

RS. 2000 9/13 O READERS

THE
MERRY
MAGAZINE

Vol. III | MADRAS, 2nd FEBRUARY, 1935. | No. 5

LAP-DOG LYRIC



*The Maid: What of
your marriage vow?*
*The Man: It waits—
for Cupid's Bow.*
*The Dog: Bah! Who's
the Lap-dog now?*

THE MERRY MAGAZINE

(PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY)

SUBSCRIPTION RATES FOR THE WEEKLY MAGAZINE

	India	Foreign
Annual	Rs. 5 0 0	Rs. 7 8 0
Half-year	2 8 0	3 12 0
Single copy	0 2 0	0 3 0

Subscriptions are payable in advance by M. P. O. orders or by P. O. and may commence from any week.

Subscribers are requested to intimate to their Subscription Department any change of address.

Please quote the number of the Subscription Number which will be found on the top right-hand corner of the last issue received.

The Editor of the Merry Magazine will be glad to consider material for publication, but no Mss. will be returned unless it is accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope. The Editor will take no responsibility for manuscripts which may be lost. Payment for accepted manuscripts will be made at "usual rates" unless there is an agreement to the contrary prior to publication. Letters should be addressed to—Editor, The Merry Magazine, 2/140, Broadway, Madras.

The Editor does not always share or agree with the views or opinions expressed by contributors to the pages of this Magazine. Characters depicted herein are all imaginary and no person is intended to be cast on any living person or persons.

Communications with regard to advertisements, subscriptions etc., should be sent to the Manager of the respective departments.

AGENTS FOR SELLING OUR MERRY MAGAZINE

WANTED AT THE FOLLOWING PLACES

ALIGARH
ADONI
BYADARAHALLI
BAPATLA
BHOPAL
CALCUTTA
CHENNAPATNA
CANNANORE

DODBALLAPUR
HARIHAR
JHANSI
KAVALI
LAHORE
MADANAPALLI
NAGPUR
NANJANGUD

HOLE NARASIPUR
PURI
RAICHUR
ROHDRI
SHIMOGA
SIVAGANGA
TIPTUR
TIRUR

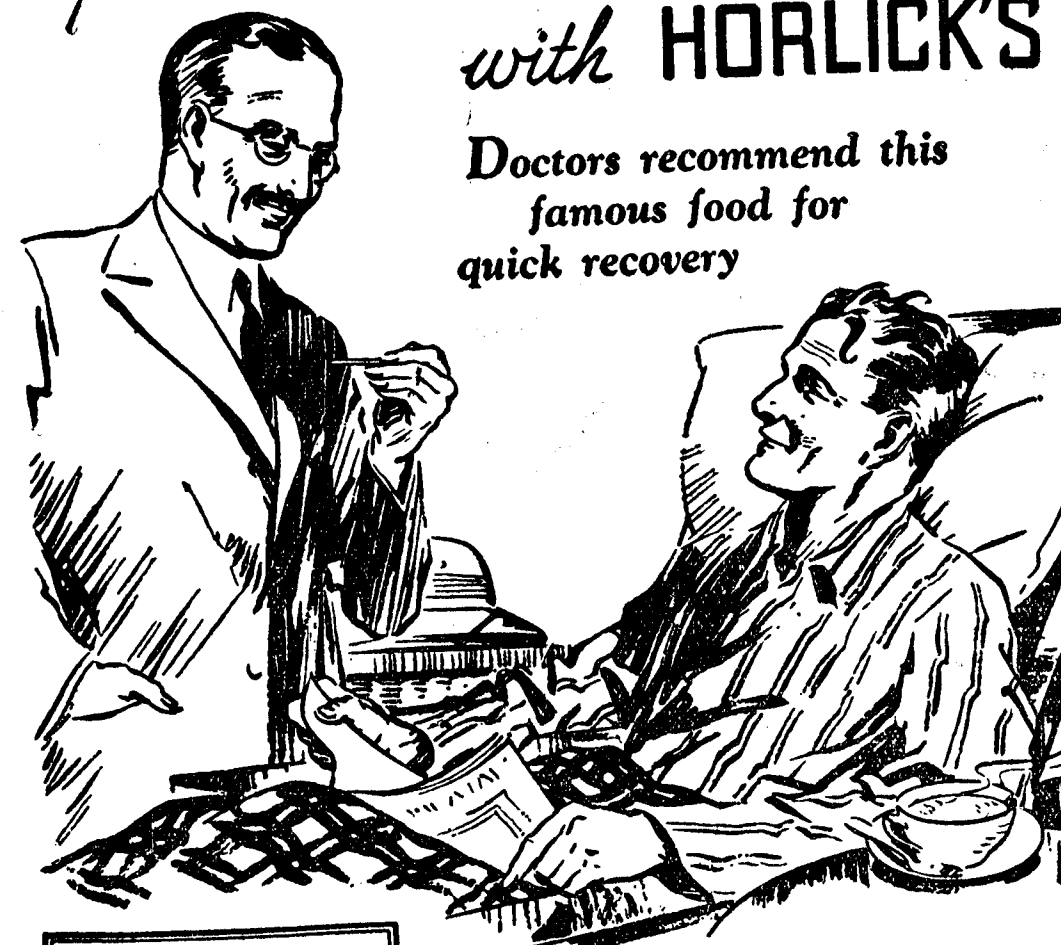
For Agency Terms etc., please apply to:—

The Circulation Manager,
THE MERRY MAGAZINE,

2-140, BROADWAY, MADRAS.

Get back **FULL** strength
with **HORLICK'S**

Doctors recommend this
famous food for
quick recovery



HORLICK'S is all nourishment

HORLICK'S contains all the goodness of rich, full-cream cow's milk with the nutritive extracts of malted barley and wheat. It gives both strength and energy, and besides being rich in maltose and dextrin—pure energy foods in the most directly assimilable form—it also contains an adequate proportion of body-building protein. Horlick's contains no starch and no waste-matter: it is 100 per cent nourishment. Partially predigested in manufacture, it is completely assimilated without strain on the digestion, and its energy-giving effect is rapid. It is a delicious drink hot or cold, and is easily prepared: particularly nice when made with the Horlick's Mixer, obtainable at stores or from P. O. Box 2229, Calcutta, for As. 14 in stamps.



EVEN a mild illness is a strain on your system which can leave hidden weakness unless you take special care to make recovery complete.

A full return to health and vigour depends above all on correct nourishment, to build up the reserves of strength which have been exhausted.

For this purpose Horlick's Malted Milk is regularly prescribed by doctors. It not only brings energy flowing back: it also provides just the body-building elements needed to repair tissues wasted by illness. And it is so digestible that the weakened system absorbs all its goodness easily, without any strain.

Take Horlick's as soon as you can take nourishment, and keep up the good habit until you feel thoroughly strong and well. You will then be safe, your recovery will be full and complete—no hidden weakness will remain!

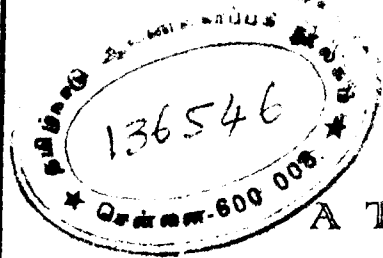
HORLICK'S

The Original Malted Milk

—100 PER CENT ENERGY-GIVING NOURISHMENT

VISVA & CO.,

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



A TRIAL ORDER IS SOLICITED
50, Walajah Road, Mount Road,
MADRAS

Know YOUR Future.

Consult your **FOR 1935.**
Annual Directions

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. **ELLLORE.**, (W. Godavary Dist.)

A Veritable Daily Guide for a Whole Year!

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.



60 YEARS OLD
ON WEDNESDAY NIGHT

25 YEARS YOUNG
ON THURSDAY MORNIN'

REJUVENATION

"COMALIN"

THE NATURAL ONE APPLICATION
ONE SOLUTION HAIR DYE.

Guaranteed Harmless.

"COMALIN"

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

THE ROYAL
ASTROLOGER 1,000,000



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

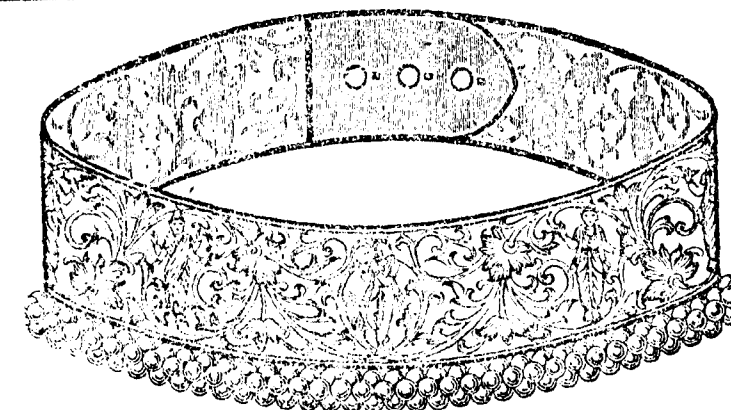
Pandit N. AMIRTANANDA
M. 2 29, North Mada St, Mylapore, : : MADRAS.

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.)



SCIENTIFIC GOLD JEWELLERY

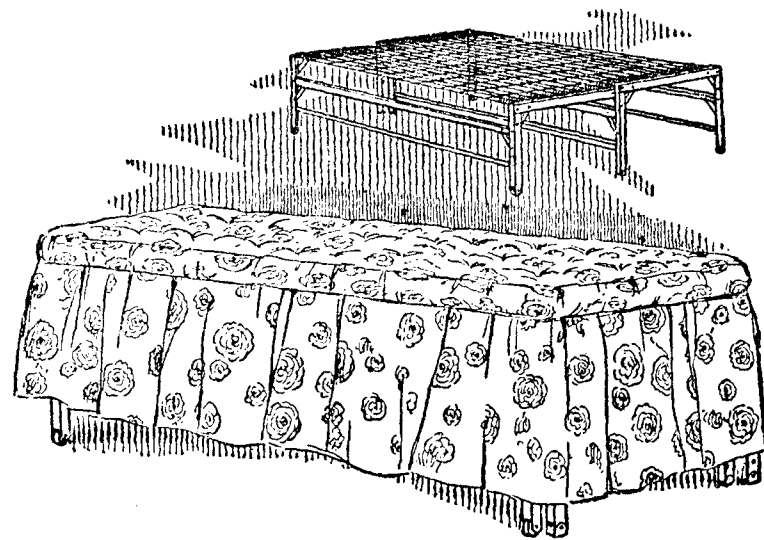
(Substitute for real gold)

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.

A COUCH BY DAY AND



A FULL-SIZED DOUBLE BED AT NIGHT

All Steel Construction
and
Guaranteed Against Breakage

Price Rs. 49-8-0

Literature Free From Sole Agents :

CURZON & Co.,
MOUNT ROAD, MADRAS.

THE MERRY MAGAZINE

Vol. III

MADRAS, 2nd FEBRUARY, 1935.

No. 5

SPARKS FROM OUR ANVIL

Speaking in support of the J. P. C. report, H. E. the Governor of Madras assured the council that 'the British people do not lightly break their pledges.'

They just muddle through them !

Reuter reports that grass has been found growing on the backs of sheep at a farm in Hertfordshire.

It looks like a 'Land to the Back movement !'

"All this wild talk of repudiation of debts was responsible for the Safeguards," says Sir Bhuto of Bombay.

If the debts can be repudiated, what chance have the safeguards?

Lord Rothermere exhorts the princes to save themselves and India, and render another signal service to the British empire.

As usual, the sting of it is in the tail.

The All-India Independence Day was observed on the 26th January.

We understand that it had nothing to do with the Independent Party in the Assembly.

By the way, Mr. Jinnah has been elected its leader.

As to where he will lead it, is still a dead secret !

The Maharajkumar of Vizianagaram voted against the motion for adjournment on the continued detention of Mr. S. C. Bose.

We thought he played cricket.

The Home Member's defence was that 'where there was no privilege, there can be no infringement of it.'

This is the latest addition to the benefits of British rule!

Sir Henry Craik complained that the 'confidential' Government circular on Gandhiji's Village Industries scheme was either stolen or sold.

But more heinous than either, in our opinion, was that it was written!

It is understood that the League of Nations has asked the Government of India for help in connection with the suppression of terrorism in Europe.

Our only surprise is that they were not approached earlier!

Mr. Langley characterised a speech of Sir A. P. Patro as a mixture of ignorance and bad economics.

We congratulate Mr. Langley on the acuteness of his judgement.

Speaking on China, Lt. Col. Wright remarked: 'If only the Chinese could get the running of South India for 25 years, what a changed place it would be!'

In fact, almost anybody else but the British, would have done better.

Sgt. Subash Bose's book *The Indian Struggle, 1920-34* has been proscribed by the Government of India.

This is however expected to increase its sales abroad.

"Women should leave their knitting on their husbands' chair and so interest them in their work of providing clothes, for no man can stand against needles in the place he sits on."

Nor sit tight in the place when he cannot stand it!

From a gossip's note :

'Mrs——'s very smart dress had a black breton sailor hat to go with it.'

We wonder what the lady was doing in the meanwhile!

Sir Abdur Rahim has been elected President of the Assembly—by a minority of elected votes.

'Max Reinecke, a German acrobat, jumps backward from one pedestal to another, balancing on his head'—*Reuter*.

After all, a rival to Goebbels and Goering?

A correspondent from New York says that the interest taken in the War Debt instalment due on Dec. 15 was infinitesimal.

And of the principal, less than of the interest!

THEY called her "Miss" Lala because all things English were the rage in Paris during the reign of Napoleon the Little. The very word "Miss" conveyed a suggestion of sauciness and daring. Lala, however, did not belong to the Nation of Shop-keepers, though she had exotic wares to sell. She was really a Mademoiselle Plonplon, a daughter of the French bourgeoisie. She had all the frugality, shrewdness, and hard common-sense of that class. Her motto was, "Nothing for nothing, and very little for ten francs."

Lala was a singer, but she could not sing. She was a dancer, and could not dance. No one cared how badly she sang and danced. At the age of fifteen she appeared at a cheap music-hall, and was an immense success. She had terrific vitality, and a blazing personality which captivated every man who beheld her. She soon enslaved a rich shoe-manufacturer, who transported her to an expensive night-club. Here she made the acquaintance of a Member of the Chamber, who secured her an engagement at the *Comedie Francaise*. Her next protector was a Duke of the Empire. Her prestige was assured. Among all the gay-plumaged *cocottes* of the Gay City, Miss Lala was the *cocotte de luxe*.

Lala soon discarded the Duke. Only one music could win her heart—the chink of gold. Her lovers came to her with immense fortunes, and departed penni-

MISS LALA

By 'Embusque'

A Story of the Third Empire

less. She ruined millionaires with surprising celerity and monotonous regularity. She was the talk of France.

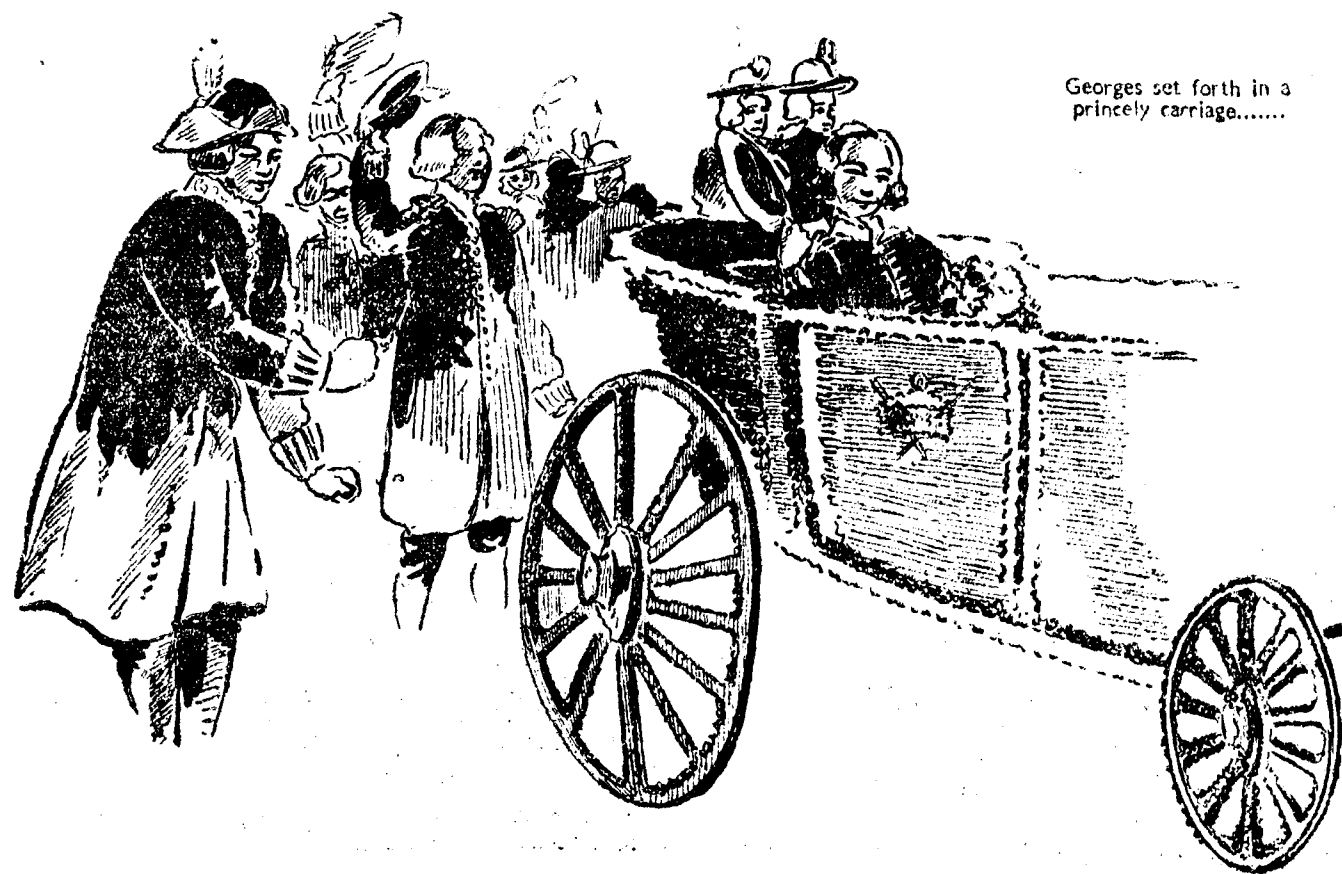
Lala became the idol of the students of Saint-Cyr, the military academy of Paris. The cadets worshipped the glorious creature from afar. The most fleeting of Lala's favours required a sum of five thousand francs, an amount beyond the means of any of them. They cheered her as she drove in the Bois in her silver carriage and magnificent equipage, drawn by the most splendid horses in Europe. Lala graciously acknowledged their acclamations. It was a pity that the nice young gentlemen had no money!

One day, a young gentleman of the Academy had a brilliant notion. The resources of an individual cadet were quite inadequate, but the resources of the entire student-body could provide a sum which would make her accessible to one fortunate student. Let a thousand cadets contribute a modest sum apiece, and the proceeds would finance the lucky one!

The famous Lala Lottery was instituted. Every cadet scraped together five francs. The scene at the drawing transcended the excitement of an Irish Sweepstake. The lucky winner was one Georges Thion.

The students felt that Georges must do credit to the Academy. He was decked in the finest uniform that

(Continued on page 5)



Georges set forth in a princely carriage.....

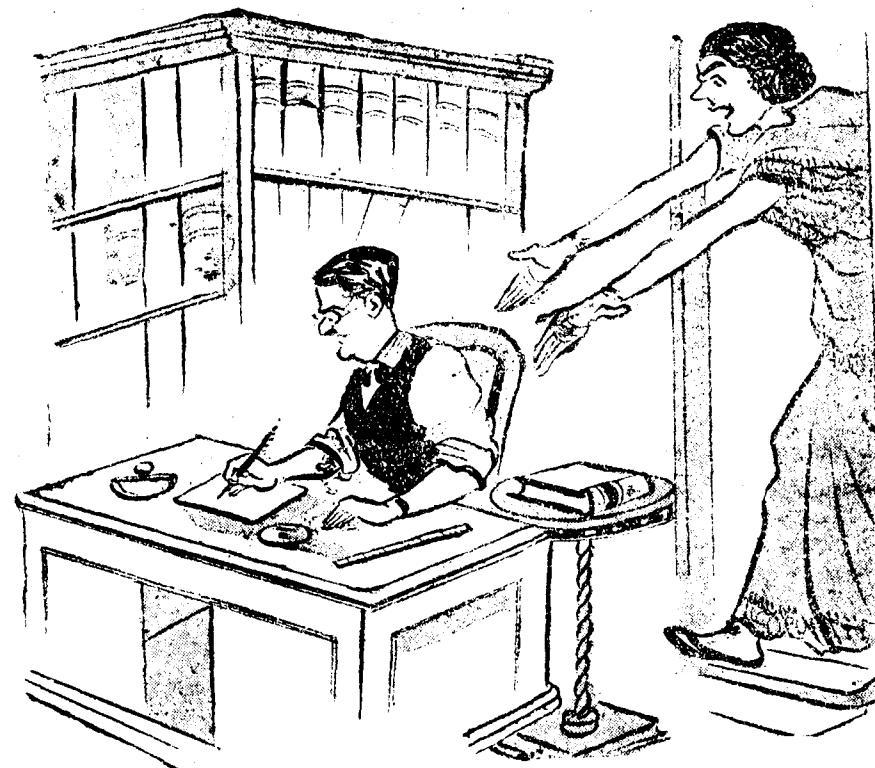
LOST!

"HE is gone! He is gone!" wailed Leela, bursting into my study and throwing up her arms like a violent suffragette.

I put down my pen. The matter looked serious.

"What's this S. O. S.?" I asked her.

P. P. SAMUEL.



"My little Pummypommy-darling!" she moaned.

"Good heavens!" I cried. "Have you mislaid the baby?"

"Don't be silly!" said Leela, wife-like. "Whoever will care to steal your little boy? He takes after you, don't you know?"

"Then why this melodrama?" I said, ignoring her uncomplimentary reference to my looks. "Won't you take a seat and have a cigarette?"

Not that Leela is a smoker. Well, she isn't, even though she was at college full four years. But, whenever she gets extremely excited, I make it a point to offer her a cigarette. Husbands, you know, have such little tricks of their own, picked up from the bag of experience. Simple, but none the less effective.

"You priceless advocate!" she laughed.

I grunted noncommittally.

"My Pomeranian pup is missing!" she exclaimed. "What do you say to it?"

