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RS. 2000 IN NEW "RHYME-WORDS"

THE MERRY MAGAZINE

Vol. II.

MADRAS, 15th MARCH 1934.

No. 6.

THE SHORT-HAND SPEED TEST



(BY THE OBSTINATE ARTIST)

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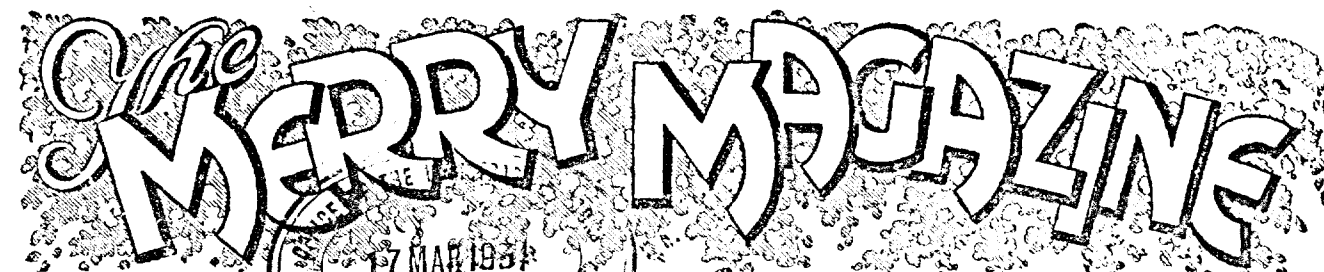
TO CONTRIBUTORS

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SPARKS FROM OUR ANVIL

The latest addition to sporting literature is a book on 'Cricket Casualties.'

Purchasers are provided with blank leaves at the end to enable them to bring the statistics up-to-date.

In the course of the budget debate in the Assembly, Mr. Ramaswamy Mudaliar complained that Sir G. Schuster had queered the pitch of the future Federal Government.

We hope it will not deter the Dewan Bahadur from having his innings.

One of the first acts of the new Emperor of Manchukuo is said to be the abolition of the 'Kow-tow.'

Instead, the energies of the new state are to be diverted to the art of saying 'bow-wow' to Japan.

Clark of Northants has explained that his alleged unsportsmanlike conduct consisted merely in trying to remove a leaf from the pitch.

Would that he had turned over a new leaf instead!

He added that he had already forgotten the 'incident.'

We shall endeavour to forgive him.

Mr. Jardine has, after all, resigned the captaincy of Surrey.

He might still win the toss for England in the Tests!

In the course of a lecture, the Rt. Hon'ble Mr. Sastri is reported to have said that it was not always wise to regard history as merely repeating itself.

That of course is the forte of politicians.

In the C.P. Council an Opposition leader complained of a new type of intimidation--'lobbying' with the help of currency notes.

We however think it a case of promises backed by performance!

We are unable to confirm the rumour that His Highness the Agha Khan has ear-marked the stake-moneys he might win in the coming season for the Bihar Earth-quake Relief Fund.

Will our Cricket Selectors please note, for future guidance at least?

'Mr. J. B. Glass (Burma) made an inaudible speech in the course of which he is understood to have said--' (Hindu report of Assembly proceedings.)

The disabilities of the press in this country are indeed great.

A gossip-writer states: 'Sir Samuel Hoare's many friends had the opportunity of seeing him in a new role when he gave a dazzling display of skating at the Park Lane ice-rink,.....'

We doubt however if it is a new role; the White Paper gave him plenty of practice in skating on thin ice.

It is announced that the rival organisations of the Muslim League have been merged under the presidency of Mr. Jinnah.

All further splits will be strictly private, until further notice.

Major C. K. Naidu is stated to have decided to retire from first-class cricket.

There is, in our opinion, too much of the air of resignation about our players.

Amidst laughter, Mr. De Valera is reported to have said, that it would be good if 'The whole lot of us on the two front-benches were taken out and put in some foreign island.'

Mr. Cosgrave: 'In different islands!'

In that case, Mr. Cosgrave may be certain of England as his venue.

'The immediate question for the Congress Swarajya Party is not the acceptance of office,' --says Mr. Ramadas Pantulu.

We agree: the immediate question concerns the acceptance of the party itself by the country.

'The attitude of the Right wing could be described as uncritical and friendly, that of the centre as critical and friendly, and that of the left as critical and unfriendly.'--The Rt. Hon'ble Mr. Sastri, on parties in the country in relation to the government.

But the relations between the parties inter se, are uncritical and unfriendly.

It is generally expected that H. H. The Agha Khan will be the first Prime Minister under Federation.

In this connection it may be recalled that he has already won the Derby.

MY TURBAN!

P. P. SAMUEL



.....Swallowed his whistle, causing a traffic block.....

MY favourite newspaper would be very dull indeed, but for 'Debonair' 'Pro Bono Publico,' and men of their ilk. Especially 'Debonair'. It is he more than any one else who enlivens the Daily with his paragraphs on Dame Fashion and her winning ways. The only trouble with him is that he is a trifle controversial and, at a conservative estimate, accounts for about four hundred peppery letters to the Editor every year, from oldish, liverish folk.

Yesterday I was in a tram (my car is under repair) near Broadway when the conductor suddenly got excited and swallowed his whistle, causing a traffic block. The turbaned, globular man on my left (a China Bazaar merchant from the size of his waist) turned to me with a slight cough and asked:

"Do you read 'Debonair'?"

"Do I?" I replied. "He's topping."

"He's what?"

"Topping," I repeated.

The globe quivered like a jelly fish.

"It all depends," he purred, "on one's tastes. Personally I find him the most insufferable, cock-eyed little prig about!"

He produced a newspaper-cutting from the depths of his prodigious pocket. "Headwear and Footwear" was the title of the article.

"Now, do you call *this* topping?" he asked.

"The turban," said the writer, "is rapidly disappearing into the limbo from which there is no return. Who wears it nowadays except policemen, rajahs, sepoy and butlers? The hat has come, seen, conquered. My hat! I can swear by it!"

"You call that topping?" asked the China Bazaar man. "I'll tell you what. It's just whopping talk. In Spain or Mexico it would readily raise a couple of revolutions—anyday. I do hope someone would get hold of this 'Debonair' person and give him a sound spanking!"

Having had his say he shook himself up and poured himself out of the tram leaving me thinking (in a mutton-headed sort of way) about the comparative merits of the hat and the turban.

'When in doubt consult the Encyclopaedia Britannica' is my motto. And as soon as I got back home I rushed up to my Encyclopaedia (Sixth Edition) and took out the volume TUP-UVU. And sure enough there was a wee paragraph on turbans: "A form of head-dress worn by the Orientals. It varies in different nations and different classes of the same nation. It consists of two parts: (a) a cap without brim, fitted to the head; and (b) a sash, scarf or shawl usually cotton or linen, wound about the cap and sometimes hanging down the neck."

That was all. There was no mention of the great one-piece turban—the money-lender's endless turban, the policeman's Mt. Everest turban and similar classical headgear. I realised in a moment that the turban was greater than the Encyclopaedia Britannica (Sixth Edition)

'Debonair' considers the hat to be superior to the turban for seven reasons. (1) It looks more graceful. (2) It shelters the face from the sun's rays. (3) It can be used as an effective emergency weapon (especially so the topee) (4) You can swear by it. (5) A lot of things can be stowed away in it (6) You can talk through it. (7) You can send it round if the worst comes to the worst.

Seven, they say, is a sacred number, but I'll risk it and dispose of the seven points in order. (1) It is a matter of opinion and, as Shakespeare's secretary once remarked, one man's beauty is another's beast. And I personally think that if one really wants to look, say, a Dewan Bahadur, one has got to wear a topping turban (2) The local Harley Street (Thumbu Chetty Street, to be precise) believes in Heliotherapy—and drugs. (3) I once saw a policeman knocking out a desperado with a

hook to the jaw with the peak of his turban. No topee. I would wager my upper denture, could have done it so neatly. (4) Well, you can swear by the turban too, dash it! Further, 'My hat!' is inferior to 'My turban' by a good syllable. (5) A lot more can be stowed away in a turban than in a hat. I know a man who hides five feet six inches of tuft in his turban daily from 9-50 a.m. to 5-10 p.m. And I once saw a Madras policeman producing betel, arecanut, chunam, beedies, match-box and lunch from his capacious turban. (6) Would appeal only to professional politicians; I presume. (7) Send it round, old chap, by all means. You can be sure of a small copper from me.

Perhaps the chief merit of the turban is its ready convertibility. I realised it long ago when I saw a goose laying an egg in my uncle's lace turban. The bird paid dearly for its indiscretion—it lost its head (literally), poor thing!—but not until it had proved conclusively that a lace-turban could make an excellent bird's-nest.

In the book "What Every Young Scout Ought to Know" there are full fifteen pages on turbans and their various uses. The author tells exactly how a resourceful scout converts his turban into (a) rope for drawing water from wells, (b) bath towel, (c) canopy, (d) duster, (e) dishcloth, (f) stretcher, (g) water-strainer, (h) halva, (i) idli and so on, right up to the end of the alphabet. And the chapter ends with the well-known Marwari proverb: "A good turban maketh a good businessman."

That's the lot, 'Debonair'. For Turban's sake don't keep telling me that you could use your hat as an emergency flower-pot or W. P. B. Send it along to the museum and join the jolly turbaned band, old boy. And may your turban never harbour lice or mice!

FEBRUARY LUCKY NUMBERS

The following readers have submitted claims in Our February Lucky Numbers and the prize amounts have been sent to them.

No. 221734 - Rs. 5

K. SRINIVASAN, B.A., B.L., 8, Nagappier Street, Triplicane, Madras.

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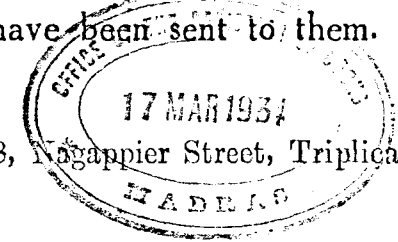
S. RAMASAMY IYER, Sri Krishna Vilas Udipi Lodge Arch, Devakottai, Ramnad Dt.

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HORS DE COMBAT

(LESLIE LATTER)



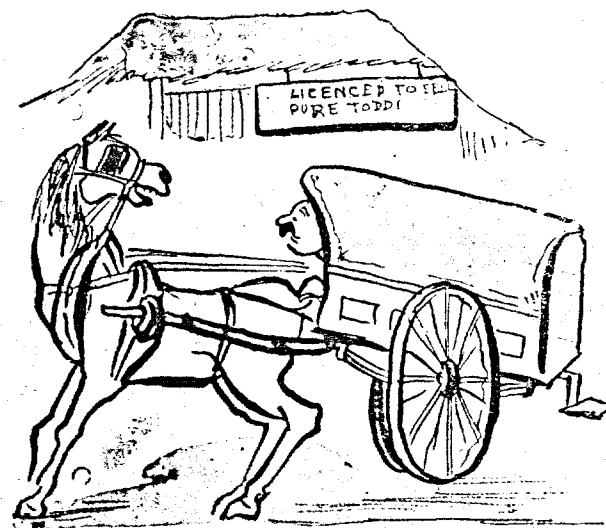
I AM going to sell my car, at least all that is left of it, and I am not going to buy another. Oh dear, no, I am through with cars. No more will I be entangled with 10.9 H. P. I have decided to go in for 1 H. P. In other words I am going to buy a horse, get one on the installment system or hire a gharry.

It is all due to my friend Mudaliar, the gharry-walla and his horse WOTTLE. When I was first introduced to this noble steed in his garage—I mean stable—I said to Mudaliar,

"Funny name for a horse?"

"Ha," he replied, "that horse knows a thing or two. Like most of us he fancies a rest now and then. So when he comes to a nice toddy-shop he just slows down and looks round, as much as to say 'WHATLL YOU HAVE?' And with that Mudaliar gave me a slap on the back, just like these horsey men can.

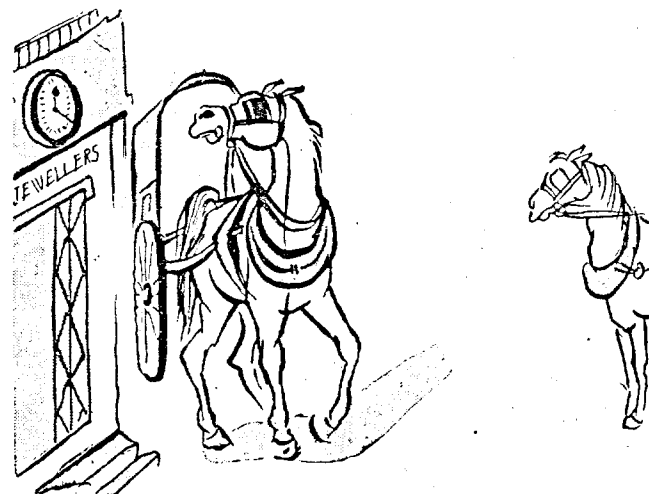
I liked that (not the clap on the back). Cars have no such foresight. Do they peter out before ravishing refreshment rooms, or get punctures in the vicinity of tempting toddy shops? They do not, and in this you will all agree with me. They choose the most desolate and forsaken spots in the jungle, and leave you with the choice of the following delectable beverages: petrol, lubricating oil, radiator water or ink, if any, from your fountain pen.



"What'll you have?"

Moreover they are so awkward in accidents. You skid, turn over, crawl out and there you stand for hours and hours, providing a sideshow for the ryots, until such time as a breakdown lorry trundles up and tows you ignominiously home. Not so the horse. Certainly

he skids occasionally and down he goes, temporarily knocking an odd fifty chips off the value of his knees, until you have had time to get busy with the sticking plaster. What happens? From all points of the compass



Wottle sidles off to a lady horse friend.

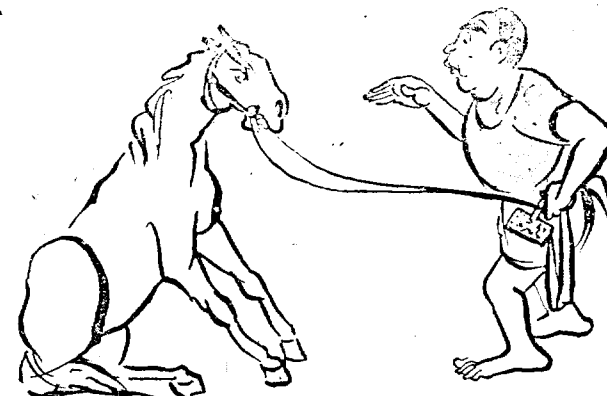
leap agile gentlemen, fiercely competing for the honour of sitting on his head. In mofussil districts, I rather fancy that sitting on horses' heads is included in the current college curriculum without extra charge. Within two minutes the gee-gee is up reharnessed and you are off again, quite prepared for the next contre-temps.

Of course there is the question of obstruction, but WOTTLE has that well taped up. I watched him give an exhibition from the window of the Billiard Saloon. We had been in there quite two hundred up and the traffic controller was on the qui vive with a smallish clock in one hand and a largish notebook in the other. From the look in his eye I gathered that the pre-determined obstruction time-limit was fast approaching. I nudged Mudaliar—it was his turn to buy one anyway. He nudged me back—at least he probably meant it for a nudge.

"Don't worry," he said, and as I picked myself up, I saw WOTTLE look up at the clock on the jeweller's shop, pull himself together and sidle off to talk to a horse lady friend further down the road. Will your car do that? Only if you leave it on a nice slope with the brakes off.

Then there is the bugbear of that spare petrol can—always empty of course. Does that worry a man like Mudaliar? I should say not. If Wottle's tank demonstrates signs of an impending vacuum, he calls in on one or other of his equinetances (sorry about that), and out comes a free feed and/or a bucketful of water for Wottle. Nothing to pay. It's lovely.

I cannot afford a cleaner and it takes me about three hours to attend to my car, two for the car and one for myself afterwards. I spend much time in one or another uncomfortable position, collecting abrasions



Changing gear is mere child's play.

from knobbly corners and oleaginous dirt from everywhere. I watched Mudaliar clean Wottle. It took him two wisps of straw and a quarter of an hour. He only had to lie flat on his back once, and that was when he tripped over the pail. Marvellously easy, no wind-screen, no metal fittings, no wretched little screws and bolts and nuts sticking out all over the place.

Such a thing as changing gear is mere child's play. You just make a funny little noise with your mouth and the horse changes up or down, more or less as required. In the car it is my wife who makes the funny little noises with her mouth, when I embark on this delicate operation, but you cannot hear them as a rule, the gears see to that.

As an investment a horse seems to win every time. You buy a brand new car, run it down to Seven Pagodas and bang goes Rs. 500 in depreciation, and say Rs. 250 in repairs, if you are in luck. A year speeds on and pop goes another Rs. 250 because it is last year's model. But a horse, providing you equip yourself with a post-war vintage, goes on improving for a long time. He gets bigger and better. Instead of looking at his engine number you examine his teeth, if you know how to.

Far from having various confusing inlets like a car for different liquids, he provides one simple opening into which you can indiscriminately introduce water, a weird concoction known as a drench, or, if you are a racing fan, an odd spot of dope when no one is looking. Straight from the same opening, I may add, come certain tips for all the big races at Guindy or elsewhere.

Thieves will have no terrors for me. Did you every hear of a smash and grab raid being carried out with a stolen horse?

It is all too ecstatic. I don't really know what I shall do with all my spare time. No carburettor to

tickle, no magneto to time, no valves to grind in and no plugs to get sooted up. I suppose my kit will consist of a couple of spare horse-shoes and a piece of string or so. By no means an expensive outfit.

What a lot of trouble I should have saved if I had possessed a horse when courting. You just put your arms round your desired one and leave the horse to amble on until he finds a nice ditch, by which he grazes contentedly until further orders. The car finds a ditch too—much quicker—and you get the grazes.

My record for getting into our garage is, engine stalled seven times, nine times backwards and forwards and only one wing damaged. What happens to Wottle? Why Mudaliar undoes a few knots, bungs off a bit of harness, does a clucking noise and that horse noses up the latch of the stable door, walks in, negotiates two right-angled turns in one gear and is neatly parked for the night.

Then just fancy, no radiator to get leaks, no tyres to pump up, no ignition to forget no trouble to start up in the early morning.

It is going to be too wonderful.

"What's that, beloved? A broker has called to see the car.....He's seen it and he's still there.....He offers Rs. 150 for it. It's his."

