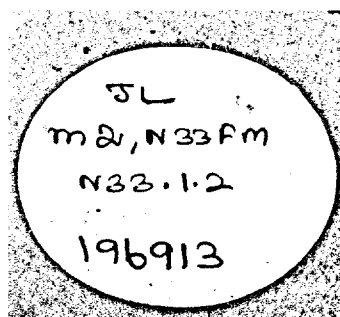


Funny magazine 2 Indra.

Vol. no. 2, 20th August 1933.

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Rs. 100 Puzzle Prize & Others—No Entrance Fee. See Page 39.

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MADRAS PRESIDENCY
As. 1½

Funny MAGZIN

of INDIA.

EDITOR: R. BALASUNDARAM, B.A., L.T.,
OF "DOODLE."

VOL. I

MADRAS, 20TH AUGUST, 1933.

No. 2

NOT HIS FAULT, ANYWAY!



Even a Detective Police Officer nod

nd so is his purse too!

BUT HE

IT

Office — 6, Lawyer Chinnat

Madras.

THE FUNNY MAGZIN OF INDIA.

ISSUED EVERY 5th & 20th OF THE MONTH

RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION.

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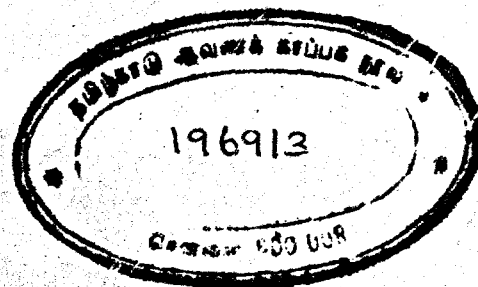
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PADMADEVI.
(Known as Bal-Bool of Bengal)
as "Karnataki" in
"Prithviraj Sanyogita"
A Historical Romance
appearing in this Issue.



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PUBLISHED ON THE 5th & 20th OF EVERY MONTH.

Vol. I

MADRAS, 20th AUGUST, 1933.

No. 2

Words of the Wise:

Great thoughts come from the heart.

Magnanimity owes no account to prudence of its motives.

Slavery degrades men to the extent of making them love it.

To do great things a man must live as though he had never to die.

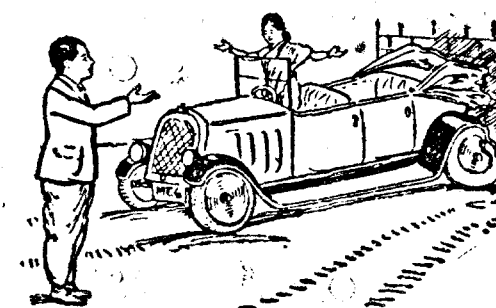
Self-love is more ingenious than the most ingenious man in the world.

Nobody is so weak but he is strong enough to bear the misfortunes he does not feel.

It is much less for a man's honour to distrust his friends than to be deceived by them.

Madame Roland: "O Liberty! O Liberty! What crimes are committed in thy name!"
(Uttered on the scaffold.)

Vijaya, the Self-Taught.



Nitya, the husband, teaching motor-driving to his wife, *Vijaya*, rushing out from his house, "Vijaya, Vijaya what is the crash about? Not a few seconds I went in. Have you hurt yourself? How did you manage to dash the car to bits?"

Vijaya.—"No, No, dear, I am not the least hurt: you only taught me to drive on; but I taught myself using the car: Surely, I don't want to be taught as a baby; don't you like it, dear?"

Bhai FUNZIN So Thankful!

MOST SUNNY SMILES ON ALL SIDES!



BHAI FUNZIN.
THE POPULAR CHUM.

Beloved Everybody,

Surely, the hand of Good Humour, you have all held out to me, Journals and General Readers alike, is so heartening: almost as if the Parliament of Wit and the Federation of Fun had come out to declare War on Depression of spirits and thus end for ever the Unemployment of Smiles.

None so dead to the Call to join the Colours of Joy! Let us stand up together to smile away sorrows and laugh away our losses.

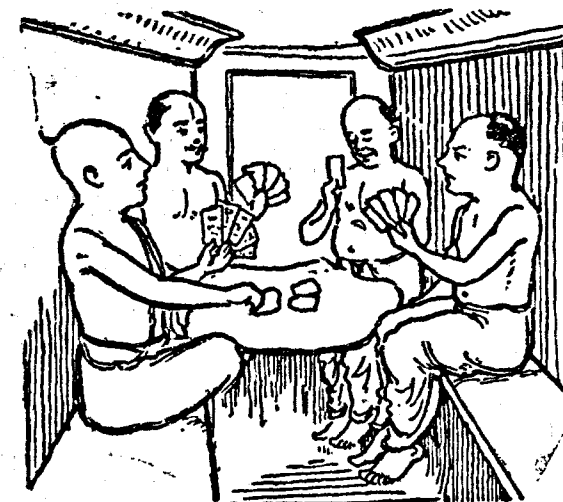
Yes, with your ever brightening smiles, I am sure we will make Life a thing of Beauty and a Joy for All of Us.

Most cheerfully yours,
BHAI FUNZIN.

THE SACRED TOUR OF THE PIOUS PILGRIMS

Yet Pious Four cannot escape Partiality for Playing Cards.

SRIMAN SASTRY, SRIYUTHA GUPTA, TIRUVALAR PILLAI and ARYA RAJU, the Pious Quartette start on a pious pilgrimage to the sacred places of the South; for, Life is short, but Shrines are many. but they have a tender corner in their hearts for playing cards. At all times, in fair weather and foul, the pious four stood firm to one another and, like brothers born of the same sacred womb, pursued their card play with a consistent fortitude and a laudable devotion with hardly a parallel. But piety, true piety, there certainly dwelt in their souls.

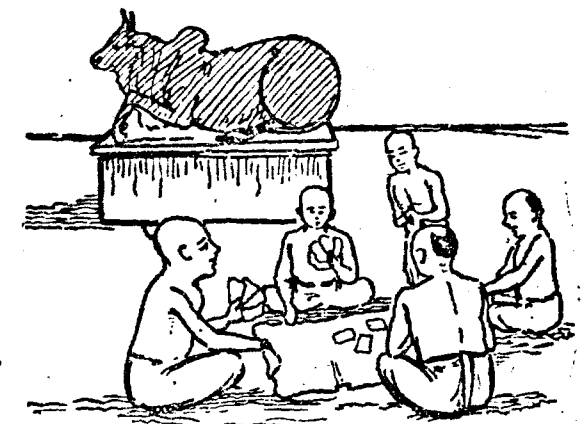


So, the Fervent Four Start; they had plenty by the grace of Providence: Why not show their gratitude? Once in their compartment, the good pack comes out; the game too starts as the train starts.



Now in Chidambaram of Sri Nataraja, lord of Divine Dance; what *Darshan* diviner can the pious soul wish! So the game goes c

vigorous: but their the servant attends to the needs of the holy God.



That naturally leads to the Sacred Bul of Tanjore: the peace—the calm—*Shanthi*—of the soul-elevating look of the Taurus—regarded by some as even one among *di majorum gentium*: but the pious Four still have their brotherly game.

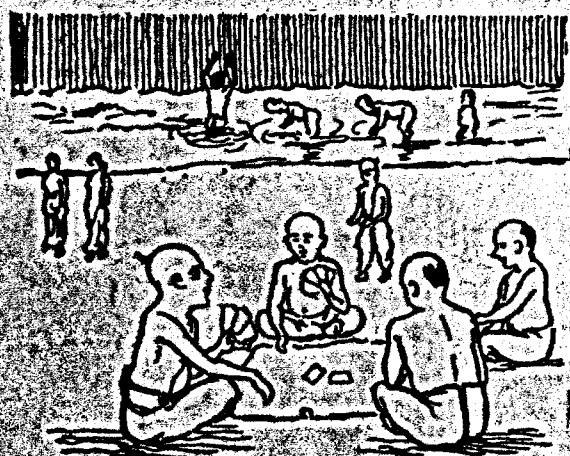


The Sacred Rock Fort has its urge; in ep Sanctified, *Nidra Mudra*, Sri Ranga-

natha reclines: the pious Four answer the call; their man attends to the God's duties; he bathes in the waters of the loved Kaveri and offers *Arghya* to the God and the masters' game goes on without hindrance from on High.



But Madura is apart; Glorious Goddess Meenakshi—who can omit to touch at those sacred Feet, the very embodiment of the highest of Creation—The Mother-Idea. So the fervent Four tarry at Her Feet—and have their play in the pious precincts.



Man is not human if he cannot offer oblations to his revered Ancestors at Dhanushkodi; the pious Four act as in pious duty bound by their steward, and meanwhile the game goes on.



Way back: Palni, every atom of the mount is sacred; ages have consecrated the Hill; the prayerful Four must be up on the Hill—and on its Sacred Summit, full of devotion, the game is played.



Returning: Bharat famed Hill of the Sacred Kite is too reverential to be removed from the tour plan. So, under the flappings of the wings of the sacred birds, on the very rocks of the Vedas, the pack of cards has its deal.



Nevertheless, go where he likes, the Hindu must needs turn his weary way to the Ups of Balaji's Sacred Mount—Tirupati: the end of the pilgrims' path: as elsewhere, the prayerful Four give a devotional blend to piety and play.



What more sacred places are there besides these? What other shrines need even the most devoted desire than these? Hence, the pilgrims return as they started—and a little play in the Railway cannot do any harm even to the most pious.



In the bosom of their families after all!

How many kind queries; How many questions of the sacred sights and purifying *Prasadams* or gifts from the Gods! How each loving Lady of the House heaves out her heart's thankfulnesses at restoring back her Lord, safe, sound, and sacred, notwithstanding his baths in Lakes, Rivers and Seas!

But, the pious four had not the least danger: their cards kept them safe from waves or water or winds!

CITY BROADCASTING PROGRAMME.

(As suggested by Bhai FUNZIN'S Special Staff for Public Entertainment of Young, Old, Deaf, Dumb, Blind, Peaceful or Argumentative, for the Coming Fortnight, to enable the Corporation Broadcasting Amenities to help the Mental, Moral, Social, Political, Loyal and Law-abiding tendencies of the Citizens)

21st Mon. Dr. Agrayya will explain the ways of acquiring and avoiding some common diseases: Dr. Westrade will give a list of patent medicines prepared by his Firm at Home; while Vidyaratna Ravikant and Moulvi Afzul Hakim Saheb will give out the remedies that Ayurveda and Unani Systems have to offer for the cure of the ills of the civic flesh.

22nd Tues. Sri Alarmelumanga Thoyarammall will speak to the Mothers, Grandmothers, Sisters, Daughters, Nieces, Aunts, (Mothers-in-law not allowed) of the City, on the advantages of Female Education; if time permits and audience prove patient and lecture-worthy, she proposes to dwell on some select social evils of Infant Marriage, Child Weddings, Ruinous Caste Tyrannies, Widow Slavery atrocities and similar subjects. All women, from the cradle and kitchen and purdah and pial are cordially invited to attend.

23rd Wed. Sir K. V. Reddy thunders forth eloquent appeals to the Citizens, and through them, to the whole nation (with apologies for use of Nation in connection with Indian Peoples) calling upon them to stand by the coming White Paper, to sit in it, and sleep in peace and contentment with it: the gallant knight, Sir Reddy, is determined to electrify politicians here and at Home by his perivard oration, without disturbing the electric arrangements of the Radio or Electric Supply Co's. electric currents: the knight intends this as the first of a series of Lectures in his Campaign in support of the White Paper which he intends launching forth after the fashion of Glandstone's Midlothian Campaign.

24th Thurs. The children of the Corporation Schools will sing songs in honour of the God Vinayaka or Ganesha, as this day is devoted to that God and as he is the favourite God of Little Ones without prejudice to the pious feelings of Muslim and Christian children or children of parents who do not believe in such God or Gods.

25th Fri. Sri. Krishnamurti, invested with his World Teacher Degree at his alma mater of Adyar, is to speak—convenience making it possible—on Why, How, When and Wherefore to make the Universe Happy. He will give quotations from his own works to prove that he has not ignored the happiness of other Planets besides ours in his scheme of Universal happiness.

26th Sat. Mr. D'Fuss, ex-Driver of A. B. C. By. Company, will give a friendly talk on the Needs of Anglo-Indian Community; he will sing a song to entertain and also show how the Western Rulers, while appearing to specially favour his Community, have really inflicted

serious injuries by imposing upon them their costly, unnatural and alcoholic accomplishments.

27th Sun. Jaagadguru of Sree Sukha Jeevan Mutt gives homely advice to the young and old enjoining on all the observance of god-fearing living which also means the fear of the King who, the Jagadguru says, is the visible form of the invisible divine entity.

28th Mon. Sriman Nayana Appa, popularly called Bul-Bul Dorai, now an admiring attachee of the Hon'ble Raja of Bobbili, the Chief Minister of Madras, will speak on "My Chief's Chief Achievements, or what the Hon'ble Raja of Bobbili has done for our Country:" intended as a crushing reply to the various attacks on the poor Raja, in and out of the Council, in the Press and the Platform.

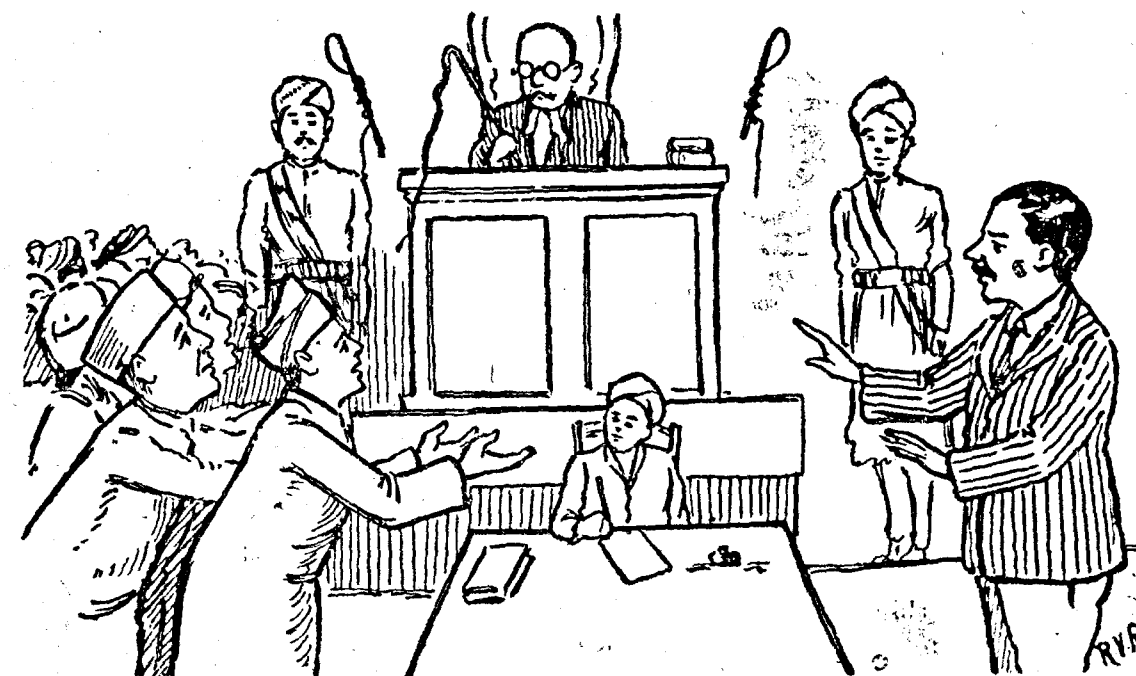
29th Tues. An aged Member of the Madras Aero Club to explain the importance of every citizen being air-minded; to prove that air flights really cure many diseases which terrestrial treatment cannot, however able or pious or silent the doctor might be; to move a resolution of greetings and congratulations to Sgr. Mussoli and Gen. Balbo on the successful completion of the voyage of the Italian Air Armada; and, lastly, to extend, in the name of the Citizens of Madras, a hearty welcome to Balbo's Armada to India when next they undertake a fresh trip.

30th Wed. Dr. Muthulaxmi Reddy to give her experiences of the West, culled, clipped and collected with a view to their application to India and the East, to elevate the Indian Women morally, mentally and socially; not excluding from participation in her Women Welfare scheme, the Community of Devadasis for whose uplift she has already done so much by zealously sacrificing them to her purification schemes by getting them turned out of their homes without any warning or provision for their stay.

31st Thurs. The Councillors of Madras Corporation returned unopposed to broadcast their sense of grateful appreciation to the voters for the selective wisdom and civic sobriety which they displayed by so killing all sense of civic freedom and public spirit that there were absolutely no rival candidates. They are to explain to the Citizens of the other Divisions also to crush the so-called spirit of Democracy, which is nothing but a kind of anarchism or communism or something worse and even more abominable: they are to show how the divisions which did not put up rival candidates have reached the height of political mindedness.

(See page 8a)

BOMBAY HOME MEMBER INVENTS A CAREFUL, GENTLE WHIP
Lawlessness, Hooliganism & Pseudo-Political Crimes to be Ended.
Ruthless Campaign to be waged against Crimes & Terrorism
Political or Patriotic Masks for crimes to be Mercilessly Treated
No responsible Politician can plead for Plunder or Murder
Yet, Whipping to be Legalized, is out of tune with the times
And people too Horrified to be Pacified by sweet Assurances,
Spirit of the age condemns Whipping as Symptoms of savage age
Bombay's new Act Empowering Whipping Shocking!
Whipping not at a time when Crime considered Pathological
BUT BOMBAY MEMBER ASSURES GENTLE & CAREFUL USE OF WHIPPING
Even Softest whip enough to instil Terror of its abuse



Citizens of Bombay, terrified at the new Whipping Power, "However severely we condemn hooliganism and terrorism and the latest of offspring of Crime we cannot whatever be the construction of our pleading, accept this new power in the hands of the magistracy. Surely, this new power cannot far remove us from the age of savage treatment of Enemies, Slaves, Criminals and offenders against those in authority."

