

1000 FREE TO READ

THE
MIROR
MAGAZINE

No. 1

Vol. III

MADRAS, 5th JANUARY, 1935

No. 1

2182

to
elect

THE
SEASON'S
GREETINGS



Varma

THE SILVER LINING

66 II don't like this," said I.

"Phew! This is nothing to me," replied George. "I was among the Turks in Mesopotamia, in 1917."

George and I were in the act of squeezing ourselves into the Moore Market through what appeared to be a record Christmas-eve crowd.

"Now, watch me," announced George.



His arms worked away like the pistons of a locomotive, and we were soon in a stormy sea of humanity. The air was a super-blend of tobacco smoke, scent, chocolate, assorted sweets, whisky, country liquor and a suggestion of ammonia. And what a mortal lot of people! Adenoidal schoolboys buying knick-knacks for their mathematics teachers' kids, clerks purchasing Christmas fallalleries for their superintendents, poor relations in search of sprats to catch whales with, Bright Young People smacking each other with romantic balloons, parents anxious to keep up the Santa Claus legend, ponderous dames hung about with parcels like Christmas-trees—all were there, on Christmas-eve purchasing gew-gaws and losing their weights and tempers at the eleventh hour!

"Ugh! Kindly remove your umbrella from my eye, madam.....Not at all, madam, the chubby handle is smooth and nice and it is no doubt a pleasure to have it in the eye. Sorry to trouble you and all that, but you know I just can't convince this fellow here that he is a

P. P. SAMUEL.

simmer, with a beam in my eye, so to speak."

I had almost convinced the toy-shop man that a half-rupee Capuchin monkey wasn't quite worth two rupees, when the woman did it. The little beast (made in Japan) was six inches of pure, unadulterated ugliness, and I was rather anxious to buy it for Jim, my wife's brother's son, as it somehow reminded me of his father.

"George," I gasped, "I don't like this."

But George had disappeared.

It was not easy for one who touched the bar at five feet precise to safely work—oh sorry, Mr. Nesfield—to work one's way safely through the crowd. One had to remember that Lord Roberts, Mahatma Gandhi, Herr Dollfuss, and Mr. Amery were equally poor in inches, avoid the hip-bones of mayroles and angular parcels tucked under the arms of dynamic men, move with the mob, beat the air, think of the seven vitamins and the bags of beans in one's system, and hope for the best. A hard task, indeed, when the only enjoyment was an un-interrupted worm's-eye-view of the backs of luckier mortals. But I thought of Daniel in the lions' den, stiffened my backbone and went at it like an Aryan—or Dravidian?

That is to say, until I was crippled by a heavy-weight, who wore shoes looking like a pair of violin cases.

"Ugh!" said I, "that's my foot—that was!... No, no, it is certainly not your fault. I daresay you just can't help wearing those shoes of heroic size."

It was a male of the species, this time. A full-grown gasometer of a man, of record tonnage, to judge by the *chutney* he had made of my foot. But, luckily, it didn't prevent locomotion, for the simple reason that I was being swept forward by the men behind, who kept barging into me like a gang of Irish Rugby players in a scrum. And they were vigorously aided by the metal-end of a Malacca cane pointed at the geometrical centre of my right kidney. The he-man at the other end of the cane was singing slightly, and had evidently done himself well. He looked a walking advertisement of "Black and White" Scotch whisky, and had a jaw which would have given Primo Carnera a night of nasty dreams.

"Here we are!" said George, suddenly materialising.

"Where?" I wanted to know.

What with chubby-handle umbrellas, Malacca canes and violin cases, the geography of the place had become a bit involved.

"Moore Market, N.," he declared, the light of Mesopotamia in his eyes. Things were evidently going on swimmingly for him.

"Where is the mutton department, George?" I asked, anxiously. "The Scotch whisky behind me has made a hash of my right kidney and I must get it substituted."

We found ourselves in the Poultry Section, instead. The proud turkeys and inquisitive geese were decidedly friendlier than the mob outside. The place was practically deserted, but for an oldish Brahmin gentleman, who was haggling over the price of a goose and casting furtive glances at us. George stepped forward with a loud cough and stared at the O.B.G., trying his very best to say with his eyes, "Come, come, this needs a bit of explanation."

"My boss," said the gent, pointing to the bird.

George eyed the goose incredulously.

"Christmas present," explained the gent.

"I see," said George.

"I wanted," the kindly gentleman added, "to buy one of those turks. But they are ter-r-ribly costly."

"Hard luck," George bullyragged. "It's all due to Kemal Pasha. In Mesopotamia Turks were three-for-an-anna in 1917."

"George," said I, "hail a taxi. I must get back home before my wife rings up the General Hospital to enquire if a five-footer, who looks a married man and wears a sand-paper moustache, has been admitted to the casualty ward."



With parcels like Christmas Trees...

"But what about the shopping? Do you think a blinking Capuchin monkey will make a Merry Christmas?"

"Kismet," said I. "Perhaps the red-nosed man who wished us an Unhappy Christmas was a wet Jeremiah. I have gone through the ordeal of the third degree and if you expect me to do it all over again, for the sheer love of it, one-eyed, one-legged and one-kidneyed, you are a red-blooded optimist!"

"Feeling a trifle shop-soiled, eh?" he grinned. "Hand us the list, then, you white-livered rabbit."

The rabbit scratched his pockets and his brains, but the list he had carefully prepared, after days of thought, wasn't there.

"So like you," he grinned. "Now, look here, do you happen to remember anything?"

"Yes," I snapped. "The taxi."

As he helped me into the taxi I made a mental note that next year I should do my Christmas shopping before the end of November.

On the way home I felt the need for a kindly whiff and opened my cigarette-case. And there was the darned list of Christmas presents—two pages of foolscap, neatly folded and thoughtfully stowed away under the elastic band.

MEMO.

1. Cousin James (Clergyman)—"Birth-Control" By M. Stopes
2. " John (Justice Party)—"Chat Through Your Hat" By "Politicus."
3. " Kumar (Extreme Swarajist)—One gross "Ansari" beedies, 5 palams "Gandhi" asafoetida and a tube "Nehru" t. paste.
4. Uncle John (Sportsman)—Halma.
5. " George (Beaver)—A pkt. of Panama razor blades.
6. " Thomas (Jolly good fellow)—One pint "Johnnie Walker." N. B. I must take it round myself.
7. Nephews (Three of them)—A Yo-Yo each.
8. George (Of Mesopotamian fame)—A toy pistol (to shoot the Turks in his dreams.)
9. The wife (Argumentative)—"Principles of Logic."

And so on, right up to No. 37. Well, well, that's life. Man proposes, etc., you know.

But I hadn't yet drained my cup of misery to the dregs, as the philosophers say (with dyspeptic hiccups) while they imbibe barley water. There were Christmas Carols!

I was in bed, counting the loose bones in my anatomy and trying to comfort myself with the happy thought that Christmas comes but once a year, when the first party of carollers turned up. Noisy youngsters, with voices like the crow's cheap gramophone, broadened a good deal by cold in the chest, gallons of strong tea, packets of cheap cigarettes and nights of sanctimonious shouting. Yet kindly—though disguised—attendants who brought the good news to your door in the small hours of

the morning, knocked you out of bed and crooned "Good King Wenceslas" and "While Shepherds Watched Their Flocks By Night"—all for the paltry sum of eight annas. Well, they won't after your money. If they were, they would have sent the News by post and threatened to make much at your door for a good half-hour, if you didn't pay them first of the best. And you would have produced a *paal* immediately. That's flat.

When the fifth party of cavellins had become just an unpleasant memory, my servant locked the front door, put up the notice "To Let," and returned by the back door.

The next knock came at the back door.

"Open the door, will you?" yelled a throaty lad. "How long are we to park ourselves here, hey? Is this Madras, or Zulubud, hey? I daresay your idea is cooking, but it has, unfortunately, occurred to nearly half of our clients tonight..... Now, boys, have it out."

"While Shepherds....."

I gagged them with an eight-anna bit.

"Now to the front door," said the thug. He was the younger brother of Subadar George, of Mesopotamian fame.

"Don't worry," said I. "Here's another four annas."

"Make it eight," said the likely lad. "You know we had to come round all the way to your back door just to tell you about those blooming kings and shepherds. Make it eight, sir, or we give a free show."

I made it eight and told him that I would ask George to give him a sound Christmas-whipping.

"Next year," I said to my wife, "we spend our Christmas holidays in the Himalayas."

Christmas morning! The benevolent sun had banished all the husky warblers from the streets and one could catch a few winks after the maddest night of the mad season. I slept, as a baby might sleep after a night of coffee and Gripe-water, until about 9 a.m., when I was

jolted back to Christmas and its crushing responsibilities by clamorous knocks at the door. Outside my door was a sea of turbans—red Corporation turbans, khaki postal turbans, white nondescript turbans! *Dakshesh* seemed to be the general motif.

And all through the day the door-bell kept buzzing like billy-o. Sellers of tickets for variety entertainments, scouts soliciting subscriptions for *fuggance*, jamborees, or something, bill-collectors, sundry callers, siphon-minders, dutymen, postmen and more postmen. I received thirteen lots of letters, delivered by as many different men in khaki. The kindly P.M.G. had perhaps ordered them to deliver my letters directly into my hands, instead of popping them into the usual letter-box. They rang and rang and rang again, until I appeared in person, to be saluted elaborately and informed in indifferent English that it was a Happy Christmas.

It was gratifying to see that I was an important person, after all. Not quite a celebrity, but flatteringly near. What did it matter if a ton of money was the par of exchange for a grain of vanity? Whoever thought of economy on Christmas day, hey? Not I, my love, not I. If I had, I shouldn't have sent for Dr. Sreenivasan, as expensive a leech as ever asked a fellow to shoot out his tongue.

"Hullo ullo-ullo!" he bellowed, in his breezy manner. "What's up?"

"Christmas," said I, "in the gizzard." And I tenderly inquired after his health.

"Goose or turkey?"

"Goose," I groaned. "Shall I unroll my tongue?"

"No, don't exert yourself."

"Shall I recite 'The Charge of the Light Brigade'?"

"Shut up."

He pulled out his stethoscope and listened to the collywobbles; then he turned me over and did it again.

In The Next Issue

Miss 'DEVIKA RANI'

writes a story of Love and Adventure.

SOAP & WATER

P. P. Samuel.

In his racy style Samuel measures civilisation in terms of soap. A rollicking skit.

UNEMPLOYMENT

V. B. Prasad.

Prasad continues and concludes the methods of making easy money and throws in details of a brainy scheme.

VARADU'S ZERO WORSHIP

"Tirumalai Nallan"

This delightful new writer finds out ways and means for one's child getting cent per cent at school.

WHO KILLED THE MANAGER?

"Embusque"

A problem in detection. Embryo detectives can try their hands at this problem.

TALE OF A TEAR

R. Jagannathan.

Bright young thing Vs. Old-fashioned sis-in-law.

JOYFULL GETS A HAIR-CUT

and other bright features.

"Look here," said he, poking me in the eye, "where is your Haemoglobin?"

"Hibernating, perhaps," replied. "But how are the Calories? And the little Beans?"

He shook his head, prescribed barley water and Deschiens syrup, and buzzed off like a busy bee.

Definitely dashed, I asked myself if it was the season of Good Will. No, it was just the season of food bills—bills so heavy and numerous that nothing short of a classical quotation would have relieved my chest.

Le jeu ne vaut pas la chandelle.

A proverb which, translated into democratic English, means:—Dang the game and cheese the candle.

But, on second thoughts, I must recant. On Christmas-day, at 5 p.m., I went to Meenambakam and took a leap into the ether. Up above Madras so high, I was a sunny soul in the sky. Right amongst the silver-



.....Knocked you out of bed.....

picture on the card was not the usual English landscape, not Robin Redbreast, not Windsor Castle, not Santa Claus. It was Renascent India—Miss Leila Rao, the tennis star, complete in Helen-Wills eye-shade and—guess what, can you?—shorts. S-H-O-R-T-S!

Oh, boy! Oh, boy! OH, BOY!! What a Merry Christmas!

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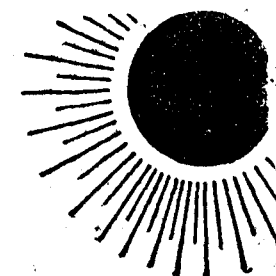
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"A balanced budget is essential to prosperity." More important to have some one who can balance it.

"Britain keen on World Peace," says a headline. The re-organisation of her Army and Navy proves it, of course.

"Suicide is a subject on which everybody likes to argue," says a psychologist. Decidedly, except, of course, those who commit it.

"A woman not only got her face lifted, but her chest tattooed, with indelible bloom, her teeth enamelled, and eye-lashes dyed." This is what comes of not getting a chance to commit suicide.

"A Budapest cook has brought an action against a policeman, for kissing her violently, which fractured her jaw." The force of the law was too much for the jaw.

"Wanted a G.D.A., or a B.Com., to serve as an accountant," reads an advertisement. Thank God they don't want him to serve as an office-peon.

"If you were to fire yourself, astride a projectile," says Einstein, "straight into space, in a few millions of years you would return to the starting point." After all there is no escaping from the people we owe money to.

"A London paper informs us that red, white and blue roses can now be grown." For the sake of economy, why not grow only white ones, and look at them after having six strong pegs of whisky?

"Two Eton masters have retired this week, after thirty years service." Schoolboys will not hear now their "Master's Voice."

"FRESH Financier with throat cut," a headline in the *Times of India*. We should like to know whose sweetheart he got fresh with.

"Britain will hang on Mr. Chamberlain's words, when he makes his Budget speech," says the *Times of India*. Now, now, isn't there a less gruesome way of committing suicide?

A man convicted of counterfeit coining, at the Liverpool Assizes, set up a remarkable defence. Clever chap, coined the defence too.

"I am just a girl," says a reader, "who has climbed the ladder of success, wrong by wrong." We wonder, if her husband knows anything about these wrongs.

"Dr. Cyril Burt, Professor of Psychology, came across a lady conducting researches in the subject, and married her." Even psychology has its dangers.

"The Government offices have 3000 brides a year," says a London Weekly. The Navy can however very well sneer at this figure.

"As a story-teller Mr. H—has no equal," says a book-review. It stands to reason that Mr. H— is a married man.



INDIA, some wisecracks might asseverate from their armchairs, needs a Roosevelt to guide her destinies to-day. May be so. But to us, in Madras, he would be of little help. The man we need most is a Hore-Belisha, for he has demonstrated to the world that even London might be made quiet and noiseless.

The other day I travelled from Broadway to Mylapore in a bus, with a meek-looking man, wearing a save-me-from-my-wife look on his face, at the wheel. But once the bus left the stand, hey, presto! his countenance changed. A do-or-die expression manifested itself on his face. A whole year's maltreatment at home, probably, asserted itself and he let himself go with a bang at the hooter,—the only thing he could lay his dirty hands upon at the time, excepting, of course, my humble self seated next to him. But there are not many men in Madras, who would like to lay violent hands on me. I wear a 20 inches collar. Well, coming back to the driver. He sounded the horn—a new Lucas one which shrieked with full-throated ease—exactly seven hundred and twenty-one times, each strident cry a blast from Hell's own mouth. Any way, when I looked at myself in a mirror, I found to my horror that half my head had turned grey.

Thus, our beautiful city is being converted into a babel of screeching noises. And hence, the need for a Hore-Belisha—I suppose, I am not carrying coals to Newcastle, if I mention that Mr. Hore-Belisha is the British Minister of Transport. The motor-horn, with its all-pervading cry is but one of the many noises, which make our city hideous. Clattering lorries, clanging tram-cars, the droning exhaust of road-hogs and the Presidency College students, the racing of engines "till the stars vibrate," the mangling of gears, the shouting of conductors which would make Papa Stentor hide his head in abject shame, the nerve-shattering machine-gun-like rattle of the motor-cycle, these are some of the other sources of noise, which must claim our full attention. Something might also be done to silence the guns of the nagging wife at home, nor should one forget the street-corner demagogues and soap-box orators, who are, Telemachus-wise, polishing their weapons and burnishing their armour, in preparation perhaps for a dreamt-of career in the legislative councils.

A rather remarkable case of somnambulism was reported to the Calcutta (North Suburbs) Police recently.

Some women sleeping in the courtyard of a house were aroused from the land of Winken, Blinken and Nod by a noise coming from the direction of the cow-shed attached to the house. On a search being started, a man, dressed as Adam was before his fall, was seen rushing out of the shed, into the jungle adjoining the house. He was captured the next morning and taken to the police station, where he is reported to have made a confession on the following lines. He was an employee of the owner of the house and had retired to bed as usual, the previous night. In his sleep, he had a pleasant dream, and saw a young woman beckoning to him. He got up and followed her until he found himself in the courtyard, where the women were sleeping.

Strange behaviour, isn't it? Rather.

Evidently these are not days for us, bachelors. Or do the married men feel jealous of our freedom? As if the persecution of bachelors in Nazi Germany is not enough, *Il Duce* has started a crusade against the clan in Italy. The dismissal of the bachelor Mayors of Mombelo, Fonco and Vignola-Barbera has been ordered by the Dictator. They will be replaced by married men. More than twelve months ago, the erring Mayors were advised to get married. One said he could not afford it; the second that he had not yet found the woman that he could live with happily; and the third was "thinking about it." Well, they are free now to do as they please, now that they have been dismissed. The *Duce* states that Italy has no use for "dried branches, which leave no offspring."

But what about the very much more dried branches which leave too many offspring?

An English newspaper, which is conducting a search for the basic joke, publishes the following two jokes from a correspondent:—

Plutarch, writing "On the Tranquillity of the Mind" refers to "the man who threw a stone at a bitch, but hit his mother-in-law, on which he exclaimed, 'Not so bad!'"

And again, Plutarch tells of the prating barber, "who asked Archelaus how he would be trimmed. Archelaus answered, 'In silence.'"

THE EDITOR'S COLUMN

THANKS, dear Readers, for the messages of encouragement and the wishes for good luck to the *Merry Weekly*. May I, on behalf of the men behind the *Merry*, offer to everyone of you our sincere wishes for a happy and prosperous new year.

I have been cudgelling my brains to extract an idea therefrom as to the best means and method of reciprocating, in however small a measure, your kindness to the *Merry*. And the best brain-wave I could induce to ripple over the surface of my thinking apparatus was to offer you a lump sum of Rs. 1,000. On page 41 will be found my offer. There is no entrance fee to earn this sum of Rs. 1,000. It is there for the mere taking of it and my conscience is also at ease, because, last year I gave away Rs. 1,000/- to writers and this year I am giving away a similar sum to Readers.

