In my experience extending over vast areas of plantations on hill and dale, I have found white-pepper less irritating, less exciting if I may say so, than black.



catching the President's eye.

the mistake was pointed out by our very efficient Secretariat to the mover, the Hon. Member insisted that the motion referred to pepper and pepper it is, now before the house. I wish the Government would throw some light on the question."

The Hon. Mr. Howler rose timidly and clearing his throat, observed: "Life, Sir, is full of regrets. I plead guilty, Sir, to indolence in my college days, in not having assiduously practised the noble sport of throwing the ball. I am asked how to throw some light on this vexed question. At the moment, Sir, I can lay my hands on only an Eveready. And here it goes....."



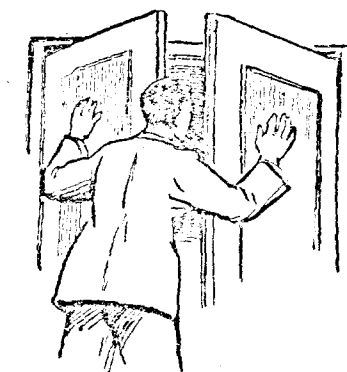
hair-splitting propensities.



.....the President ruled.

Suryakantha:—"It's a lie! My secretary did it!"

Mr. Glowbottom: "It's no concern of this house, Mr. President, to enquire into the cause of this unfortunate mistake. I understand that when



.....applying closure.....

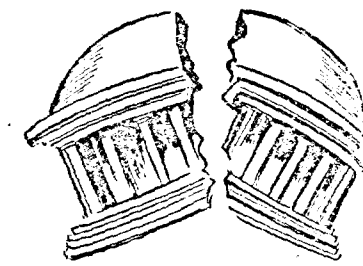
and crisp. The house will proceed with the debate," observed the President.

Sir Samuel Shut-the-Door demanded that closure be applied. "We have talked too much to-day and we have done next to nothing. It has been a trying debate (yawns). I propose that closure be applied."



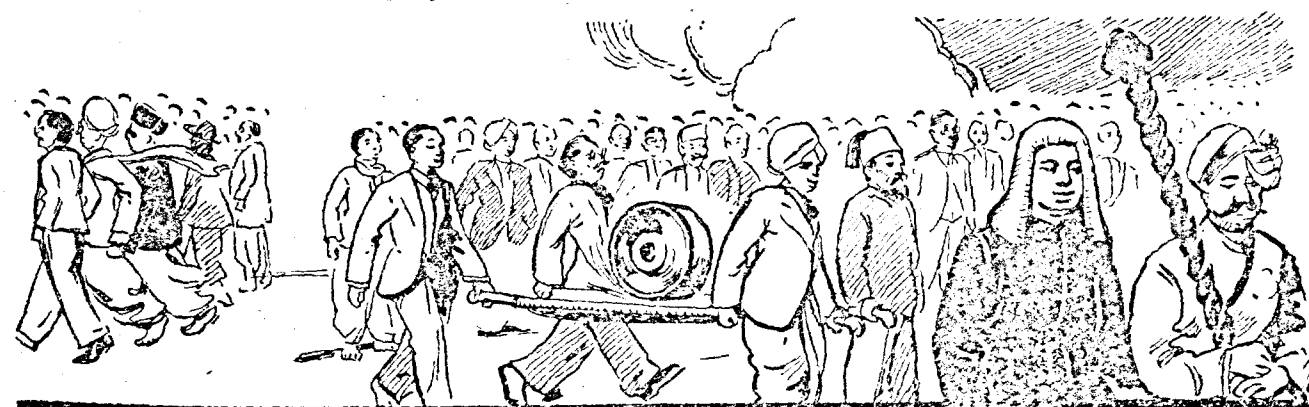
.....heat was generated.....

Much heat was generated over the application of closure. Hot words and air escaped and surcharged the atmosphere much to the delight of the Finance member. The motion for closure having been carried, the original motion was put to vote. The House divided.



The House divided.

When members returned to their seats from their lobbies, the President declared the motion carried.



The Motion was Carried.

Debate in a Council

TICKLERS

(TUT-TUT-TUT)

1. Annotate:—

- A serious ape whom none take seriously,
Obliged in a fool's world to earn his nuts
By hard buffoonery.
- Once more unto the breach, friends, once more.
- Coming events cast their shadows before.

2. Write short notes on:—

- The Hindu Mahasabha.
- The Govt. and Religious neutrality.

3. What do you know of:—

- Mr. A. H. Ghuznavi.
- Mrs. Kamaladevi Chattopadhyay.

ANSWERS

- The latest of Hitler's antics has been devoid of the usual comic relief that he has taught us to expect from him. By seceding from the League of Nations, he has neither strengthened the case of Germany, nor weakened the cause of the League. Both of them will continue to languish, as they have so far done, under their present leaders. To say that the race for armaments will again begin more fiercely than ever would be inaccurate; for there has been no slump in the armament trade at any time. That business will be just as usual. Hitler's immediate programme seems to be to use the 'crisis' for a further consolidation of the power of the junkers and the money-bags, who have so successfully used him as their tool. This pinchbeck Napoleon has apparently fooled some Germans for some time, and some others for all time. It now remains to be seen whether all Germans are willing to be fooled for all time.

- The protagonists of Council-entry among congressmen have found in Mr. Jamnadas Mehta an astute spokesman. He has combined in a plausible manner the advocacy of a very radical programme with an uncompromising attack on Gandhiji as a dictator. He wants in short to get rid of the Mahatma. All this because of the Councils; and yet these people who claim to be realists in politics ought to realise the superior momentum which they can give the national cause by working in the wider, untrammelled field, in which Mr. Mehta can find ample scope for the application of 'pressure all along the line.' Gandhiji's reply to all this is as usual, a home-thrust. "Go into the councils if you can or must; but why don't you help me with the constructive programme?" Echo answers why!

- An ominous event marred one of the spectacular shows organised for Hitler's first public speech, after the 'walk-out' from Geneva. He was to have opened an art exhibition with a silver

hammer. One of the speakers declared that the hammer symbolised the future of the Nazi party, which would beat down all opposition to it at home or abroad. Hitler tapped it, and lo! it broke in two in his hands. So much for the future of the Hammer. We await the future of the Nazi party, which must have been compared to the now historical hammer, in an unconscious mood of prophecy.

- The annual session of this organisation was recently held at Ajmer. This is another of our many organisations which suffer from the disability of not seeing the wood for the trees. The present session was chiefly interesting for the novel suggestion (which was carried) that a deputation should be sent to the League of Nations to place the case of India and the Communal Award before it. We shall be surprised if any good comes of it. There is a Tamil proverb which says that it far better to surrender to your opponent than to the witnesses.

- The Queen's Proclamation guaranteed, among other things, that the British Government in this country would be absolutely neutral in all matters pertaining to religion. This has been observed both in letter and in spirit for a fairly long time. There are many obvious reasons why it should continue to be so. But the Government of Madras have issued a G. O. authorising the introduction of religious instruction in Muslim Schools in the Presidency. This is another proof of the pampered treatment which the Muslim community is enjoying under the existing conditions. It remains to be seen how the benefit is availed of by the favoured community, with as many pronounced sub-sections within it as the Hindu community is alleged to have.

- Mr. Ghuznavi is one of the Bengal M. L. C's. Has been a member of the Joint Committee etc. He came into prominence the other day by virtue of a public pronouncement which for sheer ineptitude is hard to beat. He wants the Bengal Hindus to quit Bengal if they do not like the Award. Dr. Johnson observed that something might be made of a Scotsman if he were caught young. We must say that nothing can be done with our Ghuznavis; we can only hope for their disappearance in the slow but steady processes of evolution.

- A poet's wife, and one of the most intrepid daughters of New India. A Madame Roland in her devotion to the ideals of Liberty and Universal brotherhood. Belongs to the Vanguard of Indian Nationalism, very close to Jawaharlal, and far ahead of the rest of us. Has suffered and is prepared to suffer for her convictions. We admire her, though privately we feel small ourselves.

THE EDITOR

has the honour to announce that the following gentlemen have consented to sit on the Committee of Judges which will award the prizes in

THE ALL-INDIA MERRY MAGAZINE

LITERARY COMPETITION

The Rt. Hon'ble V. S. Srinivasa Sastriar, P.C.

Mr. V. V. Srinivasa Iyengar, B.A., B.L.,
Sometime Judge of the High Court, Madras.

Mr. M. A. Candeth, M.A., BAR-AT-LAW, I.E.S., M.B.E.,
Dy. Director of Public Instruction, Madras.

Rao Bahadur S. E. Ranganathan Ayl., M.A. I.E.S.,
Vice-Chancellor, Annamalai University, Chidambaram.

Mr. P. Seshadri, M.A.,
Principal, Government College, Ajmer.

Mr. K. S. Venkatramani, B.A., B.L.,
Advocate, Madras.

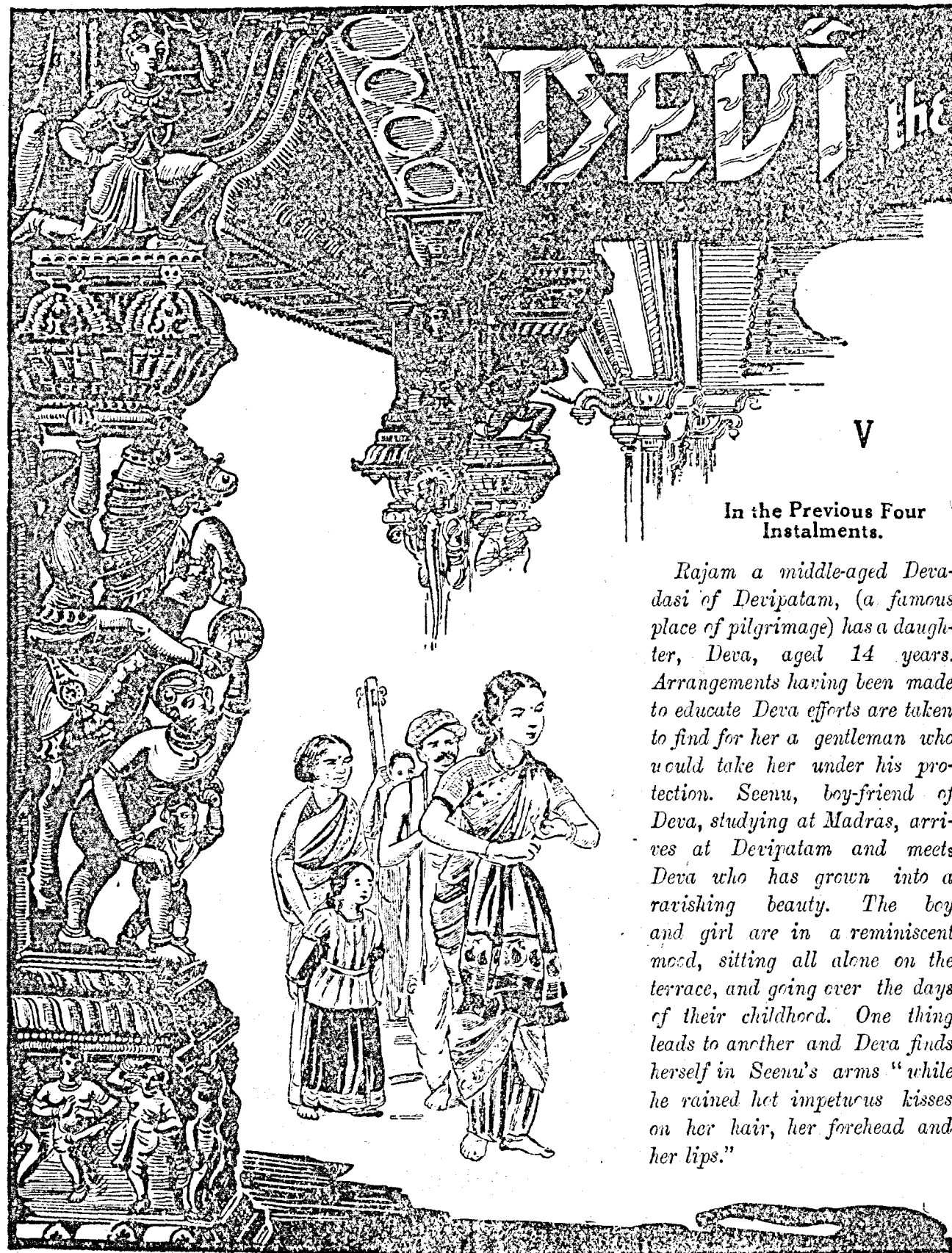
Mr. S. Govindarajulu, M.A.B.L., LL.B., BAR-AT-LAW,
Professor, Law College, Madras.

Mr. S. Saranathan, M.A.,
Principal, National College, Trichinopoly.

Mr. K. Swaminathan, M.A.,
Professor of English, Presidency College, Madras.

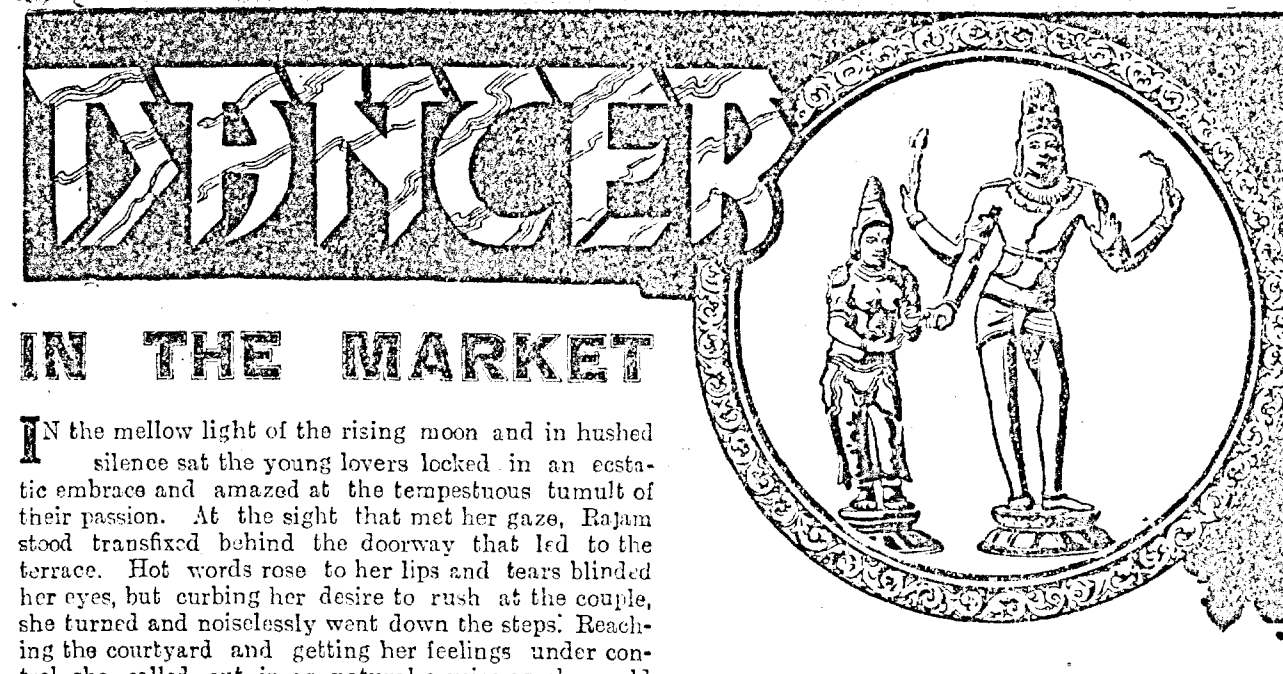
Mr. P. Mahadevan, M.A.,
Principal, Madura College, Madura.

Mr. S. Singam, B.A., B.L., Madras.



V
In the Previous Four Instalments.

Rajam a middle-aged Devadasi of Devipatam, (a famous place of pilgrimage) has a daughter, Deva, aged 14 years. Arrangements having been made to educate Deva efforts are taken to find for her a gentleman who would take her under his protection. Seenu, boy-friend of Deva, studying at Madras, arrives at Devipatam and meets Deva who has grown into a ravishing beauty. The boy and girl are in a reminiscent mood, sitting all alone on the terrace, and going over the days of their childhood. One thing leads to another and Deva finds herself in Seenu's arms "while he rained hot impetuous kisses on her hair, her forehead and her lips."



IN the mellow light of the rising moon and in hushed silence sat the young lovers locked in an ecstatic embrace and amazed at the tempestuous tumult of their passion. At the sight that met her gaze, Rajam stood transfixed behind the doorway that led to the terrace. Hot words rose to her lips and tears blinded her eyes, but curbing her desire to rush at the couple, she turned and noiselessly went down the steps. Reaching the courtyard and getting her feelings under control, she called out, in as natural a voice as she could manage: "Aren't you coming down, Deva, dear? I am tired and alone and I don't feel like climbing up the stairs."

Rajam's words fell like a thunderclap between the lovers, and the magic spell of love's first glamour was broken. Seenu wrenched himself away from Deva. Placing a finger on her yet tremulous lips he cautioned her in a whisper: "Hush! Not a word! Let us go down. She may suspect."

"But, oh, Seenu, how wonderful....."

"Stop it, I say! Let us go down!"

Reluctantly and still trembling, Deva followed Seenu down the steps. Rajam was seated in the courtyard, on the floor, calm and collected to all outside appearances. She greeted Seenu with the remark, "I hope it was nice upstairs," and then bit her tongue realising how tactless her words were.

"Quite," said Seenu, standing and racking his brains for an excuse to run away from the place.

"Come here and sit near me, Deva, and won't you also sit down, Sami?" asked Rajam.

"I am afraid I can't. You know I am staying at my aunt's place and I hate keeping anyone waiting for me. See you tomorrow," said he and without a word or look at Deva, left the house.

Deva sat by her mother's side. Neither of them spoke and the strange silence was getting on Rajam's nerves. For the first time in her life Rajam realised

her helplessness to soothe her child, who, obviously, was in great distress. It was equally obvious to her that the situation required delicate handling.

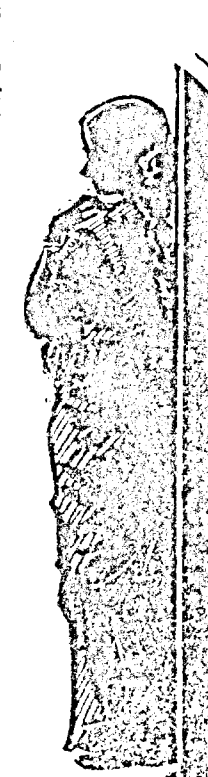
"Deva, dear," she began "I am sorry Madurai Mudaliar didn't turn up this evening. I took a lot of trouble in dressing you."

What do you say to our going to the temple now?"

"Oh, mother, shall we?"

"Stand up and let me arrange the flowers on your hair. Then we will lock the house and go out to the temple."

Inside the temple and all around the Devi's shrine, there was a regular crowd of devotees. As Rajam preceded Deva and slowly went round the shrine, all eyes were turned towards the fair Deva and various were the comments made in undertones and whispers. The garbagraha¹ was closed with a cloth-screen as the alankara² was not yet over. Many of the pilgrims were sitting on the floor, in groups of twos and threes, awaiting the darshana and the Deeparathana. Rajam



1. Sanctum Sanctorum

2. Decoration

took Deva aside to a corner and bade her also sit down. "Everyone is looking at you!" she said to Deva in an excited whisper.

"Why?" asked Deva absent-mindedly, her thoughts wandering far away and wondering where Seenu was and speculating on what he might be thinking of at the moment.

"You are the fairest girl in all Devipatam and you haven't realised it as yet."

"Is that a fault or a virtue?"

Sonachalam again interrupted the conversation. He came grinning to where Rajam and Deva sat and with a preliminary "never expected to see you here," sat down on the floor, facing Rajam.

"We had nothing to do at home and so we came to the temple," said Rajam.

"I am glad you did. You see, the Zamindar is here and I had to point out your Deva to him. I consider it a very auspicious sign that his first meeting with Deva should have been inside a temple."