"If it is missing, it is a pity," I said. "No, I mean quite twenty-five pities."

"Don't be childish! What are you going to do about it?"

"Well," I suggested, "if I were you I should go over the whole place with a magnifying glass."

Illustrated by mali

"He is gone! He is gone!" wailed Leela, bursting into my study—

"Will you please ring up the police instead of trying to be humorous?"

"Certainly," said I, reaching for my turban. "Most certainly. I shall phone for the police immediately." I suddenly remembered that I had run short of cigarettes and wanted an excuse to go out for a further supply.

"It is a pity," Leela lamented, "we have no telephone of our very own. I have been asking you all these....."

"Yes, dear, it is quite twenty-five pities. But let us not waste time discussing the desirability of a darned dial," said I, with a burst of alliteration, "while dastardly devils decamp with doggies."

"Leela," said I, expansively, returning with a bulging pocket, "I have changed my mind about informing the police. After all, they will only bring in heaps of mud on their big boots, ask lots of nasty questions, wipe their boots on the door-mat as they go out, and inform you after a couple of months that they are 'investigating!'"

"How very clever of you!" Leela freezed, glancing at my pocket. "Be a man and own up that you have just been to your tobacconist's. And it is a shame to waste good money on cigarettes when the back tyres of our car are worn to the canvas."

"D-d-darling," said I, "you have a tendency to digress. The subject of to-night's discussion, if you care to be reminded of it, is 'Doggie'."

"Well, what are you going to do about it?"

"Well, dear, I am going to take off my coat and beat the bushes and pry into every hole and corner."

"Do you think I haven't done it already?"

"Women," said I, "are prone to do things in a haphazard way. Now, watch a man do the same thing systematically."

I threw off my coat and dived under the bed. A couple of minutes later I emerged in a fit of sneezing, covered with cobwebs and the dust of 1934.

"Th-th-thanks awfully for the dusting," laughed Leela. "I was thinking of doing it myself this afternoon, but I see that you have done it like a man."

"Not at...shooooo," I replied gallantly.

I removed the cobwebs from my mouth and sneezed again.

"There are two more beds," said Leela, invitingly.

It was a challenge. The thing had to be done thoroughly, or not at all. I hitched up my tie and dived again.

"Leela," said I, from under cot No. 2, "hand me the magnifying-glass."

"Whatever is it for?"

"Your blessed doggie," said I, "is scarcely big enough to be visible to the naked eye in diffused sunlight."

"Shall I fetch you a candle too?"

"Shut upshishoooo!"

"Smelling salt, dear?"

"No, thanks."

"And may I hand you a duster? The blue one with the mottled handle?.....Hullo! what's happened?"

"D-d-damn!"

"What did you say?"

"I said 'damn'."

"To a lady?"

"No, to a leg."

"Whose leg?"

"This darned cot's."

"Poor hubby!" she sympathized.

I came out with a contusion, the size of a Madras tomato, over my right eye.

"Poor, poor dear!" said Leela, feeling the sore in her motherly way. "Did I or did I not tell you that I had ransacked the whole house before I informed you? And do you think Pummy-pommy wouldn't come up like a flash when I call him, if he is anywhere within earshot?"

"Perhaps he is too overfed to move," I suggested.

"Don't be tedious!"

"Or he might have gone out for an evening walk with some charming Pomeranian lady."

"Ah, that's likely. But, in the meantime, would you mind informing the police?"

"Not at all. But I should like to make a thorough search before I let the police in."

I beat the bushes, I pried into every hole and corner, but Pummy-pommy-darling was nowhere to be seen.

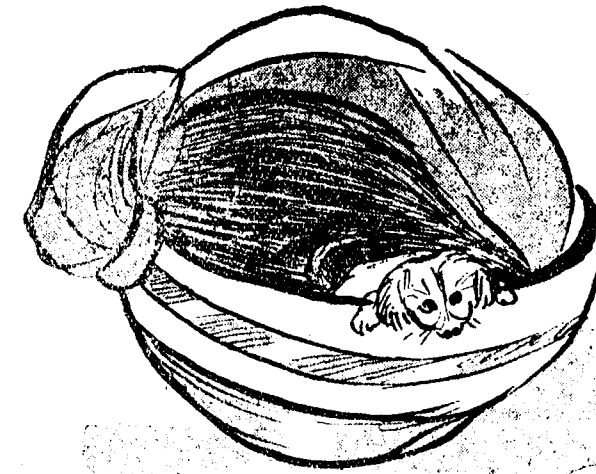
"Leela," said I, at last, from the top of the Shah Jehan wardrobe, "I throw up the sponge."

"Oh, my! Whatever are you doing there? Do you think a Pomeranian has wings to get to the top of that wardrobe? Come down, dear, and I'll sponge you over before you go to the police station."

I came down.

"Now," said Leela, "by the time I get your bath ready, I suppose you can do the lumber room."

"No, dear," I returned, "I have definitely thrown up the sponge."



—the little blighter fast asleep, curled up snugly in my lace turban.

"And thrown open the wardrobe," she nagged.

"No, I haven't."

"You have."

"I tell you I haven't."

"You have," she insisted, with feminine stubbornness. "If you hadn't, it had remained closed. So there!"

"Look here, Leela,"

I began sternly, but a yelp of delight interrupted my sermon on wifely behaviour.

"Oh dear! Oh dear! Oh dear!" she crooned. "Here is my Pummy-pommy-tootsy-wootsy-doodo-doo! Oh dear! How cute! How too cute!"

I peeped into the wardrobe and saw the little blighter fast asleep, curled up snugly in my lace turban.

MISS LALA—(Continued from page 2)

their wardrobes could provide. The Commandant, with a truly Gallic gesture, presented the winner with the cost of a banquet for two, including the finest wines, to be supplied by the most exclusive restaurant of Paris. The Professors subscribed a magnificent bouquet for Georges to carry to the lovely creature. Gilded lacqueys bore to her an invitation of solid gold printed on vellum. At the appointed hour, Georges set forth in a princely carriage to keep the assignation, pursued by the cheers and good wishes of his companions.

Miss Lala received him with charming graciousness. She was flattered by the notoriety of the event. The dinner was superb. The lady was exceedingly kind.

"My dear," she said to the fortunate Georges, as he took his lingering departure, "when you are a famous General, you will be able to gather your grandchildren about you, and tell them that you, Georges Thion, once enjoyed the favours of the most expensive lady in France. And absolutely free of charge. Yes," she added, in response to his delighted stare, "absolutely free of charge."

"I am overwhelmed!" cried the happy Georges.

"I cannot allow this auspicious occasion to be marred by considerations of mere money," declared the beautiful lady, with great emotion. "To show my appreciation of the devotion extended to me by the gallant students of Saint-Cyr, I must make reparation. I will return your money! You shall not be a penny out of pocket!"

She opened her purse, and handed him back—five francs.

JANUARY LUCKY NUMBERS

Have you copies of *The Merry Magazine* bearing any of the following numbers? Please verify and send your copy to this office and receive the prize-money. All claims should be preferred before 20-2-35.

No. 534567 Rs. 50

No. 518932 Rs. 10

No. 567890 Rs. 10

No. 516321 Rs. 5

No. 520032 Rs. 5

No. 528321 Rs. 5

No. 545639 Rs. 5

No. 555555 Rs. 5

No. 571234 Rs. 5



By 'KEBI'

A woman reader takes umbrage at my not having said a word about the All-India Women's Conference held at Karachi recently. Having held the life-long theory that women are like aeroplanes and high explosives, necessary on special occasions but too dangerous for the ordinary man to handle, I had left it severely alone. But now that my correspondent attributes my silence to motives which cannot be put in print, I have decided, (like the brave young man of Adrosa, North Portugal, who consented sometime back to marry a young maiden of four score and ten so that when she died—which he expects any moment—her belongings would go to him and not to fill the fat coffers of the State) yes, I have decided not only to say a few words about the Conference but to devote the whole of my article this week to matters concerning women. I am sure what I am going to say will make my fair friends' ears tingle but I don't care a rap. Let them vent their vials of wrath on me. I am prepared for the worst.

At the Karachi Conference, women let themselves go with a bang, and raised the standard of revolt against man. One delegate went to the extent of saying that men merely called their women "Rani" and "Light of Mine Eyes", but in practice conferred no rights on them. She wanted all man-made laws to be shattered. Poor things! Some women are never satisfied. They are not content with "queening" over their mates, but want a whole kingdom! As for the threat about man-made laws, it has been the fashion ever since Eve set foot in the garden of Eden. But man-made laws have been there all right, in spite of Xanthippes.

Providence, we are told, made Man and rested for seven days and then made Woman and has not rested since. Neither has Man. He is still atoning for the blunder his ancestor committed, when he agreed to the removal of one of his ribs for creating Eve.

The wives of China are now up in arms. Under the new criminal code of that country, a married woman found guilty of misconduct may be imprisoned for not more than a year. For married men found guilty of the same offence, no punishment is provided. Against this state of affairs, Mrs. China is beginning a stern fight.

Protest meetings are being held at every street corner and feminine votes are being canvassed, while some leading women are threatening that "sanctions" of the kind that British Suffragettes had to adopt, will be taken unless politicians amend the existing law.

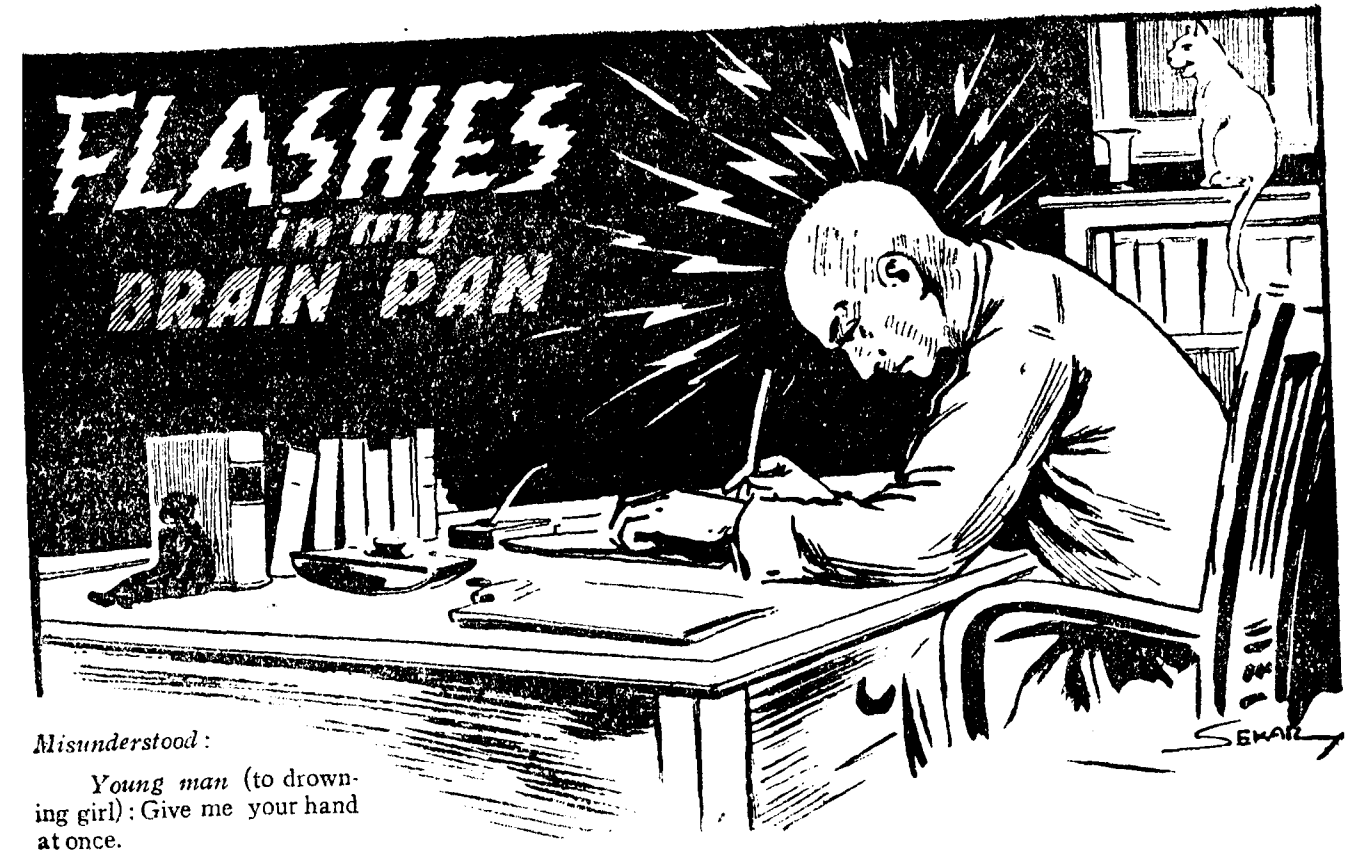
Chinamen! Sit up and take notice.

The recent purchase for £15,000 by the French Government of Napoleon Bonaparte's letters to Empress Marie Louise reminds me of how woman (spelt w-o-e-m-a-n) ever since the days of the Queen of Sheba and before has been the cause of the downfall of men and Empires. For, this rare collection included the Emperor's famous despatch, smartly intercepted by Blucher. In the letter Napoleon wrote of his intention to march to the Marne. The capture of this letter by the Cossacks proved fatal to the Emperor. Blucher milked its information and then forwarded the letter to Marie Louise.

The Stamford Hill (England) Hockey Club had its record defeat—from Cupid. The club has been disbanded because most of the first eleven have "married, retired or left the district." "Funeral rites" included the disposal of the club's tackle at bargain prices.

Motto: If you want to get married, join a hockey club. And that is also the reason, why I run away from that game.

An American lady has all her life been consumed with a fear of being buried alive. She has, therefore, had a specially equipped coffin made for herself. It has a lid with a spring and 'a range of portholes' in the sides. There is a small book-case at the head provided with a few latest 'thrillers', anthologies and humorous works. There are a box of biscuits, a tin of preserved fruit, a few bottles of "soft drinks", a gramophone, and a selection of records. In addition, there is an electric light and a telephone by which the official in charge of the cemetery may be rung up. "In this way," says the clever woman, "if I wake up, I can amuse myself till help comes, or eat and drink if I need it."



Misunderstood:

Young man (to drowning girl): Give me your hand at once.

Girl (sinking for the second time): Oh Jim, this is so sudden.

The week's worst wise-crack:

Siamese twins, says a doctor, love each other overwhelmingly. In fact their attachment is strong.

Pun:

"You can pick up rattling good bargains any day at our emporium." Advt. of second-hand motor dealer. Oh yes, even if they are not good they are bound to be rattling.

Depressing:

"I hear poor Brown's last failure has depressed him completely." "Quite true. He failed to get out of a steam roller's way in time."

Old joke rejuvenation deptt.:

Diner: Waiter, there is a pin in my cocktail. Waiter (Ex-type-setter): Only a typographical error, sir. It ought to be—Gin.

Epitaph:

Toll the knell, For Mr. Hill, He told his doctor "I won't pay your bill."

Terrible Tale:

"If you kiss me I shall scream," Said a lady in her dream; Soon she woke up to declare, "Pon my soul, what a nightmare!"

Thirsty:

She was the salt of his life And that is the reason I think Why soon after becoming his wife She heartlessly drove him to drink.

We agree:

Interviewer (to famous author): Which type of story do you find it most difficult, sir?

Author: Umm, I think the ones I have to tell my wife when I return home late.

Important observation:

A doctor warns us that there are over 10,000 germs in every kiss. We wish that was the only danger to kissing.

Potty story:

"Is it true that young Smith, was sent to jail because he threw flowers at his wife?"

"Quite true. You see the flowers were in a pot."

Query corner:

'What can we do with the influenza germ, the Micrococcuscvyza?' asks a doctor. Sell the blighter to a cross-word puzzle maker.

Definition:

And a poet is the fellow whose whole is full of soul, and whose sole is full of holes.

THE EDITOR'S COLUMN

SUCH of the readers as are 'puzzle-minded', as follow the traditions of Sherlock Holmes and derive delight in solving intricate problems, must have been finding ample material for the employment of their talents in the competition pages of the *Merry*. As an inducement I have been distributing prizes which, for the three preceding months alone, have amounted to nearly Rs. 2000/- While I am anxious to encourage readers taking to this excellent form of amusement, I must correct the impression that I am a KUBERA or a Croesus and can afford to distribute enormous sums without expecting co-operation from competition fans. And so, this time, while offering a very big sum—much more than all the previous prize-amounts put together—I am also asking for a small entrance fee—quite insignificant when compared to the return. The prize amount offered is Rs. 2000/- and the entrance fee only As. 8/- All you have to do is to find the 8 letters. There is only one set and any number of entries may be submitted. The set will be repeated in our issue of the 9th. You will find all the details on page 41. Though February this year has only 28 days, readers shall not suffer. I promise them another puzzle with as big a prize in the latter half of February.

Turning now from prize-amounts to my prize-boys, I feel I must say something about Topsy Turvy, the fifth part of which is appearing in this issue. The story deals with an interchange of personality between a Professor and a student caused by a curse of the witch of Modalkar. The Professor and student retain their respective physical bodies while the change relates only to the spirit. This leads to many amusing and intriguing situations and the climax is reached in the final chapters. The supernatural when treated seriously finds credence only with a few but when it is not emphasised—when it is merely subsidiary to the very human—farce is the result: reckless, irresponsible boisterous farce: farce of the type of 'Topsy Turvy'. The coming instalments are regular 'squeakers'. Believe me, they are.

Talking about Topsy Turvy, I am reminded (I don't know why) of the staff poet, (blast the pest!) whose neglect of his regular work is sought to be justified by the reams of poetry he places before me for examination. 'A little thing, but mine own, absolutely,' he tells me, when I ask him whether it is all his own. Here is the latest of his effusions—this time addressed to the ladies (God bless them!)

And if your hubby's temper's chronic
Merry Mag.'s his only tonic;
The Mag. with a laugh in every page
For boys and girls of every age.

I can bear my cross as well as the other man and
in spite of poets I am delighted to remain yours truly

Editor.

CONTENTS

	Page
Sparks from Our Anvil	1
Miss Lala	2
'Embuseque'	3
Lost!	6
P. P. Samuel	
One Thing and Another	7
"Kebi"	8
Flashes in My Brain Pan	9
The Editor's Column	10
A Feast of Fun	11
Topsy Turvy—A Thrilling Fantasy	12
—Part the five—Rajaram	
Do you know?	14
A Minute of Dissent	15
R.K. Narayan Swami	
A Passenger	16
R. Jagannathan	
By The Bookstall	17
Leslie Latter	
Yes! I know!	20
Letters of Private Joyfull	
34. Pets In Barracks	
The Story of My Life—V	
"Mie"	21
Star Dust	22
A Love Scene	23
"Tirumalai Nallan"	25
Auntie Awful's	
Correspondence Column—XIV	
Wedding Presents	28
A. T. MacNaughton Thomas	
My Vocations	31
M.S. Anantha Rao	
A Friend In Need	33
K. B.	
Ennui	35
"Suraj"	38
The Mango Tree	39
A.M. Menon	
Chandru's Philosophy or	
Something else	
'Dr. Cynicus'	
Sir Guy The Chi-Walrus	41
'McNair'	
Rs. 2,000 To Readers	
'Singles' Competition	

ANNOUNCEMENTS

In the Next Issue	4
January Lucky Numbers ...	5

ILLUSTRATED JOKE

Short Stories That Are Tall	9
R. Linton	



A FEAST OF FUN

Logic!
Voice on the telephone to lunatic asylum:
"Have you lost an inmate?"
"No; why?"
"Someone has eloped with my wife!"

Which?
"Brown is letting his wife drive the car. I wonder what his intentions are?"
"Why should he have intentions?"
"Well, either he wants a new car or a new wife."

No Escape

"If you don't want to marry her, why on earth did you propose to her?"

"That's just it. She proposed to me."

"Why didn't you turn her down, then?"

"I couldn't. She worded her proposal so cleverly. She said: 'Will you marry me? Have you any objection?' Thus whether I said 'yes' or 'no', she had me."

"Not at all. You should have preserved a discreet silence."

"Just what I did, and she fell into my arms, murmuring that silence meant consent."

SHORT STORIES THAT ARE TALL



Tourist: "And whose skulls are these?"
Hawker: "The larger one is that of the man who had this castle built."
Tourist: "And the smaller one?"
Hawker: "Of the same man when he was a boy."

Pat-End!

ing Pat at the conclusion of the evidence, "and I have decided to allow your wife fifteen shillings a week."
"Certainly! If you go straight on you will walk to the river—I've just come out of it."

"Much obliged to your honour," answered Pat, "I'll do me best ter give her a couple of bob myself as well."

Easy!

He: "You're good at conundrums, try this one."

She: "Sure, go ahead."

He: "Take away my first letter; take away my second letter; take away all my letters and I am still the same. What am I?"

She: "That's easy. You're a post-man."

Faint!

Passenger: "I've accidentally pulled the communication cord—what shall I do? I will be fined Rs. 50."

The Other: "Give me Rs. 50/- and I shall have a fit."

His Part

Pat's wife had left him and was suing him for maintenance.

"I have looked into the case very carefully," said the magistrate, address-

Topsy Turvy

A THRILLING FANTASY PART THE FIVE THE NITROGEN GROUP

The Fantasy so far:

Professor Thurkov of Modalkar and his student, Nargun, visit the Temple of Bhima on a drizzling evening. In the presence of a colossal statue of the Indian Hercules, the professor whimsically regrets his long-lost youth. Nargun in his turn expresses a desire to become a sedate and respected professor. Now an ugly little creature, the Witch of Modalkar, enters the scene, heralded by thunder and lightning. She grants the desire of both Thurkov and Nargun. It is more a curse than a boon; for the transformation relates to the body only. In mind and spirit, Thurkov and Nargun remain their original selves. After a long discussion, they part and each goes to his new residence. Nargun, as the professor, has to pretend fever and delirium to post-pone the problem of speaking to his wife and children Tamil of which he knows nothing. And Professor Thurkov, as Nargun, pretends that he has taken a vow

to talk only in English for a fortnight and thus saves himself from talking in Marathi, of which he knows nothing. Thus a day passes.