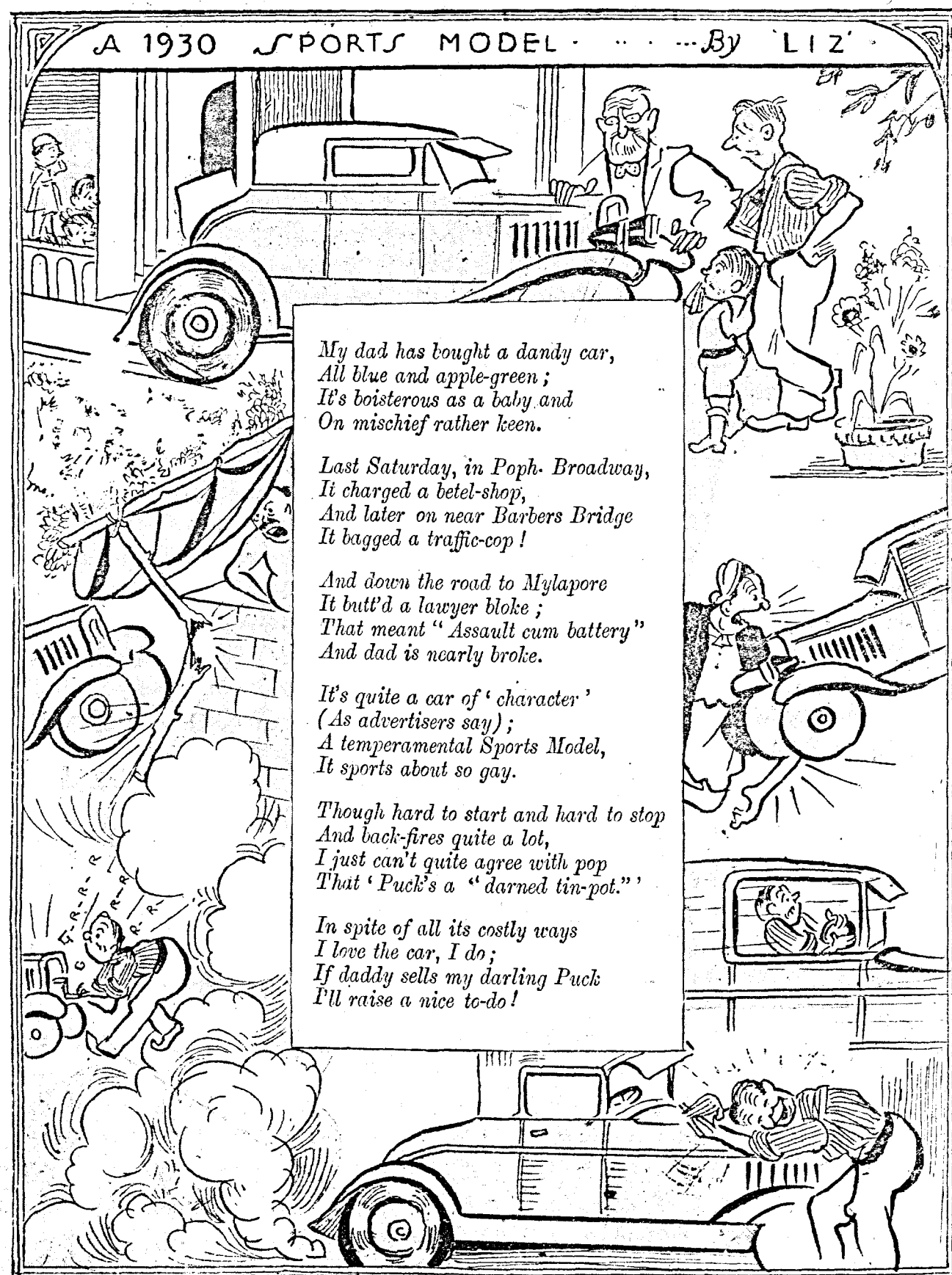
I am excited. I am awaiting a reply to a prepaid telegram I sent to Mudaliar asking him how much a nice horse like Wottle would cost.

The reply has just come and it says Rs. 500. And that, so to speak is only for the engine. I'd have to pay quite a lot for a decent chassis suitably equipped for touring.



Wottle noses up the latch.

"What's that, beloved? The broker says the car won't start.....Tell him I have decided to keep it after all."



TICKLERS

(TUT-TUT-TUT)



Annotate:—

- The vilest deeds like poison-weeds
Bloom well in prison-air;
It is only what is good in man
That wastes and withers there.
- It doth suffer a sea-change
Into something rich and strange.
- Give a dog an ill-name, and you may as well
hang him.



Write short notes on:—

- L'Affaire Stavisky.
- The Black-Shirts.
- The Bombay Charity-Match.



What do you know of:—

- Capt. Anthony Eden.
- H. E. Sir Sikhandar Hayat Khan.
- Sir Henry Pags-Croft.
- The Hon. Mr. Victor Cazalet, M. P.



ANSWERS

- (a) And so Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru has gone back to his 'other home,' once again. It is futile to protest against the dispensations of a government which, in the philosophy of complacent patriots, has been divinely ordained for our benefit. There is a certain inevitableness in the career of this indomitable man that gives it a classic dignity, unborrowed of external accident. The best years of his life have already been sacrificed to the insatiable Moloch of an unimaginative and wooden system which, with pitiful pertinacity, is bent upon alienating even its apologists. The Pandit was engaged in unexceptionable, humanitarian work. The Modern Review for March publishes a series of photographs of relief work in Bihar in which the Pandit is seen handling the pick-axe and shovel with the same purposeful ease with which he speaks and writes. Bihar wants money; but more than money it wants sympathy, and the near-by example of men like the Pandit to go amidst the afflicted, share their troubles, and thus lighten them. The heavens would not have come down if he had been allowed to go his way for some time at least.....But the Pandit cannot be quenched so easily. He is bound to be conspicuous even more by his absence than presence.

(b) A subtle transformation has come over the whole question of Disarmament, until it is now known and admitted to be one of re-armament. Satan reproving sin has ever been a perennial theme for the moralist. Now that all the nations are in the same boat, there is less talk of 'idealism' than of the realities of Peace. Germany is to have practically everything she is already having—unofficially; only certain stipulations are made which mark a distinction without any practical difference. The new motto is: 'Let us all arm up to a point' France naturally objects to this; because she had been humoured so long that she expects to be humoured for ever. The net result is that military expenditure will go up in all countries, and the prospects of another 'war to end war' are much nearer than the man in the street imagines.

(c) There has been a rounding up of Socialists in Austria accompanied by the usual pitched battles, casualties, wholesale imprisonments, summary trials, and other concomitants of 'firm rule.' The position of Dr. Dollfuss, the pocket Napoleon of this pocket state is at least intriguing. He is ostensibly dead against Fascism of the Nazi brand; but is a special protégé of Mussolini. He is apparently popular in Austria; but the people are clearly for a union commercial and or political, with Germany. He is supposed to be the only stumbling block to the Nazification of Central Europe; but he derives his chief military strength from the Heimwehr under Prince Stahremberg, who is the Austrian prototype of Hitler. And in any case, where was the justification for the unexpected attack on Socialists, especially at a time when the only danger was supposed to be from Nazi Germany? Anyhow, a pretty drama is being enacted behind the scenes in Central Europe. Some consider that Dr. Dollfuss is altogether a put-up job to facilitate the restoration of the Hapsburgs. The increase of Austria's regular army to 100,000 during the last few weeks is ominous. Some others think that he is playing off Mussolini against Hitler with adroit diplomacy. Mussolini is willing to claim Hitler as a *chela* at a distance; but is clearly not anxious to see the resurgence of a strong pan-German bloc in Central Europe. It would be a blow to his vanity, which has enabled him to indulge in the myth of Italy being one of the four great powers of Europe. Thus one thing only emerges from the political kaleidoscope: It is that all Fascists are agreed in extirpating socialism root and branch, and would join forces for that purpose. By the same token, it becomes clear that fascism is the latest illegitimate child of capitalism.

II. (a) One of the gigantic frauds of recent times in France. Modern capitalism has these periodical purges to relieve itself of its wasteful and ridi-

culous surfeit. It has brought about the overthrow of one ministry, the dismissal of some high-placed officials, the murder of a Judge and a flare-up of the Parisian mob, better reasoned than any other mob, in the art of fomenting civil disturbance. The main protagonist very inconveniently committed suicide. 2½ millions are said to have been distributed among the powerful and mighty as bribes. Whether it was a mere swindle, or whether underlying it are other deeper international, diplomatic complications will be known in the next generation, or perhaps in a few weeks. It depends upon not who are anxious to be saved, but who can be conveniently sacrificed to the popular clamour. For our part, 'poor and content were measureless riches.'

(b) A particular brand of sartorial originality fashionable in England; but in all other respects a slavish imitation of the German variety, down to and including rubber truncheons and doses of castor-oil. If I were the Home-member in England, I would bring in a bill, on the analogy of the Bengal Criminal Law (Amendment) Bill, and enact that whoever is found in possession of a black-shirt or a rubber truncheon, or has stocked or bought more than a reasonable share of castor-oil, with intent to molest the wearers of shirts or other articles of clothing in all, any or of the colours of the rainbow, will be deemed guilty of culpable homicide amounting to murder, and will be transported for life to the uninhabited areas of the British colonies and dominions. This would put an end to a dangerous type of terrorist organisation now gaining strength in England, reduce unemployment figures sensationally, and provide an automatic means by which the empire will be strengthened abroad. The leader of the Black Shirt movement in England is Sir Oswald Mosley, who married one of the late Lord Curzon's daughters, joined the labour party for a time, and is now playing the part of a super-patriot. It is said that he is financed by big-business whose aim is to smash socialism in England, as it has been smashed pretty thoroughly on the continent; and the world is to be made safe for plutocracy. Even Sir John Simon is against the Black Shirts!

(c) The last fixture of the present M. C. C. tour in India, and easily the most depressing, from the point of view of result. Our batsmen neither hit out nor got out. They did not even show their earlier faculty for getting beaten. There were however some poignant features about the Match. The Maharajkumar of Vizianagaram captained the Indian side, and has earned the distinction of being as poor a skipper as possible. Naidu and the Yuvaraj of Patiala stood out for reasons still unknown. Clark was kept out of the English side for reasons well-known. A majority of English batsmen were l. b. w. And Vijay Merchant was the only purple patch in an otherwise drab picture.

III (a) He is, according to the unanimous vote of tailors, the best-dressed man in Europe, the Prince of Wales himself coming after him. He is one of the coming men of the Tory Party in England, if indeed he has not already arrived. Promoted Lord Privy Seal he is quietly shoving the ineffective Sir John from the star-role at the Foreign Office. Has just returned from a diplomatic pilgrimage of Europe, canvassing support for the last disarmament proposals, containing the first re-armament plan. In an interview, he has declared that he found everywhere excellent intentions; in fact, the whole route of his journey was studded with them. Let us hope that Sir John Simon exclaimed: 'I told you so!'

(b) We looked up the Who's Who for 1929 to know more about this gallant gentleman; but found no mention of him. Quite possibly, his name might not again be found in the Who's Who for 1939! In between, he is now bestriding the narrow world of the Punjab like a Colossus, to wit, as acting Governor. The occupation of Governors now-a-days is to boost the White Paper, and like political John the Baptists, prepare the ground for the smooth working of the coming reformed constitution. His Excellency is trying his best in this direction. But like other apologists he has lost his bearings rather amusingly, in trying to extol the merits of the White Paper constitution in metaphorical language. The White Paper is an example of a bad case rendered worse by zealous advocacy. The longer it is discussed, the fewer will be its adherents.

(c) He is the Sir Galahad of the Tory malcontents. Alone, he carries the good fight against India and Ceylon, and is proof against even ridicule. His latest performance was against Ceylon, where he wants the reforms already introduced to be scrapped: further he points the moral and applies it to India. We agree with him only in saying that the White Paper is unacceptable; but when he quotes the opposition of India to it, let him remember that his reasons are diametrically opposed to ours. A gossip-writer describes him 'as a handsome man'; but handsome is as handsome does!

(d) A Tory member of Parliament who has concluded a tour of observation in this country, and who has made the profound discovery that the White Paper scheme must be implemented to save India for the Empire. This is a frank statement of the inwardness of the White Paper scheme. The difference between him and Sir Henry Page-Croft is that while he believes in camouflage, Sir Henry scorns subterfuge. Both have got the mailed fist; but one thinks it politic to hide it under a velvet glove. We must pray impartially for the failure of both, if India is to be free, contented and happy in her own household.

ON TRAVELLING THIRD

NEIL A'CANTEN



"Do I look like Kreuger?" I boomed.



I always travel third, like—if small things can be compared with great—like Mahatma Gandhi. 'There are seven reasons, sire,' said the Mayor of a vanquished city when the Conqueror-King asked him why he did not toll the city bell in honour of his entry into the city. 'And the first is—the city does not own a bell.' I have seventy, not seven reasons, for travelling third, and the first is—there is no fourth class in our trains. I simply can not afford that extra amount which would purchase me a pale green ticket and a right to carry fifty seers' luggage free. And as such, I have to rest content with the 'biggest class' in our trains. I remember the telegraph-boy congratulating me on passing an exam in the 'biggest class,' when an obliging friend wired to me that I had scrambled through in a low third.

This does not mean that I do not know what the inside of a second-class compartment is made of. I do tumble into it now and then, especially when there are no 'crew-men' about. One of these days I intend publishing a book on the 'Art of Travelling Without

Tickets.' And one of our distinguished public men has consented to write a preface to it. The first chapter thereof deals with 'Lavatory as a shelter.' The second is on 'Swanking on Platforms.' Still another chapter gives you tips as to how to pretend sleep when the crewman barges in. Again whenever the pass of a stationmaster friend of mine is available, I parade up and down the second-class and care a brass button for all the 'crew' and their ilk. I have picked up enough of railway slang to pass off as a station-master on transfer. Whenever I am due at any place as 'the distinguished guest of the evening' for a lecture or some such thing, I travel third till the station nearest to the one I am bound to. And then I change into the second for the last lap of my journey. You know that third-class in trains does not go hand in hand with press-photographers and rose-garlands. And these occasional tours in second class just manage to soothe the drop of blue blood that is trickling somewhere in the Neilish Circulatory System.

But as a rule, the poverty of the old exchequer throws me into a third-class coach. And I make the best of a bad job, a virtue of necessity. I easily manage

to enthrone myself in the cosiest corner near the window if it is day-time or to stretch myself on the sleeping berth if it is night. For I can put a force of ten stones behind my fist and can shoot my patent-leather toe-cap with an equal momentum into the posterior anatomy of any belligerent co-passenger. And having ensconced myself in this haven, I light a cigarette and screen myself with the paper. For though I like to watch the sweating, stinking, chattering motley crowd of a third-class room, I do not deign to mingle with them. The drop of blue blood in my veins would cry 'Halt' at such a procedure. I would as soon allow a Harijan to enter a temple as bandy words with any occupant of this second Noah's Ark. I sit as though I were Henry Ford travelling third to preserve his incognito. I am a spectator, not a participator in this curious game of life. I am a 'child taking notes.' But if any fellow in the room tries to pierce through the barriers I have built around me, he is heading for trouble.

'Can you lend me your box of matches, sir?' one such worthy with an unlighted cigarette perched between his lips had the cheek to ask me recently.

'Look here,' I boomed, 'do I look like Krueger?' and directed against him such a look, that if looks could light cigarettes mine would have lighted his.

'How far are you going, sir?' he persists with spartan courage casting envious glances at my vantage position in the corner. 'Oh! I am getting down at the station next to yours,' I reply with an air of nonchalance. But the fellow had very orthodox ideas about perseverance.

'Your face seems familiar, sir' he creaks, 'we have met before.'

'Not in this world,' I grunted.

Any fellow with a bit of common sense would have backed out of it and excused himself by saying that it must have been two other men. But my co-passenger was still going strong.

'I am sure I met you at the last Mahamakham festival.'

'Say! What do you take me for?' I snapped, 'do I look such a colossal idiot as to share with all the world and his wife standing spare in a thimble-ful of concentrated poison? No sir, even a pack of wild horses wouldn't drag me to that stink-pot.'

'Ah! Now I have got it!' he shouted much in the same way in which Archimedes would have shouted 'Eureka,' 'we met at the Thiruvavur Car Festival.'

'Have you read Bruce and the Spider?' I shot the bolt.

'Why?'

'It sort of occurred to me that you resemble Bruce,' I hinted.

'In what respect?'

The fellow was getting on my nerves. I racked my brains to find something that would effectively put a stopper to his horn. The old

grey matter has never let me down in a crisis. So I said to him in the suavest manner possible, 'My dear man, you have met me neither at the Mahamakham nor at Thiruvavur. I am the son of a Superintendent of a Prison. As a rule, I am a stick-at-home chap, and if you claim to have met me before it must have been at my dad's place.' I do not know if his destination was the next station or not, but he certainly made a very ungraceful exit there.

Some people are like that. They must either babble or burst. One such was a young girl who while travelling with her father, saw a very handsome but reserved youth sitting on the berth opposite to hers. She



"In silent deep disdain"

was dying to indulge in some innocent flirtation with him, but whatever his virtues were, chivalry was not one of them. There he sat, steadily looking out of the window, like a statue of Adonis in tweeds. 'Station after station slipped by; but the youth scarcely vouchsafed her a smile. Nay, he did not even care to notice her kerchief when she dropped it. The girl driven to despair at last, whispered to her father to rope the young fellow into some conversation. 'Have a Cigarette' said the old man, politely stretching out his case to the youngster. 'No, I don't smoke' grunted the youth without even a 'Thanks.' 'Like to see the paper?' persisted the old man. 'I have already seen it,' was the surly reply. The father was finding the situation rather delicate and so without more ado began introducing his daughter to the youngster. 'This is my daughter' he began. 'Sir,' snapped the youth, 'I am already married.'

But though I am not of the motley crowd of a third-class room, I am with them. I like to watch this bunch of humanity, their hail-fellow-well-met air, their solicitude for one another, and their rude cosmopolitanism. What if they have no aspirates or aspirations? I like their homely *bon homie* and am prepared to grant that these are the salt of the earth so long as they do not (as) sa (u)lt me with their jargon. What if they are packed as close as sardines in a tin? The more the merrier. If the proper study of Mankind is Man, you are purchasing a library when you purchase a third-class ticket, you are entering a laboratory when you enter a third-class compartment.

There are two beings in a third-class compartment who break the First Commandment of the Railway with impunity and travel without tickets—the insects and the beggar. The beggar bows low before the 'crew' 'in silent deep disdain.' The dumb of the species present a printed card to you which invariably tells the tale of a destitute father, an invalid mother, and a crippled wife. The vocal variety times its harangue or its song to perfection, starting directly the train leaves a station and ceasing immediately it reaches the next. The veteran teacher dictating passages for the shorthand Higher Examination would profit immensely by taking

a course of lectures from this type of beggar. Constant travel in third has made me a connoisseur. I can distinguish the South Indian insect from that of the Madras and Southern Mahratta bug-ling as correctly as a chemist can tell an acid from an alkali or Mr. Chesterton good beer from bad. And though it bleeds me physically and the beggar financially, I bear them no ill-will. The Neilish bosom has always been a reservoir of the milk of human kindness. 'Live and let live' is the Neilish motto.