"Where is he?"

"There, near that Yali pillar. Don't you see three gentlemen talking. The one with the cropped hair is the Zamindar. He is a prince among men, I tell you."

Deva was the first to look at the 'prince' pointed out by Sonachalam. She mentally resolved that if he was the man who offered to take her under his protection, she would rather take poison first. The man was all lace and silk, had a chain round his neck and another round his wrist. Diamonds blazed in his ears like a motor-car's undimmed head-lights and sparkled on his fingers. The man was positively ugly. His lips were thick and his complexion dark. He might have money, thought Deva, but Seenu's words came poignantly to her memory. "Is money of any consequence when a man and a maid are in love?"

The Zamindar turned and smiled. The smile was apparently meant for Sonachalam but Deva knitted her brows together, pulled her saree over her shoulder and looked elsewhere. Rajam noticed it through the corner of her eyes and her heart sank within her.

"I came to ask you," said Sonachalam "when I may come round to your house to discuss the details."

"What details, *aiyah*?"

"It is all settled that the Zamindar should take your daughter under his protection. I mean, he is anxious to do so. All that remains to be done is to fix up the details."

Clouds of anger were gathering on Deva's brow. Rajam watched her and grew afraid that her daughter



".....with quizzical eyes Rao Sahab

might say or do something to offend the Zamindar's agent.

"This, *aiyah*, is neither the place nor the time to discuss the matter. I have already told you that we haven't even attempted to come to any decision."

"Very well. But remember this. Money is of no consequence as our Zamindar has set his heart on the girl. I think he is calling me. I shall see you later?" And Sonachalam walked away towards the Zamindar.

"Mother, what does he mean by saying money is of no consequence?" asked Deva of her mother.

"He means that they are prepared to give any amount of money."

"Did you look at that man, mother?"

"Which man, dear?"

"The Zamindar, as they call him."

"Oh! I know him from his childhood. I have seen him off and on. Now, of course, he is grown."

That night Panchaksharam had the benefit of the lengthiest of curtain lectures ever delivered to him in his life. The lecturer was, of course, Rajam. Her first thought was to appraise Panchaksharam of what she saw on the terrace earlier in the evening. On second thoughts, she suppressed this potential cause that had started her on a lecturing mood, but narrated in detail the happenings at the temple. She lamented over the shortness of time and stressed on the imperative necessity of fixing up something before *Chitrai*. About the minor Zamindar of Palavanur and his offer, she was brutally frank and opined that she would rather throw her precious Deva into a well, than give her to 'that ugly monster.' She wound it all up by accusing Panchaksharam of indifference and indolence and was about to weep at her own misfortune when Panchaksharam thought he ought to say something.

"Don't you think, woman, if you tell me what exactly you want me to do, it would be helpful?"

"I am a woman. What do I know?"

"Then shut up and keep quiet. There are three decrees against me and any day I may be arrested. Your house and all my lands are mortgaged to the hilt and the interest alone has gone up to two hundred rupees. Not content with burdening yourself with a daughter at your age, you have brought her up like a princess, wasting money and putting silly notions into her head. What's wrong with the minor Zamindar? Why shouldn't we give her to him if he satisfies our demands? Beggars can't be choosers!"

"Haven't you the happiness of our child at heart? Do you honestly think she will be happy with that man?"

"Why? What's wrong?"

"Everything. He is ugly. He is a wastrel, a never-do well....."

"Oh, shut up!"

"If you get angry like this, where am I to turn for help?"

"Well, what about that wonderful Goddess of yours who you say gave you this child? —trouble I call it. Why don't you ask Her to help?"

Rajam stood silent for a minute staring at Panchaksharam.

"You are right, *aiyah*," she said in a hushed voice. "I ought not to worry. The divine Devi, my Goddess, will never forsake my child or bring her to harm. Let Her will be done!"

Having committed one of her cares devoutly to the mercy of her Goddess, Rajam sought Deva who was restlessly tossing in her bed. Here was another pro-



Chettiar surveyed the maid

"If you were me, mother, would you consent?"

"What a question, child?"

"A great many things are worrying my mind *amma*. I am feeling so unhappy that but for this crowd here, I would begin to weep like a baby."

"Tush, tush, my dear. It is late and you want your sleep badly. Shall we go home?"

"Let us stay here for a little while. And please do not allow anyone else to come near us and talk about.....buying me!"

blem. The boy had awakened the woman in Deva and it was imperative that the two shouldn't meet any more. With a plan evolved in her mind, Rajam awaited the break of dawn.

She rose early, bathed and dressed and went straight to the house where Seenu was temporarily staying. She took him inside the temple on the pretext of showing him the silver lamp which she had offered to the Devi's shrine and in a secluded part of the temple she astounded Seenu with the remark: "I know what happened on the terrace yesterday evening."

"Who told you—Deva?"

"No. I came up there myself and as neither of you noticed me, I went down."

Seenu didn't know what to say. He was getting angry. He resented Rajam's interference in a purely personal and private affair.

"Well, what about it?" he asked her haughtily.

Without the slightest emotion and in a calm and clear voice Rajam asked Seenu a question.

"If you had an unmarried sister in your house and if you saw your best boy-friend hugging and kissing her on the terrace, what would you do?"

"Why, whip the rascal, sure!"

"That'll do, Seenu. In her childhood you have been Deva's friend. I owe you a debt of gratitude. I won't think harshly of you. Promise me not to see her again and I'll go away happy and with peace in my heart."

"I am sorry, Rajamma. I don't know why I behaved like a fool last evening. I think the Talkies at Madras are responsible. However, I promise you not to see her as long as I stay here."

"You have made me very happy," said Rajam and turned towards the Devi's shrine and there offered a heart-felt prayer beseeching the Goddess to fulfil her heart's desire.

It looked as if Rajam's prayer was answered almost immediately. When she returned home she found a stranger sitting on the pial. She went in, but stood behind the doorway wondering who he was.

"May I come in?" asked the stranger.

"Why, certainly, *aiyah*, please come in," invited Rajam. A mat was spread, betel and pan was brought and Rajam stood demurely away as the stranger nervously fumbled with the nut-cracker.

"I belong to Madras. I saw you and your daughter yesterday at the temple. I made enquiries and I was told your daughter has not yet been dedicated."

"That is so."

"I am interested in a gentleman at Madras who is on the lookout for just such a girl."

Rajam was silent. The man proceeded. "He is a very rich gentleman, young, fair, kind and all that a girl would expect....."

Deva came on the scene and on seeing a stranger beat a hasty retreat.

"Does your daughter know to read and write English?"

"No, *aiyah*. But she sings and dances well."

"Have you a photograph of her?"

"No *aiyah*. This is a small village and it is almost impossible to get anything done here."

"Isn't there any responsible gentleman in your house who could come with me to Madras?"

"Why, there is the *aiyar*, of course.....He is her father and I can ask him to accompany you to Madras, if necessary."

"That would suit me. I am quite confident that if our Chettiar sees your girl, he would like her very much indeed. The difficulty is to arrange a meeting."

"Is it very difficult?"

"Not very difficult perhaps. But where is the *aiyar*?"

"He will be here before noon. If it wouldn't be any great trouble for you, could you not call some time in the afternoon?"

"I will, most certainly. Ask the *aiyar* to be ready to start for Madras in the evening. I'll meet all the expenses."

"But....." Rajam hesitated.

"Yes?"

"If the *aiyar* asks me, what name shall I say....."

"Oh, my name is Sambandam. I live in Madras."

"Please do call again in the afternoon."

"I will."

Rajam was all agog with excitement. She gave Deva, in a few words, the gist of her conversation with Sambandam. Her imagination ran riot and she mentally visualised her Deva being surrounded with all the luxuries that money can buy. When Panchaksharam came home, he was hustled, admonished and a thousand and one details were flung at him. He was asked, when he reached Madras, to keep his eyes skinned and his ears open and to make detailed enquiries about the character and assets of the Chettiyar. And when in the afternoon Sambandam called, the excitement inside the house reached its climax. Sambandam insisted on leaving for Madras, immediately. Panchaksharam had no alternative. He was bundled unceremoniously and much dazed and very much befogged, he boarded along with Sambandam the bus bound for the nearest railway station which was just nine miles away.

Rajam awaited with anxiety the result of the trip to Madras. She spent hours praying for the success of the trip to and when she wasn't praying she was impressing on Deva the delights of city life. Late in the evening, the next day, a telegram was handed to her. Her heart almost missed a beat. A telegram! Could anything have happened to the *aiyar* at Madras? Why should anybody send her a telegram? She made Deva open the envelope and read the contents. But Deva looked at the written words, puzzled, pouted her lips, and gave the paper back to Rajam saying that she couldn't read the thing at all. Then Rajam remembered

the school-master and went out, cautioning Deva not to leave the house.

"Now, why did she say that?" asked Deva to herself and then remembered Seenu. It was strange that he shouldn't have come to see her again. She couldn't believe that he could have become callous or indifferent after what had happened that evening on the terrace. She wondered where he was and if she could send him a note. Taking a sheet of paper and pencil she sat down to write a letter. But how to address him? What to say? While thus absorbed, Sattai walked into the room.

"Busy writing love letters," Sattai teased her and asked, "who is the happy man?"

"Mind your business!" said Deva, her temper flaring up.

"Now, now. Don't you get angry with me, my girl! Sattai is a great helper. For instance, who is going to take that letter and deliver it safe and sound into the happy man's hand. Here is Sattai. Use him. Do not abuse him."

"Oh, go away! I am sick of you!"

"I'll wait till you finish that letter."

Deva threw the sheet at him. He picked it up and noticed that it was blank on both sides.

"That's very bad! You don't know how to write a letter! I tell you again, use Sattai! Sattai is an expert in drafting love-letters. Recipients simply grow dizzy on receiving them. Let me help you. Here is how you begin:

To

The Ravisher of my heart and the Robber of my thoughts! Several crores of rich, ripe, kisses! Your humble slave....."

"Oh, shut up and get out! If you don't, I'll report you to mother," Deva was saying, when Rajam returned.

"Oh, Deva, the Chettiyar is coming!" exclaimed Rajam mopping her brow and flushed with excitement. Sattai wondered who the Chettiyar was.

"Was that the telegram?" asked Deva.

"Yes. He is coming tomorrow morning by car, all the way from Madras. I don't know what he will think of this house. It is so dirty and ugly. We have a hundred things to do and the *aiyar* is away."

"I am here," said Sattai, "Why don't you use me?"

"You are a great bungler, Sattai" said Rajam smiling, "but you could help. I want you to go out and borrow a carpet, some chairs, a mirror and one of those big fans. I have got to go out too and borrow some jewels and a little cash."

"But what is it all about?" asked Sattai.

"A rich Chettiyar from Madras is coming tomorrow to see our Deva. Let me see what you can do."

"Alright. By tonight I'll beg, borrow or steal the things you want. Give me eight annas to start with."

With Sattai and Rajam out of the house, Deva had plenty of time to compose the epistle to Seenu. It took her long to finish the letter. She read it over several times and satisfied that the letter fully revealed her sentiments, enclosed it in an envelope. She went into the backyard and shouted for the neighbour's boy who occasionally did odd jobs for her, for a small consideration. With elaborate instructions, she handed over the letter to the boy with a nickel one anna coin and cautioned him to keep the whole affair a secret.

It was a bright and sunny morning. Everything was brisk and span inside Rajam's house. As Rajam didn't know when the Chettiyar would be arriving she completed all the arrangements early in the morning. Deva was dressed in her best silk *Paralai* and flowered *Damani* while borrowed jewels scintillated on her person. At eleven, Panchaksharam came all alone and at sight of him Rajam's heart sank within her.

"What is the matter? Where is the Chettiyar?" asked Rajam.

"He is in the choultry having a wash. Sambandam Pillay will be bringing him here in about five minutes. I came in advance to see if everything is ready."

"Is the Chettiyar a good man?"

"Oh yes, he is very rich. A Dubash. But he talks very little. You can see for yourself."

"Do you think our Deva will be happy with him?"

"I have no doubt about that. But—we have yet to know whether he will take her."

"Why, isn't our Deva the most beautiful girl in all Devipatam?"

"Oh yes. But the Devipatam is not all the world you see."

"Is it possible that he may not like her?"

"Let us wait and see. There, there is the horn! Get ready!"

* * *

Rao Sahab, Balasundaram Chettiar, Dubash, Bull & Co, and Honorary Presidency Magistrate, Madras, went into Rajam's house preceded by Panchaksharam and followed by Sambandam, exactly as he would have walked into Higgs and Tiggs, the fashionable outfitters for ordering a suit. In a hall which had not seen a coat of lime for at least half a decade, he was made to sit on a hard teak-wood chair. Panchaksharam mumbled something and withdrew while Sambandam coughing and clearing his throat, followed Panchaksharam. A little impatient, a trifle annoyed, Rao Sahab Chettiyar sat waiting. And presently Rajam led Deva before him. With quizzical eyes Rao Sahab Chettiyar surveyed the maid before him. She stood before him unmoved, unafraid, bearing his scrutiny without the slightest sign of any emotion on her face. Rajam stood intently watching the Chettiyar's face. But his face was like that of the Sphinx. No one spoke and the silence, to Rajam, was nerve-racking. She started to say something but her tongue clove to the roof of her mouth and she felt so foolish standing there before him, proud mother of the fairest girl in all Devipatam, yet not able, to speak one word in commendation of her daughter.

THIS FORTNIGHT'S FAIRY STORY

(KALYAN)

A graduate, without any special qualification, in his search for employment, interviews the Head of a big Engineering firm, is received with great courtesy and is given a job on a salary higher than the one the applicant asked for!!!—Editor.

WITH a beating heart I scanned the rows of numbers in the "Indian Express." Thank god, 339 was there for all the world to see. But I was not jubilant. For, in this unhappy land of contraries, a young man's troubles start the moment he takes his degree.

The next day, I bought a stout pair of sandals and an umbrella and started bombarding all possible employers. First I went to Messrs. X. Y. Engineering Co., (India) Ltd. I was somewhat encouraged to find no 'No Vacancy' boards in sight. I sent in my name to Mr. Q. Jackson, M. I. M. E., the managing director. I was immediately called in. Mr. Jackson smilingly offered me a seat and asked me, "What can I do for you, Mr. Kalyan?"

"I came to request you for an appointment in your firm, sir."

"Well, that's the whole trouble! there are so many applicants and so few vacancies....."

"I realise your difficulty, sir. But not seeing any 'No Vacancy' Board at the entrance..."

"Oh, I never put them up. They keep out really worth while and honourable people and let undesirables sneak in!"

"Thank you for taking such a broad view of things, sir....."

"Not at all. It is all in the firm's interest..... Supposing I give you a blunt 'No' in reply, I expect you would be very much disheartened?"

"Hardly that, sir. If my first shot hits, I would be surprised beyond measure. I passed out only yesterday: and there would probably be 300 such interviews before I get in somewhere!"

"That's a frank but sad epitome of the whole position.....Let me see, what are you good at?"

"You have put the dreaded question, sir. I don't think I am particularly good at anything now. I took my degree in History and....."

"Oh, don't let that bother you. I strongly believe that any young man with character and ordinary brains

could meet all situations of a non-technical nature. I daresay that if you are engaged and asked to specialize in some particular line you would gladly do that?"

"Certainly, sir."

"Do you know anyone in this office?"

"I don't think, sir."

"Do you happen to be related to any high official in this city?"

"No, sir."

"Not that these need bother you, though! I will let you know definitely tomorrow. Will 11 a. m. suit you?"

"Quite well, sir. Thank you."

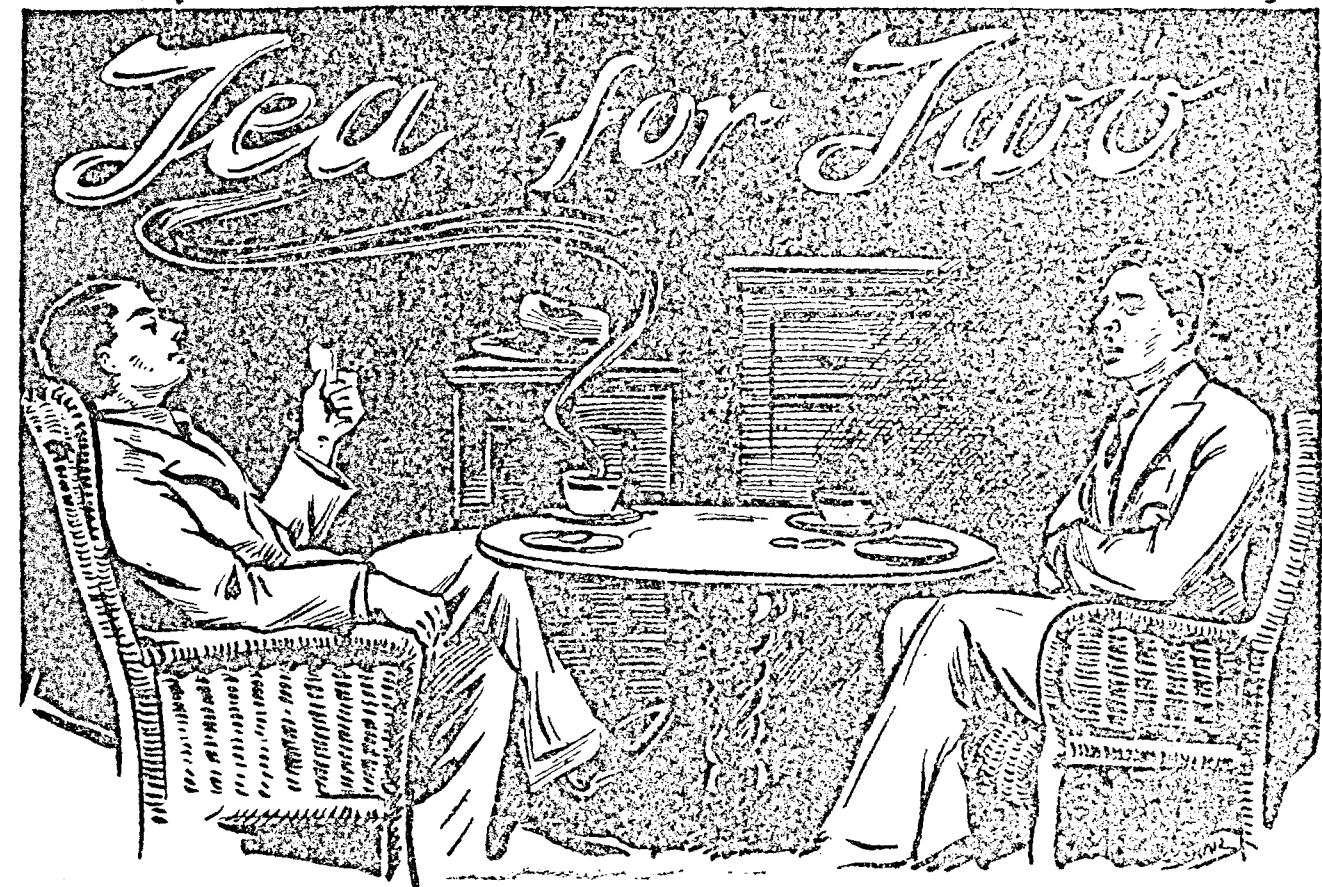
"Good evening, then."

"Good evening sir."

Vastly surprised and elated, I went out, and had to be reminded of my umbrella and sandals by the durwan. Then remembering that I had intended to tip him, I offered him a four anna bit. But he shook his head and said, "No tipping in this office, sir. We work for the boss and he pays us."

The next morning, I put on my only suit—marriage present, you see—and appeared before Mr. Jackson. He smiled and said, "You have come, have you? I was afraid that I was a bit hard on you yesterday—enough to frighten away a young man!..... Let me see! I find that you are free from exaggerations and misstatements. I will put you in our advertisement section. Now, what about the pay? You said that you are married. Any children? No? What about 100/- during probation? Disgracefully low, I know, but you will see 200/- before long. Not that it is a princely pay, though—it will be only a twentieth part of what I get: as if I do 20 times more work or 20 times better work than you would! See how we are caught in the clutches of a bad tradition! A bitter state of affairs to think of, very bitter. By the way, why do you wear a suit in this climate? My shorts are bad enough for me! [The telephone bell rings.] Please answer the phone."