Now read on:—

A night of continuous drizzle and occasional lightning and thunder—a night of dismal perplexities to Messrs. Thurkov and Nargun—spent itself out and Friday dawned upon an expectant world. We shall not attempt the impossible by trying to describe minutely what happened in Thurkov's house that morning. Suffice it to say, Nargun woke up refreshed a great deal, and as though he had lived in the flat moved about a while and anon shut himself in the bath-room, from which he emerged half an hour later, the picture of health and rotundity. Mandodhari eyed him askance, and even ventured a stray query or two in Tamil,—but brave Nargun royally refused to answer them, but indicated his desires with gestures and isolated English words. Once, indeed, he did attempt Tamil and bellowed: "Indu, thirtham kondurwa!"—and his stratagem

When Nargun decked in the unique plumes of professor Thurkov entered the College compound, a thousand cat-calls and shrill whistles filled the

generally succeeded. Mandodhari, shrewd housewife that she was, chose not to cross her Lord's path when in such a demonstrably irritable mood,—and Indu, Lila and Mohan punctually left the flat at eight to attend their morning classes at the St. Ignatius' Convent School. Nargun was satisfied with all that, and his morning *chappathis* and tea over, sat erect on the bench, spreading Smith, Mellore, Shenstone and Parlington, in a noble endeavour to master the queer similarities between the members of the Nitrogen group of elements.

It was no joke however; he took profuse notes, referred the Concise Oxford Dictionary every now and then, understood some statements and misunderstood more, and with every new ding-dong of an additional half-hour felt greater trepidation and diffidence.

When it was ten-thirty, Mandodhari came to say something which Nargun rightly interpreted as summons to take his meal. Nor was he loth to respond, though it must be admitted he couldn't relish many of those Madrasee dishes. He never uttered a Tamil word, but contented himself and his professor's wife with a curt 'No' and a gentle 'Yes!'; and when 'pan' was offered, he greedily accepted it and munched it with unseemly doggedness. He thought naturally the taste rather peculiar and stimulating and in the depths of his subconscious mind determined to marry as soon as possible, if only to have the privilege of chewing 'pan' in fulsome quantities.

Dressing himself was not quite an easy job; but he managed it all right. The flowing *dhotee*, the tight close-coat, and the symmetrical but so inadequate Madrasee turban—they fitted Nargun to an inch, and surveying himself in the mirror, he registered an awed feeling and almost a creeping sensation. What a clumsy figure, my Lord Brahma! poor Nargun moaned. But it was getting late—and picking up Parlington's Chemistry, Nargun strode off magnificently towards the College. Mandodhari watched him from the balcony and knew him for her dear, stupid lord. Yes, there was nothing the matter with the dear man; a bit queer as ever, that was all!

Hundreds of students from the verandah above were watching, scrutinising, X-raying, very nearly dissecting all those coming down the gravel path towards the college. Whistlings, too-tocings, muffled exclamations, reckless pseudonyms and nick-names filled the air, sorely trying the nerves of ordinary human beings. When Nargun decked in the unique the last lot Professor Thur-the Nitrotered the College now has and, a thousand cat-studied, you on

calls and shrill whistles filled the air. But Nargun recked not. He carried his brave weight to the second floor and bravely entered the room, marked at the entrance 'Chemistry Professor.'

He could take some rest, for there was time yet, some ten minutes more. Alas, he was to have no rest after all. The Demonstrator came with a 'Good morning, sir,' and went on to say: "We must do something about the practicals; very few have completed all the 12 experiments—and a few have done only two or three, and that mischievous chap, Nargun, has done only one!" Nargun's ire rose to absolute temperature: "That's all right, we'll talk about it later on!" said he. The Demonstrator faded away.

Now who should confront Nargun but Thurkov! The meeting might be described extremely cordial. "Okay?" asked Thurkov. "Okay, of course," chimed in Nargun. "Sure you can do the Nitrogen group well?" "Believe me, I can."

The bell rang and Thurkov had to run away to the Inter-Science class. Nargun too prepared for his maiden speech as Professor of Chemistry.

There was an ominous, stony silence in the class. Nargun entered the class, dead serious as was Thurkov's nature, and ascended the platform, Parlington in hand. It was a signal for stamping; uninterrupted, uniform, outrageous stamping. "Silence, please!" roared Nargun, taking courage in both hands. But the answer was an increased uproar, heavier stamping—and what was that? Crackers? Yes, crackers—even crackers. Crackers indeed!

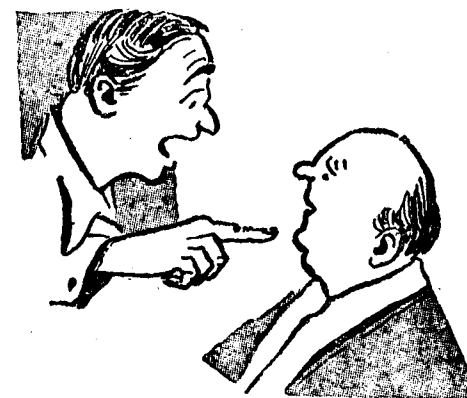
Nargun stood helplessly and swore and once or twice even screamed. Suddenly the noise ceased, for the students had spied the Principal at the other end of the verandah, and good sense told them they must stop.

Nargun breathed freely. He wanted to go one better than the Thurkov of fact. He said—rather declared in a loud voice—in deliberate accents: "Gentlemen,

(Continued on page 13)

RAJARAM

DO YOU KNOW?



1. Who discovered oxygen?
2. What is the difference between a nautical and a land mile?
3. Which is the highest mountain peak in Europe?
4. What is an orbit in astronomy?
5. How is camphor obtained?
6. What is meant by the term 'Sinn Fein'?

Please see answers on Page 16.

A Minute of Dissent

TO all whom it may concern: The J. P. C. Report has disappointed me. To the next edition of the Report, let them add a fly-leaf with the inscription 'E & O. E.' They have no doubt made a mess of Provincial Autonomy, Responsibility in the Centre, Federation, States Entry, and Safeguards. In spite of what everyone had been saying, I expected nothing better. I was amused, but hardly shocked. But now, after reading the actual Report, I am shocked. There is, in the whole mass of writing, hardly a mention of certain serious problems that harass every true Indian.

The word 'Problem' was created for India just after the country was discovered by Vasco da Gama. India is a problem and has problems. How is India a problem? I do not know. Otherwise, I suppose, there would not be so many blue books and reports on it. What are India's problems? Earthquakes, Earthquake Relief Funds, Rain, and Bugs, are the four most acute problems in India today.

Geologically some parts of India are just six months old. The Earth, in those places, is as unsteady as a toddler on his feet. The raw Earth goes on finding a suitable position to settle down in. Though perhaps geologically this process goes on uninterruptedly, according to our calculations, it happens by fits and starts. As a result of this activity, rivers disappear, high roads become rivers, schools are sucked into the earth, court-buildings become unrecognizable, and motorists who leave home cannot find their way back. Of course after every earthquake, strong editorials appear in newspapers and important persons visit the 'devastated' area and issue statements to the press. These, however, do not prevent further earthquakes; one might even notice that after such focussed attention, they become so frequent that newspapers begin to refer to them familiarly as 'Quakes', and some parts of the country get attached to their names certain gloomy adjectives. One of the worst losses that Bihar suffered in the last earthquake was the loss of its name. Formerly it was known as Bihar, but now nobody recognizes it, unless it is called Stricken Bihar. This process has gone so far that school children are now-a-days taught to call it S. Bihar.

Earthquakes naturally lead to the collection of Earthquake Relief Funds. Large sums are collected and enthusiastically spent

in raising fallen buildings, putting rivers back in their places, salvaging the high roads, and so on. The normal sequence ought to be Earthquake, Earthquake Relief Funds, spending of the funds, and tranquillity and peace at least for a little while. But the Quakes return unexpectedly, that is, before the funds are spent, and the accounts become quite a jumble. The Credit, Debit, and Balance columns are thrown into a perfect mess. With large sums collected from all over the country, one can imagine what a confusion the whole thing must be.

The next problem is rain. I am not going to say anything funny about the Meteorological Department. It is one of the most efficient departments in the whole country. The Heavy Rainfall Warning, Light Showers Will Continue, Dry Weather Generally, prove nothing short of prophecies; but Heavy Rainfall will be in a place where there ought to be a little less of it, Light Showers Will Continue in a place where there have been light showers continuing for several months, and Dry Weather Generally where no other weather has ever been known. Apart from the general inconvenience to the people, this arrangement affects agriculture seriously. Maize and rice are the chief crops of India. They are difficult to raise, because in dry areas they get dried up and in wet places the seeds get soaked or are washed away; in places which are neither very dry nor very wet, they don't get just enough heat or cold to help them to germinate. Our greatest problem at present is to find some means of distributing in several places the effects of heat and cold without depending on the Sun or rain.

I should be guilty of gross oversight, if I closed this without mentioning the Bug. The acuteness of the suffering caused to the Indian population by this vermin may be judged from the fact that sometime ago a man who advertised that he had discovered a sure method of destroying bugs, earned in a short time enough to change his name and go on a world tour, travelling First Class. He charged only four annas in stamps to reveal the secret. People paid four annas and received by post two small, flat stones marked A and B, with printed instructions, which directed that bug C must be *dhak-dhak* caught and placed over which A should be placed and pressed; the right or the left it

R.K. NARAYAN SWAMI

—high roads become rivers



Bugs are in our furniture, bedding and in our railway carriages. In the first, they have caused a revolution in construction: cane furniture, which was once a flourishing industry, is now fallen low because the pleated surface of such pieces of furniture provide the bugs with impregnable strongholds. In wooden furniture much change is noticeable. We try to make our chairs as straight and plain as possible, without corner, crevice, or angle that is likely to provide a home for the bug. But bugs have learnt to do without corner and crevice. They are developing



A sure method of destroying bugs

an Open Air Cult. They just live on the outside surface of chairs, merging with the colour of the varnish. The Indian railways carry the largest quantities of bugs in the world. People are known to spend the night standing in the passage, leaving families of bugs to romp in their beds optimistically spread on the seats. The whole problem assumes a mighty proportion, when we remember that the suckers of blood are very nearly indestructible. Boiling water only cleanses their tiny bodies and disinfectants merely supply them with certain vitamins absent in our blood. I have written this in the hope that a Royal Commission will soon be appointed to go into these problems, find solutions, and help India to attain cheerfulness.

TOPSY TURVY—(Continued from page 11)

this thing has to stop. I shan't tolerate it. Now who has hid the duster (and turning round)—and who has put the black-board and st and topsy-turvy? Own up, confess!

There was silence for a few seconds. Immediately there were hisses and 'Ohhos' and 'didididi' and 'Thukuv, thukuv, thukuv!' The authentic Thurkov could scarce be expected to watch these proceedings quietly. His self-respect was sorely wounded and cried for vengeance—terrible and immediate.

He rose in his seat. A dozen voices whispered: "What does the ignoramus want to say?" Their curiosity was soon to be satisfied. "Sir," began Thurkov, "I may tell you that the duster was hidden by Nadkarni, the crackers thrown under the platform by Andrew and the board meddled with by the innocent-looking rascal Jimmy. Ask them if I don't speak the truth!"

"Sneak! Coward! Betrayer!" voices mumbled. Nargun, on the other hand, rose to the occasion. "As I said, gentlemen, I have decided—we the professors of this College have decided—to nip your mischievous tendencies in the bud. The culprits shall be found out and well punished." Silence was restored in the class. Nargun plunged into the swarming class and deftly thrust his fingers into Andrew's pockets and took out more crackers and matches. In glee he cried: "Red-handed you are caught. We'll make an example of you! Now what have you to say for yourself, Nadkarni and Jimmy." The poor fellows had the blues and confessed and begged the professor not to report the matter to the Principal.

"Well, we'll see about it!" remarked Nargun: and a quietened class exchanged mysterious looks which spelt murder to the 'sneak'.

Nargun surveyed the scene with satisfaction. Not at all bad. And for a beginning too! Now was the severer test of lecturing; Nargun had a brain-wave.

"Gentlemen," began Nargun professorially: "In the last lecture I promised to speak to you today about the Nitrogen group of elements. Your disobedient conduct now has displeased me. I don't know whether you have studied the portion or not. I think I had better question you on the earlier chapters!"

Consternation! Dismay! "Tomorrow, please, sir," humbly petitioned the 75 students of the class. Nargun was beaten—but thank God, all was not lost yet.

"The family consists of," said Nargun, "Nitrogen, Phosphorous, Arsenic, Antimony and Bismuth. A family, we all know, has certain similarities. Brothers have similar features, similar character, too. So also with the Nitrogen family.

"Nitrogen comes at the top and Bismuth comes at the bottom. In Algebra you would have learnt about the ascending and descending orders. Similar points you can find in this Nitrogen family. But this is rather subtle matter....Has anyone studied this subject at home? Nargun, there, ideal student, you come here, and lecture on the Nitrogen group. Let's see!"

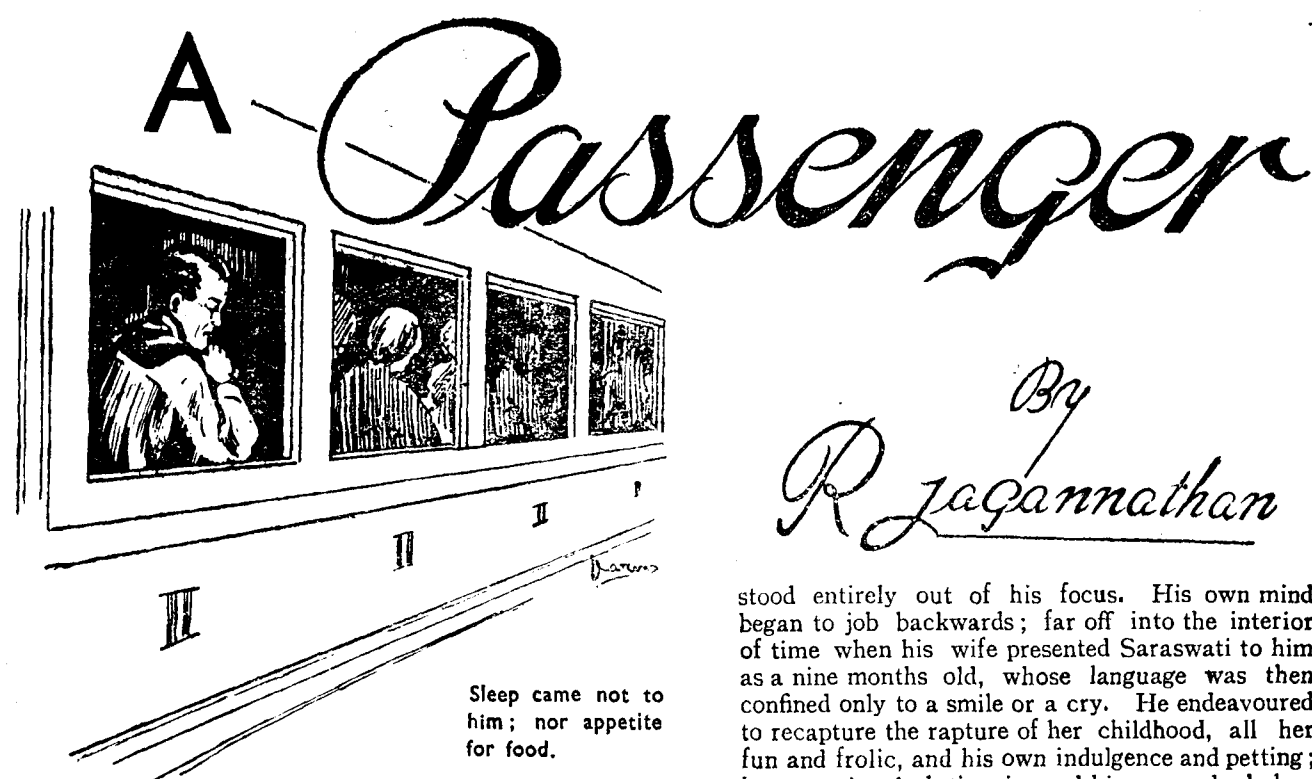
What a capable rascal this Nargun was! What originality! The students were dumbfounded that Nargun of all persons—who had scored 7 per cent in Chemistry in the last test—was to lecture on such an intricate subject.

Nargun came (that is, the Thurkov of reality); and delivered a speech, in musical voice and unhesitating gestures,—and the students could scarce believe their ears. "Our professor has told you, friends," said Thurkov, "of the ascending and descending orders. You will remember that there are sharp differences between metallic and non-metallic characteristics. If from the non-metallic point of view we consider the Nitrogen group, N., P., As., Sb. and Bi. form a descending order; if we consider the same from the metallic point of view, they are in the ascending order....."

In the same strain Thurkov went on for thirty-five minutes—and the students forgot many things and even took notes; and Nargun shook his head and everyone thought that Nargun's teaching was better than Thurkov's!

The period came to a close; and with it Thurkov's peroration on the harmony of Nature and the intricacies of Chemistry—of the unity in diversity and the diversity in unity. And Thurkov returned to his seat and Nargun retired to his room.

[In part the sixth of this fantasy, Nargun and Thurkov in their changed personalities meet with further perplexities in their college life.]



CHIDAMBARAM Iyer was a passenger in the Grand Trunk Express, bound for Delhi. He had not much of luggage, nor many friends to see him off; for his journey was not pre-arranged. It was not intended either for profit or for pleasure; it was forced upon him suddenly. It was the work of a telegram he received the previous day—a telegram that said that his darling daughter, Saraswati, lay seriously ill at Delhi.

Chidambaram Iyer was a postmaster, just retired from service and trying to settle down, when this crack of doom burst in upon him. Saraswati was all he had of his own flesh and blood. His wife had gone away with *manjal kunkum* long ago, leaving him a baby daughter. And now he was hastening to this daughter, whose babyhood was a sweet dream of twenty-five years. She had just then given birth to another of her kind and the good gods could not brook the twain together.

Until the moment he got into the train, Chidambaram Iyer had no other thought except not to miss the train. His intense urge to Delhi gave umbrage to no other thought. But, after he got in and the train had begun to move, his mind set to work. There were still two days to reach Delhi: and all he had to himself was a railway compartment and a rushing crowd of memories. He felt, therefore, that he was a prisoner sentenced to two days' imprisonment; and there was another prison, besides, his own mind, from which he saw no prospect of escape. All other thoughts had been somehow excluded except the ever-recurring one of Saraswati. Sleep came not to him; nor appetite for food. There was no balsam to abate the sleepless anguish of his soul.

The stations that he passed by, the changing group of people he met on his journey seemed all unreal and

stood entirely out of his focus. His own mind began to job backwards; far off into the interior of time when his wife presented Saraswati to him as a nine months old, whose language was then confined only to a smile or a cry. He endeavoured to recapture the rapture of her childhood, all her fun and frolic, and his own indulgence and petting; her occasional obstinacies and his reserved rebukes. Did not one harsh word suffice to bring tears in her eyes and the bestowal of one inconsequential toy give her a thousand smiles? Such simple alternations of sunshine and rain sophisticated maturity never knows; for immaculate joy is no part of life's fretful fever.

One wee bit of her argument he could still recall.

"Tell me, Saraswati, are you dark or fair?"

"Fair."

"How, when your hand is so dark?"

"But, look at my palm; isn't it fair?"

Then he remembered the crowded hour of her girlhood: her rapid growth; her irrepressible questions; her thirst for knowledge; her sheer irresponsibility; her lessons, music, and all the panorama and pain of her chrysalis state.

Then came her marriage. Wasn't it a glorious event? She outgrew her mother in loveliness and charm and, many a time, on seeing her, Chidambaram felt great solace and an indefinable exultation which was not altogether pride and which filled greatly the void in his heart. And Saraswati's husband was a good find. Besides, he was a character by himself; strength was the essence of his being. In boyhood he was strong in sport; in college he was reputed to be strong in Physics; and in life he was strong in opinion and argument. But he was an affectionate and soft-natured young man, upright and prudent. So there was no trouble from that quarter. They had two children, a boy and a girl; and a third had arrived with, God forbid, a dread consequence.

A day's journey was over; but the agony and suspense that besieged his being had not left. He tried to beat back the surge of his incessant thoughts.

(Continued on page 16)

BY THE BOOKSTALL

LESLIE LATTER

SHE looked enchanting. How I envied the fellow she must be expecting!

As she delicately powdered the dinkiest little *retrousse* nose, I thought she must be the most wonderful of all the wonderful girls who have kept their trysts at Madras Central Station.

The tiny mirror eluded her dainty fingers. I dashed for it and rejoiced to see it was cracked.

"Seven years bad luck," I murmured in my most sympathetic tone.

"Well, half an hour of it is gone any way," replied an exquisite voice, which held me spell-bound. One thing, she had not snubbed me.

"Is it bad luck to stand by this jolly old bookstall?" I queried. "I mean to say, take my case at the present moment."

"It is, if he doesn't turn up soon."

"I'm in the same boat," I volunteered hopefully. "I suppose it would be too much to hope that I might be able to help you?"

"Well, I think perhaps in the circumstances, I should be grateful. You know Hector might have made a mistake and might be waiting at the bookstall at Egmore Station."

"And how could I recognise him, apart from the fact that he must, of course, be most awfully nice?"

"He'll have a blue suit, brown and white shoes, a red tie and a black soft hat. I'm afraid that he doesn't match very well."

I could have sworn that two divine eyes of hazel hue were taking appreciative stock of my carefully chosen attire. I was reluctantly departing to seek Hector, when she said:

"But what about the—er, the friend you are expecting?"

"Oh, Jeannette. Well, yes, she might turn up whilst I am away."

"What is she like?" asked Miss Powder-puff, and I swear again that the little voice was not quite so sweet this time.

"She's tall and slim, and will be wearing emerald ear-rings," I was forced to confess, and I added as an after-thought "my name is Peter."

"Alright, I shall recognise her if she comes. You had better run down to Egmore as fast as you can by the River Road, and come back the same way."

This time the little voice again sounded delicious.

I saw Hector all right. Some distance away, in fact. I hesitated. I mean to say there is a limit. How could I let anyone so adorable as Miss Powder-puff be burdened

with such a sartorial surprise packet? I dutifully and hastily retraced my steps as bidden.

Miss Powder-puff was still there, looking so demurely sweet. What a temperament, taking into consideration the time she had been waiting!

"He wasn't there," I said.

"Where?"

"There," I replied more or less truthfully.

"Oh, what shall I do now, it's nearly eight o'clock. Do you think you could find out about the



.....two divine eyes of hazel hue were taking appreciative stock of my carefully chosen attire.

buses to Adyar?"

"By the way Jeannette is not here."

"No, she isn't here, is she?"

"Aren't you a little hungry, Miss—er?"

"Rose," she replied readily, "but that is my surname, please. If there is time for just a snack....."

There was and more. Hector apparently came from Scotch ancestry. Miss Rose was eloquent in praise of the dinner I had ordered, as I remembered a trifle guiltily, for my cousin Jeannette. We danced at the Club afterwards. She was divine. We caught the last bus to Adyar. Such a nice romantic sort of place. Miss Rose's home was some distance away, down a kind of Lover's Lane.