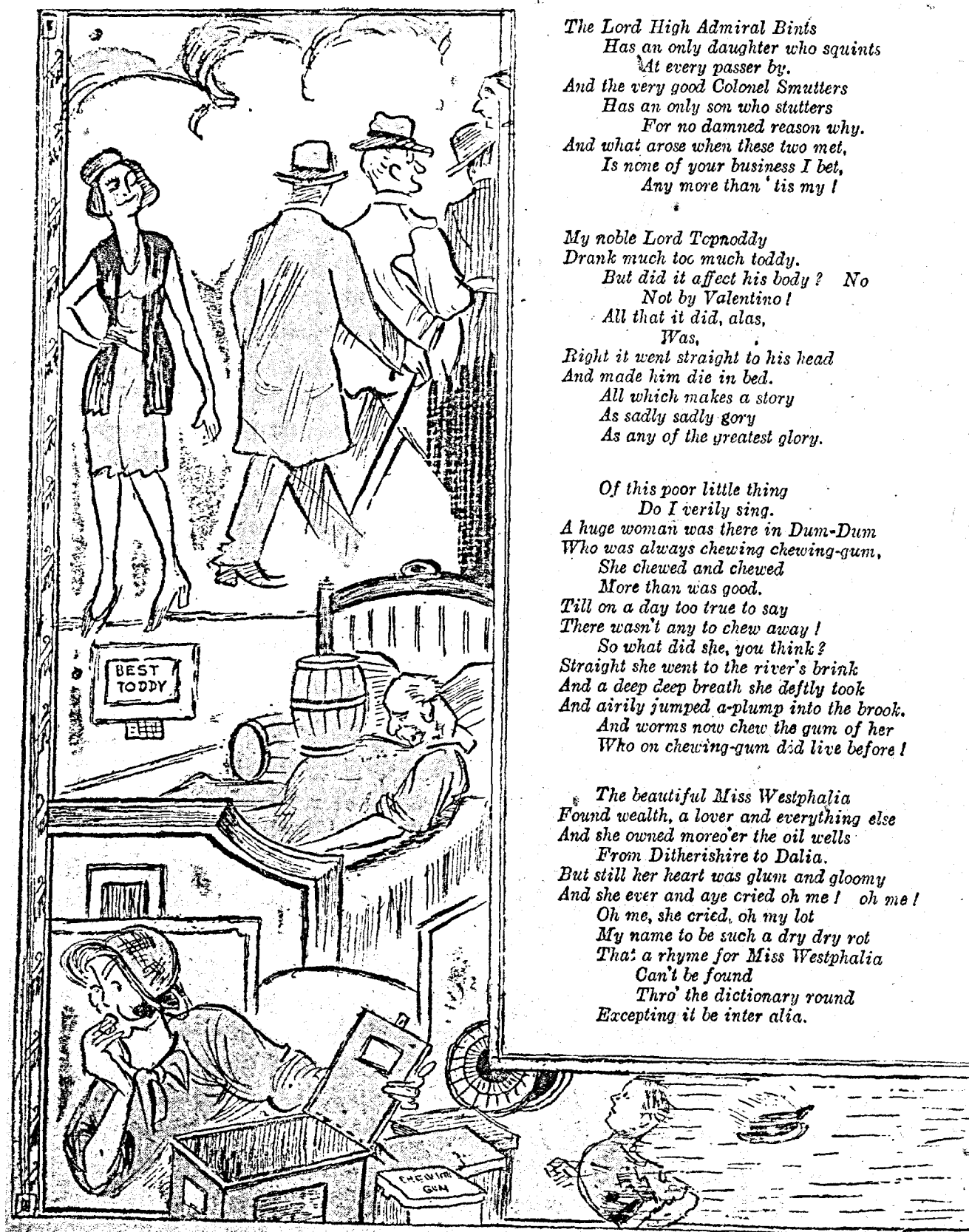
I am in love with the general air of untidiness of a third-class compartment. Cigarette stumps, ashes, orange-peels, old newspapers, give the room the appearance of a bachelor's chambers. It is an adequate stage for humanity to rehearse another daily show. In this caravanserai they met, the flotsam and jetsam of human life—the merry maker on his way to a picnic, the litigant going home after a busy day in the court, the important-looking government official who would be careful to see that he claimed a 'double second' when he submitted his T. A. bill. Here they met, and talked about the weather, about Economic Depression and everything under the sun. They shared one another's company, ate and drank together for a night; and when the dawn broke over the world, when each reached his journey's end, they parted with a hearty 'Good Morning'. How few of those whom Fate had joined together for a night spare a thought for the others when they have parted in the morn? Philosophy of a third-class room, do you call it? Aye, is not a compartment in a train just the epitome of the great world 'into which we come like water willy-nilly flowing' and out of which 'we go like wind along the waste willy-nilly blowing;' where we meet like sojourners in a way-side inn for a night, eat, drink and dance, laugh and weep, play and sleep and run through the whole gamut of human experience?

I have decided. On principle, I would travel only third. 'Why do you travel second, when your son always travels first?' Mr. Gladstone was asked once. 'His father is a Prime Minister, mine was not,' was the quiet reply. Even if I were to be adopted as the heir-in-law of Mr. Henry Ford—let alone the Prime Minister—I would not forsake a third-class room. For here I get my money's worth of travel, an intimate study of human nature, a goodly portion of bug-bite and a spoonful of philosophy into the bargain!



I have become a connoisseur.

NONSENSE RHYMES AND



The Lord High Admiral Bints
Has an only daughter who squints
At every passer by.
And the very good Colonel Smutters
Has an only son who stutters
For no damned reason why.
And what arose when these two met,
Is none of your business I bet,
Any more than 'tis my!

My noble Lord Topnoddy
Drank much too much toddy.
But did it affect his body? No
Not by Valentino!
All that it did, alas,
Was,
Right it went straight to his head
And made him die in bed.
All which makes a story
As sadly sadly gory
As any of the greatest glory.

Of this poor little thing
Do I verily sing.
A huge woman was there in Dum-Dum
Who was always chewing chewing-gum,
She chewed and chewed
More than was good.
Till on a day too true to say
There wasn't any to chew away!
So what did she, you think?
Straight she went to the river's brink
And a deep deep breath she deftly took
And airily jumped a-plump into the brook.
And worms now chew the gum of her
Who on chewing-gum did live before!

The beautiful Miss Westphalia
Found wealth, a lover and everything else
And she owned more'er the oil wells
From Ditherishire to Dalia.
But still her heart was glum and gloomy
And she ever and aye cried oh me! oh me!
Oh me, she cried, oh my lot
My name to be such a dry dry rot
That a rhyme for Miss Westphalia
Can't be found
Thro' the dictionary round
Excepting it be inter alia.

MURDERED METRES

The Sheriff of Shropshire by the sea
Was the sort of man you envy.
But the Sheriff of Buncombe by the Lea
Was he whom you would rather not be.
But let him of Buncombe or Shropshire be
It is absolutely nothing to me.

There was once a soldier bold
He could a gallon of water hold
Against any odds that mattered
(Though his shirt indeed was tattered).
His head was where it ought to be
But his heart was in his boots.
So when to march the time did come
He didn't like it at all by gum;
For the sound of bursting dynamite
Was to him so dreadful quite
So what did he do but give two hoots
And desert his blooming army.

Epilogue.

The upshot
Of what he got
For this
Business of his
Was just this, to be impartial—
He just wasn't, after the court-martial.

The egregious Mr. Epsom Salt
Was all that you could wish
And the magnanimous Miss Magsulphus
Was better far than you thought.
Salt and Magsul one day did row
On a wriggling brook by the wayside.
The boat had a hole
(So bless my soul!)
And down went the boat and the whole show
And both went down with the boat and died!
Alas, Alas, Alas, they cried
But not those two that died
It wasn't them or they that cried
But only those who stood beside.
The rest is all a silly story
With which, you, I shall not worry.
But so that at Judgment we may be absolved
Be it said
That they were dead
And not merely dissolved.

—'CAPER'



ANECDOTES OF LORD NORTHCLIFFE

(With Acknowledgments to Mr. Tom Clarke)



ONE night, Northcliffe, probably to show he was serious, got the editorial man in charge to "chuck out" a £ 500 advertisement. Next morning the bewildered Wareham asked the why and wherefore. He was told to go and ask the Editor. He did so, and then went back to Northcliffe.

"The Editor says he exercised the power and discretion you gave him," said Wareham, "and I said that was all right, but just for my future guidance I asked why he threw out this particular advertisement, and he said it was because it contained a drawing of a man wearing a soft collar—and he implied that was not done in the best circles."

"Well," replied the Chief, "I must leave that to him."

"But may I point out, Chief," urged the persistent Wareham, "that *you* are wearing a soft collar?"

Back from a visit to France, the Chief tonight drove straight from Victoria to the office, followed by a taxicab containing a huge shell. He invited us all down to see it in the ante-room to the famous Room One on the first of Carmelite House. "See where it points," he said to Andrew Caird, pointing a finger towards the ceiling. "What will happen to you if it goes off?" Caird smiled feebly, for through the ceiling, in his room above, was his chair: exactly below, the nose of the huge 10 inch shell. "Don't let any one near it," said Northcliffe, giving instructions that a 'danger' notice was to be stuck on the shell.

Later this evening, Caird came to my room and asked me to have the shell examined by an expert. We rang up the head quarters of the 3rd Field Artillery in the City Road, and they asked us to send it along. So it was placed gingerly in a taxicab, and soon the reporter who had undertaken the 'dangerous' mission was back with his report. An officer and a sergeant took the shell to pieces, found that it was not charged, had been built up of several parts, and was, in fact, quite harmless. Caird received the news with a grim smile. "Don't tell the Chief I had the shell examined," he said. "I don't want to spoil his joke."

Tonight a fat, prosperous-looking American came to the office with his wife, and asked me to set all our organisation at work to help him find his dog, which had strayed from the Savoy. I wondered if he knew there was a war on. We were busy with the news of the great German attack on Verdun. The American had with him a policeman from Bow Street, whose advice he had sought about his lost dog. I said I really doubted very much whether we could put in a paragraph

asking if anybody had found it. The American said he and his wife had been to a theatre, and on returning to the Savoy had taken the dog out for a run and it had disappeared—"a great motorcar came up and scared the poor little dog, and he scampered off. Gee whiz! The da-arned searchlights frightened him sure! Can't Lord Northcliffe's paper find him?"

Falk was a great character, and took with supreme good humour the jokes about Jews of which Northcliffe always made him the butt. "You belong to the Jewish persuasion, don't you, Falk?" I once heard him say, and then add quickly, "who persuaded you?"

I heard a story tonight in connection with the agitation for the return of Lord Fisher to the Admiralty. Northcliffe sent to Fisher a copy of Bacon's *Essays*, with the one on "Youth and Old Age" marked, with the references to old age underlined. Fisher sent for our naval correspondent and asked him what the b—h—it all meant. The correspondent said he did not know, and advised Fisher to return the book to Northcliffe. This Fisher did, and in turn underlined all the references in the essay to youth.

Hannen Swaffer went to join up at a recruiting office in Holborn. To the astonishment of Swaffer and everybody else, they passed him A 1. Swaffer explained that he had answered the doctor's questions by saying he was "Sandow's chief assistant," and they had taken him at his word. When he went back to the office, Northcliffe cried, "Good heavens! Stop the war! If Swaffer is A 1, it's all over." The Chief, who had been saying that the recruiting authorities were raking in heaps of men not physically fit for service, made much of this incident, and Swaffer was called back for a special examination, when he was placed among the rejected.

The other day, in Red Wharf Bay, Anglesey, I was looked upon as a heathen by a Welsh newsagent when I asked for the *Daily Mail*. I wonder what he would have said had I told him what I knew of the comings and goings between the owner of that paper and the news agent's hero Lloyd George.

"Nobody in these parts reads that lying rag, look you," said the man, "except a silly old man, in Penrath, indeed. Stick you to the *Daily News* and Lloyd George." He went on to protest so much that I interposed.

"But he is not God, you know."

"Ah, indeed, no, you are right," was the reply, "but he is young yet, look you."

HER TWIN SISTER

Maas. J. Maji



".....The Wrong Sister....."



IT was a full-moon night and streams of pious pilgrims were making their way to the temple. But John Silva though normally very religiously inclined was now in an abnormal mood. Hitherto no romance had come his way, and his life had been a prosaic one with the monotonous routine of office-going and temple-going. But on this particular full-moon night, as he eagerly watched the passers-by from the window of his room, his mind was worshipping at another shrine. For after an uneventful period of 28 years, merciless cupid had at last claimed him as one of his victims. And it occurred in the following manner.

John was a clerk in a mercantile firm in Colombo. His aged mother had often endeavoured to fix up a marriage for him in the usual conventional eastern style, whereby the bride and bridegroom are complete strangers to each other until the wedding day. To John it did not matter at all whom he married. He knew that the iron hand of an oriental custom must take its toll some day, and he was perfectly indifferent

as to when it would be. So he passively looked on his mother's attempts to fix up a match for him.

But unfortunately, the old lady's efforts were not successful. The proposals fell through for some reason or other. This did not in the least worry John. He believed in the wise dictum which says "Marriages are made in heaven." Therefore, it had been predestined whom he is to marry and when. Till then he would wait. But little did he realise that the web that fate was weaving for him was almost complete.

It so happened that he was ordered by his employers to go to a village in the suburbs of the city to take possession of a house there from one of their judgment-debtors. He was also instructed to remain there until he received further orders.

This house was situated in a lonely spot and had for its neighbour a small cottage wherein resided a mother and daughter. During his short stay there, his meals were supplied by them. And it was not long before the hitherto unruffled heart of John was disturbed by the bewitching beauty of young Lucy.

Much as he would like to marry her, he knew it was impossible according to the customs of his people. True enough, she too was of the same race, but she was of a different caste. He cursed within himself these man-made rules which threatened to rob him of the only girl he ever loved. And what was more, he discerned that his love was fully reciprocated. He was also aware that a young man in western attire was a source of much fascination to village damsels.

When Lucy brought his mid-day meal, she looked so charming in her colourful jacket and camboy that John's love for her got the better of his judgment. He caught her by the hand and drew her to him. She pretended to resist, but at length found herself in his arms.

"Sweet one, will you be mine?" he questioned caressingly.

A shy look was the only reply and John knew it meant acquiescence.

Both realised that marriage between them would be opposed both by her people as well his. There was only one alternative and that was to elope and get married secretly. They agreed to take this course, and the full-moon night indicated at the beginning of this narrative was the appointed date.

In half an hour's time John was expecting to see his lady-love in the passing crowds. He had arranged to follow her and meet her at an unfrequented spot where a car lay in waiting. As he carefully scanned each girl among the passers-by, he beheld Lucy. It

was too early for her to come, but her eagerness must have impelled her to set out before time, thought John. So he quickly looked up the house and followed her at a discreet distance. But he observed she was not taking the right turn at the junction. He, therefore, hastened up to her and catching her by the hand whispered,

"You're on the wrong road."

But to his amazement she wrenched her hand away and gave a piercing scream. A crowd immediately collected round them, and their attitude was threatening. It was shameful conduct, they said, and he must be taught a good lesson. Just then a tender voice was heard from behind the crowd.

"John, John," it cried out.

The people turned round in surprise, and there was then a general commotion.

At length it turned out that the girl John had followed was not Lucy, but her twin-sister who had been away from home for a long time. She had only returned that evening. It was the real Lucy who arriving a little late had called out to John from behind the crowd and saved the situation.

Sometime after this amusing incident, John was heard to tell a friend,

"It's dash rotten that twins should be born because they are so much alike and it sometimes lead to embarrassing situations."

"Especially on a moon-light night," shrewdly remarked his friend.

MARCH LUCKY NUMBER SCHEME

THE EDITOR OFFERS

Rs. 100

FOR TWENTY WINNING NUMBERS

20 numbers have been chosen at random and kept in a sealed envelope which will be opened after 15-3-'34.

These Numbers will be published on 1-4-'34.

SO KEEP YOUR COPY

Mr. JANGLI AND THE TICKET EXAMINER



(V. B. PRASAD)

The Second Class Passenger

NO. I Up—or, for the benefit of the large number of unfortunate ignorami who are not initiated into the linguistic mysteries of the railway, the Madras Mail—was puffing along merrily at topspeed, a few miles ahead of Waltair with its freight of ticket and ticket-less souls, treating handsomely most of everybody in its entrails to a free course of beautiful, fresh, curly B. N. R. smoke and brightening sun dry eyes with fine coal grit of the same ancestry as the smoke. At which all the noses and eyes concerned swore quite unreasonably in none too elegant language.

In one of the II class compartments sitting all alone by himself, regarding the flying prospect with a vacuous stare, and licking his lips like a Chinese dog at famine-time whenever the sight of a yokel or yokeless at his or her humble meal in the cool of the hedges flit past, was Mr. Jangli, bespectacled and in shorts with its sartorial accompaniments, a neglected cigarette in his hand fulfilling its destiny of its own volition.

"Ticket please, babuji," said a respectful voice at his side.

Jangli started, and stared blankly at a uniformed Anglo-Indian apparition without indicating by word or gesture that he grasped the situation.

"Ticket, babuji," the apparition encored.

Jangli's eyes registered the dawn of intelligence. He smiled sweetly.

"How the dickens did you get in?" he asked irrelevantly. "Have a cigarette."

"Thanks, babu. How did I get in? That a bloody trade secret," said the other with a grin. "Let's see your ticket. Must comb the jolly lot befo the nextop."

"Won't you sit down," cooed Jangli as if he were in his drawing room playing the perfect host. "That's right! Er—h'm—I say, Mr. Ticket Examiner—"

"Yes, babu?"

"Were you ever in love?"

The Anglo-Indian looked sharply at Jangli, but grinned all the same at the pleasant questioning face.

"In love? Certainly—fo' times."

"Holy Garbo! Four times! Not a bad record for a young chap like you. Say, does your stomach kick and bite and corkscrew when you are in love?"

The apparition scratched its head.

"I mean, do you feel hungry?" explained Jangli.

"O, Gosh! I'm not yer blimey sort that don't want no grub when in love. Why, just now I am in love, and am awfully hungry."

"Indeed! That is interesting."

"Yeh. The driver's youngest gal, Lucy. An' whenever I goes ahangin' aroun' her, the fust thing I does is stuff the ole tummy with high victual."