Home Member, Bombay Government, "Ah, Good and Gentle Hearted friends, your anxiety cannot be so easily misunderstood, yet, I can assure you that your fears are somewhat too much strengthened by too quick an imagination. Take my assurance that the whip will only be softly and gently used."

Citizens of Bombay, "If your honour's statement is true, it would tempt even good people to have a taste of it."

City Broadcasting Programme.

(Continued from page 6.)

September 33.

1st Fri. The whole of this evening to be called "Corporation Entertainment Evening," to be entertained by Heads of Department of Corporation: The Health Officer to speak on "Responsibility of Every Citizen to take care of his own health as the basis of avoiding epidemics and also avoiding unnecessary anxiety and uncomfortable questions in the Council;" The Revenue Officer to speak on "Prompt Payment of Taxes and how it saves additional taxes; or how to escape Taxes levied to collect arrears of Taxes;" the Educational Officer to speak on, "Sending Children to Free Schools to get fed; or how too many children sent can only cut down the rations of each child; or, calling upon indigent citizens to send only children adequate to the provision made for supply of food;" the Water Works Engineer to dwell upon "Some false notions of cleanliness by bathing; or How to be clean without waste of water by attaining Cleanliness of mind which is, after all, the highest form of cleanliness to be attained by man;" The Electrical Engineer to give his experiences of "How he gradually got through the Evolution of a glow-worm to a Musical-worm or how he changed from Electricity to Entertainment;" other officers too to speak if time and audience permit.

2nd Sat. A moral Evening to help young citizens to understand more fully than they do such popular sins like Lying, Theft, Disobedience, Revolting against Elders, Abusing, Fighting, Running away from Home or School etc.; to fill their growing minds with plentiful ideas and vivid illustrations of these common frailties among youth so as to warn them of their peril, after the model of many pious Sunday Schools where young minds are familiarized with such sins.

3rd Sun. The new programme of giving Weekly News of the World on Sundays to be started to-day for the benefit of the blind who cannot read, for the benefit of those that cannot afford even the pice paper and for the benefit of those that buy, but are not allowed to read their paper by those that have made up their minds to feed their political appetite at the expense of some too gently sheepish neighbour who tamely permits himself to be shorn of his honestly gotten journals.

4th Mon. As per new programme by which on the first Monday of every month, His Excellency the Governor will address his subjects on World Topics, bidding them be of good cheer till he addresses them again.

Chinese Proverbs.

The error of a moment becomes the sorrow of a lifetime.

He who pursues stags regards not hares.

Riches come better after poverty than poverty after riches.

The gods cannot help a man who loses opportunities.

One lash to a good horse; one word to a wise man.

Those who cannot sometimes be deaf are unfit to rule.

Go to law to win a cat and lose a cow.

By nature all men are alike, but by education widely different.

French Proverbs.

By the work we know the work-man.

We always like those who admire us; We do not always like those whom we admire.

A man who is ungrateful is often less to blame than his benefactor.

True love is like ghosts, which every body talks about but few have seen.

Silence is best for him who distrusts himself.

Our virtues are often vices disguised.

Neither the sun nor death can be looked at with a steady eye.

BULGARIAN PROVERBS.

New-coined brass is the proudest.

God will give, but He will not carry home for you.

Silence will irritate the devil.

A lie is the curse of God.

My own pain is better than another's happiness.

Two happy dogs are seldom brothers.

A promise is no sparrow; but, let it out, you cannot get it back.

God's works are not finished.

Death speaks the truth.

May winds have blown over the world.

Only the nightingale can understand the rose.

A fool throws a stone into the sea; a hundred wise men cannot pull it out.

INDIAN PROVERBS.

Quietness is worth much gold.

Not an atom will move without the permission of God.

The hasty are deficient in sense.

That is happiness which springs from virtue.

Whom will he help that does not help his mother?

Do not destroy yourself by pride.

Train a boy strictly, a girl kindly.

The coward blames his weapon.

Do not step down unless you know the depth.

Hon'ble Raja of Bobbili, "Here are Our Brother Zamindars,
"SO KIND OF THEM TO CONSENT TO A CONFERENCE WITH YOU,
"Surely, your grievances will be heard and answered;
Rely on your Zamindar Masters; Believe and be Saved"
"SAVE US FROM CONFERENCES" CRY ZAMINDARI LAND RYOTS.
Ryots pay to Zamindars Annually Rs. Two and a Quarter Crores
Ryots cry "All India fed up with Conference Dramas"
"Let us but have the same Burdens as ryots in British India."



Hon'ble Raja of Bobbili: "Well, Ryots of Our Lands, here are my Brother Zamindars: it has pleased my Brothers and Providence to allow a joint conference with you for the settlement of your troubles. Surely, nothing can be more graceful on the part of my Brother Zamindars, the holders of Land from time immemorial!"

Ryots of Madras Zamindari Estate Lands: "Conferences! We have had too many of them to have much faith in such theatrical shows. Poor ryots as we are, who dare stand up for our troubles as against these mighty ones? There is our annual homage to you: enough if our burdens are just what they are on our fellow ryots in British India!"

BITS AND HITS OF SPORTS

The lure of Lancashire is perhaps still hovering before Headly the Black Bradman of the West Indies. £1,000 per annum is a bait too tempting to scud away from. The world depression makes that offer almost fabulous and worth thinking over twice, before Headly could turn off the offer. Not once or twice in the history of Lancashire, have the best men been charmed away from their lairs.

Don Bradman had his turn to say "Get then hence Satan, thou shalt not tempt....." Already Constantine had eaten of Lancashire's lotus. Would Headly join the lotus eaters? We will wait and see.

The Nawab of Pataudi a few days back hit out a double century and a trifle more, and carried his bat through the innings. Almost every match that he took part in, for Worcestershire he hoisted his century. Is it not therefore extremely intriguing if he is not selected by the M. C. C.? And Sutcliffe and Hammond for reasons of rest and health have declined the invitation. The Nawab was selected to play the Australians. There also, he never deviated from his century habit. In fact the habit asserted itself in the First Test Match itself.

Could it be possible that he is playing for India? But a rule-old as the hills prohibits such a liberty.

With Pataudi in the English Team, it will be rather queer to call them Test matches; the matches played between England and India. The inclusion of Pataudi will be like a Test match between India V. Indians.

Perhaps within a few years it will not be surprising if the M. C. C. send out Headly, and Constantine, Dulip-singhi and the Nawab of Pataudi, and Dempster and Fairfax: as an all England team against Australia or India or South Africa. Of course the M. C. C. have not taken up the Nawab but will they remove all obstacles in the way of the Nawab to play

for his own native land? We hope for the best.

Yet another record for Pataudi—for Worcester. Three double centuries and that consequently too. The nimble Nawab is attaining greater heights of glory and weilds his cricketdom with his willow.

Jack Hobbs is still going strong. Two more centuries and he would have for his credit two century of centuries.

Sutcliffe and Hammond, Wyatt and Paynter have declined to accept the invitation of the M. C. C. to tour India. why not Hobbs be invited to join the M. C. C.? His recent tour in India as one of the Vizianagaram eleven would have gained for him a great experience which might be of immense use to the M. C. C.

H. Elliot the Derbyshire wicket keeper has been invited. "Born in 1895 and is therefore 38 years old" says Wisdon. Could it be otherwise than what Wisdon had deduced? A bit of clean calculation and faultless deduction. I am poor in Mats but my professor says there is nothing to grumble.

H. Elliot "invariably gave valuable help to the bowlers". Why the prejudice for bowlers? Could he not be fair, and distribute his help equally between batmen and bowlers alike?

Bhai Fuzin congratulates K. S. Venkataraman on his brilliant batting. Particularly his consequent centuries for Presidency College and Triplicane Cricket Club respectively.

Crawford, the famous Davis Cup champion, has yet another surprise under his sleeve. The astounding surprise—he wins the England V. Australia match with a racket restrung for the fifth time. Even a cricket match in

top hats and breeches would not make our jaws drop down.

Almost any player who could distinguish tennis from ping pong carries two bats if not more. Of course most of them do not win matches. Some people hold three balls at a time before they serve. But it is only one ball that is expected to be tossed about. Though of course it is only one bat that is used, it is indecent to go about with just that one.

Please Crawford don't be a rebel; and for goodness sake whatever you do please don't you go in for Bunny Austin's shorts. It looks as if that Austin is doing his matches in his underwear.

"Bumper."

One rainy day recently, a lady in silken finery climbed aboard a bus, sniffed, and exclaimed:

"This is the first time I've ridden on a bus in two years. Now I ride in my own car."

"You don't know how we've missed you," the conductor remarked.

JHONSON: "Why has player changed his apartments?"

Rogers: "His landlady called his violin a fiddle."

A VILLAGE cricket match was delayed for sometime owing to the absence of an umpire. The home skipper, recognising an acquaintance among the crowd, asked the man to officiate. He was willing to do so.

"Aw reet," Said the skipper. "We're fieldin' first. Whenever you hear any body say 'Huzzat?' you say 'Out. Later on, when we go in to bat, I'll tell thee a bit more."

As soon as Mr. Jones saw Mrs. Chippleigh coming up the garden path, he fled to his study and left his wife to her fate. Half an hour later, hearing a door shut, he went down and put his head inside the drawing-room.

"Has the old crow gone?" he asked.

"Yes, dear," said his wife. "About an hour ago, and now dear Mrs. Chippleigh has called. Isn't it sweet of her."

SHADES OF MORLEY AND MONTAGUE HIGHLY AMUSED AT TIME LIMIT FARCE

"WHAT A JOKE UPON THOSE POOR INDIANS CRYING FOR BREAD!

WHY GIVE THEM STONES, TIME PIECES AND WHITE PAPER BIT?"

THE INDIAN SECRETARY OF STATE MAKES A MIXED GIFT

SIR SAMUEL HOARE'S WHITE PAPER COMES WITH TIME LIMIT

THE NEW CONSTITUTION TO BE CONDITIONED BY TIME TIES

SAPRUS, PATROS, RAMASAMYS CRY FOR SOMETHING IMMEDIATE

BUT POOR SIR SAMUEL HOARE HELD BACK BY CHURCHILLS AND HAILEYS



Indian Delegates: Why Sir, give us at least that White Paper, but without that Time Restraint; why impose conditions just to put off under some plea even this modest step towards self-rule, if this safe-guarded paper can, by any stroke of joke, be given such a name?

British Die-hards: Take care; beware of the leaven of Democratic cry. See what such ideas have brought on us already. Hold fast to time limit.

Shades of Morley and Montague, "Ah, Honest Hoare, We see how you are tossed between Diehardism and Deep Democracy. But we were never, even in our old backward days, trammelled by time tricks. What a joke to play on those poor patient fellow-subjects of India!"

66 VILASINI'S WOOING 99

Part—1. THE CONSPIRACY

—(o)—
(BY R. N. KASYAP.)



Vilasini was the only daughter of Gunasekhar, a rich merchant and his wife Malati. They were a very pious, quiet-going couple very much devoted to each other. But the daughter was quite unlike either of her parents. She was a girl who was rash and reckless in her actions and of course, often it led her into deep waters. But she liked them all immensely and found a delight in courting dangers.

That a girl born of such peace-loving and quiet people as Gunasekhar and Malati should be so rash and danger-loving was a matter of great wonder to all. But an ex-



Vilasini disappears and, not only the parents turn their anxious eyes seaward to see their dare-anything darling waving a kerchief from a frail raft.

planation and a rather satisfactory one could be given for it. And for that, we must begin at a time when the world contained no Vilasini in it.

Like the king and the queen in the usual grandma's tale, Gunasekhar and Malati had no child for a very long time. But Gunasekhar did not go to the forest and do penance to the king of old did on such occasions. He believed in God's infinite mercy and waited patiently. At

last, when the couple had almost despaired being blessed with a child, Malati became big with child.

In some cases, pregnancy brings about radical and temporary changes in women. And, Malati had such a change. Up to then she was a quiet lady who loved calm and peace. She was never known for anything out of the most ordinary.

But the prospect of a motherhood brought about a great change in her. She began to yearn for some excitement, some adventure. And, she had it in very queer ways too.

Once Gunasekhar had to go to Bombay on business. He travelled by the Bombay Mail which left Madras Central by 9 p. m. Much against her habit, his wife came to the station to see him off. And, when he reached Bombay on the morning of the third day Malati received him at the Victoria Terminus.

Gunasekhar was simply stunned. She had travelled by air and what was more strange, she had asked the pilot to perform some of the most difficult stunts. Her husband, when told of all this, could not believe his senses.

On another occasion Malati was suddenly missing. Gunasekhar got very much excited and advertised for information relating to her in all the papers. He intimidated the police throughout India about her disappearance. He would have published her photo too but for the fact that he found all her photos also missing.

And, Malati had boarded the Mangalore Mail with a First class ticket to Arkonam. She carried with her no luggage and had taken no money with her. When the train had left Madras and its bustle far behind, she threw her ticket out and retired for the night.

The next morning she alighted at the first station where the train stopped and had some exciting incidents with the staff of the Railway and also the townspeople. Later in the day, the police recognised her and sent news about her to her husband. After that all went well.

These propensities which had shown themselves in Malati for a short period, took deep roots in Vilasini. She grew up to be a very rash girl, who could be believed to do anything. The parents in their fondness for the child had allowed her to go her own way. Ultimately, when she grew into a girl, Vilasini became noted for her rashness and dare-devilry. Nobody could improve her. She was very intelligent and learnt her lessons with ease. The girl also exhibited a taste in fine arts like music and drawing.

Vilasini's girlhood was not without adventures. One evening while she was but twelve, she went with her parents to the beach. In their conversation the husband

and wife had forgotten her for a time. At last when they thought of her, she was not to be seen at all.

They grew somewhat anxious. The last they had seen of the girl was near the water's edge, playing with the waves. So their anxiety was naturally very great.

After all they were not far wrong. She had as a matter of fact, gone into the waters. She was there just about a fifty yards away in a country craft cheerfully waving her hand-kerchief. There was a fisherman standing by her side. The terrified parents beckoned the fisherman to come ashore. Though Vilasini protested against going to the shore, he brought her safe to her parents. Later, Gunasekhar found that the girl was used to such outings into the sea and that she had very many friends in the fisherman colony.

Vilasini grew to be a girl of sixteen. She had by then completed her High School studies and had just entered the University. She was a student of the Victoria Jubilee College for Women.

It would have been a little later than six o'clock in the evening. It was the rainy season and so darkness had set in. Vilasini who was speaking with some friends in her house, suddenly pleaded an engagement she had forgotten and sent them away. Then she took her cycle and pedalled up to the Marina, but she did not carry a light on the bicycle.

The first constable that she met warned her for not having a light.

"I know it" came an offensive reply from the girl.

But the constable left her at that. Poor fellow, he had his own notions about chivalry to the "fairer sex," as he called them.

The next man that belonged to the constabulary whom she came across was different. "Dooty is dooty, be it a man or a woman" was his principle. At first he stopped her and drew her attention to the absence of a light on the cycle and told her that it was a punishable offence.

"Thank you for the news," said Vilasini insolently. "It is enough if you do your duty otherwise than this. I know the lot of you."

Not stopping with that, she let the cycle fall on the policeman and it hit him on his knee-cap. So, all combined, he "booked" her. And, after all that was just what she wanted.

The next day she had to answer a charge of nuisance and assault in the court. She pleaded 'guilty' and got out with a fine of five rupees.

She was pleased with herself that day. "One must see life on all its sides" she said.

Vilasini had a friend called Susila, who was almost of the same type as Vilasini. There was another girl, Annapurni, called 'Ann' for shortness's sake, who too

possessed similar propensities. The three were classmates and spent most of their time together.

Vilasini could draw and paint. She had sketched for painting the figure of a lady reclining on a hedge. One Sunday morning she began to work on it.

"I say, leave the head undone till the very last," suggested Susila.

"What is the big idea?" questioned Vilasini.

"Shall tell you later" replied Susila with a decisive tone, thus putting an end to the topic for the time.

Vilasini acquiesced and went on with the other portions of the work.

Some days elapsed. The picture was complete but for the head.



More for the bizarre bewilderment, than to break the law, she sallies forth like the very spirit of mischief in darkness without a light on her wheels, and when challenged, as in duty bound: she hurls the wheel, bell and bar on the Policeman.

"Now, come out with what you have" asked Vilasini.

"The idea is to have our revenge upon the 'foolish sex,'" said Susila.

"The foolish sex," according to the trio, were men; and other appellations used for denoting that sex were 'the unfair half', 'the autocrats', 'the stony-hearts' and 'the big-bellies'. And, it need hardly be reminded that this sobriquet was suggested by the good old Persian proverb, "The way to a man's heart is through his belly."

"How to do it?" asked Ann.

"That's very easy. Draw the head of an 'unfair half' on this body and thus make a ridiculous picture. They do it sometimes with their dirty trick-photography. I have seen

ladies faces with soldier's uniform and also in ordinary male wear. So, here is Nemesis:

"Now for an improvement," said both Ann and Vilasini simultaneously.

"One by one. That's fair," interposed Susila.

"We shall get a model for the face. That will be better," said Vilasini.

"That's it" began Ann. "Great minds always agree. That was my idea too. Do you know how to do it? We must do it all dramatically. The fool must be abducted."



Vilasini can and does paint; her friend by her side, thereby hangs the tale.

In older days, they abducted girls and carried them away and why not we play the same trick on them?"

The others gave their assent to her plan and so it was decided that somebody was to be abducted for the purpose and made fun of during the period of captivity. So, Vilasini at once proceeded to make arrangements for the new 'guest' as they chose to term the unknown somebody.

They did not worry themselves about fixing upon anybody in particular. Whosoever was so careless as to doze off or sleep completely in the beach all alone after 9 p.m. any convenient day after the arrangements were over, would be extended the "invitation." And the peculiar condition imposed was that the invitee had not the option to decline invitation.

Things were in this pass till the night of September 30.

END OF PART I.

What is a Communist?