And now, a word or two, about the first weekly *Merry*. You will find that all the best features of the Fortnightly are retained, while new bright ones have been added. I am resolved that in 1935 every Saturday shall be a *Merry-day*. In spite of his ring, astronomers say that Saturn is an old planet, while astrologers ascribe to him all the signs of senility. None-the-less, we of the *Merry Magazine* are out to put pep into Saturn, send plane-loads of Monkey-gland if need be and make the melancholy monarch of Capricorn merry as the Wives of Windsor. Life, my dear friends, is apt to become dull and drab unless we set apart a day in the week for relaxation—for a little merriment. Acquire therefore the *Merry* habit, cultivate it, make it contagious, and my wishes of a 'Happy New Year' to all of you would then be a glorious dream come true.

Your
EDITOR.

CONTENTS

Sparks from Our Anvil	1
The Silver Lining	2
P. P. Samuel	
Flashes In My Brain Pan	6
One Thing and Another	7
'Kebi'	
Editor's Column	8
Music	9
"Tirumalai Nallan"	
Topsy Turvy—A Thrilling Fantasy....	10
Part the One—"Rajaram"	
Do you know?	13
Unemployment	14
V. B. Prasad	
Yes, I know!	16
Letters of Private Joyfull	17
30 Joyfull Gets A Hair-cut	
The Story of My Life	20
'Mie'	
Auntie Awful's	21
Correspondence Column—X	
The Man of Many Wives	23
K. R. S.	
A Leave Application	25
R. Jagannathan	
A Face in Arabia	26
Rama Saran Sharma	
Roustabouts & Slings	29
E. L. Shipman	
Buffoon Ramu	31
"Brihan Madhava"	
Susila Is Ill	33
N. S. Pillieux	
Smart Detection	35
M. S. Kalyanasundaram	
Sorrows of Merry Lodge	36
"Maybird"	
A Frontier Raid	38
"Embusque"	
Oblivion	40
Leslie Latter	
Rs. 1000 Free to Readers	41
"Give & Take" Competition	
"Clue-Words" Competition	42
—Results.	

ANNOUNCEMENTS

December Lucky Numbers Cover
In the Next Issue

MUSIC

BY

"TIRUMALAI NALLAN"

IT was most disconcerting to Lakshmi that her new son-in-law did not seem fond of music. Her daughter, Revati, was far famed in Big Street for the excellence of her vocal chords. All the aunties and the uncles with a sprinkling of grannies and grandfathers attended the musical *soirees*, at which Revati rolled out melodies after melodies to the accompaniment of skilful playing on the violin. To Revati herself, the disappointment was great. If the lord of her destinies, her life, her happiness, her locomotion, did not value her singing,—then she might as well put her violin in the violin-box and tear up her *svaram* note-book.

"This music gets on my nerves," said the son-in-law peevishly and frankly and indiscretely. The next morning, Lakshmi wrung out three ounces of tears from Revati's pillow.

Revati's brother, Varadaswami, brooded over the matter for an hour and then confidently adumbrated a brainy scheme for infusing into the son-in-law a taste for music. His idea was to guide the brute through the musical scale step by step. They would begin with a flute concert, then a violin concert would follow, then a *harikatha*, and lastly Revati's own music.

Varadaswami's father looked uncomfortable and



"For God's sake,
won't you stop that
frightful noise?"

then asked if those concerts were to be arranged at their house. "Oh no," said Varadaswami reassuringly, "I'll take him to the concerts. Price of two seats, that's all."

The father beamed with delight. He expressed his considered opinion that Varadaswami had a future before him.

The son-in-law, when he heard of the proposal to attend a flute concert, jibbed at first. But when Varadaswami told him that the flutist was a real blind man and that all Madras was flocking to the entertainment, the son-in-law was impressed and he consented.

(Continued on page 16)



opsy

AS usual it was drizzling. When was it not drizzling? Oh yes, when it was not pouring in torrents. Otherwise, only drizzle, drab and dull and dreary, cantankerous, continuous. Was there ever a place like Modalkar?

Professor Thurkov emerged from his flat, for it was five-thirty and time for his evening walk. Hydrogen is not more decidedly the lightest of gases than Prof. Thurkov is the most regular and disciplined of human beings. With his cap, crepe shoes, flowing dhoti, grey blazer and over-coat, Prof. Thurkov knew he could brave the elements. He descended the stairs and surveyed the winding street.

No colleague; no cultured neighbour; no club-mate. Was he destined to take another evening walk alone? None to listen to his inexhaustible eloquence and erudition? Ah, who was that? Was it Nargun, the Inter-



urvy

A THRILLING FANTASY

By "RAJARAM"

PART THE ONE

THE WITCH OF MODALKAR

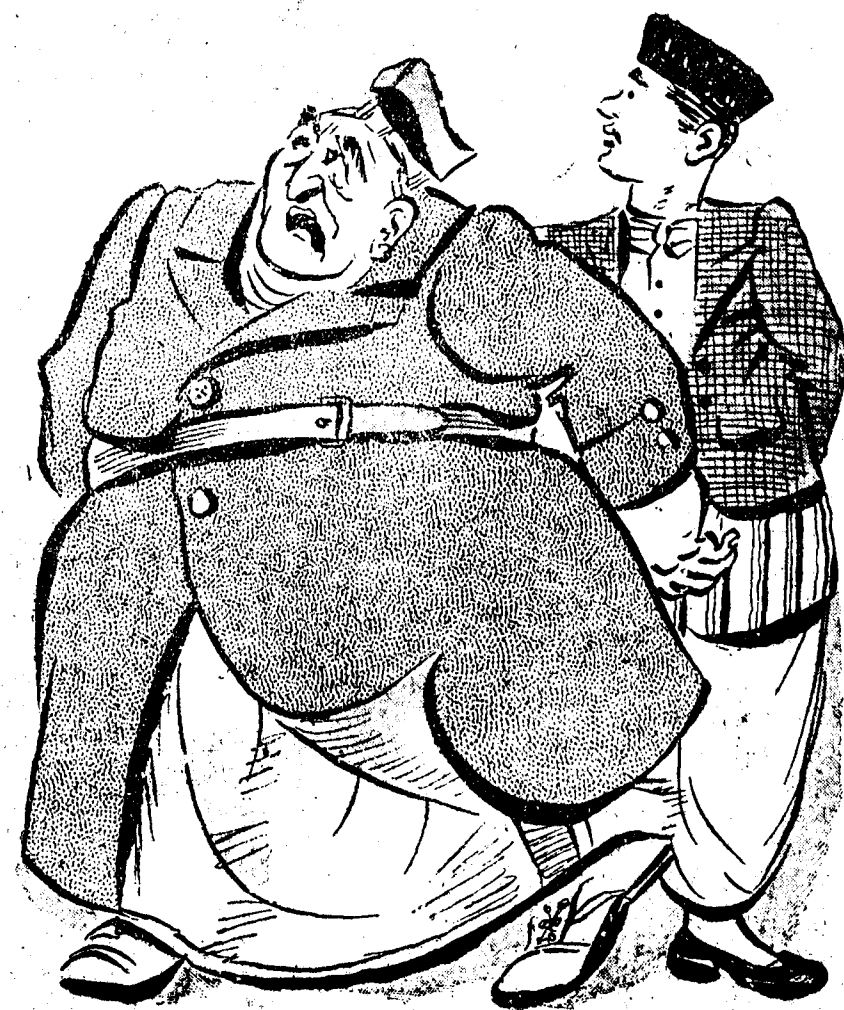
Science student? Yes, yes, the same. Prof. Thurkov knitted his eye-brows and stood majestic, enormous.

"Good evening, sir," said Nargun, to the redoubtable Professor of Chemistry. The professor relaxed his muscles to the extent of three millimetres. "Out for a walk, fellow?" he condescended to ask. "I should like to take a walk, of course," Nargun answered. "Well," Prof. Thurkov peremptorily snapped, "we'll take a walk together." And without much ado, they marched breast forward, cutting the Madras-Bombay Road and beyond.

The brisk walking relieved the Professor's strain and he beamed on his pupil. He rattled on in his gruff, hectoring voice: "Been doing any reading lately? No? Just as I expected: good-for-nothing fellows you are! No concentration, no application, no ambition! Look here, Nargun, when I was an Inter-Science student, things were different. We respected and feared our professors, and the professors bullied us terribly. We read a lot, and memorised a lot. Take Chemistry, boy; you haven't the brains of a hare, not even of a rabbit. You read Senter's *Chemistry* now and say it's difficult; but, mind you, we read Smith, Mellor, even the big Roscoe and Scholmer!

The poor boy bemoaned inwardly his wretched lot and followed his professor. But the professor was not the person to stop in the middle of a harangue. His self-righteousness stirred him on to a blaze of fury and he stormed and fumed and exploded; "Pigmies, caterpillars, donkeys—that's what you are! Remember—tell your friends too—that I have

enormous powers. I can reduce you to a pulp. I can make Prussian blue of you. Which gorilla dared to hide my duster yesterday? Which orang-outang interrupted my lecture on 'Valency' this morning? Even you, little pup that you are, I suspect. Beware, else the curse of your guru may reduce you to a precipitate of nothingness."



Guru and chela were trembling in their shoes

The boy was feeling more nervous than ever. "What an infernal bore!" he thought. Wishing, if possible, to distract the enraged (for no specific reason) professor's attention, Nargun timidly suggested: "Have you ever been to see the Temple of Bhima?"

"Temple of Bhima, did you say?" the professor asked, "no, I haven't. My dear Nargun, in my wretched profession, whoever has the time for the higher pleasures of life? Students, students, always and eternally students: we professors are mortgaged to them. We have no time to call our own. You people pester us, plague us, pulverise us! No time to talk to my wife even—my own wife!! No time to sleep, or eat or bathe!"

"Why, sir, you are exaggerating," gently put in Nargun: "We might visit the temple even now!"

Prof. Thurkov barked: "Impudent jack-ass! I exaggerate! Never! Do you know how many students came to my private room this afternoon to know the details of the fixation of atmospheric nitrogen? Eleven, I tell you. The same question, the same silly question! That, too, after I had clearly, lucidly, explained the whole process, with figures to boot, in my class! Renegades, asses, chimpanzees, that's what you are! Can you tell me even now if the odour of Nitric Oxide is unpleasant or obnoxious?"

Nargun blinked, hesitated and answered: "Unpleasant, I think."

The professor jumped, he and his 175 pound of flesh and bone. "I think! Big man, you *think*? It is not unpleasant, you fool, but obnoxious, while Sulphuretted Hydrogen is unpleasant! A single blunder like that will cost you a year and five-hundred rupees, I warn you! But, let that pass. You say we can go a-visiting the temple even now? How far is it from here?"

Nargun thanked Providence for this easy escape and said that the temple was a mile and a half from where they were. The road wound up a seeming incline and zigzagged along and above a little hill; and assiduously

guru and chela moved forward. In short gasps, Prof. Thurkov gave vent to the strain of the walk and in little gesticulations, Nargun gave vent to his satisfaction at the way things were going on. This enormous professor was a child after all, for all his violence of language and severity in appearance. A man who loved to talk—even if he talked nothing more than sheer idiocy. And meanwhile they were approaching the summit of the hill and the Temple of Bhima.

The drizzle had not ceased—why should it and how could it in God-appointed Modalkar? The sky was dull grey and the prospect intolerably arid. The hard earth and the harder rock and the wild vegetation and the prickly pear



".....the same silly question!"

and the mountain goats returning to their fold and the shepherds' cheerful songs and the professor's cheerless gait and the pupil's inward giggle: what a queer complex they made! But bravely they plodded on and on; fewer the metallic words from the professor and more difficult their attempts to overcome the force of gravity. Suddenly the professor asked: "What's g equal to, Nargun?" The boy promptly said: "981". Prof. Thurkov stamped and swore: "Idiot! 981 puppies? You must say '981 centimetres per second per second'!" After this interlude, the procession continued.

They reached the Temple of Bhima. It was a curious, tumble-down thing, half gruesome, half laughable. At the entrance was a square mound, on which was seated a giant of a statue,—an Indian Colossus, one might call it.

Presumably that was Bhima, the giant among the Pandava brothers. The professor gazed speechless at the tremendous figure before him and at length the words came: "Silicon of a very pure variety; with a mixture perhaps of Boron too. Fine, fine, superfine!" And then turning to the boy, he remarked jovially: "Do you come here often?" The nimble Nargun simply said: "Many of us come here almost daily, but generally in the morning. We climb to the top of the statue and slip by the sides and jump about and splash the drizzling water and cry and sing and amuse ourselves." Poor Prof. Thurkov glanced at his frontal unproportionate convexity and the dizzying height of the statue and sighed deeply and painfully. "What lucky fellows you are!" he sorrowfully observed, "irresponsibly happy, nimble in body, care-free in mind, daring heights and depths, organic and inorganic, metallic and non-metallic substances. I am so bulky grown, so old have I become, that I can't frisk and dance, trip and skip around, as happily as you can. How I wish I were young and light-bodied as you!" Nargun perceptibly felt nervous. This dear, naughty professor was so human, so pitifully helpless. He should try to soothe the man.

"You can't very well complain, sir. You have had your youth and you know it can't last for ever. Why, sir, I tell you true I should personally prefer to be a Professor of Chemistry rather than a mere student, whom everybody scolds or laughs at and who is ever at the mercy of an angry father or an angrier professor! For, you know, not all professors are sympathetic like you!....."

And probably the impossible young man might have gone on in that strain for some minutes more, had not an extraordinary thing happened. Thunder rumbled in the air and lightning pierced the clouds and a storm broke out and drenched the pair; and before they could even think of seeking shelter in the inner sanctuary, the sky cleared of a sudden and the setting sun bathed the statue in purple light. And as they gazed in awed wonder at the Titanic mouth and elliptic eye-brows, they were conscious of some change in the surroundings, of a puny, ugly thing deftly ascending the platform and anon standing on Bhima's outstretched arm. The intruder was an improbable Caliban come from nowhere. It grinned, jerked its head, and puckered its sinister eye-brows.

"The Witch of Modalkar!" screamed the frightened

Nargun, and hugged the portly professor close. "Wh—wh—what ish dat? Ha-ha-ha-ho! Witch! Which—ch!" The professor was half dissolved already, his rage and assurance shrunk to a mere cubic centimetre. Guru and chela were trembling in their shoes; and, with helpless palpitating hearts, thought that the *Kaliyuga* was coming to a close at last!

The witch straightened herself a bit and glanced at the mortals contemptuously and gave out a hoarse, mischievous laugh—you might even call it a guffaw. "Fools you are, meeserable mortals!" she said in a ghostly voice: "know ye not this is my haunt at this hour? It is not for ye to wish and aspire, but to accept and obey! You stout booby professor, wouldst thou be pupil indeed? I grant thy wish. And you arrogant chip of youth, wouldst thou aged professor be? I grant thy wish too. Go hence, and enjoy your ill-desired states. Leave me in peace. I'm sovereign bride of Bhima!"

Thunder again; lightning again; storm again; and they all vanish again in a moment. But where are our old friends, Prof. Thurkov and his pupil Nargun of the Inter-Science Class! To be sure, there they are, both of them: but miraculously has the Witch of Modalkar turned one into the other—and most pathetic or funny to see them, a picture of puzzlement and frustration. A boyish mind and history in the professor's body, and the ripe, dull learned mind of a Professor of Chemistry in the tender and shortish frame of an Inter-Science student!

[In part the second of this fantasy, professor and pupil with their personalities interchanged are confronted with the problem of how they should behave when they return to their respective homes and what the inmates would think.]

DO YOU KNOW?



1. Who is called the 'mystery man of Europe'?
2. What earthquake caused the greatest loss of life?
3. What is an Æolian harp?
4. What is gerrymandering?
5. What is a yashmak?
6. What does the name Japan signify?

Please see answers on Page 16.

UNEMPLOYMENT

SOME THOUGHTS AND A FEW TIPS

At long last!

This economic monster which has clung to us much as a stout, gummy, unwanted mother-in-law is leaving us at long last to seek pastures new!

That no single economic phenomenon, which happened to us since Jehovah invented the sabbath, had had to face such a deadly fusillade of subjective abuse and ultra-picturesque invective, as did the unfortunate depression, which made its appearance simultaneously the world over on Christmas Eve five years ago will be admitted by all intelligent students of political economy. That even the 'terribles' of economic typhoons, the 'blightedest' of economic blizzards and the 'monstrousness' of economic maelstroms cannot survive the steady, collective abuse of disgruntled humanity is amply demonstrated by the fact that this depression of ours is just now wobbling about the knees and looking extremely ashamed of itself; witness the home-coming of Premier MacDonald to the strains of bag-pipes crooning a merry welcome, composed specially for the occasion by the Inner Council of the Conservative Party; the opening of the Mettur Dam with all the colour and pomp associated with the Mystic Orient, our nobs, nobles and toffs producing the colour; the slumping of shrimps and prawns with coincidental jubilation in the *cherries* and the exploits of the Chivalrous Knight des Six Visages, giving oriental orientation to British Parliamentary precedents, contributing not a little to pre-election-time *bullshoo*.



.....feel like singing in his bath.

The point I am making is, if dear readers haven't already gone wise to it, that the world situation is spiralling up omnilaterally. These are the happy portents of that inter-Empire trade prosperity and intra-racial (within the Empire) fraternity and camaraderie so happily characteristic of our scarlet-coloured Empire.

Everybody ought to feel like singing in his or her bath—everybody, I mean, who has a bath-tub to sing in. Unfortunately these indications for universal jubilation are trimmed in black.

It is one of the unexplained mysteries in the governance of the solar system that there should be in our midst neither unalloyed good nor *ditto* bad. This happy augury of a larkish to-morrow is overshadowed by two calamities—I allude to the recent murder of Royalty on French soil and, nearer home, the Oriental Cultural Academy. (What a grand name!)

Of course the Oriental Cultural Academy is not a calamity. Very far from it. But the Oriental Cultural Academy is bringing to light a calamity, not a whit less in poignancy than the unnatural passing off of Royalty; for an army of unemployed men, graduates all, cultured and young, looking lovingly but futilely at the facades of public and private offices during day-time and at the Milky Way during night-time, is a calamity no thinking person can possibly view with equanimity.

The civic survey of the unemployed graduates of Madras has been launched under the auspices of the Oriental Cultural Academy and all honour to the O.C.A.—though a friend of mine says that he does not see much of an affinity between oriental culture and unemployment. Dear old ass! The survey embracing, as it does, only the *alumni*, it is eminently apposite that an institution propagating oriental culture and Carnatic music should take the job on hand. The same friend asks me, "What about the non-graduate unemployed and non-lettered unemployed within and without the City?" Such flippant and irreverent questions are best left unanswered with the silent contempt they deserve.