I moved towards the phone and—woke up! It was the alarm time-piece that was ringing. It was set to 3-39. I had the Ancient History paper to prepare for.



I was feeling frightfully hungry

(P. P. SAMUEL)

When two strong men, one brown and the other white, sit down to tea, there is meeting of East and West, but Samuel finds there is too much talk and too little tea.—Editor.



IHAD all along been of the opinion that if there was anything that could make the twain (East and West) meet it was "tea." To be more explicit, when a brown man and a white sit side by side, munching slices of brown bread and white bread, from the same loaves, I suppose they realise that like the loaves they too have a common origin. That was perhaps what the poet meant when he said that a discerning eye would see sermons in everything—including bread.

So when Mr. Douglas invited me to tea at his bungalow I replied with great enthusiasm, "Thanks very much. What time?" But, to be frank, there was another little reason—I thought tea at a European's was a swell affair. Chunks of cake, biscuits stuck together with pats of butter, sandwich with something nice in

between, Australian apples, and things. It was a splendid prospect, but alas! there was a little cloud in the translucent blue sky—I wasn't conversant with the labyrinth of English etiquette! Of course I knew that drinking tea out of the saucer was the cardinal sin of the tea-table and was enough to make a well-bred lady throw up her arms in horror, scream, and faint gracefully into the arms of the nearest young man. But there were other little things.

I consulted a friend of mine who is almost an encyclopaedia of sophistication. He directed me to a shop where I bought a copy of "Complete Manners for Gentlemen" for the paltry sum of eight annas. The neat little book was a mine of information. It told me among other things that I should pick up the tea cup with the right hand and drink the tea without producing any noise whatsoever—a simple precept in print, but exceedingly difficult when you came to try it. I re-

heard it with a cup of water, in the privacy of my room, but—the pneumatic pressure was perhaps a bit too much—the experiment wasn't very successful. The liquid went all the wrong way, and when I had sneezed and coughed out the water from my nose and lungs respectively, I had to go down on all fours and pick up the pieces of broken porcelain.

Thus having equipped myself with half-a-rupee's worth of good English etiquette, I jumped jauntily on my bicycle and spun round to the bungalow of Mr. Douglas.

I was received by the butler who conducted me to the visitors' room and glided out without turning on the fan.

About ten minutes later Mr. Douglas blew in, full of hot air and apologies. Then suddenly he seemed to remember something.

"Excuse me a moment," said he, diving under the door curtain.

I heard him walk to the back of his bungalow and shout to the butler to add water to the tea.

Then he returned, rang formally for the same butler, and ordered tea for two.

Followed, of course, conversation. 'Tea,' at a European's, is ninety five percent talk and five percent tea. You simply don't rush through the menu and then settle down comfortably to a tete-a-tete. Etiquette expects you to pick up a bit of something neatly with your left hand, nibble at it like a well-bred rodent, place it back on your plate just so, talk genially for some five minutes, and then another small nibble. A biscuit is good for a full quarter hour: and when you are offered a second helping you will say "No, thanks" and give a little bow. That is if you have read the right

book. But you may very well take a second or even third helping of tea. "Tea," as Chesterton once remarked, "is a gentleman." Any amount of it. And in the present case there was no danger of tannin-poisoning.

Mr. Douglas did most of the talking. And whenever I felt like joining in, my elbows automatically wandered towards the table, and I heard the little book whispering in a small voice in my ear: "Elbows off the table, please, and sit back with your arms limp at your sides when you speak." The posture reminded me of the Egyptian mummy and stifled all my small talk.

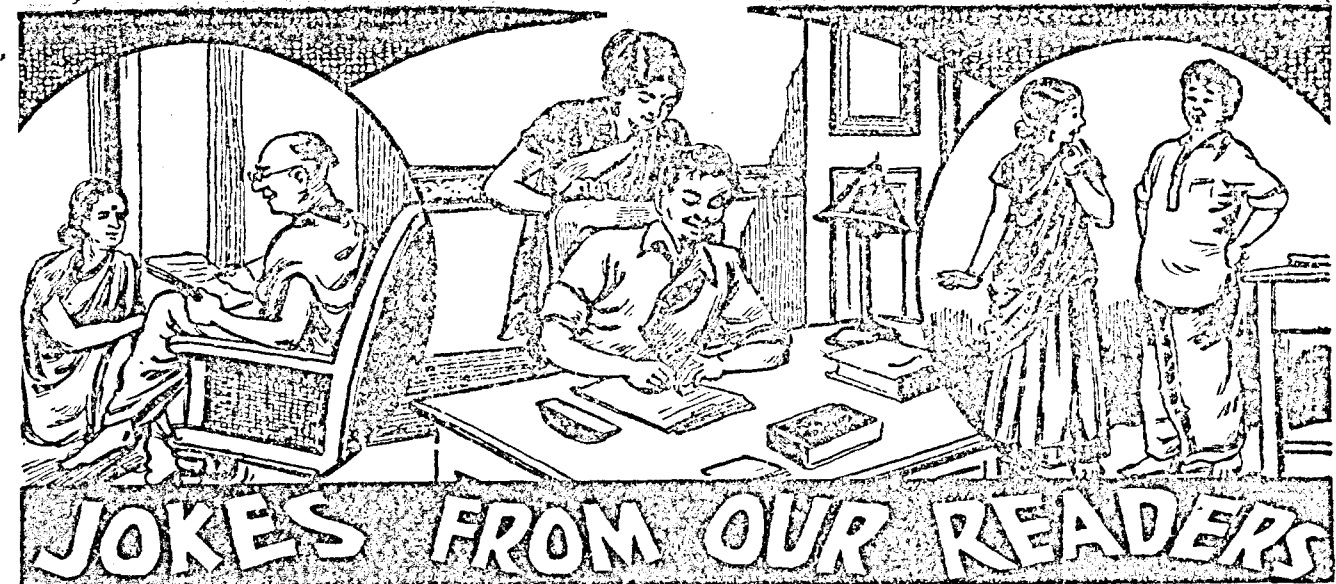
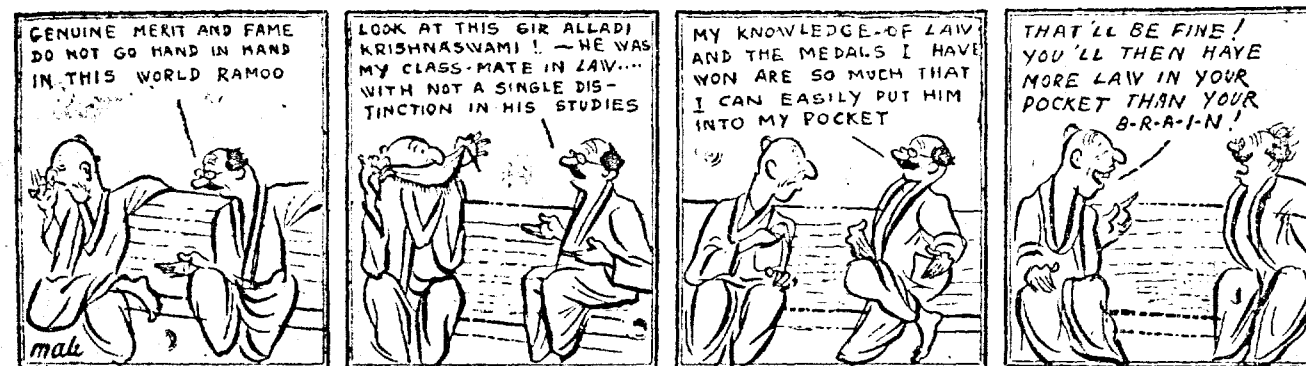
Moreover I was feeling frightfully hungry. I had, as yet, accounted for just one biscuit and a sip of tea. There was sandwich, no doubt, but when I peeped in between, I saw thin slices of raw tomato—my pet abomination! The cake hadn't arrived yet.

When Mr. Douglas pressed the button I thought it meant cake and tried to look happy but the butler entered with bowls of water. That looked rather final. I dipped my finger-tips in the water, wiped them with the serviette, and sat back with an air of resignation.

Presently the butler returned with some nice-looking oranges. I love an orange when I am alone, but in company I would rather not touch it. How to dispose of the pips and the cellulose was ever a veritable problem to me. One can't possibly swallow the whole lot. Also I hadn't the time to look up and master the dexterous manipulation of an orange with knife and what-not.

We sat at the table for another half hour, Mr. Douglas talking his head off, all the time—mostly cricket. I was too hungry for words, the solitary biscuit having whetted my appetite excruciatingly. And when I returned home I felt full and empty at once—full of cricket and empty of food!

More Law in his Pocket.



Teacher:—"Can you tell me who succeeded Edward VI?"

Gopu:—"Mary"

Teacher:—"Now Gopu, who followed Mary?"

Gopu:—"Her little lamb" (absent minded)

Teacher:—"Rama, your essay on 'My home' is exactly the same as your brother's."

Rama:—"Yes Sir, you see we have the same home."

Teacher:—"What's the use of calling him? He won't eat it either!"

There was a general complaint that the food served in a certain hostel was not at all good. Being very much put out, a boarder said "This is the most horrible food, Mr. Warden. I shall call in the Head-master. I can't eat it."

Warden calmly:—"What's the use of calling him? He won't eat it either!"

The dramatic actor was narrating some of his stage experiences.

"For instance," he said, "When I played Kovalan, I died so naturally that a man in the audience fainted."

"Wonderful" exclaimed his friend. "But why?"

"Well," explained the actor, "he was my insurance agent."

"Has he gone in very deep?"

"Up to the soles of his sandals"

"But surely, man, you don't want a spadeto dig him out if he has gone in only up to his soles!"

"Yes, but he has fallen in head foremost!"

Kalyani:—"I think men should share the house work with their wives."

Pankajam:—"Yes, I hate to see those selfish husbands who want to do it all themselves."

Father:—"My son, I don't like to see you at the bottom of the class!"

Son:—"I can't see that it matters. They teach the same things at both ends."

Teacher:—"Why aren't you writing?"

Pupil:—"I ain't got no pen."

Teacher:—"Where is your grammar?"

Pupil:—"She's dead."

Officer:—"Is your brother who was so deaf, any better?"

Lady:—"Sure, he'll be all right in the morning."

Officer:—"You don't say so?"

Lady:—"Yes, he was arrested yesterday and he gets his hearing in the morning."

Hospital Matron:—"How's this? The telephone message said you were bringing one accident case, and you have brought three."

Ambulance driver:—"That's all right. I knocked the other two down on the way."

Son in collage was applying pressure for more money from home.

"I cannot understand why you call yourself a kind father," he wrote his dad, "when you haven't sent me a cheque for three weeks. What sort of kindness do you call that?"

"That's unremitting kindness," wrote the father in his next letter.

The mother told little Pandu to look after his baby brother and see that he did not get into danger by running into the street. After sometime she saw Pandu playing all by himself in the garden. "Pandu, where is Thambi?" She asked. "He is quite safe, ma," Pandu replied, "I locked him up in the big box."

Teacher:—"Can you tell me who succeeded Edward VI?"

Gopu:—"Mary"

Teacher:—"Now Gopu, who followed Mary?"

Gopu:—"Her little lamb" (absent minded)

Teacher:—"Rama, your essay on 'My home' is exactly the same as your brother's."

Rama:—"Yes Sir, you see we have the same home."

Teacher:—"What's the use of calling him? He won't eat it either!"

There was a general complaint that the food served in a certain hostel was not at all good. Being very much put out, a boarder said "This is the most horrible food, Mr. Warden. I shall call in the Head-master. I can't eat it."

Warden calmly:—"What's the use of calling him? He won't eat it either!"

The dramatic actor was narrating some of his stage experiences.

"For instance," he said, "When I played Kovalan, I died so naturally that a man in the audience fainted."

"Wonderful" exclaimed his friend. "But why?"

"Well," explained the actor, "he was my insurance agent."

"Has he gone in very deep?"

"Up to the soles of his sandals"

"But surely, man, you don't want a spadeto dig him out if he has gone in only up to his soles!"

"Yes, but he has fallen in head foremost!"

Kalyani:—"I think men should share the house work with their wives."

Pankajam:—"Yes, I hate to see those selfish husbands who want to do it all themselves."

Father:—"My son, I don't like to see you at the bottom of the class!"

Son:—"I can't see that it matters. They teach the same things at both ends."

Teacher:—"Why aren't you writing?"

Pupil:—"I ain't got no pen."

Teacher:—"Where is your grammar?"

Pupil:—"She's dead."

Officer:—"Is your brother who was so deaf, any better?"

Lady:—"Sure, he'll be all right in the morning."

Officer:—"You don't say so?"

Lady:—"Yes, he was arrested yesterday and he gets his hearing in the morning."

Hospital Matron:—"How's this? The telephone message said you were bringing one accident case, and you have brought three."

Ambulance driver:—"That's all right. I knocked the other two down on the way."

Son in collage was applying pressure for more money from home.

"I cannot understand why you call yourself a kind father," he wrote his dad, "when you haven't sent me a cheque for three weeks. What sort of kindness do you call that?"

"That's unremitting kindness," wrote the father in his next letter.

The mother told little Pandu to look after his baby brother and see that he did not get into danger by running into the street. After sometime she saw Pandu playing all by himself in the garden. "Pandu, where is Thambi?" She asked. "He is quite safe, ma," Pandu replied, "I locked him up in the big box."

Teacher:—"Can you tell me who succeeded Edward VI?"

Gopu:—"Mary"

Teacher:—"Now Gopu, who followed Mary?"

Gopu:—"Her little lamb" (absent minded)

Teacher:—"Rama, your essay on 'My home' is exactly the same as your brother's."

Rama:—"Yes Sir, you see we have the same home."

Teacher:—"What's the use of calling him? He won't eat it either!"

There was a general complaint that the food served in a certain hostel was not at all good. Being very much put out, a boarder said "This is the most horrible food, Mr. Warden. I shall call in the Head-master. I can't eat it."

Warden calmly:—"What's the use of calling him? He won't eat it either!"

The dramatic actor was narrating some of his stage experiences.

"For instance," he said, "When I played Kovalan, I died so naturally that a man in the audience fainted."

"Wonderful" exclaimed his friend. "But why?"

"Well," explained the actor, "he was my insurance agent."

"Has he gone in very deep?"

"Up to the soles of his sandals"

"But surely, man, you don't want a spadeto dig him out if he has gone in only up to his soles!"

"Yes, but he has fallen in head foremost!"

Kalyani:—"I think men should share the house work with their wives."

Pankajam:—"Yes, I hate to see those selfish husbands who want to do it all themselves."

Father:—"My son, I don't like to see you at the bottom of the class!"

Son:—"I can't see that it matters. They teach the same things at both ends."

Teacher:—"Why aren't you writing?"

Pupil:—"I ain't got no pen."

Teacher:—"Where is your grammar?"

Pupil:—"She's dead."

Officer:—"Is your brother who was so deaf, any better?"

Lady:—"Sure, he'll be all right in the morning."

Officer:—"You don't say so?"

Lady:—"Yes, he was arrested yesterday and he gets his hearing in the morning."

Hospital Matron:—"How's this? The telephone message said you were bringing one accident case, and you have brought three."

Ambulance driver:—"That's all right. I knocked the other two down on the way."

Son in collage was applying pressure for more money from home.

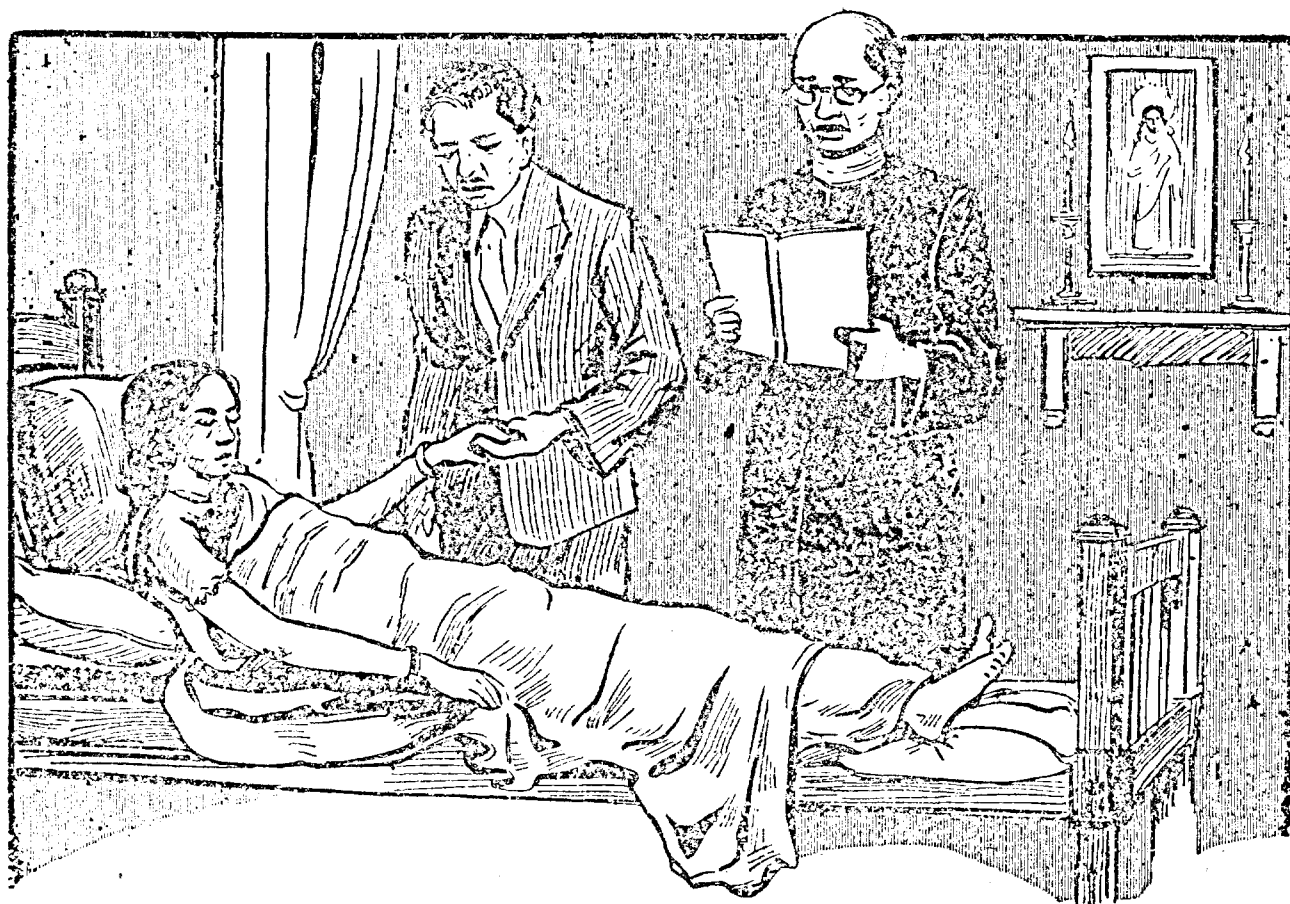
"I cannot understand why you call yourself a kind father," he wrote his dad, "when you haven't sent me a cheque for three weeks. What sort of kindness do you call that?"

"That's unremitting kindness," wrote the father in his next letter.

The mother told little Pandu to look after his baby brother and see that he did not get into danger by running into the street. After sometime she saw Pandu playing all by himself in the garden. "Pandu, where is Thambi?" She asked. "He is quite safe, ma," Pandu replied, "I locked him up in the big box."

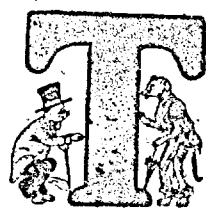
In spite of clear instructions we find that contributors to this page copy jokes from foreign periodicals and pass them on as original Jokes. The prize of Rs. 3/- is awarded to what we think is an original joke and even here it is possible that we err. Once again may we request contributors to this page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

This fortnight the Prize is awarded to Mr. P. K. MANI, Trichy.