Ebenezer Elliott, the "Corn Law Rhymers," who died in 1849, was the champion of the poor against the Corn Laws, but he was neither Communist nor Socialist, and indeed hated both creeds, holding that "Capital has a right to rule the world," and that "Competition is the great social law of God."

What is a Communist? One who has yearnings
For equal division of others' earnings;
Who in proof of his principles always is willing
To fork out his penny and pocket your shilling.

Ebenezer Elliott.

No Marriage in Heaven.

Cries Sylvia to a Reverend Dean,
"What reason can be given,
Since marriage is a holy thing,
Why there is none in Heaven?"

"There are no women," he replied.
She quick returns the jest—
"Women there are, but I'm afraid
They cannot find a priest."

Author unknown.

The first days of spring have less charm
than the growing virtue of a young man.

If order prevails after all in the human race,
it is a proof that reason and virtue are
strongest.

It is not in the power of any of the most
crafty dissimulation to conceal love long
where it really is, nor to counterfeit it where
it is not.

The most disinterested love is, after all,
but a kind of bargain, in which the dear love
of our own selves always proposes to be the
gainer some way or another.

The preference of the general over the
personal interest is the only definition that is
worthy of virtue, and that should fix the idea
of it. On the other hand, the mercenary
sacrifice of the public happiness to one's own
interest is the eternal seal of vice.

THE SIMPLE REASON



Customs official: "Where's your trunk, Young man?"

Young man: (unemployed and going to foreign parts to find work)
"For what would I require a trunk?"

Official: "Of course, to keep your clothes in."

Young man: "And myself to go naked then?"

MANAGER: "Well, on what salary
would you like to make a start?"

New Boy: "Three hundred a year,
sir!"

Manager: "What?"

New Boy: "Yes, but you can try
and beat me down to fifteen shillings
a week."

GOLFER (who has hit small child
with his ball):

"Never mind, sonny, here's six-
pence."

Little Willie (drying his eyes):
"Thank you. What time will you be
here to-morrow?"

The penalty of bigamy is an excess
of mother-in-laws.

A man is a bachelor until he marries,
then he is whatever his wife calls him,

When a man's wife does as she
pleases, he is apt to do as she pleases
also.

A girl's features may be stamped on
a man's heart, but it's her complexion
that shows on his coat collar.

BRIGGS was showing his neighbour
over his house.

"There's my equestrian portrait," he
said, pointing to a picture on the wall.
The neighbour gazed at it critically.

"A very fine snapshot," he replied.
"But what makes you call it a
snapshot?" asked Briggs.

"Well, you're still on the horse."

A GIRL was taken to see a boxing
match. Coming away from the show,
her escort said: "How did you enjoy
it?"

"Oh," said the girl, "the boxers
were all right but these seconds are a
lot of funks. Did you notice how
they shot out of the ring as soon as
there was any trouble brewing?"

"Is your father kind to animals,
Tommy?"

"Yes, miss," he said "e'd like to kill
the man who scratches horses."

"Which of your works of fiction do
you consider the best, Mr. Pen-
wright?"

"Oh, my last income-tax return."

Proverbs of Ancient Wisdom

Advice when most needed, is least
heeded.

A fair face may be a foul bargain.

Beauty may have fair leaves but
bitter fruit.

A quiet conscience sleeps in thunder.

Cunning is the fool's substitute for
wisdom.

By other's faults, wise men correct
their own.

A fine woman can do without fine
clothes.

Silks and satins put out the fire in
the kitchen.

A fool's speech is a bubble of air.

Have but few friends though much
acquaintance.

A blithe heart makes a blooming
visage.

Every dog is a lion at home.

Men make houses, woman make
homes.

Honesty is the poor man's pork and
the rich man's pudding.

Hope is the dream of a waking man.
The tongue of idle persons is never
idle.

Life lieth not in living, but in
loving.

A penny weight of love is worth a
pound of law.

Money is a good servant but a bad
master.

Patience is a flower that grows not
in every garden.

Perseverance performs greater works
than strength.

The snail slides up the tower at last,
though the swallow mounteth it not.

A light purse makes a heavy heart.

Poverty is not a crime, nor a credit,
Pride and poverty are ill met, yet
often dine together.

Prosperous men seldom mend their
faults.

In time of prosperity friends will be
plenty; in times of adversity not one
among twenty.

A good reputation is a fair estate.

A great load of gold is more burthen-
some than a light load of gravel.

More have repented of speech than
of silence.

Time is a file that wears and makes
no noise.

The tongue is not steel, yet it cuts.

: : PICKINGS : :

But She Didn't

The girls were strolling round the shop. Presently they stopped beside a large tray filled with samples of a popular brand of tooth paste.

"Tooth paste!" exclaimed one. "Just what I was looking for!" Holding up one of the samples, she exclaimed to the chemist's assistant, "How much are these, please?"

The assistant smiled pleasantly.

"They are gratuitous, madam," he replied.

"Yes, I know that," the girl retorted, impatiently, "but how much are they?"

A girl never objects to the cold treatment of a boy who orders ice-cream.

Woman may be weaker vessel, but man is often broke.

Mrs. Dulham was complaining that she could never find topics for conversation.

"Why don't you read books?" asked a friend.

"What kind of books?"

"Oh, biographies and histories, and so on."

The fruit of this advice was evident a few days later when a visitor called.

"Wasn't it very sad," Mrs. Dulham remarked, brightly, "about poor Mary Queen of Scots?"

Mary: "I can read him like a book."

May: "You'd better skip a few chapters. I know him."

Veera: "Listen, Ann, can you keep a secret?"

Ann: "No more than you can! What is it?"

"This is the son of the clever girl?"

"But who knows the age of the clever girl?"

That was certain.

A nervous-looking old lady got in a lift at the top of a very high building. Presently it began to descend rapidly.

"I say, young man," she said hoarsely to the snub-nosed lift-boy, "what would happen if this lift should drop to the bottom?"

The boy turned quite pale at the idea.

Young Norman watched his mother sterilising the dishes from the sick-room.

"What are you doing that for, mummy?" he asked.

"Well," explained his mother, "poor daddie is very ill, you know, and the germs of his illness are bound to infect the dishes."

"Oh," said the small boy.

"So, I boil the dishes, you see," continued the mother, "and it kills the germs at the same time."

Norman turned this over in his mind for a moment or two.

"But why don't you boil daddie?" he inquired innocently.

The old woman entered the book-shop and approached the nearest assistant.

"I want a book for my nephew," she said.

"Certainly, ma'am," was the reply. "Any special subject?"

"Well," said the woman, "you see, he's just started work as a railway porter, and I want to help him on—I'll send him that book entitled 'Hints on Successful Platform Speaking!'"

Brown eyed the hat apprehensively.

"How much?" he asked the shop-assistant.

"That will be three and a half guineas," came the prompt reply.

"What!" ejaculated Brown. "Three and a half guineas for that thing! Why, it's a sin."

His wife edged nearer.

"Never mind," she countered. "The sin will be on my head!"

Wrong again.

Her father accidentally met her young man in the street.

"I say, young fellow," he said, "you have been calling on my daughter for well nigh a month. What are your intentions?"

The suitor gulped nervously.

"Well, sir, he replied, regaining his confidence. "I hope to become an addition to your family."

Father was well prepared,

"Oh, no!" he said, with a vigorous shake of his head. "You'll have to subtract, not add, young man."

Not in this power.

The examination papers were handed round and the students scrutinised them eagerly.

"Any comments?" asked the professor.

"Yes, sir," said one youth, putting on a pained expression. "I certainly don't think I deserve an absolute zero."

"I don't, either, Smith," replied the professor, with a merry twinkle in his eye, "but it is the lowest mark I am allowed to give any member of the class."

"MOTHER says she nearly died laughing over those stories you told her."

"Where is she? I know some funnier ones."

TWO women, mother and daughter, were at the Zoo for the first time. They came to the hippopotamus, and stood for several minutes in silent wonder.

Then the mother turned to her daughter and said, slowly and solemnly, "My! Ain't—he—plain?"

"WOULD you like some bread and butter, Sammy?"

"No."

"No what?"

"You shouldn't say 'what,' auntie, you should say 'I beg your pardon.'"

"If you try to kiss me, I shall scream!"

"Not with all these people about surely?"

"Let's find a quieter spot, then!"



WHERE WOMEN RULE

In the North-East corner of India, in the hilly country near Shillong, there is an exceptional tribe called the Khasis, whose women from time immemorial have been more important, intelligent and hard working than their men folk.

In the Khasi Hills, it is the women who count in the communal life. The men are only there, one would think, on sufferance. The wife controls the money and manages the family's affairs. She also does most of the work in the house and the fields, and, in the poorer classes, works as a coolie mending roads and carrying loads.

Among the Khasis, a baby daughter is hailed with delight as another breadwinner and help to her parents. The youngest daughter is the most important in the house, for, in this "topsy-turvy" land, a unique matriarchal system is in force, and on the death of the mother it is the youngest daughter who inherits the entire family property.

The Khasis have no definite religion and their marriage ceremony is a simple affair, performed by a priest of sorts. When a couple are married, the bridegroom is obliged to live with his wife in his mother-in-law's house until the older woman dies. However, if he doesn't like it, divorce is simple enough. Ten pebbles are collected and, in the presence of witnesses, the man and woman take five each and throw them over the house in which they have been living. So long as they fall in a place from which they cannot be collected together again, the marriage is officially considered to be ended, and the couple free to marry again.

It is a common complaint among women that their husbands have to

spend so much time away from home, but presumably the Khasi woman is indifferent, because in some of the remoter villages, her husband is not allowed inside her house during the day at all.

As a result of this unique state of affairs, the Khasi men in their inferior position have become degenerate. They idle away their time smoking, drinking and attending their perpetual archery contests, while the women have risen to a high standard of character and ability.

MARGARET COOKE.

"Daddy, why is mummy singing?"

"She's singing baby to sleep."

"Will she stop when baby is asleep?"

"Yes, dear."

"Then why doesn't baby pretend to be asleep?"

The newlyweds were receiving a little conventional advice from the minister. First the husband was charged with his responsibilities, and then came the wife's turn.

"You must love, honour, and obey your husband," droned the parson, "and follow him wherever he goes."

The wife looked aghast.

"Fancy!" she exclaimed, "and him a deep sea diver!"

Mrs. Brown: "You told me that if I left my table cloth out all night the fruit stains would be gone. So I put it out last night."

Mrs. Green: "Of course the stains were gone in the morning!"

Mrs. Brown: "Yes, and so was the table cloth."

Indian Womanhood

MRS. KALYANI DEVI, granddaughter of the late Swarna Kumari Devi, has passed the B. A. examination this year. She appeared at the examination as a private candidate. She is the mother of six children.

FOREIGN SCHOLARSHIPS FOR INDIAN WOMEN.

The Barbour scholarships, yielding six hundred dollars each per annum and university fees, are awarded annually upon a basis of merit by a committee at Michigan University, U. S. A. The character of the candidate, her physical condition, her scholastic attainment, her fitness for university work, including her ability to use the English language for study and classroom purposes, marked ability in some special field, and her desire to return to her native land for service after suitable preparation shall have been made, are the chief factors considered by the committee in making appointments. The awards are made annually about the first of March to take effect at the beginning of the following term in September.

All courses of instruction offered at the University of Michigan are open to women students, and the Barbour scholars are not limited to women pursuing any particular course of study. The scholarships are open to women of any Oriental Nationality, no definite number being allotted to any one country. No race restrictions nor religious requirements are imposed. Unless exception is made by special action of the committee, married women are not eligible for appointment.

For further information and application blanks, please write before September 30 to Mrs. V.M. Hahibaksh, Y. M. C. A. Naini Tal, U. P.

MY VISION OF FUNZIN

(T. SUBBIAH RAJU.)

I welcome Bhai Funzin. The first day he made his debut in the magazine world I made his acquaintance. I read him from cover to cover and was deeply absorbed in him. Nothing detracted me from enjoying his company till the wings of sleep rested upon me and Bhai Funzin by my side, I fell fast asleep.

I found myself transported in an instant to the shore of an immense sea, covered with innumerable vessels, while I stood amazed at the huge billows being tossed up and down, a good-natured man rose from the billows and planted himself at my elbows. I recognised him at once to be no other than Bhai Funzin. His complexion was of the brightest hue. His turban loosely hung about him. The coat he put on was exactly of American fashion. He carried a mace very similar to the one that I found in Bhai Funzin's hand. He was gay, bright and beautiful. In short I wondered whether the cheerful Mace-holder of the Funny Magzin had come to me in flesh and blood.

Reader! Follow me on. He immediately accosted me. "Friend," said he, "I have come to conduct you through these turbulent waves."

"What turbulent waves were they! They rose like huge walls. I gazed at him and then at the vast expanse before me."

However, picking up courage in both hands with faltering accents, I asked him who he was. He laughed full at my face. It was redolent with affability and tenderness. He made no answer, but taking me by the arm led me on. We were soon on the dancing billows. He caught me in his grip and waved his right hand before my eyes. Something unusual and extraordinary I experienced. My vision cleared. I could discern everything distinctly. The world before me was not of the same old dullness but was pervaded by an unknown brightness.

Now, he bade me look before me. I turned my eyes to the direction. Behold! great towers whose bases were founded upon rocks whose tops

seemed almost lost in the clouds; in line with them were glittering golden sands. A number of vessels, were sailing with fair wind on the main sea, making headway either to the towers or to the golden sands.

He told me that these towers formed the Isle of Fame and the golden sands were the Coast of Gain. As I looked a little more carefully in the same direction I could see that many of the vessels that were making their way towards the Isle of Fame or the Coast of Gain were caught in eddies. These were the eddies of Criticism. In the hard struggle with the eddies many got damaged; a few, however, with stout planks and tight riggings were able to brave the severe tests they had to face.

I could not understand the meaning of the sight. My goodly Guide rightly conjectured my perplexity and addressed me.

"The vast expanse that you see before you is the expanse of Time. The vessels sailing are the hosts of periodicals that daily launch forth. They too aim at serving mankind in their own way. But Criticism, like the uninvited guest, stands as an engulfing obstacle and they are easily caught in the eddy from which very few survive."

Our conversation, however, was interrupted by Him, whose Stentorian voice once again rang in my ears. I turned round. He pointed to a lake with his mace of mirror. It was a vast lake in which the waters seemed to foam with perpetual agitation. Flowing into the lake, was a little Creek, winding through the flowery meads and shady groves. I descried several gilded yachts. He explained that the surging Lake was the lake of Politics which is always unsteady. The little Creek whose waters were calm is the creek of humour where the Wits of the World enjoy pleasure trips. In a lower tone, almost a whisper Mr. Funzin told me that he too used to go about in the Creek for the sake of the illustrious visitors.

My attention was next called off from this scene to an obstinate engage-

ment between several ships, distinguished from others by the bold letters, on their sides: "Harijans" and "Sanatanists."

These, my Companion told me, were engaged in the never ending War of Religious Controversy; and pointed out to me a few corsairs who sometimes aided one party and then another as suited their profit or pleasure.

Needless to enumerate many other particulars that engaged my attention. My eyes, however, at last, fell upon a channel with only a few boats, which ran through the midst of a great city. This, he said, was the Channel of Success. Any vessel that satisfactorily encounters all the terrible dangers on their way and pass through the channel, is sure to lead to the shores of Success and Reputation.

I could not fully make out the meaning of what I had seen. All of a sudden, with a great force, my friend Mr. Funzin, held me aloft in the air and plunged me headlong into the floods. As I struggled and splashed with the rushing waters, I heard a familiar voice calling me by my name. I got up. It was after all a dream.

I feel there is more in the Vision than met the eye. Bhai Funzin left me to understand for myself the trials of those that would serve their fellow-men as best as my own understanding would permit.

Yet God grant Mr. Funzin, our Welcome Chum, long life and prosperity and may He still be my Companion, cheering me in times of depression and bracing me in times of oppression.

The expert golfer was handicapped by the actions of a very slow player in front. The latter possessed a perfect pair of bow legs.

All through the afternoon the first player found himself at every hole. He managed to control his temper, however, though once or twice it cost him a great effort.

Finally, his patience exhausted, he drove clean through the player in front, and his ball passed through the widely spread legs.

"Do you call that golf?" stormed the slow player.

"No," answered the other, "but pretty hot croquet, what?"

The Lawyer Outwitted

Dear reader! Have you ever been under the galling examinations of some impudent, smooth-tongued lawyer? If so, you can heartily appreciate the following. If not, the more sorry I am for you! A witness for the defence was called. He was a young man, flashily dressed, but his features had a sharp, shrewd expression.

The counsel for the plaintiff examined him thus:—

"What do you know about this case?"

"I don't know much."

"You don't know, eh? What did you come here for?"

"Because I could not help it."

"What is your occupation?"

"I have no particular occupation."

"You have not, eh? Well, whom do you work—for—what kind of business you are engaged in?"

"Well, if you must know, I work for Street and Walker, my business is to hunt for pleasure."

"Now, look here, young man. Don't you attempt to be witty or make any impudent remarks. You say you have no occupation and that you loaf about, doing nothing. I suppose you are one of the light-fingered gentry, eh?"

"Well, ah, yes, I am a thief."

"Oh, you are, eh? I thought so the moment I saw you. Now, sir, what do you mean by coming here to testify—do you think honest men will believe you?"

"Yes, I do, I have sworn to tell the truth, but I did not tell what kind of thief I am. I am a thief of a particular kind, waiting for something to turn up. Procrastination is the thief of time, and as I am a procrastinator. I am, therefore, a thief of time, do you see?"

The lawyer did not see, but the audience did, and they laughed heartily to think the lawyer had been so sadly taken in.

The lawyer drew himself up in a dignified manner and angrily said to the witness:

"You think you are a witty, clever young man, don't you? You must not think that you can insult the Court with impunity. I shall have you imprisoned for contempt of court, if you do not answer me truthfully. Now, sir, were you ever imprisoned?"

The witness seemed unwilling to answer. The lawyer said impatiently:—

"Answer me, Sir!"

"I was" said the witness, slowly and reluctantly.

