

(2225)

MERRY MAGAZINE

Vol. II

NO. 3

19 B Jan 1935



52.
S:521m N33
N35-3.3
136544

RS. 1000 FREE TO READERS

619 THE
MERRY
MAGAZINE

Vol. III

MADRAS, 19th JANUARY, 1935.

No. 3

The
Retort Courteous



s. *Newlywed* : I saw your brother. He is a perfect picture of your father.

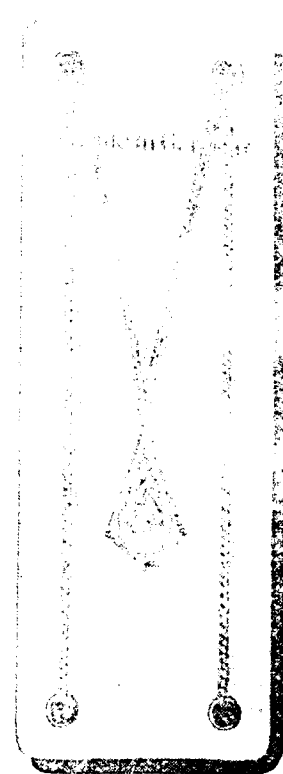
Newlywed : I too saw your sister. She is a perfect talkie of your mother.

THE MERRY MAGAZINE

OF LITERATURE, ART AND SCIENCE

Volume III, No. 3, January 1935

The Merry Magazine is a quarterly publication of literature, art and science. It is published by the Merry Magazine Co., Ltd., 119, P. B. 119, Madras. The magazine is published in English and is intended for the general public. It contains a variety of articles, including fiction, poetry, and scientific papers. The magazine is published by the Merry Magazine Co., Ltd., 119, P. B. 119, Madras. The magazine is published in English and is intended for the general public. It contains a variety of articles, including fiction, poetry, and scientific papers.



Sold by the Manufacturer, P. B. 119, Madras.

"Ladies' Magazine"

with Special Gift

Some of the most beautiful watches in the world are made by the GENUINE WATCH CO., Ltd. These watches are made of the finest materials and are of the most accurate design. They are also of the most beautiful design. They are made by the GENUINE WATCH CO., Ltd. These watches are made of the finest materials and are of the most accurate design. They are also of the most beautiful design. They are made by the GENUINE WATCH CO., Ltd.

Price Rs. 1-8-0, Postage extra.

GENUINE WATCH CO.,

P. B. 119, : : MADRAS.

The MERRY MAGAZINE

Vol. III

MADRAS, 19th JANUARY, 1935.

No. 3

SPARKS FROM OUR ANVIL

In the course of his New Year message, the Pope declares that the Eucharistic Congresses held at Melbourne and Buenos Aires have demonstrated faith in troublous times.

Nobody seems anxious to demonstrate faith in *peaceful* times!

The defeat of Fred Perry four times within a month has revived speculation as to when he would turn 'Pro'.

The answer is the same as usual: When amateurism fails to pay.

'Leopard escapes from Cage: Incident in Madras Zoo':—says a news-item.

Somebody must have taunted it with its inability to change its spots!

An article on Reporters complains that they are considered a nuisance.

Yes: they do have an abnormal *sense of news*!

It is announced that an Indo-British trade 'treaty' has been signed.

The country will be relieved to hear that the purchase of British goods is still optional.

Mr. T. Raghavachari, the famous Andhra actor, says that music is a bath to the soul, and should not be left out.

Of the bath?

In other words, we would much rather that all people bathed than sang!

'An international theatre at the League of Nations is the latest suggestion for promoting world-peace.'

We shall not be surprised if the idea is approved by Mr. Macdonald.

Says Hitler: 'Only a nation without honour and without arms is without peace.'

But then, he has never been in India.

A scientific article is entitled: 'What stars are made of'.

We were surprised to find no mention of box-office receipts!

Referring to the Irish Citizenship Bill, Mr. Thomas re-iterates that the door is still open for an honourable settlement between England and Ireland.

And De Valera says he is walking out of it as a first step.

Referring to the hardships of the ryots, Sir K. V. Reddy is reported to have said: 'The government also was faced with a difficult situation. He assured them that the Government was not wasting any money.'

Does the Honourable Law Member want us to believe that he is not drawing his salary?

At the annual meeting of the Liberal Federation, Sir Cowasji Jehangir said: 'If British party politics are to control India's des-

tinies, then God help England, and God help India!'

But we doubt however if the moderates will really let *Him*!

From Budapest comes the following item of news: 'To enable an impoverished artist to pay his rates, the municipal council ordered him to paint the portraits of the mayor and the leading members of the council, the materials to be supplied by the rate-payers, whose views in this matter are unprintable.'

They seem to have exclaimed: Portraits be hanged!

Mr. Baldwin warns Britain that if Labour were to win at the next general elections, it will produce a grave financial and imperial crisis.

In well-informed circles, this is considered as an indication of Mr. Baldwin's readiness to carry on for another term.

'H. H. the Agha Khan said that India was on the road to Dominion Status.'

He doesn't tell us however when she will reach the *starting post*!

Lord Sankey smilingly replied to the question of whether he would succeed Lord Willingdon: 'Whenever India wants me, I will be there.'

This is his Lordship's humorous way of saying that he is not coming out to India.

THE MIRROR OF LIFE

I. AN ESSAY ON CONFERENCES

By Dewan Bahadur K. S. Ramaswami Sastri

I have every fitness to write about conferences. Do you doubt it? You seem to doubt all sure things and to be sure about all doubtful things. You seem to judge me by my looks. All is not gold that glitters. Nor is all iron that does not glitter. No doubt, I do not glitter. Glitter was never in my line. Nor do you glitter for the matter of that. You seem to have very solid virtues—so very solid that they must proceed from a hard heart. So have I got very solid virtues but they proceed from a hard skin. I have every fitness to take part in and to write about conferences precisely on that account. You see that hard skin is of various sources and degrees. It has been said that some are born great and that some others achieve greatness and that yet others have greatness thrust upon them. Even so some are born with a hard skin; some achieve a hard skin; and some have a hard skin thrust upon them. I am a born pachyderm.

The officials climbing up ambition's ladder of lowliness achieve a hard skin, though most of them achieve nothing else. Those who take part in conferences have a hard skin thrust upon them. I am not ashamed to say that I am born with a hard skin. How else could I have climbed up the ladder of lowliness? Some have said that a judge should have the constitution of a bull and the patience of an ass. I never had the former but had plenty of the latter. I had no need to evolve a hard skin by knocks by high official fingers of *Chota Sahibs* and *Burra Sahibs*. I did not sell my birth-right for a mess of pottage. Or rather it brought me my mess of pottage. It brought me more. It enabled me to frequent conferences and take part in them and get and give knocks. No doubt I got more knocks than I gave. My skull was battered often and I got black eyes even more often. But black eyes are better than black minds and a hard skin is better than a hard heart.



.....got Black Eyes.....

Probably you begin to look on me with a more interested eye and imagine that I am a budding Bepin Chandra Pal of South India. Nothing can be farther from the truth. I was not a member of any debating society in my school or college for the simple reason that there was then no debating society at all. I belong to the unenlightened nineteenth century. I never shone in any conference. But I could stand with my back to the wall and ask the sparring fraternity to come on. I wonder why weak men go to the wall. Probably to touch it and stand firm and become strong. Is't so? We must try to learn the psychology of English idioms. The Englishmen are so inept in psychology that there is no use in going to them for light on that matter. There is a great advantage in going to the wall. You cannot go further. The wall is the best of helpers. It presents the same face in your success and your misfortune. If

you believe in what Macaulay says about authors in his Essay on Bacon, the wall has all the best traits of a friend. Well, I have always liked to stand with my back to the wall and say to the attacking horde as Fitz James said to Roderick Dhu.

"Come one! Come all! This wall shall fly
From its firm base as soon as I."

Now, where was I, apart from being near the wall? Yes. I remember. I have a fitness to write about conferences. That is the best proof of my being modern and up-to-date. You may have been told that I am old-fashioned and out-of-date. Please do not believe all that scandal. I am one of the *novi homines* and am so fashionable that all the people about me have been attacked by the green-eyed monster: that is the penalty of greatness. If love of fame is the last infirmity of noble minds, the envy of the famous is the worst infirmity of ignoble minds. It goes without saying that my mind is

noble and that it has no infirmity. I never said that I was famous or became famous at any conference. All that I meant was that being a born pachyderm I loved being in conferences and used to take part in them and am keeping up that habit or that failing or that vice even now.

Needless to say I live in a country, and during an epoch, which are passionately devoted to conferences. India has always been famous for talking much and doing nothing. Every nation has got its national weakness and its national vice, just as it has its national game and that thing of minimal value and importance—the national religion. I do not dislike a nation for its special weakness. A perfect nation is as intolerable as a perfect individual. A wag once declared that a man must have a redeeming fault. Of course ladies have no faults at all. But mere man must have some redeeming faults. So must nations have. Our nation excels in gassing—not the German variety that asphyxiates and kills, but that nobler Indian variety that leads to inspiration (as every gas must) rather than to expiration. Gas leads to more gas, and more gas leads to yet more gas.

"The race that hath no conference in itself.
Nor does not move the discord of grim resolutions.
Is fit for treasons, stratagems and spoils."

We are certainly unfit for treasons. The British Lion may slumber on for this very strong reason, though there are some other reasons too.

I set out to write about conferences. Yet in my own queer way, I am loitering around my subject. I am a lazy loon. I am an incorrigible wastrel. I am very much given to chewing the cud, especially because I can chew nothing else. It was precisely because of my inability to come to the point that I could never cut a figure at conferences. I could never marshal my points and so I never could make a pointed speech. I excelled in circles and ellipses and parabolas and hyperbolas (not hyperboles) but never in points and straight lines. A point has no parts or magnitude. Strangely enough I am not a man of parts and have no magnitude, and yet I have no affinity for points. A line has length but no breadth. I have length but no breadth and yet I have never been able to write a good line. But let me not worry you about my accomplishments. Spare my blushes. I own the soft impeachment.

In The Next Issue

THE KING & HIS QUEEN A Poem.

By Ajit Krishna Basu.
Decorations by Sekar.

STRANGER THAN FICTION By R. S. Sharma

A stirring tale of the spacious days of the Great Moghul.

SILVER CLOUDS By "Virginia"

A jail bird kidnaps a young girl to steal her ornaments. Then he proceeds to dispose of her, with unexpected results.

SLENDER CLUE M. S. Kalyanasundaram.

The story of a wife, who finds often a long, slender hair on her husband's coat. One day she comes across a specimen far too long.

HARLEQUIN INSURANCE V. B. Prasad.

The strange wooing of a Malabar Mae West by a modern Don Juan.

Joyfull, Auntie, and other brilliant features.

BROADCAST HUMOUR

The Announcer:

"Dr. Beaven will now
deliver a speech on
Health and Happiness."



MONKEY BUSINESS



"Sam," she cooed,.....

A girl friend of mine (Sh-h-h! keep it under your turban) has challenged me to write an article on practical jokers. "Sam," she cooed, blushing becomingly, "I bet you a k—that you won't get away with it. It isn't so easy as scribbling off a couple of pages of indifferent stuff (here she made great play with her eyebrows) about your wife's cooking." No girl challenges me twice like that. Here goes:—

I have just read with considerable surprise and a dash of amusement the statement made by an American

P. P. SAMUEL.

weather. "The weather," says the scientist, "is a consummate practical joker. It keeps tantalizingly bright and inviting till Saturday afternoon, but when you bring out your bathing costumes and beer bottles and start on a picnic, it begins to pour and pour. And on Monday morning, on your way to office, the sun peeps over the clouds and smiles at you as if nothing has happened."

While the high-flying, go-getting guy (I make no apologies, the thing can only be expressed in President Roosevelt's language) is hustling about his Weather-Control Board, let us, earth-bound simps, turn for a moment to our every-day practical jokers. The gentlemen who advertise in the 'Matrimonial' columns of newspapers, for example.

In the days of my nonage I once applied through a daily for the hand of a 'rich, fair, beautiful, accomplished girl of fifteen.' The Queen of Sheba, in fact. Did a lad of seventeen need anything more to make life a merry-go-round? So, to make sure that I bagged the little angel, I enclosed with the application a photograph of a very handsome friend of mine and a letter from a *Dewan Bahadur* to the effect that I was a very desirable young fellow. By return of post I received a photograph of the 'rich, fair, beautiful, accomplished girl.' But in the meantime some wrinkled witch had gone and changed my Queen of Sheba into a grinning gargoyle.

And for a whole month I was deluged with letters. Photographs, entreaties, threatenings. They came in such staggering numbers that Ronald Colman would have envied my fan-mail. Within thirty days I had no less than two hundred and thirty-one offers of marriage—girls of fifteen to girls of fifty-five. Definitely dashed, I confided the secret to my very handsome friend, and he had the decency to confess that he had advertised for a bride for me just to repay me for having purloined his photograph. I was in bed for weeks afterwards. 'Shock,' was the doctor's diagnosis.

That reminds me of doctors. My friend, Dr. Cunnappa Chettiar A. B. M. R. C. S., in particular. Don't be rattled by the alphabet after his name. The letters aren't degrees, but only initials. They just give you a *precis* of the history of the Explosion family of Chettiars since the days of Lord Clive. Here's the key, if you care. 'A' stands for Arcot, meaning that the Explosions were at Arcot at the time of the famous siege. 'B', of course means that they moved on to Bombay in course of time. And so on, through the alphabet, as follows:—

A.....Arcot
B.....Bombay
R.....Rangoon
M.....Mangaipatnam
R.....Rangoon (again)
C.....Chettinagar
S.....Srivilliputtur

N. B. 'Explosion' is a fancy trade-mark.

Well, if that isn't a practical joke, I am prepared to eat my *khaddar* turban.

But that isn't all. There are his prescriptions! I have consulted him thrice, if I remember right. The

first time my complaint was headache, and he prescribed Mag. Sulph. The second time it was nasal catarrh, and he ordered Epsom Salts. The third time it was lawyer's liver, and he diddled me with doses of MgSo₄. I have sneaked into many a private dispensary (pharmacy, if you are a purist) since, and discovered barrels and barrels and barrels of Epsom salts waiting to be turned into easy money. Well, as practical jokers our doctors would take a lot of beating.

And tailors. Your coats are loose or tight—seldom right. And so are mine, sir, though they are cut in Mount Road. While, if my trousers are tight this time, they are bags the next. It is no use, complaining. Mr. Stitch would only stand me in front of his large mirror to make me see myself as tailors see me, spin me round like nobody's business, stand back half-a-dozen steps and regard me as Epstein might regard his comely creatures, and remark unabashed, "Yes, sir, you are right. They are a lee-tle roomy but, if I may say so, you are er—filling out rapidly, and they will be just right in two months or three." He would then disengage his tape from his neck measure my offending waistline with an injured air and say, "No, sir, it will take only a fortnight."

And if by a lucky blunder the trousers hang just so, Mr. Stitch would look apologetic and say with his eyes, "Pardon me for the mistake, sir. Just this once. Next time I hope to make you nice roomy bags." I never argue with him. I do not like the look of his scissors, and my wind isn't quite what it was.

Practical jokers thrive even better in England, where humour is valued to the point of obsession. If you tell an Englishman that he has no sense of humour he is likely to go blue about the gills and think of suicide, if you are bigger than he. Humour, if you ask him, is 'Made in England, sir.' A very humorous Londoner may ring up all the stock-brokers in London on a fine morning, just to tell them that the sun is *going up*. Or he may ring a few false fire alarms just for a lark. In 1932, it seems, the London fire brigade answered 3,000 false



.....stand back half a dozen steps.....

alarms. A colossal joke! But it cost the public £30,000.

While, in Chicago, the common joker who rings a few fire alarms, or knocks at your door and vanishes like a streak, or throws a few bits of banana skin on your door-step and awaits developments, or stuffs something from the dust-bin into your letter-box, or hangs up a barber's sign-board on your gate, or directs an insurance agent to your door is regarded a contemptible boob. The real, two-fisted, true-blue Yankee joker just picks up his six-shooter and pops off half-a-dozen toughs before breakfast.

That is all. Now, gentlemen, my pretty girl friend is going to give me a k—.

(H'm, h'm—Ed.)

DECEMBER LUCKY NUMBER WINNER

Rs. 10

No. 482313

Mr. P. V. LAXMIPATHY, New Agraharam, Tirupattur, N. A.

The prize amount has been remitted.

IT MAY BE YOUR TURN NEXT

SO, KEEP YOUR COPY

ONE THING AND ANOTHER

"KEBI"

I witnessed, by mere accident, a strange but interesting ritual sometime ago. A group of orthodox Brahmins were performing a *yagna*, evidently at great cost, to appease the wrath of the God of Rain, to make him smile upon this mortal, sinful earth. I, with my superior knowledge of physical geography etc, turned up my nose, quoting audibly Omar Khayyam:

And that inverted bowl which they call the Sky,
Whereunder crawling coop'd we live and die.
Lift not your hands to It for help—for It,
As impotently moves as you and I.

A sagely man, his head all silvered over with age, heard my sneering remarks and whispered to me. "Our invocations and supplications will not go in vain. Already there are indications of impending rain. Look, there above, in that corner. Don't you see dark fleecy clouds just gathering?"

I looked—. So it was.

It is not here in South India alone that God's aid was sought to bring rain down on our land. Jaffna witnessed stranger rites during the recent drought, when cattle died by the cartloads. Mock funeral processions paraded the streets, accompanied by knots of "mourners," who expressed their grief through loud wails and lamentations. It was hoped that these rites would have the effect of bringing rain, the story behind it being that in ancient days there lived an exceedingly wicked woman, whose misdeeds were so great that rain refused to fall. And it was only after her death that an obstinate and prolonged drought came to a leisurely end. Her funeral is enacted in Jaffna whenever there is a drought in the hope that the Clerk of the Weather might be duped.

From the above to James Boze, a typical denizen of the materialistic West—as opposed to the mystic East—who thought that he could produce rain, at will, artificially, is but one step. Boze, a chemist by calling, went up in an aeroplane—perhaps he had read somewhere of good old Professor Piccard—near Dallas (Texas), intending to explode a hundred bombs among the clouds to disturb their annoying serenity. Man proposes. Half-way through his experiment, one bomb exploded prematurely and set fire to his plane. Jimmy made a hurried, though involuntary, descent. Anyway something-did come down.

A strange age, that is what we live in. And remarkably strange is the following story from Tangail, which I read in a Calcutta newspaper the other day. The eighteen-year old spouse of Loknath Basant of Bajitpur gave birth to a four-cubits long "snake." If it had been a fish, it would have been O.K., for it would be a fishy story. But listen. Just after birth, the "snake" slowly disappeared into the neighbouring jungle. The mother is getting on splendidly. The "baby," who loves its mother, as you or I do—no contradiction is

necessary, please—comes every day to its mother for feed, but on hearing the hue and cry raised by the mother and others, it slowly goes back to the jungle. Surely 'there are more things in this Heaven and Earth than are dreamt of in our philosophy'.

While on the subject of strange things. To the list of the world's curiosities must be added the "Husbands' Gratitude Club" of Oklahoma City (U.S.A.) The members of this Club have to sign the following undertaking:—

"I solemnly pledge myself to embrace my wife, kiss her, and tell her I love her. I promise to compliment her at least once each day on some particular part of the *menu* she prepares. I promise to perform at least one kind and unexpected deed for her daily."

That such a pledge might reduce affection and appreciation to a robot-like routine is neither here nor there, for the wives of Oklahoma have unanimously recorded their approval of the Club.

The world's best-seller came in for some caustic criticism at the hands of the celebrated Dean Inge, quite recently. Here are abstracts from his views on some of the books of the Old Testament:—

Proverbs and Ecclesiastes: "Collections of popular aphorisms, which assume the existence of God and that honesty is the best policy."

Job: "Contains the finest poetry of the Old Testament."

Ruth: "A very charming 'pastoral symphony.'"

Jonah: "Has no historical value."

Esther: "A very interesting story. God's name is not mentioned in it."

The Song of Solomon: "Not a religious book at all, but a collection of love-lyrics, probably to be sung at marriages. Not written by Solomon."

Oh, to be in Scotland, now that I've read.

Sir James Crichton-Browne's "The Doctor's after-thoughts....."

My dear reader, you might wonder, and with justification what has suddenly made me goofy and turn poetic and all that. Well, it is not my fault. Who wouldn't do the same after reading that eminent medical man's reminiscences, which is what that book, "The Doctor's After-thoughts" is about. It is not fair to keep you in the dark any longer. Here is what I read:—

"Glasgow's kisses are sound and satisfying. Edinburgh's kisses are short, crisp and airy. Dundee's kisses are resonant, and Aberdeen's kisses go off like the boom of a gun."

I agree with you it is a mighty tough job to choose one's location in the Land of the Heather, but still one place is as good as another. But if Scottish lassies are anything as miserly with their kisses as with their money, the market will go up like the mercury on a hot summer day in Madras.



Epitaph:
Friends, let's all come
together and pray

For Mister Rajaram:
He jumped out of the motor's way;
But didn't see the tram.

Limerick:
There was a young lady of Poast
Who was unduly fond of black toast.
Once a crumb like a tragus
Stopped her esophagus;
So she curled up and gave up the ghost.

The week's worst limerick:
There was a young lady of Peking;
Who married a man Called O'keking;
He lives up to his name
And always kicks the dame;
So now she a divorce is seeking.

Snips-snips-snips:
And we think the slump in the city's barber business is due to the fact that so many men have close shaves in the streets for nothing.

Noisy:
He: Did you like the music at the restaurant?
She: Don't know. The man at the next table was having his soup.

That's why:
"If you kiss me I shall scream"
"But there is no one within ear-shot"
"I know."