On the threshold of the hereafter, they were made into one.

When a human soul stands on the threshold of the hereafter, what matters it that a man-made law is broken, if the breach allays the anguish of the departing soul?—*Editor.*



THE girl came into Rajan's life near the Christian College. He had just finished his B. A. Examination, and was returning to his room in Vepery. Rajan banished all thoughts about politics and economics, for seated next to him in the bus, was the girl of his dreams.

And what a girl! Centuries ago, in the days of the ancient Greeks, there was a lady named Helen of Troy, whose face, according to common report, and history, was in constant demand with artists of the Period. Well, this sweet little Indian Christian girl of seventeen, neatly dressed in a green Karachi Saree, would have made Helen of Troy look like an anna worth of pies.

So it was no wonder that the girl in green won Rajan's heart. He longed to talk to her, but India is

very strict in such matters, and he was afraid that she might give him the cold shoulder. But coming to the conclusion that the girl was worth the risk, he determined to break the ice.

"Pardon me, but aren't you Sundaram's sister?" he demanded.

The girl blushed. "I'm sorry, I haven't any brothers," she replied.

"But you look uncommonly like him," persisted Rajan. "I wonder if you are by any chance related to him!"

The girl smiled. "I'm sorry to be so dissapointing, but I do not remember any relation of that name: I have a cousin named Pandian in the Christian College. He is in the third year honours class."

"Really? What a coincidence! Why Pandian is one of my best pals! Imagine him not telling me about you!"

The girl blushed again.

She liked this young man's smile, his jolly laugh, his keen flashing eyes that had a knack of screwing up surprisingly at the corner. She liked the tone of his voice, and the qualities of a gentleman he unconsciously revealed.

Conversation now became more free, and before the bus arrived at Doveton College, they had become firm friends and had even fixed up a date. Rajan saw her pretty often after this and the friendship ripened into love. He also took the precaution to make the acquaintance of Pandian, with whom he hadn't even spoken before. With his help he was able to secure an introduction to Sakuntala's house. Pretty soon he was an established favourite in the house.

A month passed by and Rajan recieved an order from Brighton and Company, appointing him manager of their Bombay branch. A heartrending farewell took place and he promised the tearful Sakunthala, that he would come back within a year and marry her.

Meanwhile many suitors came for the hand of the lovely Sakunthala, but her parents told them that she was already engaged to be married to Rajan who was away in Bombay on buiness. But none of the letters sent to Bombay by Sakuntala's father elicited a reply. Even then Sakunthala never lost hope. She would always tell her mother that he would come for her.

A year and two months elapsed and one day, while Sakunthala was returning home from College by bus, it collided with a taxi. As a result of the smash up, two people immediately died, and Sakunthala herself recieved such serious injuries, that at her request a telegram was sent to Rajan.

Two days later Rajan arrived, pale and haggard. His clothes were travel-stained. He met the physician on the door-step.

"I have come as fast as possible just to be with her. They tell me that her condition is very bad" he explained. "Isn't there a chance? Has every possible effort been made?"

"You are not too late," replied the grave and kindly physician, "but you must understand that there is no hope. She may live a few hours more. Even your presence will only mean that she will die happy. She is conscious and her brain is clear. You—you would be happy to know that she called for you from the first."

Rajan entered softly and stood framed in the door way. The light in the room was mercifully dim. As though at a given signal, the white clad Anglo-Indian nurse left the room. The air was oppressive with the odour of liniments—tinctured somewhat by a profusion of flowers.

It had been a ghastly thing—this smash-up, which was ending the life of a lovely young woman before it was well started. Her voice came to his ears. "Rajan!"

He was on his knees by the bed, his arms about her frail form, his head pillowed on her breast. If his embrace gave her pain, she did not show it, for it was a pain glorified by love. There had been a time—more than a year ago—when he had gone to Bombay, promising to return and marry her.

"Oh Sakuntala," he cried brokenly. "I came as soon as I heard. I——"

"To bid me good-bye, darling."

"No! Oh God, not for that!"

"Yes, darling. In two or three hours. I knew not till now that I loved you so much. I shall always love you," her flowerlike face twitched with pain.

"Isn't it different, darling, from what it might have been? If this had not happened I'd have been married to you, and that was my only desire in this world.

"I have come to marry you, now, please..... Right here!"

Even in the dim light, he could see the happy expression which lit up her face. "Oh if I could die knowing that I were your wife after all, it will be wonderful" she exclaimed.

Rajan stepped out and spoke to the doctor hurriedly. Then he sat by the bed-side quietly, and within a few minutes, the Rev. Devapriyam arrived with prayer book and license. Within a few minutes, on the threshold of the hereafter, they were made into one. Then they were alone, the bride-groom whose life lay ahead, and the bride who was about to die.

Sakuntala did not question him as to why he had not come earlier, as he had promised. She was satisfied that she was dying as his wedded wife. Her voice dropped to a whisper as she bade him bend closer. Their lips clung for a moment, and she fell back. Rajan's sobs signalled to those in the adjoining room that the end had come.

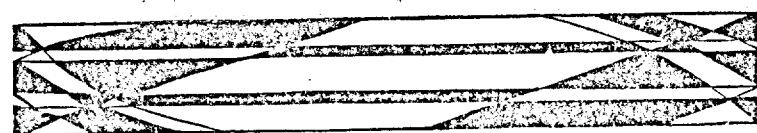
The minister consoled the lamenting Rajan and walked with him to the hall. Rajan turned towards the minister, who had united him with Sakuntala. "Tell me" he enquired, "is there any excuse for a crime?"

"For Crime, son?"

"Yes, father. I have committed a crime. She did not ask me why I never replied nor came back earlier. And I couldn't tell her"——

"What crime have you committed?"

"Bigamy," answered Rajan.



CULLED GEMS

No Need to Worry

Lecturer: "I calculate that the end of the world will come in 217,000,000 years."

Member of audience: (in great agitation) "How many did you say?"

Lecturer: "217,000,000——"

Inquirer: (sitting down with great relief) "I had such a fright. I thought you said 117,000,000."

'Le Moustique'

Prompt Advice

Client: "My neighbour has threatened to pull my nose everytime he meets me in the street, what do you advice me to do?"

Busy lawyer: "Soap your nose well, then it will slip through his fingers. Good morning."

—Karikaturen.

The Reason Why.

Boss: "Miss Smith, you are dismissed."

Typist: "Why? I have done nothing."

Boss: "That is the reason." *—Il Travaso.*

Floored

Shaw: "How's business with you, old man?"

Pshaw: "Oh, lookin' up."

Shaw: "What do you mean lookin' up?"

Pshaw: "Well, it's flat on its back, isn't it?"

—Tit Bits.

Just the Thing

Lawyer: (to client anxious for divorce) "My dear young lady, occasional tiffs are bound to occur in your married life but think of the joy to be got out of it."

Client: "Exactly. Get me out of it."

—The Humorist.

One too Many

"Hullo, Perkins! Where did you get that black eye?"

"Oh it was only a sweethearts' quarrel."

"Sweethearts' quarrel! Why your girl didn't give you that, did she?"

"No, it was her other sweetheart."

—Judge.

Respect

Customer: "Have you anything for grey hairs?"

Chemist: "Nothing sir, but the greatest respect."

—Answers.

The Boss

Clerk: "My wife told me to demand a rise from you."

Employer: "All right, I'll ask my wife if I can give it to you." *—Snarks Annual.*

A Hint

Fred: "Your heart is like glass. No one can make any impression on it."

Freda: "Some one might—if he tried with a diamond." *—Hammel.*

Recreation Fund.

"Ye have turned very industrious lately, Tim," said one Tipperary man to another.

"That I have, bedad," replied the other. "I was up before the magistrate last week for assaulting Cassidy and the judge told me, if I came back on the same charge, he would fine me ten dollars."

"Did he?" said the first speaker. "And ye are workin' hard so as to kape your hands off Cassidy?" "Don't ye believe it," said the industrious man, "I'm working hard to save up the ten dollars."

—Buffalo Courier Express.

Polite

A firm of solicitors rang up a stockbroker, and the following conversation took place:—

"Good morning. Are you Mr. Denman?"

"Yes, who is that?"

"This is Hullett, Craftit, Studge and Scarrow."

"Oh good morning, good morning, good morning and good morning."

Tit Bits.

Nature's Vehicle

The young bride said sadly: "Men are too mean for anything."

"What's the trouble now?" asked her best friend.

"Why I asked John for a car to-day, and he said that I must be content with the splendid carriage that Nature had given me."

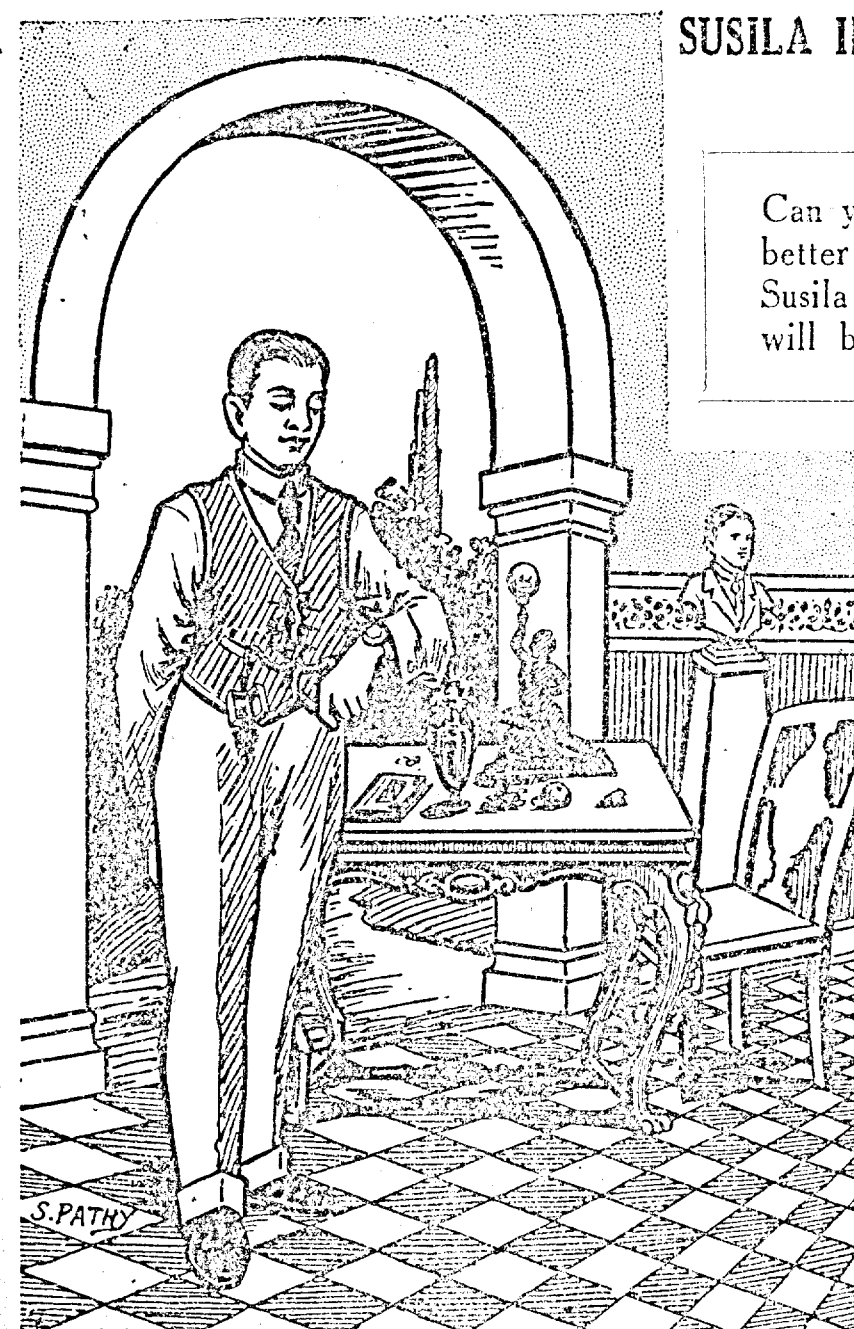
Calgary Herald

SUSILA IMPROVES MY MEMORY

(N. S. PILLIEUX)

Can you offer N. S. Pillieux a better suggestion than that of Susila? If you can I'm sure he will be greatly obliged to you.

—Editor.



.....a snuff box hanging at the end of the watch chain.

believe our caricaturists and 'Tit-biters', has the exclusive and unalienable right to be absent minded. But, what, in fact, I think I do suffer from—and Susila seems to be quite sure about it—is a slight defect in my mental machine. The latter fails to register the whereabouts at any particular time, of one specific object and one only, to wit my snuff box, though I am certain, that nobody, except myself, has anything to do with it at least within the four walls of my house. To put it more plainly, the exact place, where I last placed my snuff box, escapes me in a most annoying manner.

This defect, I dare say, would have remained unnoticed, if the specific object aforesaid had been any other than my snuff box. But, as it is, I am painfully reminded of it, as often as I feel inclined to woo my Lady Nicotine. To any other member of the "Fraternity of Snuffers," a nasal refill is as easy as A. B. C; but, to me it involves so much waste of time and

energy and so much 'venting of the spleen', that I would have long ago discontinued the habit, if I could. But, Lady Nicotine is not so easily divorced, either.

None of my personal belongings is so elusive as my snuff box; it is a veritable will-o-the-wisp. For instance, I would be quite sure, that I placed it on the table; Susila would be equally certain, that she saw it a few minutes back in the dining hall; and my man, Raman would testify to having come across the missing snuff box in the drawing room "just a moment ago,"

NO—really, I don't suffer from general loss of memory or amnesia, as the psychologists call it. For instance, I can tell you straightaway what I had for my dinner yesterday, or even the day before. I can give you, if you want, the latest 'batting averages' of the stars in County Cricket, correct to the decimal place. Absent-minded?—no, I am not very much absent-minded either, probably because I do not belong to the genus, 'Professor' who, if one were to

But, unfortunately, the d—d thing would be at none of the above places.

Then the search begins. I mobilise the whole manpower available in the house to run down the absconding snuff box: and Susila usually condescends to lend me a helping hand. We search the whole house over from the kitchen to the drawing room. All the nooks and corners are explored; boxes are opened and searched; the chest of drawers follows suit; but, with no avail.

And, when at last, in utter despair, we decide to give up the search, would you believe it, the accursed thing will be found safely ensconced in the comfortable depths of my pocket, grinning at me as it were.

"Dear, you had it in your pocket all this time, eh? Fancy our searching for it all over the house for the last quarter of an hour or more! What a waste of time and energy," Susila would administer a mild rebuke.

I would look sheepish; but I cannot help it, really. And, every time my nasal mucous membrane yearns for a stimulating 'pinch,' I, I mean we, go through the same process all over again; only the snuff box would be found at some other place, eventually.

"Your memory is very defective, dear," Susila was telling me the other day, "I wish you consult some specialist about it, before it goes from bad to worse. Don't you know, dear, loss of memory is the precursor of—," she broke off significantly.

"Consult a specialist, eh? Alright, it shall be as you wish, though I very much doubt whether he can be of any use."

The specialist, to give the devil his due, did his best to diagnose my complaint. He placed me 'under observation' for a week or so; examined me at great length, tested my power of memory and so on and finally pronounced his 'opinion.'

"Your memory is O. K: and there seems to be nothing wrong with your other mental processes"—"at any rate for the present" he added as an after thought.

"But, what about this slight defect, I told you about, doctor," I ventured to remind him.

"It will be alright, man," he patted me on the shoulder, "always make a mental note of where you place your things. Good morning," he smiled genially, as a wad of notes changed hands.

But, my complaint persisted—persisted in all its intensity in spite of the costly consultation. The real trouble was, that I was unable to make the 'mental note', he so strongly advised. Of course, Susila came to my rescue.

"Dear, I have been thinking things over, and I am glad to say that I have hit upon an original idea. Really, it is a time-saving device. What you have to do is to fix a hook or something to your silver snuff box—which any silversmith will do. Get a watch chain and let the snuff box take the place of the watch. Always carry the chain on your person, fixed to your shirt at home and to your waist-coat when in the office. You can always be sure to find the snuff box at one end of the chain, while the other end is securely fastened to your person."

I am now glad to report that since following Susila's advice, I have now no trouble, whatsoever, with my snuff box. I can now as easily get hold of it as I can place my finger on my nose. But, I have to admit, that some of my friends look askance at me, when they see a snuff box hanging at the end of a watch chain. Others, I daresay, take me to be a dandy, because they think, that I am carrying two watches on my person, one at the wrist and another in the pocket.

If you can offer me a better suggestion, I shall be highly thankful and promise to give it a fair trial (subject, of course, to Susila's approval) provided you don't ask me to leave off the snuff habit once for all.

THE REASON



"He is frequenting this place often. What can he be after?"
"Money, of course."



A third class compartment in the Mail.

IN A THIRD CLASS COMPARTMENT

(V. B. PRASAD)

The discomforts of railway travel in India is a theme that has been worked to death. Prasad's treatment of the subject, however, will be found to be both humorous and interesting.—*Editor*.

Speaking of railways reminds me.

I love to travel on the rails. Especially, in crowded-to-suffocation III class compartments.

Where is the sense of your sitting like an abandoned ant-hill in a I or II class carriage with all the berths to yourself and staring at the running prospect (which by the way, pleases mighty little along the coast) till you are nearly as crazy as the English hare in March?

Oh! the warm luxury of a crowded III class ride in Summer! Oh! the thousand and two real life dramas, enacted gratis by the Railway Management on the stage set on wheels!

Where else but in a III class railway carriage can you enjoy the forget-me-not and never-to-be forgotten

odour which could only be described as part of the fag end of the Buckingham Canal where it is trodden under by the Pycrofts Road: a little of Kotwal Chavadi-cum-a little of Munnady on a drizzly morning: a little of a week old carcass of a buffalo in the fields: anyone of the fish and meat markets in the City when the market might be said to be bullish?

The down or up Calcutta Mail was dashing past somewhere between Gudur and Madras at about a speed of....., to be precise, at a speed that the mail usually affects round about this place. The time, an early June morning, say about 6. 28. The scene, a III class medium of the mail, and, of course the flying hungry scenery, if you can manage to have half a peep at it from within.

The compartment was crowded. Crowded, as hell must be and the race course on a certain day was, as a punter friend of mine assured me.

There was a lull in the conversation which was being conducted with Hazlittian gusto by a seedy-looking gentleman who described himself as a zamindar robbed by the Hon'ble Judges of the High Court. Everybody was perspiring at an astonishing rate and volume. Everybody was fanning himself or herself with impromptu punkas such as the trailing ends of dhoties and sarees, newspapers, suit cases etc.

A super fat punditji, who might very easily have been an Indian edition of Falstaff, with little running rills, and brooks, and lakes on the waterways of his Black Forest of a chest, very comfortably seated on my lap, was occupied in casting amorous glances on a Sudra beauty sitting opposite and looking askance apprehensively at his lynx-eyed better half at his side. In between he was cursing the railway in heavy Sanskrit which we reverently took for his *Sandhyavandanam*.

A buxom rowdy of a woman was performing the impossible feat of standing on one leg on the rocking floor, nursing her three and a half year old baby in aggressive disregard of all modesty and punching her first-born, a lad of seven summers, on the head for assuming dictatorial powers and gorging himself with the delicacies intended for the rowdy's people at the end of her journey.

A lady of the Madras *al fresco* dinner-serving variety, seen during midday along the gutters of the City, retailing choice dishes, or rather fistfuls, to the rickshaw-pulling brotherhood, and their lady-loves in companionate marriage, at the rockbottom sale price of half an anna a square meal, was trying her very best to Eton crop an Andhra orthodox lady who was ordering her in correct Telugu to take her evil something body off elsewhere and be damned.

A party of six—three males and three non-males—from Thirupathi, with heads neat and shiny as the shells used with such telling effect in the Great War, were looking extra solemn and pretending that nobody was evincing any interest in their shells.