"But that is not romantic and all that. Grub and love ill go together."

"Romantic be blowed! You reading them loony poetic mugs, that's vot yer doing. Lucy and me pulls along alright ravenous like—like—"

"Go ahead," urged Jangli "ravenous like—"

"—like wild elephants left in the North Pole."

"Seems so," mused Jangli. "I am correcting a lifelong impression. I am in love too. Down as down could be."

"Are you?" said Mr. T. T. E. in a bored tone, "But yer ticket, babu. Must be going. Buck up."

Jangli eyed the other steadily and delivered himself impressively. "Now, old top,—as man to man,—as one who has been up in the stratosphere four times—and is not out of it yet—do you attach—any bally importance—to such a silly piece of cardboard—as a ticket?"

The T. T. E. took sometime chewing this complicated end. "W-ee-ll, can't say I do. Quite understand you. Still, it's against the bloody rules. You know."

"All is fair in love and war and railway, *mon ami*."

"Okay. O-kay. Where you comin' from, any-way?"

"Madras."

"My kidneys! And where you jolly well off to?"

"Don't know. Depends on the party of the second part."

"Second part? A bit sticky that, wot?"

"Well, the lady is travelling by this train. I get down where she gets down."

"Aha! so that's that. A'right, wish you miles and miles of luck. But how you going to dodge them checking staff up the line beats me. They are as thick as ants."

"No fear. I'll pull them round alright. One bright young chap wanted to see my ticket at Bezwada. I just looked through him like Buster Keaton. He scratched his ear in a puzzled sort of way and evaporated. Another ornament to the railway popped up at Rajahmundry. I grabbed the 'Mail' wrong side up as if in deep study and gave him the lurid eye with a who-the-blasted-devil-are-you touch. The poor child wished he was never born and slunk away humbly."

"Ha, ha, ha! You, a plucky one. Admire you. Luck to you. Goobye."

Mr. T. T. E. bestowed a bright sympathetic wink on Jangli, added a few more degrees to the already rakish poise of his cap, pocketed his clipper, put his pencil in his mouth and made ready to demonstrate his 'bloody trade secret.'

"Here, stay, Mr. T. T. E. Have one please," said Jangli offering another cigarette.

"No, no, thanks, babu. Need them yerself bad. I smokes tons and tons of cigarettes myself whenever the old boy has a go at me. Love and cigarettes is great pals. I know."

"Just one smoke to the success of my love. That's a good fellow."

"A'right—thanks."

Jangli gave a light. Mr. Georges O'sullivan, or whatever his name was, puffed at his cigarette approvingly. "This one is good."

"Yes. That is one of our best swadeshi. Shan-mugam Chetty has got something to do with it, you know."

"Swadeshi or chetty or the other, it's dam good Bye, babu, bye. Cheerio."

"Bye, bye Mr. Bluebeard."

"Who is that?"

"Oh, that is an ancient who knew what was what."

The Starter.



Employer:—"How long have you worked in that office?"

Applicant:—"Ever since they threatened to sack me."

THAT FIGURATIVE WAY

(V. GANAPATHI)

RAJARAM was a simple soul. Of the vagaries and deceptions of this world he knew nothing. He called a spade a spade bluntly, without sophistication.

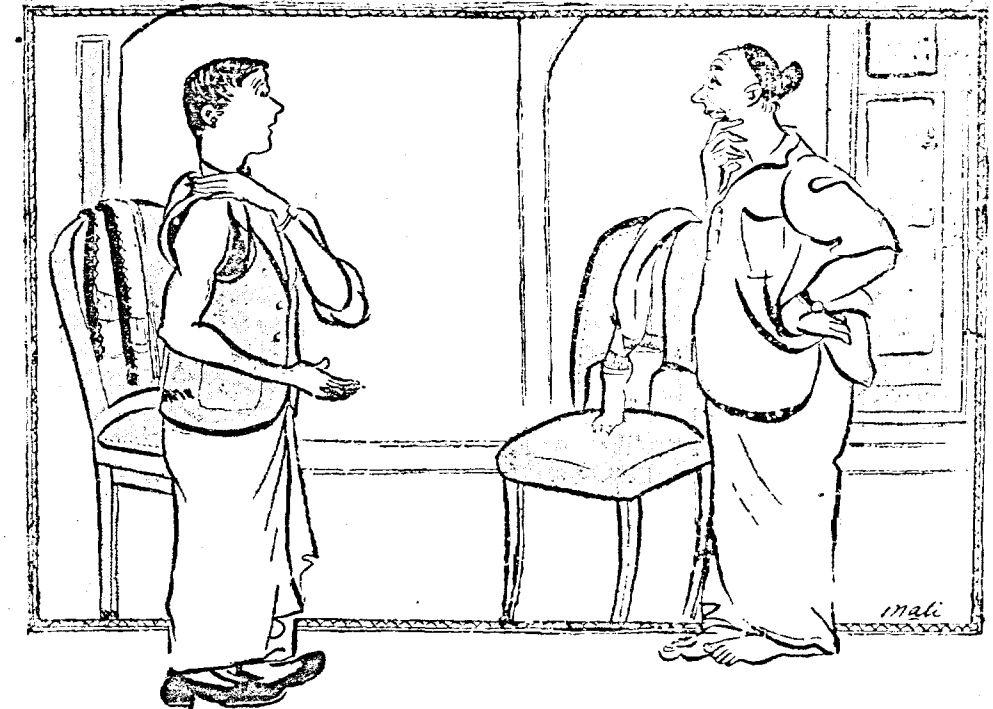
To such a one as he what was the use of speaking of gloomy clouds with silver linings. He would stare at you in a surprised way. In any event neither he nor you would be a jot the wiser for these words. If ever an occasion should arise to speak to him you must do so in plain undisguised simple direct words. No unnecessary circumlocution, no euphemism and, no metaphorical or figurative expressions. This is not a mandatory stipulation, but it is to your interest to see that you are plain. If you are not very guarded, danger is ahead.

You appear sceptic, you cannot believe that a human being could be so simple. Very well then, let me give you some funny episodes in Raja's life.



"Pulling Ramier's legs"

One day Raja came to me while I was busy writing an article. He was quite well-dressed and seemed to be glowing over some anticipated pleasure. I asked him, "Well Raja, you look very unusual. What is the matter?"



.....tucked his sleeve up to his elbow.....

"Nothing" replied Raja simply.

"Out with it. What have you up your sleeve," I demanded and just fancy the simpleton at once tucked both his sleeves up to his elbow, vindicating himself of the charge of holding anything up there.

"Sit down, my friend. I would like to know what the matter is."

Raja replied, "you see, there is every chance of Sarojini that is Chandru's sister, you know, consenting to marry me. She has agreed, and so has her mother, according to Chandru. They want me to propose the matter to her father. I have come here to take your valuable advice."

I lapsed into a serious, reflective mood. I came to a definite conclusion and drew for him an outline of how he should move in the matter.

"Take my advice, Raja, and observe every word of instructions to the letter. You are certain to make splendid progress. Do you follow?"

"Yes."

"Now attend to me. Choose a fine morning. You know the father very well. Greet him familiarly, enter his room and take a chair. Do not wait for his invitation. Courtesies apart, have your aim in view at every step."

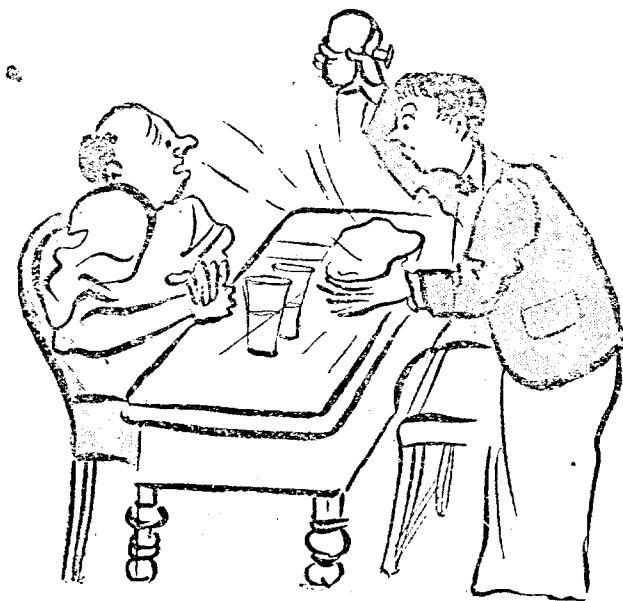
"Wait a minute, please. A bit of paper and pen," requested Raja.

"What on earth for?"

"I will just note down what you say."

"Alright," I said and produced what he asked for. He faithfully recorded all I said. I continued my instructions.

"First commence by getting him into a good mood. Tell him something that would flatter him. You can pull his legs a bit, have you noted down?"

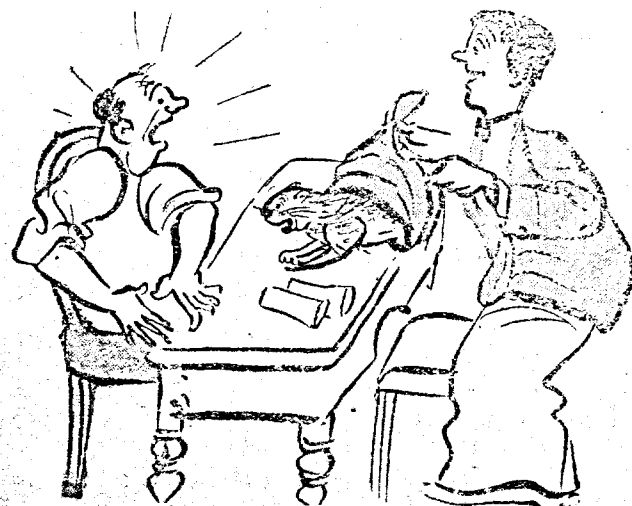


Breaking the ice.

"Yes" came the enthusiastic reply.

"Then gently break the ice. He won't be taken aback. I almost expect he will give you a hearty handshake of acceptance. He will perhaps express some difficulty about the consent of the other parties. At that moment, let the cat out of the bag, tell him the consent of the party of the second part has been booked. You must do precisely everything that I tell you."

"Most certainly," Raja assured.



Letting the cat out of the bag.

"Then to the final stroke. Put your heads together and come to definite conclusions. You know he is of the middle class though he owns a fine bungalow.

If he says anything about your lot in life as being nothing far above the average, listen to him quietly, and then turn the tables. There you have the stroke of victory."

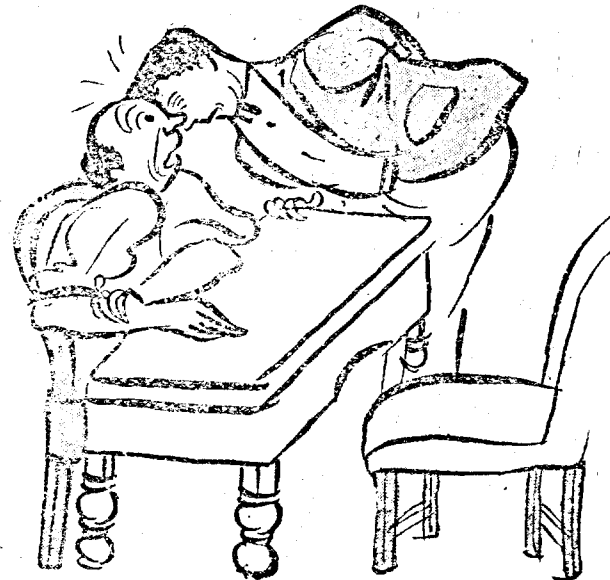
"Fine," ejaculated Raja joyfully.

"Wait. After all this, take him to the garden. Manage, if possible, that some of the other parties are also there. You can easily get this done through Chandru. You know:

"If you will the sister win,
With the brother first begin."

and you seem to have appreciated the truth of this maxim. Above all do not leave one stone unturned to fix the happy date."

Raja wrung my hand and ran away at top speed. The fool could not wait for another day. He was eager to follow my instructions at once. It was about 10 A.M. just then, and the blighter broke the very first of my directions.



Putting their heads together.

What do you think he did. He went straight home and bagged the poor, mewling kitten, put it in his pocket and trotted off to Sarojini's house. Fortunately for him, or unfortunately for him Ramier was there in his room, making some notes; he was a lecturer, by the way.

Raja stepped in and greeted Ramier, and was doubtless greeted back. The first thing that Raja did was to take the chair in both his hands and hold it up aloft. Ramier was rather surprised but he thought that something was wrong with the chair. "Sit down," he said, and not till then did Raja put down the chair and seat himself.

It was past 11 O'clock and an April day. The sun was very hot. Ramier had a glass of lemon juice before him and a saucer containing a large block of ice. He poured out a glass for Raja and was obviously very curious to know the object of his visit.

Raja took out my note of instructions and consulted it at regular intervals. He talked to Ramier of many things and tried to flatter him, now and then saying



Turning the Tables.

something about Sarojini. He then bent down under the table and gently holding Ramier's legs pulled them both an inch forward, and resumed his seat. Ramier was perplexed. But remembering Raja's disjointed remarks about Sarojini, he naturally concluded that Raja was only performing an act of reverential supplication.

Before Ramier had shaken off his surprise, Raja got up and with the paper weight, which was of massive brass, broke to pieces the ice that was on the table. Ramier's surprise now increased. He could not understand Raja. Perhaps a large block of ice would take a long time to melt in the lemon juice. But then why this inelegant manner. Anyway he waited. Raja went on talking about Sarojini referring at frequent intervals to his manual of instructions.

Ramier, as was anticipated, said something about his having to consult other people in the matter. Raja was faithful to my advice. This was the moment for him. He gently took the bag out of his pocket and let the cat out, and it skipped its way from the table to Ramier's lap and rushed off to the kitchen mewling.

Now Ramier was really astounded.

"What is this?" he asked and Raja blinked, but went on talking of the match he had come to settle. Ramier said that he could not come to any hasty conclusions. "Conclusions" did he say? Yes, that was the cue for Raja. He got up, ran up to Ramier and quickly put his head close to Ramier's and stood there for a few minutes, during which time Ramier almost lost his balance. He was however indulgent and thought Raja's excitement deserved to be condoned.

He therefore asked Raja to sit down and talk things out. He dwelt on their relative standing in life and pointed out that Raja had not much wealth. Raja stood up, and exerting all his strength actually turned the table cross-ways, as directed.

Ramier was stupefied. He thought that the April sun which was at its zenith just then was too much for

poor Raja. "Come on, we will go out and have some fresh air," he said and took Raja into the garden. Though it was high noon, the dense trees in the garden shaded it pleasantly. Ramier was something of a horticulturist. The ever green bowers and the cool arbour which he had constructed rendered the atmosphere pleasant and cool. There were well gravelled foot-paths, green borders and white stones which lay round the garden and brought you to the place whence you started.

Raja concluded that everything was settled, for Ramier had taken a few minutes to go in and come back to Raja, evidently Raja thought, to drop a word of timely intimation. So Raja eagerly begged Ramier to fix the date. "By and by," the latter replied.

They were now in the garden. Raja suddenly stooped down and turned a brick that was lying there, upside down and asked Ramier "What date shall it be?" "In due course, my boy" Ramier assured him. After a minute or two, Raja again bent down and lifting wholesale a huge block of granite turned it clean over. Once more he faced Ramier and said "just fix the date."

Amazement stood full in Ramier's face. He lead Raja along a narrow foot-path. In their way stood an old bucket full of rubbish left there by a not too conscientious servant. Raja was walking close to Ramier eager to get him to fix the date. There was a minute of awkward silence. Then Raja said, "if you can kindly kick the bucket my way will be clear."

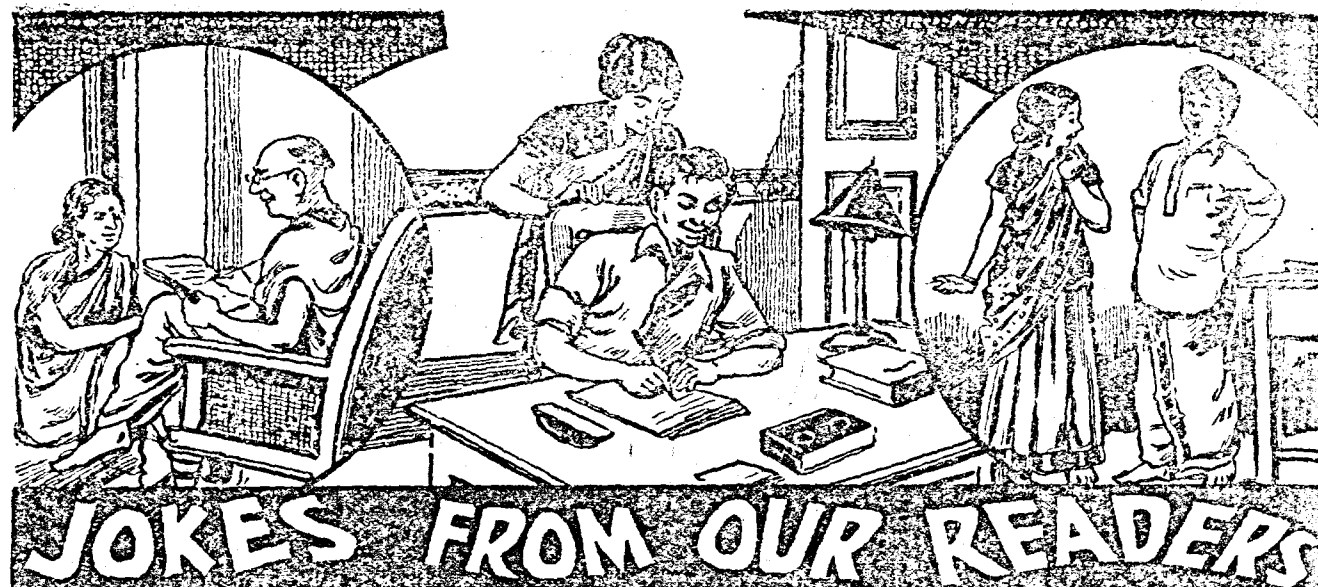
Ramier was moved by an almost uncontrollable impulse to slap Raja hard on his cheek, he managed to restrain it however. He concluded that Raja was either off his senses or else he was being deliberately impertinent.

Ramier hurried back and arranged to have Raja sent home safely and put to bed. If he had not done so I really believe that Raja would have unearthed all the stones lying in the garden for had he not been told to leave no stone unturned to fix the date. And that was the catastrophe of the figurative way.



Leaving no stone unturned.

I have never seen Raja again till now. Perhaps he has left the place a broken soul, or else he has achieved what he was after and is now in the exalted heavens—figuratively of course.



A young man arrived home from his university after having received his M. A. degree.