Patting party aside:
The modern girl it is said is not an Amazon. And yet she is always up in arms.

Why I should be electrocuted:
"I say, can you tell me how to make a hair-dye?"
"That's easy. Strangle the rabbit."

Starting early:
"You are always loafing. Have you no thought for your future?"
"Oh, I want to be a gun man when I grow up, and I am beginning by killing time."

Gullets and Gullibility:
An operation on a man's stomach in a London hospital revealed among other things that the intestines contained a fountain pen and a door-knob. Well, all I can say is you can't expect me to swallow that.

Q. E. D.
He met his wife at a cock-tail party. That explains perhaps why he has been HENPECKED ever since.

Opinion:
Nudists, says a writer are very often snobs, in other words, the only thing they put on is.....airs.

Idle thought:
The only thing most of our chorus girls wear is a—
SMILE.

Terrible Tale:
The visitor asked, "Is your mother engaged?"
As on the doorstep he tarried;
The boy who had opened the door shook his head
And said: "Well, I think she is married."

THE EDITOR'S COLUMN

ONE of the trickiest of my jobs is the filling in of this column. A redeeming feature however is that I am not expected to (nor am I going to) lecture or preach to you. Edifying platitudes or unpalatable wisdom are as much out of place here as an ambassador in a hotel kitchen. I have simply got to talk to you—not austere, ponderous, didactic talk but light chat calculated to draw us closer together. You suggest the weather, sir? A very convenient and harmless topic indeed! But then colourless: decidedly ordinary. Our health, you say, madam? Well, I have personally nothing to complain about; neither have the staff nor the gifted few to whose brain waves you are listening-in eagerly at this moment. But how about yourselves? Are you under the tyrannical meshes of a cold? Good, 'stuff your cold' is the proverb. We provide a 'feast of fun'. Are you desperately trying to rid yourself of the attentions of a head-ache? An explosion in your head or even a mild detonation will do you good. It need not be chemical. Intellectual is just as good. 'Flashes' are the very thing for it. Does Housemaid's knee hold you in thrall? Why not apply some 'Star dust'? Or has St. Vitus's Dance taken you for a partner? I hope not. If unfortunately it has, I cannot suggest anything better than 'Monkey Business.' If it is just an ordinary dance, remember we are telling your wife 'all she ought to know.'

Some cynics probably think that I am as bad as a quack in the matter of cures as any of them with degrees. They may be saying that this is merely a ruse on my part to advertise my goods. A mere denial, however hot it be, however unprintable, is futile in such cases. It is in these crises I show of what metal I am made—what a strong silent man I am (begging your pardon for the use of this poor and over-worked phrase.) I know that the consensus of opinion already backs me—that the unbelievers themselves will return penitent. 'Wait and See' said Monte Cristo. So do I.

Having followed the conversation books in the choice of topics so far, I can with an easy conscience be more personal and intimate now. I have got a grievance to unload. Why am I left to make all the conversation, while all of you keep frozen? A little more of warmth, of camaraderie, of bonhomie will, I assure you, be rapturously welcomed. For example, why not tell me what you think of the Merry Weekly? You could make suggestions, offer your candid criticism of the contents—or even of me. So let's be less taciturn. It will do all of us good. It will make us happier, nobler folk, Abso—jolly—lutely; and it will make a grievanceless man of

—Your Editor

CONTENTS

	Page
Sparks from Our Anvil	1
The Mirror of Life	2
1. An Essay on Conferences Dewan Bahadur K. Ramaswami Sastri	
Monkey Business	4
P. P. Samuel	
One Thing and Another "Kebi"	6
Flashes In My Brain Pan	7
Editor's Column	8
A Feast of Fun	9
Topsy Turvy—A Thrilling Fantasy	10
Part the Three—"Rajaram"	
Do you know?	12
Kultur In 1940	14
Yes, I know!	15
Star Dust	16
The Letters of Private Joyfull 32. Sahibs and Wallahs	17
The Story of My Life—III 'Mie'	20
A Doctor's Dilemma	21
'Elmer Delville'	
Auntie Awful's	23
Correspondence Column—XII	
What A Young Wife Ought To Know "Teddy Bear"	25
Siromani	28
"Agasthya"	
My Face is My Fortune, Sir! M. S. Kalyanasundaram	31
Misunderstanding	33
"Angiras"	
Seenu's Tortoise	36
'Rose'	
Guide to Madras	38
V. B. Prasad	
"Give and Take" Competition —Set III.	41

ANNOUNCEMENTS

In the Next Issue	3
December Lucky Number Winners	5

ILLUSTRATED JOKES &c.

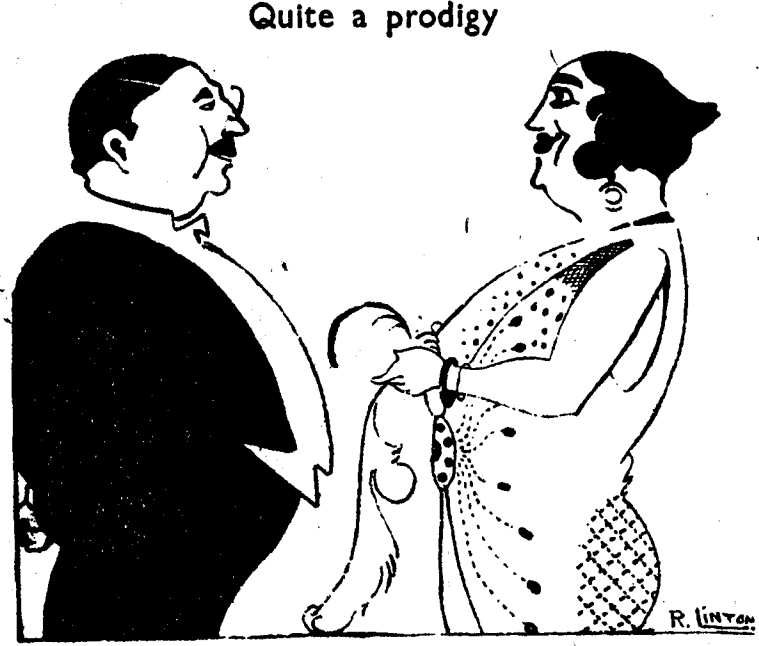
Broadcast Humour	3
Quite a Prodigy	9
R. Linton	
An Absent-Minded School-Master	13
'Varma'	
Old Mother Hubbard	35
Inventions Yet To Be Invented	37



A FEAST OF FUN

Awkward!
Part Of Its Training.
Lawyer: "Are you sure that the defendant is the man who stole your car?"
Judge:—"You are sure you understand the nature of an oath?"
Plaintiff: "Well, I was, until you cross-examined me. Now, I don't believe I ever had a car."
Witness:—"Certainly, sir. I'm a caddie."
More Truths
"Dad, if an olive branch is the emblem of peace, what's the emblem of war?"
"Orange blossom, my son!"
"I can't think," said the girl friend, "why they make all this fuss about launching a boat. Any lady could slide down gracefully if you broke a champagne bottle over her nose."

Keep It Going
Customer: You sold me a car last week.
Dealer: Yes, what about it?
Customer: I wish you'd repeat all the nice things you said about it. I'm getting disheartened.
It All Depends.
Bertie:—"If I were to kiss you, would you scream for help?"
Gertie:—"Yes. Of course I would—if you needed it."
A Promise?
Boss:—"When you called up my wife and told her I would be detained at the office, and would not be back home until very late, what did she say?"
Secretary:—"She said: Can I depend on that?"



Quite a prodigy
He: "Your daughter has inherited your musical talents."
She: "Yes. Just tell her what's on one side of a gramophone record and she will tell what's on the other."

Experience
A boy was brought up on the ocean, And thus got a very good nocean Of how to steer boats, Which plainly denoats The reason for his rapid promocean.
shilling in the meter before you get any gas.

A THRILLING FANTASY

By "RAJARAM"

THE FANTASY SO FAR

Professor Thurkov of Modalkar meets his student, Nargun, while taking a walk on a drizzling evening. To divert the conversation from the topic of the short-comings of students, Nargun suggests a visit to the Temple of Bhima. The professor consents and the pair reach the Temple. At the entrance they see a colossal statue of Bhima. Nargun describes the sports of boys around the statue and kindles a desire in the heart of the Professor to have his long-lost youth back again. And in turn Nargun whimsically desires to be a professor, old and respected. Heralded by thunder and lightning, the Witch of Modalkar, an ugly little hag, now perches herself on Bhima's arm and grants these wishes. It is a strange transformation that takes place. The professor becomes Nargun in face and form, and Nargun becomes Thurkov to all appearance. But in mind and spirit they remain their original selves. They discuss the difficult problem of their future behaviour and decide on cautious tentative steps, the main difficulty being the problem of language. Thurkov is a Tamilian ignorant of Marathi and Nargun is a Mahratta, ignorant of Tamil.

Now read on:—

DRAGGING the bedraggled mass of his enormous body, Nargun ascended the flight of stairs that led up to Thurkov's flat. Before he could dart into the house, his neighbour, Mr. Sekhar, laughingly greeted him affably. "Good evening! Just returning from a walk, eh? Seems you got drenched? Nasty thing, this rain—and there are places in the South, I tell you, which haven't felt rain these five months! Go in and change, look you, Professor Saheb!"

Nargun's heart went already pit-a-pat; he muffled a hasty "Thank you" and went in—half furtively like a sneaking thief. Thank God, nobody was in the reception room! Nargun quickly threw on the dressing stand the drenched cap and over-coat, and was about to change his shirt and dhoties too, when a fair girl of eight

Topsy

"Aen Ivalavu late?"
thundered
Mandodhari



Turvy

PART THE THREE NARGUN IN THURKOV'S HOUSE



thrust her aside. But her noise had already done the mischief; the other members of the Thurkov family were in the room in an instant, and like a beast at bay, poor Nargun blinked stupidly, and almost two drops of tears fell down on his ample bosom.

"Aen Ivalavu late?" thundered Mandodhari, a veritable goddess of rage. Not so portly as her husband, nor leanish either, white with patches of gleaming red on her cheeks, rather snub-nosed, nevertheless unmistakably of the really fair of the 'fair sex'—Mandodhari made Nargun lose what little self-control he had. He only understood the word 'late' and commonsense told him the meaning of the query, but for the life of him he could not frame a reply. But time was precious: he shouldn't appear to be hesitating, fumbling, blundering. He managed to say casually "Don't worry!" and majestically waved her aside, as if commanding her to go inside and look to the cooking. Luckily for him, the ruse succeeded and muttering some more inaudible, incomprehensible Tamil, she left him, and Indu and Lila and Mohan stood a little apart wondering, while Nargun changed his dress, and looked around.

He caught sight of a bottle of scented hair-oil on the shelf. He walked across in two giant strides, and snatching it, transferred a large quantity of oil into his palm, as was his habit at home. He then slowly raised his hand upward and placing his oily palm on his head

was about to rub it, when to his utter dismay he found the surface of his head slippery due to the combined effects of baldness and oil. And anon the children noticed the capital joke of using scented hair-oil on a bald head. With plentiful gesticulations, they danced in merriment; Nargun turned and saw all and felt chagrined and utterly broke.

He threw away the bottle, contorted the mouth, pursed his lips, and stamped with his feet. He outstretched his arms and with accusing forefinger and murderous look advanced towards the Misses and Master Thurkov. No wonder they were frightened out of their wits and rushed helter-skelter into the kitchen, disturbing Mrs. Thurkov's culinary equanimity.

"What is the matter?" she roared in the vernacular and Lila answered "Pa is mad, or some devil has possessed him, or something. He tried to smear his bald head with our hair-oil! He tried to murder us! Oh we are afraid, we are afraid!" "Yes, ma, we are really afraid," cooed Indu and Mohan in submissive chorus.

Mandodhari was taken aback; her husband mad! He was always a bit queer, everybody knew that of course,—but mad, oh, no, it was impossible. She returned to the front room incredulous, perhaps cursing the fate that had linked her to that dotard of a professor. She saw Nargun reclining on the easy chair, the vacant and insipid look on his face telling her that what the children had said was nearly true. At the sound of her elephantine foot-steps, Nargun was galvanised and the look he wore on now was ghastly to see,—such a helpless, hunted look it was.

She apprehended that something was indeed wrong with her husband. Fever? Malaria and typhoid were stalking the town and the toll of their victims was mounting day by day. She instantly had no other thought than tender solicitude for her husband's health, and in the twinkling of an eye had Nargun's head between her anxious, feeling hands! Sacrilege! Nargun jumped as one mad—and ran to a corner, bawling out at the top of his voice, "Oh don't, away, away. I am all right!"

The children were curiously peeping round the projecting door, watching each fresh development with interest. As for Mandodhari, she was clean-bowled. What was she to do? She had felt her husband's temples—and how hot they beat! His head was a furnace, she should say! And what does he mean by jumping like that, exerting himself so much in that fevered state! Sure, double sure she was, the poor man had delirium. She must coax him, wheedle him, fuddle him, and make him sleep. (What if it should turn out to be typhoid—cruel thought!)

While she was thus cogitating, Nargun had quite subsided and returned to the inevitable easy-chair. He turned his head away and trying to dismiss Mandodhari from his presence, pronounced the solitary word, "Coffee."

The man was not beyond redemption, after all! Mandodhari now the avatar of the dutiful wife, warned the children (who had by now realised that things were taking a pretty serious turn) not to make any noise, and fluttered about the kitchen for kettle and milk-pot and coffee-grinder—and anyhow Nargun had his quiet.

"It's unbearable," thought Nargun, "the best thing will probably be to sham an illness—but above all no speech! And even should I talk English uninterruptedly, Mrs. Thurkov will take it all for delirium, but I do hope she won't hurriedly call in a doctor, for the night at any rate. To-morrow—well, that's another matter—things might be different then, who knows!"

Foot-steps were heard again and Nargun knew that coffee was being brought. He stiffened his posture and when Mandodhari came with the tray, he nonchalantly motioned her to place it on the stand and go away. She was mystified, stared at him and at the table, and thought it prudent to obey. She had her qualms though, for she wasn't sure as yet of the sanity of her husband. Yet discretion being the better part even of wifely solicitude, she left her husband in sole company with a kettle-ful of strong and steaming coffee.

The drizzle and drench of the evening, the devastation of the transformation, the harrowing experiences of the night and the dangerous possibilities of the morrow had all put him in an unenviable plight and he poured out cup after cup of coffee till the feverishness of the brain calmed and the kettle itself became practically empty. "Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof," thought Nargun and decided to slip into the bedroom, as he was sure of its location. Accordingly, he took deep strides and in six or seven gained the bed-room and (observed by, but not observing, the cat-eyed Mohan) slipped into the bed, pulled down the mosquito-curtains, and covering himself with a rare Italian rug,—thought his difficulties at an end for the night.

DO YOU KNOW?



1. What is a *cul-de-sac*?
2. What metal offers the least resistance to electricity?
3. What is meant by the 'heliocentric' system? Who discovered it?
4. Where is the Valley of Death?
5. Whence do we get the word 'slogan'?
6. What part of the world is termed Levant?

Please see answers on Page 15.

Mandodhari too was finishing her work. It was a good sign her husband had retired and was sleeping so soundly. It was the drenching certainly that had caused all the fever; it would pass off in the morning, sure it would. The children were put to bed—they were relieved from the bother of studying that one night at least!—and the dishes were mechanically washed and turned upside down to let the water flow,—and the doors and windows carefully shut and properly bolted. Mandodhari, tired with the day's work and dispirited at her husband's mysterious ailment and behaviour, put out all lights except the green-shaded bed-room light and prepared to sleep.

On the spring cot her husband was sleeping profoundly—the breaths came regularly and peacefully. There was room therein for her too—but to-day she decided to sleep apart, and not to disturb her husband's rest. There was plenty of room below, near Indu. More over, whoever could say if the fever wasn't contagious? And if she too should fall ill, who would take care of them all? She lay down on a Singapore mat and uttering a prayer to the Healer of All, closed her eyes inviting slumber.

She was startled by her husband talking in his sleep: "I can't, I can't: she comes near me, she would embrace me—but I feel like burning! How shall I escape? *Nai, Naithum cha*..... I shall remain true to thee, professor *Saheb*! Oh, had we never gone to the Temple! Your children are so nice, I love them,—you're fortunate! How I burn! How shall I teach the

Nitrogen group tomorrow—how pluck up courage to face the class! Oh-h! Help me. I fail!"

She listened to the dying words, hairs on end. He was delirious, not a shadow of doubt. Ought she to call in the doctor at once? Dr. Bonghale or Dr. Pituitrin? One as good as the other. Whose help to seek,—and was there money in the cash-box to pay for the visit? After all was it really necessary? Perhaps, not; he was sleeping again so quietly—what did it mean anyway? A curse that her parents hadn't taught her English; these modern husbands talked English, English, only Eengleesh—that cacophonous language! Well, anyway, if there wasn't another relapse into violent delirium the same night, she had better not worry herself about calling in the doctor; it would be all right, her husband had said, and it must be all right!

Without more ado Mandodhari slept—and dreamt of old, unhappy far-off things and illnesses long ago. And Nargun slept too and dreamt of stamping boys and the intractable Nitrogen group of elements and the face of an angry Principal calling him to account for inability to keep discipline in class.

In part the four of the fantasy, Professor Thurkov, who is Nargun in all but mind and spirit, spends the night at the boy's residence and solves in an original manner the difficult problem of conversing with the members of his family in Marathi, of which he knows nothing.



An absent-minded school-master goes to interview a District Collector and encounters the Daffadar

KULTUR IN 1940

BY 'HUN'

I was a hack journalist of some little importance. The same as Sir Philip Gibbs, only not so big, if you understand what I mean. And a prominent paper of the day was interested in the political condition of Germany; prominent papers have been interested in the political condition, the political future, the political outlook or the political standing of Germany for the past fifty years. So they sent me to interview the Dictator, Herr Von Damyou, and get his views on every thing from babies to balloting.

Visitors, especially writing visitors, are welcome in Germany just now. After seeing a couple of hundred private secretaries, not more than twenty-five secretaries, approximately forty deputy chiefs of police, and a dozen leaders of storm troops, I got an appointment with the Dictator.

I was warned that he was hard-pressed for time and could give me but a few minutes. So I took my pen, a note-book, a bullet-proof vest, and my courage in both hands and walked right in on the Herr.

He was quite a nice-looking man with greying hair and blueish eyes. He looked Jewish, or it may have been Aryanish, I am not quite sure. Remembering his business, I got down to brass tacks.

"It is very kind of Your Excellency to see me. I shall be as brief as possible. First, what is your opinion of the late Herr Hitler?"

The Dictator's eyes radiated *kultur* or possibly boredom. "A back-number, my dear Mr. Smith. Great intelligence, but a hide-bound mentality. Too ruthless and too merciful at the same time. He should either have shot all the Jews in Germany, or ignored them altogether. He could dominate his Nazis, but I dominate Germany."

At this moment a *distrail*-looking individual rushed in, fired twice at the Dictator and disappeared through the door. When I got out from under the table, the Great Man was standing, unharmed

and thoughtful, with his finger on a bell.

"Useful things your English bullet-proof vests."

Then to the Deputy Chief of Storm Troops, who came in response to the bell—"Take that lunatic and shoot him. I suppose he's caught?"

"Yes, Excellency." The officer was perturbed.

"And by the way, who's on duty at the door?"

"I, Excellency."

"Well, have yourself shot too, for not taking adequate precautions."

"But, Excellency....."

"Enough. You heard me?"

The officer departed, presumably to obey orders.

"Ah, Mr. Smith. I am sorry this has occurred. But what would you? Mad men always exist."

We got back to our subject.

"Do you carry the majority of German people with you, Herr?"



When I got out from under the table...

"Naturally," he replied. "A plebiscite chooses the Cabinet. I execute those, who do not agree with me, and fresh members are elected. They are invariably docile."

I was enchanted with this further evidence of genius and said so. He smiled deprecatingly.

"Hitler would never have thought of that," he murmured complacently. "He would have trials, and trials mean money and publicity. I think my method is simpler and cheaper."

I hastened to agree.

"Now about the Jews, Herr Damyou. What is your attitude towards them?"

That was the next question on my list.

"I have evolved a very effective plan. All Jews, capable of lending the Government 50,000/- marks, are made citizens with equal rights. They can claim the privilege of being shot as free-born Germans, instead of being hanged. Those, incapable of this patriotism, are put to forced labour, and their properties sequestered."

"Sequestered?"

"Made useful to the country, sir."

I refrained from pressing the point. After all, a bullet-proof waistcoat only protects your middle, and a bullet in the brain would seriously interfere with my capacity for giving the great British public what it wants.

"What are your plans with regard to Germany's debts?"

"Pay them—perhaps! We want credit. To get credit, we pay the interest on previous loans, out of future loans. I am glad to say that three-fourths of the revenue is derived from this source."

"Taxation?"

"That also is excessively simple. We take what the people can give, which is the same as the most we can make them give."

"Criminal code reforms?"

"I have reduced the number of capital offences to two hundred and forty-three."

I saw the marks of a humanitarian and a philanthropist in his broad forehead (it reached three-quarters up his head) and generous mouth. Here was further proof.

"What is your opinion of England?"

"Weak, sir, weak. How many Cabinet Ministers have been assassinated in the last ten years? None. What does this prove? That they have been incapable of being sufficiently offensive to anyone. How many bishops have been unfrocked? Again none. The government does not take sufficient interest in them. The future for England is dark, very dark."

"One more question, Herr, and I have done. What is the condition of Germany to-day?"