"Ah, you were, eh? I thought so. When and where, and how long, and for what?"

"When I was a boy, about ten years old. Where? in the kitchen room. How long?—one day. For what?—for stealing two more cakes!"

"Now sir, no more of this tomfoolery, or you shall be imprisoned for contempt of court. Answer me truthfully, sir, were you ever imprisoned for theft?"

The witness hesitated.

"I must have an answer," cried the lawyer bringing down a blow on the table,

"I was"—came slowly from his lips.

The lawyer smiled cunningly and said:

"Ah, I thought so, so let us have it"

"When I was a little boy of about eight years old, I was very fond of mangoes, but having no money to buy any, I occasionally borrowed some from the garden of one lawyer. Of course, I intended to repay him, but one night he caught me and put me in prison for theft."

"Pray go on, quite interesting; the beginning of all thieves, forgers and all blackguards robbing gardens!—very pleasant business for small boys. How many years did you get for it?"

"I was released the next day!"

"What! did you mean to say that the lawyer did not prosecute you? I don't believe that!"

"Exactly. He didn't prosecute because he was caught that very night using somebody's horse without permission and so he was punished."

The audience went into roars of laughter. When silence was restored, the lawyer seemed to be satisfied with what he had learned of the witness character, for the next question was:

"Were you ever with the defendant in any fighting for the country?"

"No, sir, I never served in any fighting for the country."

"Of course, you didn't. Fighting for your country did not agree with your constitution."

The witness was not at all flurried at this sneering taunt, he coolly replied:

"I deserve my country's gratitude, nevertheless, for, I have, single handed, carried on for many years a painful and disastrous civil war, on a small scale, against my mother-in-law and I have always had the satisfaction of coming off vanquished. For this I deserve my country's gratitude."

"You are just the kind of man mothers-in-law ought to take care for."

"On the contrary, my mother-in-law's great sorrow is that I am not a lawyer, for, says she, I would be a limb of the law on whom she could lean for support and protection. She likes lawyers, because, she says, they resemble her in being so generous and ready to interfere and adjust other people's affairs."

The audience laughed heartily at this. He sarcastically said:

"That will do, I have nothing more to ask. I don't want to waste any more of my time, your testimony is worthless and puerile."

The witness was seated on a chair four feet above the floor.

He leaned forward and looking down at the lawyer, said:

"Sir, you are beneath me!"

He then stepped down amid the uproarious laughter of the audience.

"IN FOR SOME FUN"

(o):

A Tale of Love, Luck, Pluck and Laughter

S. RAJAM.

The sea was calm and there was a gentle breeze. The evening Sun was hidden deep behind the clouds; and the beach was indeed very pleasant to spend a careless hour in.

A group of four young ladies was advancing near the water's edge. Each one of the four was engrossed in some thought or other and silence prevailed in the group.

"Idea", suddenly cried out one among them. She was a slim, fair young lady with an intelligent face. She possessed a pair of attractive, even bewitching eyes, and ever-smiling lips. She might have been a year or two past twenty. The others who were also fair looking, were about the same age.

"What is it?" Komala asked one of the other three. The others too turned towards Komala.

"Well," began Komala. "I have a very brilliant idea, Jaya, and I got it just now. I bet you can never guess it. Try and get at it, if you can," she challenged them.

Jaya was Komala's pal and the other two were Saroja and Saraswati. The four were intimate friends and they formed a very conspicuous quartette in their club for their gaiety and sociability.

"I suppose you know that we do not profess to know thought-reading" put in Saroja.

"It is this way", came out Komala. "I have got a good idea and if put into execution, it would provide us with some fun, to be sure. Only, it would entail an expenditure of a few chips." Here she paused to study the effect of her words on her companions. She saw she had made an impression; their faces showed plainly their eagerness. So she proceeded:

"It is but this. We shall insert an advertisement in the matrimonial columns of 'The Desa Dasa'."

"What for? We are all married!" interrupted Saraswati.

"Just like you, Sarasa. Why are you in such a hurry? Can't you wait and hear me fully? Let me assure you at the outset that I am not going to marry a second time nor do I advocate polyandry. You need not worry yourself on that score. It is all in fun. We shall be able to have a merry laugh over it, at the end of it all."

"Pray give us all the details" asked Saroja.

"Come on. We shall insert an advert in 'The Desa Dasa', calling for a suitable match for a young girl, with education, modern views, high connections and all that kind of thing. When we receive answers, we shall fix

up interviews and hear what the fellows have to say. I should think we shall be able to enjoy it on the whole. What do you say?"

"But then, who amongst us is to be interviewed by the pantalooned popinjays?" queried Saroja.

"Why, everyone of us will have her share of interviews. We shall cast lots and agree upon a certain order amongst ourselves. Then, we shall divide the men among us. Of course, the one that is lucky to have the first interview will have the largest number of interviews and so the greatest fun. I am sure this must be acceptable to you all."

The other three gave their consent to the proposal and promised to share the cost of the joke.

The next day the following advertisement appeared in the matrimonial column of "The Desa Dasa"

"WANTED a suitable match for a beautiful girl with good education, high proficiency in music and of a respectable family. No caste or sect restrictions. Applicants may have to present themselves for a personal interview. Enquiries to be addressed to MATRIMONY c/o 'The Desa Dasa'."

Komala and her friends read it and chuckled. When they met that evening they drew lots and Komala came first; Saraswati was second; Saroja third; and Jaya last.

"So, the fun is quite near at hand," they thought,

The next day they received a few answers to the advertisement. Komala as the author of the scheme replied to them all using a false name, and fixed interviews. She typed the whole matter leaving spaces for the date and time of the interview and in the spaces filled up the respective dates and hours. So, all else was typewritten and it looked just like an ordinary circular. These were despatched promptly.

Now, Komala was to be interviewed by one Gopalan the next day. He had stated that he would give details about himself in the interview. This struck Komala as rather peculiar and that was why she fixed him up as her first interviewer. Of course, the others were also to have their share. But Komala's was the first and was fixed for 10 a.m. She gave her club address for the interview and engaged a room there, specially for the purpose.

8 a.m. the next day. Komala got herself ready. She met her husband Vasu and he was also was starting out. They were a very happy couple who loved each other tenderly.

"Good morning, Komala. I shall not be able to be here for dinner to-day. I have promised to be the guest of a friend of mine. You must excuse me, dear. I shall have to be off in half an hour," he said.

Fishmonger "King" Abdicates

(o):

YET HE NEVER RULED!

MR. William Brightwell, a Billingsgate fishmonger, and Pretender to the throne of Austria, has just abdicated the throne—on which he never sat.

He has just intimated this decision in a letter to Dr. Dollfuss, the Austrian Chancellor. At the same time, he has also renounced his titles of Emperor of Austria, King of Hungary, King of Bohemia, King of Dalmatia, and also five other thrones and nine dukedoms.

Nearly all his life this portly little fishmonger, who stands only five feet high, has been fighting strenuously to gain the throne of Austria, which he claims should be his.

In his letter to Dr. Dollfuss, which he has signed "Franz Rudolph Maximilian, Crown Prince of Austria," Mr. Brightwell said:

"The statement that the Austro-Hungarian Monarchy is to be restored has filled me with alarm and apprehension as to the probable effects of the restoration of royalty in Austria-Hungary on the peace of Europe and the world.

"I feel it to be my sacred duty once and for all to resign my rights and formally renounce my claims to the Imperial crown of Austria and the Iron Crown of Hungary in favour of the proposed king, the Archduke Otto.

"As all the world knows, I am the legitimate Emperor of Austria and King of Hungary, through being the only son of the Emperor Maximilian and the Empress Carlotta.

"Firmly believing that any attempt on the part of myself or my kinsman, the Archduke Otto, to seize the throne would only result in bloodshed and misery to my beloved people, Europe and probably the world in general, I herewith formally abdicate all claims to the Austro-Hungarian Empire, and all the titles that have descended to me since the days of Charlemagne....."

ON THE OFFICE WALL.

*It is easy enough to be pleasant,
When life flows along like a song,
But the man worth while
Is the man who can smile,
When everything goes dead wrong!*

"That's all right. I too will have to be away by about nine. I wanted to excuse myself to you. Now there is no necessity for that. It is 'O. K.'" replied Komala.

"I see" he said. "So you too have an engagement. Then it is really an easy affair. Is it not indeed strange, I mean, our trying to excuse ourselves to each other? It is really a funny coincidence"

She agreed it was.

9-30 a.m. Room No. 26 of Komala's club. She was seated in a chair in front of a rose-wood table placed in the centre of the room. On the side opposite to her were three other chairs. On the table was a small square-faced time-piece ticking the seconds away. Except these there was nothing else in the room. An electric fan was spinning away right over the table.

Komala had given the necessary instructions to the club peon and so had nothing in particular to do till ten. She was trying to read a Jenkins Novel. She could not focus her attention on the book; she had mechanically gone through nearly two pages but with as much illumination as the rats that devour the library books. Her mind was wandering elsewhere. She was thinking of the impending joke she was enacting. So she could not be quite calm and was a bit flurried. But she did her best to compose herself and in that attempt she succeeded considerably, though not fully.

9-59 a.m. The door opened and the peon of the club entered with a card and gave it to her. It bore the name GOPALAN typed on it. She asked the peon to show the gentleman in.

The peon went out and closed the door. A minute more, the door opened again and—Vasu entered. Both he and Komala were stunned; they gazed at each other.

"What! How is it you are here?" she asked after a while, regaining composure. "What! How is it you are here?" he repeated in reply.

"Why, I am in my club. What are you doing here? You said you were to be the guest of some friend of yours at dinner."

"Yes——That's over. I am here to meet somebody in Room No. 26. I did not expect to meet you here. I was told this was being occupied by someone else. Or, have I entered the wrong room?" he almost stammered.

Komala caught the situation. "You have come to the right room, my good man. That's all right. So, you are Gopalan!"

"And, you had advertised?" he asked.

The two looked at each other in silent wonder.

"But it was all in fun. A matter of a challenge and a bet with a friend," came out Vasu.

"Same here, dear. We were in for some fun."

"Doesn't matter, naughty Komala. We have had some real fun. We shall laugh over it."

A short silence followed. "I say Komala dear, come on. We shall enjoy it with our friends and celebrate it too, now that I have won you for a second time."

THE IDEA

BY R. BALAKRISHNA.

The great war passed away with a quietness and made an almost imperceptible exit, marked perhaps by the Treaty of Versailles—a Tombstone ugly in design, revealing the hand of the novice in architecture—almost like Epstein's conception of Reina.

Whether England stood to gain, or whether it was the occupiers of the Ruhr that were profited or whether Germany was having a mailed fist or a gloved hand; it is not my object to narrate, nor would it interest you if I should excavate—what has most become—relics of ancient history.

"Survey mankind from China to Peru", there is a growing section amongst mankind in every country who would feel it a great occupation of their lives to place themselves for such a surveyance. These people with nothing to do, get up from their beds—wrong or right side, it does not matter to them, pass through their breakfast, lunch, tea and dinner, day in and day out. These are the only mile stones in their lives.

England might go off the Gold Standard, or the Mikado of Japan might be proclaimed the Emperor of Manchuria or Gandhi might attend the Allahabad High Court in wig and gown to prosecute a Congress rebel, or Hitler might marry a Jewess. Such news does not cause among that growing, unemployed, lazy section of mankind the least flutter.

Unemployment is rampant in affluent America and unemployment is gathering alarming dimensions in the land of Ind—one of the greatest results of the great war that comes as a nightmare on the world's sweet slumbers. The League of Nations avoids it like pestilence, and Conferences of international reputation grow like mushrooms, and unlike them decay into death ere they have grown to their full, and the unemployment problem applies the closure to their lives.

Young men, after a gruelling course in Arts, or Engineering, in Law or in Medicine, come out of the University and look about to lay their hands on something to do and turn it to good account. But the great big world keeps rolling by, and their outstretched hands for employment slowly slide into their trouser pockets; they bend down their heads and stare at the Oxford toes of their shoes—and perhaps some of them whistle—a hardihood most unpardonable in them.

My first attempt to solve this riddle of the Sphinx was when I applied for the post of a probationary assistant, in a Bank. I was 25 years and a couple of months old. The boss sends for me. "You are too old," he says. That was an utterance that left an indelible impression on my mind. Mr. Cone, a great French Psychologist was reputed to cure diseases by auto-suggestion. For a moment I thought that that self-same Mr. Cone, owing to a failing memory, had abandoned auto-suggestion to suggest for itself a living as best as it could, and had taken up for himself a job in that Bank.

I then thought I was growing, and much less that I was old. There is a period in our lives when

youth laughs at decay and Death. When a man says "All men are mortal", he forgets that he is also one of them.

At 25 and 2 months the boss in the bank set my mind a-thinking of the absolute futility of my life. Too old for service—almost in the winter of life! But are there not old people in the Bank? Yes, I saw them doddling about here and there. One remarkable thing I noted was, the older the person, the greater was his power over the others.

Thus ended my first venture in the Bank. And also the last.

The idea. Everyone works up towards some idea and every idea seems to be so easily practicable. Of course some of these ideas depend entirely upon circumstances beyond one's control. But it has not been impossible to get over them sometimes. Jules Verne's "Round the World in Eighty days" was once a marvellous fiction. But now perhaps people might go round, in about the same time hiking. If it is not the man in the moon, we are certainly endeavouring to bring out a census report of mars.

What would humanity be if it had no ideas? Even the lunatic basks under some glowing idea. Socrates had to drink a cup of hemlock, because he raved like a lunatic and said that the earth was round. He paid the penalty. Ideas mature into truths, but only after the fourth or fifth generation of posterity.

Big placards announcing a big fortune for the winner of Pachappa's Lottery were posted all over Madras. Earn Rs. 25,000/- for one Rupee. To add to, it was the charm that none had neither to toil nor to spin for the fortune. You buy a Ticket and wait for the drawing day. And lo! you get the first Prize. It is a great chance, no doubt, but still there is a great probability. Yes, I have consulted horoscopes; as many as six of them. As no two watches would agree, it will be a freak of the imagination to expect six horoscopes to express the same opinion. But one thing was certain; the astrologers declared that I was going to be very fortunate ere long. How am I to be fortunate without fortune. That's the idea. And the Pachappa's Lottery announces the same fortune.

And, moreover, the time predicted by the astrologers though they did not agree as regards time, had only a difference of one or two months between them. All told together, their Times fell within eight months; and I was sure that at least one prediction must be true, and one astrologer correct: a clock that has ceased working is correct to Greenwich time twice in every Twentyfour hours.

Four astrologers have failed in their predictions regarding that momentous day when I will wake up one fine morning and find that I have become a Millionaire overnight.

The momentous day has not yet arrived. Will it ever arrive? Why should it not arrive? It must arrive because I expect it.

This great expectation has filled my mind every minute of the day and every minute of the waking hours at nights. This one idea has kept me busy morning, noon and night. I am not unemployed, but I have not to bow to a boss or wait for the first of every month to draw a paltry pay.

The war had crippled many and had thrown the rest into unemployment. And they have been driven from pillar to post in search of employment. How different is my lot! That is the idea.

"PRITHVIRAJ SANYOGITA."

(A Golden Leaf from Chand's epic "Prithviraj" Love Story of the last Hindu King of Delhi.)



Ha! Ha! Ha!...
.....Ho!
Ho! Ho!.....
.....Ha-a-a-
Ha!.....

The uproarious laughter from three lusty throats rang out in the Jungle. The mortified Shikari at whose lugubrious failure the laughter was directed, angrily looked around. He, Kaharkanthir, the Farmer King of Malwa had shot three successive arrows at a buck and he was stung with the derisive note in the guffawers. He was about to retort when a single arrow coming from the direction of the laughter, hit its mark and the buck fell down, dead. Kaharkanthir started home; and from the opposite direction came three men, also towards the same spot.

"Stay, touch not the kill!" said a commanding voice as Kaharkanthir bent down to pick up the arrow.

"Whose kill" he demanded haughtily.

A tall man from the newcomers picked out the arrow from the buck's carcass, and held it up—"Know you not the archer who gets his fame with a single arrow?"

Kaharkanthir paled as he read the name on the arrow: "Who? Prithviraj Chauhan, the King of Delhi?" He asked in a hushed whisper.

"In flesh" smiled the tall man Chand Bardai, the Court bard and friend of Prithviraj, and he sang a poem in praise of the redoubtable hero, while Prithviraj himself stood in front looking keenly at Kaharkanthir. Kanha Chauhan the affable old uncle of Prithviraj, simply looked on with a pleased smile.

"And may we know who might you be please?" enquired Chand Bhat, after his song was finished.

"Kaharkanthir Farmer of Malwa", replied Kaharkanthir.

"What, and your majesty travelled all the way to these parts after a buck?"

"Not a buck but after a gazelle!" smiled Kaharkanthir in smug self-satisfaction.

"I am on my way to Kanauj for the hand of the Princess Sanyogita, Rathod Jaichand's daughter whose Swayamwar is announced. Surely the King of Delhi is invited?" He sneeringly asked knowing full well that such was not the case.

The shot went home. Prithviraj at once looked daggers at him and Kaharkanthir laughingly bade them adieu, content that he had the last word.

Hardly had he departed when a messenger rode up and handed a message to Prithviraj. He read it in growing rage, tore it to pieces and trampled upon it, saying,

"Go, this is my reply, tell your master!"

And the messenger withdrew tremblingly.

The message was from Jaichand Rathod of Kanauj, couched in the most rude form of a command, asking Prithviraj to attend the Swayamwar at Kanauj in capacity of a door-keeper!

Prithviraj, even after he returned to his capital was burning with an all-consuming rage. He lay listless in the boudoir of his favourite courtesan Karnataka, neither her music nor her dance nor her sweet words however, availed to soothe him. He made no reply to Karnataka's tender enquiries but her questions received unexpected reply when Chand Bhat entered singing, "Insult is poison to a Warrior".

There was a moment's silence. Then Prithviraj said—"Oh Chand, I am so restless. Could you not find a way out of my trouble?"