"I suppose Ramoo will be looking for a B. Sc. next," said a friend of the family to the father. "No," was the reply, "he will be looking for a J. O. B."

—A. Gopal Row, Kumbakonam.

A lawyer had been sitting wearily in a court one day listening a long time to the tiresome argument of an opposing counsel.

"My lord," said the latter, "I have an idea—"

"My lord," interrupted the former. "Give him a writ of habeas corpus to take it out of solitary confinement."

—"Romulus" Egmore.

"Before we were married you used to call me your angel."

"Yes, I remember."

"Now you call me nothing."

"That shows my self-control."

—M. B. Varadarajan, Bangalore.

A European gentleman came to India on a World Tour. He visited all the important places in India and lastly came to Bombay, where the Congress movement was in full swing. There he met an Indian gentleman, dressed in tweed suits and wearing a Gandhi Cap. "To which side do you belong, the British or Congress side," queried the European.

"To the safe side" was the ready answer.

—V. Nagarathnam, Gadag.

Teacher:—"Did your father whip you for what you did at school yesterday?"

Pupil:—"No, sir, he didn't. He said it would hurt him more than it would me."

Teacher:—"Then your father is much too sympathetic."

Pupil:—"It isn't that, sir—he's got rheumatism in both arms."

—M. A. Tirumalachar, Bangalore.

Sita:—"Fortune knocks at everybody's door some time or other."

Kamala:—"But it doesn't seem to have knocked at yours even once."

Sita:—"No, she did knock once when I was away. Since then she has been sending her daughter (Miss) Fortune. Ever since she arrived she never leaves me for money or love."

—A. M. A. Arunachalam, Pallatur.

Patient:—"Oh, Doctor, I am suffering from severe stomach-ache. It seems there are some harmful worms in my stomach."

Doctor:—"Then, just take in a chicken."

Patient:—"What about the chicken then?"

Doctor:—"Alright, take in a kitten."

Patient:—"Kitten! Then."

Doctor:—"Then! Take in a mouse. No, don't swallow it. Just hold it inside your throat. The Kitten will jump and catch the mouse. At once pull out the mouse by the tail. Then out will come kitten with chicken, germs and all."

—S. R. Venkataraman, Pathamadai.

Three tailors had their shops in the same road. The first wrote on his sign-board "The best tailor of the town." The second tailor wrote as "The best tailor of the world." But the third who was a clever fellow wrote on his board "The best tailor in the road."

—S. Parthasarathy, Vizagapatam.

The schoolboy had just returned home after writing the examination at the school, when he was confronted by his father.

"How is the paper?" asked the parent.

"Oh, it is quite simple and easy, father," replied the son.

"And how was the superintendent?"

"The superintendent was quite all right; only, I never thought he was so religious....."

"Religious! How ever did you know that?"

"Well, father, every time he looked into my paper, he said, "Good God. Great Heavens."

—V. H. Mahadevan, Madras.

An amateur actor was singing in his so called scientific way and the audience was dozing.

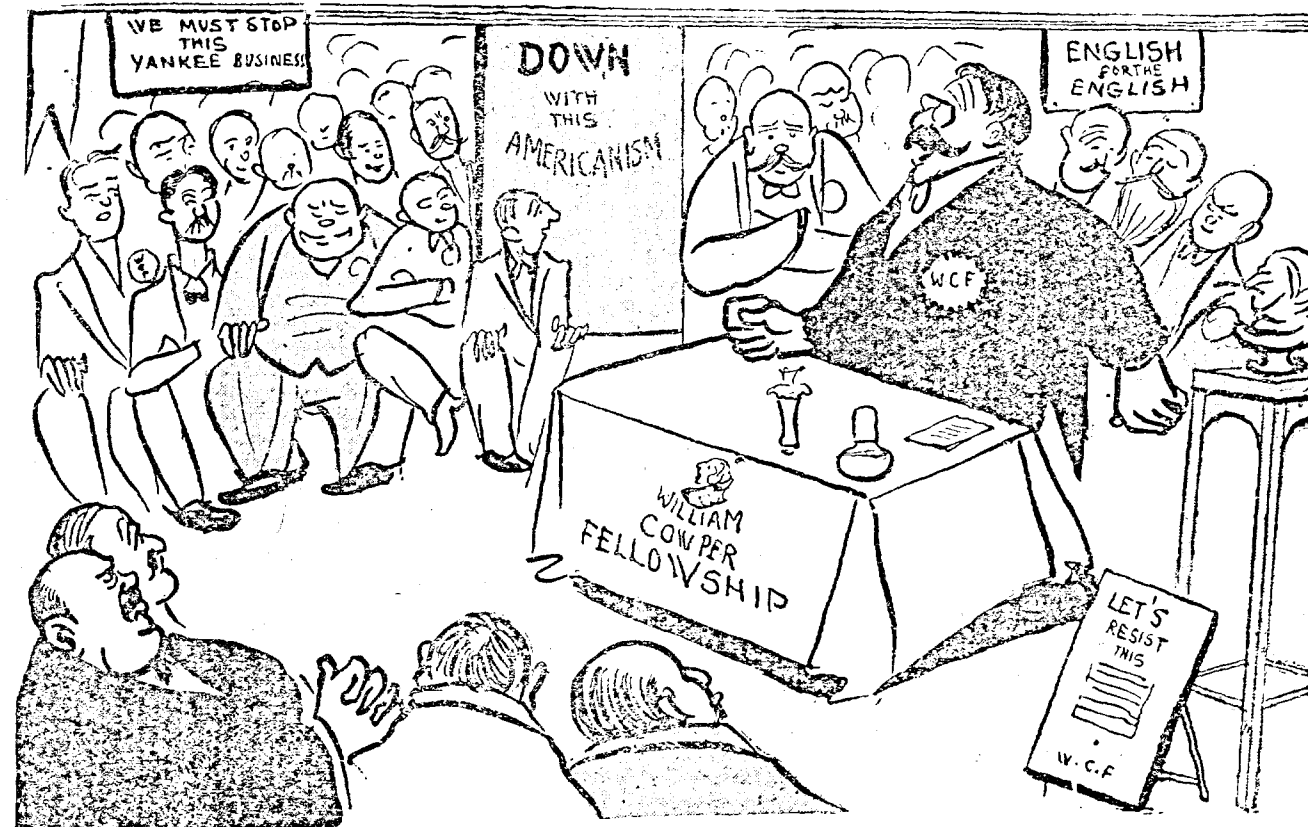
At the end the conductor asked one among the audience to assure himself, "Sir, I hope you are a drama-tan. How do you like ours?"

"Yours is very splendid, I mean the fan here" was the immediate reply.

—B. Srinivasa Rao, Madras.

SOMETHING LITERARY

V. V. VEDANTAM



".....We will be deluged with such horrors as Bobby Browning....."

THE meeting of the Cowper Fellowship promised to be a sensational one. Mr. Horace T. Bellam the millionaire American curio-hunter who was then touring through England mentioned in the course of a press interview that he was out to find the original manuscript of "On the receipt of my Mother's Picture" written by "Eh..... oh.....H-m, old Bill Cowper." Mr. Archibald Pontifex, secretary of the Cowper Fellowship was incensed by this trifling with the name of his hero and called a meeting of the club to lodge an emphatic protest against such "silly Americanisms." The members mustered in large numbers and passed a strong resolution condemning the vulgarity of the millionaire. The secretary in seconding the resolution said, "We have had enough of these provoking Americanisms. We have for long put up with American spelling and American slang; but this indecent tampering with the names of the great dead is really intolerable. At this rate we will be deluged with such horrors as Billy Shakespeare, Bobby Browning and Tommy Carlyle." To show how strongly they felt about the matter, the members re-named their club, the "William Cowper Fellowship."

At this stage, the Rational Spelling Movement entered the ring. In an article to the "Bookworm" the secretary of the R. S. M. deplored the mistake

committed by Mr. H. T. Bellam; but while regretting Mr. Bellam's lapse he could not help expressing his feelings against the conservative pedants who objected to all sane spelling reform. "We may have had enough of American slang, but we have yet to learn to appreciate the American spelling movement. It is time for us to give up our silly notions and write color instead of colour."

There was a flutter in the literary dovecotes. Most of the authors objected to American inroads into English Literature. The W. O. Fellowship called for a symposium on the subject from the great ones. Mr. George Bernard Haws wrote "Americans do not know English. As for Cowper, why, you may read him." Mr. Gilbert Keith Testerton said "English for Englishmen." Mr. John Glasworthy was milder. "There are good American writers as there are bad ones. But there are plenty of good English authors whom you simply must read—for instance, Cowper." Mr. H. G. Swell traced the growth of the Englishman through all the phases of evolution and proved that English Literature was a living thing and American a mere make-believe.

But the secretary of the R. S. M. was not the man to be silenced so easily. He spared no pains to expose the weak points in English spelling and pleaded eloquently for a rational revision of it. Mr. Bellam's

This fortnight the Prize of Rs. 3/- is awarded to S. R. VENKATARAMAN, Pathamadai.

"Bill" Cowper, was after all a manifestation of the American spirit of reason and economy in the use of language as a vehicle of expression. But by this time the W. C. F. had broadcasted the views of the Great Ones to such an extent that the public grew suspicious of the R. S. M. and frankly considered it "revolutionary." Their point of view was somewhat like this: "If you begin to make such inroads on a settled language you can never know where to stop. The R. S. M. may easily develop into a movement for the translation of old books into modern style. And then sturdy old Johnson will be reduced to the level of a statistical clerk." Indeed Mr. G. K. Testerton actually said that the beauty of the Victorian authors lay in "their padding" and it would be suicidal to yield to any attempt at modernizing these authors. The secretary of the R. S. M. found that he had stirred a hornet's nest; he cursed the "rabble of Philistines" and then passed into obscurity.

The outcome of all this was the "Read English" movement. Tram cars, walls, railings in the park, trees, level-crossings, menu-cards, railway tickets, newspapers—all pleaded with pathetic earnestness "Read English." The W. C. F. was pleased with the result of its propaganda and ventilated its special grievance against American tourists who blasphemously called its hero "Bill" Cowper. This was a signal for an extra-ordinary demand for Cowper's works and Herculean efforts were made to preserve the Cowperian manuscripts. So when Mr. Bellam traced an old manuscript of the "Mother's Picture" to the attic of a village inn, he found that he had been forestalled by the secretaries of six Cowper associations who triumphantly secured the manuscript for the central Cowper Fellowship at London.

Mr. Bellam's wrath was kindled for he could not keep his promise to get, at all costs, the manuscript for the Central Antiquarian Association. He wreaked his vengeance on his rival, the Cowper Fellowship, in a curious way. For the first time in his life he strayed into the paths of literary journalism and wrote a series of spicy articles criticizing the Americans' taste for the dilapidated Old-World authors. Under the title "A plea for the better appreciation of American Worthies" he wrote emphasizing the presence of something distinctly 'American' in the works of Whitman and Emerson. A hundred journals in hundred different towns wrote in appreciation of "this remarkable series of articles by one who had grasped the New Force that was struggling to express itself in the realm of literature." The "Read American" movement worked vigorously and America was choked with birthday editions, anthologies, library editions, boy's and girl's editions, and illustrated pocket editions of the works of Emerson and Whitman. Mr. Len Holroyd of the Ohama University was awarded a doctorate with *honourable* mention for his thesis on "The New Movement in Literature with special reference to the gradual disappearance of the English element in it."

Things came to a crisis. The Atlantic proved to be a geographical as well as a cultural barrier. The Great ones found the situation intolerable.

And this was how the crisis was staved off. Mr. Mill and Mr. Macdonald of the famous Millmac & Co., were in earnest conversation.

"The last of the Cowpers has been sold. Shall I arrange for a fresh pictorial edition?"

"Not for the present. The Bellam boom will work itself out soon. That fellow G. B. Haws says that though Americans don't know English, they know how to write books. There's something in that. Some American firm has hooked him. You can never forecast what these millionaires can do."

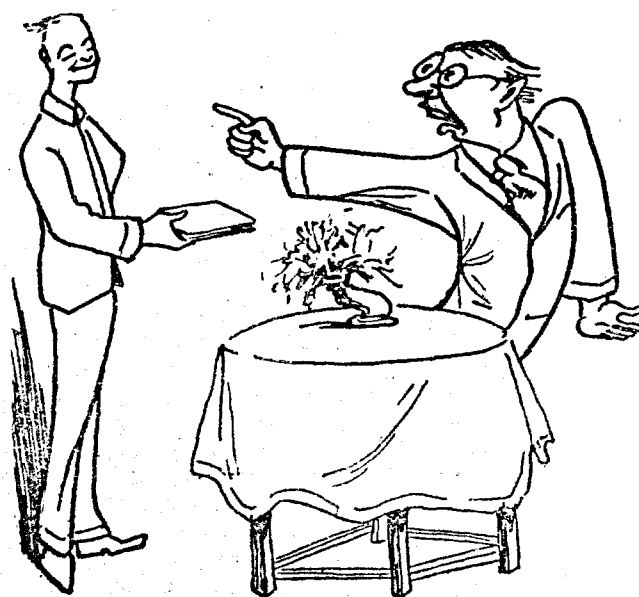
"Then what shall we do?"

"This Mr. Phill Murray of the Oceana University is an author of international reputation. We shall ask him to deliver a lecture on Dickens on the occasion of the Dickens Birthday celebrations."

"I see. I'll be ready with a Birthday edition of Dickens, eh?"

"Yes, and get this Phil Murray to write a preface. The Yankees will then be caught in their own net."

The Devil!



"Doctor! I am afraid I won't require your help. I doctor myself with this medical book."

Doctor:—"Some day you are sure to die of misprint."

THE LETTERS OF PRIVATE JOYFULL, XI.

Madras, 15th March 1934.

DEAR MOTHER,

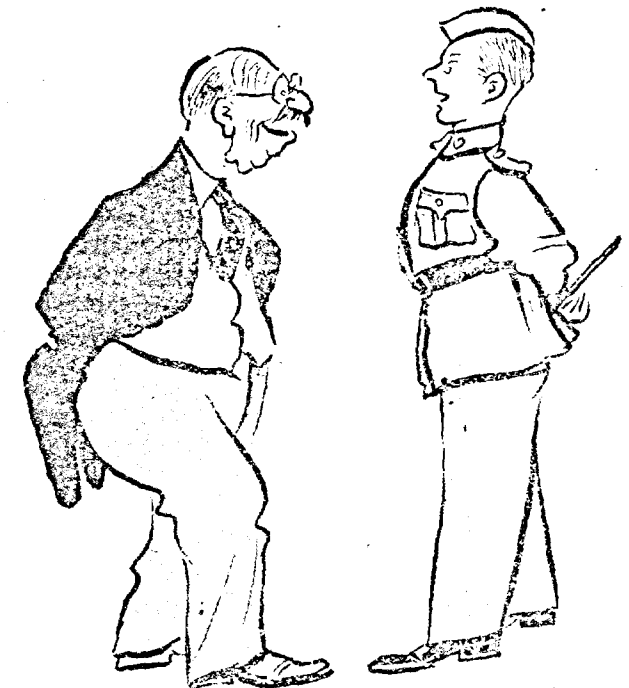
I am pleased to hear that you were invited to take the chair at the Women's Institute. I would have liked to listen to your lecture, "My son's adventures among the flora and fauna of Madras." I am sure it was most surprising. No wonder you were told it ought to be put into a book.

It is a pity that places in books never seem romantic to the people who are on the spot. You would think that soldiers who had served in countries like Palestine, China, and India, would have lots of romantic memories. But one of the disappointing things about life is that it keeps on going just the same, wherever you happen to be. One of the men in our barrack-room has only one story about the trenches of the Great War, and that is how he did a week's punishment in them, for failing to polish his buttons. Men who have been to Jerusalem say that the most striking thing about the Holy City is that the cinema closes at 8 p. m., while others remember the Pyramids not as a romantic locality, but as the place where they had to do a lot of sanitary fatigues. Yet, if you do not live near the Pyramids, you will come thousands of miles to look at them. People used to do this even in the days of Herodotus. They would go in tourist parties with guides and donkeys and backsheesh and everything, and scribble their names on the monuments in ancient Greek, where you can see them even today.

I had a letter from Lily Evans, and she said she would love to equip herself with a pioneer's outfit, and go intrepidly exploring the Poonamallee High Road, or one of the other romantic places I told her about. She asked if she would need a rifle to shoot the lions, and I said she had better bring one, in case any of these animals escaped from the zoo.

Most of the intrepid ladies in these parts go exploring to a place called Elliott's Beach. They go mostly in couples, after dark, in motor-cars. I have heard it said that the ladies have to be prepared to walk home; but none have ever been known to do so.

One adventurous place where Boggins has been is the Khyber Pass. It is called the Gateway of India, but it is not the one through which the Viceroy's arrive. The chief things that come through the pass are camels, but Boggins says that camels at close quarters are not so pleasing as the camels you see on the films. According to Boggins, the inhabitants of those parts are always shooting each other. It is supposed to be the local method of birth-control.



.....a triton among minnows.....

When Boggins was there, a certain Afridi sniper was always shooting the soldiers while they were working on the road. The sniper had very cunning hiding places, and could not be caught, so the Government put five hundred rupees on his head. Next day, the soldier heard a single shot among the crags above, and presently a young Afridi came down, carrying a head. Afridis are very literal-minded: in fact in lots of ways you would say they were half-witted. This is supposed to be because the women are paramount among the Afridis, and also have a superstitious affection for lunatics.

"Here is the head," said the Afridi. "Where are the rupees?"

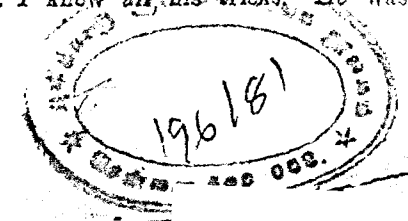
The reason he required payment at once, was that he had an appointment with a pretty young man in the street of the Dancing Boys in Peshawar, which is not far from the Thieves' Bazaar. So they sent for the Political Officer.

"Was this the sniper?" asked the officer.

"By the beard of the prophet, it was," said the young man. "I knew him well."

"You are but a youth," said the officer. "By what stratagem were you able to ambush this sly old warrior, and slay him with a single shot?"

"Pooh, it was easy," replied the Afridi. "He was an old fool: I knew all his tricks. He was my father."



This illustrates what a chummy lot the Afridis are. They like to keep their murders in the family.

