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Sparks from Our Anvil

In the House of Commons, Sir S. Hoare declared that he did not see any reason why the earth quake calamity should affect the progress of the White Paper Scheme. Proving once again that misfortunes never come single!

In the Assembly, Rajah Bahadur Krishnamachariar is reported to have said that he would carry Mr. Rajah on his shoulders, if God commanded him to do so.

We doubt, however, if Mr. Rajah is willing to play the part of Balaam.

Sporting circles are much exercised over the future of Mr. Jardine.

Australia, on the other hand, still continues to be obsessed with his past.

H. H. the Agha Khan praises Mr. Jinnah as the 'Chamberlain of India.' It does not however follow that Mr. Chamberlain was the Jinnah of Birmingham.

But the comparison is apt in another respect. Both created parties within parties.

There is no foundation for the report that Mr. Tarrant shouted 'How', when Jardine objected to his being an umpire for the Third Test.

At the M. C. C. dinner to the Test teams, the Indian team was represented by Mr. Dilawar Hussain alone.

We understand that this was in pursuance of the determination of India's No 1. batsman to carry the war to the knife—and fork!

The unfortunate use of the phrase 'hired assassins' at a dinner during 'Cricket Week' was subsequently explained as no more than a 'post-prandial leg pull'.

First we had leg theory; and now we are apparently to have a leg pull-theory!

An amendment to the Government Servants Conduct rules makes it clear that they will be held responsible for the acts of their dependents also.

Most husbands need not worry, as they can easily prove that they are dependant on their Wives, and not their wives on them!

Herr Butow, a German journalist now in India claims that Hitler has reduced unemployment in Germany from 6 to 3 million men.

We shall never know how much of the reduction was due to natural causes.

Answering a question about the absentee members of the Assembly, the Law member said that Government had received no complaints from the constituencies concerned.

We envy those constituencies. They're only un-represented, not mis-represented!

Says a head-line: 'Elders Dance to Taylor's Tune,'—referring to the passing by the Council of State of the Reserve Bank Bill.

And the division of labour is completed when the country pays the piper.

In the course of an after-dinner speech, H. H. the Agha Khan is reported to have said: 'Providence has tied us with Britain. Shall those ties be iron fetters or silken bands?'

We wonder what they were made of when His Highness saw them.

During the discussion on the Railway budget, Sir Leslie Hudson urged the Government to manufacture locomotives in India.

This does not necessarily mean that all other motives now operating in the country are purely indigenous.

'The Moslem Conference views with grave concern the delay in the inauguration of reforms which it regards as detrimental to India's interests.'

Either the conference said what *this* means, or *this* doesn't say what the conference meant.

After defining socialism as an indefinite term, Mr. T. R. V. Sastri is reported to have said that he was in favour of it.

It is impossible to catch our moderate friends definitely against anything.

In Austria a clean-sweep of Socialists is being effected. Judging from the casualties, and the activities of summary courts, it is a clean sweep to the stake.

Criticising the publicity methods of State Railways, Dewan Bahadur Ramaswamy Mudaliar complained that he once saw that the London Office displayed the picture only of Delhi donkeys and Simla asses.

We understand that the omission of the Assembly members from the picture was a pure accident, as it was taken at a time when the Assembly was not in session.



MUCH water (quite a gallon. I shouldn't wonder) has flowed under the Stanley Viaduct since I wrote about Colonel Grundy's autobiography. Now here is another bag of reminiscences, and quite a bonny bag at that. Schoolmasters are generally supposed to be staid, dry-as-dust folk, but Mr. Appleman, I. E. S. (Retd.), in a book of *de luxe* humour—Teaching, Birching and Remembering (Beard and Barber, 10s.)—gives the lie to the indictment. His book runs into 524 pages of close print, and it abounds with his own and other schoolfolk's humour.

Like all other autobiographies Mr. Appleman's book of reminiscences is a long string of anecdotes. And when one has read it from cover to cover as I have done one has got to admit that the author has an unusually tenacious memory or a wonderfully fertile imagination.

Mr. Appleman begins with an anecdote which throws light on the social status of schoolmasters in England. A friend of his, a man named Brown, once saw a schoolmaster chasing a boy about twelve years old and giving him a hard crack on the head with his knuckles. Unable to suppress his righteous indignation Mr. Brown rushed up to the schoolmaster and gave him a black eye. But later on when he heard that the mentor had filed a complaint against him he got his wind up and asked a police inspector what was the penalty for damaging a man's right eye.

"Ten pounds if he is a gentleman; two pounds if he is not," said the inspector.

"He is a schoolmaster," said Brown.

"Two pounds," snapped the inspector.

A classical yarn, no doubt, but one wonders if one hasn't heard it six times before. But yet one could pardon the plagiarism for the sake of the story which loses little in the telling.

Mr. Appleman goes on to point out that in India none looks down more on the poor pedagogue than his elder brother—the Professor. Once the author happened to ask an Indian Assistant Professor how he liked teaching.

"Teaching!" cried the professor, looking as terribly insulted as a Major General when he is called 'Hey



"What a beauty!"

Tommy! "I am no schoolmaster, thank you. I don't teach, I only lecture,"

The Schoolmaster Tells One

"Professors," says the autobiographer, "are the Lowells and Roosevelts of the profession. In their eyes the schoolmaster is socially non-existent."

"It is high time," suggests the author, "that somebody started a Society For the Prevention of Cruelty to Schoolmasters (S. P. C. S.)"

It is only natural that there are quite a few wise-cracks in the book at the expense of pedagogues. Yet, I think, Mr. Appleman lets the schoolmaster off rather lightly. Writers of school stories often make it a point to bung in a booby of a birch and make the boys let fly at him with a will. Sound psychology, no doubt, as schoolboys would any day forego their sweets and spend their pocket money on a story in which their adversary, the schoolmaster, is laid out neatly for the whole school-going world to laugh at.

Well, it is not seldom that the schoolboy gets a bit of his own back. Here is one of Mr. Appleman's stories:—

A certain South Indian schoolmaster (of very dark complexion and no features) was teaching English Grammar.

"Big Lump!" said he, addressing a boy of Chestertonian proportions, "Big Lump, give an exclamatory sentence."

"What a beauty!" exclaimed the heavyweight, quick as shot.

"Next fool!" growled the teacher.

Once a long-coated, long-winded headmaster was addressing a gathering of parents. "Procrastination," he declared, "is the greatest enemy of schoolboys." "You forget," shouted an intelligent parent, "his natural enemy—the schoolmaster!"

It is not in the least surprising that page after page is filled with schoolboy howlers.

"What is the chief industry of Australia?"

"Cricket, sir."

And another:—

"Where does musk come from?"

"From the musk-rat."

Then again:—

"What led to the fall of Rome?" asked a History teacher.

The whole class looked stumped, and the teacher was preparing to explain it at length when one of the faces suddenly brightened up.

"Please, sir," said the bright lad, "it perhaps sat on a wall like Humpty Dumpty."

While in Madras, Mr. Appleman once went up to a Mylapore policeman and asked: "Constable, where is the residence of Sir Krishnaswamy Iyer?"

The cop's face looked blank.

"Surely," said Mr. Appleman, "you ought to know the residence of Sir Alladi, the Advocate General."

"Ah, Alladi! Say that. He lives.....let me see..... one, two, three.....Yes, he lives seven doors away from Head Constable Muniswamy."

When the author was a District Educational Officer in S. India he was told of an amusing incident at a certain primary school. One of the teachers was leaving a class at the end of a period when a little 'cub' ran up to him with a duster.

"Sir," cried the cub, "there is a lot of chalk on your face."

"Oh, that's all right," replied the teacher, casually.

"No, sir, it isn't. I'll dust it off in a minute if you will let me," said the enthusiastic cub who had evidently not done his good deed for the day.

Finding it hard to shake the nipper off, the teacher had to explain to him that he had powdered his face to cure prickly heat.

Well, taking it all in all, "Teaching, Birching and Remembering" is an eminently readable book and has the makings of a best seller. I should say that the publishers (Beard and Barber) are lucky folk. I wish I were the publisher!

“Leaves from a Chepauk



Humours of the Third Test

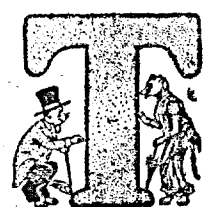
Sketch-Book ”



as Mali saw them.

THE TEST MATCH AND AFTER

LENS



THE greatest event of 1934 has come and gone, leaving many of us sadder, and some, we hope, the wiser for it. Our special representative has shown commendable zeal in obtaining a series of lightning-interviews with many distinguished Indians and Englishmen on the visit of the M. C. C. to this country, with special reference, of course, to the Tests which have been played and lost. We publish the following excerpts in the hope that they will be found interesting by the generality of our readers, and edifying by the prospective players of tomorrow.—(Ed. M. M.)

I had to spend a little fortune on cables, telephones &c., trying to get in touch with Duleepsinhji, convalescing 'somewhere' on the Riviera. He was very inhospitable at first; obviously he was still nursing the disagreeable memory of his late encounter with the Control Board. It was not till I had pointed out the danger of my being sacked if I returned empty-handed, that the idol of the cricket world relented sufficiently to answer a few questions. He naturally refused to comment on the Tests, and was ominously silent about the performance of our players. But he was emphatic in reiterating his determination not to play second-

class cricket. "The fact is," he explained, "I am too good for Indian cricket as it is; and then there is the question of my health." He gave me to understand that he *might* play for India in some distant future, unless indeed by that time Indian cricket should prove too good for him! For the present he wished to be let alone—particularly by meddling, self-chosen boards. Asked if there was any truth in the rumour that he would retire from first-class cricket, he merely smiled cryptically. I thought it rather odd that he did not congratulate the better side which won. His health being what it is, though I'm glad to say he's much better, I felt—it would be considerate of me not to pester him further. So I "declared" and rang him off.

The Nawab of Patnaudi was fortunately in Madras, and he was very jolly and communicative. He too spoke with contempt of the Control Board which he described as a body composed of spectacled gentlemen so far as their cricket record was concerned! He admitted that he originally promised to play for India; but subsequently he came to know all about Duleep and the Board. What was not good enough for Duleep was ditto for him also! I begged him to say what he thought of our players. Out came the answer, like one of Clark's bumpers: "If they're not clumsy like Dilawar, they're like 'babes in the wood', with a hopelessly

The Test Match and After

forlorn look about them." Asked about the future, he too agreed that he *might* play for India if conditions were favourable. But as things were, he was not sorry for having refused.

The Rt. Hon'ble Mr. Sastri congratulated the Indian team on fighting the good fight, against odds, in the true spirit of Karma Yogins. They did not care for the result, and hoped for no reward. That, he added, was the enlightened moderate view applied to cricket. "I have maintained," he continued, "that we are assured of dominion-status sometime or other. The Test status now accorded to us is a step of far-reaching constitutional and imperial significance."

H. H. the Agha Khan whose love of all forms of sport is an international commonplace could not wholly conceal his disappointment at the result of the rubber. "If only Nissar had played, the communal composition of the team would have obtained that amount of weightage which would have brought them nearer to victory." He added that he did not of course defend communalism as logical or necessary. "But cricket, like politics, is a game of chance; and the computation of chances is, as every one knows, the art of the possible."

Sir E. Hoare pointed to the tour as a triumphant vindication of his dual policy of firmness with progress. He had absolutely no doubt that Jardine kept the situation well in hand throughout the tour.

Lady Houston, promoter of the last Everest expedition was hysterically happy that the Indians had been beaten hollow. "That would teach them," she declared, "to respect the white man as their perpetual superior and serve to explode 'the myth that the English are played out.'"

Mr. Churchill doubted the wisdom of raising India to Test Status so soon. The result was, of course, a foregone conclusion; but for his part he objected to the whole thing on principle. It won't do to recognise equality even on the sporting field. He was therefore glad to hear that wherever possible, the distance between the teams was carefully maintained by those responsible for the tour. He reiterated his confidence in the men on the spot, and felt sure that they would have done everything in their power to neutralise the pernicious potentialities of ill-regulated camaraderie.

H. E. the Viceroy is understood to have exclaimed over the informal tea-cup that the result of the tests could not have been otherwise. After the routing of the Viceroy's Eleven, etiquette required that there should be no further victories for the Indians. He shuddered to contemplate the repercussions of even a single Test

Victory on the already complicated task of the Government of India.

Mr. Tarrant had not yet overcome the shock of his dismissal by the English skipper. He was refreshingly frank about the manners of 'the greatest English captain ever.' "You may take it from me," he added bitterly, "that Jardine, as indeed a majority of the M. C. C. team, habitually cover the wicket when batting. Result:—L. B. W. An umpire has to have guts to dismiss practically a whole side for it. Alone I did it! There were two courses open to Jardine. He might have tried to correct the lapse on the part of himself and his side. This is easier said than done. The other was to get rid of the obnoxious umpire. No sooner thought of than said and done. As for me, I have played with Jardine's betters; only one would like to know the part played by the Control Board in this highly 'sporting' incident."

'Bill Hitch' remarked after great deliberation that both sides were good, and that the Indians might have been better. The better side won, while the losers were not disgraced. "That you'll admit is a very encouraging beginning indeed!"

Hobbs regretted the prior sanctity of a journalistic contract. He enjoyed, he said, the trip, and spoke rapturously of the hospitality which was, all through, truly oriental. You know, 'he added,' I wished India would win a Test Match. It's still open, and when it does come off, here or at home, may I be there to see!"

The Maharajkumar of Vizianagaram, who bids fair to go down in history as a sort of 'single-speech-Hamilton' of Indian Cricket, was frankly sorry that we did not do better in the final Test. "Do you know," he said confidentially, "Naidu's captaincy was a tactical mistake. Fancy the winner of the Derby yoked to a drayman's cart! It cramped his style, poor fellow. If the Yuvaraj of Patiala or I had captained, how different Naidu would have been. I don't mind offering 10 to 1 that he would have reeled off a century every time. I'm sure Naidu himself thinks so. And then not a bit of luck came his way. If somebody else captains the team, and Naidu goes in second or third man he followed by that young cub Amarnath, I'll take another bet (heavier odds, if you like) that we declare for a comfortable total for 4! People say that I have done a lot for cricket in the country. I am prepared to do more, remember that."

Mr. Jardine assumed an unnecessarily defensive attitude as I approached him. "My dear man," he exclaimed in a supercilious tone. "My views on the Tests? That's rich! Do you know that I brought back

the 'ashes' from Australia, against the most formidable side that has played against England after the War? Here, in this confoundedly hot country, my team merely played at playing cricket. Let me tell you one little thing about ourselves. You must have heard of the connection between Eton and Waterloo. Which means, that we fight as we play, and play as we fight: and no one in the world, outside ourselves, dashed well knows which is which.

Major C. K. Naidu was his usual modest self, enhanced by a melancholy smile that appeared and disappeared like a fugitive in his eyes. 'I'm afraid, I'm no good at captaining. If I had been less of an idol I might have done better,—perhaps. Though the oldest of the lot, I developed more temperament than I should have. Confession they say is good for the soul. Let me therefore admit that I was distinctly jumpy in the innings: and to my eternal regret, jumped out of the crease. May India fare better led by my betters; and may the players learn to think more of the side than of their sides.'

Clark of Northants was actually peevish. 'Not one wicket in both the innings,' he exclaimed, viciously punching the air with his murderous sinister fist. 'Never mind; I've put the fear of God into most of you folks. Some of your cricketers will henceforth say their prayers more regularly, before coming to face English fast bowling. And another detail. I'm now here in the company of Larwoods, Voces, Boweses and Allens who will start farther off, and will make your stars fare worse. Till then,—Good Luck!'

Verity was as full of guile in his speech as in his bowling. He affected complete surprise when told that he was unplayable by most of our players. I told him that he induced in them the fear of death in a metaphorical, as Clark did in a literal sense. 'Dear me,' he exclaimed, 'am I so dreadful as all that? I won't believe it until I've had a chance of meeting my own deliveries with the bat; and then, I shan't forget in a hurry, how near to a broken heart I was in the second innings, with all the wickets going to Langridge, when they should have been mine.'

Amar Singh was shockingly unorthodox in his reception of me. He confessed that he did not perceive any difference between the bowling of Clark and that of Verity. "Hit out and—or get out"—is my motto,' he declared. 'But,' he continued, 'I am told that such a policy would ruin the future of cricket. I'm afraid therefore that I must learn to hit out and not get out.'

My only fear is that if I managed to stay for an hour, the score would mount up disastrously; and we won't have the tonic effect of follow-ons, innings defeats, and other prospects of allied cricket thrills."

Dilawar Hussain considered that cricket should be developed, in this country at any rate, in an atmosphere of agreeable levities. He further holds that star cricketers should dine not wisely, but too well: that they should carry their burdens lightly; that a catch should be missed in the most nonchalant manner; that you should sneak a four when the fieldsmen expect you to block, and vice versa; that the batsmen may accidentally throw the bat in the line of the ball when the wicket-keeper rushes out to catch it, and that he has many other tips up his sleeve, calculated to brighten up cricket when it tends to become funereally solemn and slow. Concluding he said: 'I am a double M. A. and I've heard of a man called Falstaff.'

Mr. Richmond, the president of the Madras Cricket Club expressed himself as wholly satisfied with the result of the Final Test. 'You know, members of the M. C. C. were given free passes to see the Test. A season ticket costs Rs. 25; while the entrance fee for a member of our club is also Rs. 25. The result was remarkable. Our membership has gone up by leaps and bounds. Needless to say, we are looking forward to the next series of these tests.'

Mahatma Gandhi was observing his day of silence as I sought permission for his *darshan*. I understood him to deplore the glorification of violence even in the sporting sphere. He was however very pleased to hear that the injured victims conducted themselves like true Satyagrahis thus proving once again the sovereign efficacy of non-violence. He made very kind enquiries of Naomal, and was glad to be assured that he was looking forward to his next meeting with the English Team.

Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru was in a hurry to get back to his 'spiritual' home, and was therefore inevitably scrappy. 'English ideas of sport are very peculiar. Take my own arrest and imprisonment. It's like an l. b. w. decision against a batsman who was well-set for a century or two, who had flogged the bowling unmercifully, and who could not be intimidated by any other means into losing his wicket. Don't blame the umpires; they don't count. It's the players, whom we must change, of course, by all peaceful, legitimate means.'

This Fortnight's Fairy Tale

(KALYAN)



TONIGHT'S milk was worse than ever before; and poor little Pappa went to bed without taking any. It hurt me very much that Pappa should forego his milk. For one thing, he is fond of milk; and for another, the doctor had advised us to bring up Pappa on plenty of milk. Of course, it is no use talking to the milkman. He will swear by all his family gods that he would bet a thousand-rupees his milk was cent per cent pure. I made up my mind to buy a cow, though I agree with my friend, Vakil Narayanayyar, that a cow at home is a terrible and costly nuisance. I went to bed with a heavy heart. No wonder I had a troubled and dream-laden sleep.

Suddenly, I found myself in a weekly meeting of the Konar Sangam. Fearing that I had got in there by mistake, I tried to apologise and get out. But I was requested to stay. After the usual business, the President requested me to address the gathering for a few minutes. I agreed. I rhapsodised over milk being an ideal food, I panegyricised the Konar community for supplying that life-giving commodity, and wound up with a rhetorical wonder that Konars should dilute milk with water! I sat down. I did not expect any notice to be taken of the last part of my address; and, if at all any notice was taken, I expected it to be in the shape of strong protest and repudiation of the charge. But to my surprise, it was not so. The President got up and said:

Our worthy guest of tonight wonders that we dilute milk. I wonder at his simplicity and idealism! [Then, turning to me] Sir, supposing you were a milkman, could you resist the temptation to do the same? See how naturally water mixes with milk! Isn't it wonderful? Isn't it clear to you that milk and water were created just to be brought together by man? For instance, suppose you were an oil-monger, sir, would you mix oil and water? You won't. Why? Because God did not intend them to be mixed. And is it not man's duty to put into practice the plans of God? That is the sublime attitude which I would request you to ponder over!.....Then again, sir, you know that all milkmen mix water, just as all goldsmiths mix copper or all woollen spinners mix cotton. Now, is it right for one single man with Quixotic notions about honesty and ideals to supply the pure material? Is he not putting the rest of the trade

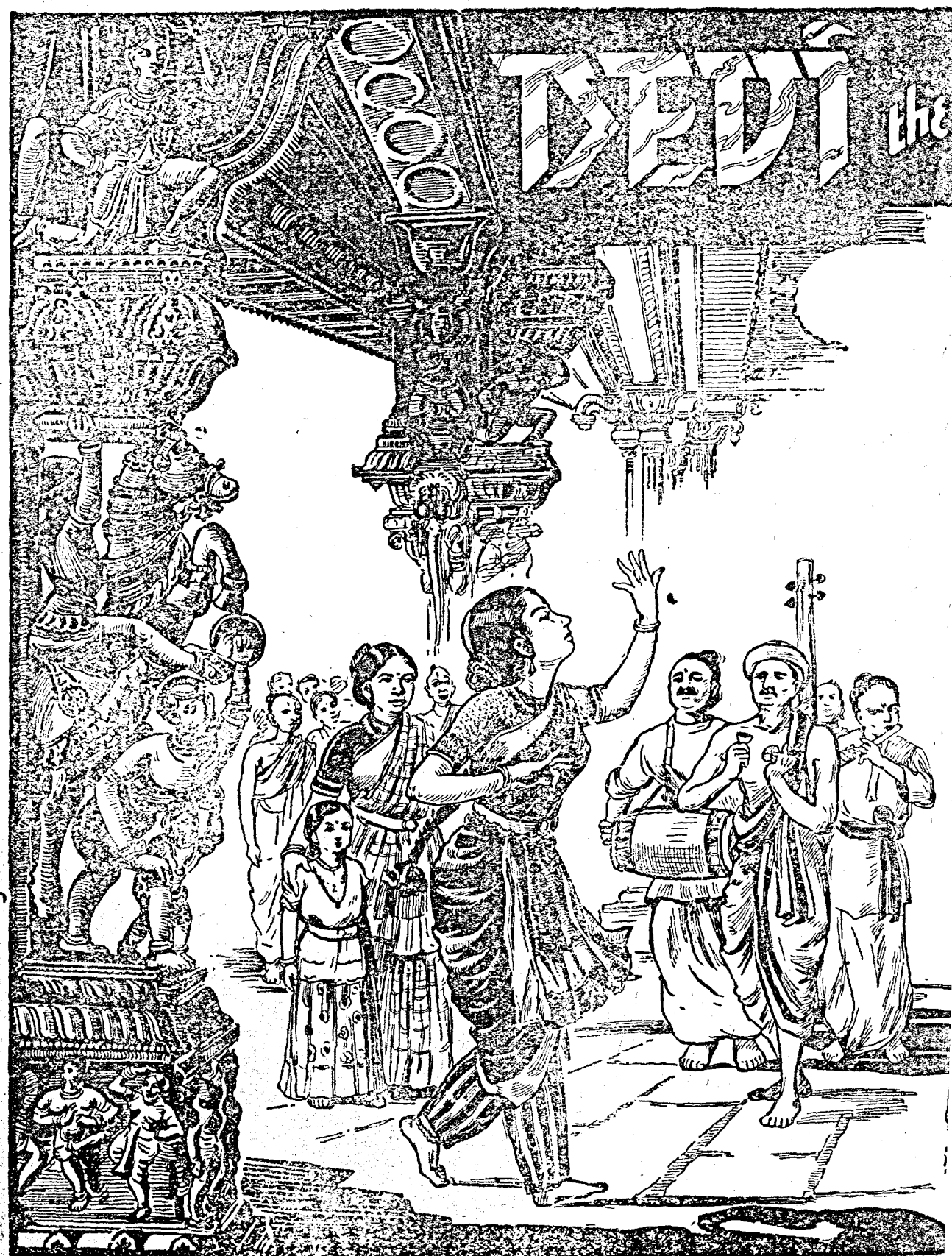
in the wrong? Is it not mean, selfish and sinful to lower them in the eyes of the world? And more vital than that, is it not dangerous suddenly to supply you with genuine milk when all along your stomach has been getting accustomed to the usual thin milk? Suppose you get indigestion and probably die, will it not be sacrificing your life to my queer notions of honesty? A funny thing happened once. Thinking that my wife had added the water, I supplied some milk to a customer. But it happened to be pure. The next day, he complained of the peculiar taste and the sticky, pasty feeling. He suspected me of having mixed corn flour with it, intentionally or by mistake!Then again, presuming that I do supply you with genuine milk, do you guarantee that you wouldn't grumble about that too, at least now and then—due to force of habit and innate suspicion? You are likely to argue that in course of time I am sure to go back to my old ways unless you grumble now and then on principle and keep me in check! I don't blame you either, it is just human nature.....In short, out of motives of selflessness, customer's health, worldly wisdom and advancing God's scheme, I am constrained to dilute milk. And if you were a considerate milkman, I am sure that you will do the same!

I was much impressed by the speech. I realised as in a flash that all time-honoured practices, which we condemn outright in moments of raw thoughtlessness, have in fact a sound *rationale* behind them. I promised the President solemnly, that I would never complain of dilution of milk. He also assured me that he had instructed his profession not to get angry at complaints but reply calmly and rationally. We separated with the best of feelings.

"Amma, Palool! Amma, Palool!" the milkman cried. I woke up. I rushed at him furiously and cried, "You damned scoundrel! How dare you go about selling such bad milk? I will set the law against you! The poor child went to bed crying and without milk!"

"Shut up, Sami! Much of a milk-buyer you are. If you talk law, I too can talk law! All right, you buy your milk elsewhere. If I sell you milk again, my name is not Karuppanan." So saying, he got up and went away.

Then, from some far-off dim recesses, my dream came to my mind. And I heaved a deep sigh and mused!



DANCER

THE STORY — SO FAR —

DEVIPATAM was a place of pilgrimage. Its claim to fame lay in its age-old temple. In Devipatam lived Rajam, a Devadasi. She was so old that she had lost all hopes of being a mother. Later on, she took to performing the duties of a Devadasi with faith and prayed for a child: soon, Devi, a little daughter was born to her.

Arrangements having been made to educate Devi, efforts were taken to find for her a gentleman who would take her under his protection. Seenu, boy-friend of Devi, studying at Madras, arrives at Devipatam and meets Devi who has grown into a ravishing beauty. The boy and girl are in a reminiscent mood, sitting all alone on the terrace, going over the days of their childhood. One thing leads to another and Devi finds herself in Seenu's arms.

Rajam appeals to the boy's sense of fair-play and he leaves the village without seeing Deva. A rich Chettiar from Madras arrives at Devipatam to see Deva personally before deciding to take her under his protection.

Deva is dedicated: but the Chettiar who had offered to take her under his protection and who had arranged for an elaborate ceremony of dedication, does not turn-up at Devipatam and the ceremony takes place without his being present. In the evening, Devi makes her debut as a dancer and a large audience is thrilled by her superb dancing.

Devi's mother dies and Devi is inconsolable. She finds life at Madras insufferably dull: the Chettiar takes her to a show. There, she meets Seenu and with the permission of the Chettiar, Seenu visits Devi frequently, and they find themselves hopelessly in love.

Meenakshi who runs the household for Devi, suspects Devi of being unfaithful to the Chettiar, and one day when Devi and Seenu were all alone for a



moment in Devi's bed-room, Meenakshi locks them up. The Chettiar arrives, gets furious and orders Devi out of the house.

The lovers go back to their village but Devi's house is locked and Seenu has not enough money with him to take them back to Madras.

Story By Devan
Pictures by Sekar.

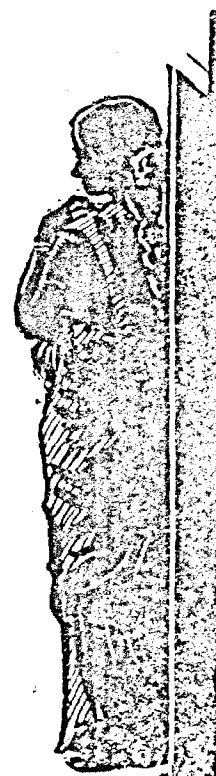
Neela, Devi's friend learns of her plight and takes charge of her. She

tells Seenu that the claims of whoever

is able to find Rs. 5000/- for Devi immediately would be considered favourably. Seenu returns to Madras disgusted with life and determines to end it by cutting his throat. Meanwhile, Neela opens up negotiations with the Zamindar of Valavanur who was at one time interested in Devi.

Seenu, reads a report in a newspaper about a wind-fall on the race-course to a Beedi-roller by profession and resolves to try his luck also on the race-course. Strangely enough he gets Rs. 7000 on a two-rupee investment.

He rushes to Devipatam in a taxi in time to prevent the Zamindar of Valavanur taking advantage of Devi's helplessness.



NATARAJA NILAYAM

(THE STORY CONCLUDED)

"When a penniless Brahmin beggar produces five thousand Rupees, you might enquire how he came by it, before hugging and kissing him!" sneered the Zamindar, "and let me warn you not to be surprised if he goes to jail for it!"

"Never mind where I go or what I do! What about you? Why don't you go away now?" retorted Seenu.

"I'll make you pay for this insult!" threatened the Zamindar and walked out of the house in a temper.

"Now then, ladies!" said Seenu, "let us all sit down and begin at the beginning."

He told them all about his attempt to commit suicide, of his resolve to try his luck at the races, of his visit to Guindy and of his success there, while Deva listened to the incredible tale with wonder.

"And now, what about the future?" asked Seenu, a merry twinkle in his eyes.

"I think we might ask sister Neela to decide the future for us," said Deva.

"Certainly!" agreed Seenu. "Sister Neela! may I call you Neela and will you please be a sister to me also?"

Neela looked at Deva and then at Seenu and softly smiled to herself. "You are a precious pair of fools! Why do you want me to be permanently poking my nose in your affairs?"

"Because it is such a pretty nose and we adore you. But you haven't answered my question!" complained Seenu.

"What question?"

"May I call you Neela?"

"Deva may not like it!"

"Who, me?" asked Deva. "No: not at all! On the other hand, I would love it!"

"You are a brick!" exclaimed Seenu, pressing Deva's hand.

"Fancy calling one's sweetheart, stone and mortar!" remarked Neela.

"We are being frivolous when we ought to be serious!" began Seenu, but Neela stopped him.

"It is getting late. You are covered with dust. You must bathe and look about for some food. There is time



"Will our ambitions

enough to discuss the future. And what about that motor-car waiting outside? Isn't it a hired car?"

"Oh, everything can wait! I am planning the future!"

"Don't do it on empty stomach, is my advice to you."

"Thanks, sister. Your brother now goes to the bank to drown his cares and wash his sins. From there he will proceed to a hotel seeking sustenance. And sister dear, when he comes back, will you help him to plan the future?"

"Alright!" said Neela smiling and Seenu blowing Deva a kiss, walked out to the car waiting outside.

That night was a glorious moon-lit night. Early in the evening Seenu coaxed Neela to allow him to

"Not when I am near her!" said Seenu and went out to make the necessary arrangements.

* * *

"Moonlight and music, they both go together! Won't you sing, Deva?" asked Seenu, soon after they had settled themselves on the bank of the river.

"Do, Deva, please sing, dear! This moonlight has gone to my head too!" said Neela.

"Why don't you sing, Neela?" pleaded Deva.

"Me! Sing! Ha! Ha! I can't, even if hundred washermen coaxed me! Go on dear, start something gay and giddy!"

"Please do sing, Deva!" pleaded Seenu again.

Timidly Deva began to hum an air in an undertone. Her body quivered and a strange light shone in her eyes. Then suddenly rising from the ground she began to sing and dance:

*"Why did you come into my life?
Why open
The secret wells of love.....
Why did you open them? And let
The flood-gates of my passion swell
and burst
Till, like the wave when rivers
overflow
That sweeps the forest and farm
away
Love in the splendid avalanche of
its might
Swept my life with it.
Must I drop by drop
Gather these waters back and seal
them up?
Alas! Each drop will be a tear
and so
Will with its saltiness make life
very bitter."*



be realised?"

arrange for a moonlight party for the night. "Just we three! I will keep the car and we will drive to the river-bank and have a jolly good time. With the moon above, and the river rolling along beyond, what a place it would be to plan for the future! Do say yes!"

"But won't Deva catch a cold?" queried Neela.

"Marvellous! Magnificent! Superb! Why, I don't think there is another girl in all South India who could interpret that song as divinely as she does. What do you say, Neela?"

"Before I say anything, may I know when I permitted you to address me by my name?" asked Neela.

"You did this morning, sister. Tell me, what do you think of Deva's song and dance?"

"Quite good. I was only wondering if we look at it with the eyes of a dispassionate critic."

"I tell you she is simply great! And I'll tell you also of my plans. Come near, both of you!"

Deva came and sat by Seenu's side. But Neela, who was sitting a little farther, ignored Seenu's request.

"I am going to hunt for the greatest exponent of *Bharatha Natya* in South India. Deva will be put under his charge and be in training for six months. Then I'll take her to Madras and arrange a series of performances. She will be a great sensation, I tell you, and the talk of the town! She will make lots and lots of money and a great name!—Oh! Will our ambitions be realised?"

"Is that all?" asked Neela.

"No. Before I do all this, I am going to ask her to marry me."

"Whoever heard of such a thing as that?" exclaimed Neela.

"You will, immediately." He turned to Deva and drawing her close to him asked her: "Will you marry me, Deva?"

"I'll do anything you wish, Seenu, but who will consent to perform such a marriage ceremony?"

"Oh, I have thought all about that. We will go to a Registrar's Office and get married there. Neela will be the witness."

"As it is, I feel I needn't witness this scene between you. If you feel like kissing, I shall shut my eyes—and ears too, if you are noisy at it."

Seenu whispered something in Deva's ear. She nodded and both of them suddenly darted towards Neela and catching her hands imprinted a resounding kiss on her cheeks.

THE END.

The Editor will award a Prize of Rs. 10 to the best short critical review or appreciation of 'Devi, the Dancer.'

Address Entries "Review," Editor, The Merry Magazine, 2/140, Broadway, Madras and send in before 1st April 1934.

A new serial story will shortly commence the scene of which is laid in America.

"Go away, you silly little children! I am going—to cry!"

Five years later, the following report appeared in a journal devoted to Art and Life.

Said "The South Indian Renaissance" apropos Devi and her Dance:

"The veils of reality become transparent only when we are at peace with ourselves. The secret of all art is self-forgetfulness. The function of the ancient and hallowed art of *Natya* is to fulfil undoubtedly a higher end than that of mere entertainment. It brings a delight which is something more than pleasure, the God-like ecstasy of liberation from the restless activity of the mind and senses, which are really the veils of reality.

"Devi, the Dancer, has divinity behind her. It is said that she was sent as an answer to her mother's fervent prayers. Nature has endowed her with grace and beauty and her exposition of the neglected art of *Bharatha Natya* reveals unmistakably her infinite capacity for taking pains.

"It was in the fitness of things that in opening *The Nataraja Nilayam* (the Renaissance Theatre) the greatest exponent of the art of Dancing should have been chosen to inaugurate the function. And Devi was superb.

"Sustaining the song in her throat, conveying its meaning by graceful gesture, indicating the various moods by her glances, marking the rhythm with her feet, glance following gesture and mind accompanying glance, mood and mind intertwined yet distinct, she was a perfect vision of the culmination of it all, yielding *Rasa* to the crowd of *Rasikas*: altogether independent of her own emotional condition, a detached spectator of her own art, she had the air of perfect spontaneity, so very essential to the interpretation of so great an art."

WOULD I LIKE IT?

J A Y A



"...Wanting only the best for you, I wished..."

How would I like it, if I were a Mahomedan lady? This question arose in my mind the other day, as I was reading an interesting bit of news about Mahomedanism.