"Sir King" said Chand meaningly looking at Karnataka, "I know a way, but it requires the help of a person who would sacrifice anything."

"I am prepared to give everything for my lord and Master" said Karnataka proudly thus challenged. Chand bowed to her his respect. "Bravo Karnataka, your devotion puts to shame even a wedded wife."

A consultation then took place between the three people and it was decided that Karnataka should go to Jaichand's court as an aggrieved woman gaining his confidence and should stay with Sanyogita and influ-

ence the Princess's mind in favour of Prithviraj.

In the meanwhile at Jaichand's court news had arrived of Prithviraj's treatment of the royal command. The enraged Jaichand commissioned his brother Valukrai to go and punish Prithviraj for the insult by a punitive force, when Prithviraj accompanied by Chand Bhat entered the camp in disguise. Chand Bhat sang a mocking song outside Valukrai's tent, and when the latter came out, Prithviraj suddenly revealed himself. There was a duel and when Valukrai fell, the hero and his friend made good their escape.

Much laughter was reigning around Prithviraj's dummy statue in a door keeper's dress at Jaichand's Court, when the news of Valukrai's death arrived. While the court was recovering from the shock, Karnataka made her appearance. She played her adopted part so well that Jaichand, on the advice of his minister Sumati, decided to retain her as a likely weapon against Prithviraj. She was detailed to be companion to the Princess. Little did Jaichand imagine, that this very Karnataka would be instrumental in uniting his own daughter with his deadly enemy.

To the impatient Prithviraj in Delhi came a message from Karnataka, reporting her progress. "The faithful soul is doing her work well," said he all the more impatient to go to Kanauj.

"I have an invitation for the Swayamwar" said Chand Bhat. "But I cannot go without you my friend".

"I shall come disguised as your pupil" said Prithviraj eagerly.

"Very risky" piped in old Kanha Chauhan, "But if you go, I go too."

So it was decided.

Old Jaichand was sitting in his court, surrounded by a crowd of subordinate kings, guests for the Swayamwar, when an usher announced Chand and the party.

Chand as a bard of repute was welcome to any court and he with his friends received immediate admission. When he took his seat Jaichand said, "Favour us, oh poet, with some new composition", whereupon Chand sang in praise of the court, spoiling his effect

however, by hinting that without Prithviraj no assembly of kings is worth its name. Angry murmurs went round.

"Let us rather have a girl's dance and music than the chatter of bard" growled the arrogant Kaharkanthir.

Chand rose to go with offended dignity. Neither an apology from the minister nor the appearance of Karnataka would make him stop. He begged leave to go and it was reluctantly granted at last. But Karnataka had nearly given away the whole show by covering her face when she recognised the disguised Prithviraj. He was the only man before whom she did this; she had done this before even when passing his statue, and now she had to give some lame excuse for her action.

The suspicious Jaichand summoned Ravan, the chief of the city guard, and asked him to shadow Chand Bhat's party.

Prithviraj was riding about and around the town. As fate would have it he stopped to water his horse under the very window in which Sanyogita was standing. This was at the edge of the Lake Palace where the Princess was kept under guard by her father, because she (influenced by Karnataka) had expressed a longing for Prithviraj and was overheard by her belligerent father. While his horse drank, Prithviraj was amusing himself by feeding the fish in the water with pearls that were coming off from the horse's necklace. Sanyogita was struck by this remarkable sport and looking closely, recognised the rider as Prithviraj whose portrait Karnataka had just painted.

"Karnataka, Karnataka!" she eagerly called. "It is he!"

Karnataka rushed to the window and recognised her Lord. "Yes, it is Prithviraj," she whispered.

She ran down to where Prithviraj was waiting, and tryst was soon fixed by her for midnight between the impatient lovers.

When Prithviraj returned to Chand's camp, Ravan spying on the tent noticed him and informed Jaichand. Orders for raiding Chand's camp were given, and Prithviraj starting to keep his midnight appointment barely managed to escape the raiding party. He came into Sanyogita's chamber by the secret passage Karnataka had shown him, just when the princess's anxiety had reached its zenith.

That night was a wonderful first night of love for Prithviraj and Sanyo-

gita. The selfless Karnataka married them by the Gandharva ritual and she faithfully sat guarding the door of the Bridal chamber hugging to her bosom the portrait of her lover no longer.

In the meanwhile Jaichand expecting news of Prithviraj's arrest every minute received news of a different kind altogether. "Sire, a man in the Princess's chamber"—announced a frightened messenger.

"What? a man?" shouted the flabbergasted father. "To arms!" he ordered, pulled on his clothes and led a band of soldiers and torch-bearers into the palace.

Karnataka was rudely awakened from her vigil by a hammering on the big door outside. She rushed into the bridal chamber, hurriedly dressed Prithviraj and led him away.

"Lord take me too with you!" wailed the poor lovelorn Princess. He stopped to reassure her.

"Not thus, my dear one, I shall carry you off openly, from the Swaymwar—not now like a coward."

Karnataka had barely rushed him out of the secret passage and set right the disorder in the bridal chamber where the tired princess now lay in a heavy sleep, when in rushed Jaichand with his soldiers.

"Traitors! what man have you admitted here?" he demanded hotly.

"None your majesty; your majesty might be pleased to look for yourself" said Karnataka meekly.

Jaichand and his men searched and searched but found no man. Jaichand only heard his daughter speaking in her sleep to her lover. It enraged him all the more and he decided to hold the Swaymwar the very next morning.

Prithviraj who had escaped from the scene of his adventure but not from the guard of the palace, had a scuffle with a number of men and Kaharkanthir, his rival, gave him hot chase. It was all Prithviraj could do to overcome him and changing clothes with him, passed the outer guard unrecognised.

The fateful day of the Swaymwar dawned. The palace was all a bustle. Ladies of the court were dressing the princess for the ceremony while Prithviraj and his friends were dressing themselves for a possible fight. At last the court assembled. A glittering assembly of princes, royal aspirants for the hand of Sanyogita, sat in anxious expectancy. In a short while entered the princess

led by Karnataka. The princess carried "the garland of choice"—through the ranks of the august gathering. King after king she passed while Karnataka whispered their names in her ear. Low murmurs filled the hall. Finally Sanyogita came to the gate, where stood the statue of her lover. She deliberately threw the garland round his neck amidst mingled shouts of applause and resentment, when lo! the statue suddenly came to life and picking up the princess ran to a waiting horse outside and galloped away! For the statue was Prithviraj himself, dressed to look like his dummy!

Such of the audience as recovered from their surprise, rushed to horses but they were impeded by the faithful Chand and Kanha Chauhan. Chand soon stopped the fighting saying to Jaichand "Why fight with him that carried off your daughter before hundreds of warriors." A few determined men thereupon, led by Kaharkanthir, gave hot chase to the eloping pair—in fact Kaharkanthir had thrown his bow over the pair's heads but Sanyogita freed herself and her lover by biting through the string. The mortified Kaharkanthir returned to the court, and reported that the princess went of her own sweet will.

"Then there is nothing else to do your majesty" advised the minister Sumati "but to put a good face upon it and give your blessing to their union."

"So be it" sighed Jaichand the conscious victim of destiny, "make arrangements to solemnise their marriage properly."

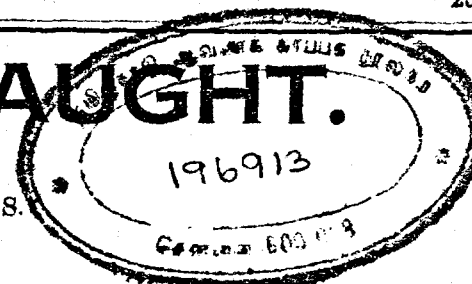
Thus ended happily the much impeded romance of Prithviraj and Sanyogita. But Karnataka—the poor Karnataka!—what was left for her now? She had risked her life, sacrificed her love, and now she had before her an existence worse than death—life without love. She had nothing but a vista of dull years before her, embittered by the thought that she herself had given her man to another woman. She was great, indeed, but what a greatness was it—achieved by the giving of all her love!

As Chand Bhat said to her "Immortal be thy name! when could anyone find such a love that suffers itself to burn when its object revels with another?"

This is the story of Prithviraj Sanyogita the musical romance in Hindi which Maharashtra Cinetone has produced.

GEM-MAKING TAUGHT.

BY HAROLD J. SHEPSTOFE, F.R.G.S.



The combination of Science, Nature and human industry to produce a much-prized jewel is here described by an old contributor to the Review of Reviews and World Today.

While the scientist, with his electrical crucible of appalling temperature, can make diamond and ruby in the laboratory—very small and insignificant, yet true jewels—he cannot make a pearl. Nor can it be said that the oyster creates these much-sought-after stones for amusement. When it opens its shell on the sea-bed and takes into its system some sea-water and other foods, it occasionally discovers that it has taken in a lodger unawares. A wandering bit of life has chosen to take shelter with it. A parasite looking for a home has ensconced itself within the pearly walls of the oyster, or perhaps a promising larva has floated in.

The oyster resents the intrusion into its home, but resolves to make the best of a bad situation, and to do all in its power to transform the ugly intruder into a thing of beauty. Layer after layer of mother-of-pearl, secreted by the oyster, is thrown around the parasite, which is presently encased in a beautiful shell that gleams greyish-white or iridescent pink, or violet, or perhaps even deepens to a strangely lovely black. The foreign substance has been embalmed and converted into a costly pearl.

The more valuable pearls, however, have a somewhat different origin. When the oyster spawns it often happens that one of the ova is lifeless and, not being thrown out with the rest, gradually increases in size because, though infertile, it is still supplied with blood-vessels from the parent body. As it hardens it becomes a source of irritation to the dweller in the shell, who then proceeds to cover it with mother-of-pearl, or, in other words, to make a pearl of it. This kind of pearl is of the globular or pear-shaped type, and the most prized.

Any shell-bearing mollusc may contain pearls, though they are most often found in certain species of oyster. Very

fine ones have been discovered in the ordinary British freshwater mussel, notably from Welsh and Scottish rivers, the best known of these being one that was found at Conway in the seventeenth century and presented by the Lord of the Manor to Catherine of Braganza, wife of Charles II. It is still preserved among the Crown Jewels. The sea mussels found at the mouth of the Conway are still crushed for the sake of any pearls they may contain.

In a general way, however, one can only expect to find pearls in oysters inhabiting warm seas, and even there pearl-fishing is a very speculative business. Five hundred oysters may be brought up, and not a single stone in them. Therefore, when a well-known Japanese scientist said to Mr. K. Mikimoto, founder and proprietor of the pearl-oyster farms of Japan:—"Why don't you grow your own pearls?", he decided to put it to the test.

He was well aware that centuries ago the Chinese inserted tiny figures into mussels, and left them until the mussel had given them a coating of pearl. He also knew that many scientists had spent huge sums of money in trying to grow pearls commercially, and that their attempts had proved expensive failures. He determined to see what he could do.

No one knew more about the oyster than this Japanese pearl-farmer, but some twenty years were to pass before he found the secret he sought, and then only after the expenditure of vast sums. He found that the slightest touch of anything made of metal killed the oyster at once. He killed thousands of oysters before he discovered how to handle them, but for every oyster he killed he bred a hundred to take its place.

Finding out how to handle the oyster without destroying it, was the first step in his attempt to cultivate pearls. Then he drilled tiny holes through the shells and inserted objects for the oyster to cover with mother-of-pearl; but time proved this method a

failure. Undismayed, he tried another way. This time he slipped tiny pellets of mother-of-pearl between what is known as the mantle of the oyster and its shell, and put the oysters back in the beds. But the oysters calmly and collectively pushed this foreign matter out of their shells.

Evidently, then, the oysters would only retain the shell pellets under compulsion, and the problem was how to make the pellets stick to the shell. He tried various adhesives and cements, only to discover that they either came unstuck owing to long immersion in sea water, or else disagreed with the oyster. Finally, after long years of patient effort, he discovered that, by wrapping the grain of mother-of-pearl in a tiny bag, composed of the mantle of another oyster, the oyster into which it was inserted would retain it.

The operation of inserting this tiny head of mother-of-pearl, or nucleus, as they term it, into the oyster is most delicate, and necessitates long and skilful training. So intricate is the work that a single operator can only treat sixty oysters a day.

When it is stated that over three million oysters are treated in this way every year, some idea of the extent of the industry is evident. Mr. Mikimoto controls no less than ten pearl-farms, upon which 700 persons are employed. The farms are scattered between the Bay of Godasho and the Island of Palau in the south. They comprise a combined water area of 40,000 acres, varying in depth from five to fifteen fathoms. The oyster found in these waters belongs to the species *M. Martensi*, which closely resembles the specimens found in Ceylon.

Every encouragement is given to the oyster to propagate. Small pieces of rock and stone are placed where the larvae of the oyster have been found to be most abundant. Soon small oyster spats, as young oysters are called, are found attached to them. These are taken up, and either placed in special beds or reared in wire cages. Then any larva found floating in the open

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is collected and placed in cages coated with lime.

Thus the oyster is carefully watched until its third year, when the operation referred to above takes place. The treated oysters are now put in cages, a hundred in each, and suspended in the open sea from wooden rafts. Twice a year at least they are removed, and their shells scrapped of any weeds, barnacles, or other foreign matter. This ensures a better growth, and a healthy oyster produces a better pearl. For six or seven years the oyster is tended in this way, by which time it should have produced the coveted pearl.

All the diving work in connexion with the farms is done by women. They wear a special dress, consisting of white knickers, short skirt and vest, while the hair is twisted up upon the head in a hard knot. The eyes are protected by goggles. Tubs resembling butter barrels, into which they put

the oysters as they bring them from the sea bottom, complete the diving outfit. They can remain under water for from one to two minutes, and in a few instances for a period of three minutes, without experiencing any ill effects. The more expert will bring to the surface fifty or sixty oysters in a minute from a depth of ten fathoms.

In addition to diving for oysters, the women have to keep the beds clear of weeds, and drive away the octopus and other fish likely to damage the young oysters. They can relate thrilling encounters with big fish on the bottom of the ocean. It is said among the workers at the pearl farms that the deeper, one of these girls can dive, and the more expert she becomes, the better chance she has of getting a husband. Women divers are regarded as a sort of upper stratum of pearl-diving society, and often are considered to be above the men employed in various shore duties.

What the pearl-farmer most dreads are the red and cold currents. The former carry a parasitic organization which destroys the oysters. The cold currents often work havoc on the oyster beds. In 1926, for instance, there was a phenomenal fall of snow on the mountains behind the farm in Ago Bay, followed by a remarkable thaw. There being a national holiday at the time, the women divers were away. The snow and ice-cold water poured into the pay in a torrent, working terrible destruction among the oysters. The loss sustained was estimated at £ 100,000.

Though three million oysters or more are treated yearly at the farms, nothing like that number of pearls is obtained at the end of six or seven years. "I find no pearl production in 40 per cent. of the oysters", said Mr. Mikimoto. "This means that 60 per cent. of the oysters treated bear results, but unfortunately those of marketable value are only 4 to 5 per cent. of the whole." This is much better, however, than Nature, for pearl fishers in many places consider themselves lucky when they find one pearl in a thousand oysters. Even then a large percentage are either unmarketable or only partly perfect.

The biggest cultured pearl ever produced in Japan weighs 265.75 grains, and is worth a sum approximately £ 10,000. This exceptional gem is not for sale, as it is regarded as one of the nation's treasures. The Japanese say that the pearl—born as it is of a living organism—differs from other inanimate jewels, and beats forever to the pulse of the wearer.

Today Mr. Mikimoto is producing about a hundred thousand marketable cultured pearls a year. They are, in every sense of the word genuine pearls, for they are the product of the oyster, and if a pearl produced by an oyster is not genuine, then it is difficult to know what is.

"What are these cups for?" asked a well-dressed man of a jeweller, pointing to some lovely silver cups on the counter.

"These are race-cups to be given as prizes."

"If that's so, suppose you and I race for one?" and the stranger, with the cup in hand, started the jeweller after him. The stranger won.

Proof Positive.



Madam:—Are you sure, Gopan, you did not help yourself to these cakes?

Gopan, Servant boy:—Sure as anything, I did not, Madam.

Madam:—Rather hard to believe, Gopan. How am I to know that you are speaking the truth?

Gopan:—Why, Madam, you will know the truth of my words if you try to open the jar. I couldn't, the stopper is so tight.

WORLD HUMOUR

Telephone Operator: "It costs seventy-five cents to talk to Bloomfield."

Caller: "Can't you make a special rate for just listening? I want to call my wife."—*Associated Magazines.*

The Soviet Politician Consults a Palmist.

"Here you have a crooked line which ends abruptly."

"Ah yes, that must be my Party Line."—*Krokodil.*

An official was sent to a house to value the contents. The entries in his book halted when he came to a table on which was left a full bottle of old Scotch and then continued:—

"One bottle of old Scotch whisky partly full."

The next entry was:

"One revolving Turkish rug."—

Border Cities Star.

"Is it true that you are looking for a cashier?"

"Two. My old one and a new one!"—*Il 420 (Florence).*

A shortage of Manx cats is reported. We always thought there was no end to the creatures.—*Punch*—

"Look here, waiter—I sent this soup away because there was a fly in it, and hang me if you haven't brought it back with the dam' fly still in it."

"But eempossible, sir; I taka that fly out myself This is altogether quite anoizzer fly, sir."—*Sydney Bulletin.*

Heard in Cologne:

"The Jews are responsible for all Germany's post-war misfortunes."

"Yes, the Jews and the cyclists."

"But why the cyclists?"

"Well, if it comes to that, why the Jews?"—*Star.*

A young city girl was holidaying in the country and became rather friendly with a young farmer. One evening as they were strolling across a meadow they saw a cow and a calf rubbing noses in the accepted bovine fashion.

"Ah," said the young farmer, "that sight makes me want to do the same."