"Splendid—splendid. Peace and prosperity everywhere. Happiness in every home. The people are compelled by law to laugh at least once a day. No man, woman or child dare show his, her or its face in the street without a smile. There have been only 5731 deaths from starvation in the last year. Germany's air-force has been increased by 400%, of which 3% has been paid for. Roads have been constructed all over the country by Jewish labour. Everyone has to attend the National Church once a week. Fine thing, religion. The birth-rate and the death-rate are regulated by police and sanitary laws. Briefly, Germany is happy, contented and powerful. We do not seek a war, but if one is forced upon us, if our credit is stopped,—then, beware! Once again it will be *Deutschland ober alles!*"

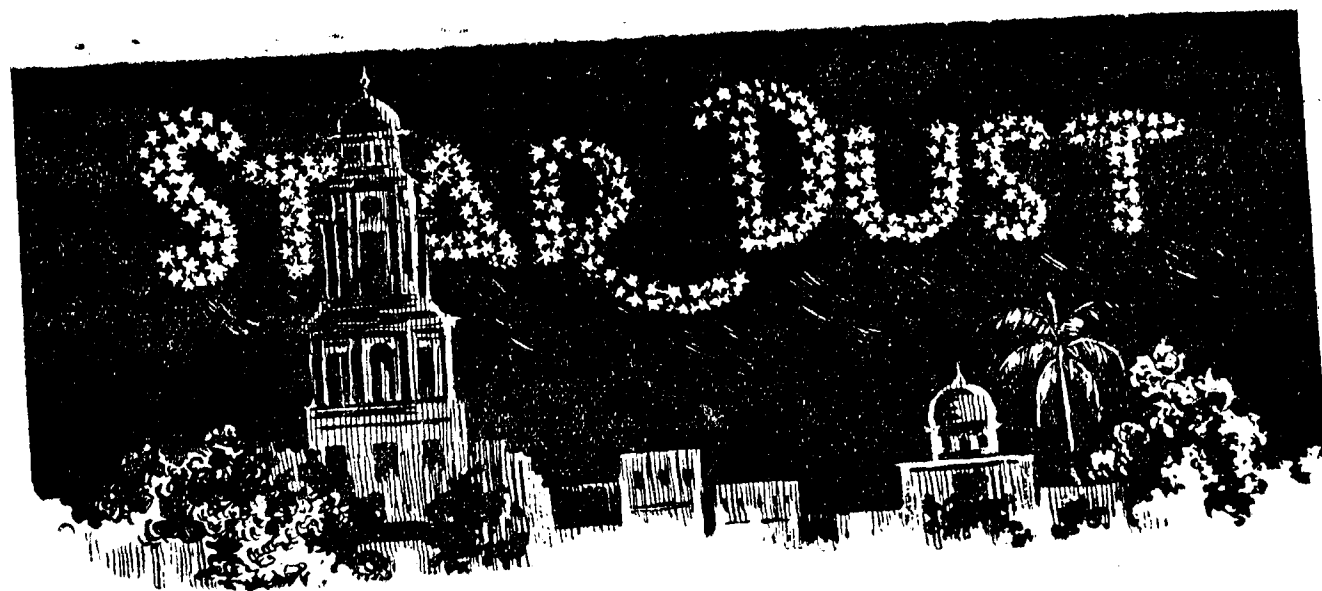
I thanked him and took the next plane home with admiration in my heart for this *kultured* and happy country.

YES! I KNOW!



1. It is a tube or an alley with an outlet on one side only.
2. Silver.
3. Copernicus first discovered that the sun and not the earth was the centre of the universe, and this was called 'heliocentric' as distinguished from the older 'geo-centric' theory.
4. It is the crater of an extinct volcano in Java, which emits poisonous gases.
5. From 'slaugh-ghairm,' a Gaelic word for battle-cry.
6. The eastern shores of the Mediterranean, between western Greece and western Egypt.

Answers to questions on Page 12.



Star-Gazing For 1935

PICKING out the stars-to-be for 1935 is a fascinating, yet dangerous pastime. The stars of five years ago are not even heard of today and the magic that Greta's name used to exercise over the public appears to have diminished considerably now. The film-going public is notoriously fickle in its patronage and there are not many stars who have retained their popularity for any long period. Queen (Christina) Garbo has had an exceptionally long term on the throne, for a decade is a period twice as long as that enjoyed by any other star in the film firmament. But even her pedestal is now shaking a little and it will not be long before someone younger—Katharine Hepburn, for instance—dethrones her.

With "A Bill of Divorcement," Katharine stormed the Garbo citadel. Her subsequent performances have only confirmed her hold on the public's imagination. She goes on.....

Marlene Dietrich has not had one decent picture after "Blonde Venus" to keep up her name.

"The Gallant Lady," was the last vehicle for Ann Harding. There has not been another good picture for her since.

Are not three poor talkies enough to kill a star?

Norma Shearer has come back—and what a come-back!—with "Riptide". It was imagined, rather prematurely, that she had virtually retired when she left for Europe with Irving Thalberg, her husband. She has come to stay.

Of the many stars boosted in 1934, Anna Sten was the least convincing while Margaret Sullavan and Diana Wynyard have but partially impressed the public. On the other hand, Elizabeth Bergner, as "Catherine the Great," has given the quietus to doubting Thomases. She is easily the greatest actress in Europe to-day.

Mae West has a special appeal and power and holds a unique position. Mae's magnetic personality will endure.

But where are they gone, those idols of nights gone by? Mae Murray, Clara Bow, and Vilma Banky! They are forgotten.

If each studio is able to make one new star for a year, they consider it their lucky year.

Who then, are the unknown actors and actresses, who will be the big stars of 1935? Who will inspire the "All Seats Full" notices at box-office counters in 1935?

The top-most thrones in the film-land are getting shaky and if the crystal reflects properly little Shirley Temple and Baby Le Roy are already the stars-to-be for 1935. Among the other aspiring kiddies are the three-year-old Jane Quigley, David Jack Holt, Billy Lee and Cora Sue Collins.

Janet Gaynor, the Fox-studio Queen, has a potential rival in Jean Parker, the Los Angeles school-girl. You will understand what I mean, if you have seen her in "Little Women."

And then there is the young platinum-blonde Alice Faye, Rudy Vallee's protegee, to shake Jean Harlow's crown.

Pauline Lord, from the theatre, is a likely successor to the mantle of the late Marie Dressler.

Not yet twenty-two, Miss Jane Wyatt is another new-comer. Her first screen-role is in John Galsworthy's "One More River". Her part was brilliant though in patches but there is promise in her acting. There is not the excited tone in her screen-talking; a good beginning.

Thus far, we have not mentioned men. It is not neglect. The trouble is that there are not so many male stars as there are women.

Herbert Marshall is cast against Greta Garbo in "Painted Veil," and Roger Pryor is Mae West's new leading man—both heading for big stardom.

Then George Brent, the ex-husband of Ruth Chatterton, is also in the cast. It must help him up a lot.

One or two more girls may emerge with feathers from Eddie Cantor's next film. Watch'em!

THE LETTERS OF PRIVATE JOYFULL

32. SAHIBS AND WALLAHS

Madras, 19th January, 1935.

DEAR MOTHER,

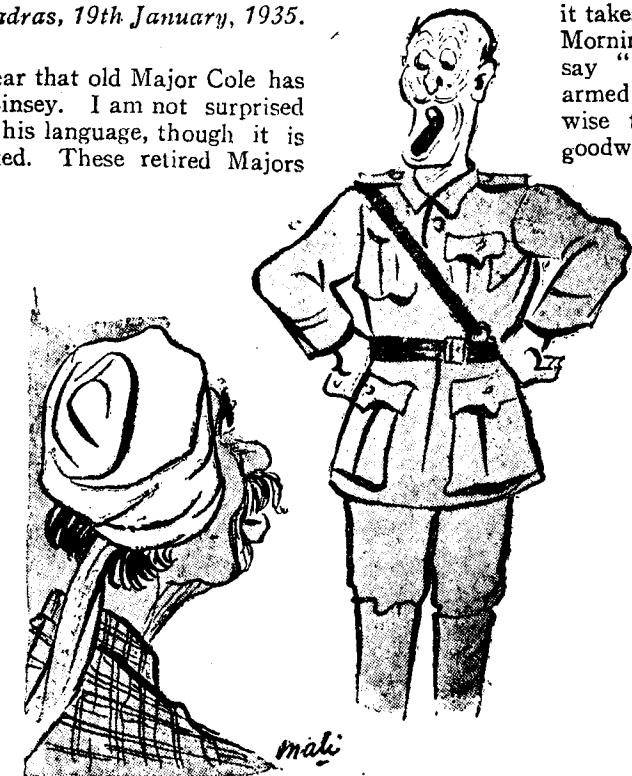
IT is quite interesting to hear that old Major Cole has taken the big house at Binsey. I am not surprised that you are puzzled at his language, though it is fortunate you were not shocked. These retired Majors are like a kind of people in India called *Sadhus*, who are able to illuminate the surrounding air with purple fire from the power of their incantations.

Evidently the old Major is one of the sort that cusses quietly. These are very rare in India, where all the *Sahibs* cuss loudly. The reason they cuss is because they get a lot of poor ignorant men at a few rupees a month, shout in very bad Hindustani, and then get annoyed because they do not understand.

You say that the old Major is always talking about "*Sahibs*" and "*Pukka Sahibs*." Being a *Sahib* in India is a sort of superstition. Being a *Sahib* has nothing to do with breeding or good manners; it is simply a way of expecting everyone else to be humble. "*Pukka Sahibs*" are the ones who can insist on this sort of nonsense, "*Sahibs*" are the ones who can only try.

Even I get called "*Sahib*," but I do not object to the term, because to a fellow like me, it is used just for politeness. So if anyone calls me "*Sahib*," I call him "*Ji*," "*Babu*," "*Dorai*," "*Malik*," or "*Sahib*." If he is a man of lowly occupation, I call him "*Rajah*," or "*Prince*." All these are different greetings for different kinds of people. I think someone should tell all the soldiers about these greetings, so that the people would know that they mean to be polite. Most soldiers do not use these polite expressions, because their own customs are different, and they do not know the Indian customs. It is hard for us to understand, because we do not believe in honourable words and if Lord Smith meets Baron Jones in the street, one says, "Hullo, Smith," and the other one replies, "Hullo, Jones." And to call the attention of a stranger, we just say, "Hi!"

Such abruptness is rather disgraceful out here. There are formulas to show respect. Boggins says that the formulas get longer and longer as you go towards the Frontier, and by the time you get to outlaw country,



Shout in very bad Hindustani

it takes ten minutes to say "Good Morning." The people to whom you say "Good Morning" are brigands armed to the teeth, hence it is not wise to stint your expressions of goodwill. Arguing from this, Boggins says that exaggerated expressions of politeness are the sign of a society full of fear and hatred, and that we say "Hi!" because we do not hate or fear anyone. But I do not agree with this. If you are friendly to every one, and afraid of no-one, it is all the more reason to be polite.

People such as the old Major use expressions like "*Pukka Sahib*" seriously, but to the rest of us it is a kind of joke, like boasting that you are an Old Borstal Boy. It is very sad to see fellows like the old Major living on their pensions in country villages, and eating their hearts out because their glory is departed. They have to be *Pukka Sahibs* all by themselves, and have to endure rude noises made

to them by errand-boys. Most of these old chaps meet at a dinner in London every year, and have one glorious night being *Pukka Sahibs* together.

You say the Major told you he was "An old Indian *Wallah*." This is quite a different kind of word; in fact you might imagine "*Wallah*" to be practically the opposite of "*Sahib*." It is a kind of functional word, because you generally put a man's occupation in front of "*Wallah*."

We have lots of *wallaahs* in barracks, and perhaps the best-known is the tea-*wallaah*. He carries a big brass urn full of tea, with a little fire underneath, and a big brass box full of cakes. He appears very early in the morning, and makes a mournful howl like a dog. Then all the troops rush out and buy tea, which is quite hot and sweet and good.

Most of the tea-*wallaahs* are old men with great experience of soldiers, and usually they have a son with them, learning the trade. Tea-*wallaahs* never try to cheat, nor do they behave in the anxious way that bazaar-shopkeepers do with soldiers. They sit smiling beside their urns, and listen to the jokes of the soldiers. Sometimes we pretend to steal the cakes, but the tea-*wallaah* takes no notice, and presently we come back and pay. Another time, someone might say that the tea-*wallaah*

has made the tea from a lot of cow-dung, but he smiles and says, "No, sir, I am a very mean man. I only use a *little* cow-dung," and everyone laughs.

The tea-wallahs have an institution called *kitab*. If a soldier has no money, he takes some tea and says, "*Kitab!*" Then the soldier need not pay until Friday. *Kitab* means "book," but the tea-wallah never writes these amounts in a book. Even though two hundred soldiers owe *kitab*-money, the tea-wallah remembers how much each one should give him on Friday. Quite often someone brings him an anna too much, or an anna too little, and he always corrects it, and says exactly what tea and cake the man has had, and on what days. It is very rare to have a dishonest tea-wallah. If such a one is discovered, the soldiers get very angry, and perhaps beat him, which causes great trouble.



All the troops rush out and buy tea

Some of the old tea-wallahs are very wise, and have been all round the world with the regiment. I often squat down and talk to one man whom we call "Dovrah." A *Pukka Sahib* would scorn to learn anything from a tea-wallah, even an old and wise one, but fortunately I am under no such restriction. Old Dovrah says that when he was a young tea-wallah, he disliked the work. He thought that the soldiers were very rough and insulting, and also that their customs were senseless. But in time he found out how the soldiers behave, and could rely on their habits, even though he did not understand them. Also he discovered that a tea-wallah's life was very contented and untroubled. He never had any enemies, because even if he did something to make a soldier angry, the soldier bore no malice, but had a joke the next time he saw him. Besides, he never had any disputes about prices or debts, and no one interfered with him. He simply sat with his tea-urn, and the soldiers came and took cakes, and paid cash, or else brought the *kitab*-money on Friday. If he was in some difficulty, he need only call any of the soldiers, and they would see justice done.

It is a very peculiar thing that the troops in barracks calmly go on leading the life to which they are accustomed, not worrying about earthquakes or White Papers or anything. The only thing that excites them is any dishonesty or ill treatment, whether to themselves or anyone else. They do not take notice of how everyday things happen. For all they know, the tea-wallah might descend from Heaven every morning with his urn and box of cakes. But I noticed one Friday that old Dovrah received nearly a hundred rupees in *kitab*-money alone, and that would be only a quarter of the week's takings. It struck me that the tea-business must be quite lucrative, so I tracked the old man to his lair. This was a sort of courtyard behind the coffee-shop, where there were large cauldrons, and fires, and bins full of cakes. Every little while the tea-wallahs came in and renewed their supplies, and a man made a record in a

book. I found out how many urns of tea, and how many cakes, were sold in a day, and added in wages and overhead charges. Then I measured an urn and worked out how many pints it would hold, and after doing some more sums, I set down expenses against takings, and was left with quite a surprising profit. This however did not go to the tea-wallahs. They worked on commission, which brought them just a comfortable living, as old Dovrah had described. The profits went first to a sub-contractor, who in turn had to pay a big contractor. I do not know whom the big contractor paid, but according to Indian customs I expect he paid somebody.

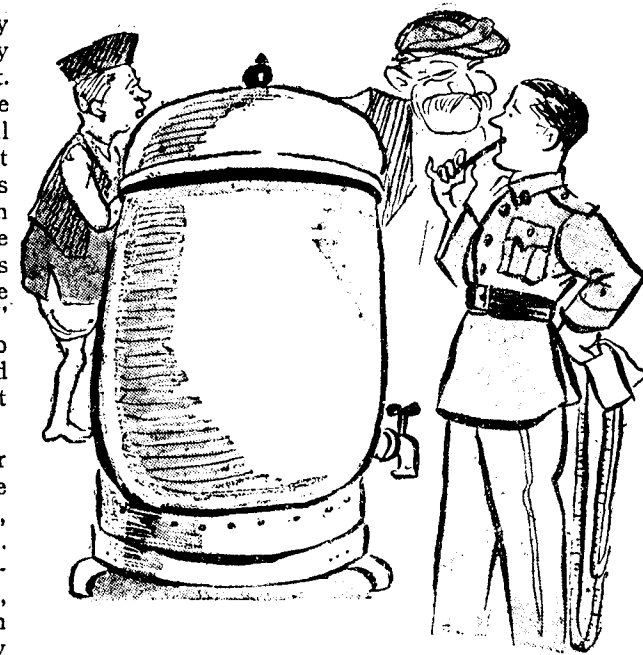
This is a strange arrangement in India. No matter what transaction it is, there are big fleas to have a bite at the profits. Then there are small fleas who demand their bite from the big fleas, and tiny fleas to prey on the small fleas, and so on. The troops dislike this system

very much, and get very angry when they hear of any "racket," as they call it. Anyone who is known to be a racketeer is called Al Capone, and the troops spit at him. There are rackets among the troops only in India, because everywhere else all the troops' business is done by a co-operative society called the "Naffy." The "Naffy" belongs to the troops themselves, and no one can make a profit out of them.

There are various other wallahs in barracks. Some have a permanent business, and some are casual hawkers. The troops are not favourable to an itinerant hawker, who makes a sudden appearance in barracks. They think that the wallah may have paid racket-money to someone, and hopes to recoup himself by making profits. The troops do not mind a wallah making a good profit for himself, but they object to a pice of their money going to racketeers.

You see some astonishing rackets in India, that even Al Capone would not have thought of. There are actually men who make a racket out of buying railway-tickets for poor ignorant strangers. The surprising thing is that most rackets are worked on the poorest classes, such as coolies and rickshaw-pullers. A racketeer does not despise a racket of one pice on four annas. I think one of the greatest uplift movements in India would be the merciless stamping-out of racketeers, like we stamp out blackmailers in England.

Rackets were very bad in America before the New Deal, but I think the worst country for rackets is China. When we were there, we used to save all the food that the troops did not eat, and put it on one side to be given to the poor people, who were starving. We had a Chinese orderly to distribute this food, so that the



I measured an urn and worked out how many pints it would hold

torture and kill their countrymen in the streets, making a horrible scene that lasted for hours. The man had usually committed quite a trifling offence, such as wearing his pigtail in a revolutionary style.

I think the strangest racket was the beggar-racket. There were thousands of beggars, and they all had to pay a percentage of their takings to Chinese policemen. Then the policemen would encourage the passers-by to contribute to the beggars' bowls and would quarrel with anyone who refused, saying that they were irreligious and were therefore revolutionaries. If the passer-by still refused, the policeman would arrest him as a suspected anarchist, and perhaps have him put to death. On the other hand, if any beggar did not pay his percentage to the policeman, he would be arrested, and charged with begging, and have his hand chopped off. It shows you how hard it is for one race to understand another.

Your Loving Son,
OBEAH JOYFULL.

Keep this copy of the Merry Magazine

It may bring you a prize

The Story of My Life



By 'MIE'

'Solomon Grundy

Christened on Tuesday.

—Old balled.

SOME people are inclined to belittle the importance of names in life. They say that a name, after all, is only a convenient device employed to identify people and that it has absolutely nothing to do with the inner man (or woman). They think that names are never characteristic, never are the indices of the soul. But a little observation and reflection will explode this theory. Have you ever met a Hilary, an Audrey or a Roshen, who is not adorable? A Norma or a Fifi, who is not naughty? A Prunella, who is not a prude? A Margaret, who is not melancholy? A Cecily, who is not self-willed? A Martha, who is not plump and homely? A Renee, who is not *chic*? A Clara, who is not *it*? Or a Mae or Thelma, who is not downright wicked? No...that is what I mean. In life people generally adapt themselves to their names. They slowly, gradually, but inevitably tune their souls to the key of their names. T. Ramsay Macdonald is a politician; so is A. Ramsay Mudaliar and however different they might have been before their christening, their resemblance now physically and otherwise is undeniable. Even inanimate objects react to names. If you put a few cheap cigarettes in a Gold Flake packet and carry them about, the cigarettes will forget their heredity, their parentage and their social status. They will automatically rise in society. They will become conceited, until it is positively sickening to watch them behave. The converse is also true. Gold Flake cigarettes in a cheap cigarette packet will shrink, will lose caste, will lose their personality, will abase themselves until they are insipid, colourless ordinary folk.

So, I maintain there is much in a name. If you want your son to be a great man, give him the name Mohandas; if you want him to rule empires, call him George; if you want him to be a brilliant literary figure, call him William, Bernard or—hm—Mie.

My parents realised this and decided that I should have the best name available. For a fortnight before my christening there was no talk in the household but referred to my future name. Catalogues, almanacs, Who's Who's, dictionaries and guests were indiscriminately consulted. The guests had the hardest time of it—especially the ladies. They never were given a chance to unbag the latest scandals. They would of course try.—

"My dear, what do you think Mrs. So-and-So has gone and done? She has etc....," one would say.

"Really? How very horrid of her! I am thinking of her children. Poor things! By the bye, how many has she?"

"Three, you know. Bungo, Sunita and Lalita."