"Falsehood is forbidden in the Mahomedan religion, since it deforms and darkens the soul. But it may be resorted to in an emergency, when the end in view is indubitably good. The Prophet allowed the telling of a falsehood on three occasions only; during war, when the reconciliation of two parties is sought and for placating one's wife."

Nice, is it not? If such a thing is allowed in our religion also, think how our households can be converted into the most enjoyable lands of romance!

"Did you remember to buy the bit of silk that I wanted?" the wife asks.

"Sorry, I forgot," replies the husband.

This is our common lot. How drab, dreary, and colourless. Supposing the husband can lie freely, he could say, "Best Beloved One, what is that bit of silk compared to all the nice things that I long to buy for you? Only, you see, as I was just entering the shop, a Djinn suddenly appeared and asked me whether I would like to see things a hundred times more beautiful than those in the shop. It added that if so I had only to express the wish. Wanting only the best for you, I expressed the wish. And lo, in the space of a single second I was transported to a cave more marvellous than that of *Aladdin's*. There I saw choice silks from Persia, marvellous jewels that sparkled and glittered, and beautiful things made of ivory and gold.

"Take," said the Djinn, "take all your heart desires."

I hesitated, not knowing what to choose, they were all so beautiful, and you deserved the best. Then the Djinn added, "But there is one condition."

"What is that?" I asked.

"Every day at least one wish of your wife, you must fail to perform."

"No, no," I cried, "Not for me that condition. You wicked Djinn, how could you ask of me such a big sacrifice? Rather than neglect her slightest wish, I would willingly undergo all the tortures of Hell. Tempt me not, son of Satan. Take me back at once."

"So the Djinn brought me back again. But in the meanwhile the time had flown. I was afraid that you might worry if I were late. Therefore I came home straight without buying the silk."

Or if one is inclined towards poetry and music, the husband can say it in song, or lie lyrically. We all know the hard lot of the wife whose husband brings home worthless or shop soiled things and then expects to be patted on the back for his cleverness and good taste.

Suppose the husband brings some faded flowers on the eve of the day when she is expecting important guests. Naturally the wife is irritated. Then an ordinary husband will say, "Drat it, how am I to know they are not good? Do I wear flowers? I asked the flower-girl and she gave me some, and I bought them. Surely you do not expect me to stand there and argue with her?"

But in the new dispensation, when the husband has full freedom, he can say,

"Ask me why this flower does show

So yellow-green and sickly too?

Ask me why the stalk is weak

And bending (yet it does not break)?

I will answer; These discover

What fainting hopes are in a lover."

The more glorious liar he is, the more pleased she should be, since it is all done to please her.

But will she be pleased? Would I be? Good God! What am I thinking of? As if I would ever demean myself by getting angry with a man or allowing him to cajole me!

Besides, men have not imagination enough to attain such proficiency in lying. They can do it only in a niggardly manner.

THE LONDON CABMAN

With acknowledgments to Mr. John Aye

Although the old bus driver was usually a mine of general information, his choice of words in imparting it sometimes verged on the ludicrous. One of the fraternity had been giving a favoured passenger some special and exclusive information regarding the Royal Family. "But mind," he concluded, "you must treat this as strictly *infra dig*; what I mean to say is that it mustn't go any further."

Though in the main a follower of the Sport of Kings it does not follow that the driver was always one of those prepared to hazard their most intimate garments in the endeavour to back their fancy. Thinking to find a kindred spirit, a somewhat callow youth confessed to an old horse-bus driver that he had lost his week's wages at Epsom. Finally he asked whether the driver ever backed horses. "Yes, I did once," was the reply, "and I lost twenty quid. I backed a couple of horses and a bus into a plate glass window."

A cabman had received his exact legal fare, but with not a penny in addition.

"Ere, wot d'yer call this?" he said indignantly. "That's your legal fare," said his irate passenger, "and let me tell you that I'd sooner ride in a hearse than in your cab."

"Yes," retorted cabby, "and I'd jolly well rather drive a hearse—if you was in it."

The late Duke of Cambridge had the undeserved reputation of being very mean. He came out of the old War Office in Pall Mall on one occasion, hailed a cab and asked to be driven to Victoria. The cabman, instead of taking the direct route, drove him *via* Charing Cross and Whitehall, but on alighting at Victoria the Duke tendered only a shilling, the legal fare by the direct route. It was in vain that cabby expostulated, the answer of the Duke being that he should have gone by the direct road through St. James' Park.

"Sorry, sir," said the cabman, who all the time knew his distinguished fare, "but St. James' Park is closed."

"Closed," said the Duke, "I haven't heard anything about it. Why is it closed?"

"Well," was the reply, "they do say as 'ow the Dook of Cambridge dropped a three-penny bit there last week and they've closed the park till they find it."

The time-honoured dispute about distance had given rise to some pretty healthy lying on the part of cabby.

"I wonder you haven't more regard for the truth," said the fare.

"I've too much regard for it to be dragging it out on every paltry occasion," was the convincing reply.

A great deal of taxi-drivers' humour also centres round the question of the tip. In one case a Scot, after much careful thought, had tipped the driver a penny. In the old traditional manner the driver looked at the coin and enquired, "What's this?"

"Heids," said the Scot, and looking at the coin in the driver's open hand and finding he was correct, took it up and put it back in his pocket with the remark, "You're a sportsman."

One of the chosen race, compelled on one occasion to take a taxi, endeavoured to bargain with the driver to be taken to his destination for half-a-crown. After some amount of bargaining the latter agreed.

"Look here," said the Jew, "we're both sportsmen. I'll toss you double or quits."

The coin was spun and the cabman won.

"Hang it," said the Jew after looking at the coin. "I shall have to walk home after all."

But when the fare is young and pretty a different side of the driver's character emerges. A very smart young lady had employed a taxi for the greater part of the morning, and finally stopped at a place where she intended to lunch.

"I am here for an hour, lunching," she explained, "and I wish I could afford to keep you."

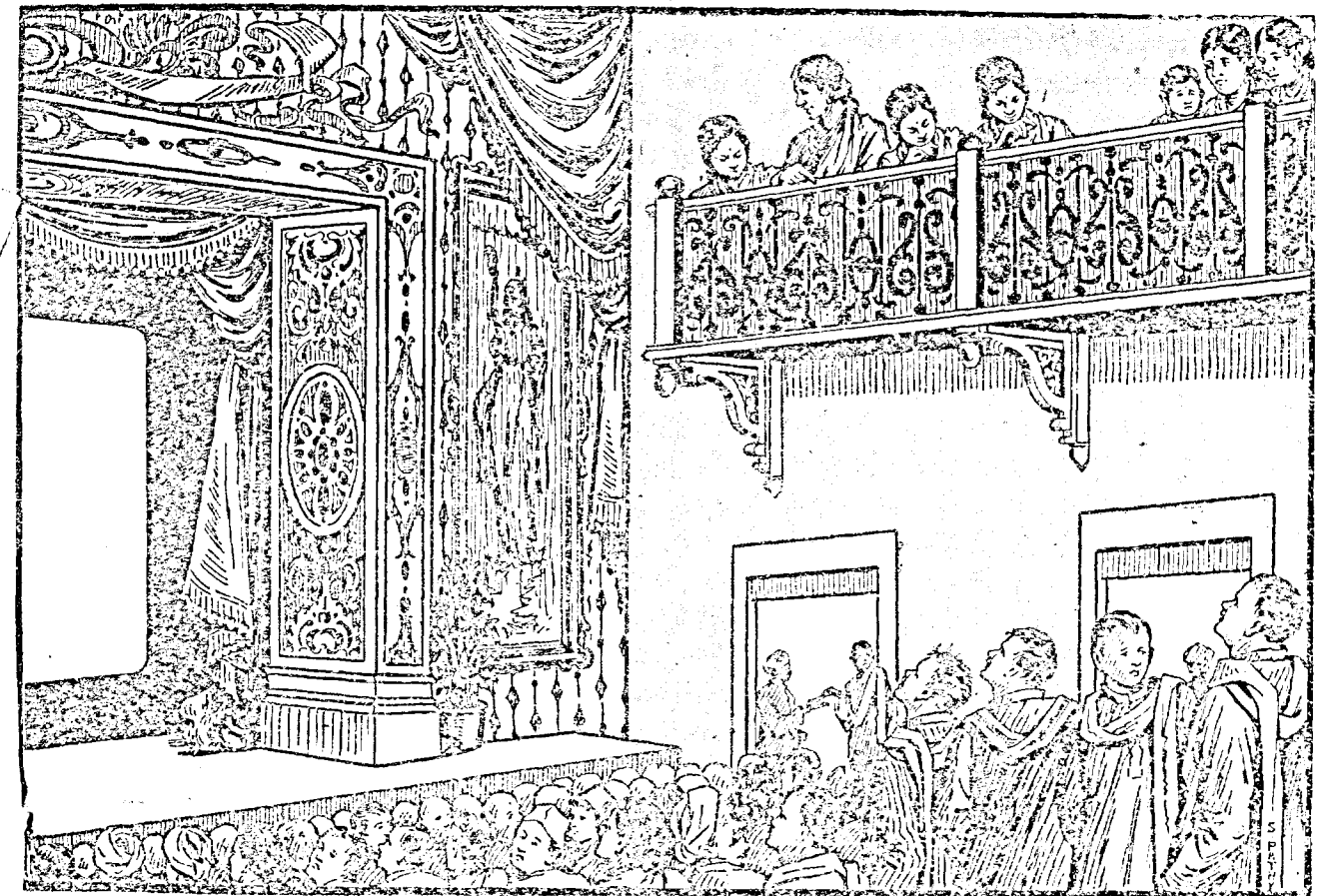
"I was just thinking the same about you, miss," came the heartfelt reply.



Irate Parent:—The next time that youngman calls I will sit on him.

Daughter:—Oh! Father, let me do it!

SUSILA SETS A TRAP FOR ME N. S. PILLIEUX



".....I say Seshu, I am a non starter....."

"HELLO! Pillieux, old chap, 'think of the devil and he is there,' what? I wanted to meet you badly and here you are like a blooming—er—"

I was just returning home from my office, when Seshu accosted me on the road.

"Why, man, you are not short of cash, are you?" Seshu had a chronic complaint of being always 'short of funds' as he calls it, and I was half afraid that he was going to approach me for a loan of the fiver.

"No, thanks; and believe me I shall not be short of funds for sometime to come. Look here, how do you like the idea of accompanying us to the drama to-night?"

"The drama?"

"Yes, don't you know, old chap, that today is the grand opening night of 'The Tanjore Original Girls' Dramatic Troupe'? The whole town is agog with excitement, man. Funny you haven't heard anything about it."

"I am afraid, Seshu, that I won't be able to accompany you. For one thing, I have got to go through a

lot of office files, prepare half a dozen drafts and things of that sort."

"D—n your files and drafts. Come like a good boy. You know Kittu, Nanu and Somu are all coming. Don't be a spoil sport."

"I say, Seshu, did you say 'Girls' Dramatic Troupe'?"

"The company is called 'Original Girls' Troupe' but all the actors have long ago reached woman's estate. Perhaps they were all originally girls; that is why it is called 'Original Girls' Dramatic Troupe'."

"But, Seshu, you see Susila,—well, that is my wife—has an inveterate hatred for the Indian stage, and I don't think she will allow me to witness it—of course, unless I have a 'sceno' with her."

"You can fool her, I say. As a matter of fact, nobody tells his wife that he is going to witness a drama. We can manage it somehow, man. Leave it all to me."

"But how, that is the question," I persisted,

"Oh! there are a thousand and one ways. Well, the easiest is to tell her that one of your friends is very ill, and that he has asked you to go over to keep company with him, say till midnight or so. She will certainly swallow that stuff like chocolates."

"But you seem to have a poor idea of my Susila. She is a brainy sort of girl, believe me, and I am sure

she will see through me as easily as if I were made of glass."

"Look here, man," Seshu was undaunted, "I have managed this sort of affair ever so many times and not once have I failed. I shall send you my servant say at quarter past eight tonight with a chit that I am ill and asking you to go over to my house at all costs. I bet that your dear wife will suspect nothing. And, when once you are safely out of the house, she won't know what you do, whether you sit on my sick bed or lounge in one of the 'reserved seats' in the 'Tanjore Original Girls' Dramatic theatre.'"

"Your plan certainly sounds all right, Seshu, but I fear there might be a hitch somewhere."

"There is not. Good evening. The show is at Nine-thirty."

I made my way home. I tried my best to look my usual self and exhibit a calm and unruffled exterior; but, I dare say, I was not quite successful; for, as soon as I entered the house, Susila exclaimed, "I hope there is nothing wrong with you, dear; you seem to be

unusually nervous, jumpy and out of sorts, to-day. Is it a warning, 'black mark' from your boss, or something! What is it?"

"Certainly not; far from it, my boss is just now very much pleased with my work, dear, and he is seriously thinking of giving me a lift."

"But somehow you are not your usual self to-day,"

she murmured and left it at that.

I knew that I had given room for suspicion and tried my best to avoid her for the rest of the evening.

That night, I had no appetite and I did not do full justice to my supper.

"Dear, you seem to have a very poor appetite to-day. I wish you would consult our doctor about it."

I murmured something in reply and got out of the dining hall; and as I expected, Seshu's 'boy' was there with the promised 'chit.'

"What is it, man," I asked sharply, as if I did not know anything about the affair.

"Sir, a letter from Mr. Seshadri Iyer's house," he replied meekly.

I took the letter from his hand and read aloud the contents. As I expected it was from Seshu's brother to the effect that Seshu was down with malaria. Would I kindly go to his house?

"But, why you, of all people. I should have thought that a doctor was the proper person to be called in," was Susila's comment and I felt a pair of penetrating eyes search my heart down to the very corners.



"..... Get down or I will smash your brains....."

"But, dear, Seshu is a particular chum of mine and perhaps—," I began my laborious explanation.

"That is all right," she cut in, "a friend in need is a friend indeed, isn't it? You should not mind the trouble; go, by all means."

I heaved a sigh of relief. After all, Seshu is a resourceful chap, I thought and straight away went to Seshu's diggings. There Kittu, Seshu, Nanu and Somu were all waiting for me.

"How did it work, man, splendid, eh?" Seshu exclaimed triumphantly, "Didn't I tell you these poor girls would suspect nothing. I sent the same chit to Nanu's house first, then to Kittu's, Somu's and finally to your house. Mrs. Nanu, Kittu, and Somu, read nothing suspicious in my letter and I saw no reason why Mrs. Pillieux should."

We had plenty of time before us: so we chatted for a while and finally went to the theatre at exactly half past nine. We purchased the tickets; but before I entered the hall, I casually looked at the ladies' balcony. I don't know why I did it; perhaps, it was nothing, but sheer luck, that induced me to look in that direction. Well, I shivered—I tell you, I S-H-I-V-E-R-E-D literally. My teeth began to chatter; my knees started knocking at each other; and I felt, as if a cold douche was being applied down my spine. I rubbed my eyes and looked again. There was no mistaking it. Susila was sitting in the front row of the balcony with her optics focussed on to the entrance.

"I say, Seshu," I said, as soon as I found my tongue, "I am a non-starter. I won't go in, even if you were to give me a thousand chips."

"Why, man, you seem to be in blue funk. Why, what is the matter? Out with it."

"Look! there, in the ladies' balcony. Susila is sitting in the front row. She has come here purposely to catch me red-handed. I won't go in, that is sure." I was quite firm.

All of us looked in the direction.

"My God!", said Somu, "Seetha is there, man."

"Lord! Lord!!" exclaimed Nanu, "Why, if that is not Radha sitting in the extreme left in the second row strike me dead."

"Me too," joined Kittu, "if that is not Kamalam sitting second from the right in the first row."

All of us three stoutly refused to proceed any further in our nocturnal adventure. There was only Seshu left and his wife, it appeared, was not in town.

"I say," drawled Seshu, "Why, are these girls here, I would like to know."

"They knew full well that each one of us is going to the drama and they have come here to catch us *in flagrante delicto*."

"But my letter and all that—."

"Fiddlesticks! Didn't I tell you that they have more sense in them than to believe your cock-and-bull story. Seshu," I exclaimed reproachfully, "See, you have landed us all in hot water."

"Why, man, we shall all go to our respective homes. As for these tickets, here, well, we people should encourage the Indian stage, you know."

We bade one another a stiff "Goodnight" and dispersed. But, there was more trouble in store for me.

Arrived at my diggings, I found to my cost that the gate was bolted and locked. "So Raman has also accompanied Susila," I muttered to myself, as I fumbled with the lock; but, the d—d thing resisted all my attempts to force it open. There was only one course open to me and that was to scale the wall; and scale the wall, I did—I mean, I tried to scale the wall.

Not being a professional house-breaker, I admit I am not adept in the art of climbing over walls! but I tried to do it to the best of my ability. Groaning and cursing I got half way up, when I felt a pair of muscular hands catch hold of my feet in an iron grip and I heard a stentorian voice cry out, in a tone of authority.

"Get down, you scoundrel—get down, or I will smash your brains."

I thought that discretion was the better part of valour and came down and landed on the *terra firma* on all fours.

"Hands up," came the voice at my elbow and looking in the direction, saw a cop in uniform, "march to the Station."

"Look here, constable, I am the owner of the house."

"Reserve your story for the Sub-Inspector. Now march."

I marched to the Police Station, with the limb of the law close at my heels. The Sub-Inspector, to whom I represented my grievance, patiently heard me out and said, "Well, look here, man, we got a letter from one—well, let me see—yes, one Mrs. Susiladevi Pillieux that she had definite reasons to suspect, that her house would be burgled to night. Would I kindly post a constable outside her house to catch the intruder. I did accordingly and as a result No. 162 caught you in the very act of scaling the wall of the house in question. You say you are the owner of the house. But, you see, I can't release you from custody, until I interview this—Mrs. Pillieux. Till then you will be kept in the lock-up."