"Will Hector be waiting for you?" I asked diffidently, mentally running over one or two *ju-jitsu* tricks I knew.

"Oh, no, he lives at Kilpauk."

"And have I deputized creditably for Kilpauk's fair representative?"

"Too perfectly gloriously."

That enchanted home might loom up at any moment. The old university training forced me to it.

"I did see Hector," I faltered. A dear little hand clutched my arm even firmer.

"Oh," she whispered, "would you be fearfully cross if I confessed something too?"

"Anything you say will be taken down in evidence against you," I said feeling very pleased at getting my duplicity passed over so lightly.

"I told Hector to wait at Egmore Station."

We stopped a minute—in fact some minutes.

"But, what will Jeannette say?" she asked coming down to earth for a moment.

That was a nasty one.

"I wonder where Jeannette is now," I sighed regretfully.

"Oh, I know, or at least I think I know," she sobbed half hysterically. "You see she came whilst you were away, and I sent her down to Egmore Station by the other road."

Another halt was necessary.

"What fun if Hector got off with Jeannette," I mused.

"Well, his other name is Macdonald," she roguishly replied.

"That's much more suitable for her than my surname, which is only Bennett," I responded thoughtfully.

"Ooh-er, my Christian name is Constance."

I noticed the name of her house later on, much later on. It was called "Hollywood".

A PASSENGER—(Continued from page 14)

Wasn't there anything in the dawn, he asked himself, to lift one's soul? Could he not take an interest in something, be it for a moment, outside the centre of his sorrow? Nagpur, where he had just arrived, looked so different from Madras and a queer folk they were, who came in talking an unknown tongue. Fancy that Lalaji chap running to the tap and sitting under it, taking a hurried bath. A dozen passengers collected in a minute and were haranguing about the Lalaji's monopoly of the available water-supply. The blasted *sanatanist* had no time-sense, said one. But the Lalaji carried on stoically; to him his business was the only business. A man who has no manners, mused Iyer, ought not to be allowed to travel. Why this insensate bath, which, for all his trouble, did not change his *status quo*? Suddenly Iyer lost interest in the Lalaji's bath and the recrudescient thought about his own daughter blurred everything else.

The telegram had only said that she was seriously ill. Have not hosts of people been seriously ill before and no nearer death for all that? Saraswati too, would pull up in the end. But, he argued, in a telegram the term 'seriously ill' may mean much more than its *prima facie* meaning. Or, he shuddered to think, was this telegram only intended to cover and soften the shock of a *fait accompli*? Such harrowing thoughts took him far into the darkness of night; till, at last with

a mind well nigh exhausted by their continual assault and a body worn out by the tedium of two days travel, he fell into sleep in spite of himself, in spite of the forebodings, of the telegram, and, as it seemed to him, the inevitable doom. And that slumber annihilated everything that went before; it had washed away the worries that had seared his mind and softened the sorrow on his countenance. The dawn was fresh and dewy when he woke up at Delhi; he heaved a sigh of relief and said,

"My journey is over."

And the man who came to meet him at the station whispered,

"All is over with Saraswati."

YES! I KNOW!



1. Joseph Priestly (1774)
2. The land mile is 5280 feet. The United States Coast survey nautical mile is 6080.20 feet.
3. Mount Elbrus in the Caucasus, which is 18,526 feet.
4. The path of a heavenly body in its revolution round another body.
5. It is distilled from the wood of the camphor tree and purified by sublimation.
6. The term means: "We Ourselves."

For questions see Page 11.

Letters of Private Joyfull

34. PETS IN BARRACKS

Madras, 2nd February, 1935.

DEAR MOTHER,

I AM sorry to hear that our parrot has been ailing, and pulling out his tail-feathers. You must keep the cage in a warm place, and cover it up at night. I hope that by the time you get this letter, Polly will be well again.

India is rather a lonely place for soldiers, and most of us keep pets. Boggins has a cat called Brutus. He is called that name because Brutus was the noblest Roman of them all; and certainly the cat stalks about with all the proud airs of a patrician.

Boggins says he likes Brutus because cats do not pretend any nonsense about being the humble friend of man. Brutus is an aristocrat, and knows it. He comes in and takes his food like a Brahmin honouring a poor man's table, and when he has finished, he sits and sedately smacks his chops, and looks at us all with grave solemnity, and then marches out like an Alderman. He never offers any service or recognition to his master: it is sufficient that he allows us to enjoy his patronage.

Brutus is not the plebeian kind of alley-cat that chases mice or hunts in garbage-cans. Brutus may be found looking aloofly into bandicoot-holes, but in a reserved manner as if bandicoots were not any real concern of a well-bred and well-fed tom-cat. He is also to be seen sunning himself on the topmost roof of the barracks, but no one has ever observed him performing the undignified scrambles necessary to attain that position of eminence. All the diversions of Brutus, in fact,



Marches out like an Alderman

3-2-2-35

are cloaked in decent secrecy. Sometimes he stays out all night, and on these occasions we suspect he is engaged in unworthy amorous intrigues, but no one has ever caught him actually pursuing a *mesalliance*.

The Human Bean has a goldfish in a glass bowl. The Human Bean is a bit of a philosopher, and says that a goldfish must have a sad life, owing to lack of privacy. The Human Bean is very fond of his goldfish, and calls him Caesar. He spends hours collecting ants' eggs for Caesar to eat, and often sits watching the goldfish swimming in its bowl. He talks to Caesar quite a lot, and calls him "poor fish". Caesar seems to know him, and comes nosing against the glass at the sound of his master's voice.

Sometimes we tease the Human Bean, and say he has made a mistake about Caesar's sex, and the fish should really be called Calpurnia. This always annoys the Human Bean. When we ask how he is sure, he replies that anyone can see that his fish has a masculine air, and is not at all effeminate. "Look at him!" his master enthuses, "he's got more sense than some of you human beans."

Of course, Caesar and Brutus have to be kept apart. Soon after the Human Bean had acquired his pet, Brutus was discovered with one paw in the glass bowl, methodically fishing for poor Caesar, who was frantically swimming in small circles. Ever since then, we have taken precautions against such mishaps, but the general opinion is that some day Brutus will get Caesar.

Naturally, two or three fellows in the regiment have monkeys. The best one belongs to Tiny Hopkins, our heavy-weight boxer. This monkey is called Trotsky, because of his revolutionary character. Trotsky is a great trial to his master, because Tiny Hopkins is very religious, and never smokes, swears, or drinks; whereas Trotsky smokes all the cigarettes he can steal, and eats the butt-end afterwards. Trotsky also swears most dreadfully, and is always getting drunk in the canteen. The men do not give Trotsky any drink, out of respect for Tiny Hopkins: Trotsky sneaks in unobserved, and seizes a glass and carries it up into the roof-beams. There he carouses and hurls insults to the men below. Whenever Trotsky falls from grace in this manner, Tiny preaches him a long sorrowful sermon about the way of the transgressor, and Trotsky perches on his master's shoulder and weeps until he is forgiven.

Tiny Hopkins is a law-abiding man, and Trotsky's subversive antics cause him great distress. Whenever the sergeant is giving us a severe lecture, Trotsky is sure to perch somewhere on the roof, and make derisive noises. Also he has a habit of following important personages across the barrack-square, mimicking their deportment.

Trotsky's most amusing trick is to lead the regiment on parade. He has a little red jacket and a little drum-major's staff, and as soon as he hears the band play, he assumes these accoutrements and rushes out, and marches in front of the real drum-major, waving the little staff in time with the drums. When Tiny Hopkins belonged to another battalion, Trotsky used to play this trick, and then ride on the regimental goat when he got tired.

The regimental goat was the special pet of that battalion, and was on the strength and drew official rations. He came from the Royal herd of goats at Windsor, and was a magnificent animal, nearly the size of a Shetland pony. His coat was of a pure cream-colour, without blemish. He was most carefully trained from infancy, and knew all the drills perfectly. He led the regiment on parade like a real gentleman, and was never known to make a mistake or lose his dignity. He was a fine sight on ceremonial occasions, in his blue-and-gold coat adorned with the Royal arms, and with his gilded horns and hoofs flashing in the sun.

Taffy the goat was in the charge of a man called the goat-major, who spent many hours a day grooming and tending his charge. Taffy was very valuable, and once the goat-major was guilty of a terrible crime. It appears that some big landowner was attracted by Taffy's magnificent appearance, and greatly desired that such a splendid strain should be introduced into the herd of goats on his own estate. So some of his choicest nannies were introduced to Taffy secretly, at dead of

Trotsky perches on his master's shoulder and weeps until he is forgiven.



night. However, the affair was discovered, and there was a terrible hullabaloo. Everybody wondered if the goat-major's crime amounted to *less-majeste*. In the end he was charged with disgraceful conduct. His defence was that he permitted the deed only out of kindness to Taffy, but he was deprived of his rank.

At one time, when we were at Malta, the barracks was plagued with rats. Maltese cats will not hunt rats, but it happened that a clerk in the orderly-room had brought an English cat to the island, and this cat was such a good hunter that the orderly-room was the only building in barracks free of the plague. The Colonel appreciated this service so much that he wrote to the War Office, and asked if the cat could be taken on charge of the regiment as the official rat-catcher, and supplied with rations and accommodation. The War Office consulted the other departments of the Government, and about six months later the application was approved. Meanwhile Tibby had a litter of kittens, and these turned out to be as good hunters as their mother. So the Colonel wrote again, and asked if Tibby's kittens could be taken on the strength, in order that all the buildings in barracks could be supplied with official rat-catchers. Of course, this was a financial matter, and the War Office referred it to the Treasury. After many months the Treasury decided that owing to financial stringency, and owing to the notorious fecundity of cats, His Majesty's Government could not approve of any further additions to the strength of the rat-catching establishment on the Island of Malta. This put the Colonel in a quandary, as it was difficult to order Tibby to have no more kittens. As a matter of fact, Tibby remained on the strength for the rest of her days, and continued to supply rat-catchers to all and sundry, on the strict understanding that the transaction was quite unofficial.

I think the most fascinating pet in barracks is Private Swinger's mongoose. This sleek little animal follows his master everywhere, moving along the ground with a kind of ripple. Monty the Mongoose is very useful in camp, as he clears the site of snakes in no time. In barracks he is better than any watch-dog. He sleeps under his master's bed, and takes no notice of ordinary coming and going; but as soon as a stranger enters, Monty goes off like an electric rattle. He forms a perennial topic of conversation in the canteen, where the men constantly argue whether the plural of mongoose is 'mongeese' or 'mongooses'. Another useful thing about Monty is that no snake-charmers ever stay long near our bungalow, because Monty attacks their stock in-trade as soon as we call him. He can kill ten snakes in ten seconds. The snake-charmers go away lamenting but it is their own fault, because we always ask them to leave before we call Monty. Snake-charmers, however, are like fortune-tellers and other vagabonds: they will never go away on being merely asked to do so.

Of course, the commonest pets in barracks are dogs.

Fred Archer has a dog which can do everything but talk. It is called John. Fred keeps a small basket beside his bed, and John runs all his errands. Fred says, "John fetch four cakes," and holds up four fingers. John takes the basket and runs to the tea-wallah, and put

the basket beside the cake-box. The tea-wallah puts cakes into the basket slowly. When there are four, John picks up the basket and returns to his master. If the tea-wallah is too quick, and puts in five cakes, John picks up the basket and offers it to the tea-wallah, and will not go until one cake has been taken out.

In the same way, Fred will show the dog a tunic, and say, "John, bring tunic from dhobi," and hold up one finger. Off goes John to the dhobi, and lays the basket beside the pile of clean clothes. Perhaps the dhobi will put Fred's trousers in the basket, but the dog refuses them by pushing the basket over. Then the dhobi tries socks, but the dog still refuses. When the dhobi produces Fred's tunic, John immediately goes off with it. John will do any kind of errand, provided it is not too difficult.

All our dogs have been taught useful work like this and some of them have special tricks, which even John, cannot do. The dogs are not of any pedigree as a rule, but just good-type mongrels.

Indians do not like dogs. In the villages they have quite a good type of animal called a pi-dog, but these pi-dogs are neglected and undisciplined. They are allowed to multiply and to spread disease, and to act as scavengers.



Fred says "John, fetch four cakes," and holds up four fingers. John takes the basket and runs to the tea-wallah.

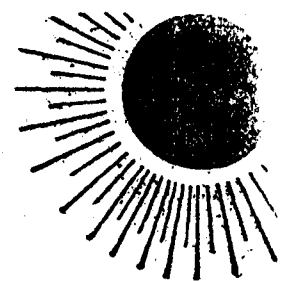
Your Loving Son, OBEAH JOYFULL.

BROLAC PAINT & VARNISH

WILL STAND THE BLISTERING SUNRAYS, MONSOON, CONDENSED STEAM, BOILING WATER, Etc.

Brolac
THE DOUBLE PROTECTION PAINT WITH THE ENAMEL FINISH

OBTAINABLE IN 34 COLOURS. SEND FOR SHADE CARD.



THE IDEAL PAINT AND VARNISH FOR SIGN-BOARDS

BROLAC WILL NOT FADE, CRACK OR BLISTER.

Obtainable from all high class Hardware Merchants and Motor Accessory Dealers

SOLE AGENTS:

ADDISON & CO., LTD., MOUNT ROAD, **MADRAS.**

Apply for Agency terms.

The Story of My Life



'Whoever loved that loved not' at first sight?'

SOME doubtless think that in a long autobiography like this, the proper place to talk about first love is the 20th or 21st chapter and not the 5th where I have introduced it. But when a chap is precocious and really starts loving at the age of eight there is no help for it. It was a young kid, I remember, aged 7 or thereabouts. She was pretty—is even now that. We used to sit side by side in the class and I defy you to sit by the side of a pretty girl for days together without falling in love with her, even though you are only eight years of age—unless, of course, you yourself are a pretty girl.

Talking about precocious love reminds me of the case of Ramu minor. His class mistress asked the class

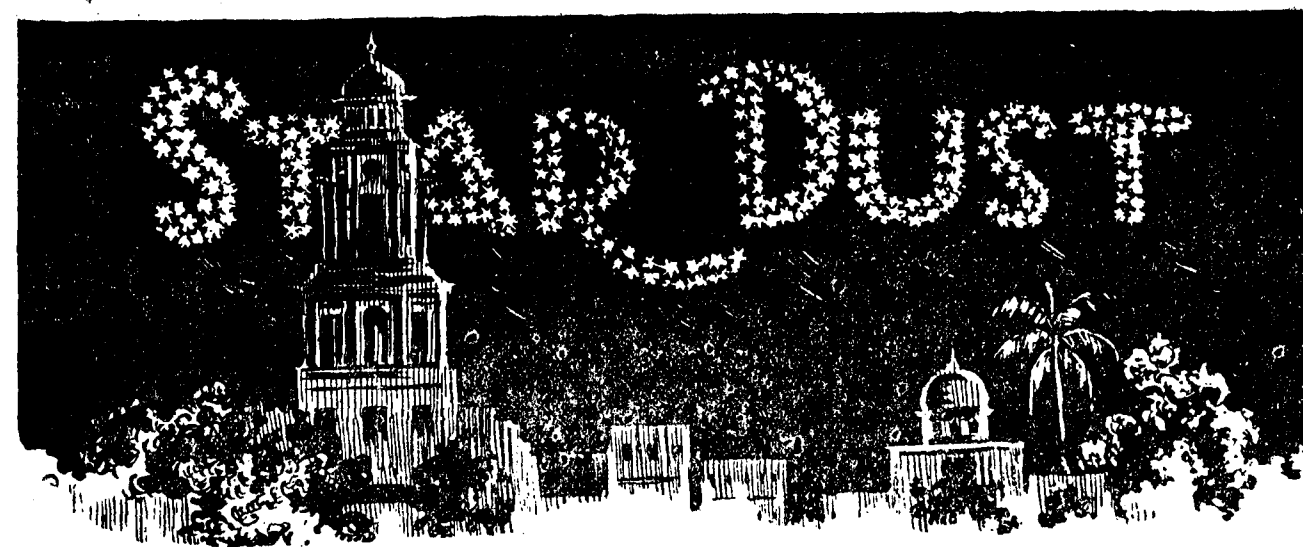
MIE

one day individually whom he or she liked best and when it came to young Ramu's turn, he unhesitatingly replied that it was the mistress herself that he liked best. Now there is a gulf of difference between liking and loving as the mistress knew herself and so there must have been something peculiar in Ramu's declaration of 'like' to have caused the mistress so much embarrassment. Whatever it was, she forgot the disparity in age between her

pupil and herself; she forgot the difference in their situations; she forgot everything except the fact that a man had complimented her and made love to her. And she blushed and turned away her face. She never could look Ramu minor squarely in the face again. [For the benefit of those who want nothing but happy endings, I add that Ramu grew up, married the mistress and lived happily ever after.]

Coming back to my own case, yes, I fell in love with my classmate. But, alas, it was a 50 per cent. affection. It was all one-sided. My love was not returned. Not that she hated me. Oh, no, she wouldn't hate even an editor, and she wouldn't hurt a publisher. So gentle was she. She liked me all right. Only, hers was a friendly liking. If I had proposed then, she probably would have said, "No, 'Mie' dear. I am sorry it cannot be; but I shall always be a sister to you." I suffered much.

It is a curious thing that I cannot help falling in love. Perhaps it is the fault of my emotional legs—this falling, you know; or perhaps love is so slippery that you stumble on some *skin* and fall. Any way I never could resist feminine charms. To me every girl is beautiful. Some may be more so, and some most: but the Lowest Common Denominator is a pretty girl. My life is a series of falls in love. Some of them last a month; some a day; some only an hour. If you count the number of my love victims from the 8th year onwards, the result will be staggering. I see a girl in a bus and promptly fall in love with her. Later in the theatre I see another and she also has her share of my poor and over-worked heart. A third swims into my ken in a temple. Gone is my religious fervour and at that moment I am potentially hers. This does not mean that I forget. Men generally dismiss their earlier love experiences as 'calf love' and 'a boy-and-girl-affair, you know.' They are ashamed of it. They sneer at it. Take the celebrated case of Mr. Romeo Montague. I am not like that. To me the earliest love is as precious as the latest thing. And I also find it impossible to decide whom I love most. They are all of them equally dear to me. I cannot give to a particular party what was, as it were, meant for womankind. I feel like marrying every one of the girls I meet. I don't mean anything improper. You, Sir, don't snigger and don't start reading between the lines. I am only paying a compliment to the Sex. Don't imagine, my fair reader, that I am making love to you. I am not. I am just telling you about my sad case. So, if you meet a mournful-looking, dreamy man with his lips drooping pathetically, remember that it may be 'Mie' and put on your veil—or 'Mie' will fall.



As America Sees Them.

As in Great Britain, so in America, this is apparently a season for stellar stock-taking: with this difference. In Britain the votes were taken from the cinema-fans; in America, however, the Cinema Managers of the United States who dictate Hollywood's policy have voted the order of the stars. Their findings are therefore of great interest. The following is the order of the Ten most popular Female stars:

1. Mae West. 2. Joan Crawford. 3. Norma Shearer. 4. Kay Francis. 5. Janet Gaynor. 6. Jean Harlow. 7. Claudette Colbert. 8. Shirley Temple. 9. Ann Harding. 10. Margaret Sullavan.

The notable change is Mae West's ascendancy from the fifth to the first place and Kay Francis' joining the Big five. In spite of indifferent vehicles Joan Crawford has contrived to keep her second place. Norma Shearer has gone to the fourth place.

The Ten most popular Male stars are placed in the following order:

1. Clark Gable. 2. Will Rogers. 3. Wallace Beery. 4. Bing Crosby. 5. George Arliss. 6. Dick Powell. 7. Eddie Cantor. 8. Joe E. Brown. 9. James Cagney. 10. Fredric March.

A year ago Gable was so discouraged that he thought of leaving the studios, but now he has definitely established himself as the greatest matinee idol since the days of John Gilbert.

Too many small parts in too many pictures have done Lionel Barrymore. In 1933, he was third in the rating; now he is nowhere. And from nowhere Dick Powell has sprung into the sixth place.

The Ten Best Pictures of the year according to box-office returns are:—

1. It Happened One Night (Biggest hit of the year)
2. I'm No Angel.
3. David Harum.
4. The House Of Rothschild.
5. Footlight Parade.
6. Flying Down to Reo.
7. Little Women.
8. Little Miss Marker.
9. Roman Scandals.
10. Twenty Million Sweethearts.

The Two Romances

London is gone sentimental over two romances. One is the romance between Prince George and Princess Marina; the other is the romance between the two glamorous commoners—the girl, English, the boy, American—Gertrude Lawrence and Douglas Fairbanks Jr. Gertrude Lawrence is 37 while Doug. Jr. is just 27, ten years her younger. For the sake of Gertrude Lawrence Doug. Jr. has cheerfully, deliberately refused a quarter of a million dollars worth of roles in Hollywood last year. To be with her, he has temporarily turned from the screen to the London stage.

The Belle of the Nineties

At last Mae West's matrimonial mystery is solved. 'She is married to her manager!' There is a romantic love-affair in the background, 'She is engaged,' and so on were the contradictory versions of Hollywood reporters.

Mae West herself has come out with the explanation. "Right now I haven't time for a husband," says the 'Belle of the Nineties'. "But I don't want to go on record as saying I won't get married. I am liable to fool myself! A woman is obliged to a husband and that's the way I'd feel. I'd want to be a good wife and in order to be a success at it, I would concentrate on my husband. And while I'm making pictures, I want to concentrate on pictures. Someone might come along and sweep me off my feet of course. It can be done, I won't deny that; but until then I'm going to keep on telling myself that I shouldn't get married while I'm in pictures."

Curio-snaps

Samuel Goldwyn was so pleased with Eddie Cantor's work in *Kid Millions* that he offered Eddie and his family a European vacation. The producer says he'll pay all the bills up to Twentyfive thousand dollars!

Gary Cooper has called off all interviews for the time being because of recent articles about him in the fan magazines. Can you blame him? Read these titles.

What Women Have Taught Me; The Love Education Of Gary Cooper; Please Keep Out of My Marriage; Suppose You Were Gary's Wife; Gary Talks About his Marriage; Gary's Woman Trouble; Can A Man Love Two Women At The Same Time? Put it all together, says Gary Cooper, and it spells slush.

A Love Scene



MY brother, Gopalaraja, who is rich in unconscious humour, has sent me a sample passage from his forthcoming novel, "Saroja's Eyes," for my comment. This part of the story is about Saroja's bidding farewell to her husband, Ramalingam. Here it is:—

The Negapatam steel trunk had been put into the *jutka*; it was already 7.45 P. M. and the Rameswaram Passenger would start at 9. o. It was no time to tarry; the "*jut*" would take at least an hour to reach Egmore. But Ramalingam was still in the front room, closeted with Saroja.

