

Rajan one day after seeing Ratna's recent picture, returns to the hostel, and sleeps. * * *

"The marriage celebration is going on in Ratna's bungalow on a grand scale with an expenditure of many lakhs, under the immediate presence of Hon'ble Ministers and prominent personalities in all walks of life. Athangudi Srinivasa Iyer's musical performance is going on, to be followed by Malli and Suppi dance. During this, Rajan sees Ratna and says—"Dear Ratna! Ratna!—Ratna! Now ... "Dai Raju! what Ratna! she will come only after December 22nd. Fool! get up, you fellow, you lazy brinjal, the time is 6-30. We have got our class at 7 A.M. Get up you pumpkin" Seenu cries.

(Of course, now it is clear that Ratna's marriage is a dream, even though the marriage between them is sure. Long live the couple, Ratna—Rajan).

Rajan gets up from his bed and says to Seenu, his room mate, "Dear Seenu, it is only a dream.

Let it be true, whether dream or not

Oh! God".

Rajan goes to the bathroom to wash his face and clean his teeth.

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“MARY'S NEGLIGENCE”

By

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I was pedalling back home rather slowly, late in the evening, that day when Gopi stopped me in front of the Ideal Cafe and took me inside, much against my will. We were soon engrossed in chatting over a cup of coffee. It was very late before I could resume biking.

My house stood well back from the main road but quite close to an obscure lane. I always use the back way, entering from the lane, when the wife is at home. But to-night I should have entered the house by the front door because she had gone to one of her social meetings in the Women's Club. I always carry the front door key, with me but tonight suddenly I remembered and turned in my tracks, only to stop again I heard the voice, rather a deep voice it was, and it came from the house!!

The obvious thought struck me in a flash. Thieves!! Burglars!! Nevertheless I crept closer to make sure, pressing my ear to the window I listened. I heard a voice "Not so much noise, Hush! Fool" it said and then it went off into a deep string of muffled curses, when with a faint crush I heard my favourite vase, the one I had brought from Bangalore, end up in small pieces on the carpet. A much lighter voice whispered. Keep your gun and revolver handy, just in case

Suddenly I felt a bit queer, sort of hot and then cold all over. Of course, I was not scared, not a bit. It took but a matter of seconds for me to recover and retrace my steps as quick as possible and as noiselessly as I could. I hesitated. To tackle them alone will be suicide. Two men with guns and revolvers against me, unarmed!! It was preposterous yet Yet I could not let them get away with it as easy as all that.

If I went off in search of the police they might be gone when we get back. If I waited here in the lane, it might be an hour before any one came along. I sighed deeply and turned into the main road. But suddenly, I was again on the path leading to the front door of the house. I still do not, understand why I did this, for I had not the slightest intention of tackling them alone. This time I pressed my ear to the key hole. A cold breeze buzzed in my ear. This time no voice was heard.

No doubt, they would have Mary's jewels and savings in the big almira we had. But now I heard approaching footsteps. My heart missed a beat then. But soon I sighed with relief when I realised it was some one coming down the road. Then I literally flew along the road until I recognised the lean figure of Balan coming towards me. I lost no time in narrating the situation. He was for going and righting it out, but I warned him saying that the Burglars carried guns and revolvers. He stopped short.

"We must get the police, and they must be armed too." Balan took my bike which was near the gate and started off to the Police station. I moved on to a corner from where I could see the front and back doors and the road.

The Police were there in a quarter of an hour, I knew it was a Police car the moment I saw it. An Inspector, a Sub-Inspector and two constables jumped out. The Inspector and Sub-Inspector carried revolvers and the constables gripped their 'lathies' firmly in their right hands.

Quickly I rolled off the story. I was feeling much better now. I even smiled when Balan corroborated my statement.

The Inspector was a man of action. He directed the Sub Inspector, one constable and Balan to the rear of the house. The other constable and myself accompanied him to the front.

"We'll break the door in" he said turning to me. I agreed. Immediately we drew back on the path. "I'll count three" whispered the Inspector "at the word, three, all rush together."

"One.....two..... at the stroke of "Three" we rushed forward into the room along with the other constables. For a few minutes there was silence. I heard a click and the room was flooded with light. There was nothing seen out of order. Even my vase still stood on the table in the corner!!

Suddenly the Inspector glared at the radio close by the window. The dial was still lit up. Before he could speak, the voice of the announcer filled the room. He said "This is All-India Radio; you have just been listening to first Act of the Drama, Murder at Midnight". Act two will be broadcast at this same time next week on Monday!!

Silly girl, Mary had gone out to her club, without switching off the radio.

WIT OR TIT BIT

By

S. RANGANATHAN

Wit or humour can be defined as an expression of man or woman, in the simplest form possible which produces the highest state of excitement and a general pleasure. It goes also by the name of TIT BIT. Tit has practically no meaning by itself but when combined with BIT it assumes a unique prominence. Wit without sense is like a razor without a handle. Brevity is the soul of wit. It is generally believed that the human characteristics are governed by certain humours in the body. A man may be soft or angry, jovial or serious, happy or gloomy. These traits of character are attributed to the predominance of the particular kind of humour responsible for it. If the humour responsible for a particular humour is dominant over the other humours in the body, he or she is said to be a wit. Witticisms are of different kinds. Some may produce peals of laughter, some others merely a laugh, still others only a smile and lastly there are certain kinds of humour which provoke anger.

Simple humour is one which, as the name implies, is as simple as itself. Spontaneous humour is the immediate outcome of the human expression without any thought or design. Laboured humour is exactly the opposite of this.

Sarcastic or caustic wit is the most dangerous type. It is attacking a man or woman by taking advantage of either his or her character or other mannerisms. Ironical humour is not so dangerous as the former. Pungent humour is also not desirable under any circumstances. Humour arises also out of sheer ignorance and absent mindedness. Due to ignorance and absent mindedness people say something which produces laughter. Punning on words: two words of different spelling but same pronunciation are employed to bring about a funny situation in the