It was past midnight when Susila turned up at the Station and secured my release therefrom.

"Now this is the result of planning to go to the drama without my permission. You thought, didn't you, dear, that I would believe your tissue of lies. I wanted to catch you in the theatre red handed; but you spotted me before you entered the hall and beat a hasty retreat. But, I had foreseen and provided for this contingency as well and here you are in the Police lock up, a perfectly honest and law-abiding citizen as suspected house-breaker. Now who is cleverer, you or I?"

Mrs. G. CLAYTON ROBERTS

Children.

IN the last chapter, I gave a simple plan of feeding an infant for the first eight weeks on a mixture of cow's milk, cream sugar of milk and water. Speaking generally patent foods are never so good as the mixture diet—and if the regularity of time, quantity and method are carefully attended to very few infants will fail to thrive on it. Patent foods look more nutritious because they contain starchy materials which infants cannot digest—it is chiefly due to the excess of sugar that flabby flesh accumulates with far too little real fat—at the same time cases do occur where a carefully chosen patent suits the child's digestion. Digestive disturbances are only natural in bottle fed infants. Vomiting may be due to excessive feeding, or rocking the child immediately after a feed: in these two circumstances it is easy enough to avoid the cause, but in the case of real indigestion the first step is dilute the mixture by the addition of water or subtraction of milk—should this have no affect then add a little lime water or bicarbonate of soda to the feeds rendering the curd of the milk finer hence easier to digest. (bicarbonate of soda 1½ grains to every oz. of milk). Constipation in the breast fed child may be remedied by increasing the fats and meat in mother's diet—if bottle fed then increase the cream. A few drops of castor oil may be given once or twice a day if necessary. In chronic constipation massaging the abdomen should be found beneficial; also a small enemata given with a special small syringe. Diarrhoea in breast-fed infants should be treated by stopping the feeds for twelve hours, substituting two to three spoonfuls of albumin water every two hours. (Albumin water is made by shaking the glaire (white) of an egg with six ounces of water to which a pinch of salt has been added—strain through a piece of muslin and partially sweeten) when the condition improves a gradual return to the breast should be made in about 24 hours: in the interval the breast milk should be drawn off by a pump. In less severe cases a small quantity of castor oil may cure the diarrhoea. Bottle fed infants should be treated on the same lines.

The Home.

The choosing of the house is important for several reasons—first of all it should be situated in a decent locality, standing on grounds of its own on a preferably high foundation, the roof being at least fifteen feet above the floor. See that the doors and windows are large and on the numerous side, it is so much nicer when rooms lead one to another—the number of rooms required or rather necessary depend of course on the number of persons in the family, care should be taken that there are sufficient bedrooms as it is not only a bad habit but an unhealthy habit to overcrowd bedrooms. Be sure that the flooring of the whole house is dry, and

firm, don't prefer a pretty designed darap flooring to an ordinary dry cuddapah slab one, a few annas can buy pretty carpets and mats but not doctors treatment for fever, pneumonia and malaria. It is better that the house faces the east to receive the early morning sun; do not enter a house if you find one or many holes in the corners, rats may be counted amongst men's worst enemies. If you have these in your flooring and walls, fill in with glass pieces and cover with cement.

It is fine to have a large compound if the purse permits a garden, a game court and so on but for the less fortunates a small neat compound can be made to look almost as beautiful, too many trees overspreading the roof or covering windows are not too healthy there is no uglier sight than dry foliage strewn all over the compound—or worse still little puddles of rain water that harbour the dread mosquito. The last yet not the least important point is the rent. This largely depends on the locality and size. Choose a house that has just enough rogm and if members of the family work if possible secure a house close to the business centre, if there are children attending school or college then naturally you would look for a house to suit this convenience, on the other hand if some members attend office and others school choose a central house.

I

Black	Pink	Yellow	Black
Green	White	Red	Green
Pink	Blue	Yellow	Pink
Black	Red	Green	Black

Needle Work.

A patch work cushion—just your coloured remnants and your old chair looks a new one more inviting, more

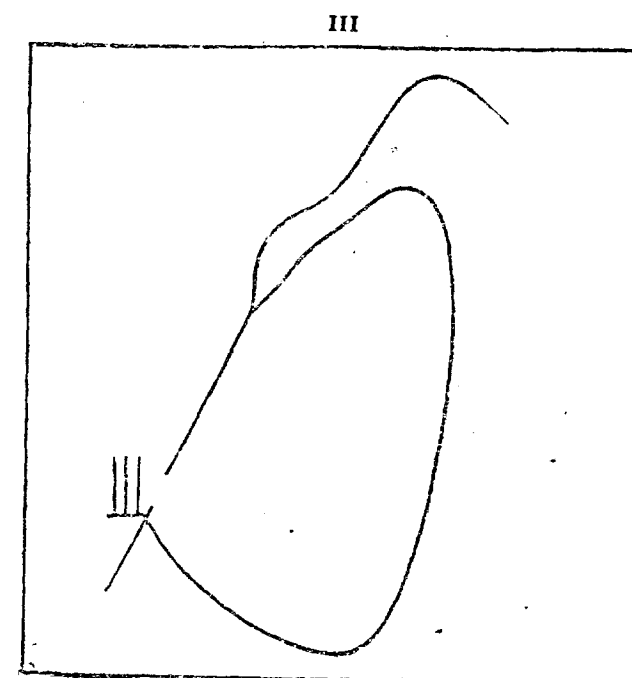
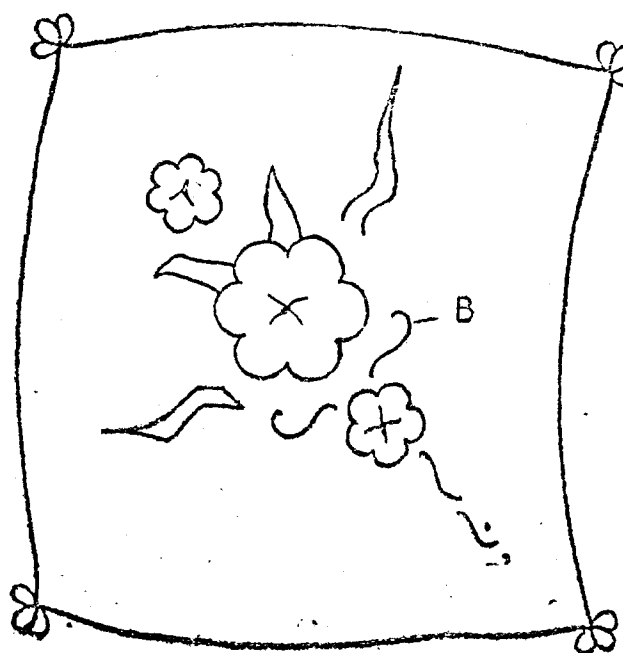
II

Red	Black	Black	Red
Yellow	Green	Green	Yellow
Black	Green	Green	Black
Yellow	Blue	Red	Yellow
Black	Red	Red	Black
Red	White	White	Red

cheerful—choose your colours—say red, yellow, blue, pink, black, and green and white.

No. I is quite simple and needs no explaining—No. II looks a little intricate but is just as simple. Two pieces making one patch, the back is one piece of coloured or plain cloth, twisted cord (¼ anna a yard) would give it the finishing touch if sewed on the edge with a loop at each corner.

The size would be according to the measurements of the seat of the chair—the general size is 18" × 18,"



for the single patch (No. I) each patch would measure 4½" × 4½". In No. II also they would measure the same and then cut across diagonally and join according to colour scheme. A very good idea is to make the back of the cushion with cloth of a deep colour with an applique as in illustration No. 3 so that you have two

Blanket Stitch.

cushions in one. To applique cut out a flower from a piece of flowered cretonne left over from the curtains or screen or if you have none cut out the shape of the flower in a contrasting shade tack into position then blanket stitch the edge on to the cushion back—for the leaves use green material the lines marked B are stemstitch (illustrated in the last article). Back of the cushion, Black flowers—pale blue or pink or mauve—leaves green.

Cooking.

Coconut sweet is just delicious with the afternoon cup of tea—so simple to make and a great quantity can be made at a low cost, it keeps good for ages, so you are able to store it away.

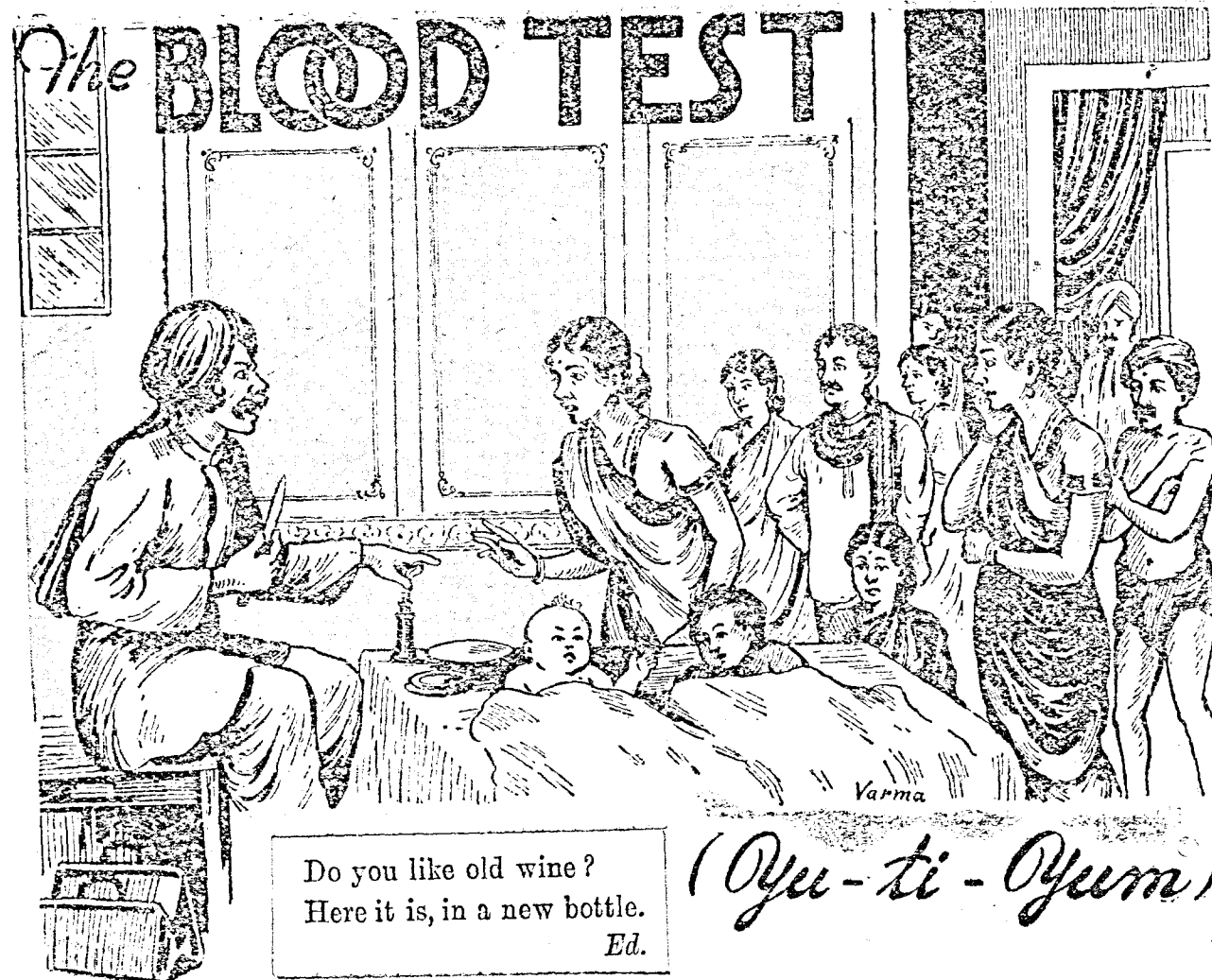
Ingredients.

- 2 cocoanuts.
- ½ viss of sugar.
- 2 oz. of pure butter.
- A little cinnamon and clove.

Method of Making.

Put the sugar into a clean vessel put in enough cold water just to cover the sugar and place on a steady

(Continued on page 21)



Do you like old wine?
Here it is, in a new bottle.
Ed.

(Oye-ti-Oyum)

MR. Annamalai, — Pillai, Chetty, Mudaliar or what I do not know, was reclining in his disreputable Narasaraopet easy chair the canvas of which was torn and full of patches, with an evil-looking big black cigar between his lips and smoking like a chimney. He was in fact a country detective, — a cheap edition of a Sherlock Holmes or Sexton Blake. His reputation in the village, however, was immense.

He was a man who possessed a fund of common sense and you all know that common sense is that sense which is not commonly possessed.

Mr. Annamalai was living in a dingy little house. He had no family, no wife, no children, in fact 'no nothing.' He was quite happy that way.

But he was in a very bad mood that night, for he had just partaken of a poor meal given him by his able but lame cook Hanumantha. He had only onion sambhar, jack fruit seed *upukari* and rice for his meal. They had given him a pain in his inside. He was therefore rubbing his stomach vigorously with one hand.

It was at this point that there was an interruption. His old friend Ramchander entered.

"I say, Annamalai," he said, "I want you badly, rather, the people in Mr. Arunachellam's house want

you badly. There is a big problem to be solved. There is a big quarrel in the house and a sensation in that street."

"Look here, Ramchander, don't trouble me now. I have a very bad stomach-ache."

"Never mind your stomach-ache. It will disappear when you hear this story. Here it is. Mr. Arunachellam has a daughter called Rukmini and a daughter-in-law called Kamala. Well, you know of course the feelings between sisters-in-law. As ill-luck would have it both these were in the family way at about the same time and as fate would have it both the babies were born last night in the same room in the same house!"

"Well, that looks serious," said Annamalai as he lighted his cigar again.

"That is only the beginning. Worse is still to come, just hear me to the end. Soon after the births this morning, both the babies were taken out to be shown to some visitors and from that minute the trouble started."

"What was the trouble?" grunted Annamalai as he took another long puff at his cigar.

"Hear me, it is a novel one. Each of the two women contended that the babies had been exchanged,

to be more accurate, Rukmini says that the baby which was with her was not hers and that the baby which was then with Kamala was hers, but Kamala says that there was no such mistake."

"Well, babies a few hours old may not look very different. What makes her say so?"

"I don't know. There is a big hubbub in the house now."

"What do the parents of Rukmini and the two husbands say?"

"The parents of Rukmini are inclined to favour her view as she is their favourite daughter. The two husbands are about to fly at each other's throats."

"What do you want me to do?"

"You must come, find out the truth and convince them all in some effective way."

"That is not at all an easy matter where women are concerned."

"But you must come tomorrow morning."

Mr. Ramchander left. Mr. Annamalai lighted his cigar. His small income was almost entirely spent on cigars. He must have one in his mouth the whole day. He thought for about ten minutes and then took down a book of reference from a dusty almirah and studied it for a while.

"The case of 'Solomon the Judge' is the nearest authority on the subject," he said to himself, "but that relates to two women and one child but I have to deal with two women and two children. I must think." He thought for a full ten minutes.

"Hanumantha!" he called.

"Master!" came the reply.

Hanumantha came. This lame cook was to Annamalai what Dr. Watson was to Sherlock Holmes and Tinker to Sexton Blake.

"Look here," said Annamalai and explained the whole story to him. "Now I want you to run up to that house. It is dark now and no one will notice you. Just start gossiping with the maid-servants of the house and try to find out all you can and report to me this night before I go to bed."

"Yes, Master" he said and disappeared.

He returned after an hour and reported. His story was short. Rukmini was a dark girl and her husband was fair, whereas Kamala was a fair girl but her husband was dark. Now one of the babies was fair and the other dark. It is believed that the fair one is that of Kamala but no one can be sure on this point. Rukmini was the only daughter of her father and was a spoilt child. She is on bad terms with Kamala and there was even a wager between them as to whose child was going to be fair. Rukmini does not want to have a dark child as she thinks her friends will laugh at her.

"So that is the whole trouble, is it?" said Annamalai and went off to bed.

When he got up next morning, Ramchander was waiting for him.

"You see," he explained, "we were all so anxious that I came personally to take you."

Annamalai had his chota hazri and then went to a dungeon which he had labelled "Laboratory". "No admission without permission". There he took a magnifying glass, a microscope, a big knife, a saucer and some glass slides. He packed these into his handbag and started. Ramchander wondered whether all this was necessary.

"Have you found any clues?" he asked.

"Nothing," he answered.

Mr. Arunachellam received them at the gate.

"I know the whole case," said Annamalai with rather an important air. "Where are the two women and the two babies?"

"There, in that room."

"Then let us all go there," said Annamalai. So the parents, the husbands, the other members of the family, servants and friends of the family all went into the room wondering what was going to happen.

"Now let me have the babies. Good. Place the babies on this table side by side. Yes, that is right. Now the two women Rukmini and Kamala must watch this operation carefully."

He looked at the two women and then opened his handbag and with great deliberation took out the large knife and magnifying glass and placed them on the table.

"An operation?" asked Arunachellam.

"Well, not exactly an operation but a test. It is what is called the BLOOD TEST. Many say that I am heartless and brutal," here he again looked at the two women, "but I am not. But a test is a test. You two women want to know which child is whose. You will know presently."

He then opened his handbag again and now took out the microscope and a saucer. He took the knife in his hand and felt its edge.

"I referred to the blood test. Well, experiments have shown that all blood is not alike. There is a lot of difference between human blood and animal blood. But it was the latest triumph of an eminent doctor to discover that there was a difference between the blood of one human being and another and that the blood of a child closely resembles that of its mother. So what I am going to do is to take and examine the blood of all four of you. First I shall want the blood of one of the babies. A saucerful of blood will do, I don't want more. The rest will be easy."

He adjusted the microscope and took the large knife and tested its point and the edge and then glanced at both the women. Both of them gasped with fear.

Now Annamalai put the knife down and took up a baby in his arms. It was the fair one. There was another gasp,—almost a cry. It came from Kamala.