A stalwart gentleman from the Punjab or U. P. occupying 7½ feet of a seat was engaged in a sleeping Marathon to the accompaniment of self generated nasal music, beating into a sorry looking turban the legend of Rip Van Winkle. The meek and tearful entreaties of a score of South Indian legs in agony having had not even an antbite effect on the North Indian's sleeping vow, a poetic looking young man threw a burning bit of cigarette into Rip Van's ample turban in a fit of absent mindedness and was immediately lost in the second chapter of the Bhagavat Gita, with a far away ecstatic stare. The Marathon came to an ignoble end. Innocent of the origin of the cigarette end, the stalwart gentleman cleared his throat and eased his mind by letting off in fine style a few dozens of highly colourful and expres-

sive Hindustani expletives not very creditable to the railway engineers and the God of Wind, to the great admiration of all.

A hirsute satyagrahi, delivered from some jail up north, was recounting in a humorous vein the daily life of a "C" class political, which, according to the narrator, was the nearest approach to *nirvana*.



.....another section of the compartment.

The difference of opinion between the *al fresco* lady and the orthodox Andhra lady not yet being within sight of a gentleman's agreement (in spite of the singularly single-minded endeavours of half a dozen self appointed arbitrators) a dashing youth, who, it transpired later, was one of the minor pillars of the Baby Non Brahmin Party, was egging on the former lady to push the proceedings to the utter rout of the other lady by transmitting through the ether a series of suggestive winks and nods. The beneficiary of the winks and nods, not being taught at school or elsewhere the particular connotations of particular winks and nods, believing that the dashing youth was casting unholy eyes on her beautiful person, promptly transferred her wrath to him of the winks, and commenced pouring, via suggestion, large quantities of her unnameable something into the mouth, nose, eyes, ears and head of the dashing youth, his father, gran'pop and all his forbears right up to the glorious reign of Chandragupta. The poor blighter, shaken visibly out of his enthusiasm for the N. B. cause, retired beaten, like a plantain leaf after it has been dined out of by an epicure.

A party of three from the Vizag District, simple children of the soil, a woman, her lord and their son and heir—the last of any age between four and forty—the man dressed in a *kauppeenam* 2½ yards long, the son and heir dressed in nothing, the woman dressed in a one

inch thick saree tucked up to the coccygeal region and her thorax about as bare as the Venus of Milo—, were all enjoying a home made cigar double the size of a Java in the order of Pa, sonny and Ma—and back. The



.....punching her first-born.

business end of a cigar will be generally away from the mouth. But this lady when her turn came, put it into her mouth like a conjuring artist, to the great astonishment of Rip Van Winkle who was now very much wide awake. And what was still more wonderful, she was discussing with commendable heat the relative disease-healing merits of the God of Simhachalam, and the Goddess of Anakapalli, the burning end of the gigantic cigar going full tilt in her mouth.

In a corner which would comfortably accommodate a dozen people, three ravishing samples of Miss 1933 were carrying on an animated conversation in the choicest English you could want to hear, on topics such as the urgent desirability of adopting Hindustani as the national language, the rights of women and the splendid advocacy thereof by Begum Shah Navaz, the Indian divorce bill still in embryo somewhere, and so forth. A smart young man, dressed to kill, looking all but the last word in a silk suit, wishful of sharing the monopoly of the three Bright Young Things, approached them with a how-de-do-my-dears swagger, but immediately retired in great disorder like the Man of Destiny before the snows of Moscow. A withered Sadhu all arms and legs and ashes and *lungoti*, not susceptible to feminine charms, walked into the fighting sector of the danger zone with a cool bravery begotten of a Gallahadian heart, and seating himself between two of the Bright

etc, began to prepare his *ganja* introductory to communion with the Infinite. They were evidently coming from a long distance—these samples. Each was wanting a wash and a change. But how? asked one. Echo answered 'How?' Presently, the tallest of the three disappeared into the lavatory with a small bundle under her arm. She emerged 5 minutes later fresh, and rosy as a babe, with a maddening shiny something on, made of mauve, roses, and gold lace, to the frank and blank admiration of the other two, one of whom coos in rapture "How did you manage to change?" The tall one smiled as only a superior being can smile.

A ticket examiner dropped from the sky, took in the lot, dragged a free traveller from under a seat—like you could produce a rabbit from an empty hat—boxed his ears to his heart's content and with a jerky "Got tickets around?" disappeared into space.

A very small man with a Nagapatam coconut head and no hair and a saffron gabardine 50 sizes too large for him, lighted upon the most intelligent looking among the passengers and began something like this:—

"Your honour sadhu in Rameswaram; going pilgrimage Kasi, Hardwar, Kailas; lives on nothing for before 15 days only yoga meditations; distant relation Sir C. P. Ramaswamy Iyer Gentlemen kindly helps this holy sinner pilgrim ten rupees, fifteen rupees my great blessing on your sweet head." To which the most intelligent looking replies,—"Go to Blazes, you bald alligator." "Yes I go there also with honour grand helps."

An amorphous leper materialised from nowhere. He was making himself hoarse trying to sing a Thyagaraja kriti with all the soul stirring nuances as approved by the Music Academy and fast enlisting communal sympathy by a studied, negligent exhibition of his horrid, boiled, scaly, rotten rosy flesh.

A fellow whom I had seen a few stations up the track as hale and hearty as a temple trustee, popped up from the other end of the compartment, a wonder to behold, transformed into a something that defies description. He was now a sad cripple with one leg turned in and hanging loose, apparently torn from its socket, one arm struck useless with palsy; the paw of the other arm twisted against all laws of Nature: blind in one eye and deaf in both ears: the hale eye, as full of expression as a survey stone emitting the lachrymal fluid in reasonable profusion on to the black, broken, pimply, punched tongue hanging half a yard out with a diabolic leer. In the place of the conventional alms soliciting, he was producing a weird, blood curdling sound, something of a cross between a hyena's hungry howl and the last note of the bray of a donkey in urgent love, with its origin somewhere (with acknowledgements to the Govt. Seismologist) in his stomach and its final vibrations at the tip of the tongue, frightening youngsters into the cover of their mothers' bosoms and the mothers into something else.

Shades of Lon Chaney! Here is something Hollywood has been searching for, and searching for in vain, since thine exit!

(To be concluded in the next issue)

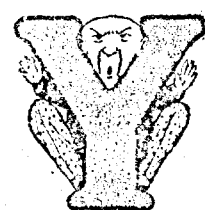


The promising young lawyer and his 'assistants'

THE SCAPEGOAT

(PUNDI SATHUPADI)

A variation of the confidence trick—and the victim is a professional gentleman anxious to get on and not over scrupulous as to the means employed.—Editor



YOU cannot blame Sivaraman, neither could he blame himself. He is a lawyer, one of those black-gowned birds of prey, hovering about the High Courts for an ignorant up-country man seeking the ends of justice. And lawyer-like Sivaram had more procurers of cases than clients. They, from the squint-eyed Satyam in his long tattered black coat, an ancient present from Sivaram's grandfather, who was himself a lawyer, to Abdul Samad, the sweet-scented huge mountain of flesh in his neat muslim jubba, a long white beard, and half a dozen more persons of various castes and creeds, clustered round him for their living. Our lawyer

had a bright promise of the future while a little boy, and as a student of law; he had visualised himself amid a group of vehemently promising touts who he thought were the ladders by which the legal celebrities of his times climbed to impossible heights. Sivaram spared no silvers to secure the favour of these influential denizens of the Courts, who could lift him aloft to lofty heights or hurl him down to abysmal depths by their tongue.

"Roopchand has promised to turn up with his papers. The summons has been served and he carries his heart in his mouth. He trusts me absolutely. We have at least a five hundred. These Sowcars—" laughs Sathyam.

"We feed on but hopes. Not a single case this one year, and I can't drag on longer," wails the vakil.

"Ill luck, all your ill luck. Yet the dog will have its day. And now dawn yours. I can see the star rising there. And Sivaram, your Rahu has begun, hasn't it? That is good. And now—Sivaram, my grand-daughter's marriage and I want a loan of two hundred, a loan certainly. You needn't worry, there is Roopchand's matter."

"Two hundred" exclaims the lawyer. "I have not a pie with me."

Sathyam stared a vacant wild stare at his vakil and breaks out, "You are not my man. Neither are you of the profession. Roopchand can get a better lawyer."

That is a rather cunning stroke at a weak spot of the lawyer. He expresses his apology for his rudeness and promises to comply with his old agent's request.

"Salaam, Sahab. A golden bird, golden I say. All my cleverness! A millionaire Moslem, old friend, in dirty mire. A criminal case, sahob, rape. We can squeeze him through—all his money if you can," incoherently prattles Samad.

"Where is the client" eagerly asks Sivaram.

"There—a few yards—just at coffee. That Sowcar rascal, sahob—he waits for a ten rupees—deduct it from my share," and the vakil hands him a ten rupee note.

The corridors of the High Court gradually clear as each lawyer leaves, after a busy show in a full day's fight against destiny and a profession not taking them a foot nearer the goal. Sivaram boards the bus with his retinue of half a dozen diligent canvassers whose unscrupulous cleverness had not succeeded anywhere except with their lawyer. Abdul Samad finds himself defeated, his adversary the cunning brahmin Sathyam scoring a victory twenty against one by securing two hundred against the ten Abdul Samad could with all his wily trap, lay hands on.

At seven in the night Sivaram has an uncomfortable hour with his Visala, the pretty daughter of a wealthy mirasdar, who had brought a fortune with her as dowry. Sivaram had beliefs that a lawyer's success depended on wealth and show and he had given credit for his convictions. Now his Visala assumes a wry face and demands an immediate account of her deposit. A summary notice, Sivaram blinks, pats his Visala coaxingly, pinches her rosy shining cheeks—and suddenly a rude push, a thud and the lawyer falls before his feminine adversary.

At this juncture Abdul Samad's face peers in with a smile of satisfaction, whether at his lawyer's fate or at Visala's husband's, it is a doubtful question.

"My friend, the rape man, Sahab. A thousand rupees settled for an acquittal. I have my six hundred.

No stipulation—and cash down if you take my client. A clever lawyer can file more. Your luck" winks the moslem.

Sivaram puts on a silk shirt, a scented kerchief and pastes his hair to his pate with some sticky brilliantine.

Samad introduces his lawyer to a vacant looking lean Moslem in the verandah, whose eyes roll in disturbed fear and he falters a few words. "No delicacy" Yakub. Tell your lawyer and your doctor the truth and you live" says his friend.

"Save me, Vakil Sahab for a thousand rupees. I won't do it again" murmurs the client. He pays a hundred rupees to the surprised lawyer and promises to fetch the balance the next morning.

Samad nimbly moves behind Sivaram to his room and demands his six hundred.

"He has paid but a hundred. Get the balance and take your share."

"No. Never. You disbelieve me. You can't trust me. Yes, pay him back the hundred. I'll get a more trusting man" howls the irate Mohomedan.

"Excuse me, Samad. I don't distrust you. You can have your six hundred now if you are particular, I can wait till tomorrow" says Sivaram, and hands the Mohomedan six notes of the denomination of a hundred each.

As the two Mahomedans walk out Samad mumbles, "That's clean game. Beat the Brahmin hollow and hang the vakil. Take your two hundred now."

A SURPRISE TO HER



No. I Quilt driver:—"What's the idea in keeping a scorpion in your pocket?"

No. II Ditto:—"A surprise for the wife when she goes thro' the pocket."

THE WOMAN AND THE WAY

(NEIL A'CANTEN)

Patriotism may be the last refuge of a scoundrel, but Damu used other people's patriotism to further his own private ends. Ingenious but not quite cricket—was it?—Editor.

W

HERE do used razor-blades go? They, of course, find their way into some lumber room of a drawer and painfully remind you of their presence there, by a nasty gash when you are dipping your fingers into it, in search of your missing collar-stud. Where do graduates of the university go, is a question more difficult to be answered. Many of them with black coats as their uniforms and quills as their arms, join the twenty-rupee parade and are consigned to a desk in the dingy corners of the Secretariat. But the more pushing amongst them manage to get a decent footing in life, by hook or by crook, and of these Damu was one.

He was a raw graduate fresh from the Law College. To the gazing rustics gathered together on the platform of an up-country village called Puthur, Damu detaining in well-cut clothes, with half-a-dozen suit cases, a tennis-racket and an Edgar Wallace 'tec' seemed an angel dropped from the skies. And great was their astonishment when they knew that the contents of the flannel trousers and the blazer coat was not an ethereal figure after all, but the nephew of their erstwhile landlord Koman Nair, the *Karnavan** of Thamarasseri *taravad*†.

Thamarasseri was an ancient Nair *taravad*, situated in one of the out-of-the way nooks of the West Coast. It pretended to be a *gentle* one and had of course known better times. But the extravagance of its former *Karnavars* had sent the family estates into strange hands, and Damu's 'fling' at college-life in the city had been the last straw. Very salutary and healthy ideas had been exchanged between Damu and his uncle, while the former was a student in the city—ideas like 'one cannot live on air in Madras' from Damu; 'the

trees in the Thamarasseri estates do not bear rupees, annas and pies' from his uncle. The family thus, had more of gentility about it than of property and was content to bask in its faded glory.

To Damu who had drunk metropolitan life to the dregs, Puthur seemed dull. There were no picture-houses or tennis-clubs or restaurants in that god-forsaken place, he complained. He wondered how people could get on without taxis and trams. Puthur was a d—d hole, he protested. The fields around were a poor apology for the stranded Marina where he used to saunter along dressed as if for a beauty-competition lifting his hat occasionally to passing friends, and eying specimens of the fair sex who under the pretence of ozone sniffing had come out to see and be seen. The baccy-dealers of the place offered him *beedies* when he asked for Goldflake. The silly, rustics could not, he said, understand a word of his bally jargon. He affected he had forgotten his mother tongue long ago and lisped it like a child. And dash it! How could one get on without picnics and parties? And to make matters worse, there was that old fogey of a *karnavan* looking askance at him and sniffing the air where Damu's cigarette had left its odour and trails of fleecy smoke.

To fill the cup of Damu's bitterness, there was the old man grumbling "Ammu is getting old—not old, Heaven forbid, but to a marriageable age and Damu must have a wife. And if he wouldn't mind....." Ammu was the *Karnavan's* fair daughter who had just passed her teens and Damu remembered how she had darted some bashful looks at him. But to marry her! That was out of the question. The old feller, he said, had spoilt her by making her master some dead Sanskrit volumes and the vernacular. She had not even a



.....in well-cut clothes.

smattering of English and he wondered if she had ever even heard of the Queen Mary's College. Even if all the women were washed off the face of the earth by another deluge, he would not marry her.

Damu's idea was to set up practice at Madras. Certainly, he would not prostitute his genius by joining the local bar. But Madras meant money and Koman Nair was not Rockefeller. And after a good deal of persuasion from the *Karnavan*, the roaming spirit of Damu had to fold its wings and cage itself when he enrolled himself as a member of the local bar at Manapet which pretended to be a town. He used to read the life of Sir John Simon but all his ambitions in the legal sphere were blighted when he knew that he could not make the where withal to pay his rickshaw-wallah. The local wits made fun of him by saying that the records he carried to court were all old copies of the 'Times.'

Six months thus went by, and matters grew from bad to worse. Damu's fortunes were at a low ebb. The castles in the air that he had built up were smashed to pieces by a flick of reality. And he was feeling cross with all the world when he flung himself down into his favourite easy chair and lighting a cigarette began to puff at it meditatively. It was a lovely night and he was no end soothed when he heard a thrilling song from the outhouse making the moonlit scene throb with melody. It was Ammu who was singing;—and the song—the plaintive wail of a love-lorn maid pierced his heart and seemed to touch some tender chord in him. She could sing, by Jove, he said, and she had the voice of an angel. She was beautiful—he had to admit it. 'Ammu was getting to a marriageable age and Damu must have a wife'—the *Karnavan's* words rang in his ears yet. What if she was not educated according to his conception of the term? Of course, she could easily make it up, thanks to him. All considered, Damu decided that Ammu would make him a good wife. And so, what should he do the next morning but go up to his uncle and boldly demand his daughter in marriage. Of course, Koman Nair was no end pleased and so in a few days, Lala married Lulu, as the school books say.

I cannot boldly say if the idea was Ammu's or not; for they say, women have ingenious ideas in their pretty heads—Heaven preserve them! But I only know that it took shape and developed shortly.

The Woman and the Way

Damu all at once seemed to have heard a call from the Motherland. What is the blooming idea, he asked, of going to court and braying together for hours together when the nation demanded every mother's son of them for working out her redemption from the foreign yoke? And so he began to address meetings and did it well. It was not for nothing that he was the Secretary of the Law College Moot Club for two years. And he thanked God that the rustics of Puthur listened to him better than that beastly judge on the Manapet Bench did.

Damu had a way with him which carried everything before it except again, that judge at Manapet. In some six months time Puthur looked like the nucleus of a self dependent Indian nation. You could not pass along the streets of Puthur without hearing snatches of heart-rending national songs or the merry music of the *charkas*. A small unpretentious building soon rose up and bore a board as the Puthur Congress Office with the name of Damu as the Secretary. The idlers of the village were taught to keep their hands busy at a *charka* or a loom. Foreign cloth was being shoved out of the market in favour of *khadi*. In fact, the boycott of foreign cloth was the corner stone of Damu's programme.

It was not an unusual sight of an evening to see small bonfires of foreign cloth along the streets of Puthur. Damu was one of those very few patriots who knew that example was better than precept. But none perhaps detected the sly twinkle in his eyes when he consigned to the

flames his huge wardrobe, his college blazers, silks, tweeds and all.

If out of a clear blue sky, a bolt had fallen and sent the earth at the feet of Damu, he could not have pretended greater surprise than he did, when on going to the Congress office one morning, he found that the premises opposite to it had been converted into a warehouse of foreign cloth and, what was more that Balan that scapegrace of a brother-in-law of his, had been responsible for it. Balan was Ammu's younger brother who had appeared for the S. S. L. C. twice or thrice and then had thought better of it. He seemed to have no sympathies with Damu's national activities. He was a loafer, a local busybody—well, you know the type.

That evening, in a frenzied speech to the inhabitants of Puthur, Damu denounced his brother-in-law



.....boycott of foreign cloth.....the corner stone.

*The head of a joint Nair family †a joint Nair family.

and prophesied something in the way of Jeremiah, that not one stone of the ware-house building would be left upon another. The crowd fumed and fretted. They threatened they would burn down the ware-house. But no, for Damu had not played his trump-card yet. He preached that non-violence was the corner-stone of the national movement and that incendiarism and other forms of violence were alien to Gandhiji's code. The crowd softened—thanks to the eloquence of Damu—and departed, but like a chastised child, vowing vengeance on him who had the audacity to open a ware-house of foreign cloth in a village like Puthur.

The mob is noted more for its temper than for its reason. The infuriated villagers besieged Balan's warehouse and purchased the whole stuff only to make a huge bonfire of it in the street between the Congress office and the warehouse. But Balan, the consummate actor that he was, had his stage-directions 'by heart.' For a trip to the neighbouring town of Manapet would end in having his warehouse replenished with foreign cloth. And so for months together, this interesting comedy was played out and Damu played the part of the chorus in encouraging the villagers to buy and burn the foreign stuff.