Tears shone in Saroja's eyes.

"Don't go to-day, my lord," she said, "you came only the day before yesterday and now you want to go. Oh, how shall I live during the coming five days? Can't you go to-morrow? Oh, can't you?"

Ramalingam looked sad. But he strengthened himself up and said, "My dear, I can't start to-morrow. It is a matter of life and death. If I don't insure the Chettiar's life to-morrow, it is very likely that Venkataswami, the Moonshine Insurance Agent, will get hold of him. I must be off."

Tears were falling fast off Saroja's eyes.

"No, no," said Ramalingam trying to comfort her, "don't be silly, dear. Pull yourself together. I will be back on Friday. You know I have to try two or three people besides the Chettiar."

Saroja was heart-broken; she couldn't speak. She could only finger the third button in Ramalingam's alpaca coat. Presently, she found voice.

"Why won't you go by the Parcel Express? It starts an hour after the Rameswaram Passenger."

"I couldn't do that, my dear," said Ramalingam in a voice trembling with emotion. "It is a most inconvenient train."

Tears began to shine in Saroja's eyes again. She caught hold of the end of her husband's *angavastram* and began to sob. Ramalingam made her sit on a chair, kissed her and comforted her.

"Duty is duty, my dear," he said drawing up to his height, "you have read of the brave men of old, called to battle, while in the midst of their festivities. Bear that in mind."

Saroja felt a thrill pass through her. Yes. Duty is duty. And her Ramalingam would do his duty, come what might. She felt proud, she felt unspeakably proud of her husband.

At this moment somebody knocked at the door and said, "It is getting late for the train. The *jutka*-wallah is in a hurry." Ramalingam came out.

A few minutes later he got into the *jutka* and said to everybody, "Having gone, I'll come" (literal translation). The *jutka* was about to start, when Saroja rushed out of the house with something long and dark in her hand. Ramalingam thought she was going to ask him to take her with him. He felt a trifle annoyed. But the next moment this feeling gave place to rapturous delight; for Saroja gave him his umbrella and said, "You forgot that." Ramalingam felt deliciously proud of his wife.

The *jutka* started to move. Ramalingam felt a lump in his throat. Should he not chuck the insurance job and stay at home with his beloved Saroja? But he thought of the Bangalore *sari* which he had promised her and his lean purse;—he made up his mind; "I will live and work for her sake."

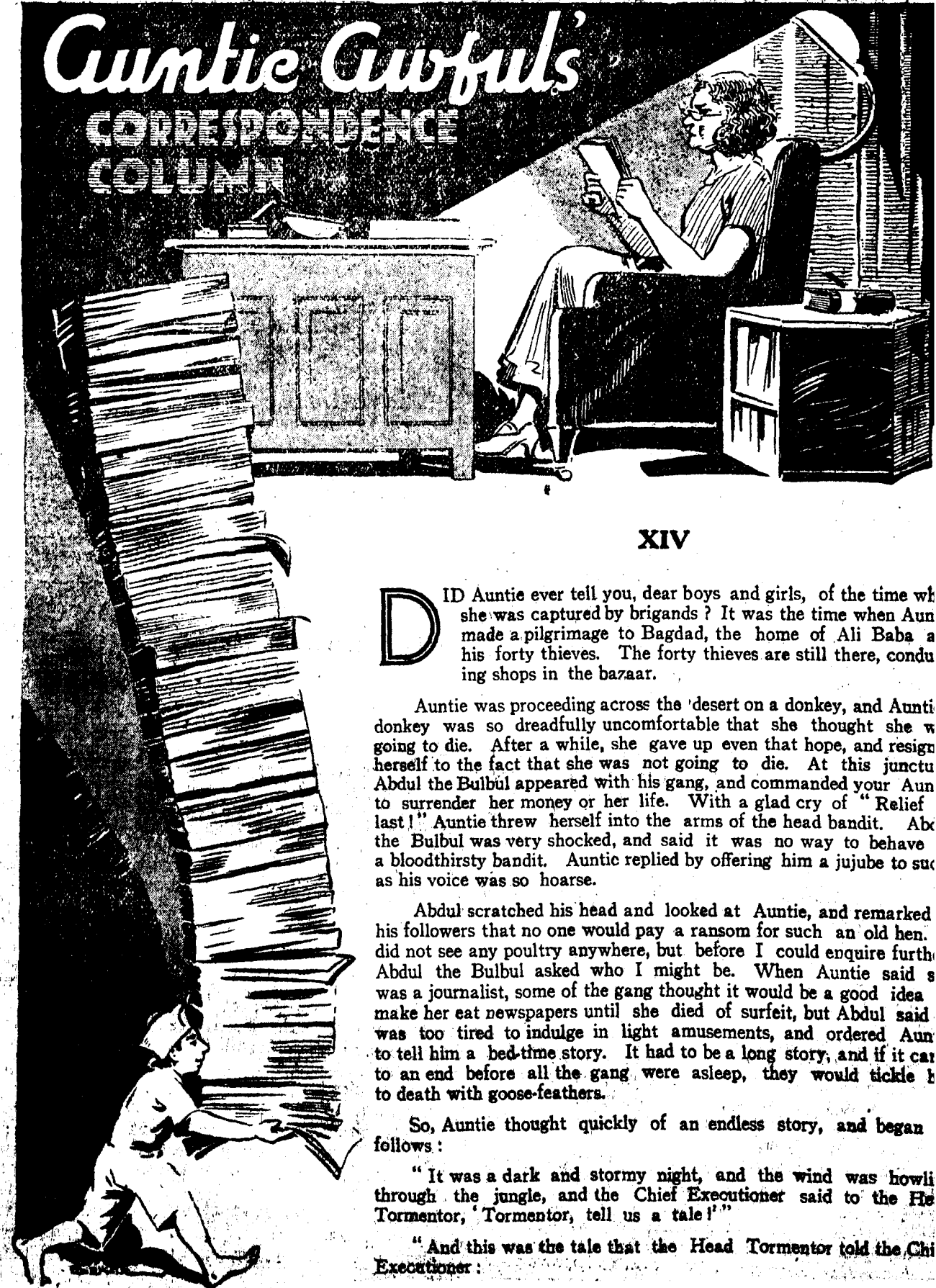
Saroja watched the *jutka*, until it went out of her view, through another *jutka* coming up from a side street and hiding it.

Saroja started to go in. She escaped falling on the threshold; the banana skin was only a tiny one. She entered her room and fell on her bed and began to sob hysterically "Boo-ooo."

The book from which this is taken will soon be published and since there is certainly going to be a great demand for it, you would be well advised to order your copy in advance.



Auntie Awful's CORRESPONDENCE COLUMN



XIV

DID Auntie ever tell you, dear boys and girls, of the time when she was captured by brigands? It was the time when Auntie made a pilgrimage to Bagdad, the home of Ali Baba and his forty thieves. The forty thieves are still there, conducting shops in the bazaar.

Auntie was proceeding across the desert on a donkey, and Auntie donkey was so dreadfully uncomfortable that she thought she was going to die. After a while, she gave up even that hope, and resigned herself to the fact that she was not going to die. At this juncture Abdul the Bulbul appeared with his gang, and commanded your Auntie to surrender her money or her life. With a glad cry of "Relief last!" Auntie threw herself into the arms of the head bandit. Abdul the Bulbul was very shocked, and said it was no way to behave a bloodthirsty bandit. Auntie replied by offering him a jujube to suck as his voice was so hoarse.

Abdul scratched his head and looked at Auntie, and remarked his followers that no one would pay a ransom for such an old hen. He did not see any poultry anywhere, but before I could enquire further Abdul the Bulbul asked who I might be. When Auntie said she was a journalist, some of the gang thought it would be a good idea to make her eat newspapers until she died of surfeit, but Abdul said she was too tired to indulge in light amusements, and ordered Auntie to tell him a bed-time story. It had to be a long story, and if it came to an end before all the gang were asleep, they would tickle her to death with goose-feathers.

So, Auntie thought quickly of an endless story, and began as follows:

"It was a dark and stormy night, and the wind was howling through the jungle, and the Chief Executioner said to the Head Tormentor, 'Tormentor, tell us a tale!'"

"And this was the tale that the Head Tormentor told the Chief Executioner:

"It was a dark and stormy night, and the wind was howling through the jungle, and the Chief Executioner said to the Head Tormentor: Tormentor, tell us a tale!"

"And this was the tale that the Head Tormentor told the Chief Executioner:

"It was a dark and stormy night....."

In a little while, Auntie had reached the tale that was going to be told to the fiftieth Chief Executioner by the fiftieth Head Tormentor, and the inverted commas were a hundred deep. But instead of the story soothing the gang, it seemed to make them writhe. At last, they all got up and ran away, stuffing their fingers into their ears. Auntie was left alone with Abdul the Bulbul, who lay in a stupor at her feet. Auntie tied his hands with his turban, and put him on the donkey, and made him ride all the way to the nearest police-station. Auntie regretted her cruelty in making Abdul ride that donkey, because as soon as she reached the police-station, they hung Abdul on the nearest tree. Auntie was sorry that she had saddened the last hours of poor Abdul the Bulbul.

Pattai (Lebong). Yes, my dear, a golden-striped saree makes women look slender. It also makes men look round.

Nursery Rhyme (Beach Road). The origin of the story of Mary and her little lamb is lost in the mists of antiquity. It is thought that Mary was a hiker, and took the lamb wherever she went in order to have a constant supply of wool to mend the holes in her stockings. Mary and her pet were inseparable. They even went to school together. But at last Mary's cruel father intervened, and turned the lamb into mutton. So, when Mary took the lamb to school for the last time, it was between two pieces of bread.

Modernist (Madras). "Would you like to join a nudist club we are forming, Auntie dear?" Auntie shudders at the bare idea.

Mountaineer (Darjeeling). You say you went for a walk in the loneliest part of the hills, and in a place fifteen miles from any habitation you discovered a bright new empty cigarette-packet, and some hairpin. You wonder how Auntie would interpret this. Well, dear boy, Auntie thinks that the hairpins were left by a lady, and the cigarette-packet by a gentleman. No doubt the lady had made an appointment with her hair-dresser, to get her hair bobbed privately.

McPherson (Commercial Buildings). "In these hard times a fellow should be careful of every anna. I took my fiancée out for the evening, and the total expenses were only two rupees." Was that all the money she had, dear boy?

Upset (Coparam Street). Auntie is sorry to hear that the lady next door is always insulting you, and boasting of her capabilities. The next time that she says you are getting uglier every day, smile sweetly, and in honeyed words reply, "That at least is one thing you cannot do, dear neighbour."

Googoo Golightly (Purasawakam). "A gentleman offered to take me for a ride, and when we got to Elliot's Beach, he said that, if he did not kiss me, he would eat his hat." I hope you had a pleasant evening, my dear. Of course, the gentleman still has his hat?

Newlyrich (Ajmere). If you wish to improve your social position, my dear Sir, you should pay a genealogist

to trace your pedigree. He will want a fee of fifty rupees to discover your ancestors, and another fifty rupees to hold his tongue.

Just Arrived (Poona). "Why have Indian degchiks got no handles?" This has been ordained by Providence, my dear, in the interests of indigenous cooks. The lack of handles prevents inquisitive *memsahibs* from investigating the fearful concoctions inside.

Policticks (Amritsar). "Is it the first principle of communism to divide with your fellow-man?" No, my dear boy. The first principle of communism is to make your fellow-man divide with you.

Ambitious (Presidency College). Auntie is glad to hear that it is your desire to climb to great heights. You will be looking for nuts, I presume?

Needa (Mylapore). Auntie does not think that the stout gentleman in the tram was pushing you deliberately, my dear. Perhaps he was only sighing.

Archie (Conjeeveram). It is quite true, dear boy, that 'pickle' is shown in the dictionary as equivalent to 'preserve.' However, I do not think you should have concluded your petition with the words, "And may Heaven pickle Your Honour."

Another Auntie (Madras). I am delighted to know that you have devoted yourself to a campaign to check the evil habit of smoking among the youths of our city. Was it you whom I saw the other evening, offering a lad four annas, if he would throw away his cigarette? If so, I think it would be better if you modified your *modus operandi*. The youth in question immediately went to a stall and used the four annas to buy a whole packet.

Visala (Bombay). It is very commendable that you have taken to spinning *khadi* thread in order to earn a new saree for yourself. If, however, you are in a hurry, the quickest way to get a new saree is to go to your husband and spin him some yarn.

Injured Mother (Cocanada). "The lady next door says that my son is much dirtier than hers." And so he ought to be, my dear. He is two years older, isn't he?

Inquisitive (George Town). No, dear boy, Auntie does not write her replies in a book before preparing them for the press. She just sits down to her typewriter, with the piles of letters beside her, and smacks on to the keys whatever comes into her head. Auntie hopes some day to get a new typewriter. The present one has no return-spring, so she has a string running over a pulley at the edge of the table, and a weight on the end of the string. When she comes to the end of a line, Auntie pulls on the string and hauls the carriage back to begin the next line. The ribbon does not turn, either, but for that Auntie has a pet squirrel in a revolving cage, and when the typewriter is working, the squirrel runs round the treadmill and works the ribbon. Auntie rather likes this arrangement, because whenever the dear Editor complains about Auntie's spelling, she can always blame any defects on to the squirrel.

Friendly Critic (Broadway). "Now that the Magazine appears weekly, I do not think that Auntie's replies should appear in every issue. It will make the fare too rich." Never mind about the fare, dear sir; what about Auntie?

Author (Garden Suburb). "I have written an epic poem in fifteen cantos. Do you think anyone will publish it?" Certainly, my dear chap, provided you pay them enough.

Wedding Presents

By

A. T. MACNAUGHTON THOMAS

Mr. & Mrs. L. J. SWAMINATHAN

request the pleasure of the company of

Mr...Paul Winfred.....

at the wedding of their second son

EDWARD SWAMINATHAN

with

SAGUNA SELVARAJ

at

ST. JOHN'S CHURCH, PALAMCOTTAH

on

November 14th, Wednesday, at 4-30 P. M.

and to attend

the Bridal Reception at 'Sunnyside Villa'

At 5-35 P. M.

I glanced at the card.

"Mark."

"Sir," floated in a voice on a short wave-length.

"Lay out the maroon blazer. A glad-neck twill shirt. Flannel trousers."

It was while climbing through the shirt that I casually inquired of Mark what the date was. Out came the reply that it was November 14th.

"Really," I said in surprise.

I consulted my watch. It indicated 3-50 P. M.

"Mark."

"Sir."

"Cancel the programme."

"Very good, sir."

"The tennis-party is shelved."

"Very good, sir."

"A wedding has cropped up on the agenda. Put out something in the line of palm-beach or gaberdine. A poplin tie. The one with the pink spots. A white rosette, if you could dig out any."

"Very good, sir."

Attending weddings in Palamcottah is a social necessity. You know every other chap there, with the result, that if you do not put in an appearance, you'll be considered high-brow and all that sort of thing. Especially when a particular chum of yours sends you a

wedding-card to be present on the occasion of his joining the Household Brigade, you go there, I take it, more to express your sympathy than as a matter of convention. You know, after winning a woman's hand, a man invariably finds himself under her thumb. What? Fools rush in where wise men fail to wed.

I never for a moment thought that my friend would so suddenly take it into his head to saunter down the aisle with Saguna, with a sort of whoop, as if it was the greatest fun in the world. Swaminathan marrying was too overpowering to be readily assimilated. You know, love at first sight is *minus* second sight, as Tagore has said somewhere in *Childe Harold*. I don't blame Saguna either. A woman has always great faith in a man's judgment the day he marries her. You agree?

It was while wrestling with my 'tie to bring about what is generally known as the 'butterfly effect' that the painful thought came filtering into the brain-pan. The wedding-presents had slipped from the memo entirely. The thought of taking up—what's the word? I got it, yes, mnemonics—very seriously suggested itself to me. I think, it was in one of those unguarded moments I made lavish promises to my friend. If I remember right, a white-gold cigarette-case, a silver tea-pot, platinum cuff-links, a porcelain *jardiniere*, a gold shaving-set, an ebony dining-table and an ivory paper-weight were some of the things that had largely figured in the prospectus. The wedding-card had arrived a week ago. After it had given me a zippy shock and a painful surprise, it was allowed to accrete to my table along with other correspondence. It was while hunting up for the mislaid stamps that I spotted the card. Then it was borne in upon me that I had been criminally forgetful in rallying round with wedding-presents. At the time of going to press, my finances were pretty tight.

"Mark."

"Sir."

"How are we at the bank?"

"Shaky, sir."

Not a welcome piece of news, you may say.

"Have we enough tin to invest in a silver tea-pot?"

"I don't think, sir."

"An ebony dining-table?"

"No, sir."

"Porcelain *jardiniere*?"

"No, sir."

"Electroplated milk-jug?"

"Sorry, sir."

This was the irreducible minimum, so to speak. To present a particular friend of yours—especially after having fed him on rosy expectations, to say nothing of hyacinthine promises—with anything cheaper than an electroplated milk-jug would be a record crime, therefore, a vile precedent and thereby, an inglorious history in itself. You notice, in what a devilish mess I had placed myself.

I think, I have read somewhere that marriage is a lottery. If so, I can't for the life of me understand, why the Government and the priests do not penalize this game of chance. Were I a Lenin or a Mussolini, I would have completely done away with marriages.



A waft of jasmine
plus lavender floated towards me.

Reformation of the vacuum-cleaner type, don't you know. What I mean to say is, marriage is all right, if properly proceeded with, but when it comes to dowries, wedding-presents, and other rot, you feel awfully pipped. You like to draw the line at a certain point. Further, if you are a well-known figure inside a four-mile radius, the guests are deuced keen in noting what you have sent to the couple. If I had any regard for my name, I should have made a wasp-like for Tuticorin or Shencottah. What was I doing? Dressing up to the nines.

I outlined the scheme to my man, Mark. There must be some sort of present, otherwise the Palamcottah society would be up in arms against me. He, Mark, was to go immediately to the shop and send a pewter affair. It was understood, of course, that Swaminathan would have a shooting pain in the neck on beholding the pewter tea-pot. I would attend the wedding ceremony—make myself sort of inconspicuous—and glide out before it would come to an end. Fifteen days later I would drop in, offer my blessings, explain the whole scheme, square it with him and tell him he could any day put me down for a silver tea-pot. The old boy would feel considerably soothed and all that.

During the wedding service, when all had knelt down in prayer, I slipped out on the strict q.t. and hurried towards my car. I prodded the self-starter. A waft of jasmine plus lavender floated towards me. Two of my six senses told me that something feminine was knocking about within a radius of twenty-five yards. And sure there she was! A tall, winsome girl with violet eyes, invested in a bright salmon organdie saree, sailed

towards me. Her general *ensemble* spoke of modernity. Her hair was combed in a fashionably negligent way.

"Where are you going?" she asked me winningly.

"Just out for a spin."

"Can I have a lift?"

"Step in."

She hesitated for $3\frac{1}{2}$ seconds.

"Which side are you going?"

"Why?"

"I thought you could drop me near St. Xavier's College."

"You're lucky. That's my route," I lied.

She parked herself on the back seat.

"Miss—what's-your-name?"

"Miss Swamidoss."

"Transfer yourself to the front seat."

"This is not Madras."

"Which is not Madras?"

"Palamcottah."

"I know. The good old geography book of Macmillan's told me that eighteen years ago."

"It wouldn't be proper," suddenly serious.

"You are distressingly proper."

"There will be a proper scandal, if people see me with you."

I was properly puzzled.

"Any reflection proper on my character?"

"Don't take it in the proper sense of the word."

"Then explain it in the proper way."

"Please behave properly."

"That's where you're properly wrong."

"A proper rebuff is what you require."

A woman always has the last word. Suddenly I brightened up with a new suggestion.

"Be a sport. I'll take you along unfrequented roads. For the sake of company, I'll have to be chatty. That means I'll have to turn round and speak to you. That's the proper way of speaking to a lady, according to our code. You know jolly well I haven't an India-rubber neck. As Kalidas very wittily observes in one of his problem-plays, one does not know what a man is driving at, in his talk with a woman, unless he hits the telegraph-post."

"What did Kalidas know about motor-cars and telegraph-posts?" she cut in.

"I am not pretty sure of my facts. The good old memory is letting me down. Anyway, you'll have to admit the truth of the statement. Hitting a telegraph-post or a tree, means an accident of the first order. That means both of us in the same hospital. A greater scandal than what you had hinted at. I am just conveying to you by a series of impressionist pictures what will

be the outcome if you persist in occupying the back seat."

She weighed my suggestion.

"Do drive the car, please. You've already, by talking to me, wasted enough petrol to drown a full-sized mongoose. They're playing the *Wedding March*. Please!"

"Nothing doing. Hop to the front seat."

She gave me an imploring look—the sort of one Savitri specially featured at the matinee show, for Yama, the God of Death. I was look-proof. Take my word, I never melted under it. She—her name is Mary, almost forgot to mention it—got down and seated herself by my side.

The car instinctively sprang forward. For a space of four minutes, Mary sat with a grim determination not to speak to me. Suddenly she gave tongue.

"You're a horrid man."

"That's all?"

"I should have certainly gone home by walking or by any other conveyance, instead of giving so much opportunity for your cheek, had I not wished to be seen."

"What's the use of talking of my cheek, when you don't give a chance to my lips?"

"Don't get frèsh with me."

"You've misunderstood me. Why did you come away before the service was over?"



She looked into the
Mathematical centre of my eyes.

"I am also thinking the same thing of you."

"Is it so? Well, I came away for certain personal reasons."

"Ditto."

"I see. Are you exactly placed like me?"

"It is like this. I don't wish to be seen by the bride and her people."

"Is that so? You and Saguna were after poor Edward. But Saguna succeeded in landing home that poor blighter. Now you're jealous of her and all that sort of thing."

"Don't talk rot. Nothing of that sort. Saguna is one of my best friends. We both went through Sarah Tucker and Queen Mary's together. My heart bleeds for Saguna. Whoever thought she would marry this waste-product called Edward?"

"Are you aware that poor old boy has my heartfelt sympathy for linking himself with an A1 scourge in the shape of one Saguna?"

"I veto your vote of censure. That's not the way to speak of my friend."

"Righto. Now tell me, like a good girl, why you left the church so early?"

"I don't think I should confide in a man—that too, a stranger."

"Come, come! You know, we aren't strangers now. From the way we are talking, anyone would say we knew each other long before we were born."

"You tell me first why you left the church early?"