"Why not begin with the baby which no one wants—that dark baby over there?" she asked angrily.

"Must you quarrel even with this man?" cut in Rukmini. "He has to begin with one child. He can't begin with both, I suppose. Better leave the choice to him."

"You are perfectly right," said Annamalai without even looking up. "Now for the blood test proper." He took the knife and the baby to Kamala.

"I want you to do a simple thing. Take this baby and this knife and make an incision in the arm so that I may take the blood in this saucer," he told her.

"No! No! I can't! I won't!" she cried, covering her eyes with her hands.

"Well, well, that won't do" said Annamalai. "I must have the blood, and the rule is that the mother of the child must take the blood for this test."

She covered her eyes with her palms and shook her head.

"Well then, be it so," Annamalai went up to Rukmini. "Now I am sure you will help us. The mother must take the blood for this test. Please hold this child and the knife and take the blood, a small prick will do, it won't harm the child."

Rukmini took the child and the knife.

"Don't give the child to her. She will kill it," cried Kamala.

"Why should I kill this child? It is mine. I won't kill it. As mother of the child, this man wants me to take a little blood for the test, that is all."

"Right again," said Annamalai.

"Where should I prick with this knife?" asked Rukmini.

"Thanks, you need not," he said simply; "the blood test is over."

"What!"

"Yes, the blood test is over, as all of you know beyond a doubt. This fair child belongs to Kamala," and with this he gave it to her. She took it with joy and covered the baby with kisses.

Rukmini bit her lips. She realised too late that she had betrayed herself.

There was a sudden silence in the room. Annamalai took advantage of this and packing his handbag went out of the room.

Ramechander turned to him.

"Wonderful!" he said. "It was simply wonderful. We really thought you were going to take real blood for this test. You have done it in a most effective and convincing way."

A few minutes later Mr. Annamalai started homewards with a handbag in one hand, an umbrella under the other and his feet jingling in his pocket. He could at least afford to have better meals for some days to come, he thought.

HOME CHAT—(Continued from page 21)

fire, bring to the boil, when it becomes a thick syrup add the cocoanut (that has been scraped finely) mix well add the cinnamon and cloves, mix well and drop in the butter, the sweet begins to leave the sides of the pan, empty into buttered plates and making the squares with a knife set by a window to cool.

You can hardly call "making tea" cooking; yet your knowledge of Domestic Economy will be sadly deficient if you do not know how to make that indispensable adjunct of home comfort, that general restorative for a tired body or a harassed mind. First and most important be sure that the kettle boils! that it is boiling the moment you are using it, and that it has not boiled before. Rinse the Teapot with the boiling water, at once put in the tea leaves, then pour on the still boiling water as much as you will need: put on the teapot lid and cover the teapot with a cosy. It may stand for ten minutes or less, then pour it out putting the sugar into the cup first—add the milk after. The quantity of tea varies naturally according to the taste. The generally received rule is—teaspoonful for each person and one extra for the tea pot. But when

you make tea for three or four persons you need not put in so much. On the other hand if there are two persons to have tea less than three spoonful will not be enough. However this depends a good deal on the kinds of tea, some kinds being less strong than others:—

Beauty Box.

Clear sparkling eyes denote perfect health and render even the plain little face attractive. I need not point out the disadvantages of red bleary eyes. They speak for themselves. With a little care and attention your eyes will be at their best. They are the reflectors of your inside so you must mend matters here, eat plenty of fresh vegetables, a glass of fruit juice early morn works wonders, avoid reading in bad light, do not strain the eyes by "trying" to see in the dark. If you have had a heavy day and do not want to have tired eyes for the evening here is a quick treatment. Make the room as dark as possible, relax fully on a couch or bed, close the eyes covering them with a piece of cloth or lint that has been dipped in very cold or better still ice water, remain thus for five minutes or ten.

HUMAN PROBLEM

(K. A. P.)

How would you have the school-mistress act?

SOLVE THIS AND WIN Rs. 10

I AM a school mistress and am married to Raghu-nath, secretary in a firm. Ever since, we have been wrestling with the problem of whether I should keep my job in the school. We talked it over before getting married and although Raghu was making enough to support us comfortably and decided that it would be much better for me to be occupied in this profession doing something noble, interesting and constructive than to drift about home in a fruitless round of housekeeping and things like it. We were going to live in a small house, so we thought we could manage the housework by having a cook. Besides I hated to give up my work and 'settle down' just because of marriage. Having, as we thought, solved the job problem, we dismissed it with a sigh of relief after our marriage. Raghu and I would both come home at about the same time every evening pretty tired, and would be content to sit about after supper and discuss with each other what happened in the course of our respective work in the day. We managed very nicely, and I advised all my friends to keep on working after they married.

One day I had to go to my head and explain that we were expecting an addition to the family and that I would have to be replaced. She was quite nice about it and said would employ another lady teacher to take my place temporarily and that my job would be waiting for me if later I wished to return.

The baby is just a little over a year old now and the problem of my job looms on the family horizon larger than ever. In fact, we are beginning to wonder whether it can be solved satisfactorily. Raghu has had a big cut in his salary and we have been deprived, almost entirely of a little additional income we used to get from odd tuitions. We had to move into a larger house and to meet the doctor's and hospital bills.

So far we have been able to make both ends meet, but Raghu is beginning to find the going pretty tough. If he has to take another cut I don't know where we will be. So an additional salary right now is a big inducement to me to go back to my work. I spoke to my head-mistress about it. My old job is mine, she says, if I want it, but at a slightly lower figure. If I take it, I will be displacing the girl who is holding it now.

On the other hand, if I go back to my work we will have to hire a good maid to do the housekeeping and take care of the baby, which is quite a handful by now. So I would be ousting one girl and giving a job to another. The net gain to Raghu and me in money would be the amount that my salary would exceed a maid's wages.

We have discussed the thing often, but he is not much help. I fear he is just a bit embarrassed to let me go back to work and contribute to the support of the family, though I am quite sure he would prefer to have

me working at the office to that at home. Housework even when it is light, is drudgery, he says. It stifles a woman intellectually and emotionally, he believes, and eventually wears her down to the point where her only topics of sustained conversation are such things as babies, meals and housekeeping.

There are times, he admits, when a woman's place is unquestionably at the home as when she has children in the formative ages. It would be poor economy to have them cared for by any one less interested in them than their mother. But while our baby is still spending most of the time in sleep, Raghu does not see any reason why I should not spend mine wherever I figure I will get the most out of it. I guess most husbands feel the same way about house work; at least mine does. I don't believe there are very many of them who realize what a tremendous kick we women get out of making things at home especially nice for them.

Now, it all boils down to this. If I go back to work we will be better off financially, though not a great deal, for besides employing a cook, I will have to spend money for conveyance, lunches and new clothes. Possibly I will be better informed about things going on and a fitter companion to my husband intellectually. But I feel I am neglecting my baby. And I will have the very unpleasant realisation that I am contributing my share to the unemployment situation for I understand that one reason is that women are absorbing many of the available positions.

So, here we are, still talking over a thing we thought we had settled long ago, and I am beginning to think in never will be settled, just as long as I am capable of earning a respectable salary.

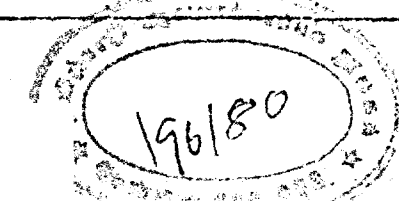
If you were this person how would you solve the problem?

For the best letter of not more than 500 words, the Editor offers a prize of Rs. 10/—.

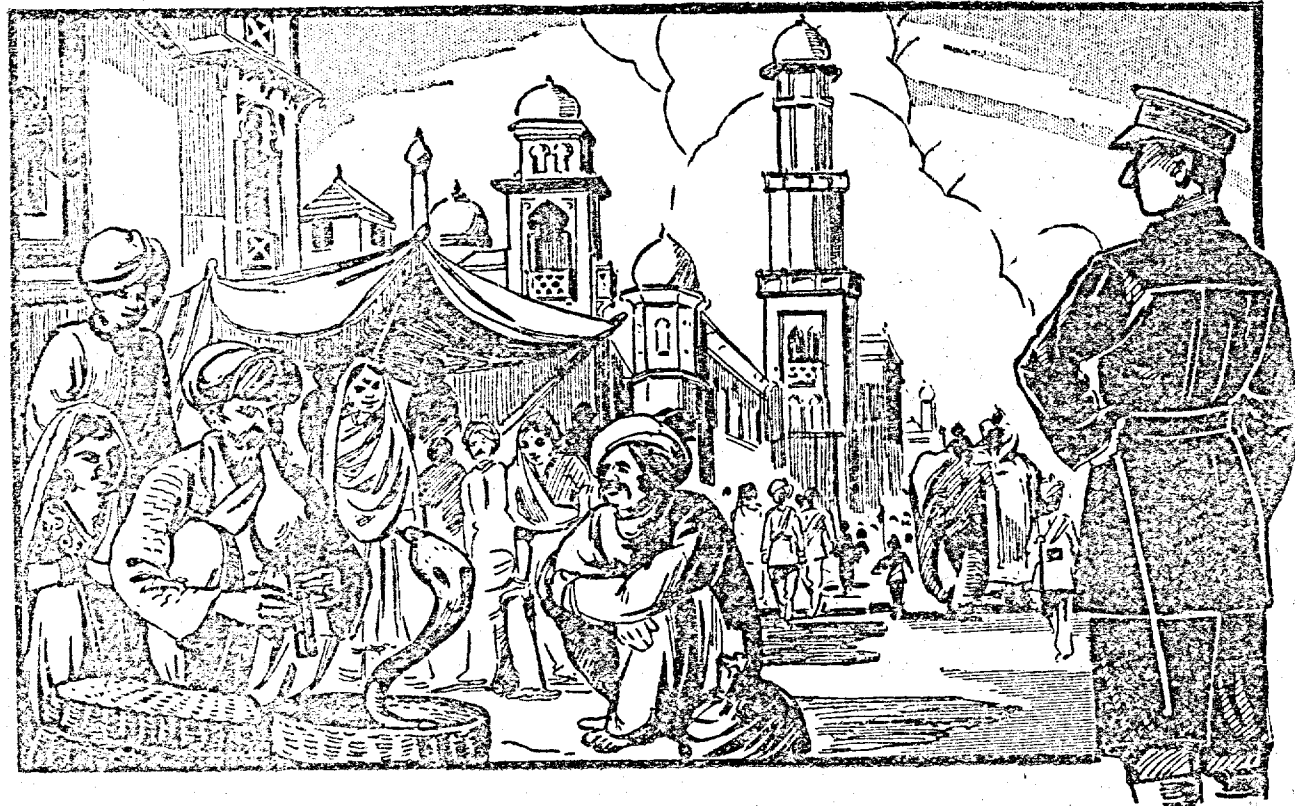
Address: Editor, Problem No. IV, Merry Magazine, 2/140, Broadway, Madras. Closing date 1—4—34.

Enclose one coupon with each entry.

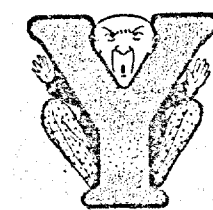
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THE LETTERS OF PRIVATE JOYFULL, X.



DEAR MOTHER,



YOU seem surprised when I tell you that there are picture palaces here. Not only do we have American talkies in Madras but Japanese shoddy, German toys, French post-cards, Czechoslovakian shoes, and all the other boons and blessings of a superior civilisation. I think it is very thoughtful of the Government to encourage the importation of these articles. It saves the poor Indians the trouble of having to make them for themselves, and does away with the necessity for the old-fashioned occupations at which the inhabitants used to waste their time.

I think you must have been reading the wrong sort of books about the East. We don't live an idyllic and care-free life on the beach, with dusky maidens to minister to us. Nor do we get our dinner by climbing the nearest tree. That must be some other place. I have read lots of books about the Orient, and they always seem to be about some other place. Some books describe India as an earthly paradise, but I've not noticed that Madras is like that: on the other hand, some books say this is a lurid sort of country, nearly as bad as Chicago, full of horrid people with dreadful customs. Yet I've not noticed any such people. I think that writers must come to India with a bee in

Madras, 1st March 1934.

their bonnets, and somehow they manage to see whatever it was they came determined to see.

This reminds me of the two gentlemen who went to America to study prohibition. The first gentleman never drank alcohol, because he had a weak stomach, and he came back and declared that the effects of prohibition were wonderful. Since its introduction, he said, the number of arrests for drunkenness had fallen by 75 per cent. The other investigator was a jolly red-faced old fellow who always had three glasses of port after dinner. He reported that the effects of prohibition were deplorable. According to him, the whole structure of the country was demoralised, because the administrators were deprived of the beneficial stimulus of alcohol. The police, for example, had become so inefficient, that the number of arrests for drunkenness had fallen by 75 per cent.

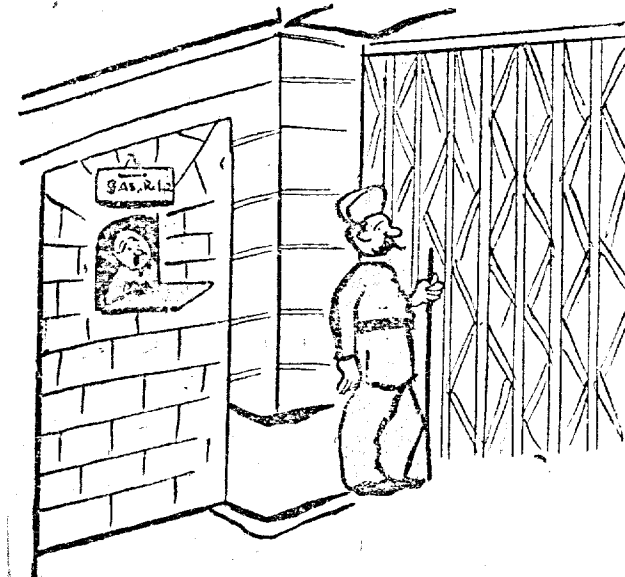
I shall always remember the first time I went to the pictures in India: it was so surprising. I was going out for a walk with Boggins, and I noticed an advertisement, so I suggested we should go to the cinema. Boggins looked at his watch, and said we would have to hurry. I asked why, and he said, "To be in time for the performance, silly."

I asked at what hour the cinema closed, and he said, midnight.

"Well, then, what's the hurry?"

Boggins explained that in India you cannot go into a cinema any time you like, and see the programme

through. They have only one big picture, and that isn't very big, and you have to be in your seat before the show starts.



The entrance was like a fortress.

I wondered that anyone troubled to go, if it were so inconvenient as that, but Boggins said they had to do things inconveniently in India, owing to the cussedness of the inhabitants. If the cinema were open all day, there were some people who would arrive at 10.30 a.m., and stay in the hall until midnight, and bring their beds and their cooking utensils with them. Besides that, people out here like to go into the place when the lights are up. This is because everyone thinks he is superior to everyone else, and wants to see that there are no low persons sitting next to him.

Would you believe it, the entrance to the cinema had strong iron gates, like a fortress, with a watchman outside. The person who took the money was a man, though you would think that an easy job like that could be done by a young girl, even in India. The money-taker was in a separate small fortress. All these arrangements are due to another sort of cussedness, which makes the inhabitants suspicious about money matters. I said to Boggins that it was like going to the cinema in Aberdeen.

Boggins offered to pay, and when I saw how much money he was handing over, I intervened, and said there was no need to go into the de luxe seats. He answered that he was not paying for the de luxe seats, but for the neck-stretchers, nearly in the front. At this I protested, and said we should not go in, because besides the price, it was not a four-hour programme, but just one picture. But Boggins said that in Rome you must do as Rome does. And I replied that in Madras you must do as Rothschild does.

Well, I was astonished to find that in spite of all the money we had paid, the seats were of hard wood, very narrow and close together. I told Boggins that

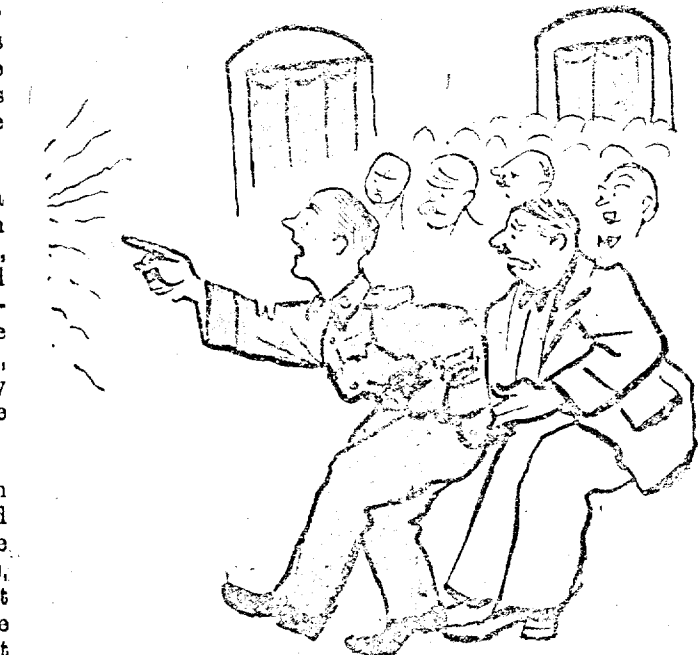
The Letters of Private Joyfull

in the Empire Palace at Home you got deeply-upholstered armchair for threepence, and Boggins said it must be on account of the cotter. He said that in his experience, when anything in India is dear, it is on account of the cotter.

We had to wait ten minutes, and there was nothing to look at but the other patrons, as the place was not even decorated. Whenever a fresh lot of people came in, all those already in the cinema stared at them.