It is gratifying to be told that already three of the unemployed under the aegis of the O.C.A. have found the millennium, two as tutors, no doubt to lovely, curly-haired children, and the third, if I remember aright, as a cook. But all unemployed graduates cannot be absorbed into society as tutors and cooks. What, then, does the O.C.A. propose doing with the result of its historic survey? Make it a present to the Home Member or the Rajah Sahab of Bobbili and call the Government nasty names?

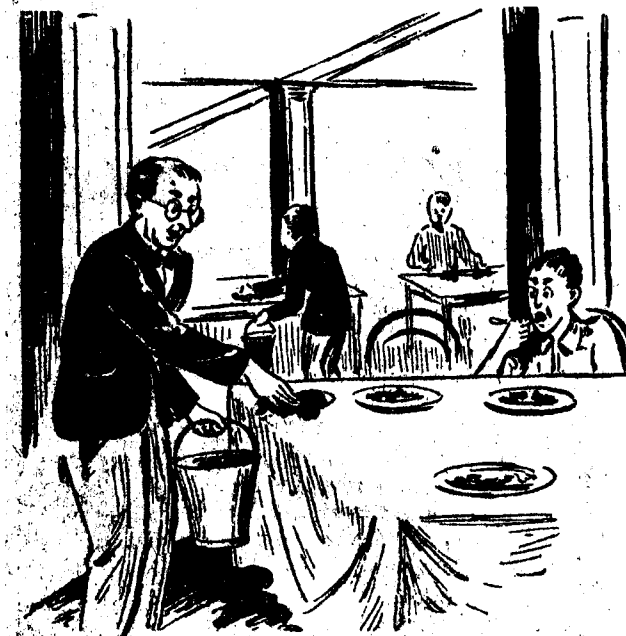
There is unfortunately a growing tendency in this country to place at the door of the Government (established by law) all the responsibility for the pretty mess we

find ourselves in. Some misguided people want us to look at the pleasing picture on the Continent, England and Roosevelt's Land, chockful of labour exchanges, unemployment insurance, old-age pensions, doles, concentration and labour camps, and the trouble those governments put themselves to in collecting and publishing monthly their unemployment positions. One country, they aver, builds a leviathan of the seas with tonnage standing at the staggering altitude of 70,000, giving employment to thousands! Another country devises a code of neo-commercial conduct, pursuant to which millions of unemployed are absorbed into Industry! And then they want us to look at the picture here in India with an elaborate sneer.

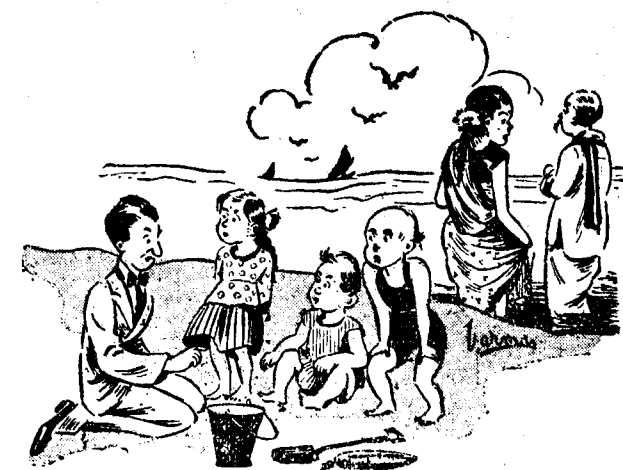
Admitted. Still, I maintain that the attitude of our government in applying the Munroe doctrine *inter alia* to the unemployment problem of our country is fundamentally correct.

For one thing, Western analogies do not apply here. We haven't got as much brawn as the Westerners have. We don't eat as much fish and flesh as they do. And what little we do eat of this nourishing, vitamin-charged food, we eat with our bare paws and not with adventitious aids as our occidental compeers do. For another, the government has just commenced training us, natives, in self-help, self-determination, self-government and many more things besides, that come after self. To ask them, at the very outset of this benevolent tutelage, to nose in and hand out jobs to our unemployed were a confession of our tragic incompetence.

Just as our out-going daughters receive a lot of spiritual and temporal advice from their mothers, our out-going university-graduates receive about a ton of soul-elevating advice, containing almost invariably a goodish bit of Cardinal Newman, from elderly and oldish gentlemen delivering convocation addresses. One gentleman advises you to cultivate a correct and forcible technique of speaking, for, according to him, parliamentary govern-



.....cleaning tables in flannel trousers and navy-blue serge coats;



.....minding strange babies on the Marina.

ment—the kind of government we are about to be presented with—means government by gaff. Another begs you with streaming eyes to give a once-over to the appalling illiteracy, the squalid filth and the Sudama-poverty of the masses and exhorts you to don the turban of the *dilettante* elementary school teacher and initiate the dumb millions into the elements of education, sanitation and capitalism. A third holds up the pastoral poets of England to your admiration and entreats you with a shaky voice—shaky, not because of a cold in his head, but shaky with emotion—to go back to the land. And so on, as the particular fancy fad of the particular elderly, oldish gentleman delivering the particular convocation address eggs him on. Sterling advice, no doubt. But, so far as its application to the practical problems of life is concerned—by which is meant grabbing as much specie as you can lay hands on—these pieces of convocation advice are just screaming *ghoobarhoombie*. In other words this convocation show business is just a grinning bit of flamboyant futility, and this advice, just an atrophied chunk of doctrinaire empiricism.

It is a thousand pities, bright, young people like me are not requested to deliver convocation addresses and university extension lectures.

Government, then, is no good. Turbaned, *kandvaed*, convocation-address-delivering, elderly old plutocrats aren't any good. What, then, is the way out?

General Johnson, erstwhile chief of N.R.A., said with a prophetic ring that he expected for the trouble he took in putting through the New Deal, red fire in the beginning and dead cats soon after. That, alas, has been the reward of the great benefactors of humanity through the ages, as the pathetic pages of History bear ample testimony. But we, benefactors, don't care. We are what the *Gita* calls *Nishkama-karma-yogins*. Even if I get nothing but a running fire of abuse for the advice I am about to tender to our unemployed, be they graduates or *goondas*, I will be content with the spiritual thought that I have contributed my mite towards ameliorating the lot of one department of suffering mankind.

The thing called life is so immense, so diversified, so inexhaustible, that he is a poor fish who cannot get hold of some aspect of life and wring cash out of it, as does the *Madras* milk-man from the unwilling teats of his Anglo-Indian cow.

Cleaning tables and plates in crack restaurants in flannel trousers and navy-blue serge coats; hanging around talkie and coffee houses in your holiday attire grabbing the legs of care-free citizens, begging them to let you black or brown their shoes; chivvying around the streets between the shafts of a Japanese rickshaw with a forlorn look; singing extempore comic songs at street crossings; minding strange babies on the Marina, while mothers play with the breakers on the shore;—these and such like vocations are no doubt good in their way as temporary ticklers of mass imagination, with a dubious publicity value. While at these jobs the passing populace looks at you—with a grin spread across their faces, some with tears trembling in their eyes, some with nothing at all. All give you their sympathy in abundance and precious little else. The only fellows who profit by your escapades are the newspaper-wallahs who make a front-page feature of your goings-on. Possibly, they will qualify you to hold Congressional offices when the amended constitution takes effect. But there is no money in Congressional offices.

Some peripatetic philosopher said the other day that the greatest and grandest fact of life is religion. Whether this is true west of Suez is a point worthy of debate by

the Y.M.C.A. Parliament. But that it is true of this ancient *Aryavarta* of ours there can be no two opinions. We break one another's heads in the name of religion. We adore one animal in the name of religion, and abhor another animal, also in the name of religion. We go six thousand miles by land, water and air to cold countries and stage a successful farce to bumper houses on reservation of seats in provincial and central legislatures on the basis of religion. Instances could be multiplied *ad infinitum*. At a stringent computation, at least ten per cent of our population live directly or indirectly on no other profession than religion. Go to any three holy places in India, to Benares, Muttra, Puri, Gaya, Hardwar, to mention only a few in the list, and watch the *sastrigal*, *swamis* and *pandus* in action. Here is a field, virgin in spite of its hoary age, for prolific imaginations to gambol in.

Ye, Unemployed! Your slogan must be—Religion, Thou Shalt Feed Us.

How???

We will discuss the 'how,' when we next meet, for meet we shall, Editor willing.

[Oh, my God!—Ed.]

MUSIC—(Continued from page 9)

They went. Soon after the performance began, the son-in-law betrayed unmistakable signs of impatience. When the *alapana* on *Attana* was half-way through, when mouths were opening in interest and heads swaying in harmony, the son-in-law proclaimed his intention of retiring from the hall. Varadaswami's indiscreet statement that the wonderful *Bhairavi* was to follow hastened the retreat.

Varadan did not give up hope. Some people might dislike flute, he thought, but violin was different. What did the poet say? Well, he had forgotten what the poet said, but it did not matter.

But the violin concert too was a frost so far as Varadan's scheme went. The son-in-law's distaste for music seemed more pronounced than ever. When Revati tried the beginnings of the processional gorgeousness of *Kedarani*, he broke out, "For God's sake, won't you stop that frightful noise?"

Revati and her people became resigned to the foible of the son-in-law. Varadaswami had now only a past.

But mysterious are the forces of life. One evening

while returning from the beach, the son-in-law caught the strains of "I wanna be loved by you....." issuing from a gramophone in the house of an Anglo-Indian gentleman. The music of that fox-trot brought out all the sense of music that was in the son-in-law. He ran to the nearest gramophone shop and bought a record. During the following three days he played it 315 times. He has been heard recently to murmur in a dreary voice "Sweet are the charms of music."

Which shows that, in spite of what the gloomy prophets say, the future is bright.

YES! I KNOW!



1. Sir Basil Zaharoff.
2. The earthquake in China, Kansu Province, on December 16, 1920, when over 200,000 persons were killed.
3. A stringed instrument so constructed as to produce musical sounds when exposed to a current of air.
4. Altering the political map so that the voting districts are unfairly or abnormally arranged to advance the interests of a particular party or candidate.
5. A double veil, worn by Moslem women in public.
6. 'Rising-Sun'.

Answers to questions on Page 13.

Letters of Private Joyfull

30

JOYFULL GETS A HAIR CUT

Madras, 5th January, 1935.

DEAR MOTHER,

I had quite a fright the other day, because I was checked on parade. You are checked when anyone finds fault with you. Perhaps it seems a peculiar phrase, but it is always used in the Army. We say that a man is checked for a shave, or checked for a grease-spot on his tunic. It is a nice, compact expression, which I think could be conveniently used in civil life. For example, you can imagine Mr. Gandhi checking a Congress Volunteer for telling *tarratiddles*, or Lady Willingdon checking the Prince of Wales for wearing his tie crooked.

When anyone is checked in the Army, there is quite a fuss. For instance, the Commanding Officer was inspecting barracks the other day, and when he came to Old Jonah's bed, he noticed something wrong.

"Whose bed is this?" asked the C.O. in a terrible voice.

Everybody looked startled, and the Company Commander sternly asked the Platoon Officer, who fiercely put the question to the Platoon Sergeant, who furiously demanded the name from the Corporal, who witheringly asked the man himself, who was standing there all the time. Strange to say, all these persons already knew Jonah's name; and besides, it was on the brass plate over his bed.

So, Jonah told the Corporal his name in a very small voice, and it was passed onwards as far as the Company Commander, who consulted with the Sergeant-Major. At last the Sergeant-Major placed his stick under his arm with a magnificent sweep, saluted like the whole Brigade of Guards, and cried in a voice of thunder, "PRIVATE JONES, SIR!"

Of course, Jonah did not know what was wrong, but we were convinced that he had transgressed all the

sections of the Army Act at once. We waited with bated breath to hear the exact nature of his felonies, and at last the Commanding Officer said, "Why is that sheet folded in fours, instead of in threes?"

I think that the Duke of Wellington, or whoever it was who established the customs of the Army, must have been a believer in numerology, because everything in the Army is arranged in mystic numbers. Sheets are folded in threes, and *puggarees* in sevens; the only exception is blankets, which go in bundles of ten. Some things go right over left, and some things left over right, and this is the law of the Medes and Persians, which altereth not.

When the C. O. asked about the sheet, all the officers and N.C.O's looked guilty, and yet virtuous, as if it were not their fault. Meanwhile, poor old Jonah was feverishly trying to think of a story, that would mitigate the crime. Perhaps, if he said that he was in a state of distraction when he folded the sheet, he might be let off with a caution. He could say he was upset because his dog, whom he had always supposed to be a gentleman, had suddenly given birth to five puppies, which is enough to unnerve anyone.

Meanwhile, the Company Commander reproved the Platoon Officer, who admonished the Sergeant for not exercising more supervision, who told the Corporal to pull himself together. And the Corporal went to Jonah and asked him his name again, and wrote it in a little book, as if he had never heard it before.



"Whose bed is this?"

I expect fellow clerks had an awful nervous attack, when he inspected the *vettes*, and found a man gone with his rope round his neck. The man on the Arrow, at the 21st Avenue, I saw, for the first time, an impersonal report, and the man's pallor was so affected. As a matter of fact, his appearance had been checked, the C.O. went up to him from behind and asked if he were the man who had shot on the wall hole during the first attack at Ypres, and given him some water out of a cistern. And I am looking very pleased, and said that he was.

The day I was checked, we were parading for drill, and the Platoon Officer inspected us. When he passed behind me, I heard him whisper to the man he had suddenly witnessed a horrible sight.

"Olderly Corporal!" he cried.

The Corporal came running up with his little book. I knew I was the culprit, and I wondered what I had done. But all I could do was to stand still, with my eyes fixed rigidly on a crow, which happened to have perched on a rubbish bin directly in my line of sight.

"This man!" said the Platoon Commander in a shocked voice, "check him for a hair-cut!"

So the Corporal came in front of me, and I looked straight through him to where the crow had been, and he looked straight at the second button of my tunic and asked me my name. I told him it was Joyfull, and the Corporal carefully put it in the book, as if it were the name of some strange prehistoric insect, which he might otherwise forget. Then he broke into a trot, and came to a halt in front of Sergeant-Major Quirt, as if he were a show-horse suddenly pulled on his haunches.

"Sir!" he cried, like an Ambassador bringing news of a terrible disaster. "Private Joyfull is checked for a hair-cut."

"What!" roared the Sergeant-Major, staggering back, as if he had never heard of so monstrous a thing, "send him to me after the parade!" The spikes of his moustache bristled with indignation, and he seemed to be considering whether life imprisonment would meet the case, or whether I ought to be summarily executed.

You may wonder, why the Army is so fussy about a man's *coiffure*. The theory is that if a man has long hair, when roughing it on active service, it will get dirty. So, we have to keep our hair short now, so that it will be in a hygienic condition, in case war breaks out ten years hence. As a matter of fact, the efficiency of an army depends on attention to thousands of similar trifling details. When Frederick the Great created the Prussian army, he did not consider it a perfect instrument, until he had personally inspected every last trouser-



.....I heard him stagger.....

button. I think that the leaders of India in the old days had some such thing as trouser buttons, and that is why for the armies found them an easy prey.

When the parade was over, I went and stood outside the Sergeant-Major's office, feeling quite scared. All of a sudden there came a roar.

"Where's that blithering *sadhu*?" bawled Old Mossy-Face.

"Do you mean me, sir?" I said, very humbly.

"Of course, I mean you!" he howled. "What do you think you are on? A pilgrimage to Gaokhund? Look at yourself!"

I could not very well do that, as I was standing to attention and gazing at a motto on the wall, which read, "The meek shall inherit the earth." So I said, "Yes, sir."

"Don't answer back!" he shouted. "Look at your hair, you blooming mermaid! Why, you'll trip over it as you walk along! What do you take yourself for? The Colonel's *ayah*?"

"No, sir," I said.

"Don't contradict!" he cried. "If I say you're the Colonel's *ayah*, you are the Colonel's *ayah*. Why don't you keep your hair short? Look at it, full of spiders' nests!"

This made me feel creepy, although my hair was quite short, really.

"I'm surprised at you!" said Mossy-Face in a milder tone. "Look on you as one of my future N.C.O's,

and here you are, getting into a silly little trouble like this, walking about like a Sikh *guru*. Get your hair cut at once."

"Thank you, sir," I said.

"Report to my bungalow at five p.m." he said. "And by the way," he added in a quieter voice, "I've just bought my boy a model railway. Would you like to help me fix it up?"

"Yes, thank you, sir," I replied, very pleased.

"It's a lovely railway!" murmured Old Mossy-Face. "And get out of here, long haired baboon!" he howled.

I ran like anything to find the barber, but his shop was shut. Barbers in India are very religious, and they only work a few days in the year, because every time there is a holiday, they go and say their prayers. So there was nothing for it but to go into the town and find a barber, who was not religious.

It was a very hot day, and when I had walked a long way, I came to a barber working by the road-side. He had a customer squatting in front of him, and he was picking his ears. The indigenous barbers seem to do all sorts of things, but they seldom cut hair. I reflected that I would not be allowed to squat by the roadside, even if this barber could cut hair, so I mopped my face and passed on. I envy the Indians, because their arrangements are so simple, and their life so natural. They always seem happy, whereas we are always worrying and cursing, because we make life so difficult for ourselves.

At last, I came to a barber's shop, and I knocked on the door, and politely asked the man inside, if he could cut my hair. He seemed disconcerted, and pretended he could not understand; but quite evidently he did not want me in his shop, so I trudged onwards.

Finally I came to a place called the 'Himalayan Hairdressing Establishment'. I went inside, and the attendant welcomed me eagerly, and asked me a lot of questions, and said he came from Goa, and promised me

he would give me a hair-cut worthy of all the crowned heads of Europe. He leaned against the wash-basin and told me all his family history, and his opinion on current affairs, and various stories to show what a good hair-dresser he was. I answered politely, but I was beginning to get anxious, as it was already half-past-four. So in the end I asked him if he would now cut my hair.

"Certainly," he replied, "how would you like your hair cut?"

"In silence," I replied.

The attendant seemed very sullen about this, but anyhow I got my hair cut at last, and ran all the way back to barracks. The gong was striking five just as I got to the Sergeant-Major's bungalow.