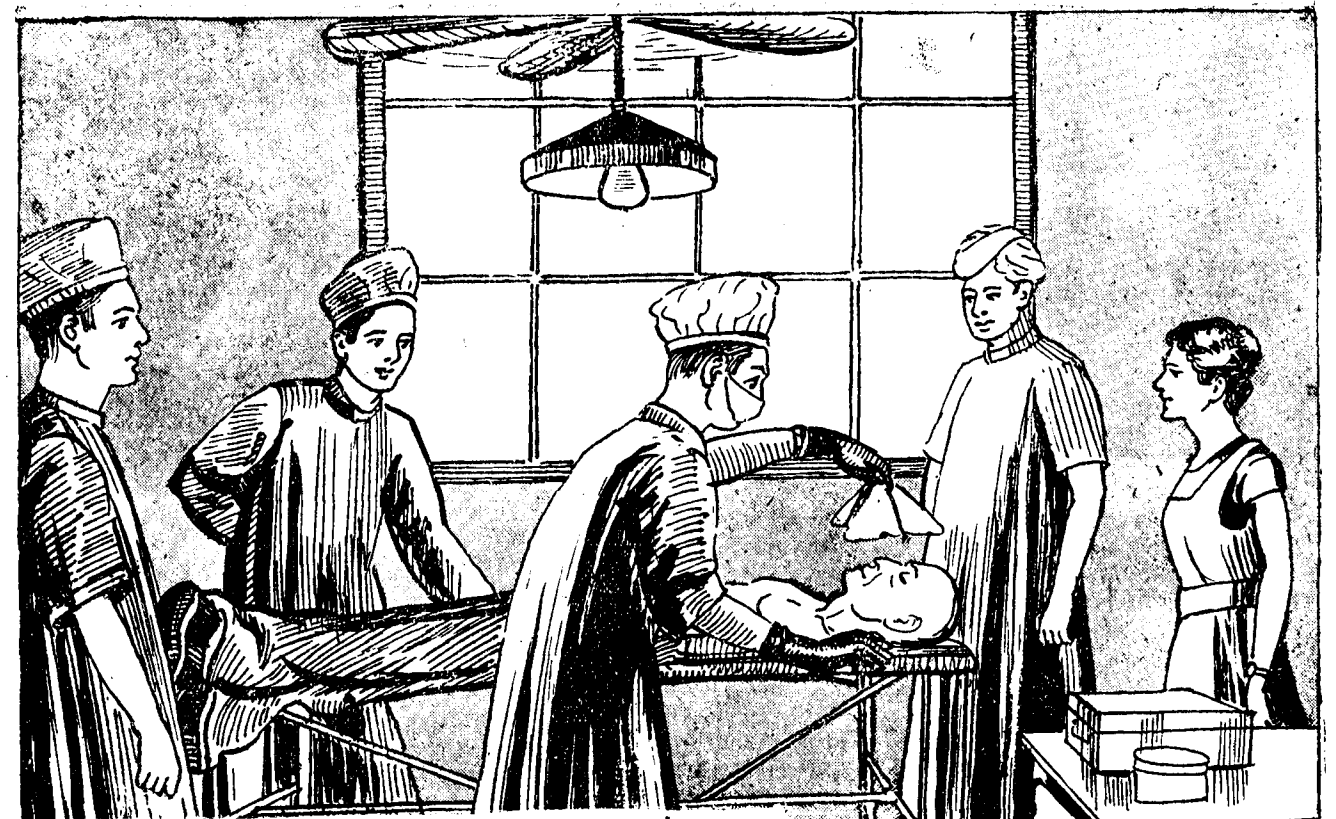
"Bungo? That is the boy, isn't it? What a name! Why did she give him such a name, I wonder. Talking about names, what shall we call our dear boy here?"

The final list contained many names. Bharat was the favourite among the domestics. The price on Bharat narrowed down to 5-5 and there were no takers. Tarik, Kasim, Ael, Solo, Mander and Quinkosky were also general favourites.

But, as everybody knows, I was called Mie. The christening was an elaborate affair, with feasts and *purohits* and all the paraphernalia. I had to wake up early and undergo a washing—unpleasant experiences both. Then I was dressed up in silks and things, my hair, or what actually there was answering to that description, was beautifully brushed; my lashes and eyes were blackened (with paint of course); and when they finished with me and placed me on show, everybody averred that I was as fine and beautiful a baby as ever kicked his nurse. But unfortunately, the early waking up and the bath had spoilt my temper and so I started roaring lustily and kicking about, incidentally administering certain juicy and well aimed top-spinners to divers and sundry people, who had injudiciously come within my kicking range. However, everything ended well.

I have to skip several years now and come to my school days. Started, when I was five, or rather they started me. With a characteristic abhorrence of anything intellectual and literary, which foretold the many examinations I was to sit at and the many result-lists I was to scan in vain, I began my scholastic career rather half-heartedly. I began having illnesses. One day it was the headache; another the stomach-ache. I finished aches of the various parts and went on to the next stage—fevers and chills. In short by the end of a fortnight, I had had pretty nearly all the minor ailments known to medical science, including a few major ones. My people at first treated me separately for each disease, but when they saw the complications, they proceeded to treat me, as a whole, for all the ailments. They did it effectively. My uncle tenderly placed me on his knee, pulled down my knickers and on my bare bottom applied a birch rod several times in a rather violent fashion. I felt better immediately and wanted to go to school. I told them so. They were delighted.

At school I had many interesting experiences—but of these later.



"Gracious me! It's my father!"

A DOCTOR'S DILEMMA

By Elmer Delville

BETWEEN them, two men, surly and sour-looking as sea-crabs, lifted what looked like a bundle of swaddling clothes out of an ancient car and carried it with care and tenderness to the operating theatre of Dr. Bhaskaran's private hospital at Trivandrum. Morose silence prevailed. Obviously, it was no occasion even for the exchange of common greetings. To the vexation of the important-looking dressers and members of the junior staff, the visitors paid scant heed to them and headed straight for the surgical ward.

"Dr. Bhaskaran was hastily summoned from his unfinished dinner and after a brief consultation, he gave instructions for the immediate clearance of the operating table. A dozen pairs of hands got busy and within the space of a few minutes the ward atmosphere was surcharged with anxious expectation and suspense.

Everybody in the theatre had now donned a white overall with a little white hat like an inverted paper-bag perched on their heads; rubber shoes were substituted for creaky and heavy foot-wear and the principal men

had each a gauze mask over their mouths and noses. The anaesthetist sitting on a little stool at the head of the table administered chloroform from a paper cone. A nurse stood beside the surgeon ready to hand him his sterilised instruments and ligatures. The men who brought the patient and about half a dozen dressers and attendants stood round silently in attitudes of boredom, which they knew very well how to assume. Everyone spoke in whispers and the doctor made signs with his hands and head.

"You say you came all the way from Tirur by car?" he whispered through his mask. In answer, the men nodded their heads from north to south. The doctor then coiled up his lips for an inaudible whistle—an action as full of meaning as when a dog wags its tail.

He prodded the patient here and there with a glass rod and at the spot where he thought a faulty sound was heard, he inserted the lancet and made an incision. Then with various instruments he made the aperture larger and larger, till finally, as if growing impatient, he

took a chopping knife and gave a hefty cut. Then with the aid of a magnifying glass he looked into the result of his butchery.

"Flame and smoke!" he exclaimed, "who could have thought it possible!"

"What's the matter, doctor?" asked one of the men anxiously.

Before the doctor could answer, a commotion was heard outside the room. A dresser entered to say that a man had been brought down, who was unconscious. Those who brought him seemed to think he was suffering from acute appendicitis.

"Put him in the next ward and get Dr. Nadar to operate at once," said Dr. Bhaskaran, his attention still rivetted on his own patient.

"Well, doctor?" ventured the man whose question still remained unanswered.

"Look here!" said the doctor, indicating a place, "here is the unmistakable mark of a bull's hoof. How do we account for it?"

"It is of course absurd to suggest that the bull trampled on the internal organs of this patient." The senior dresser puffed out his chest, proud of having ventured an opinion.

"Of course," agreed the doctor, "but, my dear fellow, you must have heard of pre-natal influences. I know of an authentic case myself. A pregnant mother bored the lobe of the ears of a small girl. Her own child—a boy—was born four months later complete with bored ears."

"Do you suggest, doctor, that the hoof-impression is the cause of the present disease?"

"I cannot say. But when such extraordinary things are being discovered, I'm prepared to believe anything. We have first to verify. The parents are not here, I see, but I should like to confer with your family physician."

"That could be done," said the older of the two men. "Is there any danger to the patient meanwhile by the delay?"

"Not by a long chalk. Circulation has ceased, no doubt, but life is not entirely extinct. I do not see any reason for an immediate development of a serious nature. The hospital will watch the temperature and—"

Dr. Nadar came rushing in from the next room, his hair dishevelled, his ready-made bow hanging all awry and swinging like a bucket in a well.

"The patient—the patient—your—the patient, doctor, has no sign of appendicitis at all. On your instructions I have already opened him up. In searching for the root of the trouble I displaced the kidneys and now—now, they are missing. I thought you could find a spare one here or advise me what to do."

"Snakes and ladders, man! We're undone. I'm a darned fool to operate on a diseased sugar-cane and let you mess up a human being. You stay here and do what is necessary. Chop up the whole sugar-cane if you like and ask those blinkers to chew it to pulp. I shall attend to the man and patch him up with or without kidneys."

With disgust and anger written large over him, he burst into the other room. There too were dressers, a nurse and the rest of them. The bulky patient on the revolving table was groaning with pain. The doctor

went up closer, examined his pulse and took off the silk kerchief that covered the man's face.

He stood dazed. "Gracious me! It's my father! What the—why the—" He bit his lip and checked the storm of indignation that was rising up. He called for his assistant.

"Get back, Dr. Nadar. Damn the sugar-cane. You stitch up my father and put him to bed comfortably. I'm rushing home to find out the meaning of all this."

When he reached home another surprise awaited him. There was an eerie desolation about the place. None of the servants was in sight and even his mother was missing. He searched in each of the rooms and came at last to the kitchen. There, on the floor lay his mother in a swoon. A condensed milk tin had been upset on the shelf and milk was dripping. Providentially, however, none of it was being wasted, for it was trickling right into her mouth. By smacking it with her lips, she was helping herself to recover consciousness.

When she had fully regained her senses, she explained to her son how things happened. To do her justice she did not unduly try to impress Keshavan's share of the guilt. Keshavan, after all, was a relation of theirs and in her opinion he would not willingly do harm to any one of them.

"Keshavan was boring a hole in the ceiling for fixing a hook for the new hanging lamp," the old lady explained. "Your father came back from town in a fury. He wanted to tell me something, but Keshavan's presence altered his mind. He went upstairs instead. Boots, people say, are temperamental. At least on this occasion they refused to come off his feet. He sat on the floor, jammed his feet between two pieces of furniture and tried to pull himself off. Just then, the augur with which Keshavan was boring the hole pierced through the ceiling and through your father—about three inches at the seat of his trousers. He fainted almost immediately and Keshavan was good enough to take him to the hospital."

"And tell the people there he was suffering from acute appendicitis, of all the confounded cheek!"

"Did he? Now, what your father had to say was very important. It appears that Sarasvathi and her mother are trying to back out of the agreement to marry you."

"You mean Sarasvathi, of course. I'm not marrying her, mother."

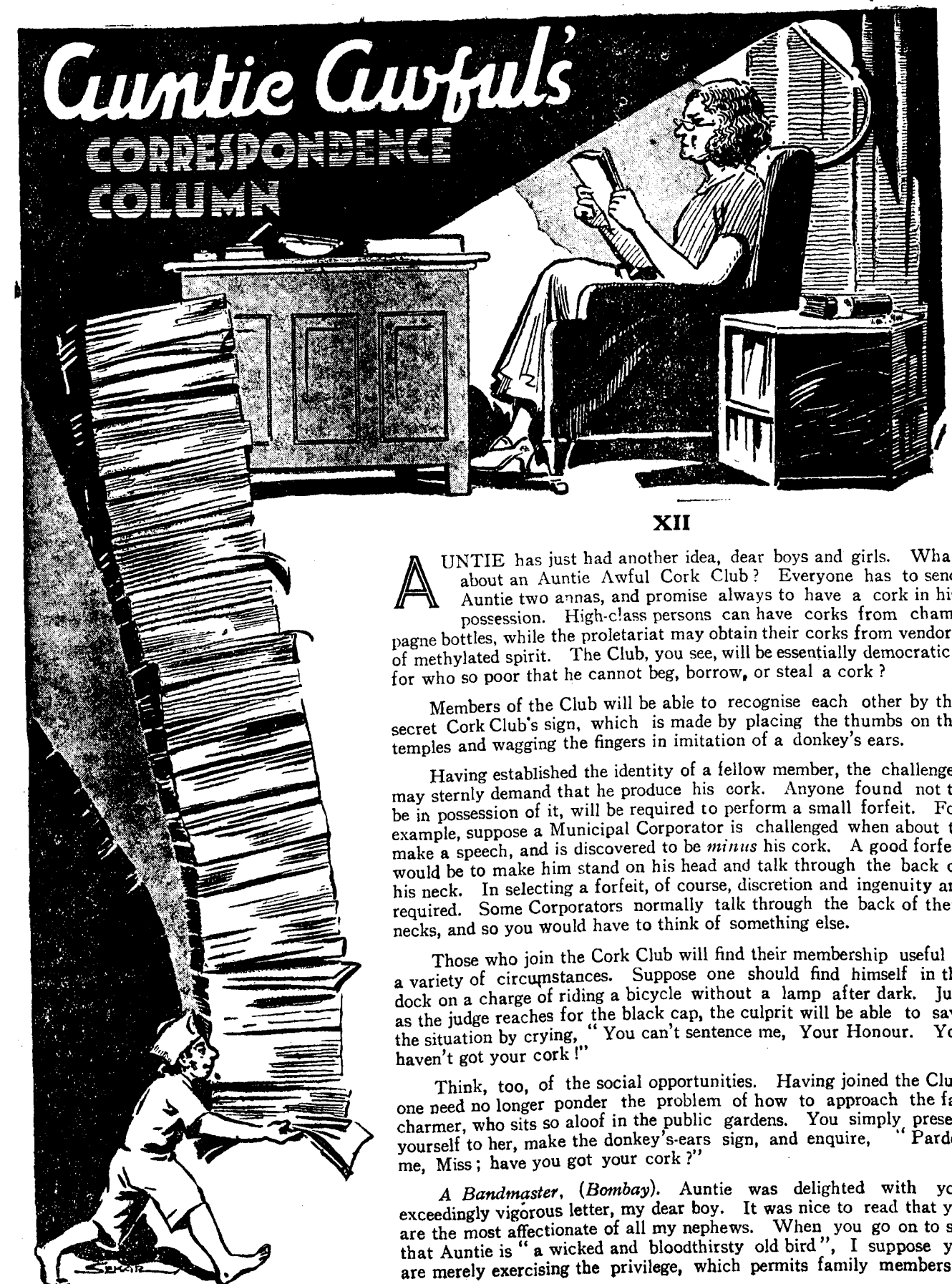
"Sarasvathi is moonstruck on Keshavan and no mistake."

"Why? He hasn't two pies to rub against each other."

"You are mistaken. He has a large credit at his bank."

"I must speak to father when he recovers. It was he who signed the agreement. Let those minxes pay the damages. If—" A sudden idea filtered through. He sped back to the hospital where he saw his father sleeping restfully surrounded by hot water bottles, mustard plaster and bandages. He was told by Dr. Nadar that Keshavan had already been to see the invalid and to get him to sign a document.

"I know it is a retraction of the agreement. Well, that youngster had biffed the guilt out of my ginger-bread. That's all."



XII

AUNTIE has just had another idea, dear boys and girls. What about an Auntie Awful Cork Club? Everyone has to send Auntie two annas, and promise always to have a cork in his possession. High-class persons can have corks from champagne bottles, while the proletariat may obtain their corks from vendors of methylated spirit. The Club, you see, will be essentially democratic; for who so poor that he cannot beg, borrow, or steal a cork?

Members of the Club will be able to recognise each other by the secret Cork Club's sign, which is made by placing the thumbs on the temples and wagging the fingers in imitation of a donkey's ears.

Having established the identity of a fellow member, the challenger may sternly demand that he produce his cork. Anyone found not to be in possession of it, will be required to perform a small forfeit. For example, suppose a Municipal Corporator is challenged when about to make a speech, and is discovered to be *minus* his cork. A good forfeit would be to make him stand on his head and talk through the back of his neck. In selecting a forfeit, of course, discretion and ingenuity are required. Some Corporators normally talk through the back of their necks, and so you would have to think of something else.

Those who join the Cork Club will find their membership useful in a variety of circumstances. Suppose one should find himself in the dock on a charge of riding a bicycle without a lamp after dark. Just as the judge reaches for the black cap, the culprit will be able to save the situation by crying, "You can't sentence me, Your Honour. You haven't got your cork!"

Think, too, of the social opportunities. Having joined the Club, one need no longer ponder the problem of how to approach the fair charmer, who sits so aloof in the public gardens. You simply present yourself to her, make the donkey's-ears sign, and enquire, "Pardon me, Miss; have you got your cork?"

A *Bandmaster*, (Bombay). Auntie was delighted with your exceedingly vigorous letter, my dear boy. It was nice to read that you are the most affectionate of all my nephews. When you go on to say that Auntie is "a wicked and bloodthirsty old bird", I suppose you are merely exercising the privilege, which permits family members to

be frank with each other? In that case, though, it is a mistake to call Auntie a she-ape: people might think you are making a monkey of yourself. All the same, Auntie is sure you will get on in the world. Your mastery of cutting phrase indicates a prosperous career at the Bar. That will be a much better vocation than handmaster: you can already blow your own horn sufficiently well. It was clever of you, and true, to say that Auntie listens to her nephews' troubles, and laughs them away. Frankly, my dear, many of Auntie's correspondents have troubles which only time can cure; and in such cases Auntie does her best by helping her nephews and nieces to laugh at themselves. Ability to poke fun at onself is a great gift, my dear; it is the best cure known for either a superiority-complex or an inferiority-complex. Yes, dear boy, Auntie does wear spectacles. In her younger days she was known as "Four-eyes" on this account. She still has four eyes, having grown two at the back of her head. Hence you have to get up very early in the morning to catch your Auntie. By the way, do you always write your letters like cross-word puzzles?

Kind to Animals (Jainabad). You do not mention what kind of pet it is, dear sir. Veterinary science has made great advances nowadays, and valuable dogs are sometimes operated on, and fitted with a wooden leg. If, however, your injured pet happens to be a centipede, the solution is not so easy. Even supposing the leg were successfully fitted, imagine the poor thing going along on ninety-nine legs and a swinger.

Traveller (Trivandrum). "I have taken a job, selling fancy-goods from door to door. It is very heartbreaking. Most householders do not like my calling at their houses, and some even threaten to send for the police." Auntie sympathises with your difficulties, dear Traveller, but she thinks they can be overcome by a display of enterprise. For example, why not add a selection of police whistles to your stock? Then, when a householder starts bawling for a constable, offer to sell him a whistle.

Venturesome (Jodhpur). So you are thinking of going to Karachi by aeroplane. The best way to avoid air-sickness *en route*, is to go by train. If you are prone to train-sickness, you had better walk. But why not have yourself packed in cotton-wool, and go as a parcel marked "Fragile"?

Sceptical (Perambur). Yes, it is quite true that they are going to have travelling courts on the South Indian Railway. The scheme has many advantages. You can lay your first information as the train leaves Egmore, and, no matter how protracted the proceedings, the case is sure to be concluded before you reach Dhanushkodi.

Botanist (Bombay). "If I planted some brinjals in the middle of Grant Road, what would come up?" A policeman.

Novice (Jhansi). The best opening for a would-be imaginative writer, my dear boy, is to be found with an advertising agency. Once upon a time, soap-manufacturers used to print the picture of a tramp, who was alleged to be writing, "I used your soap fifteen years ago. Since then I have used no other." Of course, the tramp was an imaginary person, and had never used any soap at all. Nowadays they print the picture of a film-star, and a statement, "I owe my schoolgirl complexion entirely to your soap." Of course, the star doesn't use the soap, either.

Retired (Kodaikanal). Yes, my dear sir, Auntie thinks it would be nice if you took up golf. It is a healthy exercise, and very good for the vocabulary. Auntie does not feel, however, that the game would soothe your irritable nature. Rather the reverse, because the essence of the pastime is the passionate pursuit of pale pills by purple people.

Homebird (Girgaum). Auntie is delighted to hear that your parrot has laid an egg. Of course, it is a little awkward that this dear thing has hitherto been known as Old Bill. Why not be in the fashion, and re-christen it Princess Marina?

Sartorial (Bengal). "I am a clerk, please. I am ordering a new suit for the cold weather, doubtless. On account of extra wear and tear, nevertheless, should I have two pairs of trousers, notwithstanding?" Auntie can answer your questions, undoubtedly. One pair of trousers will be sufficient, possibly. You can have them suitably reinforced, obviously. The trousers will wear never the less, unfortunately. And not with standing, certainly.

Advertisement (Kolhapur). So you want to know the meaning of those mysterious advertisements. A gentleman is shown talking to a lady, and he seems anxious to leave her company. The caption says, "Her Best Friend Will Not Tell Her Why". In Auntie's opinion, the gentleman has just thought of a good smoking-room story, and is anxious to leave the lady so that he can relate the story to his cronies in the bar. The mouth wash mentioned in the advertisement must be for his use after he has told the story.

Genealogist (Ahmednagar). No, dear boy, Uncle Ghastly is in no way related to Auntie Awful. I call him "Uncle", because we are all a happy family in the office. Between ourselves, we call the dear Editor "Papa", although he is quite a young man, really. As I would not like the dear man to know of our irreverence, I have asked the printer to do this paragraph in invisible ink.

Inveterate Competitor (Lalbazar). So you would like Auntie to run a competition? Very well, here you are. Turn to Page 64, and cut it out carefully along the dotted lines. Then fold it into a paper boat, and set it floating down the river. There is no prize, and Auntie's decision is immaterial.

Ingenious (Baroda). "If you are so clever, see if you can make up a rhyme about this place. I'll bet you a drink that you can't". Very well, dear boy:

*There was an old man of Baroda,
Who lived in a Buddhist pagoda.
The place had no halls
And no roof, and no walls—
And you owe me a whiskey-and-soda.*

Honours Degree (Poona). There are two ways to write history, dear boy. Popular historians write to persuade men to virtue; the scholarly ones to compel men to truth. Macaulay, however, follows neither method. He is simply a sort of amateur undertaker, who murders the facts and then lays out the corpse. But you had better not express this sort of view to the examiners. The line to take with them is that history would not have happened at all, if it had not been for the benignity of the Faculty. Well, having thus displayed her erudition and her worldly wisdom, Auntie is going to brew herself a cup of tea.