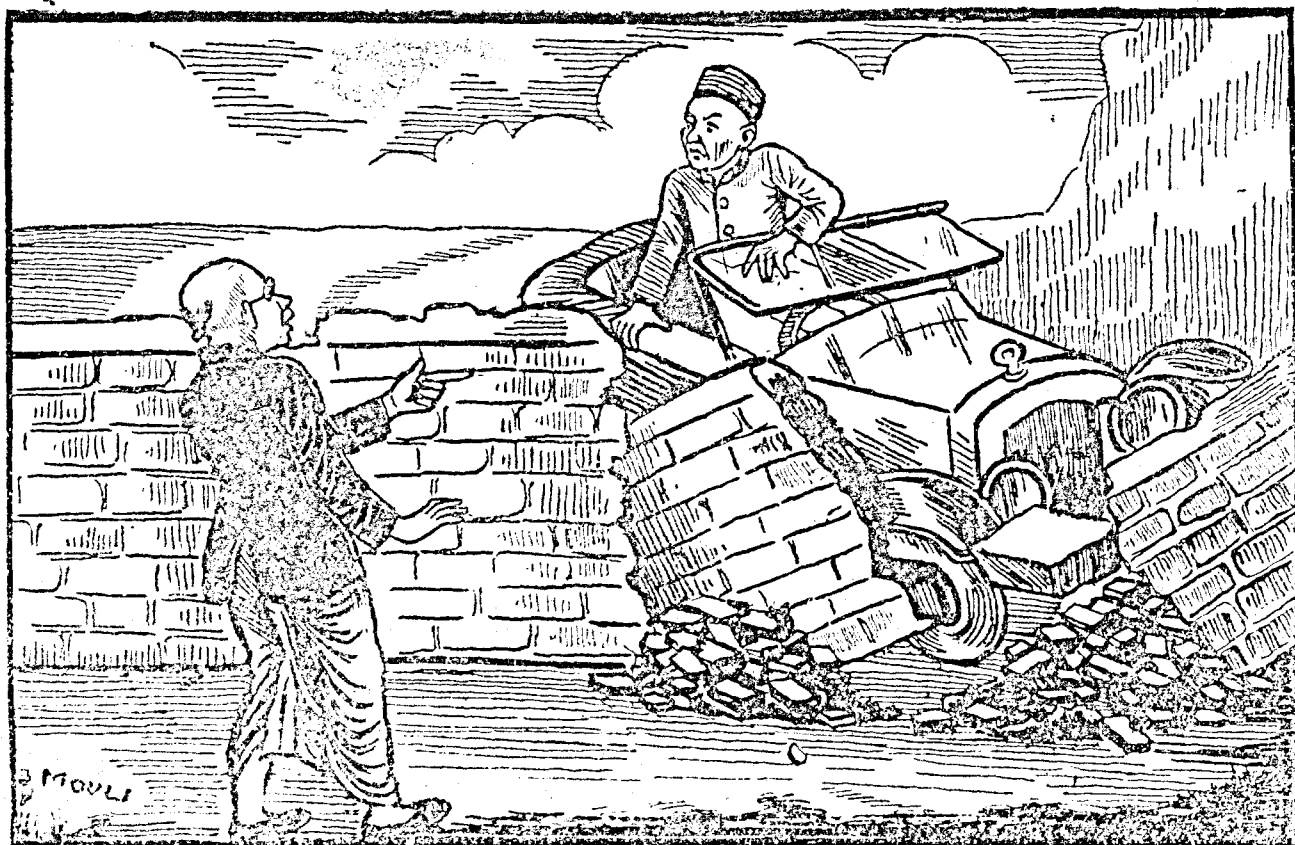
But the poor rustics never suspected that Balan's deposit in the Manapet Bank was swelling. The Puthurians on the whole, were considered to be a monied lot and by their blind fervour in nationalism had made Balan worth some ten thousand.

'Fifty-fifty' said Damu to Balan with a sly smile, 'you are a brick and have played the game to the very end.' And the last the Puthurians heard of Damu was that he and his wife were comfortably settled in Madras and that backed by his decent bank deposit, he had made a fresh start in life and was having a 'roaring' practice in the city.

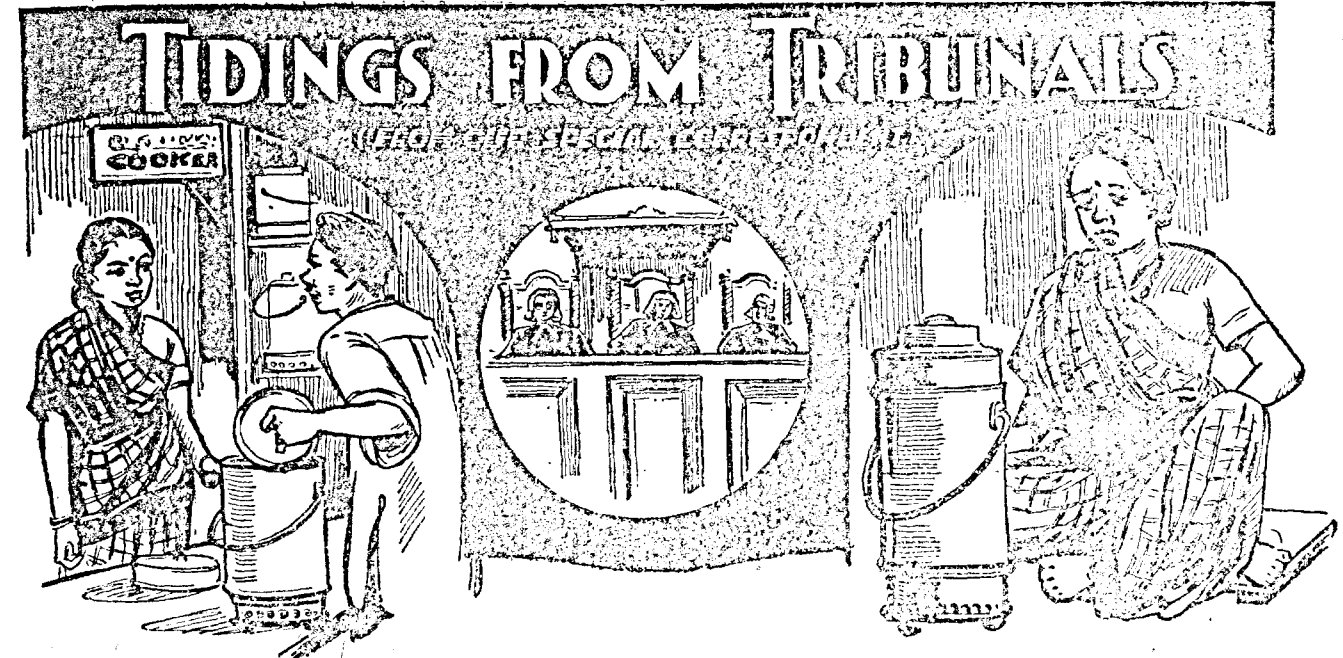
Of course, it was not for nothing that he was the secretary of the Law College Moot Club for two years.

That is the end of the story, at least, so far as I know it; but the fastidious would always clamour for a moral. Of course, there are the usual copy book maxims 'Make hay while the sun shines' and 'A woman is at the bottom of every thing.' But if these do not suffice, here is another—'Where there is a will, there is no way unless a woman cuts one through.'

OBVIOUSLY!



"I say, did you damage that wall?"



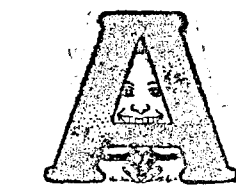
The Wink-Wink Cooker

which would not cook.

Before Mr. Justice Swoot and Mr. Justice Slapdash.

Mrs. Manoranjinilatha Devi Vs Wink-Wink Cooker Manufacturing Company of India Ltd.

Maddington 25th October, 1933



ARGUMENTS were resumed this morning before the division bench of the Court of Appeal consisting of Their Lordships Mr. Swoot and Mr. Slapdash J.J. in the famous Wink-Wink Cooker case which has attracted wide publicity in all sections of the commercial community in Maddington. At the conclusion of the arguments Swoot J. who was seriously perturbed by an ingenious argument for the appellant said 'I confess I am not able to follow you, Sir Voyadi!'

Sir Voyadi :—Myloids, I am at a loss for words to express my obligation to your lordship for such a frank confession. Nothing is more helpful to counsel in presenting his case. The simple question before your lordships is whether two negatives make an affirmative or, in this case, a positive and if so, whether the positive is Rs. 3250/-

Swoot J. :—We are sure that they do. Whoever doubted that?

Sir Voyadi :—The counsel for the respondent company, myloids.

Swoot J. :—Do you doubt that, Mr. Thathakrishnayya?

Mr. Thatha : Yes Myloids, in this case. Surely myloids $(-50) + (-50)$ cannot make $+ 100$ myloids.

Swoot J. That is advanced mathematics! What has that to do with the law applicable to this case,

Mr. Thathakrishnayya? We have no doubt that two negatives make a positive. Minus is a negative and two of them must make a plus or positive.

Mr. Thatha : Myloids!!! That is rather a startling position not warranted by any precedent!

Swoot J. :—Oh! Precedents!! Precedents!! My Hat!!! Why not leave precedents in peace. I am decided that this case falls beyond the pale of decided authorities cited by you. Have you anything more to submit, Sir Voyadi?

Sir Voyadi :—In view of your lordship's view above indicated I shall not venture to add anything to what I have already said, myloids. I rely on the cases reported in 49 and 92 M. A. D. J.

Swoot J. :—Then we shall deliver judgment.

The judgment of the Court was accordingly delivered by Swoot J. Slapdash J. entirely agreeing with him. The following is the full text of the judgment.

The sole question for determination in this appeal is legal. The action is based upon a contract of sale and the question is whether taking the (plaintiff) appellant's averments *pro veritate* they disclose a case relevant in law so as to entitle her to recover from the respondent company part or whole of the compensation claimed by her or only the value of the goods purchased. The contract was in itself of a trivial character though the consequences to the public, and to the applt, both as a housewife in indifferent health and as president of the South Indian Housewives' Association were serious enough.

The question of law is the principle or method of computing the nature and extent of the compensation that the appellant would be entitled to under the contract of sale, the breach of essential conditions of which has been admitted. I do not think a more important question has occupied us in our judicial capacity, important because of its bearing on the rights and interests of the credulous and innocent shopping or purchasing public and because of the insistence by this decision on a certain amount of truth and honesty in ordinary commercial transactions in general and those induced by advertisements in particular. It was at one stage of the

dence that we would approach the task of explaining that which is obviously Hindu Law or Sanskrit to us, in the light of decided cases. But the duties of a judge are as varied as they are onerous. He should not shirk even mathematical problems. But one encouraging feature of law is that what to the average man may seem mathematics or any other branch of human knowledge or conduct may in law assume an entirely different complexion or significance. In other branches of human conduct, for example, the rule that you are to love thy neighbour becomes in law, you should not injure your neighbour if you can help it. The rule covet not thy neighbour's wife or widow becomes in law, if your covetousness manifests itself in certain forms of conduct you are gently or, may be even violently put in a place where there are neither wives, widows or women, after certain formal proceedings incidental to such seclusion.

The facts of this case are very simple. The appellant (plaintiff) is Mrs. Manoranjini Devi the active president of the South Indian Housewives' Association. The respondent (Defendant) Company is the Wink-Wink Cooker Manufacturing Company of India Ltd. having sole proprietary and other rights over their pet product the Wink-Wink

Cooker. This product of the respondent company was widely advertised through all available means by the company. Of the numerous extraordinary qualities claimed for this product by

that company, we are here concerned with only two. They are the bold representations deliberately and unblushingly made by the company that (1) the Wink-Wink cooker cooked food in two winks or, in other words, before you said twice 'Muruk' or Sundal' or any such word uttered very suddenly and quickly, the raw food in the cooker is ready cooked i.e. in a state fit for human consumption, and (2) that the Wink-Wink cooker saved 50 per cent of the fuel otherwise ordinarily necessary to cook the quantity of food that the cooker is capable of cooking. The appellant confiding in these representations not only recommended this cooker to the members of her association, (who were banded in an attempt to stamp out cooks and all the trouble that they implied) but purchased for her own

use two of the respondent company's cookers. On trials extending over two long weeks the appellant found that the said cookers neither cooked food nor saved fuel. The appellant thereupon sued to recover a fixed sum of Rs. 3250/- necessary, in her opinion, to maintain as long as the cookers lasted, a constant supply of the requisite quantity of fuel or charcoal for the two cookers. She founded this claim on the 2nd of the admittedly false representations above mentioned and contended that if one of the company's cookers could save 50% of the fuel ordinarily necessary, two of those cookers, on the respondent company's own showing, should save cent per cent of the fuel ordinarily necessary, or in other words the whole of the fuel necessary for her daily use. Since admittedly the cookers, far from conforming to that standard of perfection, fell far short of it and consumed twice the usual quantity of fuel that they were represented to consume, the company, it is contended, should be directed to pay the appellant a certain sum of money, fixed at Rs. 3250/- by her, sufficient to maintain a perennial source of supply of fuel to feed the cookers. To this claim there are two subsidiary claims added. They were a claim for compensation for acute physical pain and mental suffering resulting from an attack of gastro enteritis and a few other fashionable ills as a result of consuming the food as over cooked or insufficiently cooked by the cookers and a claim for loss of reputation as president of the S. I. H. W. A. when she recommended this obviously defective appliance.

The respondent company on the other hand maintained that the material representations were only a 'puffing' or 'boosting' advertisement commonly adopted in trade, that the principle of *caveat emptor* (buyer beware!) applied, and repudiated liability. The learned Subordinate judge of Peyandiputtor on principles of law most painfully evolved from a consideration of 62 reported decisions of this court, awarded damages assessed at the magnificent figure of Rs. 55/- being the value of the two cookers and dismissed the claim as to the rest as untenable in law.

In our opinion this case falls clearly outside the ambit of the class of cases and principles governing them, of an ordinary sale and purchase. We speak with sufficient authority on this point, for our own researches, such as they are, satisfy us that this is so. We shall therefore turn to those decided cases which when correctly construed support the appellant's claim.

In *Elikokkan Vs Triloka Swamiji* Pundit Saravana Iyengar (49 M. A. D. J. 66) the plaintiff *Elikokkan* suing in *forma pauperis* sought to recover a sum of Rs. 5200007/12/- from the defendant Swamiji who sold to the plaintiff for the valuable consideration of Rs 1/- only, a Talisman, 'Brahma Kavacha', on the distinct assurance deliberately made that any person, including the plaintiff, wearing that talisman would secure anything that he desired including cures for diseases recognised as incurable by all systems of medical or other treatment so far known to man. The plaintiff, on the strength of such an assurance repeatedly made, bought the defendant's talisman, wore it prominently on his person, and earnestly desired to draw at least the 1st

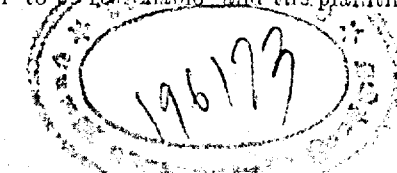
prize in the Derby Sweep and forthwith bought a sweep ticket for only Rs. 6-12-0 and nothing more, from one of the local agents. He also desired to be elevated to the position of the Governor Generalship of India and despatched by registered air mail two applications (with two testimonials from two leading but respectable citizens and a medical certificate enclosed with each application) for the aforesaid post, to the Prime Minister of the United Kingdom and to the Secretary of State for India in Council. These two gentlemen do not appear to have extended him even the courtesy of an acknowledgment. As for the Derby Sweep the plaintiff never drew even a consolation prize. A full bench of this court (Snail J. Dissenting) in decreeing the claim (The Swamiji has since shifted his sticks to The French Settlement) of the plaintiff in full with taxed costs, declined to construe the oft quoted and variously explained leading case of *Badley Vs Haxendale* as laying down any principle or proposition governing cases of this kind. Snail J. was, however, inclined to put the plaintiff and his eminent counsel in a padded cell and call the next case. But the view of the majority prevailed and according to that view the damages or compensation in such cases were to be assessed on the basis of a careful consideration and correct calculation of the advantages (in money's worth) that should have, according to the advertisement or representations of the defendant seller, accrued to the plaintiff purchaser. This appeared to their lordships to be the only means of ensuring a certain standard of honesty, integrity and straight dealing in commercial transactions induced by advertisements of this sort.

It has been urged by the eminent counsel for the respondent company that no reasonable construction of the representations of the company ever conveyed an offer by the company to save cent per cent or the whole of the fuel ordinarily necessary for the appellant. But this argument overlooks one important circumstance viz that the appellant purchaser is a woman and was dealt with as such by the company. 'A reasonable woman is unknown to law' says Lord Lickcheese laying down the English law on the point. The Indian law on this point is identical. If authority is necessary for this well known principle it is to be found in the leading case of *Bottle-so Bros. Ltd. Vs Mrs. Currieson Gnanavolivu* (92 M. A. D. J. 991). There the plaintiff hotel advertised luncheons in the following terms; 'Lunch Ready, 2 to 5 p.m. As. 12 only'. The defendant woman entered the hotel and feasted from 2 to 5 p.m. and offered to pay only 12as at the end of the 3 hours' feasting. In the action brought by the plaintiff hotel to recover Rs. 23-8-0 being the value of the various dishes and drinks consumed by the defendant on the ground that no reasonable construction of the advertisement conveyed an offer of a 3 hour lunch for 12as Sir Grass Hopper J. (as he then was but plain Mr. Justice Grass Hopper as he now is, on account of certain indiscreet decisions of his) dismissed the claim of the plaintiff hotel. The *ratio decidendi* of his learned judgment, which is an illuminating thesis on the characteristic *enigma* of the sex mistakenly called 'fair', is that, by law, worth the name expects women to be 'feminile' and the plaintiff hotel



Bought Deft's Talisman to draw 1st Prize in the Derby Sweep.

arguments before us seriously urged that the question at issue herein was a simple question of fact, a question of simple arithmetic, which when solved by any two ordinary persons of average proficiency in mathematics would yield the same result. But this action itself is sufficient refutation of that contention as the appt and the resppt working it out have arrived at diametrically opposite results. As for ourselves, even in our school reports as boys, we have never been accused of being mathematically minded. We can, (not without effort) add 2 and 2 and make 4 as well as any other judge. That is our utmost limit. We can under extraordinary circumstances, with the aid of competent counsel, stretch it to 5. But then it would not be without a certain diff-



having dealt with the defendant as a woman should have known better than expect her to foot even the small bill of 12as that she magnanimously did in that case. He therefore ordered refund of that amount to the defendant with interest at 6% from date of decree till date of payment.

We are of the considered opinion that the plaintiff appellatant has established her case and this appeal should therefore be allowed with costs. There will be a decree directing the respondent company to invest a sum of Rs. 3250/- in Government securities and the interest thereon shall be paid to the appellatant at convenient

intervals till such time as she chooses to retain the cookers. The respondent company shall also supply her similar Wink-Wink cookers from time to time when the appellatant wants them, on the same terms and conditions.

Sir Voyadi Ooltasami instructed by Messrs Medhavi and Somanna, Attornies, Maddington appeared for the appellatant (plaintiff) while Messrs. Thathakrishnayya and Alludu Gundayya instructed by Messrs Howl and Howler, Solicitors, Maddington appeared for the respondent (defendant) compay.

If's in Indian History, III.



"If the Sepoys had struck work, demanding more pay and better food during the Defence of Arcot."

(BY KESAR SINGH, AMATEUR ARTIST)

OTHER PEOPLE'S HUMOUR

The Very Idea!

The liner was striking heavy weather in mid-ocean, and some of the passengers were beginning to feel very uncomfortable. After watching a miserable looking man who was bending over the side of the ship, a fair young thing turned to the woman at her side.

"Your husband is a poor sailor, is he not?" she said.

"Certainly not" said the woman, "he is a rich stock-broker!"

The Test

A well brought up young woman was taking a lesson in driving. The instructor leaned towards her and whispered softly in her ear "Did I hear you call me 'darling'?"

"Sir!" cried the young lady indignantly, forgetting about her driving and turning to glare at him.

"Keep your eye on the road!" he said sternly. "That was just a test. No matter what anybody says to you, keep your eye on the road."

Phew!

"Do you know if the editor has looked at the poems I sent him?"

"Yes sir, he glanced through them this morning."

"Oh, just a cursory examination I suppose?"

"You're right, sir. I never heard such language in my life!"

Must Have Been

Williams was showing his neighbour over his little bungalow.

In the drawing-room he pointed to a picture on the wall.

"That's my equestrian portrait," he said proudly.

"A very good snapshot," said his friend.

"A snapshot," put in Williams, slightly puzzled.

"What makes you think that?"

"Well, you're still on the horse, old chap," replied the other, with a brief smile.