Just before the show began, a party of several Indian ladies and gentlemen came and sat next to us. The ladies were very nice-looking, with chubby faces and pretty saris, and with flowers in their hair, which I think is a very nice custom, like they have in Spain. But when the ladies sat down, I noticed a peculiar pungent smell. It was a clean smell, and yet unpleasant. I asked Boggins what it was, and he said it was a perfume, and was quite expensive. But I could not get used to it, and I edged away as far as I could. Strangely enough, I noticed that an Indian gentleman next to us was edging away from Boggins, as if he could smell something too. So I leaned over and sniffed at Boggins, and all I could smell was a nice antiseptic scent of carbolic soap. Boggins is very particular and uses only a soap made of the best animal fats.

Just then an alarm-bell began to ring, so I jumped up and shouted "Fire!" Boggins pulled me back, and said that if I didn't behave, he would push me under



I jumped up and shouted "Fire!"

the seat. I asked him to come at once and help to save the women and children, and he said in that case I ought to save myself first of all. All the people were looking at us, and a police sergeant came and said he

was going to lock me up for creating panic in a public place. But with great presence of mind Boggins offered to buy the sergeant a bottle of beer, and so the matter passed off.



Boggins silenced the sergeant offering him beer.

It appears that the bell was not an alarm at all but a signal that the performance was about to begin just the same as they ring a bell at the Zoo when they are going to feed the sea-lions. It is supposed to be a relic of the days of Akbar, of even Asoka, and it acts as a warning to all the people who are trying to get in on complimentary tickets. When the bell rings, they give up hope, and pay the admission-fee.

The lights went out, and a notice came on the screen to inform the audience that four out of five of them suffered from pyorrhoëa. This made me feel quite uncomfortable. I hoped it wasn't catching, and that all the sufferers followed the advice given on the screen, and went and bought some toothpaste. Another announcement said that strong men drank lots of gin, and announced that cases of the same could be had at quite moderate rates. It did not say what the rates were. That is one of the annoying things about India. You are recommended to buy all sorts of things, but they never tell you the price. I suppose they think you will order by V. P. P. and blow the expense. After the advice to drink gin, came something about a secret cure for drunkenness. I suppose that was in case you followed the previous injunction too enthusiastically.

All sorts of gratuitous advice were flashed on the screen, and I got quite impatient. No doubt these notices are financed by some generous philanthropist, who desires to spread enlightenment among mankind; but I think it would be better to show people first the entertainment they pay for, and exhibit these notices at a special free showing afterwards. All the ignorant persons who don't know about gin and pyorrhoëa and so forth, could be invited to special exhibitions of the notices, while the ordinary cinema-goers went comfortably about their business.

The film was no worse than usual, and I was just beginning to get the hang of what was supposed to be the plot, when the lights went up. As quick as thought, I seized Boggins and cried, "Come on!"

"What for?" said Boggins.

"Can't you see the machine has broken down?" I replied. "Let's hurry out to the box-office, and get our money back, before the crush commences."

Boggins said the machine had not broken down, and besides, in India you never get your money back. I wanted to know why the film had stopped, and he said it was the interval.

"What!" I said, "In the middle of a picture?"

"There's only one picture, so what can they do?" said Boggins. It appears that in India the cinemas do not exist for showing films, but for selling ice-cream, whisky, pea-nuts, and cigarettes. They have to have an interval for the purpose, and the cinema keeps going on the proceeds. As the film does not matter, they switch on the lights when it is time to start selling the ice-cream and other things. All the members of the audience go outside, and stand in groups, or walk up and down.

The cinema is a good place to demonstrate to the public that you are a Burra Sahib. All you have to do is to put on evening dress, even if it is only 6 p.m., and in the interval you buy glasses of soda-water, flavoured with whisky. This is an Indian drink called a chota peg, and you have to pay a lot of money for the soda-water, because drinking chota pegs is a sign of the Burra Sahib. So you stand with your chota peg, and everybody stares at you. When the performance is over, you can hurry home and put your dinner-jacket carefully back into the cramphor-box, and sit down and have something to eat in comfort.

This goes to show what strange customs there are in India, even in such simple matters as going to the cinema.

Your Loving Son,
OBRAH JOYFULL.

Keep this copy of The Merry Magazine.
It may bring you one of the numerous Five Rupee Prizes.

TIDINGS FROM TRIBUNALS

FROM GUR
SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT



".....I am the Widow, My lord....."

Before His Lordship Mr. Justice MacSwish

A Bad Case of Otopathy

Maddington, 1st March 1934.

THE hearing of the sensational partition suit relating to the vast properties of the late lamented Kapalamoksham Iyer commenced today before his lordship Mr. Justice Mac Swish. When the proceedings commenced this morning there was an unprecedented rush of counsel for the seats nearest to the judge's dais. His lordship in severely reprimanding the counsel for such indecorous conduct observed:-

Court:—What is all this unseemly scramble for these seats?

Sir Voyadi:—My lord...er...er...My lord, I fear it is due to the anxiety of counsel to make themselves audible to your lordship.

Court:—Surely, I am not deaf. I dare say I can hear counsel from any corner of the court hall.

Sir Voyadi:—Perhaps my lord there has been apparently some misapprehension. Now that they have your lordship's assurance I am sure they will conduct themselves becomingly.

Court:—I hope so. Sir Voyadi, I am rather surprised to find as many as 52 defendants to this action and a mountainous pile of pleadings, applications, affidavits,

documents etc. What is this suit for and how long do you think it is likely to last?

Sir Voyadi:—My lord, this is a partition suit.

Court:—Partnership suit? You mean a suit for dissolution of partnership and for accounts.

Sir Voyadi:—Beggardship's pardon. This is a suit for partition of the properties of a joint undivided Hindu family, my lord. This case may engage your lordship for the whole of this week and most of the next week. This case raises certain important questions of law and the defendants are not mere pro forma parties.

Court:—The defendants are not defending in *forma pauperis* is it? But that is hardly an answer to my question. How long is the hearing of this suit likely to last? How many witnesses have to be examined and how many counsel to be heard?

Sir Voyadi:—I think it may take the whole of this week and the best part of the next week my lord. As far as I am aware all the parties here are represented by counsel and some of them have more than one counsel.

Court:—That is obvious. Fifty-two parties with conflicting interests should have more than one counsel to represent them. But how many in all and have I to hear every one of them?

Sir Voyadi:—As I told your lordship there are least 52 counsel and your lordship may have to hear them and their evidence if they so desire.

Court:—You are not speaking to a microphone *Sir Voyadi.* Please speak up.

Sir Voyadi:—As your lordship pleases. I will now take your.....

Court:—Not so loud please.

(*Sir Voyadi* deeply embarrassed was here seen conferring with his juniors and client. The words "a bad case of otopathy," "two thousand extra" or "short shrift" were distinctly audible.)

Sir Voyadi:—I shall now take your lordship briefly through my pleadings explaining the relationship between the parties. I shall then advert to the issues and the reliefs that I seek. Your lordship will kindly see on page seventy of my pleadings papers the genealogical tree.

Court:—Heavens! Aren't there sufficient parties that I should be bothered with trees? What is that tree?

Sir Voyadi:—Beggerlordship's pardon. I mean the genealogical tree on page 70 which explains the relationship that I am endeavouring to explain.

Court:—Hmm..... fourteen, fifteen, sixteen, yes, seventeen. Yes, page seventeen. There is no reference to any tree here, it is a blank page. Perhaps you are making a mistake. Get your instructions correctly from your junior. What a fearful waste of judicial time.

Sir Voyadi:—I am painfully conscious of it mylord. I am sorry. On page seventy, T, Y, Seven Nought, your lordship sees...

Court:—SevenTY, why not say so. Yes, sixtynine, seventy, yes, you may proceed.

Sir Voyadi:—On the top centre of the tree on that page your lordship sees the name Kapalamokshamier. Mylord he died in the year 1886 leaving behind him 7 sons and 3 daughters bemoaning his loss, and vast properties moveable and immoveable described in schedules A and B of my plaint. We are not here concerned with the daughters mylord. Of the seven sons two died leaving behind them only widows and no legitimate issues. I am the eldest son by the third son of the eldest son of those five sons mylord.

Court:—Just a moment. You are...

Sir Voyadi:—The eldest son of the third son of the eldest son of those five sons who is no more mylord.

Court:—Yes, I have got it now. You may proceed.

Sir Voyadi:—Defendants 1 to 4 inclusive are the other sons of the deceased and defendants 5 to 17 inclusive are the sons of the said four sons of the deceased and defendants 18 and 19 are the first and second sons the deceased eldest son of the deceased propositus.

Court:—Preposterous! How many more sons and eldest sons are there? The family seems to be of the non-stop variety.

Sir Voyadi:—Only 8 more mylord. Two of them are defendants 20 and 21 who claim to be the adopted sons of the deceased two younger sons of the deceased Kapalamokshamier while defendants 24 to 29 inclusive claim to be the "Sudradi Dasee puthras" of the said two younger sons were made parties to this suit on their own application. Defendants 22 and 23 are the widows of those two sons mylord. My case is that there was never at anytime any such adoption as is alleged and I state that the widows surrendered mylord.

Court:—Who surrendered to the widows?

Sir Voyadi:—No one mylord. I mean that the widows surrendered their estate in favour of the reverendioners thereby divesting themselves of all their rights in their respective husband's estates.

Court:—Who represents them?

Counsel for the widows:—I am the widow mylord. (laughter)

Court:—No wonder that your husband died. (renewed laughter)

Sir Voyadi:—Defendants 30 to 36 inclusive are the alienees of various items of the family properties. These alienations purport to have been made by the first defendant qua manager of the family since the death of Kapalamokshamier and my case regarding these alienations is that they are not binding on the family as they have been made for illegal and immoral purposes and or for no consideration. For example mylord, six of these alienations are in favour of the sons-in-law of defendants 1 to 4 which I attack as sham and colourable transactions.

Court:—Son-in-law. What is the position of the son-in-law in a joint undivided Hindu family? Does he get a share?

Sir Voyadi:—Mylord, in law he is entitled to nothing more than his wife. Even that is an empty and perhaps noisy right. But in fact he is in a most enviable position. He gets whatever he manages to lay his hands on, mylord. According to me now 4 of them have got 2/3 of the entire family estate in their hands.

Counsel for Son-in-law:—Mylord, my case is that I have not laid my hands even on my wife lest it should prove too noisy.

Sir Voyadi:—Mylord defendants 39 to 52 inclusive are the descendants of the brother of the deceased Kapalamokshamier and they claim a half share of the entire estate on the ground that their common ancestor Idumbasura Iyer and the deceased Kapalamokshamier were undivided members of a joint family. They have been made parties herein on their own application. Defendants 37 and 38 claim to be the wives of the defendants 3 and 4 respectively and seek like the widows to charge the estate with the right of maintenance in their favour. But I may tell your lordship that their claim is

repudiated on the ground that they are not the wives of their husbands and that there has been nothing more than a Paisacha form of marriage between them. As to the legal incidents of this form of marriage my learned friend Thakarar Chandra Iyer will have a lot to say.

— Mylord, apart from these contentions I plead that the first defendant as manager is accountable to me and I charge him with various acts of wilful waste, mismanagement, misappropriation etc., during the course of his management of the estate.

Court:—Wait a moment. Let me take stock of the matter. You are the plaintiff suing in forma pauperis to secure your legitimate share of the estate. You do not appear to have omitted any branch of the Hindu Law in your pleadings. You want the validity or the invalidity, as the case may be, of a couple of adoptions, surrenders, marriages and several alienations to be established, several maintenance rights denied, wastes mismanagement and misappropriation etc. established, the entire right of the whole branch of a family negatived, your share to be determined and anything more?

Sir Voyadi:—That is in short what I pray for mylord. But if on evidence my right to any more reliefs is proved I would be entitled to ask for such reliefs mylord.

Court:—Let us suppose for the moment that you succeed in the suit. What would be the amount that would accrue to you as and for your share of the estate.

Sir Voyadi:—Mylord, I estimate my 1/15 share at little less than a lakh of rupees

Mr Thakarar Chandra Iyer:—(Counsel for defendant) Preposterous. Mylord, I may tell your lordship at once that the estate is now worth practically nothing. Most of it has been sold away for default in payment of land revenue and other charges on the properties owing to the disputes between the parties as to who is liable. Your lordship will be pleased to see that the suit was instituted in 1921. At that time the estate was variously estimated at figures ranging from 3 lakhs to 30 lakhs. Since then this action has been prosecuted and many counsel have been engaged and paid. I must admit with a sense of regret mylord that this family was once a flourishing family and is no more so. I may take your lordship into my confidence and state that the whole trouble started on the Deepavali day in 1921 when the plaintiff's wife was presented a saree 7as. Gps. cheaper than those presented to the wives of other coparceners.

Court:—I do not follow you Mr. Thakarar.

Mr. Thakarar:— I beg your lordship's pardon. Mylord, Deepavali is a Hindu festival and on that day of that festival the members of the family are presented with new cloths from and out of the joint family funds. On this particular occasion the wife of the plaintiff was presented a saree 7 1/2 as. cheaper than those presented to other female members mylord.

Court:—Do you suggest that this trumpery affair has led to the disruption of the entire family and a prolonged and expensive litigation that has dissipated all the assets of the family.

Mr Thakarar:— Quite so mylord, and my only surprise is that it has not led to criminal offences. Close on this came an unhappy incident mylord when the plaintiff's wife's brother was on one occasion given a cold and weak cup of coffee. Mylord I may explain how this occurred mylord. In a large Hindu family the morning coffee or gruel or whatever that is—it is—it is coffee in this case mylord—is generally prepared in a large caldron early in the morning. As the day advances the temperature of the coffee decreases and so does its density and flavour (by addition of hot or cold water as the case may be) in proportion to the number of late comers and guests. On the particular morning in question mylord the offended brother-in-law was unfortunately the last and this has made the plaintiffs adopt the most uncompromising attitude.

Court:—Now that you talk of compromise, did you make any efforts to settle this suit out of court?

Mr. Thakarar:—Mylord. Ever since the time when I realised that the estate was practically worth nothing I have been advising the parties to compromise and avoid further expenses. Even now I have no objection mylord if *Sir Voyadi* advises his client.

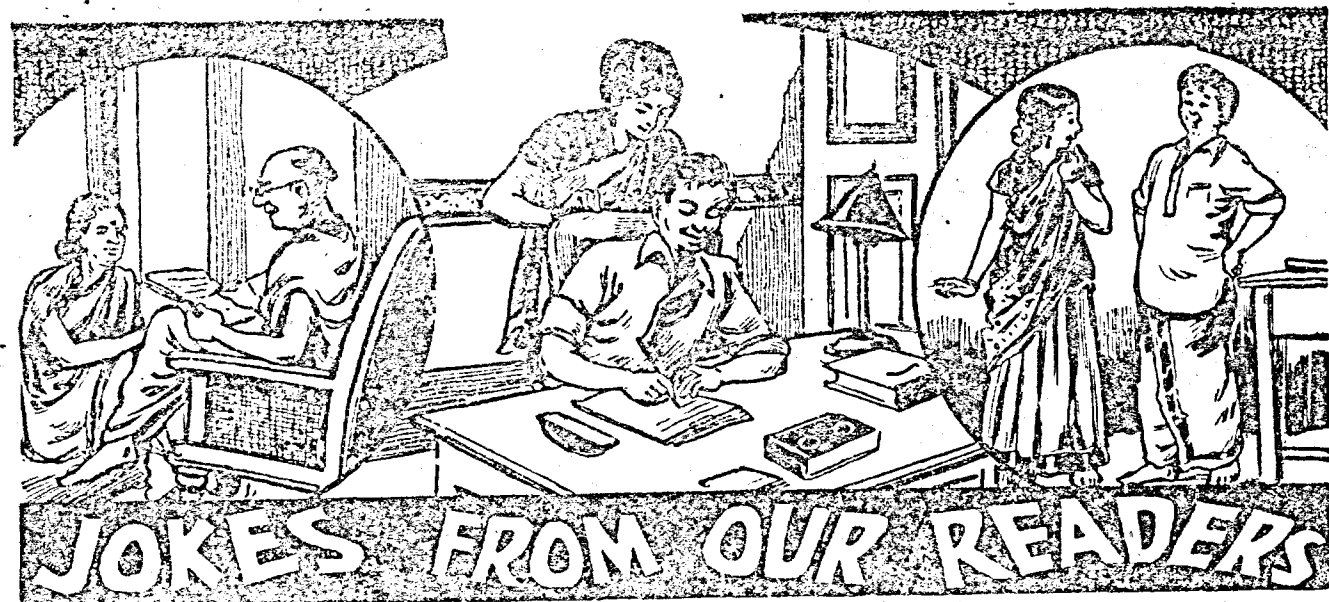
Sir Voyadi:— I have no objection whatever to advise my client if Mr. Thakarar advises his clients.

Court:—Certainly...certainly...Now that the estate has nearly vanished I dare say a division among the members should be quite an easy affair. *Sir Voyadi*, tell your client that his attitude is most deplorable and that I know what to do with his case if he persists in it. Same to your clients Mr. Thakarar. You may report settlement after lunch when I expect all of you to be in a better humour.

AFTER LUNCH

The case was duly reported settled out of court.

Sir Voyadi Ooltasami appeared for the plaintiff while among those who appeared for the various defendants were *Sir Allasami*, Messrs. *Thakarar Chandra Iyer*, *Thavakalai Narasingam*, *Thatha Krishnappa*, *Alludu Gundayya*, and several others.



A gentleman asked his friend how he found married life.
Reply:—During courtship I talked and she listened. Just after marriage, she talked and I listened.
 Now we both talk and our neighbours listen!
 —K. S. Mahalinga Aiyar, Tirukoilur.

A young man proposed to a girl and was accepted. After their first tender transports were over, they fell into serious talk.
 "Now that we are engaged" said the girl, "we must begin to economise. Promise me darling, that you won't do anything you can't afford."
 The young man laughed grimly.
 "If I promise you that," he said, "I would have to break off our engagement!"
 —T. James Muthiah, Palamcottah.

Angry father detecting a young man kissing his daughter roared:—
 "Look here, you fellow, what the dickens are you doing to my daughter!"
 Resourceful young man:—
 "Same, Sir, as you did to her mother before marrying her."
 —Maas J. Majid, Ceylon.