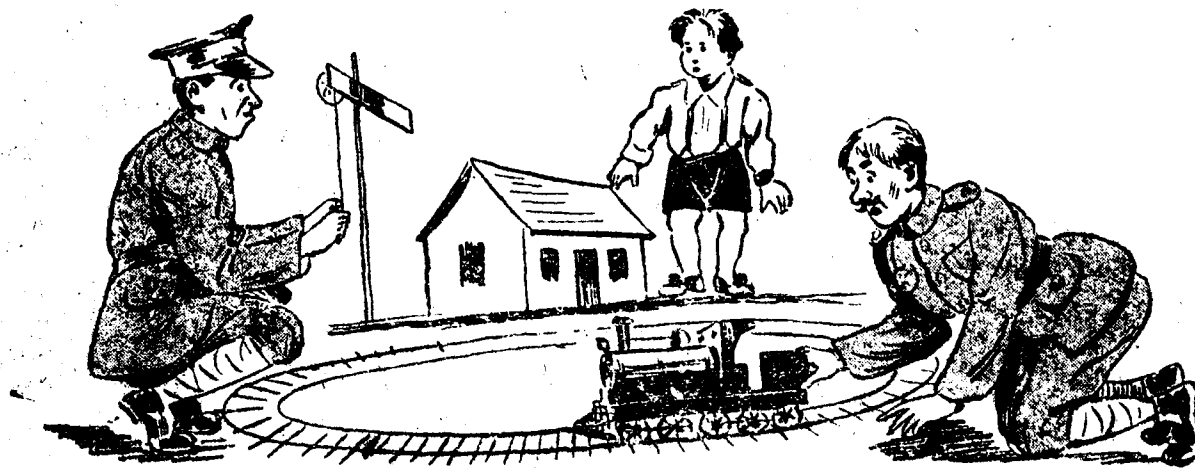
"Ho!" came the voice of the Sergeant-Major, in a tone that could be heard all over barracks. "You were nearly late! Have you had that mane cropped?"

"Yes, sir," I said.

"Come inside!" bawled Old Mossy-Face, and he led me into his large room, where he had already started to erect the model railway. Eagerly we knelt down together, and in half an hour had it all assembled. Then we started to run the trains, and Mossy-Face controlled the points, while I worked the signals. In a little while we were quite expert, and amid terrific excitement carried out a most complicated operation. We side-tracked a goods-train, and then had a passenger and express approaching each other on the same line, with the points set to divert the passenger-train. When the last passenger-coach whisked off the main line right under the fender of the advancing express, while I avoided derailment by a dexterous shifting of the points, Mossy-Face and I could not contain our delight. Meanwhile we had quite forgotten young Bobby Quirt, who was standing in a corner wistfully watching our game.

"Please, daddy," he said at last, "can I play with my railway now?"

Your Loving Son,
OBEAH JOYFULL



.....started to erect the model railway.

The Story of My Life



BY
'MIE'

INTRODUCTION.

"Oh for a muse of fire!"

RECENTLY I became a hero; a mild hero, of course; but all the same a hero (in the 3rd class, without butter-milk). Now, the first thing I had to do after this achievement was one of the following:

- (a) To join the tinas.
- (b) To have a shot at the England-Australia air-speed record.
- (c) To appear in flesh (of course with plenty of clothes on) in a Night Club.
- (d) To become a member of a legislative body.
- (e) To go big-game hunting.
- (f) To open a few bridges and to lay a few foundation stones.
- (g) To write the Story of My Life.

For reasons best known to myself, (don't ask me Mr. Mrs. or Miss Reader, as the case may be, what they are) I chose the last. And so I am writing the story of my life. It will be published in book form shortly. *The Story of My Life* by 'Mie'; *Merry Magazine*: 12'6..... A big book..... *Swarler in the Morning Herald*.

Just a minute, Mr. Editor, while I have a chat with the ladies and gentlemen. I want to explain a few things to them, you see? I want to tell them that every word of what they are going to read is true, authentic and did happen to the best of my belief. After all, fact is stronger; I mean, stranger than fiction and if one or two incidents in the following narrative are too tall for your credence, just remember who wrote them.

Another thing I want to tell you beforehand is that you needn't expect any chronological sequence from me, or any dates. I am doing this in all fairness to all of us. So if I go on from measles straight away to my 'first love,' it doesn't mean that I am not coming back again to tell you what happened during the immediate post-measles period. So don't take up your pen and write indignantly to the editor how I am flagrantly violating all the unities.

And dates too. I have no memory whatsoever for dates. Some date-maniacs often pop out questions like 'When was the battle of Waterloo fought?' or 'When did King Henry VIII marry his fifth wife?' They ask me such questions sternly, earnestly, as if their very life depends on my answer. Sometimes I manage to give the correct answer, but more often I stammer, gasp, swallow and with tears in my eyes and a blush mantling my cheeks I reply I don't know. When I do give the correct answer, it happens like this. A date-maniac asks me: "When did Mohammed Din Tughlak brain his third cousin?" "The year he built the Taj Mahal," I say and shut the door on his face.

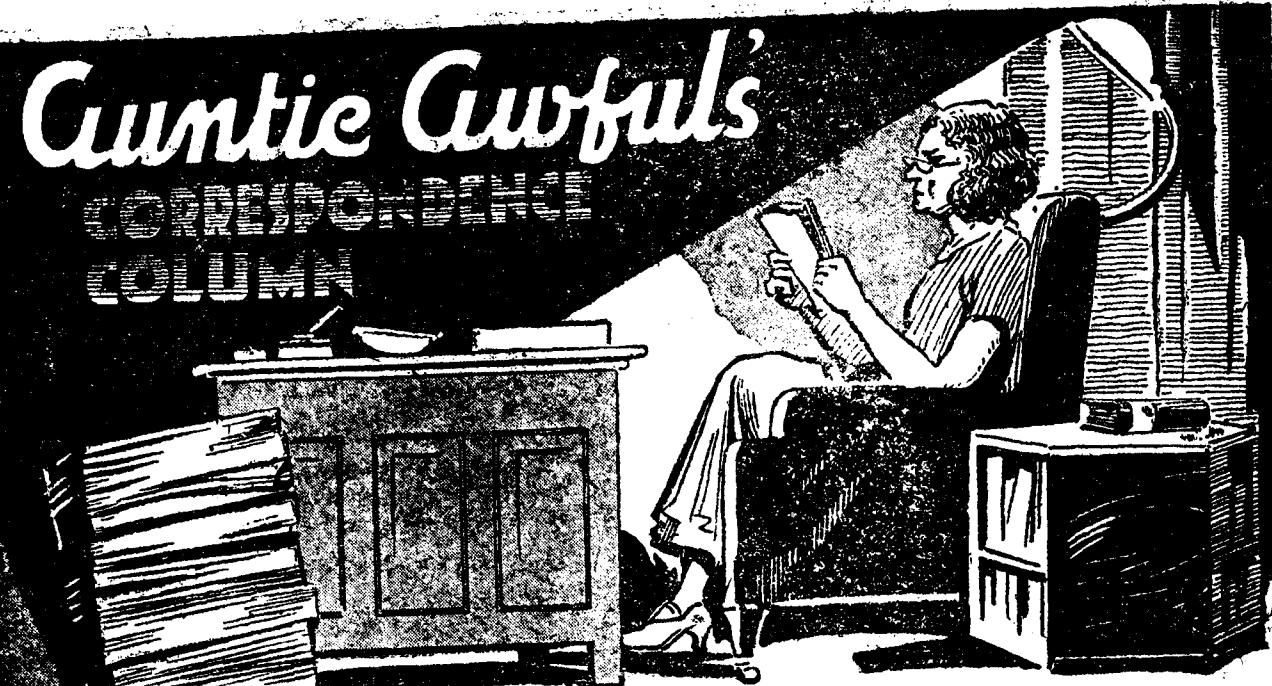
So, my friends, there is not going to be any dallying with dates, any romance with calendars, any flirtations with eras. After all I am going to tell you a story and need you charge it down with an explosion of dates?

Just a word more. This tale is not meant to be edifying. There is no moral in it. I cannot help it, for I was not a model child and I am not a penitent. Unlike that young prig in America, I didn't always speak the truth. That child, you remember.....what was his name?.....Washington.....Washington, yes, Washington Irving. Well that kid once knifed his father's best apple tart or something and straightaway reported the matter to his dad, who bought him an apple orchard and a dozen or two of knives to amuse himself with. That was for speaking the truth. When such incidents happened to me, I pretended that either a cousin or a strange boy whom I had found lurking in the orchard, did it. And I got on splendidly, too. So I warn serious-minded and moral people to skip these pages, unless they want to turn over a new leaf.

And lastly, please don't fall in love with me, any of you. I dare say some of you will find it difficult to avoid falling in love with me after reading my life. To such, I say, please give me at least 24 hours notice.

And now.....Yes, sir, switch on. (There is a short circuit and by the time the next issue is out, we will switch you on to the readers. -Ed.)

Auntie Awful's CORRESPONDENCE COLUMN



X

NO doubt, dear boys and girls, you have observed Auntie's eagle eye for world-events. Perhaps, very early in the morning, you have seen Auntie's captive balloon hovering above the *Merry Magazine* office. At the rising of the sun, Auntie shines up the rope and sweeps the horizon with her telescope. And what has she seen? A tidal wave, dear boys and girls; no less. It is a wave of Purity, my chickabiddies. Table-legs are to be covered with modest drawers. The Venus de Milo is to be invested with pants. There is going to be a Society for the Suppression of Everybody's Morals. Well, there are always pickings for clever Aunties who get on the crest of the wave, so Auntie is taking time by the forelock.

You must all rally round and join the Auntie Awful League of Purity. All you have to do is to pay Auntie four annas for the privilege of being Pure. On receipt of a further nominal sum of eight annas, Auntie will supply you with a badge, bearing the motto of the League, "To the Pure, all things are Impure." For another Rupee, you can acquire the Auntie Awful Certificate of Honour. This declares that the holder is possessed of the Highest Degree of Purity, as defined by the Food and Drugs Act.

Some of you, boys and girls, may object that you are already pure, and that you buy the magazine for amusement, and not to be bullied. Never mind. The Stunt Barons say that everyone must be Pure, so it is better to go through the motions. Auntie makes it easy for you. Just send her four annas. Then, when the Society for the Suppression of Everybody's Morals comes demanding a five-rupee donation, you can put your nose in the air and say that you already belong to a Purity organisation. Auntie's League will not only be of incredible purity; it will be administered most economically. Auntie will act as Treasurer, and, to save expense, will also be the Auditor.

To show you how imminent the Purity Wave is, let me tell you about the Board of Film Censors in Philadelphia. They have enacted that in future, babies will not be allowed to be born on the screen, unless there is a prior scene showing the arrival of a doctor, with a black bag large enough to contain the infant. Fact.

I may add that Auntie's campaign has the full approval of the dear Editor. At least, when I went and suggested that in future the magazine should be printed on antiseptic paper, he told me that I could go and boil my head. Which is, as you know, a highly purifying process.

Anatomist (Bengal). In view of the Purity Campaign, Auntie is not sure that she should answer your question. But perhaps the following story will give you the clue you are seeking: King Edward VII used to delight in making all kinds of people at informal dinner-parties. One day, the most important guest was a bishop, who was renowned for his austerity. Next to him was seated a famous but flighty actress. The mischievous young woman felt tempted to embarrass the reverend gentleman. She leant towards him, and asked, with an air of serious enquiry, "My Lord, what is the difference between an actress and a bishop?" His Lordship placed his *pince-nez* on his nose, looked the lady up and down, and replied, in his most episcopal manner, "Madam, I cannot conceive."

Jayantilal (Undhi). "Aren't you rather hard on your own sex, Auntie? My wife is very pretty, and a nice girl to boot." I am surprised at you, young man. Why should you find pleasure in booting a nice girl?

Kamala Bai (Hyderabad). You should try a face-pack for your pimples, my dear. The Auntie Ayud face-pack is prepared as follows: Procure a bowlful of rich mud, and mix it with the contents of the back-axe of a local bus, until it forms a stiff paste. Apply the paste evenly all over your features, and let it dry into a hard mask. Your friends will all remark upon the improvement in your appearance.

Cinemaniac (Elphinstone Road). No, dear boy, a Fan Dance is not a ball organised by film-fans. There is only one fan, and it is made of ostrich-feathers. The lady employs it, more or less successfully, to cover her anatomy. To get a general idea of the dance, you must imagine that she belongs to a nudist colony and is trying to keep the flies off.

Commerce (Joribagan). When you see a sign outside a shop: "Under Entirely New Management," it usually means that the proprietor has got married.

Ada (Bombay). "My father is a policeman, and he deals roughly with a thousand cases a week." Very interesting, Ada dear, but it is no news, is it?

Satya (Lalmanirhat). Bathing in permanganate of potash will soothe your prickly heat, my dear. But don't overdo it. Once, when Auntie tried this treatment, she emerged from the bath a rich purple.

Sapru (Kothapet). "Is it a fact that an Englishman never speaks to a stranger to whom he has not been introduced?" Not always, dear Sapru. If you go to a football-match, you will find large numbers of Englishmen, addressing intimate remarks to the referee without any introduction whatever.

Forlorn (Egnore). Auntie is sorry to hear that her advice was not successful. It is a pity that the young lady smacked your face. I told you to kneel

before the damsel and cry, "Darling, time stops still when I gaze at your face!" It should have worked all right: Auntie has never known this speech to fail. The fault is that you did not carry out the instructions correctly. It appears that what you actually said was, "Darling, your face would stop a clock!"

Still Sprightly (Jamshedpur). Certainly, my dear chap. When Auntie addresses herself to the "boys and girls," she includes you. Auntie's boys and girls are of all ages from nine to ninety. You seem quite a frisky youth yourself. After all, you are only eighty-five. Why not come up and see Auntie some time?

Centre-Forward (Christian College). The Principal was quite right to reprove you, my dear fellow. You should never lose your temper at games. If unbearably provoked, show a sporting spirit. Break your hockey stick calmly and deliberately, and do not dance on the pieces.

Salesman (Rightaway & Co.). So you have noticed that ladies with size five feet ask for size three shoes. The trade gets over the difficulty by calling a "five" a "large three". As a matter of fact, the whole matter involves a well-known trait in feminine psychology. We girls, always like to think that we are smaller than we actually are. For further information on this interesting subject, you might consult that amusing volume, *A Tight Fit*, by Miss O. Howitt Hertz.

Propriety (Muzaffarnagar). "Do you think it immodest for a lady to show a pretty ankle?" Why not, my dear? Are you afraid of being arrested for having no visible means of support?

Crime-Story Fan (Rexa). The "Pool-rooms" in which gangsters pass their leisure hours, my dear sir, are not any kind of swimming-bath. Gangsters are not usually fond of cold water. The pool-rooms are what we would call billiard balls on the spot.

Spanked (Colonelganj). "Although I am now quite a big girl, my mother still puts me across her knee, and tans my bottom with a slipper. Should I submit to this treatment?" Auntie is afraid so, dear girl. You must just grin and bare it.

Women's Page Editor (Calcutta). "I think your column is tripe. It seems that when there's a half-witted child in the family, it is brought up to write for magazines." Not nowadays, my dear. Things have altered since you were a child.

Seafarer (Trincomallee). "Why is it that the pearl-divers do not like visitors to make a noise?" That is an easy one, dear chap. It's because a noisy noise annoys an oyster. By the way, you should try and say this, when you've had several tots of rum.

Taxpayer (Park Town). "I am a dealer in piece-goods, and a certain amount of my stock is always being damaged by the birds, which infest the roof of my premises. Can I deduct this from my income-tax return as a business loss?" Certainly you can, my good "Taxpayer." You can debit it to "Overhead Charges."

THE MAN OF MANY WIVES

BY
K. R. S.



In the "quieter niceties of home life, the ladies will be gloriously happy and will vie with one another in making the husband happy.....

DON'T please be scandalised by my title. I assure you it is quite proper. Purposely I refrained from choosing a title like 'The Polygamist' for which there should have been no excuse whatsoever. You see, it is simply a matter of opinion. My aim is only to consider scientifically the manifold advantages enjoyed by 'the man of many wives.'

I agree with most suffering husbands that a wife is a bother. I am not exactly a misogynist like the character in one of Pope's poems, who says:

"Marriage is a dear bought curse and lawful plague of life.

A bosom serpent and a domestic evil,
A night invasion and a midday devil."

But there is no gainsaying the fact—a wife is a nuisance, and to the wife, probably, the husband is even more than a nuisance. The real question is this: granted a wife is a bother and a nuisance, is the evil alleviated or enhanced when there is not one wife to a husband but two, or even three (and why not more) of them?

I believe I have stated the problem without any shilly-shallying. Don't run away with the idea that I am propounding Bolshevism (now-a-days, the word means anything you want it to mean.) Marrying many wives is not unknown to humanity; Islam and Hinduism do not forbid such daring things; to this day there are brave, heroic souls who have the courage of their convictions, like the cock in Milton's *L'Allegro*, to

"Proudly strut their dames before."

Lord Krishna is credited with marrying 10 raised to the power of n wives; Nawabs, *Mahdis*, Maharajas, *Mittadars*, Scavengers and *Veddahs* carry on the proud tradition even now.

The real trouble with a wife is that domestic combats tend to become so perfectly localised in a straight line that there is neither diversion nor escape. These husband vs wife combats are eternally the same and eternally inevitable. In former days when joint families were the rule, and not the exception, there were other participants in the domestic game—the in-laws of divers categories. Mother-in-law vs daughter-in-law, elder daughter-in-law

es judge, daughter-in-law, etc., added piquancy and flavour to domestic life. In 1934 all is changed even in unchanging India. Our young men have to earn a livelihood in far away places and can afford to take their wives along across land and sea—and hence this peculiarly new twentieth century problem has been germinated and now has assumed monstrous proportions.

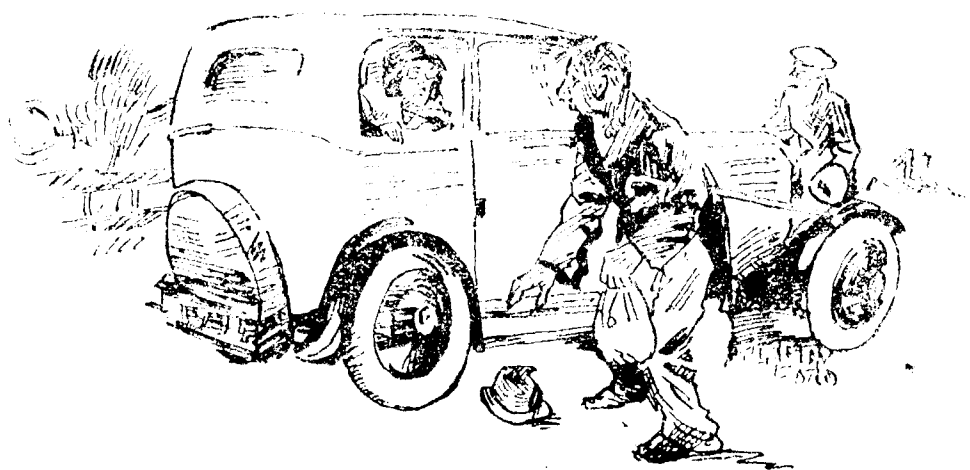
Out of sheer necessity let us make a supposition: what happens when a man marries two wives or even three wives? Mind you, this is not a case of a rich man marrying only a second wife late in life for the sake of children. That is too uninteresting. My supposition is that the two or three wives are more or less of the same age and are married about the same time. I put it to you, what happens then? Let us further suppose, if you will, that the man is fairly rich and doesn't in the least mind feeding four mouths to begin with. I say again, what happens? Well, the situation is full of sterling possibilities. In the first place, the fair 'home birds' will have company. They can laugh together, read together, (and weep together at the fate of poor Desdemona), and sit around a Carrom-board and play the live-long day in a most innocent fashion. In the quieter niceties of home life, the ladies will be gloriously happy and will vie with one another in making the husband happy (why not?). And in the bigger crises—a confinement, an illness, say—how understanding the womanish company of one wife to another, whereas the masculine husband, however sympathetic, cannot but do things in a very unsatisfactory way. Yes, if things turn out well, (and if things can turn out well, with one wife, they might also do when there are a plurality of wives) the husband will have no cause for regrets.