"I don't think I ought to."

"Then don't ask me any more."

The girl wanted to have her own way. I gave in. I presented the *scenario* enlivened with my characteristic touches. She hung on to my words. Sympathy, understanding, responsiveness and what not oozed from her features. During the confessional recital, she unconsciously, by degrees, shifted herself nearer me.

"You have my sympathy," she said.

"Thanks."

"Sympathy heightened by the fact that I am in the same situation as you are."

"Is that so?"

I stared at her as a hippo might stare at a beetle. Then we understood each other. A bond of sympathy was forged. The freemasonry of youth has its own privileges.

"Where are we going?" she suddenly asked.

(Continued on page 30)

MY VOCATIONS



The story of a man's trial of professions alphabetically,—from the lean and wrinkled Author to the port-bellied Zamindar.



By M. S. ANANTHA RAO

I was unemployed and married. Just the combination to make any one happy. I applied for various posts with the inevitable tattered credentials. I was glad no one thought it necessary to burden me with a job. So, these six years, I ran a great management with headquarters at H—1, 1st Upper Street. I experimented with all vocations, beginning alphabetically from Author and ending with Zamindar!

Author :—I got hold of a quire of ten-pounds' paper, a 'P'nib and some ink. My wife had received 'trunk money' (we can't speak of pocket money for ladies) the previous day from her father. I began to write on "conjugal happiness." Graphic description, words saturated with ambrosia (or Prussic acid as you like) and letters five line Pica—it was a great book nearing completion. The idea of being an author thrilled me so much that I ran out in the streets like Archimedes, brandishing our kitchen-ladle. Thinking that my mental faculties were impaired, my wife promptly burnt it. And left to myself now, I felt utterly broke. The wretched devil had played the role of Carlyle's cat and damped my hopes of a Nobel Prize. Conjugal unhappiness resulted from conjugal happiness.

Astrologer :—Having served as factotum to a pukka Sastriyal, I knew the names of some planets. I now wanted to start a bureau. The butt-end of my pen served to paint the requisite sign-board. People flocked to me. My system was unique. Ask each consultant for a number within 108. If the number was odd, it meant failure, even if it predicted success. Once I summoned sufficient courage to tell a sick man that he would die within eight days. The chap improved marvellously after the eighth day and lay at my door to see me come

out—with what benevolent intentions I know not. When such occasions repeated themselves, the instinct of self-preservation induced me to bid farewell to astrology.

Baker :—So long as I could squeeze money from the treasure-troves of my wife, it was no problem for me to get a little capital and start a bakery. It may not appear the right thing to do after astrology, but my artistic sense made me stick to the alphabetical list. I tried some new methods in the trade, which landed me before the magistrate on a charge preferred by the City Health and Sanitary Officer. But, as usual, the wife's money saved me.

Carpenter :—I secured by stealth, a chisel, a mallet etc., as my wife stopped supplies after the bakery-episode. I managed to make a stool and tried its strength by first sitting on it. Lo! The parts came apart as by magic. I then stuck a 'PORTABLE' slip to it. A man came and bought it. Since that day, I have been dreading a visitation from him. But I found he met with a fatal accident, while standing on a stool to fix a photo on a wall. I kept mum.

Driver-Doctor :—I had seen bus-drivers smoking their beedies with bandaged hands. Let them keep their Delco-Remys, Carburettors, Universal joints, triple and level gears, I thought. The medical profession seemed to me nothing but authorised killing, for a drug which was one man's meat might act as another man's poison. So I left them severely alone.

Electric Operator :—No good troubling oneself with insulation, fuse, voltage, candle-power and rubber-gloves, I reasoned. More than anything else, SHOCKS!!! I allowed myself a month's interval, two consecutive letters of the alphabet failing to tempt me.

Framer :—Borrowing Rs. 15/-, I bought some Japan mouldings, a saw-frame, etc. An enlargement 15" by 12" was brought for framing. I wasted three 9 feet sticks, as the sawn corners totally refused to form right angles with one another. Hence they were used for fuel. Six glasses broke during the process of cutting to the requisite size. As I succeeded the seventh time and laid the frame face down for nailing, my three-year-old son came lipping and trod on it and began to dance. The glass shattered into some fifty pieces odd, many of which stuck obstinately in the enlargement. The owner sued me for a paltry sum of Rs. 30/-. My pain-law had to come to my aid.

G :—The letter 'G' offered nothing but gambling. The darned frame-business had disheartened me and I had no money for betting.

Hawking :—Hawking tantalised me. After much entreaty a friend lent me Rs. 5/. I bought glaring Japan toys and hawked them about. Half the ladies of the town bargained with me. They inspected my goods and finally asked them for a tenth of my bid. Ugly urchins majestically hailed me; as soon as I reached their doors, they roared that they didn't want me. One day, while crossing a ford to hawk my wares in a village on the other side of the river, a tiger roared terribly somewhere near my back. I took a leap into the water; my toy-basket answered gravitation's call and dived into the water. In three minutes, I was some three miles off.

Insurance agent :—My present troubles, I argued, must be due to my sins in previous births. Why add to them by coercing all people into paying their hard-earned cash to these "god-father and guardian-angel" concerns? Let the letter 'I' stand for me. That was enough.

Jockey :—To regale horses with B. C. D. or Exshaw and run them at break-neck speed, I didn't like, for I might break my neck in the affair.

K :—Suggested a kaleidoscope. I have been one, I forthwith said.

Lawyer :—I was very anxious to see someone fined or led into jail. Passing the 'mukhtiyar' test that year I painted my name and profession on the other side of the Astrologer-board. My first client was a Sastri, whom his wife had thrashed for testing his patience. Purely a domestic affair. But the war, having been waged in the streets with abettors on either side, was worthy of a court. The kind judge granted me several hearings. On the day of the examination of witnesses, the liveried usher at the door was fined Rs. 2. on the spot for wrong pronunciation of names, even though Mr. Judge of Hiccoughs was no better in this respect. On trial, each said that he or she had dealt blows in self-defence and because the other took the offensive first. The Judge could not come to a decision. At last I said, "Your Honour, this man is truly innocent. He has paid me twenty-five chips. Please decide in his favour." Whereupon the Judge roared deafeningly and turned me out. I skipped off in terror, leaving my poor client to look to himself. My law-manuals graced the second-hand-bookstall that very evening.

Musician :—'Music hath charms' it is said, declared, argued, and what not. It had fascinated me from infancy.

I served under a violinist, carrying his violin-case behind him. Within a year, he taught me all he knew and arranged for my first performance. Tuning up my instrument, I began to play. In the course of the very first song, the lamp suspended above my head crashed down on me suddenly. I was fearfully scorched; all the four strings of my violin broke with a loud noise. The audience set up an awful howl. At once, I showed them a clean pair of heels. Enough of music, I said, for my career started under very inauspicious circumstances.

N :—Offered me necromancy. I gave it up, remembering too well my astrologic career.

O :—Held out osculation and nothing beyond it. I was no stranger to it. I occupied myself shaping my mouth into an O for a week, (3 hours a day).

Photographer :—Photography is a beautiful art. To snap anything (even a cake), in a fraction of a second, is simply grand. I volunteered myself as a studio assistant, doing all odd jobs—from scrubbing to dark-room work. In six months, I learnt everything except my regular work. One day, when my boss was out, I loaded a plate in the slide and called out a beggar going in the street. He came, I think, with the hope of getting alms. I asked him to stand still while I focussed and inserted the slide. Who the dickens knew he was a victim to apopleptic fits? Next moment I was to release the shutter! He fell forwards on the studio-camera, pulling it down with him. The bellows and woodwork got shattered; the lens was three-in-one. I ran off, leaving everything to the mercy of the Gods. I don't know whether my boss committed suicide.

Painting :—Is a fine art, no doubt. But when you get the painter's paralysis, no one comes to your succour.

Priest :—To learn all sorts of *Mantrams* and recite them at air-mail speed for the sake of a few coppers didn't appeal to me.

Q :—I was a runaway, hiding in another city. Wasn't it queer life? So much about Q.

Rubber-stamp-industry :—This requires lead-types, vulcanising rubber, plaster of Paris etc. I lacked money and so the industry too lost my services.

Stationery :—Barred for lack of money.

Tutor :—I became tutor to a Zamindar's son. The Devil take him! For he was as good a limb of Satan, as ever graced Dante's *Inferno*. Putting me all hellish questions, playing all monkey tricks, he took the life-blood out of me. One day, he patronisingly asked me the whereabouts of my wife and children. I instinctively knotted my kerchief to form a thug's noose. His arch-devil mother loomed in; or else I would have despatched him. A month later, he died of a fever. I distributed mangoes to children (not for the peace of his soul—it was not worth a ground—but out of joy).

Thieving :—Wasn't new to me; but I had reformed and left it alone.

Tailor :—To cut decent cloth into shreds, stitch them and then be found fault with! No, the prospect didn't allure me.

Umbrella-trade :—I thought of selling umbrellas. But where to get them? No means to secure them except thieving, and I had bidden farewell thereto.

Varnishing :—Not a good business either. Money comes back to us in dribblets, and these *jutka-wallahs* are tough customers to deal with.

Watch-repairing :—Is a wonderful job. Yet, if your hand is shaky or your tool deviates a millionth of an inch away from your aim, your client will promptly dedicate you to the devil. Well, I became a jobber's assistant and learnt the whole thing, I thought, in a year. One day, my master repaired an *Omega* watch and went home for grub and siesta, leaving me in the shop. I opened the watch and disorganised the parts with a view to adjust them again. It was now in the *alpha* stage. All my efforts could not bring it beyond the *beta* stage. When my master came and saw his *Omega* made into a chaotic *alpha*, he turned me out the very instant.

Washerman :—I have already done laundering for

the astrologer under whom I served. I didn't want history to repeat itself.

X-Ray Expert :—Nowadays, a good many people see their own ribs by means of Rontgen Rays. One day a cricketer breaks his scapula; another day an actress rolls down a staircase and breaks an ankle. They get X-Rayed. The man of the scalpel promptly amputates. Yet the pain lingers. Clutch at the amputated and repaired part—they will rouse your ancestors with their howls. I didn't relish the job.

Yelping :—To no effect, for a job.

Zamindar :—Great news! Pa-in-law dead! Myself or (which is the same thing) my wife heir to all his estate. With his dying breath he advised me not to try anymore vocations lest the whole League of the Unemployed should follow my example. D—n these vocations, I said. And here's three cheers—to nobody.

WEDDING PRESENTS—(Continued from page 27)

"Not very far. Your home is three miles behind us. Listen. We both are in an awful fix. We must devise a Committee of Ways and Means to see us out of this mess without any impairment of honour."

"Yes. A Committee of Ways and Means is the thing."

"I see, you are excited, emotional, wrought-up and so forth. This ride will do you good."

"I am keyed up on behalf of poor Saguna. I promised her a sewing-machine, a platinum wrist-watch, emerald ear-rings, a turquoise pendant and an ivory slave-bangle as wedding presents."

"What did you *actually* send?"

"A brass flower-vase."

"Your bank balance has gone groggy, what?"

"Y-y-yes."

"Then we are in the same boat."

"No. In the same car."

"I hope one of these days we'll go *together* and explain the whole scheme," I put in meaningly.

"Saguna would have the shock of her life when she sees the flower-vase. I must make it up to her with a turquoise pendant."

"You shall. Honour Bright. Fair Dealing. That is *our* motto, you know."

I parked the car under a tree, which, to some extent, screened us from the public gaze. We got down, arranged ourselves on the grass, began to talk of this and that and finally the talk veered round to that inevitable subject. The day was drawing in, the setting sun flung out a carpet of gold, the spell of the summer evening was on us and romance was in the air. We were alone

together in a world of our own. As the deep calls unto the deep, youth calls unto youth.

"I love this place," she said presently.

"So I found it this evening."

She shot a covert glance at me.

"Mary," I began hoarsely.

"Yes."

"What about....." I fizzled out.

"Yes."

"Er.....what about....."

"What about what?"

"That you know."

"That what?"

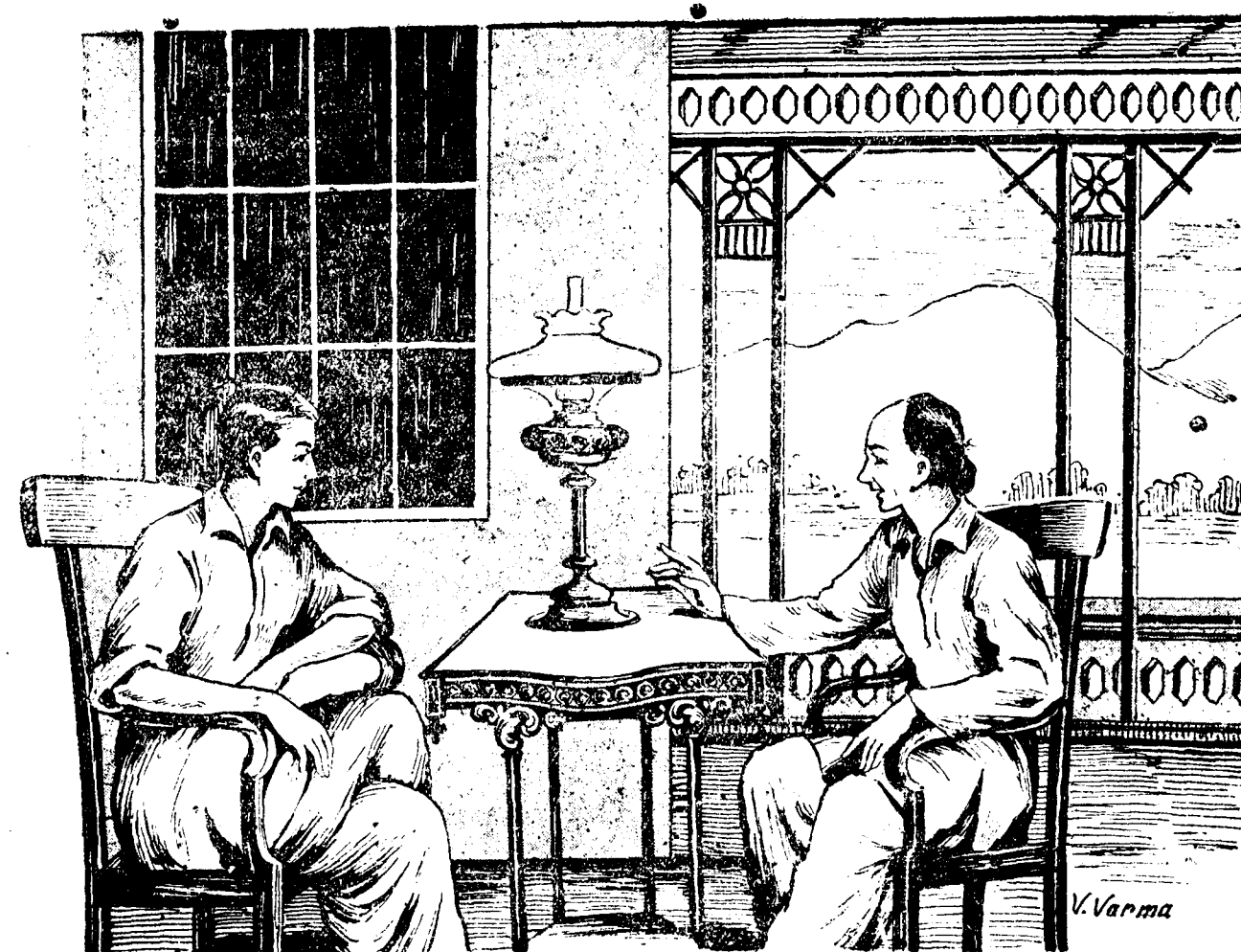
"*That only.*"

She looked into the mathematical centre of my eyes. "You witch," I said and folded her unresisting form in my arms and planted square seven of my best on her lips on the Easy Instalment System. Then I got home on her left eye-brow. It wasn't one of my best but it was a kiss within the meaning of the Act. We fixed February 5th. as the day for performing the wedding-glide.

I am sure, some reader will say, "You chap, you moralized a deuced lot on marriage and now you've clicked with the first girl that chance threw in your way" True. Those who have finished reading the morning paper always say, "there is no toting in it." But that doesn't prevent the rest of us from wanting to see for ourselves. What?

Please note: No brass flower-vases and pewter teapots, by request.

(All Characters in the story are fictitious.)



A FRIEND IN NEED

BY K. B.

THERE is an old saw which goes: "A friend in need is a friend indeed." But what about a friend in need, I mean a friend who is in need, eternally, irrevocably, in need? It is outrageously hard to place such a chap. Are members of that fraternity to be called friends at all or what? Gentle reader, help me, if you can, in christening such personages.

I have a friend (provisionally speaking), who belongs to this obnoxious category. He answers to the name of Mani. The other evening I was sitting in my study, pen in hand, racking my brains, expecting an inspiration for dashing off a couple of pages to the *Merry Magazine*, to meet my last week's bills. Suddenly, thunder rent the skies asunder and a storm blew into my room. It was my friend Mani, who looked as if he was dashing for his life.

"I say, B, old chap," he bellowed like a hungry ox, "may I have a few seconds of your precious time?"

I sat up with a start. "What the devil.....?"

".....did I mean by butting in so unceremoniously, just when you were settling down to some useful work, by way of disseminating knowledge to the world and removing the cloak of ignorance which is enshrouding it etc.," Mani completed my sentence.

"But not that stuff, this time, you pig. You know I am in a nasty hole, and you must save me, old boy."

"But....." I began.

"No 'buts', this time. I am in dire distress."

"Oh, a Devil in distress?" I can be absolutely nasty sometimes.

"Call me what you will, Damon dear. But save me, you must. You are the rock on which I have built up my hopes."

"It is an imitation rock. It will crumble like a house of cards, very soon."

"How can you say it, you old bandicoot?"

Well, that was the very limit. I might yield to this imbecile in the long run, as I have done times out of number. But still, I see no reason why this adder should call me an 'old horse' or a 'bandicoot.'

"Do I look like an old horse or a bandicoot, you viper," I burst forth, in righteous indignation.

"No, no, no, no. How silly! I didn't mean it that way. (Here the scoundrel winked). Pet names from the fullness of my heart....."

"Sorry, didn't know bandicoots were your pets. Birds of a feather, I suppose."

It was a sarcastic thrust, which is my favourite mode of attack, but Mani, stout fellow, refused to be felled by it.

"Call me what you will, I don't mind. But you must help me. Can't you guess what I want? I'll give you three guesses."

"Oh, you can want only one thing, and that is Rupees, Annas, Pies."

"Well done, Columbus, and how much? Guess again."

"Two rupees."

"Wrong, for once. Try again and you will succeed. Use the grey matter a bit."

"I don't care. You won't get a pie more than two rupees from me. Get that in, right now."

"No, no, old horse, don't be too hard on dear old Mani. Have you forgotten those happy days in the old College? Especially, that fine, cloudless night, when we two, like two knights-errant, stole forth from the hostel and had a fine time with a....."

"By Gad, stop it, you ass. My only aunt!" I moaned, for that was the one black spot on my escutcheon and this fool took peculiar pleasure in referring to it in season and out of season.

"Good old days, what, those!" he persisted. "I vividly remember how you managed that expedition. Why, you looked like Napoleon! But leaving that apart....."

"Not a pie more than two rupees," I said, in anticipation.

"There, there, there. Obstinate like a child. Make it five, you booby. Don't be hard on your College chum..... Say, that reminds me. I was talking to Miss Leela last evening and the dear old girl asked me how long we had been friends. 'Ever since we were able to wink at a girl', I said. 'Was B a good boy at College?' she enquired. 'One of the very best, a regular top-notch', I replied, when she suddenly sprang it upon me 'But I heard you and he had some escapade at College.' Believe me, laddie, I was stunned, flabbergasted. You could have knocked me down with a feather. Of all the things she heard about!"

"But what did you tell her? You didn't sell me for thirty pieces of silver?" I asked, impatiently.

"No", I replied, 'you've got it all wrong, Miss Leela. B had nothing whatsoever to do with it. It was this way. I and Venkat were involved in that incident. Venkat, who had a none-too-clean record at College would have been expelled, if the matter had come to the notice of the Principal, as it was bound to. Then B came up, noble fellow, and played Sydney Carton. He said it was not Venkat that was with me, that fateful night, but he, B' At which, the dear girl's face lighted up, and I distinctly heard her whisper to herself, as if in admiration, 'My hero!'"

Thank God, Mani had not spilled the beans. Leela is a shrewd girl, she is. A real angel, with brown eyes, pouting red lips, and teeth like pearls, the darlingest little lady that ever walked about in Rangoon sandals. I was to be married to her the next month and I should have been in a pretty mess, if Mani had not stepped gallantly into the breach with one of his patent fibs. The double distilled fool had acted with tact, for once in his life-time.

"Coming down to brass-tacks," Mani's words woke me up from my rumination. "What about the loan?"

Gentle reader, can you refuse to help a fellow, who has saved you from rack and ruin, for, separation from Leela, or even a semblance of a misunderstanding between us means the end of the world to me. After it, the deluge! That is the way I adore her. She is my queen, my goddess and everything that means anything to me.

"My dear Mani," said I "have you heard of one lamp re-kindling another? My dear boy, action such as yours must not go unrewarded. Look here, I'll give you ten bucks instead of five. And mind you, it isn't a loan."

"Oh thanks, old horse. I have always maintained that it was all butter behind that steely exterior of yours. And how about a cheroot, sonny?"

His hawk eyes had seen the box of my favourite cheroots on the mantelpiece.

"Help yourself, you cunning devil," I invited, in my most generous vein. After all, the fellow had done me a good turn.

It was indeed a close shave, that meeting between Mani and Leela, the beast and the beauty (God bless her). I was thinking about it, when the telephone rang. It was Leela, the adorable little thing.

"Hullo, honey, you want me to take you to the Pictures? O. K., sugar, it will be lovely. And by the way, darling, did you meet that ass Mani yesterday? No?... Not seen him for a month?..... Are you sure?..... Oh!....."

So that was that. The scoundrel had done me squarely in the eye. He had pulled off a clean bluff, the scamp! If I could only catch him, by the neck I will feed at that ancient grudge.....

ENNUI

By "SURAJ"

I was very unhappy, once upon a time, because there was nothing to complain of. Everything was in disgustingly good order. Nothing out of the way happened. Nobody said anything worth taking notice of.

"It's darned nonsense," I said to the mirror before me, "I must do something about it." This was to help me think and make up my mind. And it helped.

She stared at me unceremoniously, while I stood before her, serious and silent.

"Take a seat," she said and I quietly did not.

She stared on undisturbed.