WHAT A YOUNG WIFE OUGHT TO KNOW

By "TEDDY BEAR"

STATISTICS show that more infants die in India than anywhere else in the world.

Birth-control is often suggested as a remedy for such calamities, but my opinion is that prevention is always better than cure. The whole fact is that the average young wife does not know enough about raising a family. The care and food of the child, the method of understanding and meeting its needs are subjects on which very little has been written.

Unfortunately, my family has suffered most on account of this high infant mortality. My grandfather died when he was only nine months old. My father, who, with proper food, care and attention, would have survived me, died at the early age of five, all on account of a lack of knowledge of how to bring up children.

As I am the eldest of a family of eighteen children (my father's chief ambition in life was to raise two football teams of eleven on a side, with two spares), and have seen babies being weaned, spanked, fed, and pinched, and grow into manhood, I am more than qualified to write on this very important subject.

The following notes will afford much valuable information to all the young couples who intend getting, or are about to get, or have just now got, or in the very near future, will be getting married.

The Care of the Growing Child

1st Month: A baby is born without any teeth or hair on his head. He opens his eyes on the seventh day (same as puppies), and realises that you have hair, while he hasn't any. He naturally feels jealous, so if he pulls your hair do not be surprised, since human nature from the very childhood is jealous.

DIET: Cat's milk is the best during the first year. Woman's milk forms a good substitute for it.

2nd Month: Observation develops in this month, and the baby realises that the one who orders everybody about is the mother, the female of the species (more deadly than the male), and the one who gets ordered-about most is the father. He decides it is for the present safe to be on the winning side, and naturally starts howling, if the father takes him up in his lap. The father should not, as

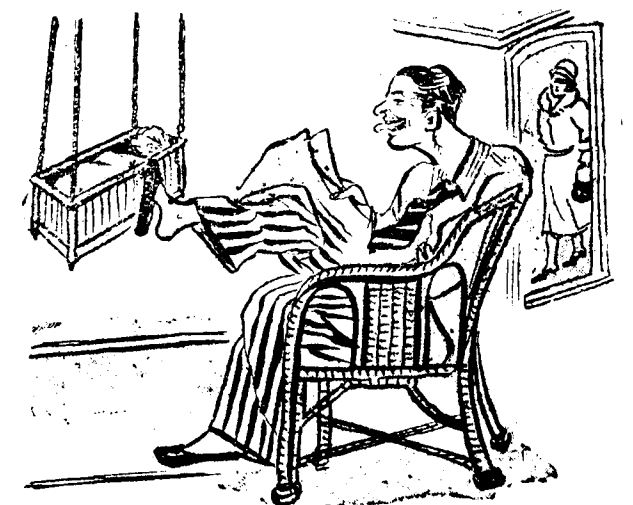
far as possible, take him in the lap, especially if he has got a clean or a new suit on.

DIET: Same as before, but with addition of occasional thumb-sucking.

3rd Month: Power of observation makes further progress. The baby now realises that the thing dressed in a frock disappears occasionally for hours at a stretch—but cannot say whether she goes away shopping or gossiping—and a fellow in shirt and pyjamas sits near the cradle and makes silly noises and gestures, occasionally keeps looking intently at something large and white, with black dots and spots all over, and with his foot rocks the cradle, since the hand that rocks the cradle and rules the world is temporarily away, and nowhere to be seen. Ah, there the thing dressed in a frock comes—she talks loudly to this man, dressed in shirt and pyjamas, and makes him slink noiselessly away, leaving white clouds behind.

DIET: Same as before, with the addition of occasional sucking of the pillow-case frill, which should be always kept clean.

4th Month: The eyes open out fully and observation makes further advances. He now learns that the thing dressed in a frock is supposed to be addressed as 'ma,' or 'mama,' when she is inattentive, and the other fellow dressed in shirt and pyjamas and sometimes in coat and pants, should be addressed as 'pa', or 'pa-pa,



...with his foot rocks the cradle

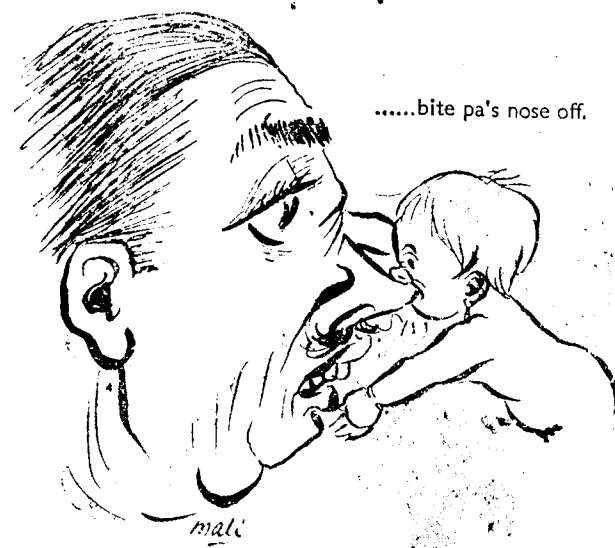
when he is not listening. For the time being, the baby decides, it is safe to be on mama's side, since papa seems to be always getting a telling-off from mama. The baby also notices that papa has a lovely tuft of brushlike hair just below the nose, which mama hasn't got. In any case it makes a lovely play-thing, nice to be pulled occasionally. Papa's nose also is nice to pull and pinch, it's so long and thick. Moreover it cannot be helped, because he is always lowering his nose on the baby's face. The baby is often disappointed he hasn't any teeth, else he'd bite pa's nose off.

DIET: Same as before, but with occasional pieces of match-sticks, buttons and beads.

5th Month: The baby can now distinguish the parents from the smell. Ma smells of sweet flowers, while pa smells of the filthiest tobacco in creation, which perhaps is sold at one anna a ton, or snuff selling at half an anna a maund. He also learns a new use for crying. Whenever he wants anything, like the alarm-clock, or pa's razor, comb, mirror, or ma's pearl necklace, ear, nose, or pa's moustache to pull, he cries. In such cases whatever is handy should be given. The baby now learns to throw things about, and tests, by various methods, the veracity of Newton's Law of Gravitation. He lets go of various things to see whether they will shoot up to the sky, or in every case go down to the ground by attraction. He minutely examines everything and then bangs it on the ground. Cups, saucers, glass-tumblers, mirrors, wine-glasses, bottles, etc., should be provided for his diversion, else he'll start howling and will then only be satisfied if given ma's hair or pa's moustache to pull.

DIET: Same as before, but with the addition of pieces of chalk, charcoal, fine sand (80 degree mesh), and broken pieces of china and glass.

6th Month: Power of concentration and observation makes further development, and now an enquiring mind asserts itself. The enquiry during this sixth month is confined only to one line, viz: whether a certain thing is eatable. This the baby discovers by putting every-



thing in his mouth. Forks, knives, cork-screws, hat pins, needles, etc., should now be kept within his reach, to enable him to learn to distinguish the various objects, and find out for himself what can be eaten and what cannot. He also learns from observation that papa's stomach is a very comfortable saddle, and a ride on it is worth all the trouble of crawling from the cradle on to it. He now understands that toes were not meant for nothing, many idle leisure hours can always be fruitfully employed in sucking the toes, especially the big toe of the right foot; it doesn't taste nice, but the sucking keeps it clean.

DIET: Same as before, but with the addition of No. 2. safety-pins, paper-fasteners, small pins (steel-tempered, brass-heads. non-rustable), and small pen-knives.

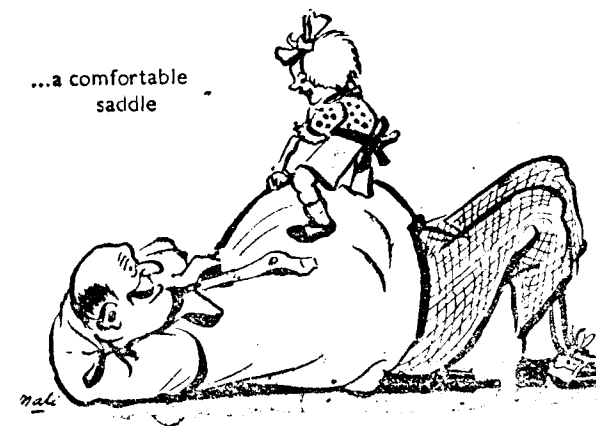
7th Month: The baby now learns the use of the legs, and discovers that crying out loudly, accompanied with rhythmic and to-time kicking, is very effective in getting tit-bits from mother. The bed-clothes, especially the rugs, blankets, sheets, and quilts, are good exercisers and serve as dumb-bells. As soon as he is covered with these he should kick them off. After all a baby's life is so sedentary, and to avoid getting gout or rheumatism he must take some light exercise. He also learns that crying serves two entirely different purposes; one brings disaster, the other comfort and pleasure. For instance crying after mother has given him a feed results in his being thumped heavily, after being dumped into the cradle with the accompaniment of an alleged 'lullaby', (to which he would anyday prefer the nocturnal mewings of the tom-cat.) and being heavily rocked to and fro, which makes the whole room go round and round, while the mother entirely fails to realise that the little-fellow is crying because he wants to eat the 25 c.p. 250 volt. Osram bulb, or make a gradual meal of No. 10 storm-proof Deitz lantern. The baby now learns the disastrous effect of untimely-crying, and learns to use tact and diplomacy in the use of this formidable but useful weapon. This is a crying month, and young fathers are strongly advised to refrain from calling the baby names or in any way abusing him, using such obscene expletives as 'brat', 'little-nigger', 'dinkie-winkie', 'pooky-pooky', 'daddy's own tiddly-tum', 'pinky-bully-man', etc, because when the baby is nine months old he will show his father what it means to call any respectable baby of seven months names. (Vide 9th Month.)

DIET: Same as before, but with the addition of old bottles, shoe-laces, old torn socks, without double sole and heel, to facilitate chewing, discarded lamp-wicks, buckles, hooks and eyes, and other patent-fasteners.

NOTE: Only Empire-produced articles to be used.

8th Month: This is a critical month, and the teeth start coming out. The father of the child should now sleep as much as possible in the office, during the business hours, in the day, because at night he will have

* Very young fathers, who haven't got a big stomach, should invite one of the grandfathers of the child over for the 6th month, to enable the baby to have a stomach-ride. If both the grandfathers are dead, or haven't got a big stomach, a man with a big stomach should be hired. The nearest Director of Information will supply a list of men with big stomachs. In any case the baby should not go without his stomach-ride.



to walk the bed room floor, trying to quieten the howling brat. This is, undoubtedly, a critical period of trial for the parents when thoughts of divorce, murder and suicide often arise. Such morbid thoughts and feelings should always be checked with strong whisky, taken raw. (For advice on strong whisky, write to the Editor of this paper, enclosing one stamped self-addressed envelope.) The young wife should postpone all her dance engagements and stay at home. If the baby is restless at night he should be given a mild sleeping draught; two well-tried prescriptions of which are:

1. Prussic acid $\frac{1}{2}$ oz.
Rum, raw $\frac{1}{2}$ oz.
Water, distilled 1 oz.
2. Arsenic $\frac{1}{2}$ oz.
Brandy $\frac{1}{2}$ oz.
Aqua, distilled 1 oz.

Dose: One dram, to be given every third hour.

Either of these two serves as an excellent sleeping and soothing draught. To kill pain and accelerate the process of teething, give $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. of phenyle, diluted in one ounce of turpentine, and four ounces of country-liquor (the last named obtainable only at the Editor's office, against cash payment—no tick). **Dose:** One dram, thrice daily.

DIET: As teething is a delicate period, only soft diet should be given, such as India-rubber pieces, old bits of motor-tyre and or tube, linen-pieces, old ties, handkerchiefs, bibs, soothers, and of course milk.

9th Month: This is the month when baby's teeth are fully grown, the sharpness of which he tries on his papa's nose. This is the period when fathers should be very careful of their nasal-appendage, especially if they have called baby all sorts of names, when he was in his seventh month known as the 'crying-month.' The milk diet should now be entirely stopped, and substituted by other tougher and more sustaining foods. This is a happy period for the young wife, as no alarm-clock will now be necessary, since baby is an early riser, and is more persistent in waking you up than an alarm-clock. The young father also should appreciate this, as he will not now be late at the office. The baby now starts talking, first of all he talks to himself, and when he gets bored, he talks to all and sundry. A keen desire to ride his father's stomach, stamp on his face, bite his nose and

ears,—especially ears, pull his moustache, pinch and box him, possesses the baby, and the fond father must be prepared for this assault and battery, since every baby has, after all, the little rebel, the little cave-man in him. (Here refer back to 7th month, re. calling baby names, and insulting him.)

DIET: There should now be a change in diet from other things to old shoes, father's tobacco-pouch, mother's powder-box, watch-chains, pieces of jewellery, overcoat buttons, coins, cigarette-holders, and paper-pieces (rolled-up.)

Having now given all this valuable information on the subjects of weaning, teething, diet, etc. I will now tackle the most important branch of 'Maternity-Welfare,' viz. a baby's language. This is such a difficult subject that even the most enlightened medical authorities have left it untouched, as if it were the subject of 'Birth-Control.' How can a man ever become a successful father unless he knows what a baby is talking about, what it wants, what it stands in need of, and what can be done for it at the moment. I am, after long study and research, now in a position to give the world at large the results of my 18 years' labour and experiments. The clue to the baby's language is appended below for your special benefit.

Goor	'Hey-you,' used for calling attention.
Goor-goor	Hey, will you look this side?
Gurrumph-goor	OO-mummy, why is this pencil so tasteless?
Gum, gui, gui,	OO-mummy, I want to eat daddy's fountain pen.
Gum, gui,	OO-mummy, I want the Moon.
Goor, goor, gum	Say, what do you think of me?
Goor-gum-gum	Come on, man, pass me a piece of what you are nibbling at.
Gum-goor	Say, don't eat that all alone.
Boo-goo	Mummy, why did daddy kiss you?
Boo-gum-goo	Mummy, why did you slap daddy?
Khi-khi khi	Mummy, I want to eat the lamp-chimney.
Koi-boo	Let me pull your moustache, old bean
Gum poo	Don't kiss me, you silly gumboil.
Gumpoo-ghoo	Don't kiss me, you silly gumboil of a hippopotamus.
Bui-bui-coo	Say, what about a ride on your Equator, Old Salt?
Coo-ah-coo	Aw, take that dirty snuff-stuffed smeller of yours away.
Coor-cooy-gurr	I wish I were big enough to punch your nose.
Bah-bhoo-gum	Say, don't rub that brushlike soup-strainer of yours on my face.
GEE	Give me a kiss, mummy.

Before I close this unique work, let me impress on my readers the genuineness of all the information collected at great sacrifice of time and money, and its unrivalled usefulness. If after reading this and practising the well-tried principles laid down herein your child does not survive the ninth month—GET A DIVORCE.

SIROMANI

By "AGASTHYA"

There once lived in a remote corner of South India a pious Hindu, who was known to the village people by the familiar appellation of Siromani. Lest our readers should interpret this as a degree possessed by the hero of our story for proficiency in some branch of Oriental learning like the *Vedanta*, the *Vyakarana*, &c., we must hasten to add that it was only a nickname, a euphemistic contraction for *Kripāna Siromani*, which means, in plain English, a prince among misers. Now, Siromani had amassed a great deal of wealth which he kept buried in a mud pot in the interior of his house. He would take it out only once a year during *navaratri* and offer *pūja* to it, adding to the stock whatever spare cash he had saved during the year. As years rolled by and he found he was getting old, the thought of securing *moksha*, without making any raid on his hoard began to afflict him. He expressed his thoughts to his wife, who suggested a journey to Benares and a bath in the holy Ganges. The same idea, it must be said to the credit of Siromani, had occurred to him also, but his difficulty was to carry it out without spending anything. After much cogitation, a bright idea flashed across his mind and he was pleased beyond measure that his hard thinking had borne fruit.

Siromani was not the man to let the grass grow under his feet and he decided to act quickly. He therefore told his wife the next day to get together the few articles of clothing that they would require on the journey, together with provisions for their food for a single day. To the enquiries of his wife as to how they could manage to go to Kasi with but provisions for a day, he only vouchsafed the reply that she would know very soon. Parvati, for such was her name, did what she was told and after making satisfactory arrangements about the safety of the house, the loving couple set out on foot on their journey to the holy city of Benares.

The first halt was made after the travellers had covered a distance of about ten miles. Parvati prepared their food with the provisions she had brought with her and both husband and wife had a hearty meal. They required no dinner or for that matter any *chota hazri*, breakfast, lunch, evening tea, &c., &c., either. They were up betimes and resumed the second day's journey with a cheerful heart. Not until they had reached the next stage

of their journey did Siromani set at rest the apprehensions of Parvati about the steps he proposed to take towards providing for their creature comforts. He said he could easily collect the required money by begging for rice and other necessities, as no Indian, he assured her, would deny himself the satisfaction of having assisted, in however small a measure, pilgrims on their way to Benares. His hopes were more than fulfilled, for when he returned from his *unchavrithi*, his begging bowl was filled with rice, vegetables and other necessities and a few copper coins to boot, that would last them for three or four days.

Parvathi was overjoyed at the sight of the motley collection and exclaimed "Marvellous! How ever have you managed to collect these things in such a short space of time?" She began forthwith to prepare their food after carefully packing away things not needed for their immediate requirements.

Siromani chuckled with a broad grin and replied: "Did I not tell you? Depend on me to take you through the journey in comfort, if not indeed in luxury.



The Universal Mother was touched

But, mind you, I do not wish to be caught with my begging bowl by any of my relations or acquaintances, though, I assure you, I will choose my route so that I may avoid them. But like the good

housewife you are, I expect you will always keep in reserve, to meet emergencies, provisions for one day." To this Parvati readily agreed. The journey was completed in due time, which was a little more than what people ordinarily took in those days, for Siromani scrupulously avoided the route, which passed through places in which there would be the remotest likelihood of his meeting with friends or relations. Reaching Benares, he heaved a sigh of relief, for did not the celestial Ganges flow there in her majestic course with innumerable *ghats*, temples and shrines studded on her banks, testifying to the reverence in which she was held by generations of mortals and immortals from time immemorial? It now only remained for Siromani to take the bath in the river to fulfil his mission.

Siromani rose very early next morning and went with his wife to bathe in the river. It was not however such a simple affair as Siromani had fondly imagined, for even at 5 A.M., there was no dearth of *Gangaputras* and *pandas*, who were keenly on the watch to offer their services to pilgrims in the performance of the preliminary ceremonies of *Sankalpa*. Siromani dismissed unceremoniously the officious priests, who swarmed round him telling them curtly that they need not waste their attention on him, that they could reserve their jargon for more gullible persons and that, for himself, he knew his business. Suiting the action to the word, he grasped his wife's hand and descended the steps to bathe in the river.

At the last step he was confronted by a *panda*, who demanded his *mamool* of one anna per individual who bathed in the river. Siromani tried coaxing and cajoling, entreaties and threats, but nothing availed him as the *panda* would not allow him to touch the water, which was literally within his reach. Siromani realised that there was no use breaking his head against a stone wall—human wall, as he thought—and retracted his steps with his wife. His problem now was how to have a bath in the Ganges without having to pay the *panda*. He saw no justification for the *panda's* interference in his affairs and thought it a d-d nuisance that he should be allowed to levy what amounted practically to a poll tax of one anna on all, who wished to bathe in the river. He, however, soon consoled himself with the reflection, that the sacred precincts of Benares fortunately extended over some miles and that he could still outwit the *panda* by having a dip in a place not frequented by a member of that fraternity.



So the husband and wife walked along the bank for about a mile and great was their joy, when at last they found a spot where there was no sign of a *panda* within sight or earshot. They forthwith took a plunge in the holy waters but—what new plague was this?—they felt on rising that their tufts of hair were held tight by a man and a woman, evidently a *panda* and his wife. Siromani could not suppress an oath and an imprecation and demanded of his captors: "Who the deuce are you? What is your business with us and what do you mean by molesting us in this manner?"

The *panda*, who showed no signs of perturbation, answered "I am a *panda* and this portion of the *ghat* is within my jurisdiction. As for molesting, I can't think there is any. I have just caught hold of your *kudimi*—my wife is dealing similarly with your wife—as a gentle reminder that you owe me two annas, being my rightful dues. Seeing that you have taken the liberty of bathing without payment of my dues and at a time when our backs were turned for a moment, I am sure you will agree that you are the aggressor."

"Soft! Not so fast," said Siromani. "What is your name and how am I to know that you are a *panda* and not an impostor or a robber?"

"What do you care about my name?" asked the *panda*. "If it is of any interest to you, it is Gauripriya. As for my being an impostor or a robber, you will soon know which of us deserves that appellation."

So saying Gauripriya and his wife began to lead or drag their victims along the bank and right through the thoroughfare. Siromani had not bargained for this, and for a moment he was at his wit's end as to how best to avoid the unedifying spectacle. He then began to address Gauripriya in a lower key and asked him to let go his hold of the *kudimi* and instruct his wife to release her hold also. He explained that he was a poor man, that he was, in fact, living on charity and that he had undertaken the long journey from his native place on foot. He pleaded that the generous *panda* might waive, as a special case, the recovery of his dues, which after all, was but a paltry sum.

The *panda* turned a deaf ear to these words and said: "I am really sorry that I am unable to make an exception in your case, as it will constitute a very bad precedent. Besides, it is exceptions that are everlastingly quoted and they will have to be granted not only by me but by the other *pandas* as well and in all manner of cases, so much so that the eventual abolition of the fee will only be a matter of months. You will, therefore, see that I cannot forego my fee even if I wished. I would therefore suggest your paying down my dues, as I do not wish to expose you to the ridicule of all and sundry, who, as you see, are collecting fast around us."