Boggins says that fat Hindu merchants have a great dislike for Afridis. It appears that the merchants object to having their throats slit. Boggins has a funny story about a merchant sitting on his money-bags in the camel scrai, and trembling like a jelly. The Afridis in the fortified village across the road had very old a cannon, and exactly twenty-four cannon-balls, and sometimes after dark they used to shoot at the scrai, mostly for fun, but also to see if they had any luck. Next morning, after they had reluctantly seen the rich caravan disappearing down the pass, they would go and buy their cannon balls back from the keeper of the scrai. Well, on this occasion the poor merchant sat trembling, and saying, "Nineteen—only five more—Mother Kali protect me! Twenty—they have four left—oh, the wicked men—Holy Vishnu preserve me?" and so on. But for all his panic, the merchant would not leave his money-bags. Boggins said he was very brave really, because he kept on making the journey through the pass, in spite of his terror of having his throat slit. Of course, the merchant made five hundred per cent on each trip, carrying imitation Persian carpets into India, and imitation Benares brass into Afghanistan. The carpets and the brass really came from Germany.

Boggins said that if the people of the South knew what the British soldiers did for India up in those parts, they would be very astonished and grateful. Nevertheless, according to Boggins the Khyber Pass is not really romantic. The most romantic thing he saw there was an Afridi outlaw, armed to teeth, pedalling up the Khyber Pass on a bicycle. He was on his way to slaughter an acquaintance, in connection with a blood-

feud over a stolen donkey. Our pickets let him pass. We do not interfere with the domestic arrangements of the inhabitants, such as birth-control.

Afridis riding on bicycles is an illustration of the advance of science. In fact, modern inventions have encouraged the tribesmen to give up quite a lot of their old habits. For instance, instead of spending their week-ends kidnapping, they go riding on motors into Peshawar, visiting the metropolis like any civilised people. They come back regularly every Monday morning on the first bus. So kidnapping is now done only on week-days. This is known as the spread of the Pax Britannica, and it is achieved by making wonderful roads all over the place. Boggins says the Khyber Road is like the Marina, if you can imagine the Marina gone crazy and running up cliffs and gorges.

Yesterday we went to an Indian college to play hockey. The college students were most hospitable, and there was one who appeared to be a recognised leader among them. I got into conversation with him, and took an opportunity to enquire the reason for his prominence.

"Oh, yes, I am the head scholar," he remarked. "I am the Infanticide Scholar." He said it as if it explained everything.

"What?" I said, thinking I could not have heard correctly.

"I am the Infanticide Scholar," he repeated, quite positively.

"And are you honoured for it?" I asked, incredulously.

"Certainly," he said, a little annoyed. "I am the Infanticide Scholar."



.....he was my father.....

I chewed this over for a minute, and at last, very tactfully, I hinted that the word I was thinking of, meant killing babies.

"Oh, no," he cried in horror. "I belong to the Jain religion. I never kill babies. I am the Infanticide Scholar."

So I congratulated him on his success, and went away very puzzled. I told Boggins about it, and Boggins suggested I had better ask one of the English professors.

There was a professor walking up and down. He was a quaint old man, with queer airs and habits, caused by his being a triton among minnows all his life. He looked like a penguin, with his hands stuck into the tails of his black coat, and his white waistcoat pouting out in front.

"Ah!" said the professor, when I pointed out the student in whom I was interested. "Ah, yes, yes, yes. Tubby Shore, Tubby Shore."

"No," I said, "I do not think that the student's name can be Shore." You see, Shore is an English name, and "Tubby" an English nickname. I was surprised at a professor being so familiar with nicknames.

"But I did not mention his name," said the professor. "No, no, no. Tubby Shore."

"That student, any how," I said, rather desperately.

"Yes, yes, yes," said the professor. "Tubby Shore."

"He said he was an Infanticide Scholar," I persisted, ignoring the mysterious Tubby Shore.

"Ah! Our Infanticide Scholar," said the professor. "Tubby Shore!"

"So it is true?" I queried, aghast, no longer caring whether the youth's name was Tubby Shore or not.

"What is true?" said the professor.

"That he's got a scholarship for infanticide."

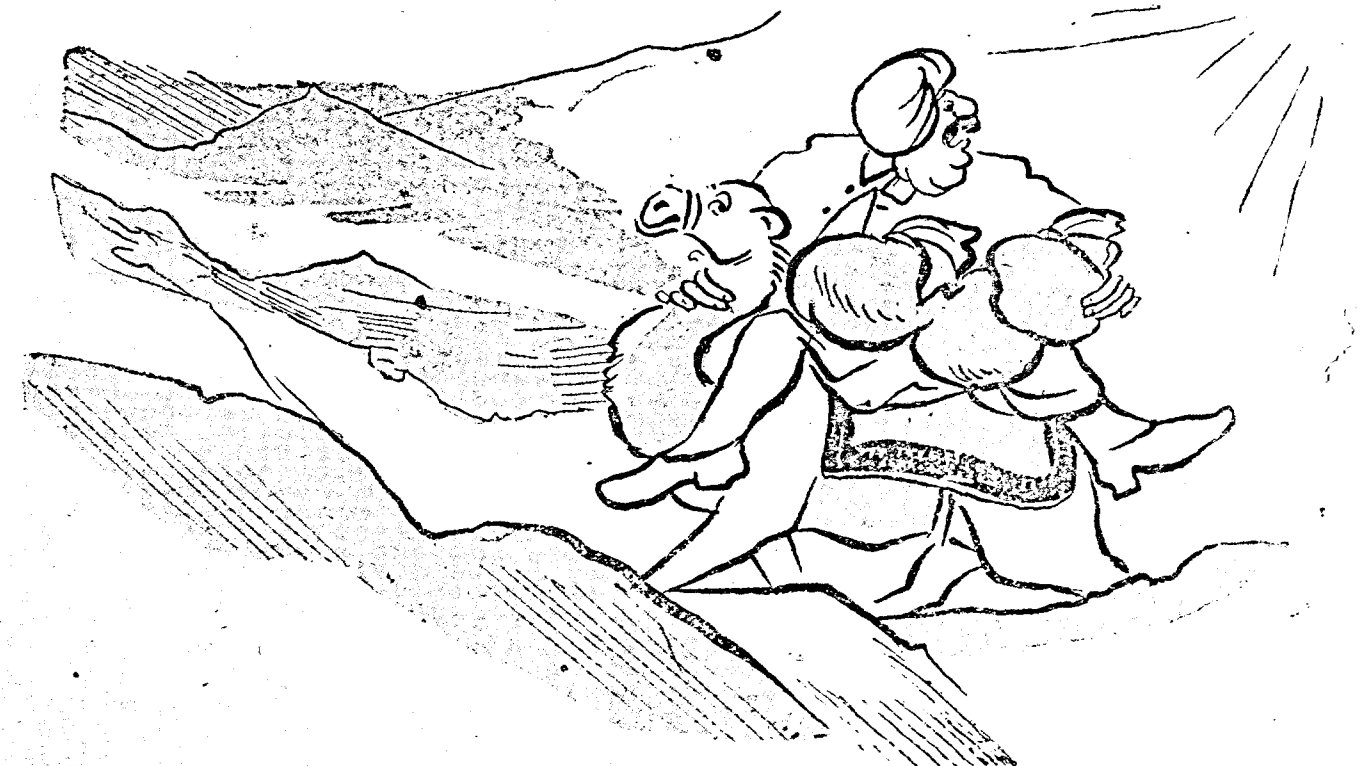
"No, no, no," said the professor, and explained it all to me. Tubby Shore kept on coming into the explanation, but at last I realised that the professor was not saying "Tubby Shore" at all, but simply exclaiming, "To be sure! To be sure!"

It appears that a long time ago, it was the habit in some places for baby girls to be destroyed. There was an old general who wanted to discourage the habit, so in his will he left a sum of money, to be expended in giving bounties to mothers who preserved their baby daughters. The money was called the General Sir So-and-so Infanticide Fund Bounty.

Well, with the lapse of years, the custom of infanticide died out, and there was no need to continue the bounties. The Trustees held a meeting, and decided that in future the money should be devoted to the education of the most brilliant student at the college. The endowment was called the General Sir So-and-so Infanticide Fund Scholarship.

Of course, everyone called the holder the Infanticide Scholar, and in time it became just a name, quite divorced from its original meaning. So the student was quite right in describing himself as an Infanticide Scholar. But I think it very fortunate that the author of "Mother India" never happened to hear about it.

Your Loving Son,
OBEAH JOYFULL



..... kept on making the journey.....

THIS FORTNIGHT'S FAIRY TALE

(KALYAN)

I SAW from a distance that my friend Ramu was in deep altercation with a bull-doggish cloth-hawker. I at once ran to poor Ramu's help because he is quieter than a mouse, and absolutely unfit for a street quarrel. On getting nearer, however, I found things quite different: in fact it was a couple of minutes before I took in the situation. Ramu had bought a rupee's worth of cloth from the hawker and discovered later that the only rupee he had on him was a bad coin. He was apologising to the dealer for his fault, and requesting him to take back the cloth. The dealer, on the other hand, was pressing the cloth on him saying, "Never mind about the coin being bad, sir; I will use it somehow."

"No, no," protested Ramu, "I don't wish to have the coin put into currency again, though it is kind of you to undertake to do it. It is a counterfeit coin; it should be held back from circulation."

"I was not going to pass it on, sir," protested back the hawker, in an injured tone. "My wife is getting some silver things made; and this coin will go into the crucible."

"That's a different matter," agreed Ramu.

I was deeply impressed by the above incident. A few days later, I met Narasimham of the Seva Samiti, who has a delicate sense of appreciation for things like this, and gave him all the vivid details. He listened with glowing eyes and said, "It is things like this which make life worth living.....Have I ever told you how Vanchinathayyar sold his pumping set to the Mettur Rowther?"

"No, what's it about?"

You know (began Narasimham) Vanchinathayyar started a farm after he retired. By some miscalculation, he was induced to go in for a second-hand pumping set at about Rs. 500. Soon he found out that it was uneconomical compared to a mote. So, he put it away in his godown. Sometime later, Pichia Rowther of Mettur called on him about the set. Vanchiayyar said, "But I don't wish to sell it."

Rowther:—But you are not using it!

Ayyar:—No. It is rusting in the godown.

Rowther:—Then, why don't you sell it?

Ayyar:—You see, it is uneconomical! You too will put it away after a few days' trial.

Rowther:—Why, that's my look-out! What is its capacity, anyway?

Ayyar gave the figures.

"That's mighty good!" cried R. "Can you please arrange a demonstration?"

"Oh, yes; easily. Though I don't see any use!"

"Why?"

"You won't touch it when you take into account the cost of petrol, oil, grease, minor charges, occasional replacements, interest on capital, depreciation etc."

"That 'etc.' is good! You are cautious, I tell you!.....Do you think I have come all the way to you without considering these elementary factors? Please leave the responsibility to me and show me the set. I am waiting to see it work."

Vanchinathayyar had to yield; he fitted up the engine and the pump and got it to work. Rowther is no fool. He took careful measurements of the height of suction and the cusses of water baled out.

"But this is better than the figures you gave me," he shouted in joy.

"It is better to err on the safe side, you see," replied V. mildly.

"How much do you want for it, sir?"

Vanchinathayyar stated the price he had paid for it; and before he could say what discount he would allow on it, the Rowther began to count out the money. Vanchinathayyar again protested and said, "It is hardly fair on my part. You will find this costlier than a mote by about 10% in working expenses."

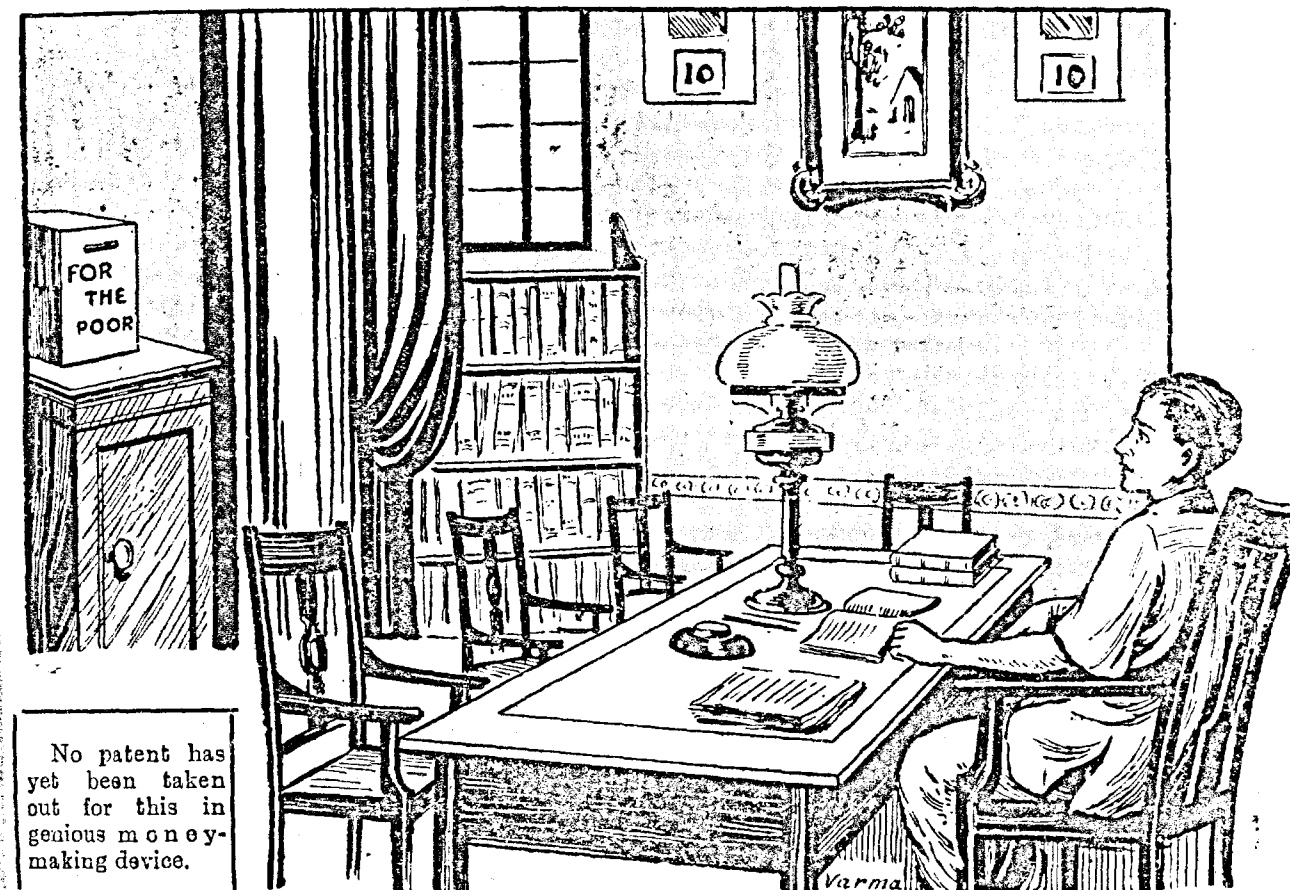
Rowther:—I assure you that I am going to find this cheaper than a mote by about 10%.

"How is that possible?" queried Vanchinathayyar and gave a long list of figures. The Rowther came out, with his. It turned out that in the neighbourhood of Mettur, labour as well as maintenance of bullocks cost more than at V's place. After hearing this, Vanchinathayyar had no more scruples about selling the set. However, he mentioned that he would allow a discount of Rs. 25 since he had used the set for some time. But the other gently dissuaded him, saying that he had made up his mind to pay the higher amount and that he could not go back on his resolve. Vanchinathayyar had again to yield. He, however, sent his son to the Rowther's garden to fit up the set and show the farm assistants how it worked, free of travelling and other expenses. All this happened ten years ago; and Rowther and Ayyar are fast friends ever since. This, again, reminds me of Raghavan....."

We were disturbed by a hubbub in the next house. Enquiry showed that an old man of 70 living there had gone into the house with three sample towels got from the Moplah hawker at the door, and later maintained that he had received only two from him. The dealer, on the other hand, was positive that he had taken in a madi of four. A hot fight was imminent. Narasimham and I ran away.

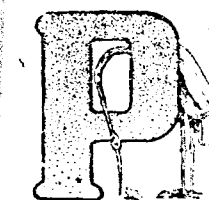
"MANY. A MICKLE"

K. G. JAGAM



No patent has yet been taken out for this ingenious money-making device.

As a friend of the poor I have evolved a simple method.



PROFESSIONAL pessimists and other earnest economists have a tendency to deplore the "spendthrift habit." According to these melancholy prophets our beloved country is fast sinking,—going to wreck and ruin, because we moderns,—you, that is to say, not necessarily I,—have not the habit of thrift. These pleasant folk never weaken in the attempt to induce in us a true sense of money values. Our forefathers, they say, knew the real worth of bullion and so treated it with due courtesy and showed great retentive capacity.

It never occurred, we hear, to grandfather, for instance, to seek relaxation after an arduous day, say, in a picture house or any similar resort. Spending was alien to him. His idea of clean, wholesome fun was to put something away for the inevitable rainy day; and to that purpose he quietly parked a third of his income in the old wooden chest, sneaked an equal part elsewhere and gave the rest to grandmother for domestic needs, a moiety of which she duly passed on to dear aunties. "Grandad generally disported himself in the fields, happy in the faith that a penny saved is a penny earned, that a fool and his money are soon parted, that

it is cheaper to appropriate something than buy it and so on.

Our detractors insist that good old grandfather, though essentially old-fashioned, was certainly a fine saver. But the good-for-nothing moderns, it seems, have lost the valuable trait of thrift. It is even alleged that we treat money as a South American Republic regards its President,—something to be got rid of with the least ado. Far from securing a little to meet harsh future we are said to imagine ourselves in a constant state of pressure and so to squander our resources on silly luxuries.

As a consequence, (so aver the pessimists) we shall have only ourselves to blame if at the age of ninety or thereabouts we find ourselves reduced to abject indigence. A gloomy prospect indeed, though I for one would rather take the bowl or be a "floor-walker" than sell "aphrodisiacs" or predict the future of a gullible nit-wit. But my own modest view is that the poor moderns deserve less blame than sympathy if the ancient wooden chest is left to harbour only an army of moths and a few discarded things for them to work on. Money is dead,—"stone dead, drowndead" as the howler has it.

(Continued on page 32)

THE LATE LAMENTED EDITOR

(FENCER)



NE fine sunny February morning, the Editor of the "Booboos" one of the most popular of Indian Magazines, unaccountably and without giving the slightest indication of the affair to his numerous friends and well-wishers, kicked the waste paper basket and the bucket. As usual in the circumstances the dailies and the weeklies and the monthlies which were privately congratulating themselves on the easy disposal of one of their greatest rivals, put up decent and hypocritical obituary notices bemoaning the loss of 'a man so full of the finer qualities of humankind.' These notices in time gave place to a series of discussions by the readers of the above 'Booboos' as to whether the distinguished editor had gone up to the perennial realms above or the red hot realms of the underground. The discussion was long and laboured, the generality of readers being sincerely of the opinion that the latter was the more probable destination, while the few staunch adherents of the late lamented editor were emphatic in their declaration that the editor was bound for the former place. A regular writer to the magazine even went so far as to say that the late editor was editing a new magazine "Heavenly Joys" from his present much desired retreat.