"Mina," I said at last, having prefaced my speech with what I thought was quite an impressive silence. "You are neglecting me. You have always been neglect-



Bang!!

In a couple of minutes I was sauntering stylelessly towards Mina's. The intervening time (the aforesaid two minutes) was duly spent in giving the last jerk to the knot of my neck-tie, bringing out the flaps of my coat-pockets and exchanging a parting grin (of course the proper word for the pompous or the pretentious, is 'smile', but modesty, I believe, is the best policy; hence 'grin') with the honest, shameless mirror.

My heart was heavy, my brow puckered and my mood gloomy when I stepped into Mina's drawing room.

ing me. Life is very dull. Nothing happens, I can't sulk properly. You never....."

"Won't you take a seat?" she put in suddenly, very tactlessly breaking the trend of my thoughts.

I began anew.

"Mina, I want to grovel in the dust. I want to be scolded. Nobody ever does it. You never do it."

"H'm," she said.

"I am very serious, Mina. I have come here today to be called anything but 'a simple soul' and 'a silly

goose', as I usually am. I am tired of them. I want you to flare up a bit and then stamp your foot and shout: 'You are a silly bloke, a worthless idiot, a nuisance—a darned nuisance,' (I am rather fond of these words; I took a fancy to them when I read them in a book by Ethel M. Dell or Phillips Oppenheim, I forget whom) or something of that kind. You must do it for me. I can't sit and mope listlessly. I must have something to keep my thoughts busy."

There was a pause. I had had my say in quite a dignified and eloquent manner. I was pleased with myself and looked at my audience, to see the desired effect. I was disappointed. She was unmoved, except that a ghost of a smile hovered round her small, thin lips, trying in vain to develop into something brighter.

I thought for a moment and said, "Perhaps you want to think about how you are to do it. Well, I give you five minutes." I then walked towards the book shelves. What else could I do to show that I was firm and unwavering?

At the expiry of the given time, I came to her and looked at her inquiringly.

"Do you know," she said, "you are a very nice boy?"

"Oh!" I said and sat near her.

"Mina," I said, "please don't take this thing lightly. I beseech you to be serious about it."

"I was thinking," she said, "if I could ask you to help me a little. A couple of my friends are coming in to tea."

"Of course," I said mechanically.

"You are a nice one," she said. "Come along with me."

We had almost finished with the tea-table, when the door-bell rang.

"I think it's the visitors," said Mina. "I shall go and receive them."

I looked up at her and for the first time noticed her blazing red *saree*. It was a gorgeous affair.

"Oho!" I said, "this is a state occasion. Is this your best one?"

"No, the second best," she said smilingly and went out.

"They're come," she said, presently coming back. "Let us hasten the things."

I stood still. I had just been reminded of my business there.

"Mina," I said, "please do manage it today. Really, it is essential that you give me a bit of dusting. Say you will."

"You are a very fine lad," she said softly, "only, you brew some queer things in your head sometimes. Let us now arrange the vases. Mind you, don't be rough with the things. It's a pair I value more than anything else."

Silently I placed the delicate glass vessels on the table with a bunch of narcissus in each and began to muse. They seemed like coming to nothing, my hopes of having something to think about. She was so genial, but so dodging. It wasn't very easy to make her.....

"Everything is ready now," said Mina, arranging the spoons. "Move the table a bit this side. Yes, there. I will go and call them."

Carefully I did her bidding and slowly moved back through the narrow space between the chairs and the table. The passage was too narrow, I thought and quite involuntarily jerked my waist.....

Bang!!

The table was pushed and tilted and finally turned. The result was so suddenly and quickly reached that the first two stages were not noticed appreciably.

I was startled. I stared, my mouth agape.

On the floor was glass and china and flowers and milk and sugar, all in a motley mixture, openly displaying their utter lack of respect for the law of cohesion. The vases—those beautiful things so much loved by their mistress!—could not be made out in this crowded array; they had transformed themselves into many and different forms. Similar was the case with the cups and the saucers and others of the same family. The milk had left its conventional dwelling and had been warmly received by the carpet. The sugar had spread itself on as vast an area as it was possible for it. Only the spoons and the narcissus lay there unchanged, in undignified and disrespectful postures.

It was a pitiable state of affairs, I thought. I looked at Mina to see what she thought of it.....

"Oh horror!" I shrieked inaudibly.

She was swinging the folds of her *saree* (that lovely *saree*, alas!) to shake off the milk—in vain; the affinity between clothes and liquids had already done the mischief.

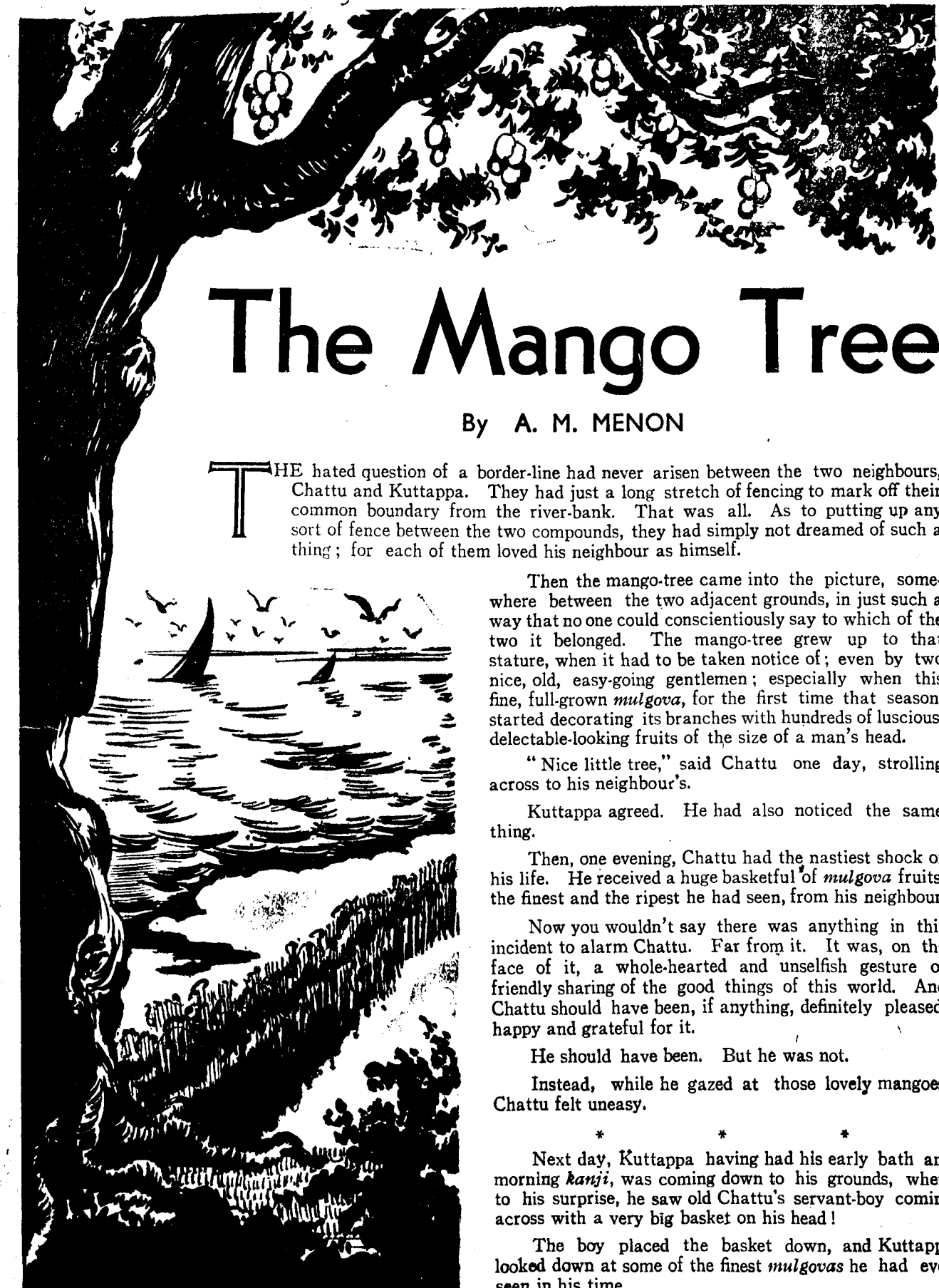
"You," said Mina, "are a silly bloke, a worthless idiot, a nuisance, a darned nuisance."

I jumped up. I tried to work my vocal organs, but could not. I was too overwhelmed for words.

In fury and disgust she walked out of the room.

Furtively I slipped out and made for my house.

"How wonderful!" I thought on my way. "She used the very words."



The Mango Tree

By A. M. MENON

THE hated question of a border-line had never arisen between the two neighbours, Chattu and Kuttappa. They had just a long stretch of fencing to mark off their common boundary from the river-bank. That was all. As to putting up any sort of fence between the two compounds, they had simply not dreamed of such a thing; for each of them loved his neighbour as himself.

Then the mango-tree came into the picture, somewhere between the two adjacent grounds, in just such a way that no one could conscientiously say to which of the two it belonged. The mango-tree grew up to that stature, when it had to be taken notice of; even by two nice, old, easy-going gentlemen; especially when this fine, full-grown *mulgova*, for the first time that season, started decorating its branches with hundreds of luscious, delectable-looking fruits of the size of a man's head.

"Nice little tree," said Chattu one day, strolling across to his neighbour's.

Kuttappa agreed. He had also noticed the same thing.

Then, one evening, Chattu had the nastiest shock of his life. He received a huge basketful of *mulgova* fruits, the finest and the ripest he had seen, from his neighbour.

Now you wouldn't say there was anything in this incident to alarm Chattu. Far from it. It was, on the face of it, a whole-hearted and unselfish gesture of friendly sharing of the good things of this world. And Chattu should have been, if anything, definitely pleased, happy and grateful for it.

He should have been. But he was not.

Instead, while he gazed at those lovely mangoes, Chattu felt uneasy.

Next day, Kuttappa having had his early bath and morning *kanji*, was coming down to his grounds, when, to his surprise, he saw old Chattu's servant-boy coming across with a very big basket on his head!

The boy placed the basket down, and Kuttappa looked down at some of the finest *mulgovas* he had ever seen in his time.

"My master hopes, sir, that you will enjoy his fruits very much!"

"Whose fruits, eh?" Kuttappa couldn't help asking, on the spur of the moment.

"Why, my master's fruits, of course," said the servant-boy, with a puzzled expression.

* * *

Kuttappa was, on the whole, in the vanguard of the other in the matter of initiative and push. He formally set up a fence between the two plots of grounds, including the mango-tree within his compound.

Chattu, on the other side, bided his time.

That night, when Kuttappa was sound asleep, he went over and removed that part of the fence, which had temporarily made the tree belong to the other compound. He then deliberately rebuilt it, so that the same tree was now on his side of the fence. Chattu was a delicate craftsman. Like the cuckoo, he had made the crow build the nest.

Undisturbed by any thought of his neighbour's nocturnal activities, Kuttappa had a good night's rest. But disillusionment, of course, came with the dawn when he made a leisurely survey of the havoc wrought over-night.

At any rate, this could not go on for ever. Kuttappa decided to go to the local surveyor and settle this boundary business once for all. Before this could be done, two visitors called on Chattu.

One was the surveyor himself, who was a friend of the two neighbours, and the other a *Moplah*.

"This is our friend Moidu, who is a bit of a contractor," the surveyor told Chattu. "He would like to have a look at your mangoes. Especially *mulgovas*. He sends them to Madras and other places, you know."

"I have only one *mulgova* tree in my compound," Chattu replied, "and," he continued, leading the way, "I will take you to it."

The three of them sauntered down to where the *mulgova* stood, richly laden with its maiden harvest, almost on the very edge of the river-bank, casting its long, morning shadow up to the rippling waters of the river.

Terms were soon settled, and the contractor departed, depositing an advance of ten rupees, for the right to sell the whole lot of *mulgovas* on the tree that season.

* * *

Next day, the contractor came with his coolies, a large number of baskets, and other appurtenances for the gathering of the mangoes.

But he didn't proceed very far in the task.

One of the coolies had just gone half-way up the tree, when, there came forth such a shout that the poor fellow nearly lost his foot-hold.

Kuttappa was striding up, with the fury of a proprietor witnessing a daring robbery right under his nose.

"Who is there?" he thundered. "By God, I will—! Get down from that tree—right now!"

By this time all the important *dramatis personae* had collected on the scene: Chattu, the surveyor (who had come to call on Kuttappa), the servants, and a few impartial onlookers who watched eagerly and awaited interesting developments.

The surveyor and the contractor were, roughly speaking, the most unenlightened of the crowd. They were not well up in the recent complications regarding the mango-tree politics.

"You know," said the surveyor, patting Kuttappa gently on the shoulder, "don't worry. Don't you know? Your friend Chattu has sold his *mulgovas* to this contractor. So it is all right. Don't make a noise!"

Kuttappa glowered.

"All right, is it? Humph! Huph! Hick! Whose friend, did you say? And whose *mulgovas*—WHOSE?"

The surveyor felt he was sailing on unknown waters. Unknown, troubled waters. He was at sea, completely.

In the meanwhile, the coolies, taken by surprise, stopped their work and looked at the contractor. The contractor, in need of some sort of support, looked at the surveyor, who in turn looked helplessly at Chattu. And Chattu, instead of completing the circle by looking at Kuttappa, averted his eyes and looked up at the mangoes.

Eventually Chattu went in and returned with the ten rupees he had received the previous day as advance from Moidu the contractor.

"I am very sorry, but—but! But I am afraid—the deal will have to be—bhrup!—be called off!"

The money changed hands.

Moidu looked wistfully at the mangoes. He even nourished the idea of bringing an action for breach of contract. But only for a moment. Really—!

He made off, slowly, reflecting that for once in his life, he had come across a couple of raging lunatics.

* * *

At length the mango-tree feud assumed such proportions that the two claimants submitted their dispute before the *Tahsildar*. To go to the *Tahsildar's* court, they had to walk seven miles.

But both of them stuck to it.

For four dreary weeks, the case of the mango-tree dragged on. Witnesses, depositions, ancient documents and musty deeds of possession, records of grounds bought and sold, all followed one after another in the historic enquiry. The mango-tree had become famous. If an American millionaire had been on the spot, he would have bought the tree for a fancy price, bigger than ever paid for rare first-editions.

Chattu and Kuttappa got wet, walking to and fro in the damp, rainy weather, their umbrellas no proof against the blast of the overpowering monsoon-falls. And what rains they were having that year! Stupendous! The river was swelling as if it were going to spread all over the village!

But old men are obstinate. They wanted a fight to the finish.

It appeared that of late the *Tahsildar* had been getting tired of the tedious case. It was a knotty problem.

Finally, he cut the Gordian knot. He gave orders that, since the mango-tree was causing so much strife and inconvenience, the Government would confiscate it. The respective claims of the two disputants were set at nought, and the case was dismissed with costs, to be borne equally by the pair.

When the sentence was pronounced, there was laughter in the Court.

Chattu got up, deeply moved, and proceeded to express himself unmistakably.

The *Tahsildar* ordered silence.

"I am going to tell a story," protested Chattu.

"Stories are not allowed!" sternly reprimanded the *Tahsildar*.

"But this," persisted Chattu, heroically, "is the story of the Two Cats and the Monkey——"

The *Tahsildar* knew the story well. In fact, he had told it only the previous evening to his own children.

"The monkey—" Chattu continued, but he was not given a fair hearing.

"Fined an extra five rupees for disorderly conduct and gross contempt of Court!" pronounced the *Tahsildar*.

And so that was that.

"I will share that five rupees with you," said Kuttappa, with some emotion, on their way back home.

Common disaster, in the form of a bolt from the official blue, had visibly lessened the strain of their relations.

Chattu grunted.

"This blasted rain!" he said. "We shall be drowned!"

It was raining pretty hard, raining as they had never seen it rain before in their lives.

They walked on for a time in silence.

Then Chattu declared with conviction:

"We will cut down that tree first thing we reach back! Teach this Government a lesson! Confiscation, indeed!"

"Sure!" agreed Kuttappa. "The *Tahsildar* will confiscate the stump!"

It took them longer than usual to get back home that day, due to the unprecedented ferocity of the weather.

When they arrived, they found that the river had risen like a sea, and its turbid, muddy-red waters were hissing against their very doorsteps.

They looked at where the *mulgova* had been on the banks of the river, but they could not find it. The familiar outline of its branches was gone from the usual place.

The reason was plain soon enough. It was evident that there had been a sort of heavy landslide, and parts of the neighbours' compounds were more or less missing.

The mango-tree had been uprooted, and carried away by the floods.

The two neighbours looked at each other. Then a tear glided down the hard-lined cheeks of each, and each surreptitiously wiped it.

For, these two simple men, while fighting and bickering for it, had really come to love the young mango-tree!

"HADENSA" FOR PILES AND HAEMORRHOIDAL COMPLAINTS

Cures
Piles at
any
stage.



The safest,
surest and
quickest remedy
for piles.

Stops bleeding, cures fissures, itching, ulcers, cracks, etc. Used in many Clinics and Hospitals. Highly recommended by well-known European Surgeons and Physicians.

BUY FROM ANY CHMISTS' STORES.

Madras Stockists:

DADHA & Co, Wholesale Chemists, Nainiappa Naick St., P. T., Madras.

Chandru's Philosophy - - - - OR Something Else

By 'Dr. Cynicus'

66 **W**E regret to announce the death of Mr. Ramachandra—popularly known as Chandru among his friends—at the premature age of 30, yesterday evening, by sunstroke. Mr. Ramachandra came of a poor but respected family, and by dint of sheer labour and industry, built up a name for himself as an original thinker and writer. We offer our most sincere sympathies to the bereaved family."

It was the master stroke of a perverted genius!

* * * *

The world around Chandru was too slow to assimilate his advanced theories; there was nothing but a slavish adherence to what was called custom, in whatever direction he turned. Men and women still ate, slept and quarrelled in the same fashion as in days of yore. They still wrangled with one another for power and prestige and brought unhappiness not only upon themselves but upon those dependent on them. Independence of thought or action was nowhere to be found. There was stagnation everywhere, and what was called the progressive march of civilisation was only a turning back to the things that a bygone generation had left behind as out-of-date and antiquated.

He would fain have walked on his head or on all fours, just for the novelty of it and for the experience of chalking out a new line of conduct, but unfortunately he had to give up the idea as it was a sheer physical impossibility, though now and again he indulged in the exercise in the privacy of his chambers. Dress and deportment gave him ample opportunities for displaying his genius for originality; on no two days did he dress himself or behave alike. His behaviour and speech changed with his mode of dressing and, even his closest friends wondered what exactly was the matter with him. The fools—could they ever hope to appreciate or understand the passion for novelty and sensation that consumed his being like a forest fire? He had a profound admiration for the nudist school of thought and would have been delighted to put their theories into practice—only the so-called guardians of law and order stood in his way. His politics was of the most advanced and radical type. The institution known as Government seemed to him the most mischievous

mechanism ever invented for suppressing initiative, and Chandru would have preferred very much to see men, women, animals, birds and insects, pursuing each his, her, or its own vocation, unfettered and unhampered by restrictions of any sort or kind. A Mahatma Gandhi might be satisfied with the mere entry of the depressed classes into the temples, but Chandru would have compelled every *purohit* and *pandit* in the land to espouse each a Harijan damsel. Hobbies of course, he had in plenty: he had collected stamps, indigenous and foreign, decayed teeth, male and female, old razor blades and worn-out shoes; he had a veritable museum of odds and ends, but their pleasure was hardly anything more than momentary. Aviation attracted him a good deal, but he had to defer enjoying the pleasures of flying till the demise of his parents, who would not countenance his aerial ambitions: least mishaps of any kind would deprive them of their only bread-winner. What selfishness!

With all its glitter and show, the stage offered an alluring prospect for diversion, but he was told that his personality was not of the proper type suitable for stage purposes. Dramatic authorship was the next best, but even in this field he was doomed to disappointment, as he was too high-spirited to propitiate or pay homage to the powers-that-be. Fortunately for Chandru, his advent in the field of journalism coincided with the appearance of *His Magazine*, which readily opened its pages to the products of his prolific and versatile pen. Very soon he became a popular author and his name was on the lips of all; but even this popularity brought him no peace of mind—he had not the patience to put up with it for any

(Continued on page 40)



—would fain have walked on all fours just for the novelty of it.....

SIR GUY — THE — CHI-WALRUS

By 'McNAIR'



render first aid to beauty in distress though he perishes in the attempt." His words were bold and his tone inexorable and the damsel, when she perceived this, was not a little disappointed and chagrined; for, she had expected a better-looking Knight and had specially chosen that day to fall in the clutches of the dragon because she had been informed that many Knights would be about on that day. However, she

could not refuse Sir Guy's services now that he was there and so she stood aside and allowed the dragon to be annihilated. To Sir Guy's vows of enduring service and loyalty she gave a short reply, curtly thanked him and walked off in a blaze of anger and vexation, for she dreaded the caustic remarks of her rivals in the business. Lady Gwendoline only the other day was rescued by two handsome Knights who afterwards quarrelled with each other as to who gave the dragon the death blow; and here was she with a Knight who.....who.....She roundly cursed everything.

From that day Sir Guy never touched his armour or lance. He joined the dock-yard and lead a toilsome but blameless and harmless life.

Thus were six years spent. Then an event happened which disturbed the placid course of his life. The king had arranged a great Tournament in honour of his wedding. Many were the prizes offered and great the honour in store for the victor. Sir Guy for the first time in those six years repented of his resignation from knight-errantry. That night he sat long at his meal musing, dreaming. His old forgotten armour caught his eye.....Well why not? but.....no, he would.....He reached for the armour.

The morning saw Sir Guy once more accoutred in all the trappings of chivalry—his old armour, sword, head-gear, all very much the worse for wear but rejuvenated by 'Brasso'. He practised a few imaginary strokes with his lance and found to his dismay that beer had not improved his strength and skill. He wondered whether a few days' practice would be enough. Occasionally he asked himself whether it was worth while.

He encountered many a dragon but not a face that he knew. All young ones, not in the least afraid of him,

ONCE upon a time there lived a valiant knight whose very name struck terror in the hearts of all dragons and other wicked creatures in the neighbourhood. He was as proper a knight as ever trod on neat leather. It was his habit to sally forth at sunrise every day in his best suit-of-armour in quest of adventure. Dragons were his speciality and he used to bag from ten to fifteen dragons on exceptionally lucky days. After the function, he would mount on his yawning palfrey, return home, eat his simple meal and go to bed.