Of put it, if you must, that things turn out pretty badly indeed. Even then I maintain that 'the man of many wives' is clearly at an advantage over the 'the man of a solitary wife'. And for proof, now listen. You say things turn out badly: but how? The itch of the whole thing will be that the wives may turn out quarrelsome. If your one wife is quarrelsome, you shall have to bear the brunt of the daily explosion and impact. But if you are 'blessed' with many wives, even three, even a paltry two, it is ten-to-one, rather it is thousand-to-one, that you are out of it altogether. The wives have it all

between themselves, and your appearance at home causes a lull (which is good) or raises another thunder-storm, (which is great fun after nerve-racking work at the office). You, happy 'man of many wives,' are like the proton of the physicists,—and what care you if many an electron runs round and round and round the proton at the speed of 186,000 miles per second? The electrons are restless and indulge in the merry-go-round for the good of their souls, as do devout pilgrims in our temples; but why should the central proton ('constant like the northern star' says Shakespeare) care, why should the deity in the inner sanctuary care, and why should the 'man of many wives' care? If his wives choose to fight because of him, around him, at him, it is no matter, in fact it is all right. It is just a copy of Nature: the planets revolve round the Sun, and the Moon around the earth, and the electrons around the proton—so urged by native energy and restrained by gravity, these wives will fight, and it is just fun, and anyhow the husband is gloriously out of the show altogether. Can he escape a hand-to-hand struggle, were he an *ekapatrikara*? Can he call one moment his own? Will his sole life-partner for even one second mind her own p's and q's? It is not in the nature of things.

A stupid story is told of a man who married two wives, one very old and the other very young, and of how the former plucked away all his black hairs and the latter plucked away all his white hairs and how in consequence he became bald. What in Heaven's name is the moral of that story? Why, this: that in case you happen to marry two (or more) wives, marry them all early and let them be of the same age. I have insisted upon these conditions from the outset.

Let me conclude. We are first of all agreed that one wife for one husband is a terrible nuisance and bother. Where lies the way out? As it chances, there are two alternatives; the path of polygamy and the path of bachelor-dom. I have in this brief treatise proved that the 'man of many wives' is in every way a happier individual than the man with one wife. I have no space to discuss the felicities and utilities of single blessedness. In another treatise I shall oblige you.



AUTOCRATIC OWNER: "Sue me! Damn your impertinence! Why, you were only under the car a few minutes."

CLIFTON FORD.

A LEAVE APPLICATION

By R. JAGANNATHAN



I was alone in my room. My boss had gone out for lunch. My phono note-book lay neglected in a corner of my table, and my Remington was in repose.

Radhiviah Kankoo pushed open the door and came with a plain-clothes man. Kankoo was a *jamedar*, attached to our Additional Joint Secretary.

"*Jai Ramji, Babuji*," began the old man.

"What's the matter, Kankoo?"

"*Babuji*, will you kindly do a leave-application for me?"

"What's up, old man? Don't tell me you are ill or going to die?"

"No, *Babuji*, it is for some Court business. I must go to file a suit against a man, who ran away with my brother's wife."

"What? Your brother ran away with whose wife?"

"No, *Babuji*, it's his wife, who ran away. This is the matter."

I scrutinized the plain-clothes man. A lean sort, mild-eyed, straw-coloured and silly-looking. There were two brass rings pending from the lobes of his ears, and three streaks of sandal-paste girdled his forehead. Not at all a bad specimen of a *pahadi*. But what I noticed was that he was not in the least upset about the 'wife business.'

"Rotten world, Kankoo," I consoled. "When did the woman leave your brother?"

"Eight years ago."

"Eight years ago! What've you been doing all the while?"

"We tried our best to trace the runaways; but there wasn't any trace, and the slut never turned up. So, we ceased to bother. My brother took another girl—he paid a 'bride-money' of two hundred rupees like an honest man—and has not been the worse off for it."

"Then, why go to Court?"

on page 283

FACE IN ARABIA



"TALKING of Arabia," said my friend, Sarin, "I can tell you, of a woman whose face always haunts me."

"Was she so beautiful?" I asked. Sarin was meditative, gazing at the curls of smoke rising from his cigarette.

"No, but she came into my life during some weird and terrible happenings and disappeared without a trace."

I got interested, Sarin had served in the British Legation and he often told us weird, uncanny romances of other countries. I wondered whether it was one of these feuds of blood, or dramas of passion that had left so indelible an impression on such a hardened man as Sarin.

"How did it happen?" I asked. Sarin still mused. Then he took a deliberate puff at his cigarette and slowly narrated the following tale:—

"In the last Arab rebellion we were at Mesopotamia in the Legation. The populace had risen and we were stranded amidst a hostile people in an awfully hostile country. We used to keep our doors locked day and night and posted one of us to watch. And we patiently waited for rescue or death."

Sarin smiled, an unconcerned smile, as he uttered the terrible words. He continued "One day in the noon our watcher came running and shouted, 'The rebels, the Arabs, they are come.' We hid ourselves as best as we could in a back room and waited trembling and breathless."

"Well, the fellows pounded at the door till it yielded and we heard hurrying footsteps and angry voices as they searched for us."

"There was silence and then a door crashed and a horrified scream rent the air. And we knew that that the clerks had been discovered."

Sarin took another pull at his cigarette. I leant forward in eagerness and asked "What then, my friend?"

"Well, my dear fellow," he said, "I can't say what impulse made us open our door but we quietly walked out. The Arabs shouted as they saw us and captured us, and there we were bound hand and foot. Each one of us knew that our doom was sealed as we lay quietly looking at our captors who were sitting at a distance holding a council of war. In them was also the figure of a girl whom every one addressed with respect. A woman of some importance evidently in their tribe."

"Suddenly the woman got up and came towards us. And then what we saw held our gaze. She was covered up to her eyes with her veil in the Arab manner of a maid. Her skin was white and extremely delicate. But what was most prominent were her eyes. So ravishing, so bewitching that those big black eyes still haunt me. They were superb, they were wonderful."

Sarin stopped. He was serious, uncommonly serious for him, and looking at his face I felt the longing of the man to have one more glimpse of that vision.

The evening had advanced. Sarin sighed and resumed slowly:—

"She spoke in that silvery voice of hers. 'You are doomed to die.' Terrible words you'll admit. But somehow they didn't seem so terrible. Either we were numb or she was too beautiful. She looked at every

one of us and her eyes met mine. I ventured, God knows how, to murmur:—

'Death from such fair hands is a blessing.' 'What do you say?' she frowned. 'You are too fair to make death ugly,' I said. 'She flushed crimson and then grew white again and angrily turned. And I knew my case was hopeless. And then can you imagine what happened?'

I sat dumb. I had no suggestion to offer.

"Well, she quietly said something to the men, took her rifle, and led me in the outer yard. Once there, she made me stand by the wall and putting her rifle on my chest she said:—

'Does death look beautiful even now?'

And I can't say I am sure, but I felt her voice was not so harsh. Perhaps because of the feminine weakness to love flattery. And as she said this she looked the loveliest thing you ever saw with the light falling on her face. I gazed steadily into her eyes and as I gazed she dropped her eyes and blushed. And then..... and then."

Sarin grinned that peculiar what-do-you-think grin of his and continued:—

"I did the wildest thing that ever was done by man. I pushed the rifle aside and caught her in my arms. Why, simply because I felt that a kiss would recompense my doom. She struggled and in that struggle her veil came off. God, I was stunned, those rich red lips, that lovely chin, that Diana-like face....."

"What happened then?" I asked, my curiosity aroused.

Sarin went on unmindful of my interruption, "I let go my hold. She fell back and with her eyes lowered she asked, 'Do you know what you have done?'"

"I know that I deserve death, but I could not resist you," I replied.

'But I can't kill you.'

'Why?' I asked, bewildered.

'Don't you know,' she said, 'our custom that a maid unveils before her lord for the first time.'

I was stunned by the declaration. But as the meaning of her words gradually dawned upon me I could not suppress my exultation.

'Oh, my love.....' I exclaimed.

'Shut up,' she snapped almost savagely, all her former modesty gone. Instead, her face was hard and set.

Just then the men came out presumably because they were anxious at the delay in despatching me.

She pleaded hard, but it was of no avail. We were ordered to stand in a line and there we stood as near death as ever any man was."

Sarin stopped to light a fresh cigarette, and cast a look at my eager face.

"What next?" I asked breathless.



'Does death look beautiful even now?'

Sharma

"Suddenly a comrade of ours shouted, 'an aeroplane, an aeroplane, the rescue has come.' The Arabs looked up, and there it was, as sure as anything.

There was a scramble and the Arabs bent a hurried retreat leaving us with a strange sensation left only by those who have faced and escaped death.

The aeroplane dropped us the message that a relief train would come the next day and we had to go to it a distance of twenty miles."

I felt relieved and I am afraid I looked it, for Sarin gave me a crushing look and resumed:—

"Twenty such miles in which we had to crouch and crawl, for the bullets whistled past us and every moment could be our last.

As we advanced about ten miles, a female figure rose before us, closely veiled, and she beckoned us to follow.

We did.

She led us through tortuous mountain-paths.

A LEAVE APPLICATION—(Continued from page 25)

"Babuji, we people in the hills have got to follow our own customs and traditions. Unless I tell you all the facts from beginning to end, you will not understand.

When Rajkumari, that's my brother's wife in question, came to him, he paid two hundred rupees as the bride-money. The bride-money is sacred and must be paid; for, that settles the marriage. Otherwise the marriage is no marriage.

Now, I must say to her credit, a pretty lass she was, Rajkumari was. Acute, I'd call her, for she seemed to know your mind before you spoke a word. There was not a hill-track that she didn't know and not a cow that was cross to her. She sold milk, cut grass, struck fine bargains and kept a good house. But, what with this expense and that, my brother wasn't able to run the show without a job on hand. So, he ventured out of the village, and, Rajkumari's luck it was, I dare say, he got a post as a *chaprasi*. But he had to be away from home, moving between Simla and Delhi, and could come to her only once or twice a year. During all the time he was away, Rajkumari was alone in the fields, crooning songs, cutting grass and looking after the cows. My brother, too, did his best by her, whenever he came home. Somehow, I don't know, God wasn't pleased and no children came, though one year after another came and went.

It must have been during one of those days that Mast Ram got sweet on her.....whether for her loveliness or loneliness, I can't say. But he was poor, with no job, too poor to pay 'bride-money' and marry the girl. But that didn't seem to hinder the couple. May be she was keen on a child, may be she was keen on Mast Ram himself, what happened was, the pair left the village; and no one knew where they went.

Well, it isn't strange that Rajkumari brought luck where she went. Mast Ram became a bearer to a *Sahib*

We sighted the relief-train and she stopped. Comrades hurried on. I lingered. I had a suspicion I wanted to verify.

She said, 'Stranger, why don't you go too?'

'Why did you lead us this way?' I asked.

'I have been doing thus for the last three days because...because...'

'Yes?' I asked.

'Because I wanted to save you,' she said.

'Darling, come with me.'

Her veil fell off.

'I can't,' she said, 'my parents will be miserable. And we,' she raised herself, 'of the tribe of Banu Nigar, are proud of our devotion to parents.'

I was astonished.

'Go,' she said, 'our maids unveil before their lord but we are destined not to unite.'

She turned her horse and was gone."

and she secured a place as an *Ayah*. Both did well in their line and have come back at last to the village, with a good bit of money of their own.

So, the other day when I met Mast Ram, I spoke to him. 'You did well in your job, Mastia, and I am glad. Knowing the lass as I do, I'm not surprised. Now that you have made good, why don't you be fair to my brother? I've not a single word against your marrying Rajkumari, only you were a trifle hasty, but pay the bride-money and be square.'

But he was not prone to reason.

'Bride-money is all right, if I am to marry Rajkumari now. But we've been man and wife for the best part of eight years and nothing can alter it.'

'No, lad,' I told him, 'you don't know the law of our folk. Bride-money must be paid; otherwise there is no marriage. I ask you what's there to prevent Rajkumari running away with some other man, as she did with you?'

'If she chooses to go, let her go. I pay no bride-money and I want no bride-money; and that's that.'

Naturally, I got angry and said, 'I know where to ask, Mastia, and you shall answer the Judge when the time comes.'

Now, Babuji, the leave application."

My Remington became active at once. The hungry feeder drew in a virgin sheet, the key-board yielded to my fingers and the types frisked, frolicked and flew about from their confines. I released the type-worn sheet and handed it over to Kankoo. With profuse salaams, the livery and the plain-clothes vanished from my sight.

ROUSTABOUTS & SLINGS

E. L. Shipman

Worldly advice, when spicily imparted, must interest everyone. More so, when there is somebody to chalk out your programme to keep you going all day.

Three things make the world go round:

Copernicus;

Love; and

Alcohol in larger quantities than you're used to.

The first of these does it in two ways. One of these ways takes twenty-four hours. The other way takes half that number of months.

The second often seems to be able to do it in twenty-four minutes, or even in twenty-four seconds if the emotions are given sufficient play.

The third leads you such a giddy dance on the morning following the imbibulous eve that you feel (even while you are doing your level best to persuade the magistrate into believing that you really had no intention of hurting the policeman when you hit him; and it's a pity a man can't have a little innocent fun without getting into trouble over it) that you would like to meet and make friends with a big, strong man like Carnera, and take him along with you to interview that fellow Copernicus. You are inclined to agree with that pal of yours, who, not long ago, expressed the following sentiments to you, when trying to touch you for a contribution towards the ten rupees and costs ("you surely wouldn't like to see a friend like me languishing in the lock-up?")

"Just let me get hold of the man, and I'll copper his nose, the cuss."

As a body of super-intelligent human beings (*homines sapientissimi*, the lawyers call you), male, female, neutral and bellhose, you will, of course, have realised that all that I've written up to now is merely an artful device, some bait, as it were, cast upon the waters of imagination's ocean, to get you into the mood I want you to be in, ere I go on with the rest of this essay. A touch of miscead, so to speak, on the trail of the red-herring. A pinch of brinjals, bamboos or buttercups bedangled afore the more 'bestimate' brute. (Oh yes, I could keep this p for quite a long time, if I wanted to; for instance: *hygonial*, *Bluebells*, *Bachelors' Buttons*, *Burma heroots* and...but hold! If I'm not very careful, *hother*, and most unwelcome "B" will be getting added to the train. I refer, of course, to the Editor's Blue-men, which is more than likely to bliterate the beauties (my iterative apophorisms).

Allow me, then, dear reader, to whisper in your ear. Permit me firmly to grasp (without pinching) its shell-like upper protuberance, which seems to have been expressly designed by Nature for the purpose of providing a good hold, especially in cases where the adjacent territory is either innocent of other growth, or has been nearly, or altogether, denuded of it. Into that small orifice that lies beneath the upper part, suffer me gently to breath a word or two, like the zephyr softly, oh, so softly, caressing the tips of the tree tops, as it passes on its way in the earliest hour of dawn. Allow me, I say, thus to impart to you a deep, dark, direful secret which has not, I sincerely trust, as yet come to the Editor's ken, wisest of men though he be.

This, oh reader, is that wondrous secret, and, believe you me, only the brightest stars of the literary firmament, like O. Henry and myself, have any knowledge of it. Always introduce into your compositions as much of some other fellow's bright thoughts as you are able to find room for, and, if you can possibly do it without getting found out, pass them off as your own. Your best way of doing this successfully is to delve into the distant past; to go back into the times that are forgotten and steal from the men that are no more. It may be some encouragement to you in these nefarious dealings to learn that you will also be in the fashion, for it is the mode of our modern times to hanker for those sinful scrumptious days of yore.

Having thus, in a measure, prepared you for what is to come, and in the hope that you don't know them already, I will proceed to resurrect a verse or two from the limbo of a bygone age. In the first two of the following verses the wife is supposed to be speaking:

"Once I set my face as a flint,
Once I sharpened my tongue like a sword
Then I battled and did not stint:
Now, now I have my reward.

"What is it you wish us to say
Or to do? Is it rapture you miss?
Should we always be fainting away
In your sight in an exquisite kiss?"

Now we can't let the wife get away with all that, and not allow the husband to get a word in edgewise, if only for compassion's sake, so we'll give the latter the unaccustomed privilege of having the last word, thus:

"I loved thee, beautiful and kind,
And plighted an eternal vow;
So altered are thy face and mind,
'Twere perjury to love thee now."

At last, at long last, this brings us down to the true purpose of my creed. I really set out with the intention of giving every one of you a little bit of advice. It is quite good advice, and I'm not sure that I oughtn't to charge you for it. However.....

Far be it from me to echo *Punch's* advice to those about to be married (don't). On the contrary, I say, every time, *do*. What is a *curry* without its spice? What is life without its battles? Naught but an insipidity, unworthy of a worm.

Nevertheless, a hint or two to those who contemplate matrimony; to those for whom their parents may contemplate it; and to those who can no more help falling into it than the fly that staggers on the rim of your newly brewed cup of tea; may not, I fancy, be altogether out of place. Very well, then. From the age of eight years upwards (or any other age you like or may be), let the following be your daily programme, that you may in time be fitted for the holy state of wedlock. (It might be advisable, though you can please yourselves, to practise a little moderation in a few of these items, especially during the earlier years and until your arm and leg muscles become properly developed, particularly the latter).

4-30 a.m.—Rise, and salute the happy morn with song. If your song be objected to, smite the objector hip and thigh. If the objector should happen to be bigger than you are, and your own hip and thigh, or their adjoining parts, get smitten, try a different tune. Music hath charms, etc., and it's just possible that you may have struck the wrong note.