Surrounded by blondes in the patented dress of Adam and Eve.



They all discussed where the Editor had gone.

The discussion was getting a bit too hot and so to get out of it, and to ascertain where the late editor was continuing his existence, another fine sunny February morning I bade adieu to all my friends and relations with much regret and kicked the bucket. I found myself immediately surrounded by half a dozen blondes whose dress was patented on that of Adam and Eve and whom in my ignorance of the customs of the New World I had entered I took to be the latest of Cinema stars. These beauties, however, set me right on the point by saying that they were the members of the Angels' Reception Committee come to take me to my quarters. I was immensely gratified of course and had a romping, rollicking journey through dark and tortuous tunnels till I reached my destination. The sight before me took my breath away. There before me, set apart for myself, was a beautiful palace of beaten gold with gardens and woods and Tennis Courts teeming with thousands and thousands of beauteous—well, I won't describe the place lest you too contract the desire to kick the bucket—that would spoil my privacy.

I soon grew into my new surroundings and was taking a nap one glorious day when I had the uncomfortable feeling that somebody was trying to pull my heart from my frame. I jumped up and saw the late lamented editor floating before my eyes with a beseeching look. I asked him what he wanted but the chap turned a mournful face and clean disappeared from my sight. The appearance of the mournful figure was a shock to me—to see the editor who, on earth was one of the jolliest and rotund and all that, grown to a skeleton with the look of

a corpse—well, well,—it sort of spoiled my appetite. "Something must be done to the chap—what's the trouble with him?" I mused. "I wish I could go and have a chat with the rotter." No sooner had I given expression to those feelings than I found myself travelling at terrific speed through dark and dreary passages which grew hotter and hotter at every step of the journey. In the end I was deposited with a jerk in the midst of what seemed to me a live volcano.

The flames stopped a yard to every side of me. All around was a raging, roaring forest of fire, thickly dotted with myriads of human faces rendered almost inhuman by the terrible agony depicted on each face.

Shriek after shriek rose up in quick succession sending a shiver down my celestial spine. I looked around for the face of the editor. At a little distance I saw him clinging to a red hot iron-bar and struggling to avoid the sea of molten lead surging beneath him. An attendant who seemed quite impervious to the tortures around was tenderly giving the late lamented editor an occasional sip from the molten liquid below. "Stop it man, stop it," I shouted in agony. I was feeling a sort of compassion for the poor chap. After all an editor's association with the world is only through the host of unadulterated rubbish he picks up from his waste paper basket and as such there are extenuating circumstances for his sins. My shout had the desired effect. The poor editor was taken off his precarious perch and brought to my side. "You can keep him with you for an hour," said the attendant. "Visitor's privilege."

The flames receded to a distance and the editor breathed a fervent prayer of thanks to me. I patted the poor fellow's back, gave him a cool draught of nectar to allay the burning sensation in his throat, and cheered him up with kind words and sympathetic looks till he regained his normal condition. Then, curious to know on what grounds he had been consigned to the deep pit, I asked him. "Articles, articles," he moaned.

"But how can articles bring you down to Hell, man?" I queried. "I boasted my magazine as the most funny, humorous and delightful in the world" the editor replied, "but published only mediocre stuff." "And so you were pushed here?" I asked. "No. On that count I lost admission to the higher realms." "Then on what charge were you pushed here?" I insisted. The editor lifted his haggard face and hesitated a moment. Then realising that after all no harm could come out of confiding in me, he edged himself nearer to me and began his story.

"You see, I would not have come here on the first charge alone. There were many others. When I first



"Oh, save me, save me," cried the Editor.

opened my eyes after kicking the rotten W. P. B. of mine, I saw half a dozen savages who dragged me over hill and dale, over thorns and stones into the presence of a buster chief who was if possible more of a savage than any of them. When I was thrown at the feet of this savage there was no part of my body that was not cut and bleeding, and every part was paining like blazes. I hoped my sufferings would end, but the chief caught hold of me by the ears and gave me a clout on the head instead. 'Come on, out with your sins of commission and omission' he roared. Suddenly, under the influence of that powerful grip I saw all my sins rush up in a chain, before my eyes as clear as daylight. I have published the rotten articles of some of my personal friends' I moaned. 'Your friends will feed you with molten lead every day in rotation for that' thundered the chief. 'What else?' 'I have published the rotten articles of some people just because they had the letters A to Z and back after their names' I blurted out in terror. 'You won't get any help from them just now,' laughed the chief. 'Any more?'

"Then I remembered my greatest crime 'I have thrown some very good articles by unknown and unfamed writers into the waste paper basket.' 'What did they do about that?' asked the chief. 'Oh! they

couldn't do anything so far as I was concerned,' I replied, 'but it was a common rumour at the time that many hearts were blown to smithereens by my act; and some actually crossed the ditch by the easiest available means.' 'You shall embrace that red hot bar and hug it to your bosom' thundered the chief furiously, 'and as to crossing the ditch, well, we will give you a chance and see how you can keep yourself above that ditch of molten lead.' I quaked to my inmost soul as I heard the penalty and saw the glowing fires of hell around me. I moaned and begged and cried for mercy, but the chief was adamant."

"'Had you any mercy on that young author who wrote that grand article about "A beautiful river?" Do you remember what reply you gave him?' 'I asked him to squat near the banks of the fragrant Cooum and pray to the gods.' 'Well, he will squat near you when you enjoy yourself here' said the chief, 'and you will be a lucky man if he prays to the gods then.'"

"I fell at the feet of the chief and kissed them. I wept and cried and implored for mercy. But the chief took no heed. I was forthwith dragged to that place of torture and chained to the bar. Ah! then I knew the sufferings of hell. The bar was hot, oh! so hot. It burnt into my flesh and gave me excruciating pains from top to toe. Through every pore of my scorching, blazing, aching, frame, the blood was rushing out only to be burned to cinders ere it could give me even a moment's protection from the heat. And all through these days on the red hot bar my one thought

was of the raging sea below. Oh! even now I shudder at the thought. If I had known that such acts of mine would have led me to such a hot place, I would never have thought of doing them. Oh! how I wish for one wisp of that pure breeze which you happier fellows enjoy. One wisp, one gentle breeze to cool my aching body! Even the fragrant Cooum were a paradise in this blazing hell. Oh!—"

A stentorian voice interrupted the tale of woe. 'Time' said the voice. The poor editor who had been breathing freely during the last half hour grew pale and trembled at it. The fires sprang up again and the editor's tender attendant came towards him with the feeding spoon invitingly held out before him. The editor shrieked at the sight. Half mad with terror he gave a stinging blow to the chap and sprang towards me. He took firm hold of my knees in a frenzy of terror murmuring 'Oh! save me, save me.' I was sick to death of the whole scene of torture. 'I wish I could get you out of this bally place' I said. In a moment I was whisked off from that red hot place with the editor clinging to my knees for dear life. My last recollection of the place was the sight of the furious attendant brandishing his feeding spoon—indignant at the audacious escape—yet never daring to come near my celestial person.

And now, the late lamented editor is living near me and is quite hale and healthy. Also he has become a happier and a wiser man.

MANY A MICKLE—(Continued from page 29)

When grandfather was in his prime the cost of living was so low that he was able to buy it by the barrel whereas it is as much as we can now do to buy an occasional pint. Result: by the time the tax-gatherer has turned us inside out for "dues" and etceteras, it is all over with us. And it will be the zenith of fortune for us to be able to raise an anna or two for dissipation or investment.

But if we spend our slender savings on a packet of "fags" or risk a seat at the pictures, we are accused of extravagance and threatened with a penurious old age and other horrid prospects. If, on the other hand, we safely lodge our little hoard as grandpa did, we are said to be close-fisted, miserly and doing nothing to stimulate trade. Our attitude, it is said, is sending good old Bharatvarsha to the dogs.

Very often, in a well-meant but misguided effort to satisfy both schools of thought, we close our eyes and dabble in shares. We then agitate ourselves for some

time, spend a feverish month or so of alternating hope and despair, read and re-read the commercial columns closely, gaze at the eccentricities of the scrips—to wake up of a fine morning to the discovery that money is the one thing we definitely have not got.

I have, however, evolved for my own personal use a simple method of saving money in small quantities which promises good results. (Patent not yet applied for). It is a small gadget made of tin (costs just over a couple of annas) beautifully painted and having a slit on the top through which coins (no objection to currency notes) may be inserted by the benevolent. This neat little thing boldly inscribed "For the Poor" occupies so prominent a place in my son's study that few of his adult friends have the temerity to ignore it when they drop in to tea. Speaking as a friend of the poor and the distressed, I wish that the benevolent friends would pay more frequent visits than they have of late been inclined to do. For, many a mickle makes a muckle—(Note: not the diminutive of muck.)

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WINNERS IN 'HUMAN PROBLEMS'

(PRIZE PAGE II)

I

The Hindu hoarsely yelled 'Cobra, Cobra, Cobra!' The alarm suddenly raised was like an electric shock and the Pathan with a jerk shot up to see a Hindu running away like a lunatic. Fearing that the Pathan would give him a sound thrashing for raising a false alarm the Hindu was trying his best to put as much distance between himself and the Pathan. Cursing the Hindu who disturbed his genial job and chuckling softly for having been distracted by a mad man the Pathan once again applied himself with more assiduity to the mango. Need it be said that the mango slice attached to his nose fell off when the Pathan jerked up and he was no more annoyed by the swarm of flies?

S. RAMASWAMY, South Street, Melatur, (Via) Titte.

II

It is ridiculous to maintain that the Municipality should "rob Peter to pay Paul." The temperance organization must persevere and see that the toddy shop is either closed or removed to a distant place. The Municipal grant for education can be stabilised by cuts in the salaries of higher officials and by the introduction (if not existing already) or enhancement (if existing already) of the income and the amusement taxes.

A. Z. SHERIEFF, East Road, Basavangudy,
Bangalore City.

III

If his trials during a whole month finished nowhere, it stands to reason that a few days' more stay in Madras is not going to improve his position. So instead of merely waiting till he reaches the very end of his tether, he might as well try a chance in the Sport of Kings. For, who knows, Dame Luck, who simply beamed on Devi's lover Seenu, might still have some smiles left for Raghu. It is no doubt true that racing is an uncertain game, but there is at least some chance, a sporting chance for Raghu to make some money, get a small capital and start some business. Whereas if he keeps quiet, there is indeed no chance of his getting any money at all. I would therefore strongly advise him to try his luck on a good horse, because something is certainly better than nothing. And moreover, persons who have no godfathers to back them must necessarily take to backing horses.

M. A. SRINIVASAN, 1/10, South Mada St., Triplicane.

IV

I. No doubt the idea is good. The objection of the outsiders that this cannot form part of cultural education is legitimate, but its advantages should not be lost sight of. Being outsiders, their objections need not be considered seriously.

II. The maintenance of schools is a part of the liability of the Local Bodies and the opinion of the inhabitants that they should help the schools is correct. If the Local Bodies do not help they would be guilty of neglect of one of their important duties.

III. Parents should also be called upon to pay their mite. If in spite of the above two resources, the Schools are driven to augment their income by requiring their pupils to spin, there is nothing wrong.

IV. This knowledge and practice will be of use to many in later life. But the number of hours during which spinning is done should be considered. It should not be such as to mar the interest in the study of other cultural subjects.

V. It should not be made compulsory in all cases. There may be children of well-to-do employees to whom this knowledge and practice may not be of any advantage in later life. The time spent by them might, under the direction of their parents, be better utilised, and therefore such children should not be compelled.

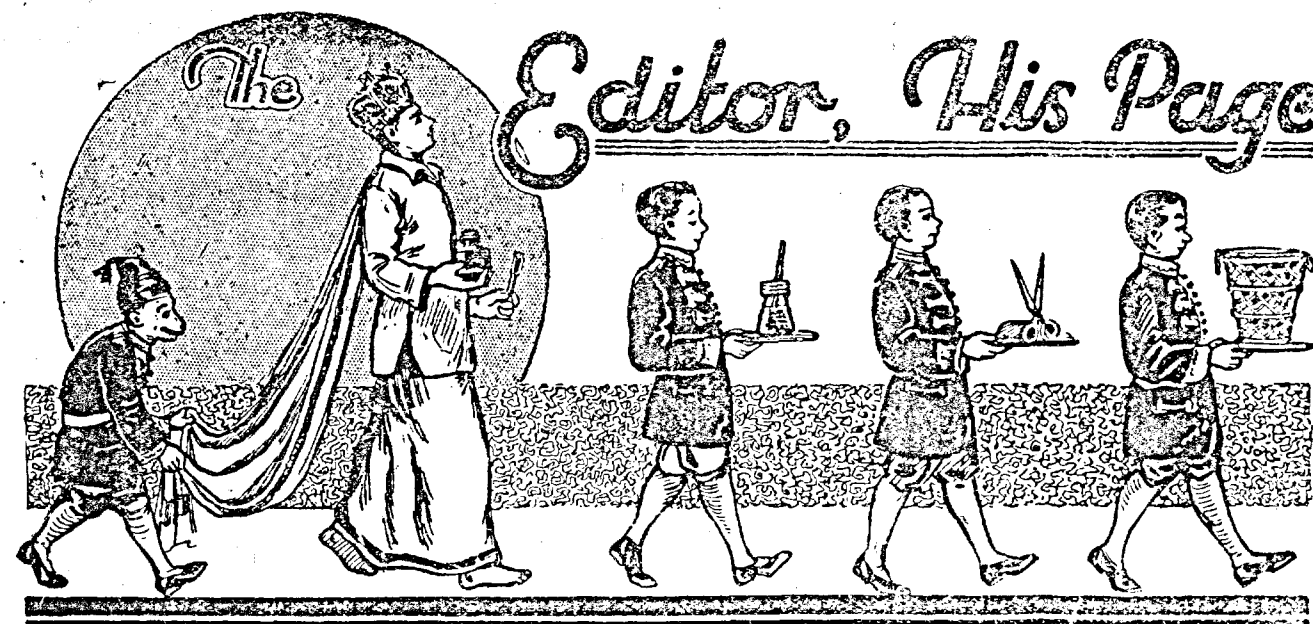
VI. The best remedy is to make it optional and consult parents as to the advisability of its being adopted wherever necessary.

S. RANGA ROW, Agent's Office, M. & S. M. Ry.,
P. T. Madras.

V

The young man boldly replied that the contents of the bottle was not Champagne but his night-cap. He asked the Customs Inspector to test a small quantity and thus be convinced about the truth of his words. Accordingly the Official opened the bottle and drank some. Just when some quantity of champagne was drunk the young man seized the bottle from the Customs Official saying the rules did not allow one to take a full bottle but one could take a bottle which was no full. The Inspector was in a dilemma and allowed the man to go away. Thus the young man ended the matter to the satisfaction of all.

N. VENKATARAMAN, Kamalalayam South Bank,
Tiruvavur.



Rs. 1000 Literary Competition



READERS are reminded that entries for the Literary Competition must be sent in before the 31st of March next. It will be remembered that the closing date originally fixed was the 31st of December last. Many intending Competitors complained that the time given was inadequate and it was therefore decided to postpone the final date. No further extension of time will be given and competitors must despatch their Mss. before the closing date. The entries already received are encouragingly large in number; of the quality, nothing can now be said since no entries are opened till after the final date. The preliminary judging will begin shortly and the final results will be announced as early as possible. So, finish your final touching up and send your entries early. There may be a cheque for One Thousand Rupees waiting for you, provided always your Ms. is humorous, brief and well-written.

Not Cricket

In the Cricket match which the M. C. C. recently played in Ceylon, Clarke, the M. C. C. fast bowler deliberately attempted to damage the wicket, while he was at the bowler's end. On being remonstrated with, he repeated the act thus aggravating his offence. The M. C. C. Captain apologised to Dr. Gunasekara but

the offending player is not reported to have said any thing. We await, with interest the action, if any, which the Marylebone Cricket Club intends taking in this matter.

If the same sort of thing had happened in Australia, the barracking about which Jardine complained in Ceylon would have been a paean of welcoming praise compared to what the Australian crowd would have thought aloud about Jardine and his men. The M.C.C. sent a team out to India sometime back. They came, they saw and they conquered—our hearts. They beat us fair and square but in their victory there was neither rancour nor vainglory.

Like the man in the poem

'He'd kick you downstairs with such infinite grace,
You'd think he was handing you up.'

Other men, other manners and it was left to a Test side to give Indians a demonstration of 'how not to play Cricket.' The present M. C. C. touring side have taught us many lessons; not all of them are to be marked, learnt and inwardly digested.

Our New Serial Story

We have purchased the entire Indian rights of a long short story which will appear in serial form in our Magazine. This story is different, the scene is set outside India, and it is no sugary romance. It is life in the raw, a bit of stark realism, vivid and gripping. We shall not say any more now, the story will speak for itself.

6 READERS SHARE FIRST PRIZE OF Rs. 500

RESULTS OF "RHYME-WORDS" COMPETITION-1

The correct solution is:

1 HOIST	4 SILL	7 SLIP
2 MICE	5 FIGHT	8 MEWS
3 FLAME	6 CLOG	9 STAIN

The following six competitors have submitted all-correct solutions. The first prize of Rs. 500 has therefore been divided equally among them.

FIRST PRIZE WINNERS

1. B. L. Guru Raja Rao, B.Sc., Organic Chemistry Dept., Indian Institute of Science, Hebbal Post, Bangalore	Rs. 83-5-0
2. D. Subramania Iyer, c/o Peirce Leslie & Co. Ltd., Coimbatore.	" 83-5-0
3. T. M. Muthuswamy, 253, Cash Bazaar, Ooty	" 83-5-0
4. S. Subba Rao, B.A., Ist Grade Pleader, Gooty	" 83-5-0
5. V. K. Balan, B.A., Syrang Street, Cuddalore O.T.	" 83-5-0
6. A. Z. Sherieff, East Road, Basavangudi, Bangalore.	" 83-5-0

85 Competitors share the second prize of Rs. 300

The following 85 competitors have submitted entries containing one error each. The second prize amount of Rs. 300 has therefore been divided equally among them each getting Rs. 3-8-0.