Teacher:—You all know that the earth revolves round an imaginary axis. Can you hang a hat on it?
Student:—Yes sir, quite easily.
Teacher:—(laughing) What kind of a hat is it?
Student:—An imaginary hat, Sir.
 —A. Gopal Row, Kumbakonam.

The father was distributing to his children their pocket-money for the week. After giving Rama his share the father called for Kamala. But Rama interrupted him and said:—
 "Pa, don't give pocket-money to Kamala."
 "Why?" asked the father.
 "Because, pa, Kamala has no pocket."
 —P. Nanjundiah, Tricandrum.

"I understand the girl you are engaged to is a twin," remarked a friend to the newly-engaged one. "How do you tell the difference between her and her sister?"
 "Well, it's a jelly nice family," said the lucky man, "and I don't bother very much."
 —V. S. Narayanan, St. Thomas Mount.

Mother was giving the children a little insight into politics. After a lot of explanation, she ended up by saying:—
 "So you see that, although the King is head of the country, Parliament really rules."
The Cute one:—I understand, mother! Father is the head of this house, and you are Parliament.
 —K. S. Krishnan, Guruvayur.

Teacher:—Now Ramu, define the term 'density'.
Ramu:—Dear sir! I am sorry I cannot define it; but I can give you an illustration of it!
Teacher:—Sit down! The illustration you have now given is enough!
 —K. Ramaswami, Kumbakonam.

"To die were good if I but die.
 In the peace of the bed in my own palace."
 God heard him and granted nish.
 The Raja's wished-for solace.
 The Raja Ram Singh, died in his bed.
 For his palace's ceiling fell on his head.
 —S. Rangarajan, Madras.

"I saved a beggar's life to-day."
 "How?"
 "I asked him what he would do if I gave him a sovereign?"
 "Good Lord!" he said, "I should drop down dead."
 "So I put the sovereign back into my pocket."
 —A. Vas, Mangalore.

Science Professor:—This gas is a deadly poison. What steps would you take if this escaped into your room?
Student:—Long ones, Sir.
 —Krishnan, Madras.

Ramanathan was being medically examined preparatory to taking out an insurance policy.
Doctor:—Ever had a serious illness?
Ram:—No. I never had.
Doctor:—Ever had an accident?
Ram:—No.
Doctor:—Never had a single accident?
Ram:—Never except a last spring, when a bull tossed me over a fence.
Doctor:—Don't you call that an accident.
Ram:—No fear; he did it on purpose.
 —K. Rajagopalan, G. T. Madras.

OTHER PEOPLE'S HUMOUR

Tact Out of Place

Hearing a knock on the door the briefless beginner wanted to impress a possible client and grasped the telephone. "No, I am very sorry, but it is impossible for me to take your case now, unless it is very important. All right, I'll see you at three o'clock, yes, goodbye."

"And now, what can I do for you?" asked he turning to the visitor.

"Oh, nothing, I'm from the telephone company and have been sent here to connect your phone."

Business First

The Irish priest offered twenty-five cents to the boy who could tell him who was the greatest man in history.

"Christopher Columbus," answered an Italian chap.

"George Washington," said an American boy.

"St. Patrick!" exclaimed the Jewish boy of the class.

"The money is yours," said the visitor from Erin, "but why did you say St. Patrick?"

"I knowed it was Moses all the time," was the answer, "but business is business."

Lost

Disconsolate Lady. My old man's missing!

Police Inspector. So sad. Leave a description.

Lady. He is tall and has a sallow complexion. He has also a Roman nose.

Inspector (gravely). In that case, madam, you will never find him again.

Lady. Oh, why?

Inspector. A Roman nose never turns up!

A Popular Dictionary

Etc. Sign used to make others believe you know more than you do.

Political Science. The science of interfering in public affairs.

Socialist. A man who has nothing and wants to divide it with you.

Vacuum. Nothing shut up in a box.

Zebra. Horse with stripes used to illustrate the letter. Z

The Flavour

"And you don't know anything about religion?" queried the missionary.

"Well, we got a little taste of it when the last missionary was here," replied the cannibal chieftain.

No Offence Meant

"Do you call that a veal cutlet, waiter?" said a customer. "Why, it is an insult to a calf to call that a veal cutlet."

"I didn't mean to insult you, sir," said the waiter.

A Matter of a Loan

On reaching Heaven's gates old Finnegan remarked to St. Peter, "It's a fine job you've had here for a long time."

"Well, Finnegan," said St. Peter, "here we count a million years a minute, and a million pounds a penny."

"Ah, I'm in need of cash. Lend me a penny."

"Sure. Just wait a minute."

He Romped!

A well-known bishop set out one night to attend a party given 'by children for children.' "Don't announce me," he said to the servant.

Leaving his coat and hat downstairs, he quietly opened the drawing-room door, where the buzz of voices announced the presence of company. Dropping on his hands and knees, he entered, making strange noises distinctly resembling the neighing of a horse.

Aware of a dead silence, he looked up, and found the guests assembled for an eight o'clock dinner regarding him with expressions not unmingled with fear.

The party was next door!

Spot Cash

Magistrate. You say you robbed the restaurant because you were hungry. But why did you steal cash from the desk instead of food?

Accused. I'm a proud man, your honour, and always pay for what I eat.

Too Late

Diner. "Is there any tomato sauce on the menu?"

Waiter. "No, sir, I've just wiped it off."

By Mistake

"What's the charge, officer?"

"Fragrancy, sir. He's been drinking perfume."

To be Precise

The car to watch is the car behind the car in front of you.

A Western Definition

Superstition is what makes a man liable to be run over by a truck while he is out on the road trying to see the new moon over his right shoulder.

Six to Five on the Fiddles

She. (at concert) What's that book the conductor keeps looking at?

He. That's the score of the overture.

She. Oh, really, who's winning?

Disconcerting but True

A man's best friends are his teeth, we are told. But even the best of friends fall out at times.

This fortnight the Prize of Rs. 3/- is awarded to T. JAMES MUTHIAH, Palamcottah.

WINNERS IN ' HUMAN PROBLEMS ' (PRIZE PAGE I)

I

Well,—three and one—that makes four.
What a pity there isn't one more
To make this puzzle harder to score!

So they went out in a car
For forty miles—that is too far—
Without accidents to mar.

Glad that the night did set in
When they were far from an inn.
Now my solution has to begin.

Cigarettes with one match
For the high wind, will be no match
With the car, still on the march.

If one won't be the third man to light
And another man, from the other light
Then let the latter the match to light.

The former can light from him
And the other two from one of them
Satisfying everyone the same.

Then drive to the petrol pump
With a bump-a-ty bump
When you have finished your stump.

But if the match goes off
You can also march off
For having solved the puzzle off.

AMY MARAGATHAM HENRY,
95, Perak Road, Perang.

II

Having undertaken the defence, it is my duty as a lawyer to defend the accused during the whole trial of the case. That I have a future before me and am rising in practice or that my client is a wealthy person and also my friend—these facts, do not affect the question. While a lawyer should not suppress facts nor actively conceal anything, at the same time it is not his duty to disclose or urge anything that may tell against his client. It is the province of the judge and not of the counsel to weigh the entire evidence bearing on any question at issue and adjudge an accused as either innocent or guilty. His duty is only to marshal the facts of the case and to place them fairly before the Court to the best advantage of his client. The code of professional ethics does not expect the lawyer to play the role of a critic in respect of his client. I would not therefore be justified in withdrawing my professional services to my client, merely because I have reason to think that he is not so innocent as I thought he was.

R. SATYAMURTI AIYAR, "Jai Sankar,"
Edward Elliotts Road, Mylapore, Madras.

III

In the circumstances narrated, I would select the applicant whose credentials are quite satisfactory and leave with him the letter making strong allegations against the same person.

The person selected will be afraid thinking that the proprietor has already been prejudiced against him and

this will anyhow safeguard the business of the proprietor for at least a month for which period he has to be unavoidably away.

M. A. LINGHAM, Mannargudi.
IV

O'ds my life! In faith, be it for a month or a year, I don't care, I will certainly go in for the grand job which shall grant me the golden opportunity of going overseas to Germany, France, England, America and what not. Let alone my happy sojourns in so many countries, states, dukedoms, powers etc. There remains that sea-change which shall transform into something rich and strange as bloody Shakespeare has put it. And when I return with that international reputation at my back as having served abroad, don't you think this local self-same beggar who now offers me a couple of hundred rupees, will then come and wait at my door proffering, a triple two hundred, simply to direct his business? Won't the very Government need my services, the services of such a great man as myself who has known the world. (as they will word then) and won't they open up a fresh department to display my new-earned faculties? On the other hand, suppose I take up this local ready steady job of Rs. 200, I will have to rot and rot and trot out of this world without a tale, unknown, unhonoured and unsung—

Moreover absolutely of no use am I, to my sweetlie, at present, who only looks askance at me, now-a-days, because I am fancy-free sans 'conceived.' Absence will make her heart grow fonder and so I will wander for a twelve-month. And also I know for certain, my pretty puss would never have allowed me any chance of option at all, had she not relished my wish, which she knows already—

Hark! I hear something. Ha! Again it is that enchanting sweet Swan-of-Avon chiming with me.

"There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;
Omitted all one voyage of their life
Is bound in Shallows, and in miseries."

M. P. ELAM PURNAR, Litt. B. A. (Hons.)
Final Year, Arts College, Trivandrum.

V

The customer was at a loss to make out what each item on the Menu Board meant; but at the same time he did not want to show his ignorance of South Indian dishes before the waiter, by consulting him in the matter. So he studied the items one by one and made up his mind as to what to order. The last name sounded unfamiliar, and as for the rest he had heard or tried them before. So he decided on it as the first item for lunch. "Waiter," said he imperiously, "Get me one Ekambaram." The waiter was beside himself with mirth; since the customer wanted the proprietor (Ekambaram Iyer) to be served to him as a dish.

R. RAMASWAMY, 79, Lloyd Road,
Royapettah, Madras.

February Lucky Numbers

Have you copies of *The Merry Magazine* bearing any of the following numbers?
Please verify and send your copy to this office and receive the prize money.
All claims should be preferred before 20—3—34.

No. 223738 Rs. 5

No. 231731 Rs. 5

[No. 223991 Rs. 5

No. 241516 Rs. 5

No. 227563 Rs. 5

No. 242734 Rs. 5

No. 219957 Rs. 5

No. 243119 Rs. 5

No. 221734 Rs. 5

No. 244546 Rs. 5

No. 234652 Rs. 5

No. 244712 Rs. 5

No. 235718 Rs. 5

No. 248193 Rs. 5

No. 239219 Rs. 5

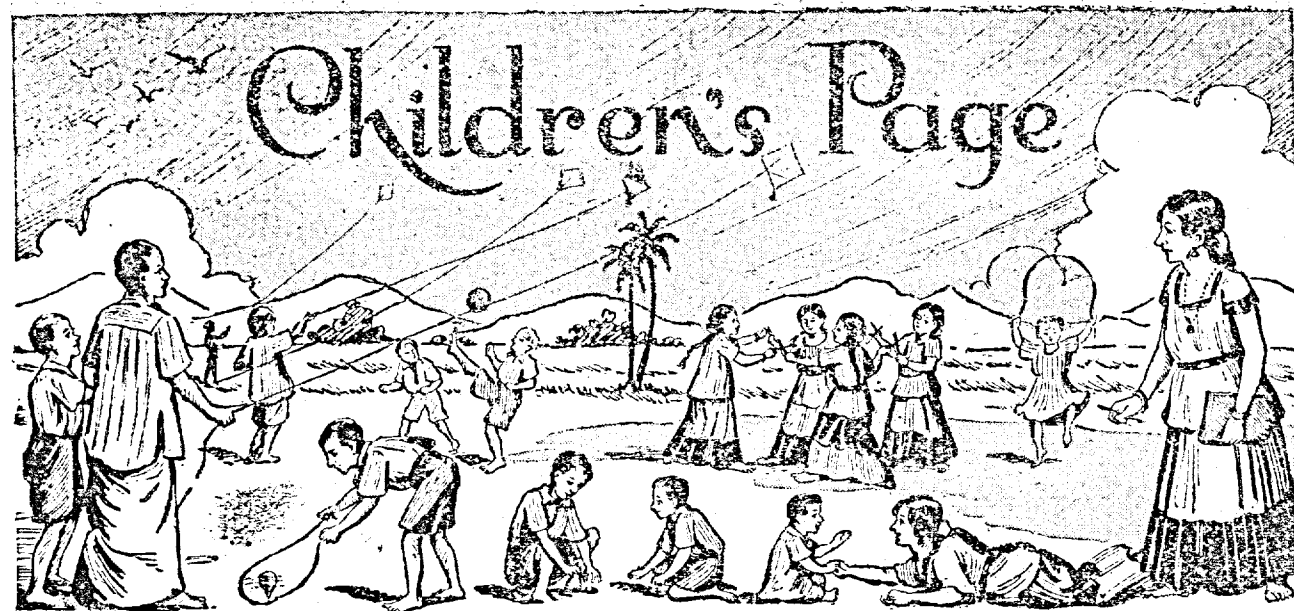
No. 246050 Rs. 5

No. 238775 Rs. 5

No. 247337 Rs. 5

No. 231243 Rs. 5

No. 249103 Rs. 5



(FLORENCE)

HELLO! Kiddies, here's news. The Editor has given you a page all to yourselves, don't you feel quite big? Let us make the best possible use of this page, one way of saying 'thank you, Editor.'

I am sure you will enjoy reading this little story because you have not read it before, but believe me it is perfectly true, the Froggies told me so!

The Lost Frog

There once lived in a tiny pool in the road a Bull Frog, and as the place was very lonely he found a nice little wife and brought her to live at his home. Now little wife froggie told Bull Frog "This is not a good home for us, the water is dirty and with horses and carts passing one day we shall be killed." But Mr. Bull Frog would not listen. "What idle chat," he said, "we are quite happy here. I should not care to change this for the woods."

A few months later Mr. Bull Frog was the proud father of seven froggie sons, and again one morning Wife Frog asked him to shift because of their large family but he paid

no heed. That very same day when he returned from the 'Moth Races' he found his seven sons crying because their mother was killed under a cart-wheel. "Who saw her die?" he cried. "We all did" said the sad children. "Where is her body?" asked Mr. Bull Frog. "Oh! after she died some big frog came and took her away" the froggies replied.

"What big frog?" asked the father.

"Oh! much bigger than you" said one.

Mr. Bull Frog thought it must be Mr. Gilly Frog the undertaker. So he went to his house, but Mr. Gilly Frog did not even know that Bull Frog's wife had been killed, but thinking awhile he croaked, "Maybe Flip Frog the actor took her. I remember he wanted a dead body for the picture that's being taken now." Off Mr. Bull Frog leaped to Flip's house but Flip too had not seen her.

Bull Frog was tired and thought he would go home and weep with his children. When he got there he found his mother-in-law waiting for him, and although Bull Frog was a very big man he was afraid of Mrs. Flippy. He was about to run away when she said "come here

Bull Frog, I have just heard the sad news but you may marry my other daughter to look after your seven sons, but first you must leave this dirty place and come and live in the woods."

Bull Frog agreed, and in a few more months he had 20 sons in all. And these are the twenty that went to school.

*I thought the field,
And woods and hill
Were always still!
But yesterday I went to ride,
Upon the train and there beside
The window were the trees and sky,
Just racing by.
I don't know how they ever passed,
The train so fast!
But most of all I wish I knew,
Just where they all were going to.*

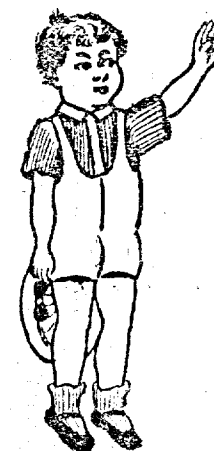


Diagram 1.

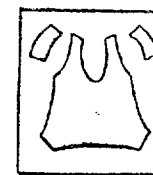
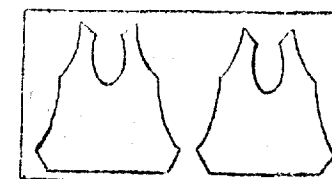


Diagram 2.



Diagram 4.

Diagram 3



Big Sister's Corner

Just the thing for baby brother and simple enough for big sister to turn out all by herself. Cream poplin (9 annas a yard) 36" wide will do for the knickers and any checked material for the blouse.

The Cutting:—Fold 36" material with selvages together as in diagram 1. Place the paper pattern (you must make one to the size required in newspaper) on the straight as in diagram. Cut facings for the shoulder straps as outlined. Join the dotted lines as in Dia. 3. The blouse is quite simple: join sides—Sew in collar on the wrong side of the neck line as in—Dia. 4.

A Prize Puzzle for the Children

Hospital,
1-3-34.

MY DEAR SISTER,

I am much



to-day and the



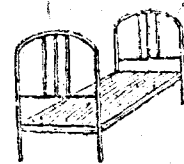
says I shall be out soon.

I was allowed to get up this morning, but of course I felt a bit

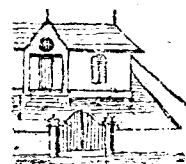


at first.