"Well, go ahead," said the girl, "It's your cow."—*Lahigh Burr.*

MISUSE AND ABUSE OF WORDS

Words like "Bolshevism," "Gandhi" and "Socialism" are misused and abused by interested people. A great harm is caused thereby in the true appreciation of them. Mr. George Godwin writes in the *Aryan Path*:

Whatever may be the opinion of the reader of the vast social experiment [in Soviet Russia], one thing is reasonably certain, and that is that it is an application with modifications here and there of Marxist social philosophy. It might seem superfluous to say as much, but for the fact that the word "Bolshevism," by which this system is known, has come to have a connotation completely divorced from its proper meaning. It has become for many millions unfamiliar with the facts (as is the present writer), a term of abuse.

It is quite a common thing to hear this word, and its cant version, "Bolshio" used much as the term "Hun" was used between 1914-1918. The reason is the same in both cases. During the war it was deemed necessary to employ the word Hun for the enemy so that Germany, for the masses, should stand for the crimes of Attila, rather than for the virtues of Goethe. To-day, the term "Bolshie" is employed to signify abhorrence of the U. S. S. R. so that the real issue, the respective merits of the two systems, shall be obscured by prejudice and abuse.

To take one more example of the harm wrought by the abuse or misuse of words, one might take the name Gandhi. For those who know the man it is a word that evokes emotions and sentiments similar to those evoked in the west by such names as Lincoln Gordon or Knox.

But the name has another connotation altogether. For many it stands for a fearless and unreasonable man of indefensible sedition. In this case, too, the result is to throw the intellectual machinery out of gear and to release all that is most unworthy in the passions of the unthinking mob.

To attach to such words that, rightly used, connote high ideals of social justice or national aspiration, moral opprobrium, is intellectual treason.

The word "Socialism" is a striking illustration of how ignorance, fear and

IMAGE GAY

BY VERRIER ELWIN

There was a boy whose merry air
Defied all poverty;
His happy laughter, free of care,
Ignored his misery.

Holding his brother, night and day,
He nursed the little boy;
His hunger he forgot in play,
His nakedness in joy.

One day at dinner time he had
Some bread and rice to eat,
So hungry that his heart was glad
At the unusual treat.

But as he went to share the meal,
A dog jumped up in play,
And from his hand did quickly steal
The food, and ran away.

Aghast I watched the scene, in fear
Of angry word or cry.
But only laughter could I hear
At the dog's trickery.

The hungry boy, his meal denied,
With laughter filled his heart;
How clever was the dog, he cried,
To steal with so much art.

Children of sorrow, brave and strong,
Strong as the hills above,
So triumph over every wrong
With courage crowned by love.

The portly and pompous chairman
rose to tell a funny story. He told it
dully, long-windedly, and without a
vestige of humour. Yet when he sat
down at the end of ten minutes'
chronic narration, the roars of laughter
nearly split the ceiling.

Somebody had put a take on his
chair.

prejudice, can father upon a word a
set of ideas remote from its authentic
meaning. It is not many years since
to be a Socialist was to confess to
subversive tendencies. The word was
uttered with the deepest of contempt,
if not with downright horror.

It is probable that many people for
whom this social philosophy would
have appealed (since in essence it is
merely the application of the Christian
religion to the economic sphere) were
deterred from examining its principles
by the obloquy that attached to the
outlawed word Socialism.

PERSIA REBORN

The Work of Reza Shah Pahlevi

By an agreement ratified in the Persian Mejlies in June, the difference between the semi-Government British Anglo-Persian Oil Company and the Persian Government were amicably settled. In *The Calcutta Review* Mr. Mohammed Ishaque gives a sketch of the character of Reza Shah Pahlevi, from whose nationalist policies those differences are believed to have arisen.

Not much is known, says Mr. Ishaque, of Reza Shah's family history: his pedigree is the pedigree of the sword, like Nadir Shah's. His extraordinary ability raised him from an ordinary soldier in the Persian army to the rank of an officer. When Syed Zia-ud-Din became the prime-minister of Persia for a few months, he recognized the high qualities of Reza. Khan then and made him the Minister of War.

The general condition of the country was so insecure before Reza Khan came into office, that people did not venture to come out to the streets after sunset for fear of being attacked by robbers. It is said that while one night Reza Khan was driving in a carriage with one of his friends, he was attacked by a band of robbers when a unique scene, characteristic of the general insecurity of the Qajar times, took place, in which His Excellency the Vaisr-Jang (Minister of War) was fighting for his life with footpads in the capital of the realm. Reza Khan made travelling in Persia safe and secure by stationing his troops of Ammijeh or Militia in all the roads of the country.

When the cabinet resigned, in October 1923, a new Cabinet was formed with Reza Khan as the Prime Minister. He was still the Minister of War and practically became the military dictator in Persia. At last, in October 1925, the Mejlies made a declaration abolishing the sovereignty of the Qajar dynasty and entrusting the provisional Government to Reza Khan until the form of Government was determined by a constitutional assembly. The Assembly met shortly and declared Reza Khan the Shah of Persia.

Achievements.

The achievements of Reza Shah as a King are numerous and many-sided. Persia is no longer a priest-ridden country. He has freed the country from the influence of *Akhunds* or *Mullahs* who are now hardly to be seen. He has trained the army on modern lines of warfare and has introduced compulsory military service. Raw country lads after two years in the army go back home with some education and considerable emancipation in ideas. He has reorganized the whole police force and has placed guards in all the important towns to ensure elementary peace and order, which were lacking previously.

He has re-codified the laws of Persia and has set up courts of justice on the modern plan, in place of the universally detested courts of the old-fashioned *Qazis*. He has founded the National Bank of Persia (Bank-i-Milli-i-Iran) with Government reserves to back it, and in this way has brought about a stabilization of the finances of the country.

Roads, Railways and Harbours

He has covered the country with a net-work of roads which are quite safe for modern motor traffic. Only a few years ago, not more than 500 motor cars could be seen in the whole of Persia. Today, one can see about 70,000 motor cars running every day on the beautiful roads of Persia constructed during the reign of the present Shah. He has been building roads and railways as fast as the financial resources of the country permit. About 4,400 miles of road are opening up places which could previously be traversed only by caravans. He has constructed fine harbours, both on the Caspian Sea and on the Persian Gulf.

A momentous work has been done by entering into an agreement with the Imperial Bank of Persia (which was a British concern) by which the latter has given up its privileges of issuing Bank notes in consideration of a sum of £2,000,000 being paid as compensation. These salutary measures adopted by the Government of Reza Shah Pahlevi, backed by the waves of patriotism which are today

running high throughout Persia, are hoped to save Persia from foreign exploitation. But for the presence of a far-sighted and powerful ruler like Reza Shah on the throne of Persia, the tragic history of Afghanistan would have repeated itself in Persia.

Simplicity in Private Life

The private life of the Shah, who if he liked could have indulged in all the luxuries, pomp and splendour which surrounded his predecessors, is a model of simplicity, regularity and devotion to duty. He rises early at about 4 o'clock in the morning and after inspection of troops, sits at the desk and works till about 12 o'clock, attending to public duties with the whole-hearted attention and concentration. He then takes rest until 2.30 during which time he takes his lunch alone or sometimes with the Crown Prince. At about three, he sits again at the desk and receives ministers and executives and discusses with them the affairs of the State. He dines at seven in the manner of a happy household. His repast rarely exceeds three courses. Stately uniforms and gorgeous jewels are reserved for official occasions only. The everyday dress is a plain khaki military uniform. The Shah has no harem but he is passionately devoted to his family.

If Destiny leaves him at the helm of affairs, Persia may hope in no distant future to take her place with the Powers in the forefront in the present-day world.

Zindeh bad Shahanshah-i-Pahlavi!

Higher Fare: More Saving.

A meeting of protest was being held outside the Aberdeen Town Hall. The object of the meeting was to protest against the reduction of tram fares from 2d. to 1½d.

One of the principle citizens addressed the meeting and said he couldn't understand why, especially in Aberdeen, they should be against reducing the tram fares, and asked if someone would give his views about it.

The chief organizer said that the reason they objected to this reduction was that whereas they saved 2d. by walking now, they would save only 1½d. in future.

"LOVE'S LABOUR LOST" OR ROMANCE IN A TRAIN.

T. S. RAMANATHAN, B.A.

The car shot through the darkness of the night. Trichy Junction was glistening by. The electric lights glimmered like glow-worms far off.

Gopu flushed with excitement. He spurred the driver to madness. In a jiff the car darted into the station.

He sprang out. He slipped a rupee into the driver's hand. He sped to the booking office.

A handsome figure, a large forehead, an oval face, merry twinkling mischievous eyes, Gopu was an up-to-date youth with an American crop. A light suit-case swinging from his arm, twin sparkling diamonds irradiating his countenance, he summed up the best of Indian manhood.

Pell-mell ruled the Booking Office. Gopu elbowed his way through the crowd flattening his nose against a bystander and balancing himself on each of the toes of a hospitable neighbour. In the hurly-burly his spectacles got into a gentleman's nose. The gentleman sneezed and spurted a volume of nasal liquid into Gopu's face. Gopu had much ado in snatching the spectacles from the infuriated man.

He thrust his hand through the window to buy a ticket for Madras. He got the ticket but could not pull out his hand. The opening was small and inelastic and refused to expand to the pressure outside. Extricating himself with great difficulty from the entanglement, with a scratched face and dishevelled crop, Gopu dashed into the platform.

He stopped with a jerk. He gasped; he frowned; he foamed. He raised storms against the Gods and cursed the bigger crowd collected at the entrance. Securing his spectacles in his pocket, he pushed and knocked and butted his passage through. At times he was bodily lifted by the surging mass and he had to swim across from shoulder to shoulder. The train had come. Gopu stood on tip-toe. But the guardian of the S.I.R. would not leave Gopu until he had stared at the ticket up and down and subjected it to the purifying process of a trimming ceremony at the hands of a pair of iron machinery.

The train was in motion. Gopu flew like an arrow and sprang into a third-class compartment; but the door

wouldn't open. Something was wrong with the hinge. He cursed the S.I.R. and tumbled inside through the window. He fell into the lap of a fat elderly widow and was locked in her furious embrace. By way of variety he was transferred from her lap to the floor of the train with a shower of kindly epithets. Apologising for his awkwardness, he got himself out of his dubious situation with as much ease as from the coils of a boa-constrictor.

He breathed a sigh of relief and sought a lonely corner of the compartment. A middle-aged gentleman was sound asleep, producing music out of his nostrils. The rhythmic snore of the traveller kept pace with the periodic puffs of the engine. Gopu combed his crop and lighted a cigarette. A trail of smoke entered the gentleman's nostrils and limiting the supply of fresh air necessary for his snore, kindled him to animation. The sleeper was disturbed. He stretched his legs and then his arms and grunted twice and sneezed once and finally sat erect. He took his snuff box, tapped it, plunged all his fingers into it, and exported a decent quantity of the commodity into his nose. Some particles of the potent powder escaped the gentleman's nose and flew to Gopu's eyes. He grew red. Tears gathered in his eyes. "You are a regular nuisance," snapped Gopu, throwing an expression of authority into his voice. "If snuffing is nuisance, smoking into a gentleman's nose is impertinence," retorted the disturbed sleeper with a mischievous twinkle in his eyes.

Gopu's face fell. But fortunately for him, the train pulled up. It was Tanjore. Gopu slipped out with his suit-case. He thanked his stars for getting rid of the bully and boarded a compartment nearest to the engine. It was lonely save for a single female occupant. Perceiving a gesture of friendly welcome from the lady, Gopu stepped in. The sight enthralled him. It was a blushing beauty of sixteen summers. An ineffable thrill ran across his frame. Enchanting she did look with her Grecian profile, her arching eye-brows, her swimming symmetrical bosom, her lily-like frame.

"Going to Madras for Christmas,

Madam," began Gopu fingering his spectacles. The siren nodded with a merry smile. "You will keep me company till then, will you?" queried the lady with a mischievous glitter in her eyes. "With great pleasure," rejoined Gopu darting a passionate glance at her. She was pleased. She dropped her scented kerchief and seemed not to notice it. Gopu picked it up and handed it over to her with great courtesy. The lady smiled her thanks. Gopu was intoxicated. His eyes swam with voluptuous languor.

Myteriously the distance between the two diminished. Who launched upon the scheme is not easy to say. The skirt of her saree borne by a gust of wind swept across him. In the attempt to recover the end of her saree the lady's hand touched him. Gopu was spell-bound. Her lightning glances inexpressibly electrified him.

Suddenly the electric lights went off. "Shall I order light," volunteered Gopu, though inwardly he blessed the accident. "Oh! Don't trouble yourself. It may be due to some temporary disorder in the main-switch," replied the lady with a peculiar light in her eyes.

Gopu felt a soft rounded arm encircling his shoulder. His hair stood on end. He was enraptured, feasted, fed with intoxication. An electric tremour passed across his frame. The pungent smell of a scented kerchief invaded his nostrils. He staggered. He reeled. He fell.

It was 7-30 in the morning. The sunbeams crept through the shutters and flooded the compartment with a silvery effulgence. "Egmore, Egmore," shouted the coolies. Gopu awoke with a burning sensation in his forehead. His suit-case with 200 Rupees was missing. He rubbed his eyes and then his spectacles and then again his eyes; but rub as he might, the suit-case was missing. The radiant charmer of the last night had vanished and with her, his suit-case.

With a jaded countenance and sunken cheeks, Gopu got out. But his gait was unsteady. He faltered and fell in a heap on the platform. A crowd collected. Press-men rushed to the spot. Gopu slipped his last ten-rupee note into the Press man's hand with the request to suppress the news from publication.

"*Funny Magzin*," to make your sides split with laughter, shouted a news boy grinning at our hero. Gopu promptly purchased a copy and thanked his stars for the talisman they sent him in the shape of "Funny Magzin."

MY WATCH.

BY "PRESGO."

"To own a beautiful watch is really laudable" says a wise man and, "To spend more than the watch on its repairs is applaudable" says a wiser man. Anyhow, I decided to buy a watch and actually bought a golden one for Rs. 25. It was, of course, very nice to look at and a gem of its kind, I might say. All day long, I was holding it in my hand, turning it this side and that and winding it every ten minutes. I never failed to demonstrate or sing voluminous praises of my new purchase to one and all, not caring whether they liked it or not. A week passed thus.

One evening, while returning from College, I happened to meet my old class-mate, Ramakrishnan.

"Good evening, Presgo," he began. "How do you do?"

"Well, how's it that you never met me all these days?" I queried.

"Oh, that's a very long story and" he paused, as his strolling eyes fell on the chain of my pocket watch. "By the by, when did you buy this pretty thing!" he exclaimed, now fingering the same.

He did not stop with that. He put me several questions about the name of the company where I bought it, the name of the watch, the price and so on. All the while, I kept on smiling as a father does when his foolish little offspring puts him too many stupid questions. But, as I was used to sing the praises myself, I could not allow this thing any longer.

"You see, this's a Truetime Lever, jewelled, with never-die-polish and over-accurate time keeping. Neither a 'West End' nor an 'Orr' can stand by it, I say. I said with high vanity and pulled out my pocket watch. No sooner did he look into it than he exclaimed:

"Good Heavens! What in the world were you speaking about?"

About the watch, of course, my watch!"

"It's dead stopped, if my eyes are alright!"

With a "what!" I looked into my watch. Lucifer take it! It *had* stopped! I wound it and then shook it in so many thousand ways to make it move. But, in spite of my repeated experiments, the hands went round and round at a 'sixty-miles-an-hour' speed. Ashamed to face my friend and almost turning myself the other side, I mechanically repeated the words: 'I shall see you later,' and ran to the nearest repairer.

"Hullo, please sit down," the repairer greeted me.

I handed him my watch.

He opened it with a knife and for the next fifteen minutes, he was thoroughly engaged in surveying the inside with a magnifying glass. All the while I was wondering what he was going to say. At last he looked up with a smile:

"Sir, it needs a change....."

"What! A change.....did you say?"

"Yes, a change of....."

"Of a balance-wheel or a hair-spring?"

"Neither!.....a change of the owner!"

So, that was that. He took the forceps and did something to re-set its movement. Then, the kind repairer advising: "Sir, never open your watch nor wind it more than once in a day," handed me my watch.

Nowadays, I console myself saying: "What I told Ramakrishnan is quite true! 'Can a West-End or an Orr stand by it?' No.....not at all!"

Somehow or other, I avoid meeting Ramakrishnan and if at all I am forced to, I will, of course, hide my watch (whose parts are all new but for the dial and the frame!) in my inside pocket, ere he sees it!

When Pets are Pests

We are all familiar with homes which people cannot leave because of the cat, and where their friends cannot come in because of the dog; houses where the door must be kept shut because of the kitten, and the window must not be opened because of the canary.

Even a sixpenny gold-fish, swimming sunnily in a bowl the size of a football, can throw an entire family into a tumult every time the water is changed!

Some years ago Princess Victoria of Schleswige Holstein had a Chinchilla cat of Persian origin. It had its own letter box and postal address. Over the cat house, where scores of her pets lived, was a golden crown and her initials V.S.H.

The Marquis of Haddock was undoubtedly the greatest aristocrat and autocrat of the cat world. He was christened by John Oliver Hobbs because of his fondness for boiled haddock. The Marquis belonged to a Miss Janotha, court pianist to the German Emperor. The two were inseparable, and when they visited Queen Victoria the cat had a special room and staff of servants.

"How late do you usually sleep on Sunday morning?"

"It all depends."

"Depends on what?"

"The length of the sermon."

Customer: "Your dog seems very fond of watching you cut hair."

Barber: "It isn't that, sir. Sometimes I clip a bit off a customer's ear."

A Negro who had been exploring chicken coops heard that the sheriff was after him. Hastily he sought the railway station and asked for a ticket to the end of the line on the fastest train.

"Our fastest train left just ten minutes ago," he was told.

"Well," gasped the would-be tourist, "jes' give me a ticket an' point out de track!"

"Is your baby a boy or girl?"

"Of course. What else could it be?"

ROYAL TEA PARTY

10,000 GUESTS

Ten thousand people to tea on the same day!