Thus did Sir Guy pass many a winter until at last his restless spirit began to grow tired of mere dragoncide. He longed for romance, for wilder and more exciting adventures. His heroic soul rebelled against the passive and colourless life he was leading. Moreover, the taunts of his boastful comrades who were always recounting tales of damsels and hapless maidens, preyed on his mind. So one morning he went forth a different man. He did not pause to despatch the dragons that were lying about. He poked one or two with his lance indifferently and rode on till he reached a lonesome and fearful valley. Not a living soul was there to be seen. A sense of fear assailed the heart of the valiant Sir Guy. Suddenly he heard a piercing shriek. All the muscles in his body became tense; his eyes lighted up. Spurring on his frightened palfrey, Sir Guy charged into the jungle in the direction of the S.O.S. To his wrath he found a fair damsel struggling in the clutches of a monster dragon. Quick as lightning he dismounted, poised his lance and advanced. The damsel turned and saw him. A look of disappointment crossed her face and she said in a sweet alluring voice, "Sir Knight, be careful. Bring not on thyself the vengeance of this wicked dragon." To which Sir Guy answered "Lady, no Knight worth the name hesitates to

Six years ago they would have scampered away like rabbits. How time did fly! He didn't kill any. He didn't want to.

Thus meditating Sir Guy reached the lonesome valley. He was very much surprised and not a little frightened when he saw the valley. All the memories of the place came back and when a piercing shriek issued from the jungle, Sir Guy at first thought that he was imagining it. But no—the cry came again with unmistakable shrillness. He didn't feel very romantic, but impulsively he raced to the spot. A rather oldish damsel was shrieking there—alone. She explained to him how a fierce dragon had frightened her and implored him to despatch it promptly. Sir Guy then said "Maiden be not angry. I am bound by oath not to kill dragons." (Note: This is a translation of Sir Guy's speech, for, dockyard life had not improved his rhetoric. What he actually said was "Oh yeah, none o' that gime wi' me. Git summon else.")

The damsel wept piteously and accused him of cowardice. Sir Guy did not refute it, but implored her not to weep, "Maiden fair, why dost thou weep? I swear that thou shalt come to no harm, by my ten finger

bones I swear!" (O cut it, will yer? Worryu blubberin. for? Nobody's goin' to 'urt yer.)

Lady:—"Sir Knight. Have pity on a wretched woman. At least punish that insolent dragon by cutting off an ear or nose."

Sir Guy:—"Lady. Thou shalt be satisfied. I shall be at your disposal as soon as I quench my thirst at a neighbouring inn. (Alri' but wait till I go an' 'ave a glass at the "Lion and Serpent.")"

When the maiden perceived that the Knight was seeking some pretext to escape, she cast off all restraint and abused him to her heart's content. She was piqued by the discovery that she was not attractive. She no longer preserved her modesty but said many things, "You this and that, you so and so, chuck that polished tin-plate you are wearing and that quill pen in your hand and don't start playing your damn fool tricks, see?"

"You're jawing too much, you....." Before the knight could finish he perceived the dragon advancing and so suddenly recollecting a former engagement he sped in the direction of the city with some celerity.

CHANDRU'S PHILOSOPHY—(Continued from page 38)

length of time. The desire for 'something else' once again began to dominate his outlook and few of his friends were surprised therefore to learn that one fine morning, Chandru had literally vanished into thin air! He availed himself of four months leave of absence from his official drudgery, told his wife that he was going out on inspection duty, made his parents believe that he was transferred to the Frontier Province, packed a few belongings and quietly left the station. Nothing was heard of Chandru for some time and the once popular writer was swiftly forgotten by a fickle-minded and faithless world.

His Magazine mourned Chandru's death in the following terms:—

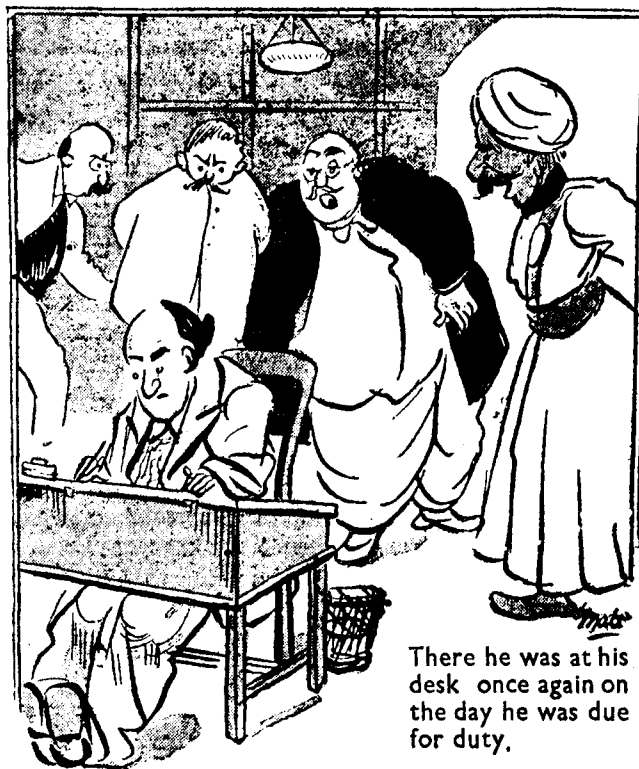
"We are shocked to hear of the passing away from our midst of Mr. Ramachandra, who, for the past so many years, has been delighting our readers with his humorous sketches and short stories. The deceased was every inch a gentleman and that is the highest tribute we can offer. May his soul rest in peace."

The various associations and clubs, of which he had been a member, respected his memory by closing their premises for a day. (It was a mere coincidence that the annual

white-washing had to be carried out on that particular day!) They held meetings, waxed eloquent on the services he had rendered, praised his numerous qualities of head and heart, passed resolutions of condolence and advertised themselves and the resolutions in all the papers. Not only that, some of his productions which had been condemned as unstageworthy, while he lived, were now hunted out and boosted.

* * *

It was indeed a delightful experience—posthumous honours while he was very much in the land of the living. By a simple and ingenious ruse he had contrived to hoodwink the whole world to the entire satisfaction of his craze for sensation. A quiet announcement regretting 'our error' in the self-same papers and there he was at his desk once again, off the day he was due for duty. Chandru's death and resurrection were the most talked of events of the day, but it was just another nine days' wonder. Chandru is still on the look out for 'something else' with which to appease his insatiable thirst for things uncommon. But no dying this time, as his poor wife positively refuses to shave her head once again!



There he was at his desk once again on the day he was due for duty.

FIRST PRIZE RS. 1000

RS. 2000

SINGLES

2nd PRIZE RS. 600

3rd PRIZE RS. 400

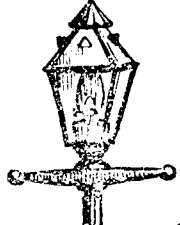
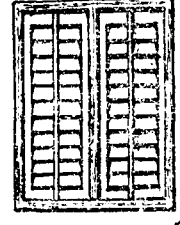
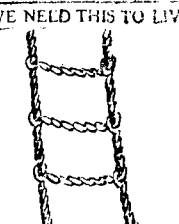
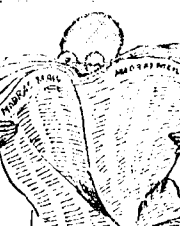
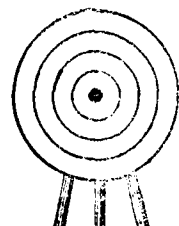
Entrance Fee As. 8 only

CLOSING DATE 27-2-35

MUST

BE

WON

SPEAK LOUDLY  CAL ①	GROWS IN GARDENS  EED ②	PART OF BODY  LP ③
UTTER SOFTLY  WHIPER ④	WHITEN  BLACH ⑤	WE NEED THIS TO LIVE  PUSE ⑥
SHOCKS LEAVE US...  UMB ⑦	AN ANIMAL  RA ⑧	PIECE OF WOOD  SIA ⑨

HOW TO SOLVE "SINGLES"
In "Singles" the solution is completed by finding a single letter only. These letters are the initial letters of the words represented by the pictures. A clue is also given.

For example, the clue for No. 1. is "Speak Loudly". The picture shows a *Lantern*. This gives L which when added to *Cal*, gives you the word *Call*. This is the correct solution. All the other eight solutions are found similarly. When you have found the eight missing letters, write the completed words against their number in the coupon.

RULES AND CONDITIONS
Solutions must be filled in on the coupon printed in the next page. Any number of solutions may be sent in but an entrance fee of annas eight must accompany every entry submitted. Where copies of the *Merry Magazine* are not available, competitors can send in their solutions on ordinary paper but an entrance fee of annas ten is payable with each entry thus submitted. All entries must be received by the last post on 27-2-35. Any received after this date will be disqualified. Entries from local competitors will be received in person at our office till 6 P. M. on that date. The first prize of Rs. 1000 will be awarded to an all-correct solution, the second prize of Rs. 600 to the solution with one error and the third prize of Rs. 400 to the solution with two errors. An all-correct solution is one which agrees in all respects with the Editor's key solution kept in safe custody with the Indian Bank, Ltd., Head Office, Madras. Failing an all-correct solution, the first prize will be awarded to the nearest correct entry received. In case of ties, the prize money will

MARCH FORWARD—

—with the latest Invention!

The Novelty of 1934

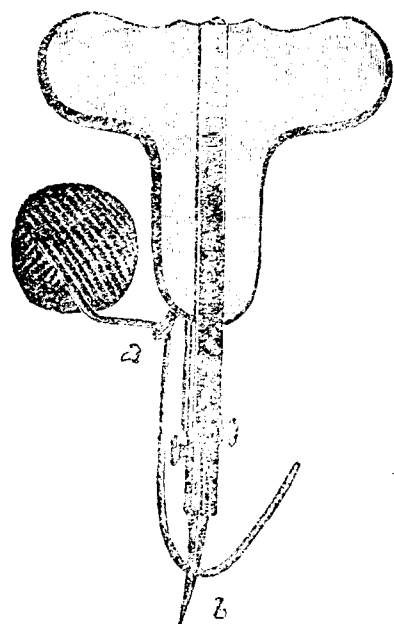
The “Carpet Fairy”

(The Efficient Rug-Work Apparatus)

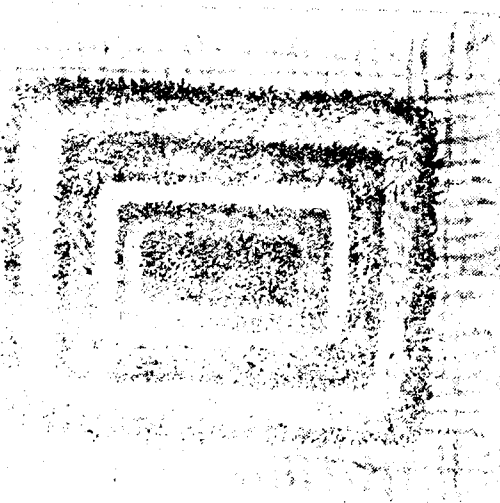
Get full Value for your Money!

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.

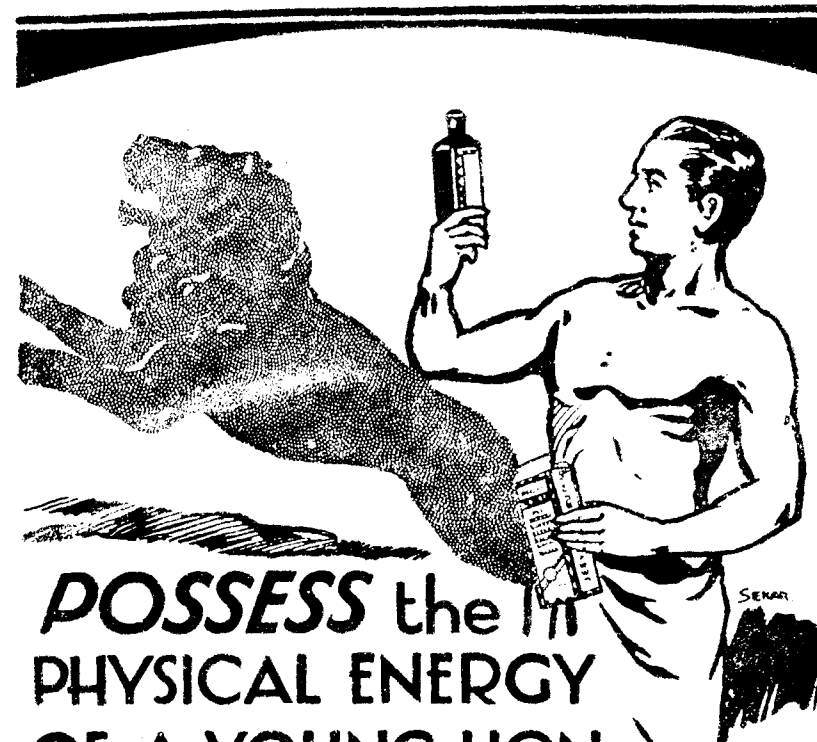
This is a machine and must be possessed by every family. Ladies and Children will be greatly interested in their spare hours.

Order to-day and be satisfied:—

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

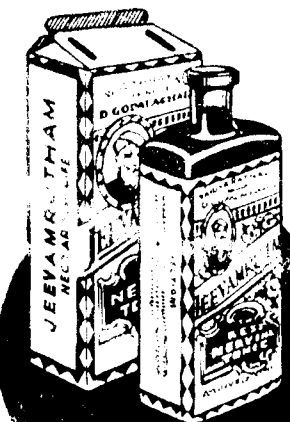
For other particulars, please apply to:—

THE “ZIP” STORES, P.B. 1358, Madras.



**POSSESS the
PHYSICAL ENERGY
OF A YOUNG LION**

Why lead such a weak and sickly life, a burden to yourself and others? Why not throb with superior vitality and possess the physical energy of a young lion? If you want physical excellence that will compel success in all your endeavours take JEEVAMRUTHAM today. A few weeks' trial gives such exuberance of spirit & joy of living that you yourself will be astonished at the marvellous change it will effect in you.



Available in two Sizes

Big Phial Rs. 3- 4 0
Small Phial Rs. 1-12-0

PANDIT D. GOPALACHARLU'S

JEEVAMRUTHAM

Available at all Chemists & Stores

AYURVEDASRAMAM,
P.O. BOX 287. . . . MADRAS

S.A. SERVICE.



NET CERTIFIED SALE
EXCEEDS

1. 本局為維護本市治安，特於本市各主要路口及重要場所，設置治安巡邏車，以加強巡邏及治安維護。
 2. 本局為維護本市治安，特於本市各主要路口及重要場所，設置治安巡邏車，以加強巡邏及治安維護。
 3. 本局為維護本市治安，特於本市各主要路口及重要場所，設置治安巡邏車，以加強巡邏及治安維護。
 4. 本局為維護本市治安，特於本市各主要路口及重要場所，設置治安巡邏車，以加強巡邏及治安維護。
 5. 本局為維護本市治安，特於本市各主要路口及重要場所，設置治安巡邏車，以加強巡邏及治安維護。
 6. 本局為維護本市治安，特於本市各主要路口及重要場所，設置治安巡邏車，以加強巡邏及治安維護。
 7. 本局為維護本市治安，特於本市各主要路口及重要場所，設置治安巡邏車，以加強巡邏及治安維護。
 8. 本局為維護本市治安，特於本市各主要路口及重要場所，設置治安巡邏車，以加強巡邏及治安維護。
 9. 本局為維護本市治安，特於本市各主要路口及重要場所，設置治安巡邏車，以加強巡邏及治安維護。
 10. 本局為維護本市治安，特於本市各主要路口及重要場所，設置治安巡邏車，以加強巡邏及治安維護。

17. Ammann's Nest
Madras

11th January 1935.

We have examined the copies of the Jaina Memoirs of the late CHANDRAN KANTHAR, Madras, and certify that exclusive of 1899, 1900, 1901, 1902, 1903, 1904, 1905, 1906, 1907, 1908, 1909, 1910, 1911, 1912, 1913, 1914, 1915, 1916, 1917, 1918, 1919, 1920, 1921, 1922, 1923, 1924, 1925, 1926, 1927, 1928, 1929, 1930, 1931, 1932, 1933, 1934, 1935, 1936, 1937, 1938, 1939, 1940, 1941, 1942, 1943, 1944, 1945, 1946, 1947, 1948, 1949, 1950, 1951, 1952, 1953, 1954, 1955, 1956, 1957, 1958, 1959, 1960, 1961, 1962, 1963, 1964, 1965, 1966, 1967, 1968, 1969, 1970, 1971, 1972, 1973, 1974, 1975, 1976, 1977, 1978, 1979, 1980, 1981, 1982, 1983, 1984, 1985, 1986, 1987, 1988, 1989, 1990, 1991, 1992, 1993, 1994, 1995, 1996, 1997, 1998, 1999, 2000, 2001, 2002, 2003, 2004, 2005, 2006, 2007, 2008, 2009, 2010, 2011, 2012, 2013, 2014, 2015, 2016, 2017, 2018, 2019, 2020, 2021, 2022, 2023, 2024, 2025, 2026, 2027, 2028, 2029, 2030, 2031, 2032, 2033, 2034, 2035, 2036, 2037, 2038, 2039, 2040, 2041, 2042, 2043, 2044, 2045, 2046, 2047, 2048, 2049, 2050, 2051, 2052, 2053, 2054, 2055, 2056, 2057, 2058, 2059, 2060, 2061, 2062, 2063, 2064, 2065, 2066, 2067, 2068, 2069, 2070, 2071, 2072, 2073, 2074, 2075, 2076, 2077, 2078, 2079, 2080, 2081, 2082, 2083, 2084, 2085, 2086, 2087, 2088, 2089, 2090, 2091, 2092, 2093, 2094, 2095, 2096, 2097, 2098, 2099, 2100, 2101, 2102, 2103, 2104, 2105, 2106, 2107, 2108, 2109, 2110, 2111, 2112, 2113, 2114, 2115, 2116, 2117, 2118, 2119, 2120, 2121, 2122, 2123, 2124, 2125, 2126, 2127, 2128, 2129, 2130, 2131, 2132, 2133, 2134, 2135, 2136, 2137, 2138, 2139, 2140, 2141, 2142, 2143, 2144, 2145, 2146, 2147, 2148, 2149, 2150, 2151, 2152, 2153, 2154, 2155, 2156, 2157, 2158, 2159, 2160, 2161, 2162, 2163, 2164, 2165, 2166, 2167, 2168, 2169, 2170, 2171, 2172, 2173, 2174, 2175, 2176, 2177, 2178, 2179, 2180, 2181, 2182, 2183, 2184, 2185, 2186, 2187, 2188, 2189, 2190, 2191, 2192, 2193, 2194, 2195, 2196, 2197, 2198, 2199, 2200, 2201, 2202, 2203, 2204, 2205, 2206, 2207, 2208, 2209, 2210, 2211, 2212, 2213, 2214, 2215, 2216, 2217, 2218, 2219, 2220, 2221, 2222, 2223, 2224, 2225, 2226, 2227, 2228, 2229, 2230, 2231, 2232, 2233, 2234, 2235, 2236, 2237, 2238, 2239, 2240, 2241, 2242, 2243, 2244, 2245, 2246, 2247, 2248, 2249, 2250, 2251, 2252, 2253, 2254, 2255, 2256, 2257, 2258, 2259, 2260, 2261, 2262, 2263, 2264, 2265, 2266, 2267, 2268, 2269, 2270, 2271, 2272, 2273, 2274, 2275, 2276, 2277, 2278, 2279, 2280, 2281, 2282, 2283, 2284, 2285, 2286, 2287, 2288, 2289, 2290, 2291, 2292, 2293, 2294, 2295, 2296, 2297, 2298, 2299, 2300, 2301, 2302, 2303, 2304, 2305, 2306, 2307, 2308, 2309, 2310, 2311, 2312, 2313, 2314, 2315, 2316, 2317, 2318, 2319, 2320, 2321, 2322, 2323, 2324, 2325, 2326, 2327, 2328, 2329, 2330, 2331, 2332, 2333, 2334, 2335, 2336, 2337, 2338, 2339, 2340, 2341, 2342, 2343, 2344, 2345, 2346, 2347, 2348, 2349, 2350, 2351, 2352, 2353, 2354, 2355, 2356, 2357, 2358, 2359, 2360, 2361, 2362, 2363, 2364, 2365, 2366, 2367, 2368, 2369, 2370, 2371, 2372, 2373, 2374, 2375, 2376, 2377, 2378, 2379, 2380, 2381, 2382, 2383, 2384, 2385, 2386, 2387, 2388, 2389, 2390, 2391, 2392, 2393, 2394, 2395, 2396, 2397, 2398, 2399, 2400, 2401, 2402, 2403, 2404, 2405, 2406, 2407, 2408, 2409, 2410, 2411, 2412, 2413, 2414, 2415, 2416, 2417, 2418, 2419, 2420, 2421, 2422, 2423, 2424, 2425, 2426, 2427, 2428, 2429, 2430, 2431, 2432, 2433, 2434, 2435, 2436, 2437, 2438, 2439, 2440, 2441, 2442, 2443, 2444, 2445, 2446, 2447, 2448, 2449, 2450, 2451, 2452, 2453, 2454, 2455, 2456, 2457, 2458, 2459, 2460, 2461, 2462, 2463, 2464, 2465, 2466, 2467, 2468, 2469, 2470, 2471, 2472, 2473, 2474, 2475, 2476, 2477, 2478, 2479, 2480, 2481, 2482, 2483, 2484, 2485, 2486, 2487, 2488, 2489, 2490, 2491, 2492, 2493, 2494, 2495, 2496, 2497, 2498, 2499, 2500, 2501, 2502, 2503, 2504, 2505, 2506, 2507, 2508, 2509, 2510, 2511, 2512, 2513, 2514, 2515, 2516, 2517, 2518, 2519, 2520, 2521, 2522, 2523, 2524, 2525, 2526, 2527, 2528, 2529, 2530, 2531, 2532, 2533, 2534, 2535, 2536, 2537, 2538, 2539, 2540, 2541, 2542, 2543, 2544, 2545, 2546, 2547, 2548, 2549, 2550, 2551, 2552, 2553, 2554, 2555, 2556, 2557, 2558, 2559, 2560, 2561, 2562, 2563, 2564, 2565, 2566, 2567, 2568, 2569, 2570, 2571, 2572, 2573, 2574, 2575, 2

4 *James H. Hines*
CHARTERED ACCOUNTANTS
REGISTERED ACCOUNTANTS

53,000

PER ISSUE

15

ANANDA VIKATAN

CARRYING

YOUR ADVERTISEMENT ?

Write for Specimen Copy and Tariff

ADVERTISEMENT MANAGER, ANANDA VIKATAN, BROADWAY, MADRAS.