A Wide Berth

A district officer in India, finding his steward unsatisfactory, discharged him. The steward asked for a reference. So the district officer gave him the following:

"Tom has been my steward for six months. He says he wants a good berth. Anyone looking for a good steward should give Tom a wide berth."

Dressed Salad

This is an example of the perfect guest. A man found a button in his salad, and remarked with great presence of mind to his hostess "I suppose it dropped off while the salad was being dressed."

Bare!

"In Grandm's days the bathing belles were clad like mother Hubbard. But these days it appears to me, all our girl bathers seem to be more like that lady's cup-board!"

Exercise not Wanted

Salesman "Yes, sir, of all our cars, this is the one we feel confident about and justified in pushing."

Prospective Customer. "That's no good to me. I want one to ride in."

Getting to the Bottom of it

Little Betty, watching the farm hands spreading out a stack of hay to dry, could contain her curiosity no longer, so she politely asked:

"Is it a needle you're looking for?"

Beats Rheumatism

"My wooden leg pained me terribly last night,"

"How's that?"

"My wife hit me over the head with it."

Professional Compliment

Two expert pickpockets were strolling along the road together.

Every now and then, one of them would stop, take out his watch and look at it. His companion began to get annoyed. "I say, Jim", he said, "what's up with you? Why d'yer keep looking at your ticker? Aint it going or something?" "I'm not looking at it to see the time," said the other; "I'm looking at it to make sure that it is still there!"

Laggard in Love,

Many men are bachelors because they failed to embrace their opportunities.

The Automobile

"Father bought a Rubens when we were on the Continent last summer."

"Really! What horsepower?"

Oh! Henry!

"Do you know a fellow in Huntsville with one leg named Henry?"

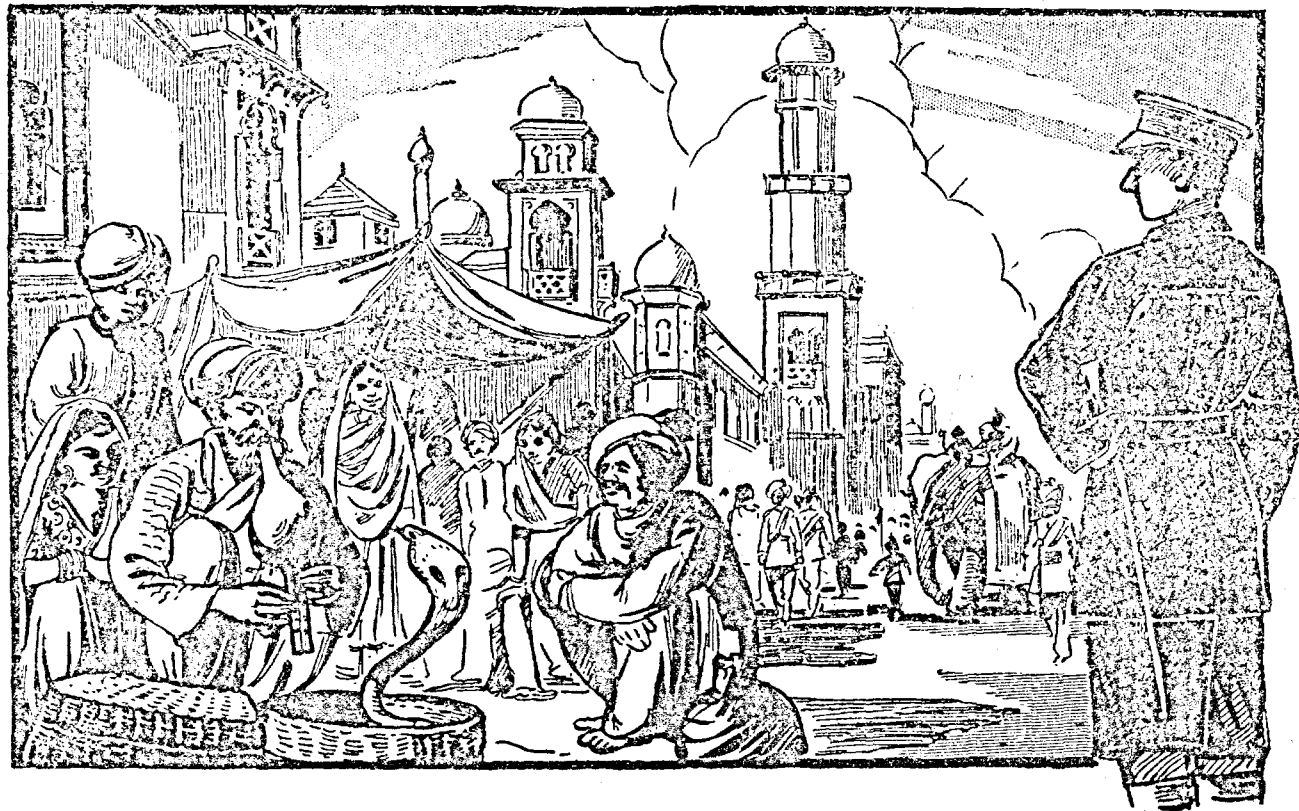
"Well, I'm not sure what's the name of the other leg."

Naughty! Naughty!

June Time: "George is an awful pest—he just doesn't know when to stop."

May Time: "That's funny. I was out riding with him last night and he found a swell place."

THE LETTERS OF PRIVATE JOYFULL



Madras, 25th October 33.

DEAR MOTHER,

I HAVE been in India three days now, and I have learnt all about the country, and can write and tell you everything. I am wearing the woolen comforter you made for me, and I am also careful to keep my feet warm; but it seems that this is a hot place, and a person's feet keep themselves warm automatically. I will be sure to remember all your good advice, and if one of those Indian princesses tries to beguile me, I will tell her what you said. I will remember my promise not to go into these foreign drinking-dens, but only to the coffee-shop. They don't sell coffee there, only tea, and they keep the tea hot in cans, but the cans are made of brass. The Indians must be very fond of tea, for you always see them going out with little brass cans.

We got off the ship at a place called Bombay, and there was a train waiting beside the ship for us, so I did not have a chance to make the acquaintance of many of the inhabitants. I don't think the inhabitants are very friendly. There wasn't a deputation from the Mayor and Corporation to welcome us, as you would expect. I thought this might be because the Indians are shy, so I thought I would break the ice by being

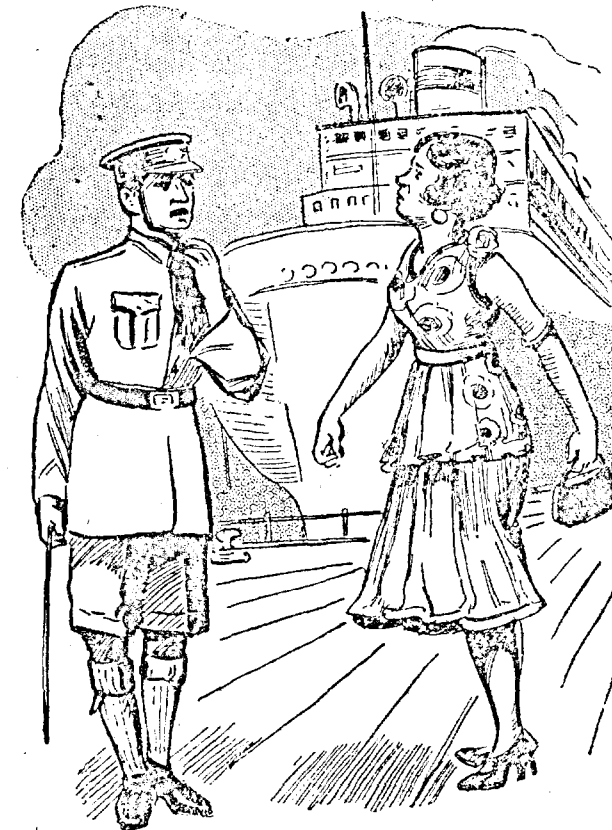
chummy with everybody I met, but I was not very successful. I don't think it can be the custom to be chummy in India.

There was a lady walking up and down the quay-side, so I went up to her and started to make remarks about the architecture I could see from the harbour. I said the big buildings looked like big sugared wedding-cakes. Imagine my surprise when she drew herself up very haughtily, and said, "How dare you address a European lady, you low fellow?" I thought she must have made a mistake, so I said, "It is all right, I am an Englishman myself: what part of Europe do you come from? Italy, or one of those places, I suppose?" Because her complexion was quite dark; in fact I was rather surprised to learn she came from Europe. But instead of answering like a normal human being, she got quite angry, and said, "Go away, or I will report you." I wondered to whom she could report me for being kind to her, because in most places a lady is glad to have a soldier for an acquaintance, and soldiers get a lot of respect. However, I put it down to her ignorance, and saluted her politely and walked away.

After this I tried to get into conversation with an Englishman who was working as a dock-labourer, only he seemed to be in a temper all the time. He seemed

The Letters of Private Joyful

to think that a dock-labourer was a very high official, because when I kindly offered to take him for some refreshment, he looked at me down his nose, and said,



"How dare you address a European lady?"

"Certainly not. Troops over there", and pointed to a tin-shed.

I mentioned this to my chum Boggins, who is an old soldier and has been to India before. Boggins said that in India there is a custom called Caste, and this custom is a kind of religion among the Englishmen. Boggins said that all the Europeans are split up into clans, and they don't talk to one another. They all pretend they are higher than each other and try to prevent one another from going to the best clubs and restaurants. Boggins said that the Caste that was highest was a lot of clerks called the Icy S. and these were so superior that they talked only to God. Then there were Castes called the Burrer Sabs and the Choter Sabs, and all the other Englishmen were Depressed Classes. Boggins said it was a custom and you never could tell until you came to India what your Caste was going to be. Lots of inferior people came to India and joined the Burrer Sab Caste, while others with quite respectable professions were Depressed Classes. If you sold cloth by the roll you were a Burrer Sab, but if you sold it by the yard you were

Outcast. If you were a dock-labourer you were a Choter Sab, but if you were a schoolmaster you were Untouchable.

I was very annoyed about this, and I threatened to complain to my Member of Parliament about it, to get it altered. Especially I was annoyed with the public servants who gave themselves Caste. I said that all public servants should be humble to the people who pay them their wages, and that servants ought to act like servants. I told Boggins the story about the boatload of trippers and the battleship. One day a great proud battleship anchored outside an English town, with the guns firing salutes, and the Admiral walking up and down the quarter-deck, all dressed in gold lace. Presently out came a dirty old excursion-boat crowded with people, and tied up beside the battleship. The sentry was very indignant, and told the boat to go away, but a man on the boat got up and said, "Hi, my man, go and fetch the Admiral at once!" The Admiral came, very angry, and asked the speaker what he meant by such behaviour. "Look here, Admiral," said the man. "Don't you know who we are?"

"Who the hell are you?" said the Admiral, nearly bursting.

"We are the owners of this battleship", said the spokesman, "and we have come to inspect our property. Let down the ceremonial gangway at once."

So after that the Admiralty had to make an order that whenever a battleship anchored outside a town, the Owners were to be given facilities to inspect the ship.

But Boggins said that if any of the Depressed Classes acted like that in India, they would get locked up. He said there was a law called the Indian Penal Code, and if you broke the Caste of one of the Heaven-Born (as the Icy S are called) you could be had up under this law for blasphemy.

After that we got into the train, which was a sort specially built for our Caste, but it wasn't bad, and there were racks on which we could sleep, so that when we went to bed we were all strung up like fish put out to dry. At first the train went through whole districts of broken-down-looking houses, and when we passed a lot of people we cheered to them and waved to them, like we always do. Now in every other country the people always wave back to us and look friendly, even in Germany, but these people just looked at us very sadly, as if they did not have enough to eat.

At last the train was running through the country, and it began to climb and wind through a lot of hills. Boggins said that these were the Gats, so I began to look for fires, because I read that the Indian people

burn their deceased relations on Gats. But I did not see any fires, and someone else said that Gats were places where the Indians washed their clothes. This



"Certainly not. Troops over there."

man said that they beat their clothes on a stone, but I did not believe it. But another man said it was true, and it was a custom, because there was a trade-union agreement between the washermen and the tailors that clothes should be laundered this way.

After that we went to sleep, but every time the train stopped at a station, we were all wakened. At the first station at which I looked out during the night, I got a terrible shock, for the platform was all covered with corpses wound up in sheets. After a time I found out that they were only sleeping passengers, but I wondered that they did not have homes to go to, instead of lying there in that gruesome manner. I thought an Indian railway-station was an awesome place at night, for there were all the corpses stretched out stark, in the dim light of oil lamps; at the end of the platform was a big dusky ruddy open-air fire, with figures crouching round like imps from the inferno; the red signal-lamps burned clear and still; and in the station a bell was tolling like a summons to doom. And along the platform went men carrying trays, with a little smoky light on each tray, and making bloodcurdling noises.

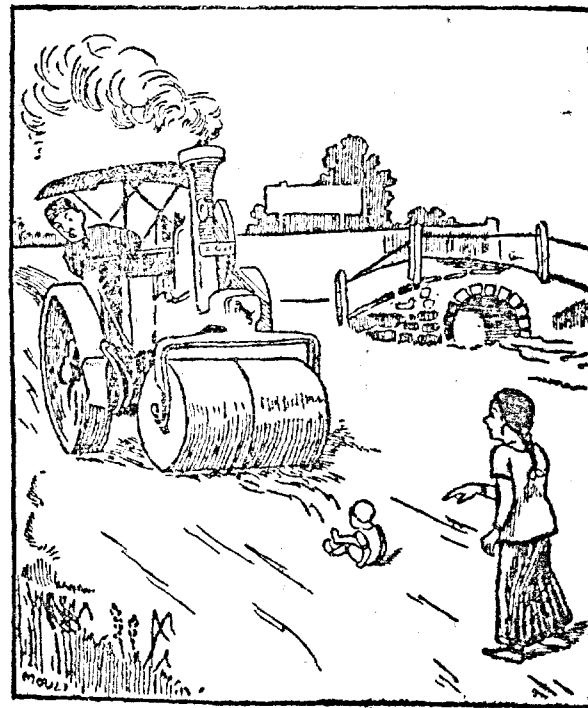
In the morning we were running through open country, and I was disappointed, for it did not look romantic or Oriental at all. It was just bare, parched heathland and cultivation, and it might have been the steppes of Russia or the dry lands of the prairies, except for the people we occasionally passed. These seemed very poor and laborious; lonely, skinny figures scratching the earth with sticks, or working with undersized, skinny oxen.

At last we came to some more Gats, but we went down them this time, and presently we came to a lovely green plain that looked beautiful, with lots of waving palms. But Boggins said that some Indians got a spirit from the palms which made them drunken and beastly. And also he said that the pretty swamps of water gave the people fevers which made them weak and ailing, because they did not trouble to put a little oil in the swamps, and use mosquito-nets on their beds.

Suddenly we saw a lot of factory-chimneys appearing above the palms, and then we knew we had come to Madras at last. So here I am, dear mother, after my long journey through strange sights. I must tell you all about Madras, and this I hope to do in my next letter.

Your Loving Son,
OBIEAH JOYFULL.

THE TEST



Driver:—Hey, Girl! What are you doing?
Girl:—I want to see if that doll is really unbreakable.

THE EDITOR OFFERS

Rs. 1000

IN THE

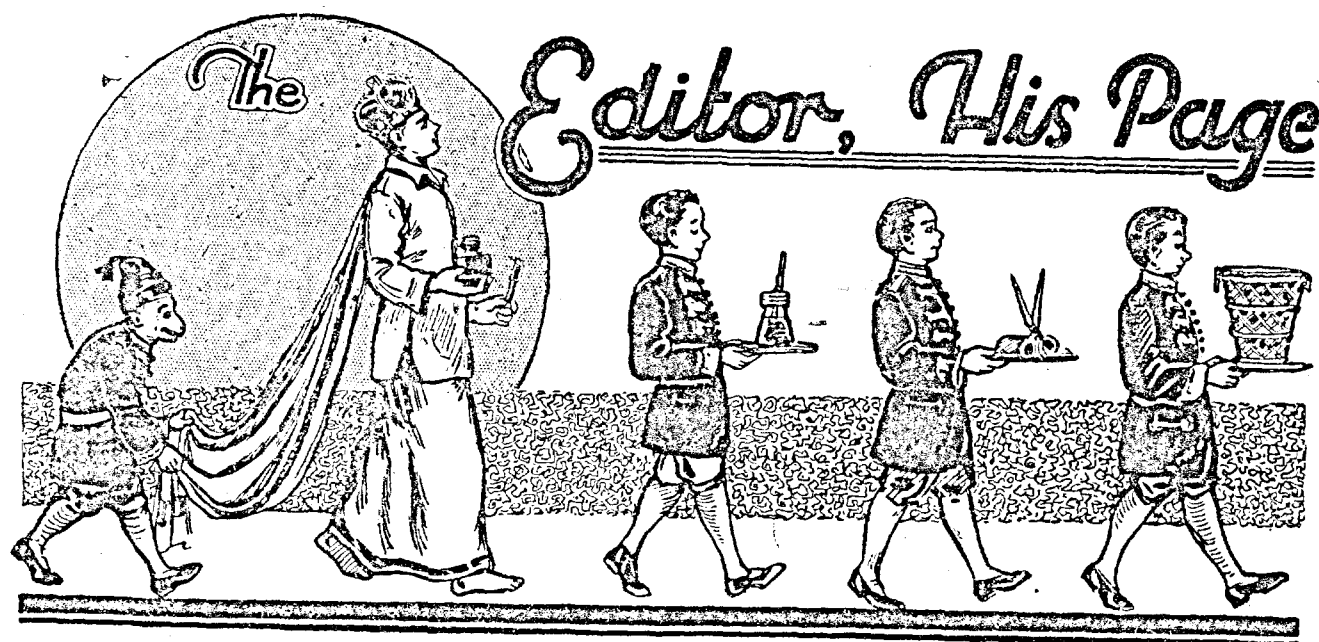
ALL-INDIA MERRY MAGAZINE

Literary Competition

A prize of Rs. 1000 will be awarded to the best humorous sketch or short story submitted before 1st January 1934

No Entrance Fee. No limit to the number of entries.

1. All Indians and Anglo-Indians residing in India, Burma, Ceylon, Straits and F. M. S. are eligible to compete.
2. All entries must be typewritten.
3. Two copies of Mss. must be sent.
4. Only humorous sketches or short stories are wanted.
5. Mss may be about 3000 words long.
6. The closing date is 1st January 1934.
7. The copyright of winning Mss as well as of others used by the Editor will vest in the Editor of the Merry Magazine.
8. The Editor reserves the right to divide the prize if it is found that the entries finally selected are of equal merit.
9. Other Mss. used by the Editor will be paid for at the usual rates.
10. Mss will not be returned.
11. The Editor will undertake no responsibility for Mss. lost or damaged in transit.
12. All entries must be addressed to Editor, All India Merry Magazine Literary Competition, Merry Magazine Office, 2/140 Broadway, Madras.



THE ALL-INDIA MERRY MAGAZINE LITERARY COMPETITION.

The Rt Hon'ble V. S. Srinivasa Sastriar.

On Page 825 will be found the names of the gentlemen who have done me the honour of consenting to act as Judges in our Short Story Competition. That the Rt. Hon. V. S. Srinivasa Sastriar is a master of the spoken word is a matter of universal knowledge. In India and in Europe, as well as in far-off Australia, his unrivalled powers of oratory, his gift of discerning phrase and his wonderful elocution have elicited the plaudits of his hearers wherever he has gone. This is not the place to expatiate on his other and numerous claims to lasting fame, it will be sufficient to say that in spite of his many-sided activities, he has always been a man of letters. His interest in literature and its hand- maiden, journalism has always been deep and sincere. It is therefore a matter of genuine gratification that the Rt. Hon'ble. Mr. Sastriar has, in spite of his unrobust health, undertaken the somewhat onerous task of judging your literary efforts. His consolation must be that he is in good company.

Mr. V. V. Srinivasa Iyengar, B.A., B.L.