Siromani thought that there was no chance of escape, except by

agreeing to pay and said, "Well, if you must needs extract two annas from me, I suppose I must pay. But surely there is no need for your holding us in leash like felons. Be pleased to release your hold and follow me to the choultry."

"Be assured that I do not want to incommode you or your wife in the least," replied the *panda*. "As I fear, however, that you will lose your way in this great city of lanes and by-lanes, I will act as your guide up to the choultry, where you can pay me."

So saying, Gauripriya took hold of Siromani's hand and the party walked on to the choultry, indicated by Siromani. On reaching the choultry, Siromani bade Gauripriya and his wife stay on the pial, stating that he would go in and collect the amount due to the *panda*. Once inside the choultry, Siromani confided to Parvati that he had hit upon an idea to escape paying Gauripriya and explained to her that they should collect their few things and run away through the back-door. Within a few minutes, the loving couple were wending their tiresome way back from Benares. When Gauripriya and his wife found, after considerable waiting, that the birds had flown, they pursued the fugitives and found them trudging along at a place, about a few miles distant from Benares. What was Siromani's horror when he found that he had not seen the last of the *panda*? Clutching the hands of Siromani, Gauripriya said that he would not let him take one step forward unless he paid down the cash. There was an altercation, Siromani pleading inability to pay and Gauripriya insisting on his rightful dues. A large crowd collected round them and as a last resource, Siromani offered to execute a promissory note to the effect that he would pay the amount on demand at his native place. To his surprise, this proposal was accepted by Gauripriya on condition that Siromani mortgaged the merit acquired by his bath in the Ganges. Siromani was not loth to do this, as he calculated on the fact that the *panda* would not care to go all the way to his native place to demand payment of two annas.

Siromani felt a load taken off from his head and the husband and wife made the return journey in a leisurely fashion and reached their home without any untoward incident. But what was Siromani's consternation, when he found that the *panda* and his wife were sitting comfortably on the pial of his house, evidently awaiting his arrival! He soon recovered himself however and demanded: "Who are you and what are you doing in my house?"

"Surely, my dear friend," the *panda* expostulated, "you could not have forgotten us so soon. You owe me a small sum of two annas and you promised to pay the

amount on demand at this, your native place. And here I am and I demand fulfilment of your promise."

Siromani could only mumble some inaudible words and asking the pair to wait on the pial, ran into the house with his wife and bolted it from within. He told his wife that the situation had become desperate and that it demanded a desperate remedy. On learning from his wife that she was prepared to go the whole hog with her lord, he told her: "The only means of escape is to feign death. Let us lie down without stirring. I expect the village people will collect together and get inside the house by scaling it and when they find us dead, they will make haste to remove the bodies to the burning ground and set fire to them. The *panda*, who cannot recover his dues from the dead bodies, will return home mortified. As for ourselves, well, we can rise before we actually feel the effects of the fire and so the *panda* and ourselves will still be quits."

The plan was no sooner decided upon than it was acted upon and as was foreseen by Siromani, everything worked to a nicety. When the villagers turned their backs from the burning ground, it did not take many minutes for Siromani and his wife to shake themselves free and come back to life. Finding that the coast was clear, they made haste to return to their home with the supreme satisfaction of having at last been able to outwit the tenacious *panda*. They had the surprise of their lives (or was it life) when the first to congratulate them on their escape from death was no other than the *panda*, who said: "You have escaped death, but I assure you, you cannot escape me. So then won't you discharge your debt and get the benefit of your bath in the Ganges?" But, neither Siromani nor Parvati could hear these words, as they had collapsed at the sight of the *panda*.

The Universal Mother was touched and she appealed to her Lord to restore Siromani and his wife to life and grant them a boon in the bargain. The Lord answered smilingly: "So be it, if it is your wish. But I assure you, *lobha* is a deadly vice and people afflicted with it are beyond redemption. Siromani, the Master Miser, is not likely to be benefited, in his present birth, even by our boon."

When, at the Lord's command, Siromani and his wife awakened from their real death, a vision met their eyes: that of the benign Lord Mahadeva and his spouse Parvathi, enthroned on the sacred bull. The Lord addressed Siromani, saying, "Now, can you guess to whom you executed the pronote for two annas? Gauripriya and his wife are no other than Ourselves. We would grant you a boon. Ask any boon you like."

Siromani, who was obsessed with his bond, asked without a moment's hesitation, "Oh Lord, if Thou wouldst grant me a boon, I pray that the bond executed by me may be returned cancelled."

Needless to say, this was no sooner asked than granted. Siromani was released from his bond, but the bondage of *samsara* remained.



"Never mind them, sir, I like your face, sir."

IT is said that you might write the wildest and maddest scenario for Hollywood and rest assured that there would be at least one person to conform exactly to the most fantastic specification laid down by you. You may ask for a dark, well built man, with a pocked face, a Roman nose, the left little finger off, and good at Chinese; and you may be sure that two hours after putting up the notice, six men would present themselves before you, ready with their suit-cases. Film-life, however, is not so organized in our country; and potential 'supers' like me lose many valuable opportunities. It is this lack of proper organization that has forced me to put this letter in the papers. What I wish to say now is this. Is there any film-producer, theatrical manager, artist or member of some unknown, out-of-the-way trade, who would like to get in touch with a young man, normally intelligent, but with the face of a typical simpleton or greenhorn? If so, the party will find it to his advantage to open correspondence with me. I am in a position to deliver the goods. I am the goods.

If you have any doubts, just watch me any evening as I walk idly up and down the China Bazaar. This is what usually happens. A furtive-looking stranger, let us call him (meaning no offence, but just for convenience) Mr. X., comes up to me and says, "Suppose you saw this fine, jewelled, Swiss-made, oblong wristlet at the window of a European jeweller, at what would you fix the price, sir?"

I reply, "Really. I know next to nothing about watches. When I want to know the time, I have a look at the Ripon Buildings or the Fruit Market or my neighbour's wrist."

He says, "Then I am glad I have met you, sir. And for you it is a golden opportunity, sir, (gilt opportunity, more likely!) which will not come to you again and again and again. Look at this watch carefully. Excellent make, sir, fully guaranteed for life-time. (its life-time?) I have to sell it dirt-cheap, sir, due to misfortune.

MY FACE IS MY FORTUNE, SIR!

M. S. Kalyanasundaram.

Simpletons betray themselves by their looks, and in a metropolis, there is always a number of people who can exploit it to their advantage. If one could have it, and yet make the best of his stupid looks—one must be—well—an Eddie Cantor.—Ed.

Going to Rangoon, sir; and the boat has left without me. All my things and money are in the boat, sir. I am starving, sir, and have to sell this beautiful watch dirt-cheap. Paid Rs. 55 in May, sir. How much will you give for it, sir?"

I muse on the vagaries of the Navigation Co. which leaves behind every trip one or two unfortunates after taking their things and money on board. No wonder they declare fat dividends. The only silver-lining is that the Captains allow these unfortunates to keep their first-rate, Swiss-made, gold wristlets with them!

"How much, sir?" he reminds me.

"I don't want a watch, and I have no money," I tell him.

"A watch is very necessary in modern days, sir," he suggests.

"But I have no money," I say, and move on a bit.

He follows cringingly and says, "Never mind the money, sir; you may pay me at your house. What about Rs. 45, sir? Dirt-cheap, sir!"

It is tactless of him to keep harping on the word 'dirt.' I tell him, "I have no money at home; and I don't want a watch."

"Gentlemen like you ought to have a nice watch on the wrist, sir."

"And also a fat purse in the pocket."

"Beg your pardon, sir?"

"I tell you I have no money."

"You can easily borrow from a friend, sir! Who will not trust you, sir? Golden opportunity, sir. Never comes again and again. Say Rs. 40, sir!"

"You are wasting your time. Go and try some other person. Lots of people should be eager to buy watches."

"Never mind them, sir. I like your face, sir. You have got the lucky face, sir. You look exactly like the picture of my brother, sir. He is Police Superintendent in the Federated Malay States. Owns two cars, sir."

"Thanks for your nice way of putting it. I am afraid I am unable to oblige you. Try some other possible purchaser."

So saying, I effectively leave him behind and lose myself in the crowd. A few minutes later, a rat-eyed, troubled-looking man (call him Y) accosts me with, "Did you see a moustached man trying to sell a watch, sir?"

"Why?"

"He demanded Rs. 45 for his watch, sir. I was willing to pay up to Rs. 35. Moreover, I had only Rs. 35, plus some five rupees for my return home. He refused to take anything less than Rs. 45 and went away. I have managed to borrow ten rupees from a friend, and now I couldn't find that man with the watch. Losing golden opportunity, sir."

Madras roads may not be paved with gold like Dick Wittington's London, but one has to steer through golden opportunities in the main bazaars. I wish the traffic authorities would clear the roads of some of these golden obstacles.

"Have you seen the man, sir?" he reminds me.

"I think he is somewhere about there," I say, pointing towards Pachaiyappa's.

He goes away seemingly thankful.

A little later, Mr. X knocks into me again in a state of great excitement, apologises, and says, "Where is the man who was talking to you a little while ago, sir?"

"Why?"

"He was willing to buy the watch for Rs. 45 and went to borrow money from some friends. Now I couldn't find him in the crowd.....Never mind him, sir. I will give it to you for Rs. 40, sir...or even Rs. 35. I am a very unlucky fellow."

"No, no," I plead; "I can't let you lose money for my sake. You can easily find that man. He went that side in search of you," I add, pointing in the opposite direction.

He leaves me in seeming hurry.

I am just thinking of going home, when yet another party, with shifty, suspicious eyes, stoops before me and asks me confidentially, "Want a first-rate, Swiss-made gold wristlet, sir? Golden opportunity, sir; going dirt cheap."

I eye him silently, and with set mouth, jump into the nearest moving tram. I do not even care to see whether it is bound for Washermanpet or Customs House. What difference does it make? I am bound for Triplicane.

Now, don't you think that I can claim to be 'a young man, normally intelligent, but with the face of a certified simpleton or greenhorn'? And is there any film-producer, theatrical manager, artist on the look-out for models, any detective bureau in want of baits, or any such agency, willing to buy me for a decent price?

MISUNDERSTANDING

"ANGIRAS"

Madras, 20-4-29.

Dear Madam,

I thank you for your kind letter and congratulate you on your heroism. I wish you godspeed in your new life of 'Revolt', as you call it, in the company of your 'nice poet'.

Yours etc.,
K. Venugopalan.

He mocked her! She now felt that she was unwise again in having written to him after that break. It was a mistake and a weakness on her part. More than ever she realised that he dwelt in her mind with his voice and his face. "I must forget him in the company of this poet, whose verses might wipe away this memory from my mind!"

II

"Good morning, madam!"

"Good morning, Mr. Velsan! Any effusions of your Muse to-day?"

"I have written about a night in the hills and I should like to know your opinion about it."

She received the note-paper from his hand and read:

'A Night in the Hills'

The hill doth roar in the outrage of the wind
And the rivulet leaps like a lion from a cave.

She could not proceed further. She pretended to read the entire piece and said 'brilliant'. The poet's face lighted up.

"You think it brilliant! You know, the whole thing came to me without any effort and that is what is called inspiration. I do not sit and compose. I merely write. My mind flows like liquid psalm at the end of the pen. Ah, how do you like that? 'Flows like liquid psalm!' That is how things come streaming into my mind like the sun-rays of the morning. I am afraid that sooner or later I will speak only in verse. I may tell you, Ja—I beg your pardon, madam, you have been instrumental in encouraging my flights to these heights."

Janaki felt sick. The voice smote her senses like a stinking smell. His bad language, shocking pronunciation and vulgar self-praise jarred upon her. She had mistaken his vulgarity for merit.

He was turning over the pages of the morning paper. Suddenly he exclaimed:

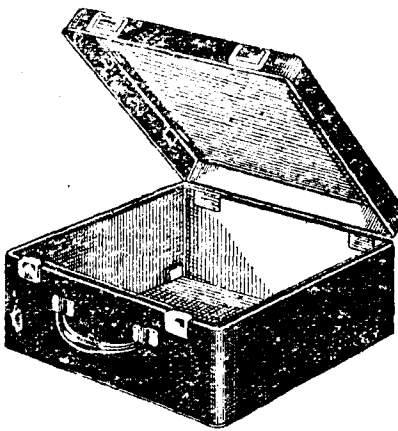
JANAKI was sitting in the verandah of the *Rose Cottage*, watching the mist descending and lifting over the hills, like some skyey curtain. It was a morning a month after her arrival at Ooty with her uncle and aunt. She felt irritated at the thought that the very purpose for which she had come up the hills was frustrated. She had volunteered to her uncle that she would accompany him to the hills for the 'season' in the hope of finding some mental rest, away from the atmosphere of Madras and one of its headstrong youths.

Venugopalan was senior to Janaki in the College by one year and was now a lecturer in Philosophy in the Presidency College, while Janaki had just sat for the Honours degree examination. She had allowed herself to be closely befriended by him and now she wanted to be free and alone and think for herself; for, Venu seemed to dominate her. From the beginning, he had adopted a tone of authority and spoke almost dictatorially. Janaki allowed him to have his way for some time; but when she detected in his voice, as time passed, the assumption that he was made for saying and she for hearing, she wanted to protest. She hated the manner of his doing it. He talked patronisingly, as to a child, and reiterated his sentences like lessons in a class-room. Once or twice, in their discussions, when she had smoothly tried to protest by disagreeing, "No! you are wrong!", he had thundered, and that, without feeling or delicacy. She avoided him for a few days. But Venu was undaunted and pursued her.

"You seem to be afraid of me!" he had suggested with a mischievous smile.

"Certainly not, why should you assume that one person is afraid of another for any reason?" she had answered and resumed the meetings if only to do away with that opinion of his. 'Escape me—never!' he seemed to say, but, thank God! he didn't add the beloved 'more'. She felt comforted at the thought.

As the friendship grew and discussions flourished, she imagined that she heard his ringing voice always and his clear and intelligent face rose up like a vision before her eyes. She was haunted by his presence in her working moments and even in her dreams. This obsession at last grew so intense that she fled to the hills without telling him and wrote to him from there, saying, that she had made complete her "Revolt" from his dictatorship by taking the trip. She had now his reply in her hand and it ran:

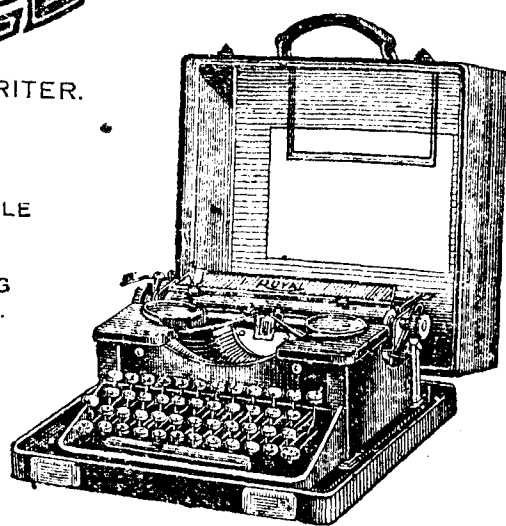


ROYAL

PORTABLE TYPEWRITER.

THE FINEST AND
STURDIEST PORTABLE
MADE.

CHROMIUM PLATING
RUSTLESS STEEL.



CASH OR
HIRE-PURCHASE.

SHOWING TRAVELLING CASE
WITHOUT THE MACHINE.

If you want a portable to stand up to hard work year in and year out, one that has all the facilities of a big size Office Typewriter—your choice must be a Royal.

Sole Agents:—
ADDISON & CO., LTD., Mount Road, Madras.

SEND FOR ILLUSTRATED LITERATURE 'F.'

"Good God! Everybody gets a doctorate nowadays. Who is this chap? A Doctorate!"

"Who gets it?"

"I shall read it out. 'Mr. K. Venugopalan, of the Presidency College has been awarded a Doctorate in Philosophy for two theses 'The Atheism of Sankara' and 'Prapatti and Modern Science.' The Atheism of Sankara indeed! Rubbish!"

"What do you call rubbish?" Janaki asked.

"This atheism about the great Sankaracharya. This silly chap....."

"Mr. Venugopalan is one of the most brilliant products of this University, do you know?"

"I, for one, cannot think much of him after this."

"Your credentials for thinking so, pray?" Janaki asked with heat.

The poet was taken aback.

"My credentials, madam! I am absolutely sure that that—what is his name—Venugana?—has misunderstood the *Sankarabhashya*. By no stretch of mis-interpretation can you make it atheism."

"I think we will talk about it later. It is time for my uncle to return from his walk. I shall have to get ready," she hinted.

"You—" he began, but was stopped by a spasm.



"I wrote a perfect sonnet also over-night. The rhythm and rhyme are splendid....."

"Excuse me. I regret I cannot give myself the pleasure of reading it now."

"It consists of only 14 lines."

This was too much for her. Controlling herself, she said, "Pardon me," and rose.

"It is addressed to you. In the octave--"

Janaki left him in utter dismay.

"These women!" he muttered and went out.

"Fool!" she exclaimed to herself in her room. "To venture to talk about Venugopalan!"

She saw before her eyes the spectacled face of her friend. He would have told her the substance of his thesis in two brilliant sentences and made her understand. He would have anticipated her difficulties and answered them! He would have been glad if she were there by his side when he received the doctorate. But he had not written to her.

III

Another month of utter disquiet for Janaki. Away from Venu, she saw that her mind was blank. His presence had been a fan to the fire of her thought. Now, it smouldered. She felt a distaste for everything. Nature, so plentiful and attractive in Ooty, did not attract her. It required

Venu's presence to make it beautiful in her eyes. She tried reading books. They were uninteresting without the clear commentary of his voice. She shunned the poet and stopped going out. In seclusion, her mind wandered back breaking loose from its tether, to the days of that comradeship in Madras. After all, how was Venu wrong in giving expression to what he thought right? How was she justified in quarrelling with his views when she agreed with him? What was there in the manner after all? How could he guess that she took to heart what he said out of intimate friendship?.....Did he think that he was more to her than a friend? Can it be that he mistook her intent attention for love? No,—because he did not feel the separation. How was she sure? He did not write. She too did not write! And, why was she thinking so much of him? For his company and conversation?

It was a drizzling afternoon. She was reading the newspaper near the grate, when suddenly a head-line caught her eye.

Dr. K. VENUGOPALAN

SERIOUSLY ILL

The young and brilliant Professor of Philosophy who was recently awarded a doctorate is reported to be lying dangerously ill with an attack of typhoid. He is in the General Hospital.

Janaki read it, but could not, for sometime, bring herself to believe it. At last she realised the gravity of the news. She started for Madras the same evening.

The Mettupalayam Mail seemed too slow for her. Her uncomfortable seat in the train was trying her nerves. She heard and saw, as in a dream, the snug commonplace chatter of fellow passengers, and the impudent stare of a young man seated at the other end of the carriage. Could she manage to be by Venu's side before it was too late? Perhaps he had gone through the crisis bravely. How she wished it were so! Never, never again would she make him feel that he was alone in the world.

The in-patients' ward in the General Hospital was solemnly still save for the occasional creak of the boots of a passing nurse or doctor or a patient's groan or pained cry. The smell of medicine was in the air.

A nurse was sitting by Venugopalan's bed-side watching the patient's battle with disease. His breathing was slow and hard and sometimes he gasped. His eyes opened often and his gaze wandered over the place for a while. He asked for water several times and soda was given in small doses. At 7 o'clock in the morning the doctor came and felt the pulse and found it weak. He turned to the nurse and asked, "Any near or dear?"

"Nobody."

The doctor gave an injection for steadying the pulse and left instructions with the nurse.

Janaki burst in to his side at 7-30. She had enquired after him and had been directed there, after an hour's delay in the usual callous way of the hospitals. Venugopalan seemed to be unconscious. The nurse asked:

"You are Miss Janaki, madam?"

"Yes, why?" asked Janaki eagerly.

"I thought so. He was talking about you the whole of yesterday night in his delirium. Why did you leave him? He seems to have taken it deeply to heart."

"Ah! Will he revive?"

Janaki felt his forehead. He opened his eyes.

"Could you not have mentioned me to the authorities?"

"You shunned me," he said, without expression.

"Oh, why did you not tell me I was wrong there? You told me so in all other things," she sobbed.

"I was a fool! I thought you would surely come back—Why, you have come—but death has come quicker than you."

"Death dare not part—"

"You—" he began, but was stopped by a spasm. "Janaka!" he managed to utter in the midst of his choking breath.

He raised his hand to her, but, it fell back. The eyes closed.

Janaki sat by the side of the death-stricken, weeping and regretting, a figure of despair—till the authorities came to tell her that it was very late.



Old Mother Hubbard went up to a cupboard.....

SEENU'S TORTOISE

By 'ROSE'

It is very curious that the things we want least are the things we get most of. Snakes, for instance, prickly pear, colds in the head, tooth-ache, mosquitoes, snails and tortoises. There are in this world of ours quite a lot of things I shall never be able to understand. As I was saying before, prickly pear for instance,—I mean to say what are these for? Where do they come in? Where is the sense in them? —Brahmin girls, I can understand perfectly and safety razors, chocolates and *veena*. These delight my eyes, prove useful, tickle my palate and amuse my ears. But tortoises—Bah! They never seem to do any thing. Nothing interests them. They don't collect picture post-cards or stamps, read books, or do a single thing that's really worth while. They simply spend their useless lives carrying a burden, blundering about, barging and banging and not even making a musical sound like the mosquito. These things I shall never understand. But least of all shall I ever understand some men and the foolish things they do. Some men can't help globe-trotting. They must for ever be climbing



mountains to weigh the air at dizzy heights, or unearthing and unwrapping mummies in order to find out what people did several thousand years ago, or trudging through the African and Malayan wilds in search of four-legged-birds or some such monstrosity. If you ask these energetic people why they do these things instead of living quietly at Saidapet or Guindy, they will say, "Love of adventure."