But so accomplished a host and hostess are the King and Queen that at each of these parties all of their ten thousand guests leave feeling that they have been an important member of an informal and intimate gathering of friends.

The social distinctions and restrictions are few, and the marshalling and distribution of the army of smartly-dressed people is carried out quietly and unostentatiously.

Unless you have been privileged to wander round the grounds of Buckingham Palace, you can never realise how extensive and charming they are. Actually, the grounds cover forty acres and they have been laid out in such a manner that the large lawns, with tree-shaded lakes and fountains and wonderful flower gardens, give the impression of a vast country estate, yet the traffic of busy London is but a short distance away.

It is because of this, that despite the ten thousand guests, the royal garden parties never seem to be unduly crowded, and all present have ample room to wander about at will and meet friends.

The Private Reservations.

The Queen is a generous and a discriminating hostess, and at all official functions she personally superintends the arrangements and sees to it not only that there is ample refreshment, but that it shall be of a distinctive and pleasing kind, and daintily served.

Thus, at all royal garden parties there is an abundance of Britain's largest and most luscious strawberries and fresh cream, while cakes are rich and varied and include a special sponge cake made from Queen Mary's own recipe. These sponge-cakes are one of the King's special favourites, and during his illness the Queen personally made them for her husband-patient. They were one of the few items of this invalid diet that he enjoyed.

Tea is served in dainty china and cooling drinks are available throughout the afternoon.

There are three special enclosures which are strictly reserved. In each case they take the form of a distinctive tent and are situated just outside the doors of the Palace leading on to the main large lawn at the head of the lake. They are in the shadow of towering elms. They are known as the Royal Tent, the Diplomatic Tent and the "Shiminiani" or Indian Tent, and their privacy is strictly respected.

The Royal Tent is reserved for the royal family, their suites and personal friends and a few very distinguished guests. In the Diplomatic Tent tea and other refreshments are served to members of the *Corps Diplomatique*; and in the Indian Tent only Indian Ruling Princes and highly-placed Indian visitors are entertained. Only those with privileged permits are allowed to use these enclosures.

The "Shiminiani" is the wonderful Oriental canopy which was used at the gorgeous Indian Durbar at Delhi held by the late King Edward when he was Prince of Wales.

Informal Greetings.

By four o'clock all those invited are expected to be in the grounds, for that is the hour at which King and Queen and other members of the Royal Party come out of the Palace into the grounds to meet their guests assembled in the gardens.

They emerge from the King's door, which leads direct on to the North lawn. It is at this stage that the only distinction in the guests as to reception is made.

By the time-honoured rules of Court etiquette, ruling princes and representatives of reigning sovereigns and foreign governments must take precedence.

To conform to this, arrangements are always made at royal garden parties for such guests to be assembled on the North lawn near the King's summer house—a delightful, simple and comfortable erection in which, on warm summer days, the King spends a good deal of time dealing with State business and getting the benefit of the

sunshine and fresh air so important to his health at the same time.

This one formality over, the King and Queen proceed to the larger lawn. Every guest receives a friendly handshake from either the King or the Queen or other member of the royal family, and mostly a few words of pleasant conversation.

Then the Queen will be heard talking of cotton trade conditions with some guests from Lancashire, and the King animatedly discussing shipbuilding with men from the big ports—and a few moments later the King will be greeting some people well remembered from a meeting of many years ago and the Queen will have joined some women who have a joint interest with her in, say, an organisation for child welfare, or assisting working-class mothers or girls.

Difference between Clerk and Manager.

"A clerk is a man who knows a great deal about very little, and who goes on knowing more and more about less and less, until finally he knows everything about practically nothing."

"A manager is a man who knows very little about a great deal and who goes on knowing less and less about more and more until finally he knows nothing about practically everything."

Brown said he would teach his parrot to say "Hullo" in an hour. He started and went at it for thirty minutes without his parrot taking the slightest notice.

At last the bird turned his head and, fixing Brown with a cold eye, screamed: "Number engaged."

"Sorry to put you to the trouble of fetching water especially for me," said an English tourist, who had ordered in a Scottish inn.

"It's nae trouble," replied the landlord; "we always keep a drop on the premises in case of fire."

A man went to buy a dog, and in explaining his needs to the animal dealer, he said: "I want a fidgety sort of dog; one that will make my wife keep saying, 'George, I think that dog wants taking out for a run.'"



Usual Kind.

An old gardener was somewhat bored by the persistent questions of a townsman staying at the local hotel.

One day the visitor found his victim busy planting trees, and immediately asked:

"What kind of trees are you planting?"

He was somewhat taken back when he received a curt reply, "Wooden ones."

"Are you sure," wrote the parent to the headmaster, "that my boy will acquire good manners while he is with you?"

"Madam," was the reply, "your son has every chance. At present he has no manners at all—only customs."

The guest of the evening was an explorer. He was also baldheaded.

"And now, ladies and gentlemen," announced the host, "we shall have the pleasure of hearing Mr. Silas Jungle describe some of his hairbreadth escapes!"

Two workmen were arguing.

"What's the meaning of tact, Jin?" asked one.

Jim wrinkled his forehead.

"It's—it's—" he began.

"Well, what is it?"

"Look here, I'll give you an illustration. The other day I went to mend a pipe in a bathroom. When I got inside I saw a woman in the bloomin' bath. I have one look, raised my hat, and said, 'Beg pardon, sir!' That's tact."

"Is his father the kind of man who would pursue you if you eloped?"

"No, he's the kind of man who would move so that you couldn't find him when you came back."

Bonny Bairn.

A clergyman noticed a woman pushing a pram up a steep hill and volunteered his assistance, which was gratefully accepted.

When he had pushed the pram to the top of the hill he said: "No thanks at all. I'm delighted to help you—but, as a little reward, may I kiss the baby?"

"Bless you, sir," said the woman, "it isn't a baby—it's a dozen of stout!"

Young Housewife (to hawker): "No, thank you, there's not a thing in the world we want."

Hawker: "Very good, madam. Shall I call again when the honeymoon is over?"

A young man whose knowledge of cards was vague was roped in to complete a bridge four.

He committed his first mistake by throwing away a king on a trick already taken by his opponent's ace.

"Good heavens!" bellowed the young man's partner, "a king doesn't usually beat an ace."

"I know," stammered the beginner, "but I thought I'd let it have a try."

Wife: "I took great pains with the cucumber salad I made you last night."

He: "And so did I."

Teacher: "Can anyone tell me the best way to learn book-keeping?"

Pupil: "Yes, teacher; don't lend them."

Wife (from back seat): "John, be careful. There's a car behind you."

Husband (patiently): "But, my dear, I've never hit anything behind me yet."

At an Advantage.

"What's that on your finger, Henry?" asked Mrs. Grimm sharply.

"A piece of string, dear," said the little husband.

"What ever are you doing with a piece of string round your finger?" she went on.

"You asked me to put it there so that I should remember to post your letter, my dear," he meekly replied.

"Yes, yes, that's right," she said testily. "Did you post it?"

Grimm threw out his chest bravely.

"You forgot to give it to me," he replied.

Just after a recent political meeting had started at the Friends' Meeting House, a man, obviously distraught and with an anxious look in his eyes, rushed into the building.

Shortly afterwards he emerged. His harassed look had disappeared. There was such a broad grin on his face that a policeman outside could not help speaking to him.

"You seem happy, sir?" he said.

"I should say I am. You see, this is my creditors' meeting, and the attendants won't let me in."

Actually, there was a creditors' meeting on the floor above.

A clerk plucked up his courage one day and asked his chief for a rise, saying that he couldn't live on his present salary.

"Not live on six pounds a month?" said the chief.

"Well, I have enough to eat, but I should like a little pleasure," replied the man.

"Well, try going without food for two days and see what pleasure you will take in your meals the third day."

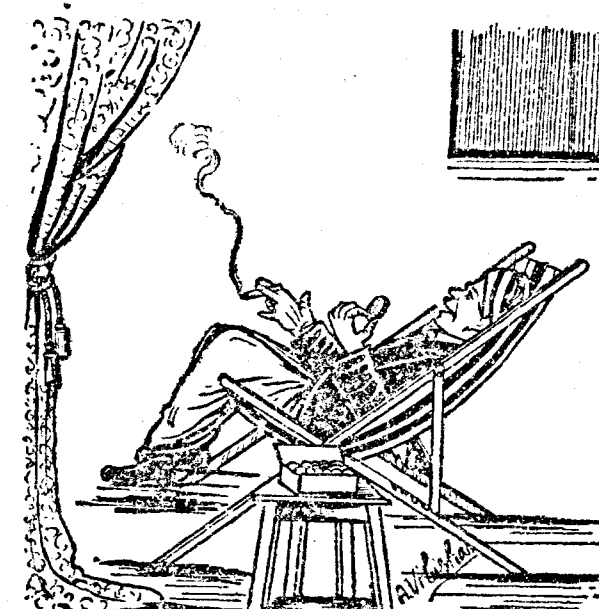
Looks at the Life of Our Leaders.

Alankaramurthi Abroad.



Clad in Khaddar, simpler than simplicity itself, Sjt. Alankaramurthi thunders at the iniquities which the children of the loins of his Sacred Mother are put to by foreign articles being forced down their throats and on their bodies. He wonders what angel would deliver them in this Land of Rishis and Dharma.—And thousands of people wonder what manner of man Sjt. Alankaramurthi can be that can so fearlessly attack the Pillars of the Steel Frame of the mightiest Empire that the world ever saw!

Alankaramurthi at Home.



Sjt. Alankaramurthi within the walls of his home away from the thousands of eyes that must needs look up to him for guidance and example, in whose presence any false step or any thing foreign, not even the button for his shirt or the jasmine drop for his kerchief, can be foreign; free from the prying eyes of a too meddlesome national spirit, enjoys a light repast of puffy biscuits and tea along with a soothing smoke of his favourite cigarette, feeling for the time being at least, that he can well let the Nation and Motherland and their iniquities, jointly and severally, to take care of themselves.

The Last Words of Great Men.

The last words of great men are not always significant of their experience of this world, or their vision of the next, but they have an interest all their own, and the following are among the many recorded:—

Queen Elizabeth: "I have lived."

Lord Byron: "I must sleep now."

George Washington: "It is well."

Thomas Gainsborough: "We are all going to Heaven, and Vandyke is of the company."

Oliver Cromwell: "It is not my design to drink or sleep, but my design is to make what haste I can to be gone."

General Wolfe: "What do they run at ready? Then I die happy."

Sir John Moore: "Stanhope, remember me to your sister."

Dr. Johnson: "God bless you, my dear." (To a Miss Morris, who asked him for his blessing.)

Napoleon: "Mon Dieu—La Nation Française—Tete d'armee."

"He expired at length without pain and in silence, during a convulsion of the elements, on the night of the 5th of May, 1821. The last words he stammered out were *Army and France*, but it could not be ascertained whether it was a dream, delirium, or adieu."—*Lamartine*.

Oliver Goldsmith: "No, it is not."

"It then occurred to Dr. Turton to put a very pregnant question to his patient. 'Your pulse,' he said, 'is in greater disorder than it should be, from the degree of fever you have. Is your mind at ease?' 'No, it is not,' was Goldsmith's melancholy answer. They are the last words we are to hear him utter in this world."—Forster's "Life and Times of Oliver Goldsmith."

Harriet Martineau: "I see no reason why the existence of Harriet Martineau should be perpetuated."

Columbus: "In manus tuas, Domine, commendo spiritum meum."

Pizarro: "Jesu!"

"At that moment he received a wound in the throat, and, reeling, sank on the floor, while the swords of Rada and several of the conspirators were plunged into his body. 'Jesu!' exclaimed the dying man, and, tracing a cross with his finger on the bloody floor, he bent down his head to kiss it." &c.—Prescott

William Pitt: "Oh, my country! how I leave my country!"

John Keats: "I feel the flowers growing over me."

Goethe: "More light!"

"His speech was becoming less and less distinct. The last words audible were, *More light!* The final darkness grew apace, and he whose eternal longings had been for more light gave a parting cry for it as he was passing under the shadow of death."—G. H. Lewes's "Life of Goethe."

Charles Darwin: "I am not in the least afraid to die."

Socrates: "Krito, we owe a cock to Aesculapius; discharge the debt, and by no means omit it."

King James V. of Scotland: "It came with a lass, and it will go with one." (Hearing that his wife was delivered of a daughter, the heiress of the crown, he remembered the fact of the crown having come into his family by the daughter of King Robert Bruce.)

Sir Walter Raleigh: "Why dost thou not strike? Strike, man!" (To the executioner, who was hesitating.)

Charles I.: "Remember!"

Charles II.: "Don't let poor Nelly strave."

Lord Nelson: "I thank God I have done my duty."

Dr. Franklin: "A dying man can do nothing easy."

Lord Thurlow: "I'm shot if I don't believe I'm dying!"

George IV.: "Watty, what is this? It is death my boy—they have deceived me."

Earl of Eldon: "It matters not to me where I am going, weather the whether be hot or cold." (In answer to a remark that it was a cold day.)

Earl of Chesterfield: "Give Dayrolles a chair."

"Upon the morning of his decease, and about half an hour before it happened, Mr. Dayrolles called upon him to make his usual visit. When he had entered the room, the *valet de chambre*, opening the curtains of the bed, announced Mr. Dayrolles to his lordship. The earl just found strength in a faint voice to say, 'Give Dayrolles a chair.' These were the last words he was heard to speak. They were characteristic, and were remarked by the very able and attentive physician then in the room. 'His good breeding,' said that gentleman, 'only quits him with life.'"—Maty's "Memoirs of Philip Earl of Chesterfield," 1779.

Henry Grattan: "I am perfectly resigned. I am surrounded by my family. I have served my country. I have reliance upon my God, and I am not afraid of the Devil."

Dr. William Hunter: "If I had strength enough to hold a pen, I would write how easy and pleasant a thing it is to die."

—(o)—

JAPANESE PROVERBS

The mouth is the door of mischief.

Illnesses come through the mouth.

Indolence is a powerful enemy.

A fallen blossom does not return to the twig.

Too much courtesy is discourtesy.

Pinch yourself and know how others feel.

He who holds a tiger brings trouble on himself.

A firebrand is easily kindled.

The frog in the well knows nothing about the high seas.

He who breaks through a thicket disturbs the snakes.

Good medicine tastes bitter.

Great words, little deeds.

Sufficient dust will make a mountain.

PEN PEEPS INTO OUR PUBLIC PEOPLE.

Bhai Funzin's Own Correspondent's Notes gathered from his Peeps into the Life of our Public People: these Pen Peeps are intended to guide our Young Folk in their attempts to get into touch with our Public People as success goes by Patronage.

My object in calling on Raja Sree Jaya Sree Rao Raghu Raoji Bahadur was not so much to get any help from him personally as to request the amiable Raja Sahib to put me in the way that certain things should be done.

My object was to have a chat with a friend of Raja Sahib's who had just come back from the West and the New World after studying the ways and means of Rural Uplift about which the cultured friend of the Raja Sahib was well-known to be very keen.

I wrote to the Raja Sahib requesting for a few minutes to explain the object of the visit. I was asked to see the Rajah Sahib any day, during his stay in the City, between 10 a.m. and 3 p.m.; that was very kind on his part, I thought, when I read the note of reply from the P. C.: the initials after the name of somebody signing for the Raja Sahib: I suppose the letters mean "Personal Clerk".

Being anxious for as early an Interview with the Gentleman just come back, I called on the Raja Sahib on the day on the very morning of which I had the note from the "P. C."

I was at the portico of Ananda Laxmi manohar, the city home of the Rajah Sahib, at 10 A. M. exactly.

There were a good number of people already come: all sorts and conditions of people, there were: Young and old, Ladies and Gentlemen. To tell you the truth, Bhaiji, I was not over-pleased to see so many people, mostly looking smart and respectable, all waiting to see a well-placed private gentleman, who has come to the City on some private business of his own.

What could so many people want of this well-to-do landholder? I was wondering. Oh, the noblesse oblige of our Public men!

The "P. C." came out. I found out the gentleman was the "P. C." Yes, he had seen my letter and he was the person that sent the reply under orders from Rajah Sahib: yes, if only I would kindly wait for a while I should be able to see Rajah Sahib.

I settled down into a roomy rattan chair and began to think about how I could spend my time enjoyably enough till I was called in to see Rajah Sahib, without at the same

time getting so engrossed as to get too oblivious of the purpose on hand.

The "P. C." was a smart man. Evidently the young man was there as P. C. because he was fitted to be a P. C.: You require no talent in particular to be a "P. C." though to be a successful "P. C." there is perhaps nothing which you need not know.

He saw my problem.

"Why, sir, here are the Papers which you can go through," and he brought me the Dailies and Weeklies and Fortnightlies etc., and a few in the vernaculars.

That was very kind of "P. C." You know with what learned satisfaction you open out the pages of "The Illustrated Hindu Weekly" or "The Illustrated London News" or "The Graphic", when you have to wait, and don't know how long the vigil is to last; so I did.

I opened out the Illustrated London News quite sure of spending a fine half hour, if need be, with G. K. C. and the pictures. I turned over the wrapper page and another. Instead of the pictures and the intellectual *volte face* of G. K. C., there were pages of the Madras Mail's Cinema Page and Ladies' Page and odds and ends from other papers stuffed in. So, there was not much relief to expect from the Illustrated London News whatever its popularity might be.

I turned to the Hindu Weekly expecting that some carelessness might have thrust one thing into another, thereby meaning no act of disrespect or disparagement to either of the esteemed Weeklies.

Yet another surprise was in store for me. Instead of the learned articles on some quaint old civilization not younger than 5000 years, I found sketches of maps of Africa and America and other continents with places showing where and how and when and how much the rain falls and maps to show how the winds blow: perhaps some young scion of the Rajah Sahib was gathering training for attacking the firmament with planes and parachutes and Zeppes.

The "P. C." among his other duties, has evidently to keep an eye on the people hanging about the verandah of Rajah Sahib. So, having noted disappointment writ large on my fast tiring features, he came up to me and told that it was the mischief of that unruly Joshi—perhaps a pet son of Rajah Sahib, I thought.