5-0 a.m.—Take a bath. Preferably a gold-plated one. Be very careful that nobody sees you taking it, otherwise you may have to break stones for a week or two. Quite good exercise, of course, but not entirely in accordance with the original plan.

5-30 a.m.—Have something to eat, if you can get it. If you can't get it, try and enjoy watching somebody else having something to eat, unless you feel yourself strong enough to take it away from him. Your diet (or his) should be light. Not more, say, than six cups of coffee, a dozen *idllies* and three measures of rice, with their condiments and concomitants.

6-30 to 9-0 a.m.—Go for a ten-mile run. The ladies should do their best to increase this distance to fifteen miles or even more as, being the feebler sex, speed and staying power may be of vital importance to their bodily welfare after marriage. Fifteen miles is likely to be all

that the husband will be able to do, unless he also has been following my advice; in which case, madam, I can do nothing more than sympathise with you.

9-0 a.m.—Take another bath, having presumably disposed of, at a profit, of the one you took before.

9-30 a.m. Have some more food. Not more than twice the quantity you had, or saw the other fellow have, before.

10-30 a.m. to 1-30 p.m.—Exercise with Indian clubs, dumb-bells and electric bells. The latter are often to be found on other people's front doors. If you should be interrupted while carrying out this last exercise, offer to sell the interrupter a complete, but slightly soiled, edition of the works of Sir Walter Scott on the instalment plan at a much reduced price. If your offer is accepted, collect the first instalment and go for another ten-mile run. If your offer is not accepted, go on with the exercise until it is.

1-30 p.m.—Have some more food. As much as you can get.

2-30 to 6-30 p.m.—Set up a statue of some person of the other sex. Statues, busts and those not bust, of Shakespeare, Byron, Napoleon, Venus, Cleopatra, Hercules and Diana may be procured without much trouble. (If too poor to purchase a statue, use the one of your local celebrity or the one you see in a shop window). Practise hitting the statue in its vital parts, from gradually increasing distances, with plates, dishes, *bric-a-brac*, brickbats and rotten eggs. Javelin-throwing is also quite good practice, but, if continued after marriage, is apt to lead to a sudden and compulsory divorce.

6-30 p.m.—Have some more food.

7-30 p.m.—Have some more food.

8-30 p.m.—Have some more food.

9-30 p.m.—Present the bill for such of the day's proceedings, as need to be paid for, to father. Stand to attention six paces in his rear (even this, you will find, is not too much of a start to get).

9-30½ p.m.—Retire to bed as rapidly as possible, being careful to lock and bolt the door, and to put something heavy up against it. Your bed should not be used for the latter purpose, as, in the event of the panels of the door being shattered, as they are very likely to be, you are apt to be directly in the line of fire.

10-30 p.m.—When all is once more quiet, compose yourself for slumber, and when asleep, dream happily of the day that is to come, making up your mind to be:

"As wicked—ay, as sin, and
Nearly as delightful."

BUFFOON RAMU

By "BRIHAN MADHAVA"

THERE is one particular fact about Ramu which places him in the company of Sankara, Alexander the Great, and Michael Collins. He entered life proper at the same age when they quitted it.

Ramu was thirty-two.

On the credit side Ramu possessed a non-transferable B. A. degree wrested from the University, as it were, with much toil and trouble, on the ninth examination-expedition—a degree which he was quite prepared to assign, transfer, sell or mortgage for any pittance if only anybody could and would but make an offer; a head full of snow-white hair outside and plenty of Bacon, Boyles' law and Binomial Theorem inside; a tawny face horribly marked with small-pox at the sight of which stranger-children shrieked out of fear; large quantities of fat hanging uncouthly about his person and showing unmistakable signs of not parting company, do what he might; a nick-name 'black ape' (which has no reference to his B. A. degree) clinging to him like a shadow and fitting him as a glove; a



Ramu with his non-transferable B. A. Degree.



Ramu the Star Actor.

fashionable wife without any claims to beauty or accomplishments whose constant indents on his purse for clothes and cosmetics were only equalled by the demands of their children for note-books, books and other sundries; a dilapidated house and half an acre of *punja* in dispute, both heavily encumbered; and some paltry cash and plenty of pluck.

On the debit side—well, the question never troubled Ramu.

With this stock and capital Ramu soon began an adventurous career of application-writing. In order to facilitate his work, in 'choice' English, he specially devised an application form that would suit all purposes, and with more foresight than wisdom, he printed thousand copies of the following 'pattern' application form.

"Most Respectable Sir,

"Having been made to understand that there is a vacancie for the post of I most humbly beg leave to patishion and applicate for the same.

"I am a historical and economical graduate with amble knowledge on all theretical and practical subjects that your honour might dæm it necessity for me to carry on properly and politely all the duties falling on my head to the full satisfaction of my superiors and admiration of my inferiors.

"My age is two and thirty. I am sure to infuse a youthsome spirit into my work.

"I humbly pray that you would be good and generous to appoint me for which act of goodness and generousness I would be hold be beholden unto you for ever.

I humbly beg to remain,
Your most obedient servant,

From the post of *amin* to that of probationary Dy. Superintendent of Police, from the post of attendant in a bank to that of secretary, there was not a vacancy to which Ramu did not apply and look for a hopeful answer. But no appointment order came to him. Occasionally he received a note which he would open with thumping heart and fond expectations only to read the endorsement "No vacancy at present" or "The vacancy has been otherwise filled up."

Ramu tried recommendations also. Through one of his distant uncles he got a letter of recommendation to a friend of an ex-cook of Sir-so-and-so, Revenue Member, and paid periodical pilgrimages to the the house of that friend, until at last he was pleased to introduce Ramu to the ex-cook, who, whereupon, was good enough to state promptly that he could not do anything in the matter as

READY!

1935

READY!

SRI VIDYA DIARIES

seven years earlier, "If you had only come to me job", he said with regret, and Ramu had to come back. Ramu then tried other avenues, but with no better results.

But he was not discomfited. "Failures are the pillars of success," he said as he slowly remembered the truth of the old adage. "If at first you don't succeed, try, try, try again." And try again he would, even if he failed a thousand times. Did he not pass his B. A. on the ninth chance? Really, life gives its pleasures to the man who ventures, to the man that remains undaunted by failures.

Ramu started a Tutorial College and advertised in the papers. "Grand Tutorial College. Students coached up for Cambridge, London, and other Indian University Examinations and Government Tests. Charges cheap. Postal education a specialism. Apply sharp to Principal Ramu, B.A." Principal Ramu smiled at his own wisdom and awaited students.

But Time showed that the Grand Tutorial College scheme was a still-born child.

Ramu now blossomed into an amulet. His industry was equal to his pluck. He produced "S.S.L.C. English Examiner," "English Made Easy for High School Students," "History Catechism for Indian Pupils and Peoples," "Digest Matriculation" (the title specially thought out to make the book look very learned), and "Everybody's Guide to Intermediate English." The real pity of the whole thing was that no publisher would print them, and the student-world lost the precious wisdom of Ramu which would have greatly helped many a student to fail and fail abominably.

Ramu's advent in journalism bore no fruit either. One after another his manuscripts came back like an unwanted daughter returning to her parents' roof. But it should be said, in fairness to the editors, that they gave him their compliments and expressed their great regret for their inability to publish his articles. Only one editor was rude enough to request Ramu to send him no more of his stuff and cause him mental disorder.

The next move on the part of Ex-Principal Ramu was to consult astrologers. He wrote to the Tilak Lokamanya's voyage to England, to Professor M.N.K. Pooley, to Jambuka Astrological Studio, and to many others. They all agreed in saying that his 'time' was bad at present and that the future was bright; they also agreed in demanding more money for more detailed prediction. But in such of the details that they had given they differed hopelessly. One had said that Ramu had a 'charming' personality, another had complimented him on his 'mastery of English,' and still another on his excellent 'patrimony.' "Hell-stick and fiddle-fire!" he cried on seeing these predictions one day, perhaps, for the hundredth time. "It is no good to depend on these astrologers."

Ramu now tried some travelling agencies for selling journals, lawbooks, insurance, Swadeshi cloth, German knives, Austrian pencils, Aligarh locks, and other things.

But the misfortune that dogged him in his enterprises dogged him now also, and Ramu once again became a free-man or a gentleman-at-large as he called himself.

Even Ramu's pluck changed colour. What was to do? Join Law College? Absolutely impossible to want of funds. Become a *sanyasi*? The idea was really alluring. Saffron robes would become him, he thought. And then, he could also change his name with his dress. Vidyolava Devanada Saraswathi, disciple of Brahmodaya, Sishitananda Bhavabhuthi of Mount Kailas. Very attractive it would be, no doubt. He could also go from place to place, see many men and things, observe the new and old things. But but what to do with his family? Who would take care of them? No, no, he could not become a *sanyasi*. Starve? Why not? How many of his countrymen did it every day? At least he must be in with coffee. He would try. But that itself wouldn't solve the problem. What was he to do? Commit suicide? Just a letter to his loving wife, another to the newspapers on the daily tragedy of a graduate's lot, and then a slip plunge into the roaring sea, or well, there were many ways of doing it. Death seemed more liberal than life.

Ramu had reached the height of pessimism. Never in his life had he felt like this. His head grew dizzy, his heart went pit-a-pat, and he sank down.

When he rose, his eyes caught sight of a newspaper advertisement. "Wanted—An Actor for the Ranjitha Mahavilasa Dramatic Company. Salary according to qualifications. Apply in person." Ramu dressed himself as elegantly as he could and started at once.

The Manager looked at him, at his face, at the colour of his eyes, at the colour of his hair, at his 'baggy' figure, and gasped out: "You... you... for an actor!"

Ramu thought the game was over. He was about to retrace his steps, when the manager, suddenly struck with an idea, called him back.

Some business talk and the contract was entered into.

Ramu joined the staff of the Ranjitha Mahavilasa Dramatic Company.

Three years had passed since then. Ramu is now a star actor. Buffoon Ramu's name appears in very bold letters in posters and newspapers. Thanks to Thyagaraj Musical Emporium, thousands now hear his buffoonery through the gramophone records released every month by the company. He now keeps a Buick, a mistress, and a bungalow. His wife and children scintillate in diamonds. Still, with all that, he seriously objects to the publication of his picture in journals and newspapers.

SUSILA IS ILL

"A N ailing wife at home," said a famous M.P. —excuse me, I don't recall his name just at present; but it doesn't matter, for what is there in a name?—"is indeed a bother."

I suspect, and so do you, that the M. P. was either a widower, or was enjoying a judicial separation from his erstwhile wife at the time he made this classic pronouncement; for, no sane husband, I daresay, will venture to make such a public utterance, and thereby give a handle to his wife to institute legal proceedings against him for a decree nisi on the ground of 'mental cruelty.' Most of you, the "males of the species," I am quite sure, will agree with the famous Member of the House of Commons in his attitude towards ailing wives, though, the more cautious would do so "with some mental reservations," to borrow a phrase from the politicians. I, for my part, make no reservations, mental or otherwise, but agree with him *in toto*, especially after my dear Susila's recent illness.

Well, that reminds me that I have not told you as yet anything about it. It was in last April—yes, my

diary gives the date as 18th April—that Susila took to her bed with an acute attack of, God knows what. On that eventful day, I returned home from my office as usual, when I saw Raman, my man, standing at my gate, as if awaiting my arrival. One look at his doleful, lugubrious countenance told me that all was not well.

"Amma was taken ill suddenly about half an hour ago, sir," my faithful factotum informed in sepulchral tones. "I did not know what to do, sir; I was just on the point of running to your office, when—"

Well, that was enough for me. In three strides—may be four or even five, I am not sure—I reached the bed-room. Yes, I could hear Susila's groans, grunts and sobs, as I dashed in and knelt by the side of the couch on which she was lying huddled up in a mass. Poor girl! she was weeping, sobbing silently.

"Susila, my dear, what is the matter with you? Do tell me, dearest," I pleaded, as I knelt down beside her, and laid my hand caressingly on her forehead.

"Ayo—Ayo—Appah" was all that she vouchsafed by way of reply; and her right hand involuntarily sought the abdomen and began massaging it.

"You feel pain there, honey?" I cooed. She nodded assent. "Ayo—Ayo!"

I could bear it no longer. I got up and ran to my family physician. Fortunately, Dr. Deenadayalu was in; and he came with me instantly. He examined her at great length, heard the 'history' of the complaint, listened to her heart, felt her pulse, and looked at her tongue; but, with all that, it was evident that he was puzzled.

"Look here, Mr. Pillieux," he called me aside, "I want to keep her under observation for a week, before I could venture on a diagnosis. The case seems to be a bit out of the ordinary."

"Do you think it is at all serious, doctor?" I asked.

"At present, I can't say anything definite. It may be a serious case or it may not be. Anyhow, she ought to be kept under observation. I shall have to examine her morning and evening, every day. I shall send the medicines now." And he took his departure, after pocketing his fee.

Dr. Deenadayalu was as good as his word.

He put in his appearance every morning and evening and changed the medicines every now and then; but for all the good that they did to my Susila, he might as well have kept them in his dispensary shelf. There was no improvement in Susila's condition; and, though she was no worse, she was admittedly not a wee bit better.

A week went by; but, Susila was in *status quo ante*.

At the end of the period, I approached Dr. Deenadayalu and asked him whether he had come to a final decision about the nature of the case.

"To tell you the honest truth, I have not yet diagnosed your wife's complaint. I don't understand what is really the

matter with her. During the whole of my professional career, covering over a period of well-nigh quarter of a century, I have never come across a single case so baffling as this one here. If you will allow me, I shall call in a consultant."

"Certainly, certainly," I acquiesced, "anybody you suggest. Money is no matter."

"In that case I would like to call in Major Highfeece, I.M.S. He is the best man available here. He is an eminent physician, a successful surgeon and an experienced gynaecologist. Both of us will put our heads together and come to a diagnosis."

"Do so, by all means."

"Why not to-day itself? The sooner the better, you know."

"I leave it entirely to your discretion, Doctor."

Major Highfeece and Dr. Deenadayalu came in the evening and examined Susila. Both the doctors retired to the drawing-room for a short consultation.

"What is your opinion, Major?" I asked, when they came out at last.

"You see, I cannot say anything off-hand just now. As a preliminary measure, she has to be X-rayed, certain bacteriological examinations have to be made and the blood has to be taken and sent to the Guindy Institute



for detailed serological test. Without all that, a diagnosis in such a case as this is purely a matter of conjecture, something like a leap in the dark, what?" and he turned towards Dr. Deenadayalu, who nodded assent.

"All right, Major," I heard myself saying.

"So, that is settled. Well and good. So I shall call again tomorrow—Thank you, good evening," he smiled, as a wad of currency notes passed hands.

Yes, the X-ray plate was taken, the necessary bacteriological, microscopical and serological tests were made. But, all these did not help the Major very much in the diagnosis of the case.

"I tell you what, Mr.—er-Pillieux, we shall open her up," the Major told me one day.

"Open her up?" I gasped.

"Do tell me, dearest," I pleaded.



"That is to say, I shall do, what we in medical parlance call, an explorative laparative laparotomy."

"An operation? My God!"

"Yes, why not? I assure you the risk is quite negligible. I don't want you to give me a definite answer today. Consult your relatives and tell me tomorrow" he said and he took his leave.

Susila, when apprised of the Major's decision, stoutly refused to submit to any operation whatsoever, exploratory or otherwise. What can I do? I was between the devil and the deep sea.

The next day, Seshu, my chum dropped in for a chat.

"Why, man, why don't you stir out now-a-days? We miss you badly at the Club. Busy money-making, eh?"

"No."

But, something is the matter with you, I am sure. You seem to be ageing rapidly. Why, there are dark rings round your eyes. Your cheeks are becoming hollow. You can confide your troubles, whatever they are, to an old chum like me."

"My troubles? Bah! What is the earthly use of telling you all these things? My troubles are only what one can expect to befall a married man—domestic worry, that's all. You see, Susila, well, that is my wife, is bed-ridden for the last two or three weeks. You know, there is nobody to look after her except me. So, that is why I can't put in my appearance at the Club now-a-days."

"Mrs. Pillieux ill, is it? Tell me all about it."

I started on my woes of the past fortnight.

"You are a fool, man, a veritable fool," Seshu exclaimed, when I finished narrating to him *in extenso* all about Susila's illness. "You ought to have informed her people about it long ago. If you had but done so, her mother would certainly have come down and do you know, what a comfort it would be to the patient as well as to you? I daresay it would have lifted a load off your shoulders."

"I think you are right," I agreed.

"Do so now, at least. You have ample time to write the letter. I shall post it myself on my way home."

Seshu was certainly right. I took the pen and scribbled a few lines asking my mother-in-law to pay us a visit. "Susila is a bit indisposed," was all that I wrote. Seshu took the letter and went away.

Scarcely had Seshu taken his departure, when something very unexpected happened. For a few seconds, I could hardly believe my eyes. I rubbed them and looked again. No, there was no mistaking it. Susila, my dear Susila, who, only a few minutes before was lying huddled up on the bed, waiting and groaning—Susila, for whom Major Highfeec had recommended an abdominal operation—was standing by my side and beaming upon me. It was nothing short of a miracle!

"Susila, my dear," I found my tongue at last, "don't you know, the Major has specially asked—?"

"I am not talking about the Major or the captain. You wrote to my mother to come down here? You are a dear, I know." She patted my back.

"Yes, I did," I agreed.

"But, don't you remember the other day, dear, you stoutly refused to invite my mother here. You told me that you would never write to my parents again. Not only that, you even forbade me to hold any correspondence with them."

"I might have done so."

"So, that explains it."

"It? What?" I queried.

"Why, the illness, of course. Now, I have won."

The meaning of those words slowly percolated through the intricate convolutions of my grey matter.

"That is to say, you were not at all ill really, is it? You were simply malingering all these three weeks, eh?"

"You have got it. I accidentally overheard your conversation with Seshu, just half an hour ago and knew that you had already written to my mother. There is no need to prolong this show any more for the present."

"So, you took all the trouble, the medicines, the invalid diet and so on just for this?" I cried.

"Yes," she nodded, "but the medicines I always threw away."

"No wonder that the doctors were baffled. But your game has cost us a pretty penny. Our meagre bank-balance is nearly exhausted!"

"I don't care a brass tag for your bank-balance. I have achieved my purpose. That is all I want."

The ways of these women are inscrutable, indeed!

SMART DETECTION M. S. KALYANASUNDARAM

A passenger got in at Chetput and sat opposite me in the electric train.

"Morning. You are Mr. Lakshman, the artist, I presume," I said to him.

"Yes.....But I don't remember....." he began awkwardly.

"No, you don't know me. We have never met before. In fact, this is the first time I see you."

"Then, how did you know my name, etc.?"