Then there are others, who, as soon as the thermometer gets up among the hundreds, start being energetic. They go out and slash tennis balls into—and some times—over the net and so slog boundaries and records, and lift weights and jump till they are moist and uncomfortable all over. For instance, one Saturday, when the sun was blazing with his feet stepping on the gas and going all out for a record, the temperature a hundred and something in the shade, and all sane people were sitting in the cool of the banyan-trees pining for a cool drink and having a high time doing nothing, out comes Seenu with his tennis rackets, and asks me to make up a doubles. Where at, the temperature being a hundred odd in the shade, and there being no shade in the ground, I let out a hearty laugh and told him to make it a singles. Curiously enough he always does these stunts in the hot weather. His theory is that when the weather is unbearably hot and stuffy, we should exert ourselves as hard as we can and create a drought, which would cool us. And has he broken any record at his absurd athletic stunts? Not by a long chalk, he hasn't. The only thing he has ever broken was my keep-sake wrist-watch, which was bought from Surajmal's and which cost me eight and forty.

And now let me come to the latest crazy thing he has done. Some time ago—but I can't be quite sure of the date because I am writing this near the Red Hills, under the shade of a majestic palm, nine dry, dusty miles from Seenu's house and if you think I am going to walk nine dry, dusty old miles just to get a spot of accuracy into this article, you are making a big mistake—Some time ago, as I was saying, Seenu acquired a tortoise. Why he should have gone and picked up such a pet, leaving aside many highly fashionable ones such as poms, terriers, tiger cubs and monkeys, beats me flat. So, out of curiosity, I interviewed him as to the reasons for his exotic choice.

Well, to cut the story short, this is what he said. "Tortoises fertilize the soil, clear the garden of all insects and are the most mild and inoffensive creatures that ever went hiking on their stomachs. There is no record of a

tortoise having ever attacked man or beast, and if the supply of them runs short, we should be in a terrible mess. Yet there is no society for the prevention of any thing to the tortoise and no association for their preservation. No one cares a *dhobi's* curse for them. One of these days, they will be extinct and then don't say I didn't warn you. We'd be then in an awful mess. Our children wouldn't even believe they ever existed, even as they do not believe any thing about the dinosaurs, megatherium, and such prehistoric monsters. And what's to be done with the time-honoured proverb, dating back to the time of Aesop, who probably heard it much earlier: "Slow and steady wins the race?" If I remember right this proverb has something to do with the tortoise and the hare.

Further, the tortoise teaches us a great lesson especially in the present period of modern civilisation, when all human beings are speed-crazy. Mind you, I do not blame civilisation. Civilisation is all right. It only means getting up late, Virginian cigarettes, Japanese beer, safety-razors, horror films, vitamins, air-records, radio, television, ice-cream and cosmetics. And all of these have my hearty approval. The fault lies in ourselves, dear Chander. We push about too much, bustle, make a noise, fuss, fret and fume, giving ourselves thereby blood-pressure and dyspepsia.

Now, take the tortoise who does none of these silly things, but walks upon the soft green grass, among the wild flowers, under the shade of big tree, a picture of sublime complacency, beautiful peace, robust health and contentment, which beats even that of Alexander Selkirk by a wide margin. She never desires to dash hither or even thither. She doesn't get worked up to a terrible state about unemployment, trade depression, over-draft, kidney-troubles and insurance policy problems, but goes on and on, steadily munching fresh green leaves, all the while admiring the surrounding landscape, and pondering over the riddle of the universe. In short she takes things quietly and does not meet trouble half-way.

Most tortoises are teetotallers and non-smokers. They don't slander their neighbours, are not given to gossip or gambling, never swear or lie, or covet their

neighbours' goods, but just walk about with serene, and tolerant eyes, unruffled brow, and sober mien.

Of course it was not only to teach the world at large, that I took this rash step, but I had in view certain selfish ideas. You see I wanted it to go with me on my evening walks, and I wanted something that would love me unselfishly and without any fuss. I also believed that tortoises moult every year, and I had a scheme to use its discarded shells silver-mounted, as wedding and birth-day presents. You are also aware that I have now taken to gardening and remembered having read somewhere that the tortoise kills snails, slugs, worms and beetles which ruin the garden.

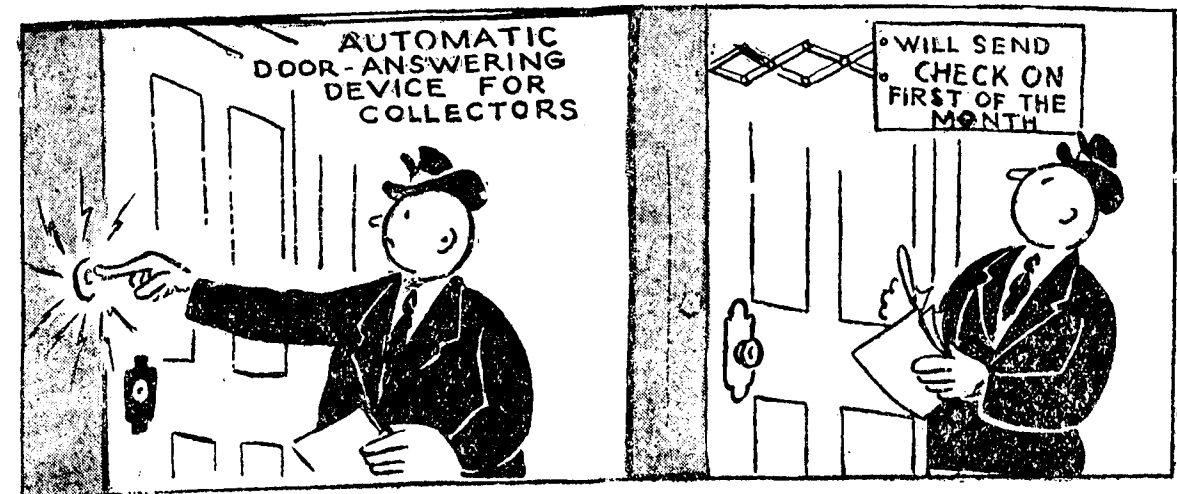
But so far I have been no more fortunate than the man, who brought a quantity of a much advertised insect-powder and put it down to kill bugs and mosquitoes. But the bugs and mosquitoes finished what he had put down and came back for more in greater numbers. The man who sold it seemed puzzled for a moment, when he was told this. Then the true explanation occurred to him—"You must have the wrong kind of insects in your house, sir, that's how it is." Well, I guess I have got the wrong kind of tortoise—the kind that shares the tender leaves of the plants, amicably with the snails and the slugs, that it should destroy. But anyway it makes itself pretty useful about the house. I put it down on the newspaper in the garden to prevent its being blown away, and it kept it down for seven hours. In fact, it was so absorbed in its work, that I didn't like to take the paper away, for fear of hurting its feelings. And it teaches you a lot of virtue. And my friend,—

When life seems one too many for you,
When your future's black and the prospects look blue,

When landlords bother, and tradesmen dun,
When your horse at Guindy refuses to run,
Think of the tortoise;

For she does nothing but eat her food,
And sleep in the leas, entirely nude,
Refusing to fret or worry or brood,
With meek and exemplary fortitude;
The inimitable tortoise."

Inventions Yet to be Invented





By V. B. PRASAD

EXCEPT for a few perfunctory remarks about its existence in neglected corners of a few railway time-tables, there appears to be no proper guide book of Madras. In the cyclic progression of the seasons, Spring is just now in our midst, when the City attracts a record number of visitors. The time therefore is most opportune for bringing out this guide.

Before I proceed further, I would like to tender my grateful thanks to those innumerable friends, known and unknown (the latter like the Unknown Warrior, who is given two minutes on November 11th), who have given me invaluable and staggering suggestions in the compilation of these data. My thanks are also due to my wife, who was always at her post of duty, looking over my shoulder, while I was writing this and who was of great help to me in correcting the proofs.

This guide is not meant for that estimable part of our body politic which periodically, regularly and unfailingly visits Madras in pursuit of that mystic game of ever-recurring hopes and equally ever-recurring regrets, at once called the sport of kings and the king of sports. Neither is it meant for those gentlemen of substance, who gyrate to the Metropolis yearly, sure as the monsoon, obedient to the irresistible call of the Law and its oleaginous practitioners. These know their Madras alright. Rather is this intended for those unsophisticated citizenry, who spend a considerable part of their useful lives in seeing visions of a little harmless whoopee in Madras during various holidays.

* * *

Three distinct means of transport are available to get to Madras—boat, rail and 'plane. I don't advise you to go by water, because, during the final stages of the journey you will have to cover your noses with a specially constructed gas-mask. The Buckingham Canal is that strong towards its terminal point. And unless we have another world-war, the cost of a gas-mask is bound to be prohibitive. The choice before you therefore is tapered down to rail and 'plane. Considering the latter first, there is a lot to be said in its favour; nevertheless I don't advise you to go by 'plane either. It takes you to the other place i.e., the landing place,

wherever that is, and not to either of the two great railway stations conceived in red brick and leterite, where you will barge into the first round of fun. The railway then,—in spite of what humourists say of it—is the thing.

Some latter-day Andhra publicists say that Madras is Andhra country and some latter-day Dravidian publicists say that what the Andhra publicists say is *ytungbung*, the upshot being a good deal of red-hot oratory and baring of teeth (natural and unnatural) in the two belligerent camps. This is, as it should be, because the cardinal principle of life as adumbrated by such a celebrated congoscente as *Il Duce* is violently pulling off one another's hair—to make room for a lustier, 'vigourouser' growth.

The area of Madras is, of course, its length multiplied by its width. If you are a stickler for detail, go to any text-book of geography.

The population of Madras need not engage our attention. Human numbers are only of academic interest. But it must be mentioned in passing that the epidemics most popular in the City are cholera, small-pox and whooping cough, quite a respectable number of people choosing the first two evolutionary processes for their exit to Heaven.

Madras live in palaces, bungalows, houses built to baby specifications, *cheries* built jointly for man and beast, pials, municipal markets after business hours, pavements and gutters. The animals most cherished are cows and mosquitoes. The cows are fed out of municipal conservancy bins, planted outside coffee and meals hotels. This has a dual advantage. While the municipality is saved the trouble of carting away the refuse, the cow-wallah is saved the expense for the upkeep of his cow, the money so saved going for a worthier purpose. It may appear strange that any community of people should cherish such murderous beasts as mosquitoes. But then the Madras have a very fine ear for music. This explains their apparently suicidal love for mosquitoes.

The Madras are a very religious and God-fearing people, as witness the plurality of temples in the City. The descendents of the original inhabitants of the City

deify cholera, small-pox and bubonic plague and make them all sorts of expiatory offerings, including a stunning sort of juice, extracted from the spathes of cocoanut palms.

It is an international fashion to call cities by fancy names. Madras been variously called the City of Distances and of Orators. It may also be called the City of Turbans and of Pickpockets. Whatever the justification for calling it a City of Distances two decades ago, it has no application to contemporary Madras. A fleet of buses, which look very much like human babies born in the sixth month, ply in the City, rendering the distances ineffectual.

The mother tongue of the natives is English. Everybody from beggars to *bhadralok* speak very good English. The word most in demand is 'saur'—not that Franco-Nordic bone of contention bossed by a League of Nations Commission, but just a delightful variant of the word 'sir'. The yearly out-put of English oratory in the City is something awful. The annual turn-over of this commodity in all the presidency capitals lumped together would be miles behind the City's record. A Punjabee friend of mine, who attended a lecture last year in one of the City halls on the highly intriguing subject of "Rats, Indian and English: A Study and A Contrast" was so overpowered by the choice idiom, the magnificent periods, the scholarly treatment and the gushing cascades of effortless eloquence of the speaker that he (my Punjabee friend) dropped down in a swoon. The lady part of the audience had to administer first aid before the poor fellow rallied. This incident just shows you. He explained to me later that he thought he was seeing an English hallucination.

There is something hierophantic, patriarchic and indefinably august about the Madras turban,—not your aggressive, rakish, pugnacious, do-you-want-one-on-the-nose variety of the Punjab; nor the bright, scarlet-coloured, lace-trimmed, sentimental, won't-you-kiss-me-ducky variety of Maharashtra; nor again the silly looking apologies sported in the Telugu districts. How they manage those virgin-white, stiff-soft, classic folds and that dignified loop at the back, and having managed thus far, how they keep them in position during a number of sessions is a cloisteral secret. Get hold of the most villainous-looking lunatic from the Waltair Asylum, place him within the municipal limits of Madras, plant a Madras turban on his head and watch the effect. At the least he will look like a correct Dewan Bahadur fighting an election. This turban is at once the envy and despair of the rest of India, a thing of shimmering beauty and, consequently, of joy.

Quite a number of people—the census report is silent over the matter—live by the highly specialised art of picking pockets—some operating outside the law, getting into gyves and ultimately into chokey; some working within the law and paying income-tax.

In happy contrast to the regrettable demeanour of the railway porters of Howrah and Victoria Terminus, saturnine stoics who quiz at you with an insouciant air as if they don't care whether you go to Heaven or Hell, the Madras porter is all smiles and urbanity and extends a hearty welcome to you on behalf of the citizens of Madras even before your train comes to a full stop.

Faced with a Madras railway porter, you need not have to gesticulate in that idiotic pantomime that you are obliged to do in Bombay and Calcutta. Being a linguist he tackles you in any one of the four languages,—English, Tamil, Telugu or Hindustani. His one drawback, if it can be called a drawback, is that he demands one rupee for carrying your small trunk to the bus stand. But he will compromise for one anna, if you offer *satayagraha* by sitting plump on your box and light a cigarette, as if you have decided to spend the balance of your natural life on the platform.

There is on the Madras strand, also called the Marina, a beautiful house of fishes which you ought to visit, if only to understand aright the communal arrangement envisaged in the J. P. C. Report.

Further up at the northern end of the Marina, there is the Fort St. George. Its only pretension to calling itself a fort is its battlements, now no longer used for mounting ordnance to pulverise the enemy. The Tommies in the fort have found a new and a better use for these battlements. They sit on them of an evening, holding their sweethearts in various attitudes of endearment, which is any day a pleasanter sight than barking howitzers.

There are no brothels in Madras. At least that is the idea. The moral tone of the City is consequently on a higher level than what it used to be in the pre-Brothel-Act days.

The City's hair-dressing saloons are unique, not so much on account of the quality of hairdressing one gets there as of the extremely well-informed and engaging conversation of the presiding barber. The barber will speak to you not on hair-clippers, razors and shampoos, but on the adverse effects of rubber restriction on Indian emigration to the F.M.S., on the insane folly of linking the rupee to the sterling, on the cartelisation of industry in Germany, on the Ottawa Pact, on the disgusting meanness of some of his prosperous customers and cognate questions of high finance.

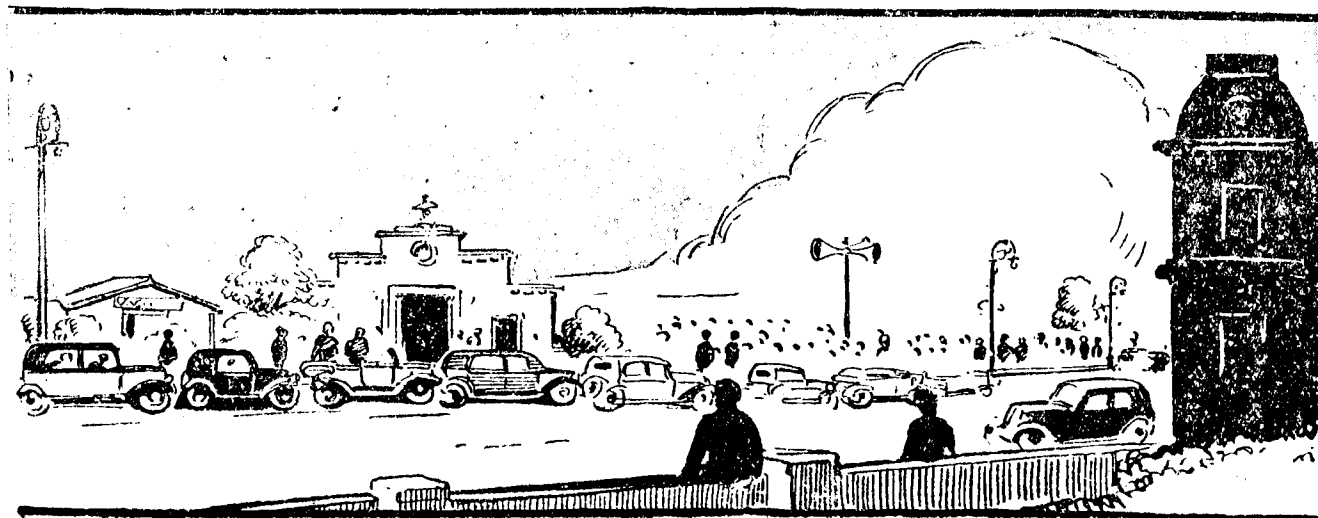
The cafes, lunch-homes, restaurants and coffee hotels—'neo' and 'non-neo'—in the City are legion. A stranger to the City will fall into the not infrequent error of thinking that the hobby of Madras is coffee hotels. No. Coffee hotels to the Madras are no more a hobby than you are a descendent of the pterosauria. They are to them a very serious affair; for the Madras thrive not so much on food, as it is elsewhere understood, as on coffee, thick as Godavari water in flood-time and very proximate thereto in its colour scheme. There are only two places in the whole world, where coffee that is coffee and not a vile kind of vegetable ptomaine poison can be obtained, and they are Madras and Arabia. Before I conclude this section, I must touch upon a subject that has engendered rather violent emotions in the breasts of down and up-country visitors to Madras. "What is in a name?" asked somebody. My answer is that there is a lot of money inside it, if it is applied to the sweet dishes served in these restaurants. Some of these dishes are called Mysore Mingbogala, Hyderabad Hoho, Bombay Bugzamana, Calcutta Concolara, Delhi Diabola, Ajmere Angaria and so forth. Dazzled by these esoteric names, you will naturally want to taste them. Do it by all means. But don't blame anybody after that.

Shopping in Madras is a pleasure rarely to be had elsewhere in India. An article that would cost say Re. 0-4-0 would be quoted to you at Rs. 2-13-6. Not that the shopkeeper expects you to pay that price. I asked some shopmen why they offer their wares at such insane prices. They say their idea is not so much a matter of profit-gathering as of establishing contacts with the purchaser, which they argue, quite correctly, will have beneficial repercussions in the higher political life of the community. Suppose the shopkeeper offers you a cigarette-holder at its proper price of Rs. 0-8-0. You just pay down, gather your goods and walk away. Neither of you is any the wiser about the other fellow. But suppose the same cigarette-holder is offered to you for Rs. 3-14-9. You make a counter offer of Re. 0-3-0. The merchant comes back with a knock-off of Rs. 2-14-9 and says one rupee. You make a firm offer of Re. 0-8-0. The merchant smiles and the deal is closed to mutual satisfaction. Now during these pourparlers, the merchant comes to know so much about yourself, your parentage, your home-town and your mother-in-law that he becomes your potential biographer, while you will have at least dimly understood the commercial philosophy underlying the sales procedure of Devaraja Mudali Street, China Bazar and other shopping centres. There be people who, afraid of offending the shopman and to avoid looking ridiculous before the other shoppers, buy the cigarette-holder for Rs. 1-12-0. What does the merchant do with this enormous surplus profit? To his credit it must be said that he makes it over to one of the many charitable institutions in the City.

One of the chief attractions of the City during the cold season is the Park Fair and Exhibition. The most conspicuous exhibits in the show are the various brands of *beedies* manufactured in the Presidency. *Beedies* are swadeshi in the most orthodox interpretation of the term. All Indians, whose consuming passion is the economic regeneration of their country, should feel elated at the sight of so many *beedies*.

The race-course at Guindy is well worth a visit. The student of monomania cannot hope for a better opportunity for the pursuit of his enquiry than the race-course, which is one of the major benefits of British rule

MARINA, MADRAS



in India. If there is one aspect of corporate life in this country, where class distinctions and social niceties are blatantly given the go-by, where religious and communal animosities are forgotten, where garishly dressed Capital hobnobs with gutterally dressed Labour, where the imperialistic idea shakes hands with the communistic idea, where in short, the impossible is rendered possible, it is the race-course. The only leveller that can stand beside the race-course is Death. Here the British Tommy takes a tip from the Gandhi-capped Congress-wallah and smiles on him with a kindly eye; here the *zamindar* hugs the milkman, when the latter's advice bears fruit: here the *sanatanist punditji* hangs on fondly to the *harijan* to pump from the latter red-hot information straight from the stables, which he is supposed to hold. Look at the faces of these sportsmen as the final bell goes. They are off! Those craned necks, those eyes starting out of their sockets, those bodies held taut, those bated breaths, those deafening shouts of encouragement to fancied brutes, that final collective scream, those veils of agony smothering those yells of jubilation. If you are not yourself sucked into this lunatic whirlpool of mad desire, you will speculate why it is that a few animals running along a stated length of turf produce this phenomenon. Wiser men than you have asked that question, and have been called lurid idiots for their trouble.

What can Madras offer in the line of historic monuments? I am afraid none too many. The story of Madras is too young for any of its landmarks to claim historic sanctity. There is, however, a tiny temple consecrated to a powerful Goddess adjoining the pavement in Rattan Bazar, which might be called a historic monument for the excellent reason that enquiries instituted in the proper quarters have failed to elicit anything illuminating about this edifice except that nobody knows aught about it. So it must have had a hoary past. The devotees of this Goddess derive great spiritual satisfaction by propitiating the Deity periodically and by carrying Her on their heads by way of joy rides.