No, Joshi wasn't that.

A huge dark chocolate coloured, long hanging ears, and quite bushy, with a lovely, full and majestic curve of the

tail, the dog came smelling about: "Ah, what is it you want, Joshi?" asked "P. C."

The reply was done, not said.

Joshi took the two Illustrated Weekly papers, wrappers and their contents and all, caught hold of them and drew them away inside the hall. Neither the "P. C." nor any of the peons of Rajah Saheb could make out the meaning of Joshi: Joshi was not argued with because he never argued with others.

Suavity is the very breath of the nostrils of a "P. C." He approached me with a smile: he almost begged pardon for Joshi's rudeness, though "P. C." almost claimed it as a virtue on the part of Joshi, that he was always quite rude to everybody, even to the Uncle of Rajah Saheb and even to his grandmother. It was only about noon then; and Rajah Saheb was likely to ring for visitors anytime. So, "P. C." assured me, and that I might expect a call any moment.

A half an hour passed, every minute expecting to be called in. Naturally I turned to the Dailies. I took up our local evening thunderer. It bore the date of about three months back: that was about the nearest date I could find among the heaps of the Dailies the "P. C." had brought for my perusal.

Another kindly smile and "P. C." assured me that the peons had, of late, become quite careless and had begun to take undue advantage of Rajah Saheb's kindness. They placed before me all that was meant to be thrown away. It was the foolishness of the peons.

I assured "P. C." that I had looked into the Dailies and I wasn't in need of them. I could manage without them.

I turned to the fellow waiters. An old gentleman in a high backed chair was snoring with his mouth wide open as his head leaned on the back of the chair: a young man was seated next to him, now looking at the old snorer and now looking in the direction of the "P. C." who was seated near a small table busy answering letters.

A middle aged Indian lady was seated a bit away in one corner of the verandah, whom also "P. C." constantly questioned whether she needed anything to help her spend the time as pleasantly as possible under the circumstances: though it must be said that "P. C." had become so used to the slow and invisible and inarticulate torture of the waiters that his finer feelings seemed to have grown callous, if not dead, to the silent sufferings of the victims of waiting. The kind enquiries "P. C." made were from mere force of habit—involuntarily—not from any thought-out ideas of consideration or commiseration.

So far as I could see, more than half a dozen times did the good lady adjust the lay-out of her face with the red powder, face powder and aids to the discipline and decent behaviour and keeping within bounds any of the members of the natural coverings of ladies' heads.

Nor was the lady quite strange to me. So I ventured to ask her if I might be of any service to her. She assured me that I need not trouble myself and that her object in

seeing Raja Saheb was to get him to accept the Vice Patronship of the Society for the Uplift of the Gipsy Community of South India. But she did not stop there.

I did not even audibly question her; I might have looked it; but she poured forth a torrent of facts and figures about the subject of her heart regarding what has been done in various countries of the World for the Gipsy population of their own lands.

I confess I was overwhelmed!

You may meet with accidents in the highways of the city; or with people who take liberties with and contents from, your pockets; or you may knock against Insurance Agents in the tram or bus; but worse than any of them is to come across with an enthusiastic lady with a humanitarian mission in her heart. My wonder has often been why Commissioners of Police or of Corporation of the City have never thought of this peril to the unwary public.

Waiting for Raja Saheb was nothing before the lecture of this lady.

Even the snoring old gentleman was roused and it did take him some time for him to realize whether the lady was fighting or what.

There was a young man, neatly dressed, and what is more, was determined to preserve the neat lines left by a stylish washing agency on his dress. Every minute he shifted from side to side adjusting the folds, lines and creases of his coat and trousers. Not only that: he was giving a peculiar jerk to his neck and setting his collar and tie in the true centre of his open coat from which even the slightest deviation he was not prepared to endure nor would his good taste tolerate.

Another venerable looking gentlemen armed to the teeth with khaddar bestowed a thought provoking variety to the group.

A few more too there were; they did not seem to be anxious for a visit or anything in particular; they moved about with an air of familiarity: they looked the sort of people that are to be found in the proximity of such magnates, who cannot really do without such quasi-busy and quasi-idle sort don't-do-wells and don't-do-anything-useful

It was now nearer three than two in the afternoon.

There was a peculiar bustle behind in the hall; some of the peons running about, doors creaking and chairs screeching on the floor: somebody whispering in the ear of "P. C."

Yes, "P. C." looked it; the whole place noised it: the Rajah Saheb had come out of his room.

Well, who is to see Rajah Saheb first? Whom is "P. C." going to let in first? I dare say that was the question in the mind of every one of us.

Yet another peon comes round to "P. C."; some more whispering in his ear.

"P. C." gets up from his chair; he looks so kind and affable: in a voice of sweet honey, he softly spoke, "Rajah Saheb is not able to see anybody to-day. He is so busy."

With another smile, the door closed.

Wrangler's Letters—I

An Open Letter to "S. V. V."

Sir,

It is high time you were told some facts about your work and yourself. Truth, some Johnny said, is unpalatable, and you will have to swallow this in much the same way as you take a dose of castor-oil.

The havoc you have been working on the innocent public for the past half a decade has been unbearable. Time and again I have had to refuse deputations of poor men and women who came to my door with their fractured ribs sticking out, and their faces covered with broken Soap-Bubbles. Now, is it not rather awful (I did not say "artful") to go about blowing bubbles on people's faces? You were not satisfied with blowing the bubbles once. But you blew again. What is more, you keep on blowing stray bubbles now and then from the impact of which even I am not spared. Lord! can't a man open his Saturday "Hindu" without getting a bubble full in the face and having to drop his paper to hold his sides?

Does not all these show, dear Mr. S. V. V.—by the way, how did you pitch upon these initials that strangely rhyme with tiddle-dum-dee? Well, as I was saying, does this not show that your work is a perfect nuisance—D—U the printer! I meant to say "new sense." Yes! It is a new sense of humour which has enabled us to laugh off the retrenchment rumours and salary cut stories. While I am at it, why shouldn't I get even with you so that we may become swell friends—Excuse the Americanism. The talkies are responsible.

In the theatre of life, your seat is an enviable one. You view the drama from an unusual angle. We are content to listen to your account of things as seen from your position.

There is nothing that your hilarious imagination does not paint with vermillion and hold up for the world to look and laugh at. From lipstick to life insurance, all topics come into the view of your inverted telescope. You have destroyed some of the pet illusions of our people. You go along the street slap a chap on the shoulder, take him

to your house, introduce him to the domestic menagerie—Munnu included—and blow a multi-coloured soap bubble in his face.

But please note that this does not in the least acquit you. You have yet to answer the charge that you have broken more ribs than our motor-buses. The Government of Madras of which I am an honourable law-abiding—(which does not mean Lathi fearing)—citizen is said to be making arrangements for opening a special osteological—or is it osteopathic?—department for your victims. It is also rumoured that you will have to put up some money for it. Looks a bit thick what? Well, I will give you a tip. When the House-Surgeon or the Shop-Surgeon, whoever the blighter may be, ambles up to you with this proposition, just blow a bubble in his face. Use a carbolic soap. It will be more effective.

Now we shall talk about the more serious aspect of this whole business. Some book sellers are complaining that there has been a slump in foreign humorous literature in India ever since your initials began to roam the columns of the local paper. I cannot answer for this. My worries about my own people are enough. From the way I talk about "my people" and all that sort of tosh, short of "my government," you might have understood that I am a man of position and so forth. My suggestion is that you go and have a talk with Mr. S. V. Vijayaraghavachariar, a well-known lawyer of Tiruvannamalai, and take his advice as to the course of action to be adopted. For, it is not unlikely that your victims may appeal to the Disarmament Conference which may term you an "aggressor" which word has incidentally been defined after years of hard work.

I am compelled to close now, for a reason I will give at the end.

My namaskarams to uncle Nanu and Madam Jaya. If your son happens to pedal this way on his All-India tour, just ask him to drop in. Let him avoid the main thoroughfares, for there is a good deal of license-hunting in this beastly place with the result that I

have to go out on my bike, only during nights and that too without light.

How is little Visalam? She must be a blooming girl by now. When I last saw her she was riding the arm of your easy chair. Perhaps now she is riding a motor-bike. By the way, what about issuing both the sets of your 'Bubbles' in one volume priced at "3 sh. 6 d."?

I beg your pardon. All my coat buttons have given way, and I have my shirt inside. And there being a lot of ladies in the house for a function.....!

Yours boisterously,

'WRANGLER'

THIS WEEK'S NUTS TO CRACK.

How do you explain these?

(a) A boy had two coins in his pocket. Their value was 3½d., yet one of them wasn't a threepenny-bit.

(b) Two Italians were dining in a Soho restaurant. The older Italian was the younger Italian's father, but the younger Italian was not the older Italian's son. What was their relationship?

(c) Two men and their sons went deer-hunting. They shot three deer and divided the bag equally without cutting or mutilating the animals in any way. How was it done?

(d) A bather was mounting the steps of his bathing-hut after a dip when he picked up something, but as he couldn't get hold of it he left it where it was and took it home. What was it?

This Week's "Nuts" Solution.

(a) But the other one was.

(b) Father and daughter.

(c) The "two men and their sons" were grand-father, father, and son, and they each took a deer.

(d) A splinter in his foot.

Jack: "So you have just returned from Paris. Did you have any trouble with your French?"

Jill: No, but the French people did."

Father: "Fancy a big lad like you being afraid to sleep in the dark."

Son: It's all very well for you, you've got mother to look after you."

Kiss Cure.

"Let me kiss those tears away, sweetheart," he said, tenderly.

She fell into his arms, and he was very busy for a few minutes. But the tears flowed on.

"Can nothing stop them?" he asked, breathlessly.

"No," she murmured. "It's hay fever; but carry on with the treatment."

It had been a tiring case. The plaintiff and the defendant were both slow-witted, and everything had had to be explained to them at least twice.

"Do I understand, my man," said the magistrate at one point, "that the defendant hurled invectives at you?"

The plaintiff scratched his head wildly. Then a look of understanding dawned in his eyes as he replied:

"No, sir. To tell the truth, it was only bricks he threw at me; but what I complain about was the way he swore at me when they missed!"

Librarian: "What is the title of the book you are looking for?"

Flapper: "I am not quite sure, but I know it begins with 'The.'"

John: "Was Mabel offended when you called on her with your face unshaven?"

Jim: "Yes: she said she felt it very much."

I'd tell you something
About Nell Syme
If only I
Could find rhyme.

She: "How dared you! Father said he'd kill the first man who kissed me!"

He: "And did he?"

Mistress (to maid giving notice): "Why do you want to leave? Haven't we always treated you as one of the family?"

Maid: "Yes, and I don't intend to put up with it any longer."

Park-keeper (to lovers): "I'm closing the gates now."

Bright Young Man: "Good! I've been wondering where the draught was coming from."

"You are my husband!"

I was on my honeymoon. My wife and I were walking along the sea-front in a big seaside resort when suddenly a woman ran up to me and grabbed my arm.

To my horror, she screamed that I was her long-lost husband! Naturally, a crowd gathered, and a policeman appeared. My wife added to the excitement by fainting.

At the constable's suggestion, we all took a taxi to the police station, where eventually the woman was detained for a medical report. I learned later that she was "mental" and had a mania for claiming husbands.—T. B., Croydon.

Husband (to wife who insists on planning an ambitious holiday afloat): "It's not a bit of use your studying all those steamship companies' booklets. As I keep telling you, beggars can't be cruisers!"

Tristanda Cunha, the loneliest inhabited island in the world, had a population of 16 last year. In 1850 all save three of the men of the island were drowned while fishing.

Crimes against property with violence are increasing in Scotland. In 1929 the number was 954, in 1930 it became 1,046, in 1931 1,234, and rose still further to 1,528 last year.

A King's Favourite Hobby.

Coin collecting is the favourite indoor hobby of King Victor Emmanuel of Italy. He has one of the finest private collections in the world.

Eggs laid by the black-browed albatross are as large as dinner-plates. The bird is found in the Falkland Islands.

Making automatic machines, of which there are now more than 2,000 different types, finds employment for more than 10,000 persons.

Blindness is no bar to authorship; forty-seven people in America who are wholly or partly blind are engaged in writing as a means of livelihood.

Taking Role Cupid's.

I was spending a lonely holiday at Weston-super-Mare. I was depressed and longed for company.

On the Saturday I purchased my *Answers* and strolled on to the sands, intending to read. Suddenly a young man came up to me.

"Excuse me," he said, "but you are looking rather 'blue.' As I can see by the paper in your hand that you are an 'Answerite,' like myself, I hope you will allow me to cheer you up. This is my introduction."

And he held up his copy of the "Golden One."

We grew friendly. Eighteen months later I became his wife. Thank you, *Answers*!—Mrs. C., Bristol.

When a man can't trust himself, he trusts in luck.

A peninsula, says little Johnny, is an island, but not quite.

Men who court trouble soon find themselves wedded to it.

It's the gentle quiver in a girl's voice that may hold her beau.

Don't bet on what you feel in your bones—unless it is rheumatism.

The folly of fools attracts more people than the wisdom of the wise.

Time may be money, but it's hard for a man to make his creditors believe it.

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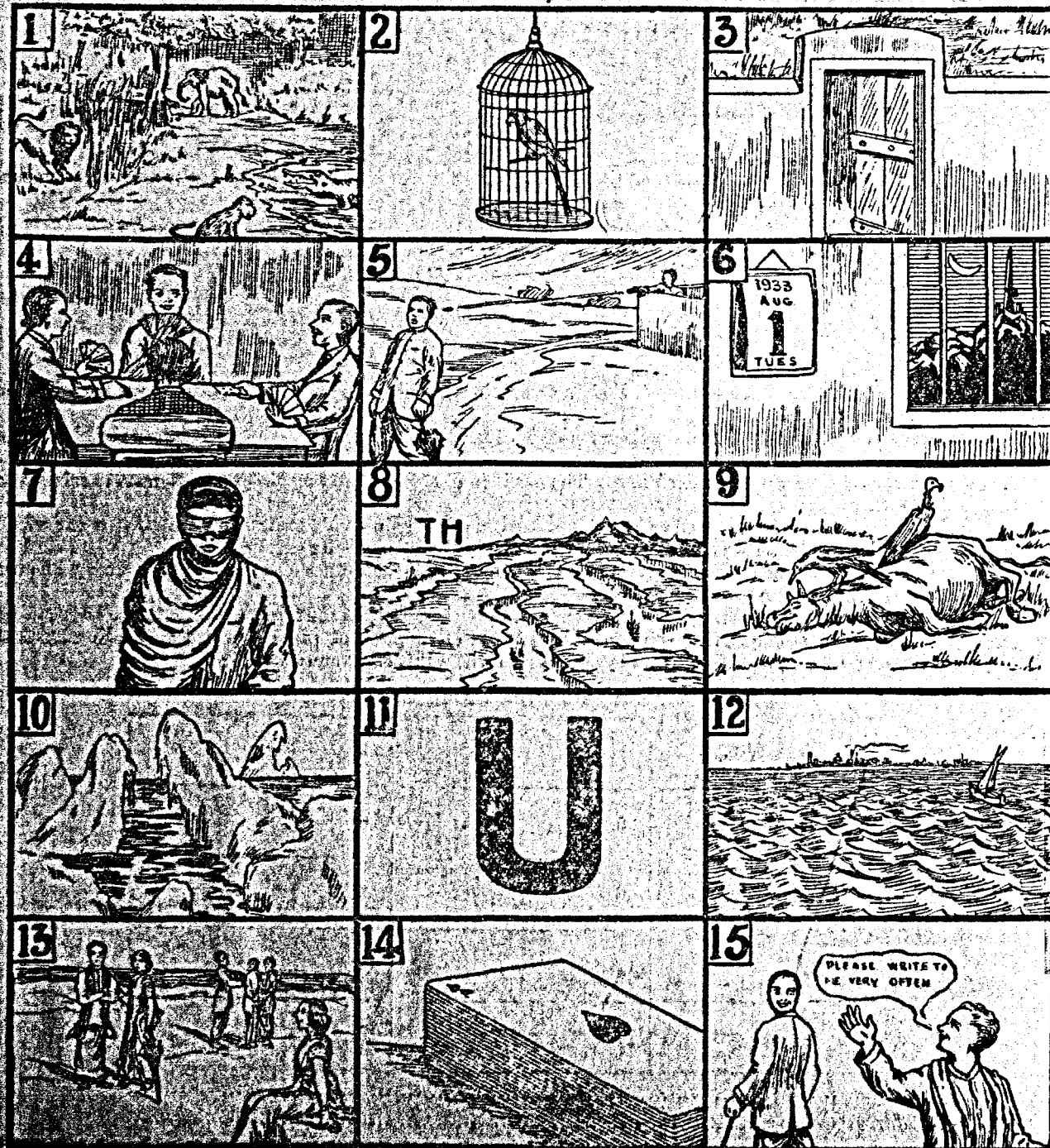
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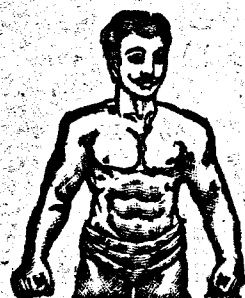
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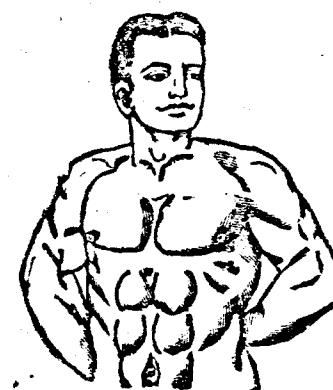
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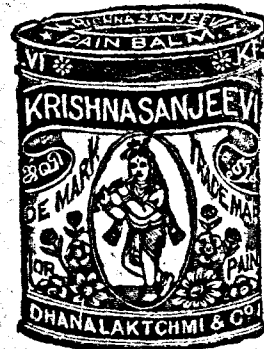
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