And isn't it strange, that the girl in the next



knows our



quite well, as she too lives in



Street. It's her birthday next

SUN	1
MON	2
TUES	3
WED	4
THU	5
FRI	6
SAT	7

so when you



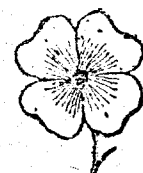
to see me on that day will you bring me a nice little



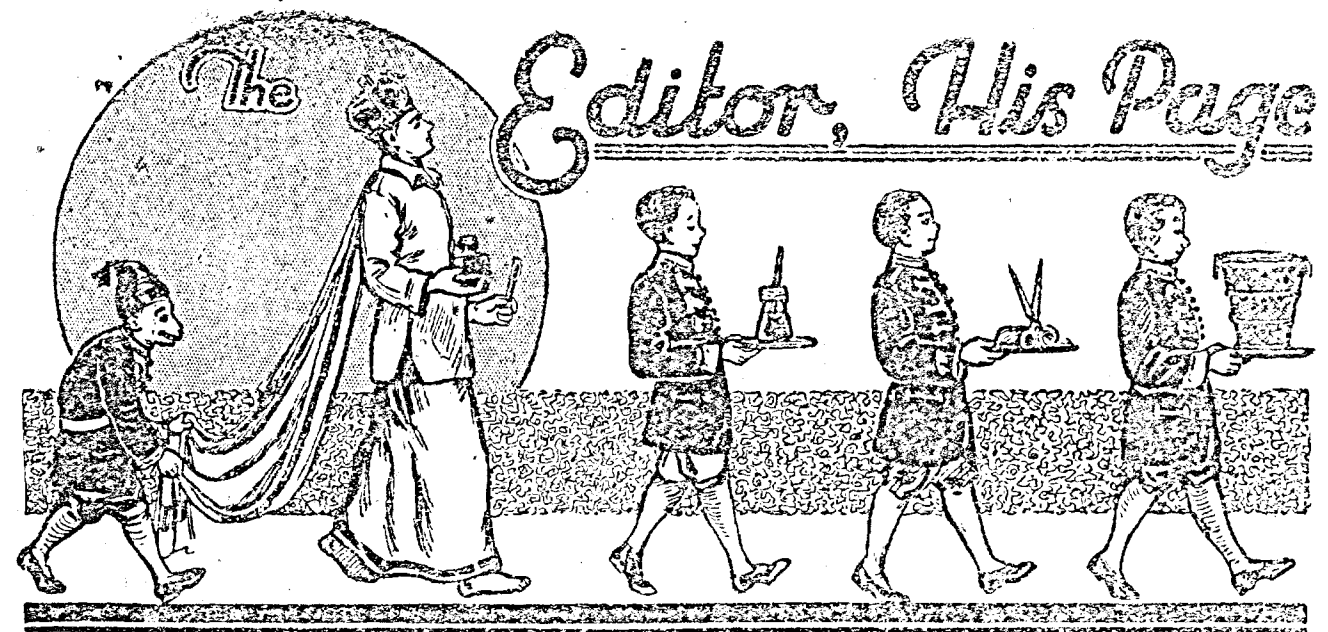
to give her.



of love



See page 40 for rules



The Test Match

THE Third and Final Test Match between England and India has ended in a victory for England by a comfortable margin. After all possible excuses have been made for us, such as losing the toss, illness of some of our players and unfitness of some others, the cold fact remains that we were fairly and squarely beaten. Post-mortems rarely serve any useful purpose, but in the present instance some reflections on the Test may be usefully set down here.

We were beaten by a better side, superior in batting, bowling and fielding. In our side, there are individual performers who are capable of doing as well, in any department of the game, as many others in the England side, but as a team we are miles behind our opponents. We lack that intangible but very important thing, the Test-Match Temperament. Our fielding was good in patches but was inclined at times to be shaky. With one brilliant exception, our bowling was mediocre and Amar Singh was very poorly supported. It is our batting, however, that should cause grave concern.

Batsman after batsman allowed Verity to tie him up into knots. Verity played with our batsmen as a cat does with a mouse and the finale was as inevitable as it was quick. Merchant is a player who will go far—he is one of the few with the big match temperament. Amarnath showed great promise while the Yuvaraj of Patiala played exhilaratingly correct cricket. Amar Singh hit them 'ard, 'igh, and often and if only there were a dash of caution in the insouciance of his style, he would be a glorious asset to the batting of the side. The Captain, Major Nayudu had a poor match. His batting in the second innings of the match was a revelation to the spectators of how much the cares and responsibilities of the captaincy of the Indian side could cramp the naturally joyous and care-free temperament of a man who even to-day, is by common consent, one of the first five batsmen in the world.

Much has been written about the lessons India must learn from the series of Test Matches. Emphasis has been laid on Jardine's wonderful captaincy and his ability to get the best out of his men. It must be remembered, however, that Jardine's men are all first-class cricketers with plenty of experience. They have had plenty of opportunities of playing together as a team. The side contains three or four men who are certain to play for England against Australia. Major Nayudu discharged his great responsibility as Captain of the side in a very creditable manner and no man could have done more. In his own interests, however, we should like to see him play in a representative side which he is not captaining. He will do himself justice and incidentally prove once more, if such proof were necessary, that Wisden was right in listing him among the Five Best Cricketers of the year when the Major was last in England.

Incidents

It is a matter for regret that during the last Test in Madras, many incidents occurred which have given rise to controversy which in some cases has been distinctly acrimonious. Jardine objected to Tarrant umpiring in the last Test—on the ground that Tarrant had been coaching the Yuvaraj of Patiala. Tarrant was asked to stand out. This, if true, is amazing. The implication is that Tarrant being paid by the Yuvaraj to coach him was incapable of acting fairly in the match. This is a very piquant commentary on the standard of sportsmanship Jardine expects from a man of Tarrant's standing and reputation in the Cricket world. Tarrant promptly published his views and one waited in vain for any sort of contradiction, reply or explanation from the England Captain.

There were the usual dinners and lunches and teas during the Cricket week. At one such gathering held after the All-Madras match, one of the gentlemen present at the festive board, delivered an oration, in the course of which he expressed his satisfaction that the

match had been played without the assistance of 'hired assassins.' Needless to say, the speaker was an Englishman of some importance in local Cricket. The insinuation is obvious and equally obvious is the unsportsmanly character of the remark. The line between the professional and the amateur is so thin as to be almost invisible. In International Tennis, for instance: the 'shamateur' is rightly looked down upon with contempt. There are first-class cricketers outside India who have secured cushy jobs on the strength of their prowess in Cricket. Sports goods manufacturing concerns and certain newspapers pay fancy salaries to men who are ignoramuses at their job but who have made a few hundreds or taken a few wickets in first-class matches. We can go on multiplying such instances but it will be enough to remind certain people about the old but none the less true adage about people in glass houses.

Barracking

From Ceylon comes the news that Jardine had a match held up because of barracking by the spectators. Jardine has played in Australia and unless all the Press reports are wrong, he did not have a particularly pleasant time from the spectators there. If he will remember that Major Nayudu, the most popular figure to-day in India, was, at one stage, actually booed by a large section of the crowd in Madras, Jardine may perhaps reflect that the populace is ever fickle. Any way, the Ceylon incident was an undignified exhibition of peevishness on Jardine's part which, we are sure, he will be anxious to forget. After all, Cricket is a game and there are other things in the world beside the paramount necessity of winning all Cricket matches. Mr. Jardine will have plenty of time during the coming months to reflect on this fact.

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CONJEEVARAM.

His forecast was—

WALTERS ... 179 Runs
VERITY ... 11 Wickets

A PUZZLE FOR THE CHILDREN—(Continued from page 38)

RULES

NO ENTRANCE FEE

For solving the simple puzzle in a previous page the Editor offers to the first 4 correct solutions opened surprise packets.

The First picture indicates a Letter. In the word letter L is crossed and the letter B substituted. It becomes Better. Similarly the other 9 pictures can be solved.

Boys and girls under 14 years of age are eligible to compete. The Editor's decision will be final. Solutions on coupons only should be forwarded to:

The Editor,

Children's Competition,
The Merry Magazine,
2/140 Broadway, Madras.

Closing Date 25—3—34.

ENTRY FORM

1. BETTER

2.

3.

4.

5.

6.

7.

8.

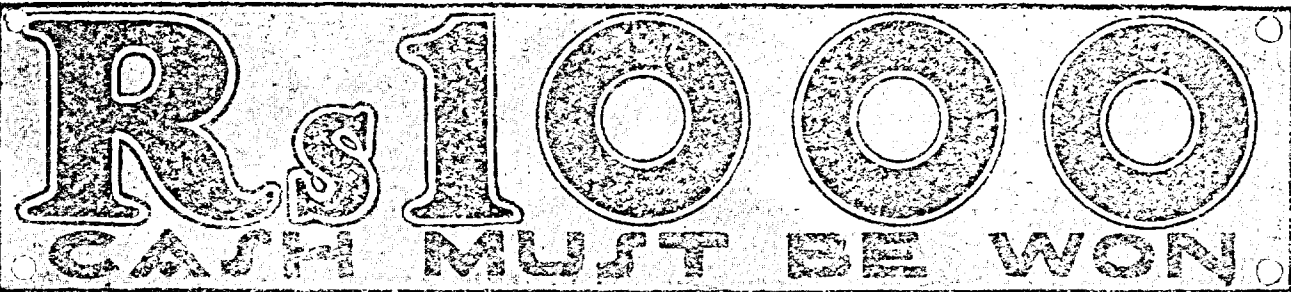
9.

10.

Name.....

Address.....

.....



IN " RHYME-WORDS " COMPETITION

RHYMES WITH MOIST ①			I		
RHYMES WITH EYES ②					
RHYMES WITH FRAME ③					
RHYMES WITH HILL ④				L	
RHYMES WITH RIGHT ⑤		I			
RHYMES WITH FLOG ⑥					
RHYMES WITH FLIP ⑦			I		
RHYMES WITH NEWS ⑧	M	VOWEL			
RHYMES WITH STRAIN ⑨					N

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Each row of pictures represents a simple word. To help you, in front of each row is given a word with which the solution *rhymes*. The solutions are formed by taking the initial letters of the objects, etc., illustrated in the pictures, and adding the given letter or letters where they occur. For instance, look at the first row of pictures. You have to find a word which rhymes with MOIST. There is a Horse which gives you H, Ox which gives you O, I, Steamer which gives you S, and Table which gives you T. So the Word represented in that Puzzle is HOIST. All you have to do is solve the other puzzles.

RULES AND CONDITIONS

Solutions must be filled in on the coupon printed in the next column. Any number of solutions may be sent but an entrance fee of annas eight must accompany every entry submitted. Where copies of the Merry Magazine are not available, competitors can send in their solutions on ordinary paper but an entrance fee of annas ten is payable with each entry thus submitted. All entries must be received by last post on 9-3-34. Any received after this date will be disqualified. Entries from local competitors will be received in person at our office till 6 P. M. on that date. The first prize of Rs. 500 will be awarded to an all-correct solution and the second prize of Rs. 300 to the solution with one error, and the third prize of Rs. 200 to the solution with two errors. An all-correct solution is one which agrees in all respects with the one in the Editor's possession. Failing an all-correct solution, the first prize will be awarded to the nearest correct entry received. In case of ties, the prize money will be equally divided. The Editor reserves the right of pooling the first, second and third prize amounts and distributing them among the competitors according to the number of all correct solutions received. In this competition, a competitor who wins a prize amount of more than Rs. 100 will not be eligible for any other prize. No correspondence can be entered into nor interviews granted. Persons connected with the Merry Magazine and its associated journals are not allowed to compete.

Coupons must be filled in legibly and sent intact along with the M. O. receipt issued by the Post Office. The office will not be responsible for entries lost or delayed in transit. All entries must be addressed to:—

THE EDITOR, 'RHYME-WORDS' COMPETITION,
The Merry Magazine Office,
2/140, Broadway, Madras.

1st Prize	Rs. 500
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In case of ties, prize amounts will be equally divided.

Entrance Fee As. 8 only.

Closing Date 9-3-'34.

THE MERRY MAGAZINE

"Rhyme-words" Competition Coupon.

1. H O I S T
2.
3.
4.
5.
6.
7.
8.
9.

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

Signature.....

Name.....

Address.....

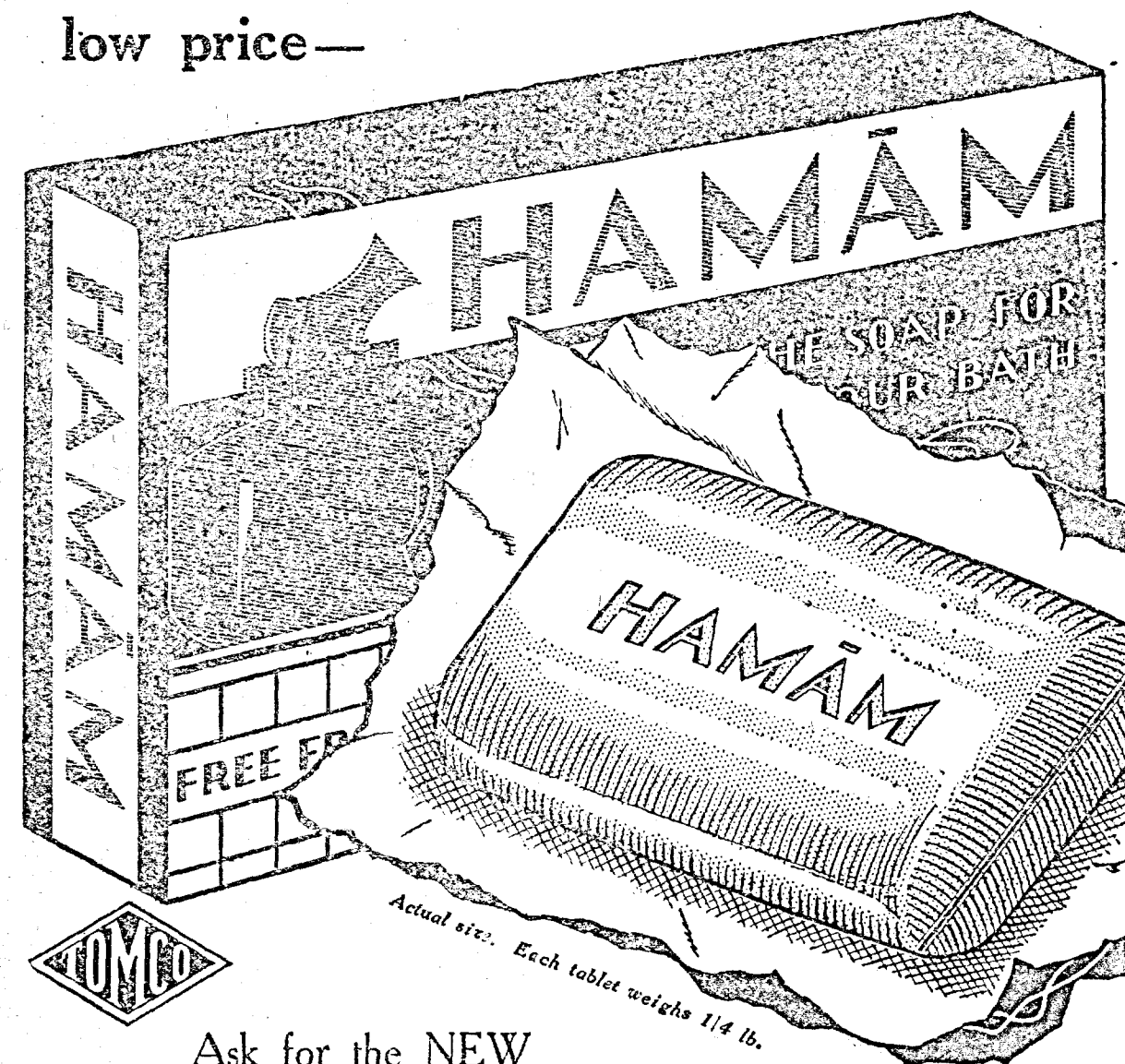
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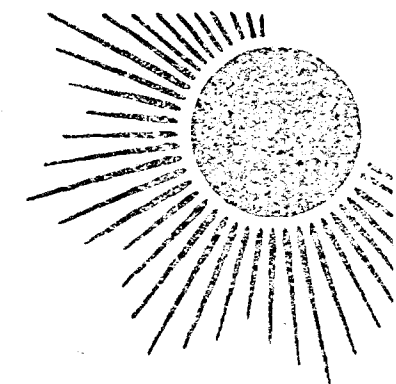
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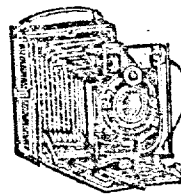
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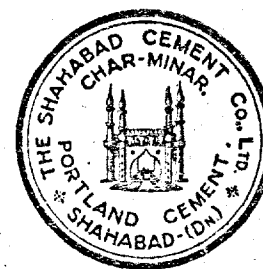
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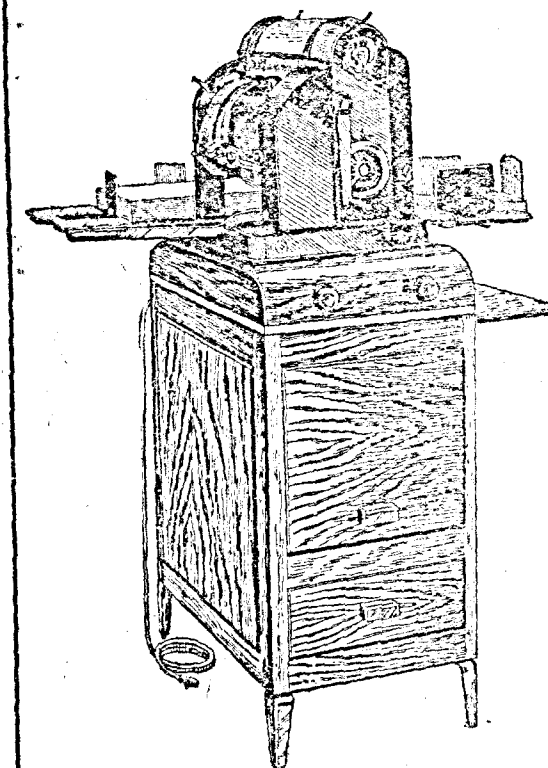
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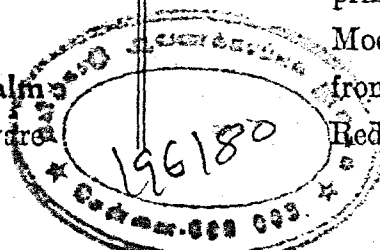
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