"You see, I made a number of observations as soon as you got in, and drew my own conclusions. I saw the black smudges on your finger-tips. At first I thought that your fountain-pen leaked; but the smudges are rather than roundish. Then I thought of photography. But the marks do not bear the characteristic waxy appearance; and silver nitrate does not leave black stains like this. Then I knew that drawing pen or Indian ink were responsible for the mark—though, at least, on your part led to it, I do not know."

"That's interesting—almost like the story of the Derwish and the Camel."

"Next I observed the copies of some Indian and European magazines in your bag. Then I surmised that the stiff big envelope in your hand must contain sketches on drawing paper. Next I noticed that you were observing certain fellow passengers keenly; and I could see that you were taking mental photographs of some types."

"Quite true. I pride myself on being a good observer; but you seem to be a better one. But how did you know my name?"

"From the 'K. L.' on your dhoti. K. L., the black and white artist, could only be Mr. K. Lakshman."

"Wonderful! And do I carry any other clue about me?"

The train was slowing down at Park.

"Rather! Your twin-brother, K. Ramaswamy, is my fellow-clerk," I said, grinning, and jumped off the carriage.

"NOW, now, you're off your nut, old bean. This is too tall a yarn. How could there be sorrows in a Merry Lodge?" you may ask. Tarry a bit, my reverend gentlemen. Stay your verdict on me. Put a stop to grumbling at the wife, put aside your tea cup and peruse a part of my tale of woes; and if in the end you say that I am damned well bluffing, I am prepared to change my name from Maybird to Maria Mammomson or whatever you may then choose to call me by, and leave home and have experiences of hotel-life again.

We were three in number, three respectable gentlemen, including no lady—Gujili Gaser, Balu Bugproof and me. And a happy 'triple' set were we. We were all hotel-veterans having had to leave our native places and sweet homes to being buddled up in hotel after hotel. Till last week we were in the Happy House Terminus, but we made up our minds to terminate our sojourn from this haven of discomfort, partly owing to the exorbitant charges, but mostly due to our wandering disposition.

Just as we thought of shifting our quarters, there came the erstwhile representative, a care-worn and paunchy individual, of a certain luxurious lodge. He had the kindness (you would later on find that 'audacity' would have served better) to request the pleasure of the company of all the three of us—not excluding me of course—at his Merry Lodge on a monthly remuneration of Rupees twenty three and annas eight only with evening tea extra. He said his name was Latherful Lavendross and that the name was a household word with all strangers who were looking out for decent and comfortable boarding houses.

His lodge, he harped it upon us, was the replica of the Paradise which Milton unwittingly 'lost' but which he sensibly 'regained.' He then gave us in his own words, his status, pedigree, qualifications etc. which however left us guessing, and the prospects of our future abode seemed blurred.

With regard to the educational qualifications of our bird Mr. Latherful Lavendross, I beg to state that he entered the second standard of a school on the morning of Friday the thirteenth September (an unlucky day) 1901 but returned home through the backdoor on the same eve without losing any of his ignorance there. That should give you a hazy idea at least about his educational achievements. But he had after a vigorous search for a fitting mate here, there, in and around his place, discovered a snag in female garb to whom he ultimately handed over the reins of the proverbial Underwear Government. They were living as amicably and peacefully as a mongoose and a snake would have done if they were hitched up together. Of course the tear and wear of Mr. L. L.'s nose clearly showed who was the real boss at home and who led him by whose nose etc. [Mr. Lavendross then

exercised his vocal prowess to the utmost. Gujili Gaser, for and on behalf of us all, then promised to sample his Lodge.

"Mr. Leatherfull—er," started Gujili, the only individual of our delegation, to give him his due, with the gift of the gab.

"Not Leatherfull, my dear sir, but Latherful" corrected our cadger with a slight frown.

"Shake my *kudimi*! You are touchy," said Gujili.

To smooth over matters I intervened.

"Well, what this here Gujili meant was Mr. —er—to ask if you have any objection in us addressing you as Double L. instead of what you called yourself before." He looked shocked.

"In the name of all that is impious, why double Hell?" enquired the surprised man.

"You see," put in Balu, usually the silent member of the trio, "we find it a bit of a jaw-strain having to address you on and off by such uncomfortably long names."

"I see," said Lather etc., "I wouldn't mind it a bit as long as your kind acceptance of my hospitality on such a low rate as

Rs 23-8-0 per head would not land me into much loss. The fly in the ointment is the missus. I am not sure if she would like it. Moreover she should have her say first in such an important affair as shortening my long-standing name."

He then gave us a big junk of his mind in confidence about his wife. It seemed that, if he did not see eye to eye with her on any trifle, she usually clawed him all over his face and harped on her education and looks and so on. Also if she really got annoyed, she was in the habit of biting his ears, a peculiar hobby she had taken up of late. To crown it all, she was mighty keen on this chap washing behind his ears regularly, a luxury he had not indulged in for years ere he married her or she married him.

To cut things short, we removed ourselves to the new comforts of the Merry Lodge. We were temporarily housed in the topmost storey of the building, the second. He promised us separate rooms. But his wife said that vivisection the only available hall upstairs into air-and-light-tight apartments looked as bad as the Premier's Award to which Double L. of course had to say "Hum" and "Quite right." The idea was hence shelved at that.

Now to it. For a start we three occupied the common hall. But then a fourth man squeezed himself into our company, a long-standing boarder of Merry Lodge who never missed one chance of currying the favour of the real boss of the show. His spare time job was to run errands and do tit-bits for the Lady of

the Lodge. He had Pondicherry features and his name, presumably French, was Peatre Pusaeguksi (pronounced as Peter Paski). He had however a decent pair (he swore he had) of musical ears and so we decided to tolerate his company.

The first eve, we three of us spent studying the ins and outs of the prop. and his Major half, the Wife. Then we spent the night trying to sleep. I slept like a ton of course, but Balu didn't and neither did Gujili for that matter. Balu had a we-inspiring dreams of Mrs. Double L trying to claw him, bite his ears and what not. Gujili swore like blazes. He swore at Hell, Double L, Mrs. L.L. and all the musical mosquitoes who disturbed the much needed slumber. He swore himself blue in the face.

Mr. Gujili was an early bird. According to him, the early riser got the hottest *bondas*. But though Gujili left slumber-land at so small an hour as five in the morn and placed the indent for hot *bondas* and miscellaneous *sambar* to the servants downstairs, it was not executed even at 9—43 a.m.

"This is not playing the game!" roared Gujili whose belly brooked no empty conditions.

"I say, this is really not cricket!" seconded the hungry Balu.

"Looks bad for a start anyway," I had to admit reluctantly. To relieve the tension, I appealed to the Lady of the Lodge to direct the servants to get a push on. She with a *gulabjan* smile (it was very embarrassing to youngsters) went downstairs promptly and did the needful. Probably tuned on the hubby's ears. Double L himself appeared at 10.42 a.m. carrying hot *bondas* and *chutney* and a stomachful of apologies for the delay. I regret however to state that Gujili did not look one bit pleased at this state of things and the Lady's smile did not in anyway compensate for the lack of promptness. In fact he objected to the elderly damsel trying to ogle young men who have the misfortune to come there and board. He looked daggers at the lady and sounded to Double L that things should take a different turn and that otherwise he would very reluctantly have to grace some other and better lodge with his presence.

Gujili's appetite having by that time died a natural death, he sat staring at the plentiful cobwebs that adorned the ceiling and heaving heavy sighs and ponder-



"Shake my *kudimi*".....! said Gujili.

ing over the fate of people away from their homes and such moody affairs. Balu and me had to attack what grub they brought. The Lady of the Lodge (though pretty ancient) stood dangerously near Gujili and was delivering very fast smiles at us.

Gujili sneezed without warning. And horror of horrors! Right on the unsuspecting lady. And believe it or not, seven live mosquitoes and five dead ones, a dozen in all, flew out of his left nostril. The lady screamed. Gujili fumed. The hubbub brought the whole lodge and neighbourhood at our table in a jiffy. Gujili sat dumb. The lady stood perspiring, pointing her finger at him in a menacing manner. People took sides. Some for the Lady, some for our Man.

Mrs. L.L. said, "The fellow is impertinent."
"The hotel is full of mosquitoes," replied he.
"You're an arrogant angler," accused she.
"You are a sly slut and such unmentionable stuff," retorted he.

Thereafter she called him a foggy-eyed chap and he did address her as a highfly-flighty cat etc. etc. We tried to intervene and bury the hatchet. But still they were carrying on. Ultimately, Gujili took up his tooth-brush and vanished into the mist. And this regrettable incident has deprived us of the company of Gujili Gaser. He has left us, Balu and me. Even Balu Bugproof says that the Real Bloodsuckers are not lizards or their kinsmen but the plentiful bugs of Merry Lodge.

You may not swallow this yarn but it is true. The Paradise has turned out to be a dilapidated affair and we are now on the look-out for a fresh board. Anything doing your side of the globe, Mr. Ed?

A FRONTIER RAID

"EMBUSQUE."

The Headquarters Office of a Frontier fortress. It is about 11 p.m., and the Orderly Officer is alone gazing through a loophole.

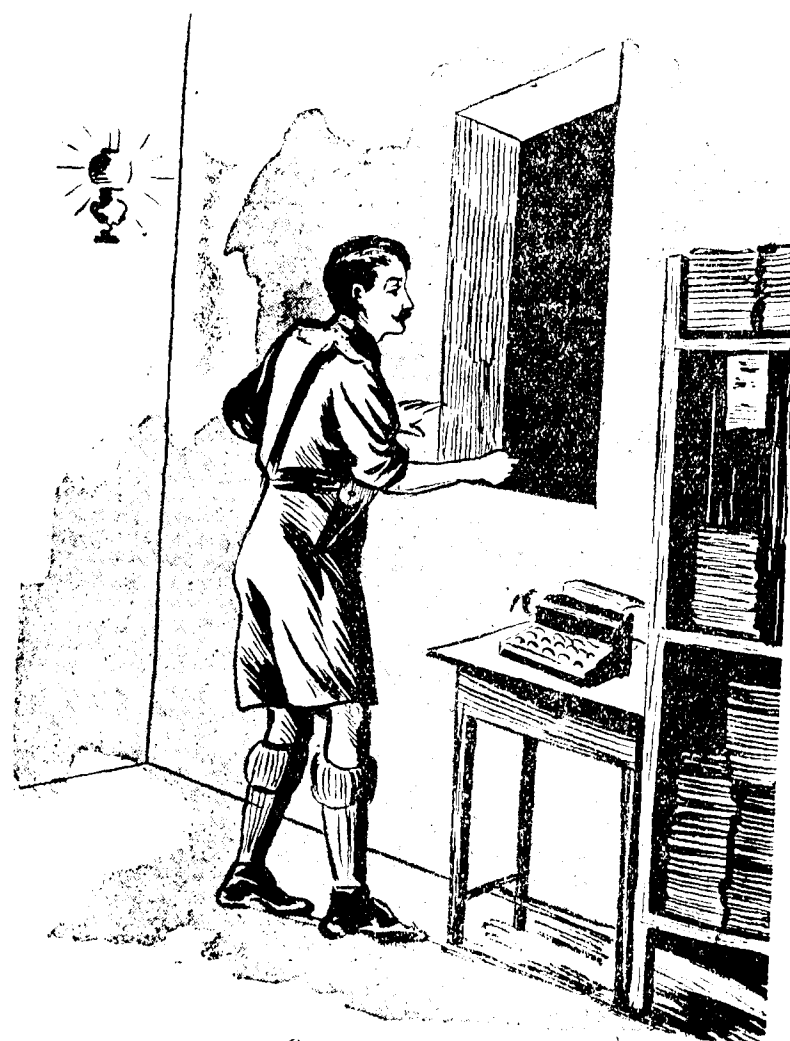
ORDERLY OFFICER.

A cloudless night! The brilliant harvest moon
Shines on the sleeping plain. No breath of wind
Ruffles the silver edges of the hills.
O perfect night! E'en the Simla wire
Is silent, and its chattering myrmidons
In weary slumber close their eye-washed eyes.
Hail, lovely moon! - Oh, damn the telephone!
Yes...what?... who are you?... This is General Staff.

Enter Relief Officer.

RELIEF OFFICER.

My friend, your gloomy looks do ill accord
With such a night. What ails you?



O perfect night!

ORDERLY OFFICER

That is to say, the thrice-accurs'd Pathan
Here wings his way with cut-throat band:
At least, so Watch and Ward have just apprised
Upon the telephone. Let every man stand forth
In his appointed place; for Abdul, should he pass,
Will cause the trembling *bunna* of the plains
To yield his hoard with many a ghastly shriek,
And womenfolk shall long for easy death
Upon the pyre that once was hearth and home.
Which means, my luckless friend, that you and I
Will have a pretty lively time tonight.

Raids.

DUET—Orderly Officer and Relief Officer.

The Pathan and his train
With energy misplaced
Approaches once again
In horrifying haste.

It isn't that we mind
The guns' enlivening bang.
For trifles of that kind
We do not care a hang.

Nor is it that we fear
A somewhat swift demise,
Or dread to disappear
In fragments to the skies.

No! What we wish to shun
Is all the row and fuss
In which this form of fun
Involves the likes of us.

Doors bang. Voices call. A bugle
sounds. The telephone-operators in the
next room awake to frenzied activity.

CHORUS OF OPERATORS.

O, esses, emma, toc, and beer,
Stroke, four, stroke, twenty-one.....
Don't cut me off, there ... CAN'T
YOU HEAR? ...

I haven't nearly done.....
With reference to his message
The G.O.C. intends.....
Hold on, I'll ring ... That better? ...
You got that? ... MESSAGE ENDS.
You there? Well, get me seven-nine...
Yes! Ain't I speaking plain? ...
Oh, damn blast! GET OFF THE
LINE!

There! cut me off again!
"Confirming what I haven't said"!.....
Ring off then! ... Nine-seven-O!
Good Lord! They have given me eight
instead!...
Hullo! Hullo!! Hullo!!!

Enter Intelligence Officer. He peers shortsightedly round the room.

INTELLIGENCE OFFICER.

Mystery, silence, and gloom!
That is the gist of my text.
Mystery, silence, and gloom!
(What had I better say next?)
Platitudes pompous and slow:
Phrases that finish in air:
Thus does INTELLIGENCE show
Intellect, knowledge, and flair.

RELIEF OFFICER.

How now, Intelligence! Impart to me
Your knowledge. What's happened up to date?

INTELLIGENCE OFFICER.

I know, of course, but still...perhaps 'twere wise
Not to discuss these matters. "Walls have ears".
You know the phrase? My own?—Yes, neatly put.
I do say things like that. A happy gift
Of coruscating epigram is mine.
You may have heard my *mot* at lunch today?
'Twas *apropos* the curry that I said—

(A deafening explosion is heard)

Good gracious me! Now what was that?
What could have caused—

(Further explosions)

—And there again!

Disgraceful that such noises are allowed
So late at night. I wonder what it is?

RELIEF OFFICER.

A raid.

INTELLIGENCE OFFICER.

Well, well, indeed! Upon my word!
Why was I not informed of this before!

(Continued sound of firing. The door is burst
open, and an Orderly rushes in, closely followed by a
bullet.)

RELIEF OFFICER.

My lad, that nearly put you out of diet!

ORDERLY.

From Simla comes this message, Sir—"All quiet".
(The majestic presence of the G. O. C. appears in the doorway.)

THE G. O. C.

How doth the Pathan furiously rage,
Grappling in mortal conflict at the walls,
So that the very air is filled with dread
And death itself rides shrieking down the wind!
But to turn to matters concrete—who is he
That stands our barque tonight, stands at the helm,
And guides us midst the currents and the rocks:
'Twixt Scylla (here Simla may be well implied)
And the Charybdis of high Command?—
(A graceful metaphor)—In other words,
Who is on duty?

DERLY OFFICER.

Sire, it is I.



From Simla comes this
message, Sir—"All quiet"

THE G. O. C.

Well, well, to business. Let me see
The messages that bear upon this raid.
Where are they?

ORDERLY OFFICER.

Here, Sire, all are duly laid
One on the other, even as they came,
And numbered in the sequence of their course.

THE G. O. C.

That may be so: but are they duly pierced
Each through its centre with the wired file?
No! They are not! And WHY not, may I ask
This sort of thing, Sir, will not do for ME.
There is a raid on! (profound sensation)

(The sounds of conflict die away. Enter Orderly)

ORDERLY.

Sire, the enemy is in full retreat,
And flies dejected to the sheltering hills.

THE G. O. C.

So much for that. I pass to other things.
Come, take your pencil, and indine;
For to my colleague in the high Command
This night's events I'll crystallise
Into immortal verse.

RECITATIVE AND CHORUS (G. O. C. and STAFF).

THE G. O. C.

A raid by Pathans has been set on the run,
The combat was deadly, and damage was done.
Tho' the place is in flames, there's no cause for alarm,
For the General Commanding has come to no harm!

THE STAFF. (dancing)

Then strop all the pen-nibs! Put paste on the door!
And fling all the files in a heap on the floor!
At the enemy's bullets the country may laugh
As long as they're missing the Chief of the Staff!

THE G. O. C.

The M. E. S. godown, I'm sorry to state,
Have shared with the stables a horrible fate;

The cat in the grain-store has lost his nine lives —
No matter! The General Commanding survives!

THE STAFF. (dancing)

So sound the steam-siren's loud jubilant hoots!
And tear all the telephones up by the roots!
Though of donkeys and chickens the fort is bereft,
All's well, for the General Commanding is left!

THE G. O. C.

Then ring out the carillon! Let the world know
How once more we've thwarted the murderous foe!
The raid is a failure — it is quite plain to see,
As they haven't succeeded in bumping-off me!

THE STAFF. (dancing)

So fill up the ink pots with Stephen's best ink,
And unto our Chief we will all of us drink.
Here's health to him! Come, brothers, let the toast fly,
For the G. O. C., O. P. E., K. C. S. I!

Enter Orderly.

ORDERLY.

Sire, Simla reports, "Trouble suspected,"
And this from Command, "Prepare for a raid."
(Curtain)

OBLIVION

By LESLIE LATTER

His throat was parched. Every penny was lost.
Coming home from the Races he had made up his mind.
How lucky, he had the means of bringing oblivion.

Somewhat it did not appear so difficult. It was not
locked up. He pressed the nickelled trigger.

Nothing happened.

It was fully loaded. But first he would destroy his
race card. Bad enough for the family to
find him, without that evidence of his folly.