Such, then, stated briefly, is Madras. Nobody is more conscious of the shortcomings of this guide than the author himself. It is hoped brains, better informed than his, will treat the subject with the exhaustiveness that it undoubtedly deserves.

NO 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 "Singer". And you have to take away a letter from 'CROOANER' to get the right word. On removing (A) from the word, you get the solution—'CROONER'. Solve similarly the other eight.

IMPORTANT RULES AND CONDITIONS.

A. GENERAL.

(1) This Competition comprises FOUR sets of the "Give & Take" Puzzle appearing in the consecutive weekly issues of the *Merry Magazine*. The Third Set appears in this issue (19-1-35.) The fourth set will appear in the issue dated 26-1-35.

(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, the competitor must cross out the word and rewrite it.

(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 of the set. Let us assume that you wish to send in 20 entries. You must have exactly Twenty Entry Forms in each set making altogether eighty.

Cut Here

"Give and Take" SOLUTION COUPON	
1	CROOANER TAKE CROONER
2	INEMA GIVE
3	DUELT TAKE
4	TRAI GIVE
5	PLUG TAKE
6	PJAMAS GIVE
7	SKCEPT TAKE
8	AN GIVE
9	MEALT TAKE

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

Signed.....

Address.....

Wait for the Four Set. (See Rules.)

SET No. III.

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.

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 safe 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 interviews be 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.

EVERY SPORTSMAN SHOULD GET A COPY OF THE FIELD-MADRAS

(AN ALL-SPORTS JOURNAL)

PATRON:

His Excellency
LORD ERSKINE, G.C.I.E.

EDITOR:

C. V. NAGARAJA SASTRI, B.A.,
(Oxon), M.A., (EDIN).
BARRISTER-AT-LAW.

Proprietor:

Mr. S. KANNAN,

Offices:

190, Mount Road, Madras.

Subscription:

Indian Rs. 5.

Foreign 10s.

Know YOUR Future.

Consult your
Annual Directions FOR 1935.

Prepared in strict accordance with the Laws and scientific Astrology based on your birth sign and my own exclusive methods this reading gives Monthly and Weekly forecasts for the whole of 1935 giving in detail Your:-



PROFESSION.
FINANCE.
HEALTH.
HOME.
LOVE.
MARRIAGE.
LUCK.
FAVOURABLE dates
FORTUNATE colour,
Number, Day Etc.

Exact days and dates are given.

PRICE Rs. 3 Only.

Send your date of Birth when ordering.

Prof. SEKHAR, B. A. (wash) M.I.B.M. (U.S.A.)
The Great Mesmerist, ELLORE., (W. Godavary Dist.)

A Veritable Daily Guide for a Whole Year!

AGENTS FOR SELLING OUR MERRY MAGAZINE WANTED AT THE FOLLOWING PLACES

ALIGARH
ADONI
BYADARAHALLI
BAPATLA
BHOPAL
CALCUTTA
CHENNAPATNA
CANNANORE

CONJEEVARAM
DODBALLAPUR
HARIHAR
JHANSI
KAVALI
MADANAPALLI
NAGPUR
NANJANGUD

HOLE NARASIPUR
PURI
RAICHUR
ROHDRI
SHIMOGA
SIVAGANGA
TIPTUR
TIRUR

For Agency Terms etc., please apply to:-

The Circulation Manager,

THE MERRY MAGAZINE,

2-140, BROADWAY, MADRAS.

Rs. 200 FOR ONLY EIGHT ANNAS! IN 'THE ODD MOMENT' WEEKLY RACING COMPETITION CAN YOU SPOT THE WINNER?

The Editor of THE ODD MOMENT will pay the above sum to the reader of the *Merry Mag* or The Odd Moment who correctly forecasts the first horse in the 4th Race at Guindy on Saturday next January 26th. In order to assist those competitors residing outside Madras entries will be accepted which are postmarked not later than 2 p. m. on the day of the race. In the event of a tie or ties the prize will be divided; and will be in proportion to receipts. No correspondence will be entered into and the Editor's decision will be final. Address your coupons: Weekly Racing Contest (Jan. 26th) The Odd Moment, 160, Mount Road, Madras. Stamps or Money Orders will be accepted at the rate of As. 8. for each coupon, copies of which will be found in *The Merry Magazine*, The Odd Moment, Original Vel, Popular Race Guide and All-India Race Guide. Readers in Madras may hand their entries to the Odd Moment representatives at Guindy right up to 10 minutes before the race.

ALL THAT YOU HAVE TO DO IS TO FORECAST THE WINNER COUPON Entries Stamps

'ODD MOMENT' WEEKLY RACING COMPETITION

I forecast that the result of the 4th Race at Guindy on 26th January, 1935 will be as follows:

1 _____

I agree to accept the Editor's decision as final.

NAME _____

NOTE:-Prizes will be despatched on the Monday after the race and results will be announced in this magazine and the Odd Moment in later issues.

'ODD MOMENT' WEEKLY RACING COMPETITION

I forecast that the result of the 4th Race at Guindy on 26th January, 1935 will be as follows:

1 _____

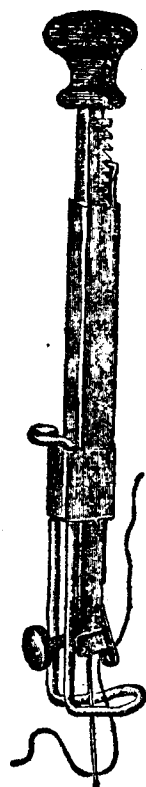
I agree to accept the Editor's decision as final.

NAME _____

NOTE: Prizes will be despatched on the Monday after the race and results will be announced in this magazine and the Odd Moment in later issues.

**Won't you decorate Your Home
- in the fashion of the day?**

No need to worry about it!
Your ladies and children will do this
for you in their leisure hours!!

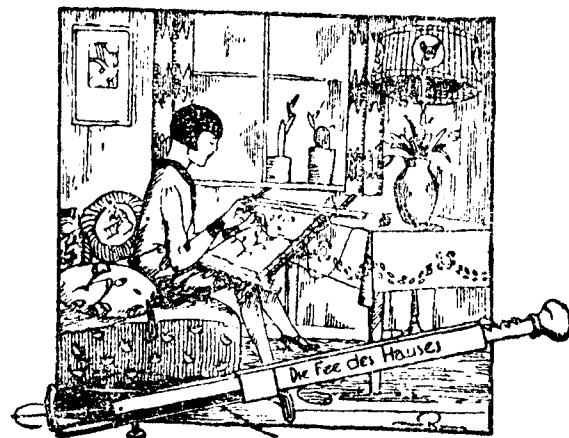


This tiny Hand-embroidery Machine does
promote happiness in your family.

It is very easy to work with this Machine.

Detailed printed instructions are sent along with
the Machine.

You can produce
ornamental pictures,
suitable to be hung on
walls, with this
Machine.



Kinds of work done by this Machine:

Embroidery on Bed covers, Pillow covers, Table cloths, Window
curtains, Children's gowns, Jackets, Caps etc.

This can also be used to prepare several kinds of flower designs
on walls with clay.

In several schools, this has been used with the greatest success.

Price, postage paid, Rs. 2-11-0 only.

Order to-day
WITH

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



PRESERVE YOUR WIFE'S HEALTH AND BEAUTY

Chief thing that tarnishes these precious quali-
ties is bearing too many children. Let her use

CONTRACEPTIVE OIL

It is safest, easiest and surest BIRTH CON-
TROL. Formula has been evolved after years of
research by well qualified doctors and quite success-
fully tried for years. Acts both chemically and
mechanically and absolutely harmless to user.
Full directions accompany each bottle, enough to
last several months. Price Rs. 2-8, packing and
postage free. To be had from:—

Health Pharmacy, Meerut, U.P

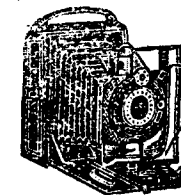
BE TRUE

—to your name. When born a Man,
try to remain so and to retain manhood
to the end of your life. Your honour
and self-respect demand this. In case
anything has gone wrong, write to us
in all confidence. We can help you.

HUSTON BROS. Co.,

(Chicago, U. S. A.) Sole Agency in the East,
BATALA (Punjab.)

BEST BOX CAMERA



A new import which beats all cameras
in the market. Good opportunity to learn
photography. Complete with one dozen
Printing papers, 4 Film exposures, strong
lens and Developing chemicals. Instruc-
tions free. Price Rs. 1/4/- best Rs. 2/4/-
Folding Camera Rs. 5/- Superior Rs.
7/- Films extra Re. 1/- per doz. Printing
paper at -/6/- per doz. Developer -/4/- per
phial. Fixing salt -/2/- per phial. Postage and packing in each
case extra. For three cameras postage free.

PRINCELY INDIA WATCH Co.

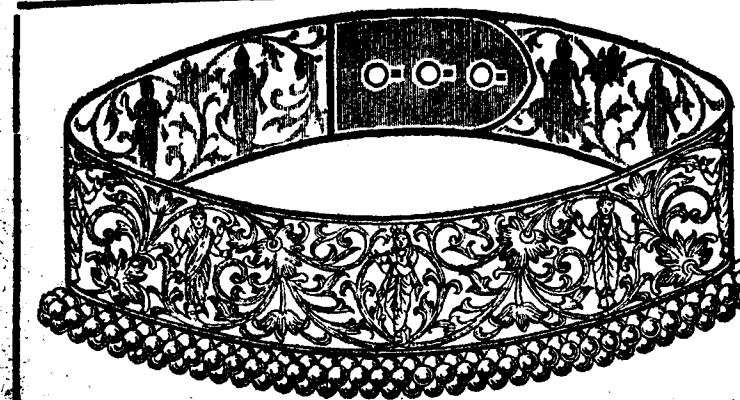
Post Box No. 1, - (Sec. 3) CALCUTTA.

THE ROYAL ASTROLOGER 1,000,000



& more clients have had
our remarkable foretelling.
Family fame of 25 genera-
tions in Astrology. Medals
and Certificates from Maha-
rajahs and Zamindars.
Annual life reading weekly
details Rs. 2. Aroodam for
5 questions Re. 1. State
birth details or writing time.
V- P. extra.

Pandit N. AMIRTANANDA
M. 2 29, North Mada St, Mylapore, : : MADRAS.



SCIENTIFIC GOLD JEWELLERY

(Substitute for real gold)

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

NEW CATALOGUE FREE

THE SCIENTIFIC GOLD BANGLES
Company Limited.

Head Office:— 43, Byragimatam Street,
Post Box No. 203, MADRAS.

THE MODERN ASTROLOGER

Who during the past 15 years told the fortunes of nobility and business magnates of India. His astrological predictions all based on Sanskrit sastras of Parasara, Gargi, Jaimini, Kalyanavarma and Manthreswara have amazed students, lawyers, employees, businessmen, millionaires on matters of marriage, rajayogas, abundant wealth earning in business, education, occupation, sea-voyage longevity, etc.



Send birthtime, birthdate and name of birthplace to:—

R. SANKARAN

54, High Road, Chingleput, (Madras Presidency)

NO MORE OF OLD AGE

"BIO DATE FRUITS"

Guaranteed cure for Impotency and general weakness. A very useful tonic to give vitality and energy. It cures sexual weakness, thickens the vital fluid and gives retentive power.

22 fruits for 11 days Rs. 5-0-0.

Postage 0-8-0.

Raja Vaidya H. M. Kamaluddin

P. O. Karvetnagar (Chittur Dt.)

OLD RECORDS MADE NEW

NEW RECORDS MADE NEWER



You spend a lot of money on the purchase of Gramophone records. The records get worn out after sometime. You do not enjoy them as when you purchased them. But "Zip" the Wonderful Preservative keeps the records fresh at all times.

Zip is scientifically made. Frequent slight touches of Zip on the records release the voice at once rich and original, and make the records last a life time.

Price per Bottle Rs. 2-12-0 (Postage extra.)

Two bottles at a time—Postage free.

Directions sent with the Bottle.

THE "ZIP" STORES & AGENCY

P. B. 1358

MADRAS.

American Airguns

Just received a fresh stock of Airguns. Birds can be shot at easily. Aims can be taken very correctly. No license is necessary. For self-protection at nights and for pastime games, this is the exact thing required.



Price per gun with 100 shots free. Rs. 4 12 0

100 shots extra Rs. 0 8 0.

Postage extra Rs. 1 4 0

The Genuine Watch Co., Post Box 119, Madras.

Conquer Ignorance!

Overcome

Know the Amazing Truth About Sex & Love

Know how to hold Love—the Magnificent Ecstasy!!

These Books will tell you how!

Sex Knowledge is no longer a sin—Sex ignorance is the cause of Misery in your Wedded Life

	Price		Pri
Manual of Birth control 3rd Edn. Illd.	1 0 0	How to train boys and girls	0 8 0
Sex Vice and how to avoid it. 2nd Edn. Illd.	1 0 0	How to Become Beautiful	1 0 0
Pleasures of married life	1 0 0	Mystery of Dreams and Dream reading	
Kissing in theory and practice	2 0 0	Part I & II	1 0 0
Fruits of Married love	0 12 0	Horary Astrology (2nd Edition)	1 0 0
How to woo and win	1 0 0	Guide to the study of Hinduism	0 12 0
Don't Marry	1 0 0	Short stories	0 8 0
Complete husband	1 0 0	Laughing Gas:	0 10 0
Happy lover	1 0 0	Your future thro' Astrology	2 8 0
Marriage before and after	1 0 0	God, One God, the only God (A mystic	
Perfect wife	1 0 0	fingerpost for the Earnest Seeker)	
Hidden powers in Men (4th Edition)	2 8 0	by P. Shankunny, M A L T.	2 10 0
Young mothers, guide and delight	0 6 0		

Postage extra.

Apply to:— **Sri Dhanam & Co., P. B. 119, Madras.**

CECIL B. De MILLE'S CLEOPATRA

The Love Affair
That Shook the World
Set in a Spectacle of
Thrilling Magnificence

AT

WELLINGTON TALKIES

From Saturday 19th January 1935.

136544

THE MOD
Who during the night

25 YEARS YOUNG
ON THURSDAY

REJUVENATION

"COMALIN"

NATURAL ONE APPLICATION
ONE SOLUTION HAIR DYE.

Guaranteed Harmless.

"COMALIN"

Send birthth

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

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

Price per packet Rs. 1-4-0.

(Postage Extra.)

Write to:-

Sri Dhanam & Co., P.B. 119, Madras.

INDIA AMICABLE INSURANCE Co., Ltd.

HEAD OFFICE:
108, Asutosh Mukerjee Road, CALCUTTA.

A progressive Insurance Office especially designed for the poor and middle class. No dividing Schemes. All the tables are entirely scientific.

DIRECTORS.

1. Dr. Satish Chandra Sen Gupta, M.D., F.R.C.S. (Edin). 2. Manindra Kumar Roy Choudhuri Esq. M.A., B.L., Attorney-at-Law. 3. Harendra Chandra Paul Esq. M.A., B.L., 4. Abani Nath Bose Esq. M.A., B.L., Professor and Journalist, Calcutta. 5. Animesh Roy Chowdhury, (Ex-officio).

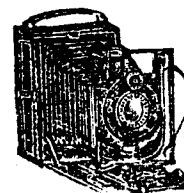
Special features that you should consider before insuring your life

- The Company is a proprietary one having a registered capital of Rs. 300,000 divided into 12,000 shares of Rs. 25/-each.
- Both males and females can effect assurances on their own lives.
- Every policy issued by the Company is safeguarded from lapse by the provision of Non-forfeiture benefit.
- Grants liberal Surrender value and paid-up-Policy.
- All claims are settled as quickly as possible.

Wanted Agents on salary or commission or both
Please write for terms and literature to:-

P. V. SUNDARA RAJA IYENCAR,
CHIEF AGENT FOR MYSORE AND SOUTH INDIA,
46 Thambu Chetty Street, G T., MADRAS.

BEST BOX CAMERA



Fitted with powerful lens. Any new beginners can take excellent Photo of anything on card size plate in a minute with this camera.

Unemployed can earn Rs. 15 daily. Plate, Paper, Developing Chemical and simple direction are given free.
Price No. 2 Rs. 1-12-0 No. 1 Rs. 2-8-0
Postage and Packing extra. Various other sorts of cameras are also sold by us.

NATIONAL TRADING CO., (M.M.)

National Buildings,
Beacon St., CALCUTTA.

FINEST, STRONGEST AND BEST MOSQUITO CURTAINS

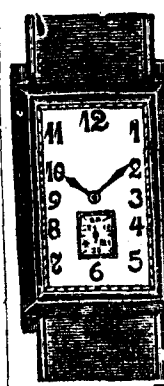


Made of extra strong white Nettings, fullness in four corners, well tailored, very lasting. Also coloured nets available in shades of choicest Light-green, Blue, Red, Yellow, etc., at same prices. (State coloured or white).

Long	Wide	High	Price
6'	8 1/2'	9 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 6 x 8 1/2 x 4 free.
NATIONAL TRADING CO., (M.M.)
Beacon Street, CALCUTTA.

LEVER WRIST WATCH
at Rs. 2-10 Guaranteed 5 Years.



Wonderful Lever Wrist Watch unique in design, cut and appearance, durability Mechanism and accuracy its specialities, complete with strap Price Rs. 2-10
Superior quality Rs. 3-4
Rolled Gold Rs. 4-8
Superior quality Rs. 5-8
Radium Rs. 5.
Rectangular Rs. 7-8.
Pocket Watch Rs. 1-15.
Time Piece Rs. 1-11.
Every watch thoroughly tested before despatch. Postage As. 7 Ext a. Free

Postage to Purchasers of 3 Watches at a time.
NATIONAL TRADING CO., (M.M.)
National Building,
Beacon St., CALCUTTA.

Books by S. V. V.

Soap Bubbles Re. 1-0-0 **More Soap Bubbles Re. 1-0-0**
(Postage Extra)

The two books of side-splitting humour. Order today and be merry always.

The Merry Magazine, 2/140, Broadway, Madras.

The "Bido" of all Times!

The "Pido" for all Hands!!

The "Bido" and "Pido" are the most popular and successful of all watches.

NOV 1914



The "Bido" and "Pido" are the most popular and successful of all watches. They are made of the finest materials and are guaranteed to last for many years.

Designed with a beautiful Gold-plated wristband for Rs. 5-14 only.

Stockists:-

THE GENUINE WATCH CO. P.B. 119, MADRAS.

Famous Mar 1914



The "Bido" and "Pido" are the most popular and successful of all watches. They are made of the finest materials and are guaranteed to last for many years.

Price, Postage paid Rs. 3-10 only

THE KRISHNA AGENCY, (IMPORT DEPT.) P. B. 119, MADRAS.

A Note to Subscribers — Subscribers remitting for renewal of their subscriptions are requested to quote their Subscription No. both in the M. O. coupon and their advice letter. — Subscription Manager.

MARCH FORWARD—

—with the latest Invention!

The Novelty of 1934

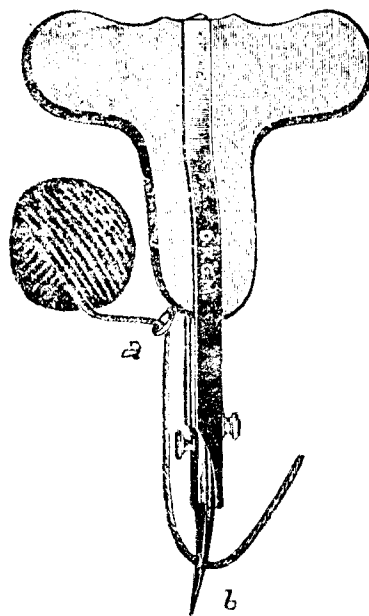
The “Carpet Fairy”

(The Efficient Rug-Work Apparatus)

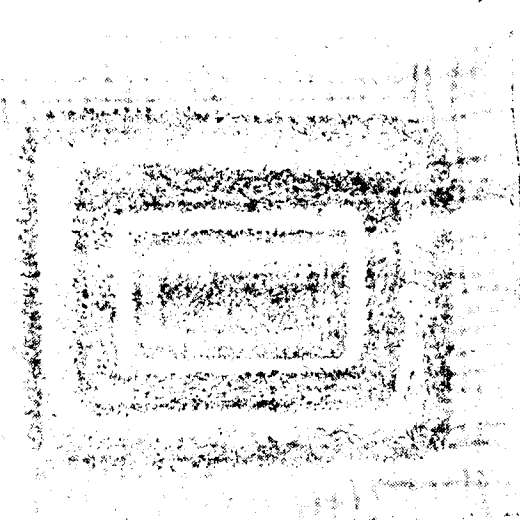
Get full Value for your Money!

This New Rug Work Apparatus enables every boy or girl to make Smyrna-like Carpets, Rugs etc., very easily. The handling of this apparatus is astonishingly simple, so that beautiful work can be produced without long practice:

There is no simpler machine than the ‘Carpet Fairy’!



Ladies and Children can work with this apparatus easily, and in a short time. All kinds of carpets and embroidered curtains used on all important occasions, such as marriages, festivals, meetings, public functions etc., can be made without difficulty with this apparatus.



Illustrated above, you see the shape of the “Carpet Fairy” and a piece of carpet worked out in different colours with this apparatus. Instructions in English, together with a sample piece embroidered with this apparatus, will be supplied with each machine.

This is a machine and must be possessed by every family. Ladies and Children will be greatly interested in their spare hours.

Order to-day and be satisfied:—

Cost of a machine Rs. 4—12—0. Postage extra.

For other particulars, please apply to:—

THE “ZIP” STORES, P.B. 1358, Madras.