MADRAS—

- (1) N. Rajaram, Triplicane, 2
- (2) P. S. S. Raghavan, G. T. Madras
- (3) Mrs. Rajamani Ammal, G. T. Madras
- (4) N. S. Krishnamurthy, Guindy
- (5) V. R. Lingam, Saidapet
- (6) A. S. Row, Parambur
- (7) K. Rajaratnam, Madras
- (8) G. Numberumal, Mylapore
- (9) B. K. Srinivasa Rao, Teynampet
- (10) P. B. Kurup, P. T. Madras

CHINGLEPUT—

- (1) A. K. Pattuswamy, Chingleput
- (2) B. V. S. Manian
- (3) T. Krishnamachariar
- (4) Seshachalam Naidu, Ambattur
- (5) Pushpakanthamani Ammal, Ambattur

ANJORE—

- (1) D. Thiagaraj Rayner, Tanjore
- (2) A. Ambujavalli
- (3-4) T. S. Natarajan, Mayavaram
- (5) V. Rajagopala Iyer, Nannilam
- (6) P. R. Vaidyanatha Iyer, Orattanad
- (7) P. Ramanatha Iyer, Solachery P. O.

ARCOT—

- (1) K. R. Narayanaswamy, Ranipet
- (2) R. Sama Row, Periyapet
- (3) R. V. Rama Row,
- (4-5) Sona Bai, Cuddalore O. T.
- (6-9) V. K. Balan,
- (10) S. Ramalingam,

- (11) K. Kandasamy,
- (12) S. Rama Row,
- (13) V. Soundararajan,

TRICHY—

- (1-2) S. A. Nathan, Trichy
- (3) T. R. Subramanian, Trichy
- (4) G. Abdul Jaleel
- (5) M. Purushothama Naidu, Trichy
- (6) G. Radhakrishnan
- (7) D. John,
- (8) R. Narayanasamy Iyer, Kulittalai
- (9) K. V. Haridas Row, Karur
- (10) K. R. Subbaratnam,
- (11) K. V. Krishnan,

COIMBATORE—

- (1) T. Maria Louis, Udamalpet
- (2-3) M. G. Prasadam, Coimbatore
- (4) C. S. R. Chander,
- (5) D. Subramania Iyer
- (6) K. S. Ramanathan, Pollachi
- (7) S. Vaidyanatha Iyer, Erode
- (8) A. Venkataraman,
- (9-10) G. R. Sethu, Palni
- (11) K. Vyas Row, Andipatti

SALEM—

- (1) M. V. C. Kesavan, Imperial Bank Salem,

RAMNAD—

- (1) S. Ramasamy, Devakottai
- (2-3) M. R. Ramnath, Aruppukottai
- (4) A. Venkatrama Iyer, Devakottai

RESULTS OF "RHYME-WORDS" COMPETITION

OTHER PLACES—

- (1) J. Krishnamurti Rao, Cuddapah
- (2) M. Subbiah,
- (3) M. Ramuni Nair
- (4) D. S. Rao, Kurnool
- (5) Charles Mulley, Kotagiri
- (6) V. N. Rajagopalan, Calcutta
- (7) T. S. D. Pillay, Manmad
- (8) S. V. Krishnaswami, Poona
- (9) C. K. S. Nambidi, Ceylon
- (10-12) A. Z. Sherieff, Bangalore City

276 Competitors share the third prize of Rs. 200

276 competitors have submitted entries containing two errors each. The Third Prize amount of Rs. 200 has therefore been divided equally among them, each getting As. 12.

MADRAS—

- (1) B. C. Subramanyam, Triplicane
- (2-3) P. S. Ramanjulu Naidu, Chintadripet
- (4) K. E. S. Sambandhamoorthy, Chetpat
- (5) S. R. Subramanyam, Madras
- (6-7) N. Rajaram, Triplicane
- (8) T. Sessa Ayengar, Mambalam
- (9) A. S. Row, Perambur
- (10) T. M. Savitri, Royapuram
- (11) N. Ramachandran, Triplicane
- (12) R. Somasundaram Iyer, Mylapore
- (13) M. S. Subramania Iyer, Mylapore
- (14) S. Alwar Naidu, Madras
- (15) G. Sreeniyasa Rau, Broadway
- (16) V. P. Natarajan, New Mambalam
- (17) N. Parameswara Iyer, Mambalam
- (18) K. S. Chari, Royapettah
- (19) O. A. Venkataraman, Chepauk
- (20) M. Narayanasamy, Madras
- (21) Miss. M. Horton, P. T. Madras
- (22) A. E. Kurup, P. T. Madras
- (23) Mrs. M. S. Venkataraman, Mylapore
- (24) R. Narayanan, Triplicane

CHINGLEPUT—

- (1) T. Krishnamachariar, Chingleput
- (2) P. M. Abdulla Koya, Trivellore
- (3) J. M. B. Jothinathan, Big Conjeevaram
- (4) S. Swaminatha Iyer, Saidapet
- (5) N. Ayyasamy, Thirukkalukunram
- (6) A. Sundara Moorthy, Saidapet [Koil
- (7-9) V. Veeraraghavachariar, Singaperumal
- (10-16) S. Pushpakanthamani Ammal, Ambattur
- (17-18) Seshachalam Naidu, Ambattur

ARCOT

- (1) S. Natesa Iyer, Pernambut
- (2-3) M. Subramaniam, Cuddalore
- (4-5) M. Dorai Pillay, Cuddalore
- (6) R. Ramchandara Rau, Vridhachalam
- (7-15) V. K. Balan, Cuddalore
- (16-18) R. Srinivasa Iyengar, Cuddalore
- (19) N. Sama Rou, Tiruvannamalai
- (20) T. Bashyam, Ranipet
- (21-22) T. R. Venkoba Rou, Tiruvannamalai
- (23) N. Konda Reddi, Venbakkam
- (24-25) K. Kandasamy, Cuddalore
- (26) K. Venkatraman, Nellikuppam
- (27) Krishnamma, Ranipet
- (28-31) Gopalsami Rau, Cuddalore
- (32-33) R. Panduranga Row, Cuddalore

- (13) K. R. Ranganathiah, Bangalore City
- (14-15) B. Ramaiah,
- (16) V. Krishnaswami, Rajawadi
- (17) N. S. Narayanan. Udgir, N. S. Ry.
- (18) P. Pallonjee, Bombay
- (19) Gopal Pershad, Itarsi
- (20) G. K. Daptardar, Poona
- (21) C. Sankaran Nair, Palapilly, Cochin
- (22) A. S. Narayanasami Iyer, Chandragiri
- (23) P. Seshagiri Rao, Tirupati

- (34-35) Sona Bai,

- (36) V. K. Krishnasami Row, Cuddalore
- (37) M. Konda Reddi, Nellikuppam
- (38) Satya Narayan Singh,
- (39) K. Raghunatha Row, Vellore
- (40) S. Chidambaram Pillay, Vridhachalam
- (41) Ranganayaki, Ranipet
- (42) P. K. Subramanian, Vaniambadi

TANJORE

- (1) T. S. Sundaram Iyer, Tiruvavur
- (2-8) T. S. Natarajan, Mayavaram
- (9) M. Natesan, Kodavasal
- (10) R. Alagirisami Naidu, Tanjore
- (11) K. Kesavan, Tanjore
- (12) P. Krishnamoorthy,
- (13) P. V. Subramanyan, Thirukattupally
- (14) D. Duraisamy, Tanjore
- (15) S. Rajaram Row, Thirukatupalli, P. O.
- (16) V. Ramakrishna Iyer, Alathambadi, P. O.
- (17) N. Ranganatha Iyer, Ayyampet
- (18) M. Chandrasekaran, Negapatam
- (19-20) D. Thiagaraj Rayner, Tanjore
- (21-22) V. Rajagopala Iyer, Nannilam
- (23) T. S. Sundaram Iyer, Tiruvannur
- (24) N. Paramasiva Iyer, Tanjore
- (25) P. Ramanatha Iyer, Solachery P. O.

TRICHY

- (1) K. R. Subbaratnam, Karur
- (2-3) D. Lakshmana Row,
- (4) K. V. Krishnan,
- (5) E. R. Kuppana Row
- (6) T. S. Sundararaja Iyer, Trichy
- (7) V. Shanmugasundaram,
- (8) S. R. Krishnan, Viravakiam
- (9-10) P. Munisami Pillay, Karur
- (11) T. R. Subramanian, Trichy
- (12) S. A. Nathan,
- (13) S. Gopalasamy, Woriu
- (14-15) G. Abdul Jaleel, Teppakulam
- (16) K. R. Rathnam, Karur
- (17) K. Rama Row,
- (18) S. P. Janakiraman, Golden Rock
- (19) N. V. Laxman Row, Karur
- (20) S. A. Nathan, Trichy
- (21) T. R. Subramanian, Trichy
- (22-23) M. Arumugan, Golden Rock
- (24) D. John, Trichy
- (25) R. Ranganathan, Thiruvani Koval
- (26) E. Rozario, Trichy

RESULTS OF "RHYME-WORDS" COMPETITION

MADURA

- (1) T. Ratnasabapathi, Dindigul
- (2) Sundara Rajan, Mudura
- (3-4) J. Gnaniar, Usilampatti

RAMNAD

- (1) R. Menakshisundaram, Kanadukathan
- (2) B. L. Seturaman, "
- (3-8) S. Ramasamy, Devakottai
- (9) M. R. Ramanath, Aruppukottai
- (10) Jane, A Bert
- (11) B. S. Chelliah, Srivilliputtur
- (12) A. Venkatarama Iyer, Devakottai

TINNEVELLY—

- (1) T. Thoaththiri Iyengar, Nanguneri
- (2) S. A. Siva Subramania Pillay, Tuticorin
- (3) T. J. Muthiah, Palamcottah

COIMBATORE—

- (1-2) R. N. Subramania Iyer, Coimbatore
- (3) C. S. R. Chandre, "
- (4) S. Kamala, "
- (5) M. D. Prabhu, Tirupur
- (6) P. R. Sitaraman, Pulliampatti
- (7) C. N. D. Ambrose, Coimbatore
- (8) P. G. R. Sharma, "
- (9) N. Chiniam Chetty, Papanaickenpalaiam
- (10-11) V. Subramaniam Iyer, Gobichettipalaim
- (12) K. Govindan Nair, Nilgiris
- (13) K. V. Ramachandra Row, Erode
- (14) V. J. Ram, Anthiyur
- (15) S. Y. Eswar, Erode
- (16) R. Rajagopalan, Coimbatore
- ((17-18) V. N. Ramachandaran Erode

SALEM

- (1) P. Srinivasa Rao, Namakal
- (2-3) M. N. Krishnasamy, Salem
- (4) V. Mahadevan, "
- (5) R. Bhuvaneswara Iyer, "
- (6-7) C. Sundararaja Row, Morapur Jn.
- (8) M. V. C. Kesavan Salem
- (9) M. Swamiappa Chettiar, Salem
- (10-11) Panchanada Iyer, Namakal

BANGALORE—

- (1-2) M. S. Krishnappa, Closest
- (3-4) K. Chandran, Kodayala
- (5) K. L. Venugopal, Bangalore City
- (6-7) K. Ramachandra setty, Visveswarapuram
- (8-9) B. Ramiah, Chickpet
- (10) D. Rama Row, Visveswarapuram
- (11) D. Krishnamcorthy, Closepet
- (12) S. Kuppusamy, Balapet
- (14) R. S. Row, Bangalore Cantt.
- (15-17) A. Z. Sherieff Basavangudi
- (18) M. Kadiah, Malleswaram

OTHER PLACES

- (1) A. L. Rishi, Berar
- (2) S. S. Narayan, Bombay
- (3) K. P. N. Swamy, "

- (4) E. A. Dubash, Bombay
- (5) Mhatre G. K. Girgaum
- (6-7) N. V. Krishnan, Ghatkopur
- (8) Master. Waman, K. Mheatre, Bombay
- (9) Mrs. G. Despaira, Calcutta
- (10) S. A. M. M. H. Rahamano,
- (11) L. C. Doshi Ahmedabad
- (12) M. S. Nair, Bezwada
- (13) P. Narasimha Row, Secunderabad
- (14) D. M. Govitrikar, Poona
- (15) G. K. Daptardar, "
- (16) T. K. Kalyanan, Poona
- (17) C. V. P. Row, "
- (18) Luther Rupaji, Ahmedabad
- (19) G. N. Moharial, Nagpur
- (20) S. K. Changule, Belgauin
- (21-22) G. Raman, Raipur
- (23-24) B. R. Wagle, Santaacruz
- (25) C. V. Steenivas, Secundrabad
- (26) Mrs. M. Thomas, Mhow C. I.
- (27) P. S. V. Rajulu, Mahsamund
- (28) A. S. Iyer, Calcutta
- (29) M. Sreeramulu, Khorgpur
- (30) N. S. V. Iyer, Palght
- (31) C. R. Balasubramani Iyyer, Trichur
- (32) K. S. Radhakrishnan, Pudukottah
- (33) B. S. Narayana Rangoon
- (34-35) R. Nanjunda Row, Gooty
- (36) A. C. Raghaven, Tellicherry
- (37) V. Venkatakrishna Iyyer, Alleppy
- (38-39) K. Sankarar, Quilon
- (40) S. Swaminathan, Rangoon
- (41) A. C. Tatpatri, Hubli
- (42) M. S. Iyengar, "
- (43) P. Koteswara Row, Dharwar
- (44) K. Kristna Row, S. Kanara
- (45) H. R. Jayanna, Tumkur
- (46) Gangahdora Ramachandriah, S. Kanara
- (47) V. Venkatachar, Bangalore
- (48-49) M. Peraiya Sastri, Vijianagaram
- (50) C. A. Lakshmen, Cuddapah
- (51) A. Venkatasubramani, "
- (52) K. Gurunadha Row, Bobbili
- (53) P. Venkatasamy Naidu, Cuddapah
- (54) M. Hanumantha Rao, Chittoor
- (55) P. Narasimha Iyyah, "
- (56) A. S. Narayanaswami Iyer, Chandragiri
- (57) K. M. Kanakavalli, Cuddapah
- (58-59) K. K. Natesan, Bellary
- (60) M. Subbiah, Cuddaph
- (61) S. Subba Row, Gooty
- (62) K. Hanumantha Row, Cuddapah
- (63) M. Ramuni Nair, "
- (64) A. Venkata Subramaniam, "
- (65) J. Balachandra Row, "
- (66) K. M. Rangachari, "
- (67) A. C. Veerasamy, Nellore,
- (68-69) D. S. Rao Kurnool
- (70-72) N. Krishnasamy, Rajewadi
- (73) A. Krishnan, Bobbili
- (74) V. Sitharamiah, Guntur
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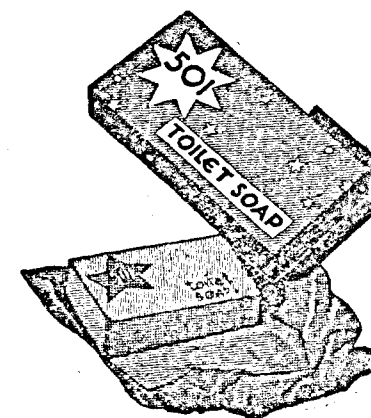
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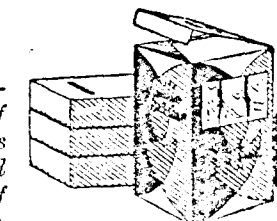
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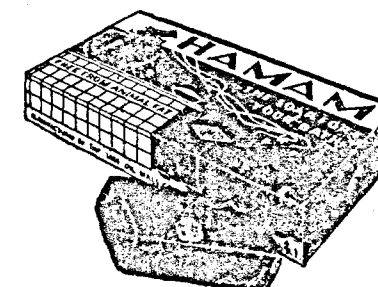
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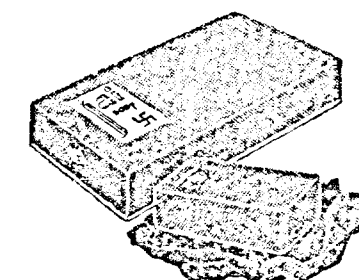
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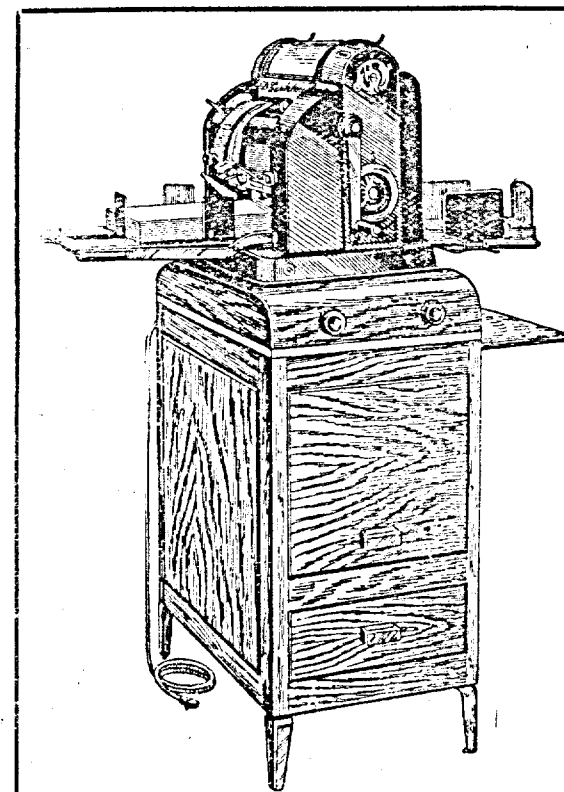
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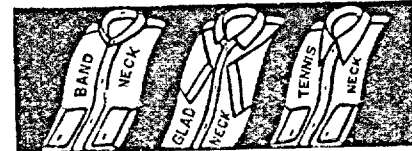
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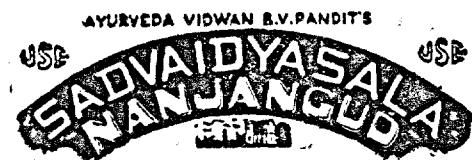
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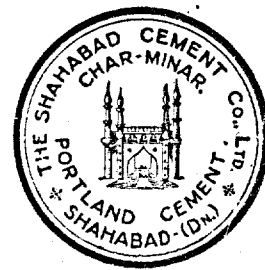
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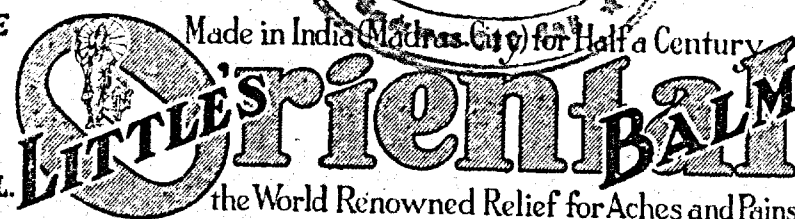
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