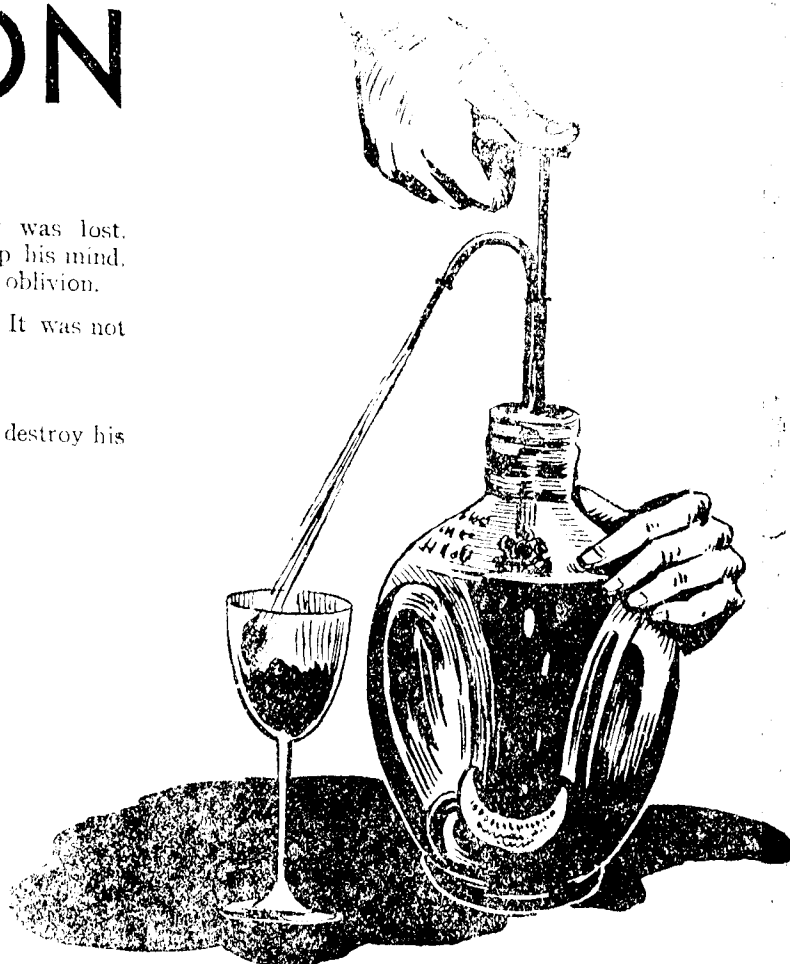
Feverishly he clutched the cold metal.
Again it missed. This was awful. All his
senses cried out for forgetfulness. He must
not fail.

How little he knew about the mechanism.
Wait a minute. He had it. That night in
the Mess when the same thing had happened
to the Colonel, the padre had shown him
how to make it act. Very human, some of
those war-time padres.

Certain of success this time, he warmed
it a little and shook it up and down. Re-
solutely he pressed the trigger.

At last, SUCCESS.

A beautiful air of composure settled over his features. At last he heard the welcome squish from the syphon
into the generous whisky he had poured out.



ENTRANCE FEE!

Rs 10000!

"GIVE & TAKE" COMPETITION

First Prize Rs. 600

Second Prize Rs. 400

CLOSING DATE 13-2-1935

There are nine simple words given in
this puzzle, but each has either one letter
too many or one letter missing—

Where you see "Give," ADD one letter which
completes the word.

Where it says "Take", TAKE away a letter to
leave the right word.

A clue to each word is given. In the
first line, for instance, the clue is "Freedom".
And you have to take away a letter from
'LIBERTY' to get the right word. On
removing (E) from the word, you get the
solution—'LIBERTY'. Solve similarly the
other eight.

IMPORTANT
RULES AND CONDITIONS.

1. GENERAL.

(1) This Competition comprises FOUR
sets of the "Give & Take" Puzzle appearing
in the consecutive weekly issues of the
Herald Magazine, beginning with this issue
(5-1-35). The second, third and fourth
sets will appear in issues dated 12-1-35,
19-1-35 and 26-1-35 respectively.

(2) Competitors may send in any
number of complete attempts. A complete
attempt is one which contains entries in
all the four sets: I to IV.

(3) A competitor can use a blank for
only one solution; if there is a mistake,
cross out the word and rewrite.

(4) Each Entry Form must be filled in
and signed by the Competitor.

B. HOW TO SUBMIT ENTRIES.

(1) Keep the Entry Forms until you have all the
four sets. Let us assume that you wish to send in
four entries. You must have exactly Twenty Entry
Forms in each set making altogether eighty.

Cut Here

"Give and Take" SOLUTION COUPON	
1. FREEDOM LIEBERTY	TAKE LIBERTY
2. FOOT PRINT TRAC	GIVE
3. VEHICLE CARB	TAKE
4. WE SEE WITH THIS IGHT	GIVE
5. SPARKLE GLISTER	TAKE
6. END TP	GIVE
7. THIS HAS A BOTTOM PIOT	TAKE
8. KNOCK AP	GIVE
9. DISMISS SUMMARILY SPACK	TAKE

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

Signed.....

Address.....

Wait for all the Four sets. (See Rules.)
SET No. 1.

Cut Here

Entry Forms in each set must be consecutively
numbered. There should not be any difference in the
number of entries between one set and another, i.e., if
there are twenty entries in set I, there should be twenty
entries each in set II, III & IV.

(Continued on page 43).

'CLUE-WORDS' COMPETITION—RESULTS

The correct solution is—

1. ERECT
2. BRASS
3. MEDAL

4. SHIRT
5. FRANK
6. BRAIN

7. CAT
8. SLIDE
9. CHIM

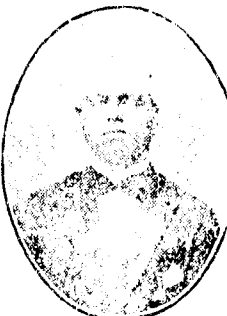
Two Readers Share the First Prize Of Rs. 150, Each Getting Rs. 75

1. Mr. B. S. CHELLIAH, Upasi Office, Srivilliputtur.
2. Mr. N. RAMACHANDRAN, 1/98, Barbers Bridge Road, Triplicane, Madras.

The following 73 Readers Share The Second Prize of Rs. 100, Each Getting Rs. 1—6—

1. S. Ramaswami Ayyar, Teacher, Balasubramanian, Padni.
2. P. R. Vaidyanathaiyar, Sub-Registrar, Orattanad.
3. S. Chidambaram Pillai, Pensioner, Kallal Parthi, South Arcot.
4. R. Venkatasubramanian, 2, Veerabhadra Street, Kodaikanal, Madras.
5. Dasheswar Nath, R. & K. Ry. Audit Office, Izatnagar, Bareilly, U. P.
6. A. Arthanari Chetty, Anthivur, (Via) Erode.
7. P. S. M. Swamy, Central Market Restaurant, Neam Shahi Road, Hyderabad (Deccan).
8. V. Srinivasan, 77, Samadhi Street, L. Conjeevaram.
9. N. Rajagopal, Insurance Agent, Tiruvannamalai.
10. Dr. G. S. Daniel, Sarang, Tiruvannamalai.
- 11-14. B. S. Chelliah, Upasi Office, Srivilliputtur.
15. K. Swaminathan, 1409, Varadappier Lane, South Main Street, Tanjore.
16. B. R. Badami, 1, Hal-nipet, Bangalore City.
- 17-21. N. Ramachandran, 1/98 Barbers Bridge, Triplicane.
22. V. Venkatakrishnayya, B.A., c/o Mr. Bank Subramania Iyer, Mullachal, Alleppey.
23. K. R. Ranganathaya, C/o Mr. G. Venatesaiya, Advocate, Bowringpet.
24. R. Rangiah, B. A., 12, Albert Victor Rd., Bangalore city.
25. P. N. Iyer, Asst. Controller, G. I. P. Ry. Dhond.
26. K. Ramanujam, 79, Main Road, Cuddalore, N. T.
27. K. R. Subramanyam, 23, Kolinjivadi, Dharapuram.
28. R. K. Peshwa, 10, Gajah Street, Trichinopoly.
29. K. Sarada Bai, c/o The Manager, The Poor Relief Printing Service, Palace Road, Cochin.
30. G. Namburam, 11, South Mada street, Mylapore, Madras.
31. Yedavalli Sreeramamoorthi, Powerpet, Ellore, W. G. Dt.
32. K. R. Subramanyana Iyer, Asst. Agricultural school, Usilampatti, Madura I.
33. K. Rajaratnam, Clerk, G. P. O., Madras.
34. Dr. C. V. Subba Rao, 511 Anantha Medical Stores, Chingleput.
35. K. Gopadharishnan Menon, Clerk, Income-Tax Office, IV Circle, G.P.O., Madras.
36. V. Palanubramanian, c/o V. K. Subbiah Garu, Pleader, Kavali.
37. V. Sankaralingam Pillai, Junior Deputy Inspector of Schools, Srivakuntam, Tinnevely Dt.
38. S. V. Raghava Iyengar, Hindu High School, Bezvada, Kistna Dt.
39. Y. S. Manian, c/o Imperial Bank of India, P. B. No. 521, Calcutta.
40. T. A. Shaikh, 1264, Shukruwar, Poona City.
41. G. K. Nayar, Guard, Pakhal.
42. S. Ramaswamy Iyengar, 1, Suppa Pillai Lane, Chidambaram (S. A. Dt.).
43. T. M. Gopal, 28, Krishnappa Naicken Agraharam, G.T., Madras.

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58. S. Subramanya Rao Peshwa, Head Clerk, S.R.O. Orattanad. 59. N. A. Narayan Rao, m. sc. Demonstrator, Central College, Bangalore. 60. M. A. Ramaiyer, WeWeldua, Kelaniya, Ceylon. 61. S. Ramaseshan, Kulittalai. 62. J. Kannappa Mudaliar, 10, Vakkakara Street, Vepery, Madras. 63. C. M. Ramachandran, Gopalapuram Cottage, Cathedral P.O., Madras. 64. N. Konda Reddi, Vembakkam, Neillkuppam Post, S.A. Dt. 65. B. Seeta Rama Sastry, M.A., 236, Sampige Road, Malleswaram, Bangalore City. 66. Sri Lakshmi, c/o P. Ramakrishnaiyar, Vakil, Bhavani, Coimbatore Dt. 67. K. Govindan Nair, Sub-Postmaster, Tiruppur Bazaar. 68. A. R. Ramanathan, c/o Ralli Brothers, Ltd., Madras. 69. S. L. Sahni, Chief Auditor's Office, G. I. P. Ry. Bombay. 70-73. C. V. Venkataraman, c/o Y. Subba Rau, R. S. M. M. S. M. Ry., Cash Office, Madras.

(Continued from page 41.)

Then fill in the solutions.

If a Competitor is unable to find twenty different solutions in any one set, he may fill in one or more of the solutions he has already entered in the other coupons of that set. Send all the four sets together after 26—1—35 and before 13—2—35.

C. PRIZE AWARDS.

Each set of coupons will be checked separately. The first prize of Rs. 600 will be awarded to an all-correct complete set. An all-correct set means the correct solution for all the four sets which agree in all respects with the Editor's Key Solution set, kept in custody in the Indian Bank Ltd., Head Office, Madras.

Only the correctness of the solution in each set and not the corresponding serial number will be taken into consideration in judging the entries. For instance, an all-correct solution may bear the reader's serial No. 5 in set I, No. 7 in set II, No. 9 in set III and No. 11 in set IV.

The Second Prize of Rs. 400 will be awarded to a complete solution set with one error: i.e., All-Correct solutions in three sets and one error in the remaining set.

If no all-correct solution is received, the first prize will be awarded to the complete solution set with one

error, and the second prize to the complete solution set with three all correct and two errors.

A reader who gets a first prize can get a share or shares in the 2nd prize also.

Solutions must be written *only on the coupon portion*. All entries must be received by last post on 13—2—35. Any received after this date will be disqualified. Entries from local competitors can be delivered at our office till 6 P. M. on that date. In case of ties, the prize money will be equally divided.

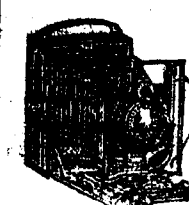
No correspondence can be entered into nor can be interviews granted. Persons connected with the *Merry Magazine* and its associated journals are not allowed to compete.

No entry will be considered unless accompanied by the coupon portion.

Coupons must be cut along the dotted lines, filled in legibly and sent intact. This office will not be responsible for entries lost or delayed in transit.

Intending competitors who are unable to secure copies of this Magazine from the agents in their area can address our *Subscription Manager* for the required number of copies either by sending stamps or Money Order to cover the cost for the copies or order them V. P. P.

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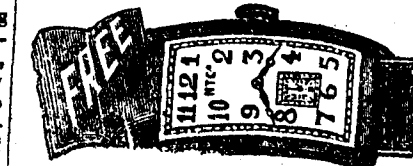
Made of extra strong white Nettings, fullness in four corners, well tailored, very lasting. Also coloured nets available in shades of choicest Light green, Blue Red, Yellow, etc., at same prices. (State coloured or white).

Long	Wide	High	Price
6'	8 1/2'	8 1/2'	1-12
6'	4'	4'	1-14
6 1/2'	4 1/2'	4 1/2'	2-6
7'	5'	5'	2-14
7 1/2'	6'	6'	3-14

PACKING FREE. POSTAGE EXTRA. FREE! Purchasers of three at a time will get one curtain 8 x 8 1/2 x 4 free.

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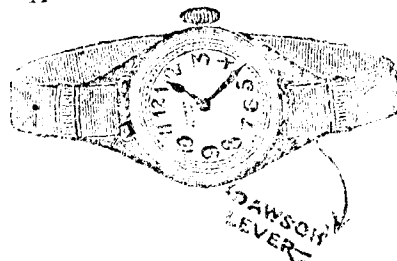


Wonderful Lever Wrist Watch. Unique in design, cut and appearance. Durability, mechanism and accuracy its specialities. Guaranteed 5 years. Complete with strap. Price No. 2 Rs. 2/10 No. 1 Rs. 2/15 Radium Rs. 5/- Rolled gold No. 2 Rs. 4/8 No. 1 Rs. 5/8 Rectangular shape Rs. 7/8 Pocket watch Rs. 1/15 Time Piece Rs. 1/11 Postage As. 7 Extra. Free Postage to purchasers, of 3 watches at a time. With every watch one Diary calendar is given quite free. Order to-day.

The Trading Corporation (M.M.)
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INDEED A WATCH IN A THOUSAND
The Renowned 'DAWSON' LEVER Wrist Watch
Supplied with 5 Years' GUARANTEED CERTIFICATE



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If this watch is not satisfactory in any way, return it within 7 days and your money will be promptly refunded.



Prices:—
Bright Nickel Silver Case Rs. 7-0-0
High Class Gold Plated Case Rs. 7-8-0
Above with RADIUM band and figures As Extra.

Free Gift:—This model and nicely bound POCKET DIARY for 1933, having one page for a day will be sent FREE with each watch purchased before 15th January, 1933.

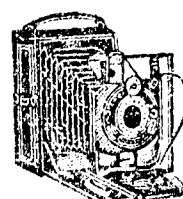
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For Rs. 2-12-0 only



A new import in cameras which beats all cameras in the market. Good opportunity for beginners to learn photography quickly. Complete with one dozen Printing paper, 4 film exposures, strong lens and developing chemical. Instructions free. Price Rs. 2-12-0.

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Most comfortable, accurate, and durable; fitted with Roscope Lever Machinery. Nickel case Rs. 2-10. Superior quality Rs. 3-4 and gold plated case Rs. 4-8. Rectangular Rs. 7-8. Three watches postage free. Nine watches one watch of the same quality free. Disapproval money back. Catalogue Free.

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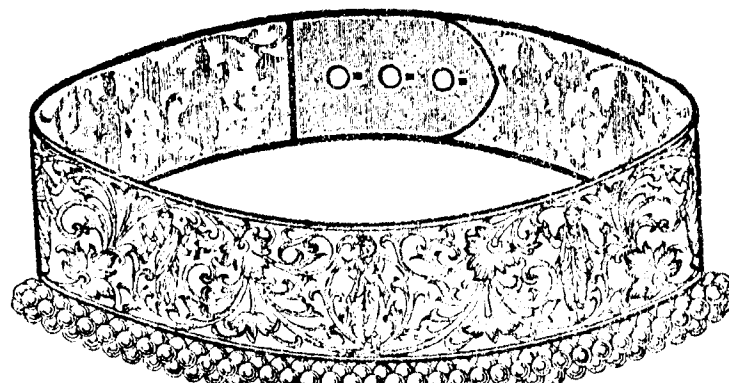
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Highly appreciated by High Court Judges, Ministers to Government and other Eminent Public Men.

NEW CATALOGUE FREE

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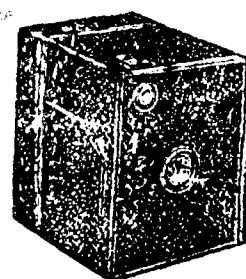


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At a low Price!!

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It is fitted with a powerful lens and a large view-finder, which shows clearly the object you are taking. You can be certain if you are pointing the camera in the right direction or not by a glance into the view-finder. The person or group you are photographing should be seen through the view-finder. Pictures to the size of 3 1/4" x 2 1/4" can be taken.

Supplied with all accessories and chemicals and detailed instructions for use.

Easy for every one.

Price Rs. 2-15-0 only. (Postage extra).

The Krishna Agency, P. B. No. 119, Madras.

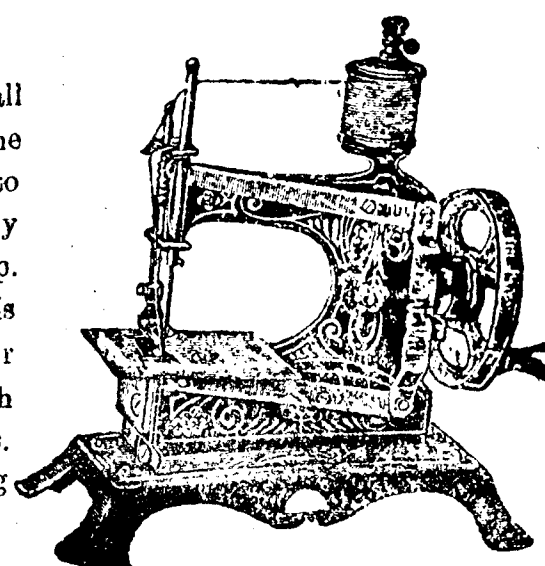
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Same model in small size as that used by the Tailor. Attach this to the Table, Chair or any stand and work up. Ladies will find this much useful in their spare hours to stitch Jackets, Gowns etc. themselves. Handling



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“Zip” is scientifically made. A few drops, when rubbed gently on the record, release the voice at once, rich and original, and make the records last a life time.

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