Well past the prime of life, according to our conception of age, but young in spirit and alert in his mental outlook, Mr. Srinivasa Iyengar lends lustre to our panel. From early youth an eager devotee of the arts, he has been a most consistent and generous patron of the Muses. Himself a playwright and critic of unquestioned eminence, he will bring to bear upon his present task a shrewd judgment and a mellow ripeness of outlook which will make the performance of his duty a pleasure to judges and judged alike. That he chose to isolate himself for some four years on the remote eminence of the Bench of the Madras High Court can merely serve to accentuate his fitness for a task, which in his case, might almost be called self-imposed.

Mr. M. A. Candeth M. A. Bar-at-Law

A Professor in the Presidency College, Madras for many years, Mr. Candeth has for sometime been administering an important section of the Public Instruction Authority of this Province. One of the most widely-read men of his time, he is a charmingly brilliant conversationalist. A fastidious critic in matters literary, he is no wearisome pedant and competitors are certain at his hands of justice, tempered with mercy.

Rao Bahadur S. E. Ranganathan M. A.

A first-class Master of Arts of the Madras University, Assistant Professor of English in the Presidency College, Madras, Junior Professor, then Professor of English and finally Vice-Chancellor and Executive Head of the Annamalai University—that has been his brief but gloriously crowded record. His love of letters is equalled only by his proficiency therein, and he will deal with aspirants to literary fame justly, yet kindly.

Mr. P. Seshadri M. A.

A distinguished *alumnus* of the premier Hindu Collegiate institution in Southern India, Mr. Seshadri gave early promise of his subsequent greatness. That promise has been amply fulfilled and what is a loss to the Central Hindu College of Benares is a gain to the Ajmer College, of which Mr. P. Seshadri is now the able Principal. A ripe scholar, he wields a facile pen and his presence in our Committee of Award is an additional guarantee of its competence and impartiality.

Mr. K. S. Venkatramani M.A. B.L

Novelist, essayist, man of letters and lawyer, Mr. Venkatramani's writings have a stylistic charm that has evoked the spontaneous admiration of critics of such varying standards, as Mr. George Saintsbury and the Literary Supplement of the London Times. His literary

and intellectual equipment makes him an eminently suitable addition to our panel of distinguished judges.

Mr. S. Govindarajulu M.A.B.L. LL.B. Bar-at-law

A Master of Arts and a Bachelor of Laws of Madras, Mr. Govindarajulu has been called to the Bar in England. He is a Professor of Law in the Law College, Madras, but the exacting duties of his profession have still left him time to indulge his keen love of letters. A well-read man and a genial critic, he will be an asset to the Committee.

Mr. S. Saranathan M. A.

The Principal of the National College at Trichinopoly, Mr. Saranathan is a member of the brilliant band of men who have enhanced the reputation of the Literature Section of his College by his presence therein. His work still lies in the pleasant field of English letters and when I have said that he loves his work, I have said everything.

Mr. K. Swaminathan M. A.

Professor of English in the Presidency College, Madras, Mr. Swaminathan belongs to a comparatively younger generation. His knowledge of English Literature is profound. He has himself tried his hand, with pronounced success, at literary composition. He is a valuable addition to the Committee and will greatly lighten its labours.

Mr. P. Mahadevan M. A.

Yet one more member of the brilliant brotherhood, Mr. Mahadevan is Principal of the Madura College, at Madura. A writer of felicitous prose, he is a sympathetic and sane critic and will very greatly minimise the task of the Committee of Award.

Mr. S. Singam B.A.B.L.

Mr. Singam has been connected with the Merry Magazine from its inception and will act as Secretary to the Committee of Judges.

Letters regarding this Competition

I have already received letters from some readers who want fuller information about some of the

rules. One correspondent asks me if Englishmen are to be allowed to compete. He goes on to say that it such be the case, Indian competitors would be handicapped because English is the Englishman's mother-tongue and so the scales would be weighted in his favour. Without going into that question at all, I may assure the writer that this competition is open only to Indians and Anglo-Indians and not to Europeans. The reason for this distinction must be obvious. I am offering this large prize in order to discover and encourage *Indian* talent and hence, the necessity for this restriction. Other rules and details will be found on Page 857.

Letters of Private Joyfull.

I have great pleasure in printing in this issue the first of a series of letters from Private Joyfull to his mother. Private Joyfull is a young English soldier who sees India for the first time. For quiet humour and mordant and penetrating satire, I have rarely seen anything which can better the young soldier's description of his reaction to the Indian scene. My one regret in this matter is that the author rigidly insists on preserving a tantalising anonymity but, then when the fare served up is so delicious, the identity of the *chef* may well remain a matter of secondary importance. There are more delectable repasts to follow, composed by the same master hand.

BUSINESS ANNOUNCEMENTS.

October Lucky Number Scheme

Our Lucky Number Scheme for this month goes on as usual. The amount available for distribution will be Rs. 100 from me plus any amounts left unclaimed in the September Lucky Number Scheme.

Apt Phrases Competition.

Results on Page 860.

Rock Fort Jig-Saw Puzzle.

Results on Page 860.

Rules governing Literary Competition

On Page 857.

SEPTEMBER LUCKY NUMBERS

The following gentlemen have submitted claims in our September Lucky Number Scheme and the prize amounts have been sent to them.

No. 84381 Rs. 10 S. KALYANASUNDARAM, 24, Paramasiva Chetty Street,
P. T. Madras.

No. 81799 Rs. 5 K. SRINIVASACHARIAR, Sanskrit Pandit,
Kellet High School, Triplicane.

TWO READERS SHARE THE FIRST PRIZE OF Rs. 400.

Results of 'Apt Phrases' Competition

The correct solution is

- | | |
|----------------------|-----------------------|
| 1. For hire | 7. Better view |
| 2. Find out | 8. Love affair |
| 3. Distant view | 9. Health preserver. |
| 4. Strange monuments | 10. Single page |
| 5. Sound advice | 11. Home product |
| 6. On duty | 12. Pleasant surprise |

Only two all-correct solutions were received and the first prize of Rs. 400 has been divided equally between

Mr. K. Rangaswami, 2. Manangappan Street, Madras.

Mr. R. Rangarajan, National College, Teppakulam P. O. Trichinopoly.

Prize amounts have already been despatched by Insured Post.

The Following 11 competitors submitted entries containing one error each. Money orders for Rs. 18-3-0 have been already sent.

- | | |
|---|--|
| 1. Mr. M. KADIAH, 39, Third cross
Sreeramapur P. O. Malleswar. | 7. Mr. T. L. Srinivasan, Singaperumal
South Street, Vennar Bank, Tanjore. |
| 2. „ N. V. KRISHNAN, Veljiladharwadi
Ghatkopar, Bombay. | 8. „ R. BALAKRISHNA IYER, Excise Department
Sankaridrug, Salem Dist. |
| 3. „ S. RAMAMURTHY, Clerk, Construction Audit,
South Indian Railway, Trichinopoly. | 9. „ P. J. JOSEPH, Cheenthaalar Estate,
Fairfield P. O. Travancore. |
| 4. „ V. SANKARASUNDARAM, North Maravaneri,
Extension, Salem Town. S. India. | 10. „ T. R. KUPPUSAMI, Coil Street,
Thalanayar, (P. O.) (Via) Tiruturaipundi. |
| 5. „ P. S. RAMAN, 2 Manangappan Street,
G. T. Madras. | 11. „ S. L. SOMAYAJIAR, 3 Sydogi Street,
Triplicane, Madras. |
| 6. „ E. S. MAHADEVAN, 23, Kalateeswaran Coil
Street, Pondicherry. | |

The Rock Fort Jig-saw Puzzle Prize Winners

First Prize Rs. 10

RAJAMMAL c/o M. S. SUNDARA RAJAN,
Advocate, 19. A. Chinnakadai St.
Teppakulam, Trichy.

Second Prize Rs. 5

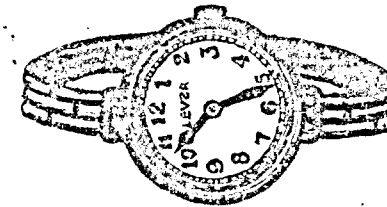
S. N. SHNUMUGAM c/o RAMASWAMI
Upathiyayar, D. Type, 40/1
Golden Rock.

Third Prize :—The following six Competitors have been enrolled as free subscribers for six months from this date.

- | | |
|--|--|
| 1. N. RATHNASWAMY,
East Street, Palamarneri,
Thirukattupalli Post, Tanjore. | 4. T. R. SAVITRI c/o T. AYYAPPA MUDALIAR,
Naduvakalappan Post,
(Via) Tiruthuraipundi. |
| 2. Mrs. G. T. JAMES, Imperial Sugar
Cane Station, Karnal N. W. Ry. Punjab,
N. India. | 5. Miss. SARADA BAI c/o N. KRISHNA PAI,
Kuvalam Buildings,
South of Palliaraka Temple, Cochin. |
| 3. KUNJAMMAL, 32, Krishnan Kovil St.
G. T. Madras. | 6. P. B. ALAMELU AMMAL
c/o Dr. P. B. ANNANGARACHARIAR,
'Ranga Vilas' Usman Road, Mambalam. |

GOLD PLATED "FIDO" LEVER WRIST WATCH.

Rs. 7-14-0



Your loss in repair of Cylinder watches will be recouped and you will get rid of worries if you go in for our Lever wrist watch. No need of repairs. No lever watch sold up to now at such a price.

Free with a fine goldplated wrist chain

Rs. 7-14-0 nly.

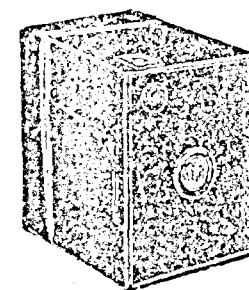
(Postage As. 7. Extra.)

Sole Agents :—

CANADIAN WATCH PEOPLE,

George Town, Madras.

PHOTO HAND CAMERA



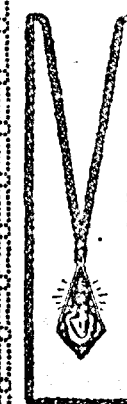
This Pocket Camera is fitted with powerful lens very compact and durably constructed. It takes nice pictures in 3½ x 2½ inches. Easy to operate. No previous knowledge necessary. Price per Camera with necessary chemicals, plates and directions complete.

Price Rs. 2-15-0.

THE KRISHNA AGENCY,

POST BOX No. 119,

Madras.



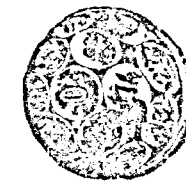
ROLLED GOLDEN NECKLACE.

These are made of pure Rolled Gold and set in with imitation diamonds and rubies etc, workmanship is unrivalled. Beautifully engraved and decorated as per illustration. Very pleasing in presenting a charming appearance to the eye. Can be compared with real gold chains. May be used by all nationalities. Each in 2 Pad. Price Rs. 1-8 each.

GENUINE WATCH Co.,

P. B. 119, Madras.

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

The Genuine Watch Co.,

119, G. P. O. MADRAS.

PHOTO ALBUM.



An Album containing 12 Beautiful nature Studies of Sexes in Real life. Most indispensable for decorating Bedrooms, etc.

Price Rs. 1-14-0 each

THE KRISHNA AGENCY,

P. B. No. 119, MADRAS.

HALF PRICE

Post your order till the end of this month
(Sold only To The Married)

- | | |
|--|---------|
| 1. Album of 12 nude pictures of Healthy Men | Rs. 2 8 |
| 2. Album of 12 nude pictures of Healthy Women | Rs. 2 8 |
| 3. Album of 12 nude pictures of Beautiful Girls selected from various countries of the World | Rs. 2 8 |

ALL THREE ALBUMS FOR Rs. 3-12-0 only

**PARIS DENTAL HOSPITAL,
AMRITSAR.**

THE MERRY MAGAZINE

FREE INSURANCE COUPON

Dated 25-10-33.

Sign here :.....

Name.....

Address.....

VISVA & Co.

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

50, Wallajah Road, Mount Road,
MADRAS.

A TRIAL ORDER IS SOLICITED

60 YEARS OLD
ON WEDNESDAY NIGHT.

REJUVENATION.

25 YEARS YOUNG
ON THURSDAY MORNING

"COMALIN"

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

"COMALIN"

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

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

"COMALIN"

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



"COMALIN"

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

"COMALIN"

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

"COMALIN"

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

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

Apply to:—The Manager,

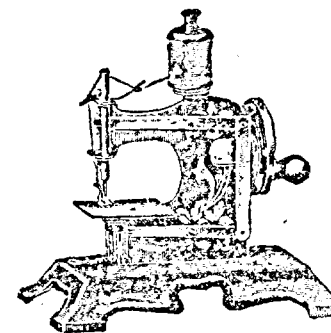
SRI DHANAM & Co, P. B. 119, Madras.

Latest Invention!

Latest Novelty!

Hand Sewing Machines

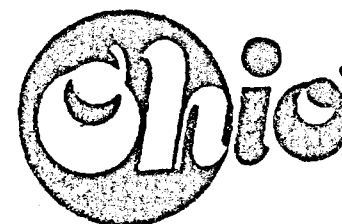
(Made in Germany)



These are just imported, measurement 1 length 5 inches, breadth 4 inches, made of sheet metal throughout, black Japanned with litho, decoration; steel and nickel plated parts and attachments, and so scientifically constructed as to make it do the actual sowing, like big machines. Can Stitch Bed cover, Cushions, window-curtains, Cloths, Flag, shirts, Underwear, Jackets, Etc. Can be fastened anywhere. Every machine tested and ready for use. Simple enough for a child to operate. Every home should possess one. Each in a box complete with 1 Reel Thread and 1 Screw-driver.

Price Rs. 2-14-0. Packing & Postage etc.

THE KRISHNA AGENCY, - - P. B. 119, Madras.



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

Here is a marvel of Modern Chemistry to satisfy you
RESULT IN THREE MINUTES

THE IDEAL HAIR REMOVING CREAM.
REFRESHING AND SOOTHING (HIGHLY PERFUMED)

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

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

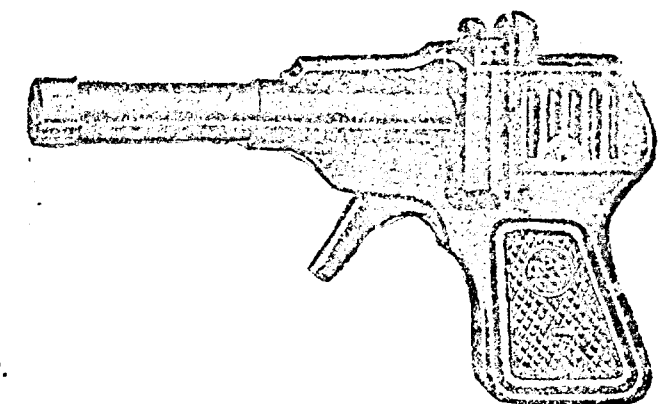
Tube Costs Rs. 1-8. Three at a Time Rs. 3-12. - When ordering please mention "Merry Magazine."

SRI DHANAM & Co., Post Box 119, Madras.

Safeguard Your Property?

ENSURE absolute protection to yourself, family, loved ones and valuables with this Automatic Alarm pistol that needs no license 6½" X 3" in size and looks like a real one. The mere sight frightens Burglars, Thieves, etc. First 6 shots in 6 seconds, sufficient to scare away a whole gang. Every home needs one. Instructions with every pistol.

Price Rs. 5-8-0 with 50 shots.
V. P. P. As. 8 extra. Extra shots Re. 1 for 50.



The Genuine Watch Co., P. B. 119, Madras.

Millions of discerning writers use and
praise Platignum Pens

THE STUD-FILLING MODEL GIVES

*Easier Filling, Greater ink capacity, Faultless performance
and a guarantee goes with every pen*

SEE it for yourself. See its wide range of attractive mottled
colours, its handsome appearance! See how, with a press
of the stud, it is instantly filled, how the ink flows readily and
smoothly directly the nib point touches paper! Try its fine nib points
and buy the one which suits you best—remember that Platignum nibs
are uncorrodible by any ink in any climate! Note its perfect balance
and splendid workmanship, the safety screw cap and untarnishable
pocket clip! Go over it carefully from end to end, it is faultless,
flawless. A credit to carry, a joy to use, and every pen is guaranteed.
Get yours to-day.

Re. 1-0-0.

PLATIGNUM

Obtainable at:—

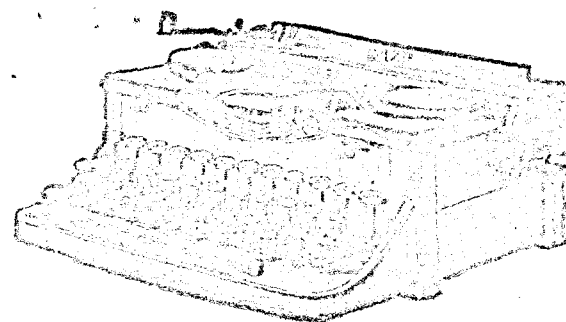
HIGGINBOTHAMS

Mount Road, Madras, : South Parade, Bangalore,
AND AT OUR
RAILWAY BOOKSTALLS.



ROYAL

PORTABLE TYPEWRITERS



CASH OR HIRE PURCHASE

Also Standard Size Typewriters

Sole Agents:

ADDISON & Co., Ltd., : Mount Road, Madras.

An INSPIRATION....
an INVITATION
... to write ...

A Royal portable in your home takes the drudgery
out of correspondence. The countless writing tasks
so often left undone actually become a pleasure.

Royal's beautiful appearance, its attractive har-
monising colours, form a constant invitation for you
to get things done. Its ease of operation, its
quietness and efficiency, are an inspiration for you
to get things done well. You will write more on
the Royal, and the Royal will write more for you.

In the Royal are embodied many features, new
to portable writing machines.

Send for Booklet M.M. No. 1.

For, VIM!

VIGOUR!!

& VITALITY!!!

GOPAN'S KAYASIDDHI MAKARADHWAJA

(REGISTERED)



The Ideal Nervine Tonic prepared with Gold, Calcium, Phosphates,
Musk, Iron, Sulphur and Viriline Seeds.

It purifies and stimulates the circulation of Blood and strengthens
the Nervous system and gives you VIM, VIGOUR and VITALITY.

CAN BE TAKEN BY BOTH SEXES WITHOUT RESTRICTION.
40 PILLS FOR 20 DAYS Rs. 5.

GOPAN'S MUNMATHA KALPAM

THE SUREST SPECIFIC FOR ALL KINDS OF SECRET, SOCIAL AND
URETHRAL COMPLAINTS OF BOTH SEXES.

ONE COURSE Rs. 5

STERILITY CURED: Write for particulars with As. 4 stamp.

CONSULT IN PERSON or WRITE IN DETAIL TO

BISHAG-RATNA PANDIT E. S. GOPAN
PULSE SPECIALIST

THE TAMIL NADU AYURVEDIC PHARMACY LTD.,

44, Govindappa Naick Street. P. O. Box No. 278, MADRAS.
Agents for Madras:—THE INDIAN STORES, West Chitral St. Madras.

Agents for Bezwada: N. Maneckjee & Co., & Morris Hotel, Bezwada.	Agent for Bellary: V. N. Narayan Rao Brahmin Street, Bellary.	Sole Agent for Bangalore: C. N. Sundararaja Iyengar, 299, Chickpet, Opposite Lalloss Temple, Bangalore City.	Agents for Trichinopoly: M. Akbar & Bros., Palakarai, Trichy.	Sole Agents for Ramanath District: Meenakshi & Co., Eivaganaga.
---	--	--	---	--



Madras,

25th October, 1933.

My Dear Kumudha,

You remember in your last letter, you wrote and told me that the ANANDHA VIKATAN was offering an aggregate amount of Rs. 3550 in prizes, spread over a month. Have you seen the latest issue? They are offering a prize of Rs. 2500 for solving ONE set of Easy Picture Puzzles. The Entry fee is again 8 annas and has not been increased. And the quality of the reading matter is maintained at its consistently high level. I am not going to miss this 5000 to one chance and knowing you, my dear, as I do, you won't either.

As Ever,

SUMITRA.

